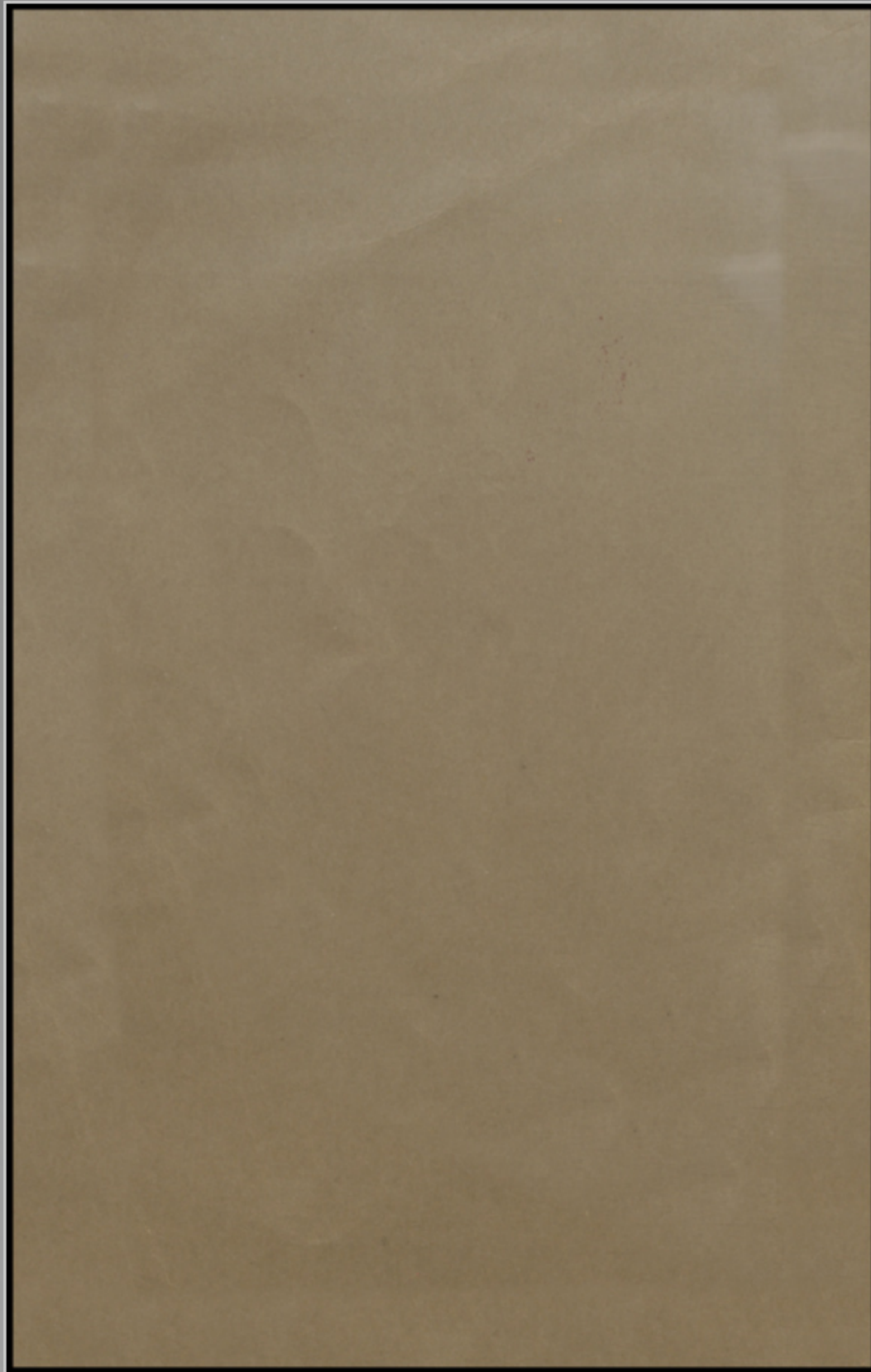


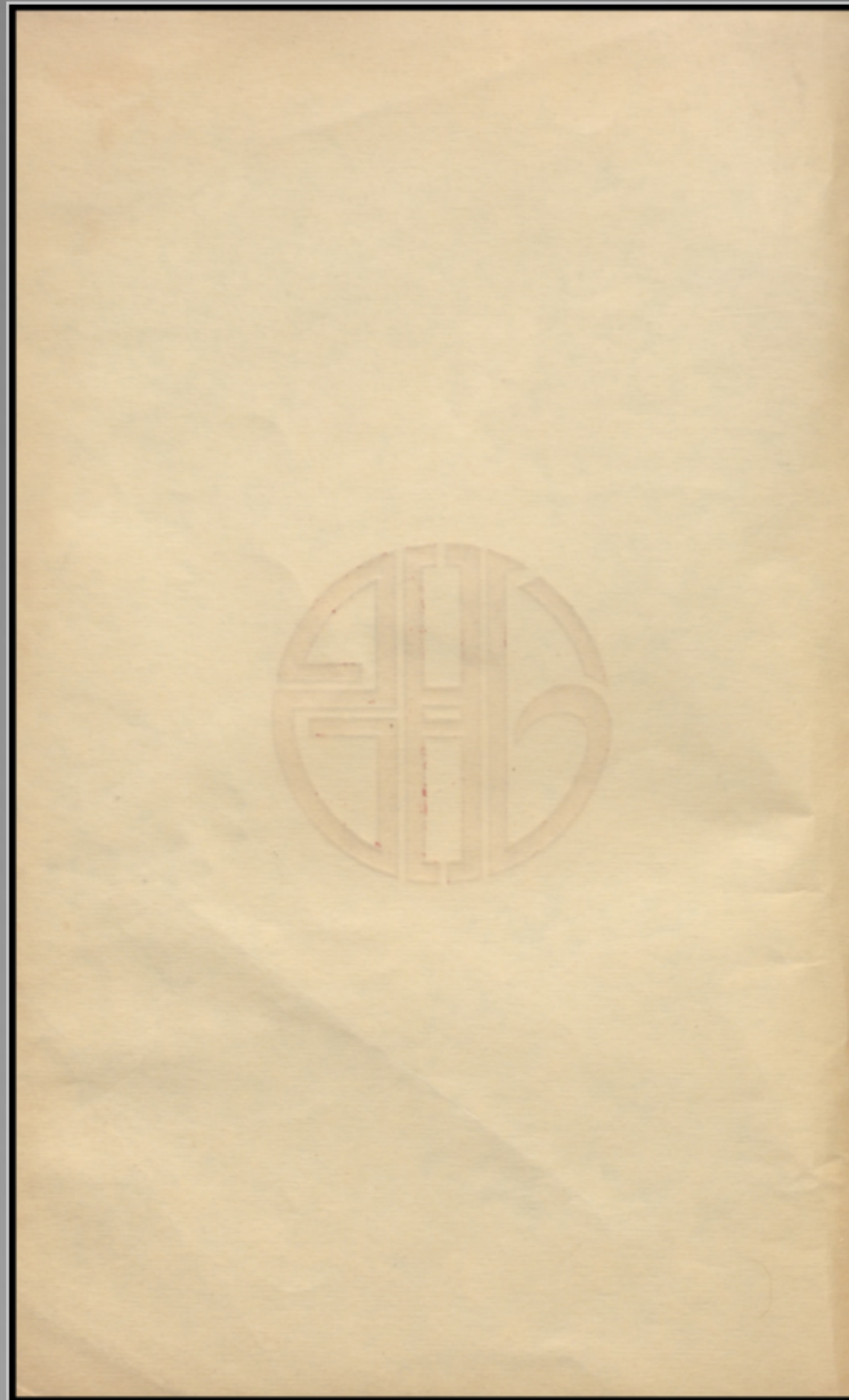
Totem

1918

JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA







TOTEM

1918

Eleventh Annual
Number

Published by Students of
JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
Juneau, Alaska

Contents

Dedication
Scarlet and Black
Faculty
School Classes
Editorials
Literary
Society
Organizations
Features



To

Miss Margaret Scott

Who, through her tireless and conscientious devotion to our welfare, has made many things which we have, possible, this volume of the *Centen* is respectfully dedicated.

THE SCARLET AND BLACK

Although other schools have colors
For which they bravely stand
Yet are none to us as 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 glamour 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.



JUNEAU PUBLIC SCHOOL.

FACULTY

Miss Fay Wenk, A. B.

Science
and
Mathematics

Miss Gertrude Hellenthal

History
and
Commercial Subjects

Arthur M. Mathews, A. B.

Superintendent of Schools

Mrs. L. S. Coombs

Spanish

Miss Jane Brenneman

Junior High School



FACULTY

Miss Mary Dresser, A. B.

English, Latin
and
Dramatics

Miss Marie Nelson

Junior High School

Miss Margaret Scott, B. S.

Home Economics,
Principal of Senior High School

Vernon C. Genn, B. C., G. E.

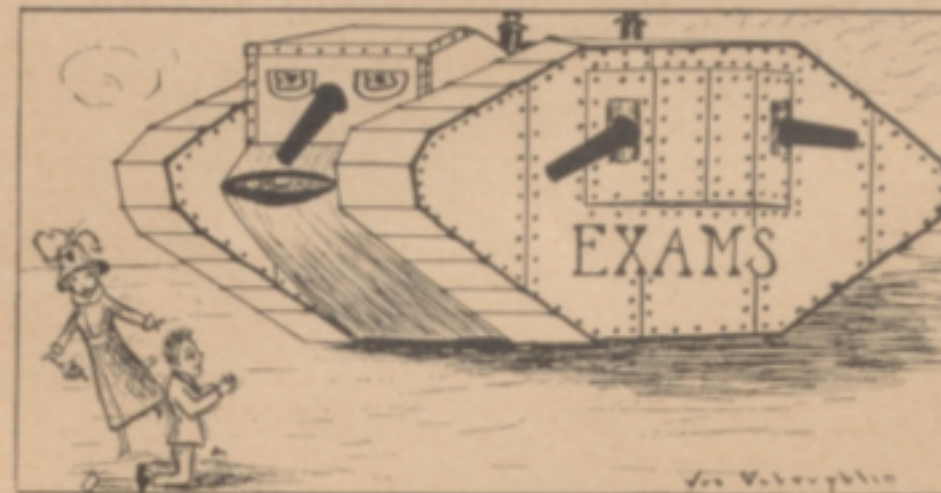
Science, Manual Training
and
Athletics

J. F. Sumpf

Musical Director



SENIOR 3



CLASS OFFICERS

Helen Smith	President
Roberta Coryell	Vice President
Wilbur Burford	Secretary and Treasurer
Frances Ptack	Historian

CLASS FLOWER

Violet

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White

CLASS YELL

"One-nine-one-eight,
We're the class that's never late,
We're the class that's up to date,
One-nine-one-eight."

This is the end of our high school days. We are all sorry that they are over. We have pleasant memories as we recall the past four years of our lives and realize that something has been accomplished.

In a single day we try to put aside all foolishness and slang expressions and to wake up to the fact that we are no longer children, but men and women, and from now on, will be treated as such, forgetting that the habits we have acquired in the last four years of school life are not so easily put aside. It has taken constant effort on our part and time to do away with foolish, time-wasting habits, but in a measure, we know that we have succeeded.

It is a special privilege of our class to be the first to graduate from the new school building.

We have the same number of pupils graduating as did the class of 1916, so no longer can they boast of being the largest and most brilliant class that graduated from the Juneau High School.

We will take with us two of the star basketball players from both the girls' and boys teams.

The Senior Ball, one of the greatest events of the season, was given early in the school year.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of Juneau High School, of the city of Juneau, Territory of Alaska, United States of America, being of sound mind and disposing memory, not acting under menace or fraud, do hereby make our last will and testament, declaring that all former documents are null and void.

Sec. 1. To the Student Body of the Juneau High School we bequeath our good looks, high standing and modesty; the vacant chairs of the president and secretary of the student body, three positions in the boys' basketball team, and two positions in the girls', secretary of the Pro and Con club, and the following positions on the Totem staff: the assistant editor in chief, the business manager and assistant business manager, the literary editor, the art editor, and the exchange editor.

Sec. 2. To the Senior 2 class we leave the care of the faculty, and our famous mascot, which is to be handed down in turn by the Seniors of 1919.

Sec. 3. To the innocent members of the Senior 1 class we bequeath all the knowledge and dignity we have shown during our school days.

Sec. 4. To the Faculty we leave peace and the relief of the burden of the class of 1918, and also our sincere thanks for the consideration shown us during the past years.

Sec. 5. To Mr. Matthews we leave our good will and the book entitled "Matrimonial Success."

Sec. 6. To Miss Scott we leave the record of an unruly but sincere and grateful class.

I, John Meier, will my German book to the Kaiser!!!! and my curling irons to Donald McKinnon.

I, Mable Bathe, leave my foolish questions to be answered by Roy Torvinen.

I, Helen Smith, bequeath my knitting needles to Dorothy Troy, to be kept in constant motion.

I, Joe Acklin, will my U. S. History and report card covered with E's to Gilbert Hodges.

I, Rose McLaughlin, bestow my powder puff to Nadja Kashevaroff and my good stand in with the Faculty to Sybil Campbell.

I, Rena Ellenger, will my Senior dignity to Laura Girard and my blushes to Mary Kashevaroff.

I, Harold Koskey, bequeath my Good Standing with Miss Dresser to Merritt Hackett.

I, Frances Ptack, will my ability to "stand pat" to the Juniors in general.

I, Bob Coryell, graciously bequeath every corner on my square head to "Clam," a Norwegian; and my giggles to Nadine Saum.

S. E. by N. W.—N. T.—42 sec. 3 deg. 14 paces to the left. Prominent stump. Dig 4 feet below said stump and there will be found W. K. Burford's IMPORTANCE. Deliver to Ed. Dolan.

I, Elvira Wiltanen, will my smile to Gilbert Hodges.

I, Madge Case, leave my Chemistry note book to Bell, and my attitude mark to Bud Smith.

I, Olive La Bounty, graciously bequeath my daintiness to Jack Oswell and Cupid's Advanced Volume of Flirtations to Gertrude Nelson.

I, Joe McLaughlin, will my youth to Emma Perella and my front seat to Clement Hodges.

We do hereby constitute and appoint one said Kewpie the executrix of this our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this first day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and eighteen.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '18.



JOSEPH ACKLEN

"Joe"

He was a scholar, and a ripe good one:
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and per-
suading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him
not,
But to those that sought him, sweet as
summer.



HELEN SMITH

An arm of aid to the
weak,
A friendly hand to the
friendless,
Kind words so short to
speak
But whose echo is end-
less.



HAROLD KOSKEY

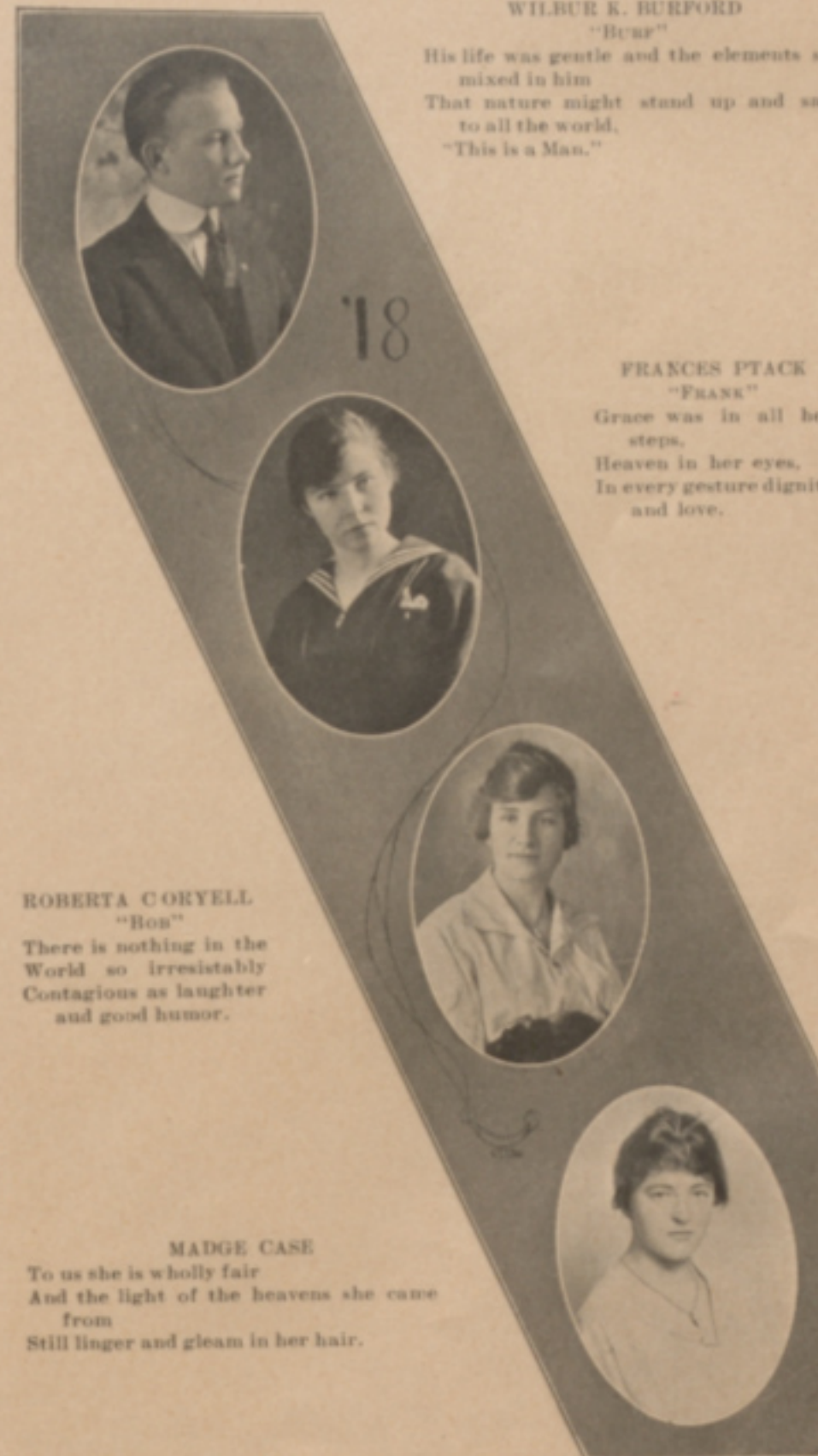
"Cap"

Wearing his wisdom
lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter
woodland
Looks a flower.



OLIVE LA BOUNTY

From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as a
crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not.



WILBUR E. BURFORD
"BUR"

His life was gentle and the elements so
mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say
to all the world,
"This is a Man."

FRANCES PTACK
"FRANK"

Grace was in all her
steps,
Heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity
and love.

ROBERTA CORYELL
"BOB"

There is nothing in the
World so irresistably
Contagious as laughter
and good humor.

MADGE CASE

To us she is wholly fair
And the light of the heavens she came
from
Still linger and gleam in her hair.



MABLE HATHE
"DUTCH"

I know you'r just from Juneau,
Where the lights of wisdom be,
You'r head crammed full to bursting,
With their Philosophy.

JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN
"JO"

You hear that boy
laughing,
You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh,
too,
At the good work he
has done.

RENA ELLINGEN
T'was a maiden full of
knowledge,
Though she'd scarcely
passed eighteen,
She was lovely as an
angel
Though of grave and
sober mien,

ROSE McLAUGHLIN
"REXX"
Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee.



JOHN MEIER

"MIKE"

He was a friend indeed,
With all a friend's best virtues shining
bright.
It was no broken reed you leaned on
When you trusted to his might.

ELVIRA WIITANEN

"BILL"

She's calm and placid as a morn in May;
Her smile is bright—She's equable and
mild;
She seems as open minded as the day,
As frank and artless as a little child.

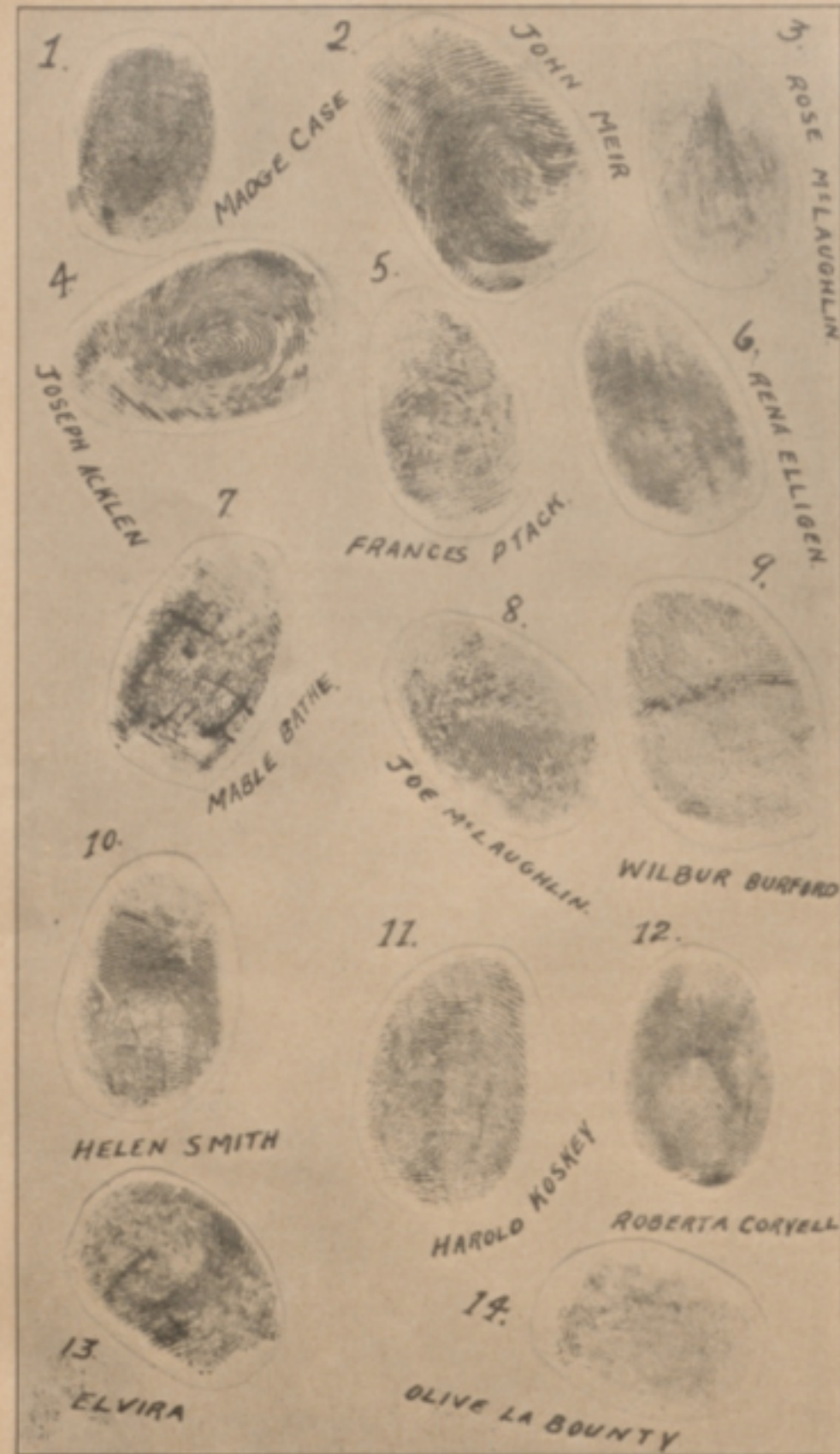
THE VIOLET

Modest violet, so frail and sweet,
Hugging close the damp earth at our feet;
Dear, fragrant flower, how came you to grow
In this old Alaskan town of scenic Juneau?

Your sweet, dainty head—by the children espied,
In April comes peeping; when every snow slide
Disappears from the hills, and the grim mountains too,
Bringing tidings of summer and farewell to Taku!

Your delicate fragrance wherever we go
Will bring happy thoughts to each Senior, I know.
Of the dear days gone by, of friendship's strong chain
And will hold us together till we meet again.

—Elvera Wiitanen, '18.



What the Thumb Reveals

1.—After a close examination of your thumb print, I came to the conclusion that you should go in for a professional career of some kind. You are bright and witty, fond of fine clothes. Your favorite pastime is improving your vocabulary; your public demonstration of same convinces me that you would be a howling success as a political speaker. In character, you are generous and you possess the rare and beautiful trait of loving your neighbors more than yourself.

2.—Your thumb print shows you to be of a very frivolous disposition. You are very fond of travel and always look for the good things in life. You are warm hearted and lavish in your affection. I would advise you, however, to keep a firm hold upon yourself, as there's great danger of you falling a victim to the charms of the opposite sex.

3.—Your thumb print shows that you were born in Juneau and in spite of this, you are tender-hearted, good to look at, fond of money and unselfish. You are quick to form conclusions and resent imposition. In dramatics you have no equal, when impersonating an old maid. You are a more willing talker than listener.

4.—Your thumb prints are those of a clever and enterprising young man. In character you are sensitive, dignified and cool. You have good business and financial judgment. You are somewhat given to worry. You have a brilliant future before you and wonderful opportunities.

5.—The little circle in the center of your thumb print proves you to be idealistic, sincere, a good judge of character and the possessor of great executive ability. You are unconventional, however, which often gets you into trouble. You are fond of dancing and crab salad, the latter you must eliminate, as you might grow fat.

6.—By your thumb print I judge you to be an extremist, with an active mind, changeable and fond of variety. You have a terrible temper and if you don't turn over a new leaf, it will be the worse for your future husband.

7.—A view of your thumb print tells me that you are a dainty little fairy with a very dark complexion. Your sole ambition is to make others happy. You will soon meet with a terrible disappointment with affairs of the heart. I then advise you to take up interpretive dancing as a profession or else become an artist's model.

8.—By your thumb prints, I see that you have a long life before you, and also a long journey and many strange adventures therein. In character you are impulsive, quick in thought and

action. You are very susceptible to the flattery of young ladies, for whom you have a natural affection. I should advise you to steer clear of them.

9.—Your thumb prints show that you are better fitted to lead than to follow. You are ambitious, generous, inclined to be extravagant and dislike hard work. As a profession, I advise you to become a soldier of fortune or marry a rich widow. At present you are spending all of your valuable time searching for Belle.

10.—Your thumb prints appear to have been handling knitting needles, a very commendable deed. In character you are quiet and conservative. You are a persistent worker, and ready in emergencies. I would advise you to train for a nurse and go to France.

11.—Your thumb prints are so irregular that I see nothing but a dreadful future before you. Your heart will be engaged in love at an early period, but you will meet with great opposition. Heart-broken, you will go to France and take your spite out on the enemy. You will return with one arm in a sling, a peg leg and an Iron Cross.

12.—The owner of this thumb print is very fond of recreation. As a society belle, you will have no rival. You should marry an old man with lots of money, although you are well fitted to live alone. Your dainty fingers play the ukelele not only to perfection but also to distraction.

13.—Your thumb prints show that you have been indulged in revelries, which have caused palpitation of the heart and heart troubles too numerous to mention. Your favorite pastime is chewing gum and getting the "hunt system" down pat.

14.—By your thumb prints you show a very artistic temperament. In character you are self reliant, cautious and generous. Your favorite pastime is reading. Your complexion is very fair, therefore you should marry a dark man with lots of money. Otherwise you will be happier to remain single.

—F. V. P.





SENIOR 2



CLASS OFFICERS

President Mary Kashevaroff
Vice President Harry Morgan
Secretary and Treasurer Belle Hood
Class Reporter Marie Dewey

CLASS COLORS

Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

CLASS YELL

Chee—chee—chee,
Chow—chow—chow,
Boomerang—boomerang,
Bow—wow—wow,
Zip—zip—boomerang,
Ri—re—ra,
1919 forever and a day.

CLASS NOTES

It is safe to say that the Senior II Class has shown more "pep" and taken a more active part in the school activities than any other class. Roy Torvinen, Editor-in-Chief of the Totem; Belle Hood, Society Editor and President of Pro and Con Club; Jack Oswell, Joke Editor and President of M. D. C.; Myrtle Jorgenson, President of the Girls' Athletic Association; Clement Hodges, President of Boys' Athletics; Marie Dewey, Girls' Athletics.

Five of our boys received letters for football.

There are four of our girls on the basketball team.

MARIE DEWEY, '19.



SENIOR I



The Sophomores this year have lost quite a few members from their original class, one of whom is LeRoy Vestal, now in France with the United States Artillery. Thirteen remain to make up the class, with four new members, who are: Dorothy Troy, Mary Monagle, Lucille Walker and Ada Irish.

The Sophs have been quite active in athletics this year. Our boys who have won their football letters are: Edward Dolan and Donald McKinnon. In basketball Donald McKinnon has distinguished himself as one of the star players on the "big team." The girls' basketball team was also organized in our class, Ada Irish being elected captain. We have played quite a number of games with the Junior Three girls and have brought home the laurels each time, which makes us feel quite smart. Nadja Kashevaroff was our star player, altho all the girls were faithful in turning out for practice.

The class officers are: President, Nadja Kashevaroff; Secretary and Treasurer, Sybil Campbell; Class Historian, Ada Irish.

Class flower—Pink rose.

Class color—Black and gold.



Junior and Senior High School

The school system of America is experiencing a radical change in order to adapt itself to the demands of a renewed activity in the social and industrial life of the nation. For many years the question of lengthening the secondary or High School period has been a paramount issue in all educational meetings, and today we find a movement of reorganization of school work that approaches an equal division of time between the secondary and elementary schools. The outgrowth of this movement is the Junior High School and since it has now passed the experimental stage, its growth and success has been phenomenal.

The provisions of our new school building made possible the re-organization of the Juneau Schools upon the new plan, and the Junior High School, comprised of grades seven, eight and nine and enrolling 75 students, has proved popular with teachers and students alike. The plan as introduced at the beginning of the present year, is termed the Six-Three-Three plan and provides six years of work in the Elementary School, three in the Junior High School and three of advanced study in the Senior High School.

A brief outline of the aims and development of the Junior High School might prove of interest at this time. The fundamental aims of this organization are three fold. Its advocates claim that it spans the gap existing heretofore, between grades eight and nine and that it tends to hold a greater number of eighth grade students in school another year; that it encourages ninth grade students in the continuance of their education thru the Senior High School; and again, that it provides an opportunity for those who do not contemplate a Senior High School course, to better prepare for life's work. These aims are to be fulfilled thru a variety of means, among which might be mentioned the advantages of the association with a greater number of students, the influence of many teachers rather than but one, promotion by subject rather than by grade, the opportunity to become accustomed to High School organizations, customs and manners, the offering of elective subjects in grades eight and nine, and an increased effort in discovering and developing the particular talents of individual students.

Experience has taught us that a Junior High School, to be permanently successful, requires a gradual adoption of the details of its organization. At the present time the following steps have been taken toward the realization of a fully organized Junior High School:

1. The departmental plan of instruction.
2. Promotion by subject rather than by grade.
3. Schedule of classes similar to that of the Senior High School.
4. Special Junior assembly and class rooms.
5. Junior High School organizations.

A further development of this plan is proposed for next year and the following improvements will be adopted as occasion permits: A readjustment of the content of the course of study, provision for elective subjects in the eighth grade, supervised study plan, increased emphasis of vocational guidance, further provision for student organizations, special physical training classes, and a greater opportunity for musical training and appreciation.

Ex-President Elliot, of Harvard University, has set forth the aims of the Junior High School, when he said, "The Junior High School plan is of vital importance, because it tends to do away with the sharp distinction between the elementary school and the high school. It also tends toward the earlier introduction of many subjects, now reserved for the High School—a reservation which is not only extremely unphilosophical, but also practically inexpedient."

FOUR-MINUTE SPEAKER

When the dreaded four minutes is near,
I stand quivering and shaking with fear.
"Oh, how shall I enter? Oh, how shall I bow?"
These are the questions I ask myself now.

My voice grows weak; my knees weaker;
'Tis no fun to be an assembly speaker.
But when I quit the stage, I may be the rage;
Though right now I couldn't feel meeker.

—Lulu Koskey, '21.

Here's to dear old Juneau High!
Here's to her lads and lasses!
Here's to the pros who made us sigh!
Here's to our old-time classes!
Here's to the girl who's won my heart!
She sets me in a whirl,
When she throws the ball and plays her part,
Here's to my basket ball girl!

M. M., '20.





JUNIORS III.



JUNIORS II.

Junior High School

When school opened on September 10, a large number of new pupils registered in High School. In place of the old plan of having four years in High School and eight years in elementary work, another arrangement was introduced. The seventh and eighth grades joined with the Freshman class in forming the Junior High School, and the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes constituted the Senior High School.

The Junior Assembly has been very successful in every activity into which they have entered.

The number of students registered in the Junior High at the beginning of the first semester was seventy-one. Altho four of these have dropped out, more have come to take their places. Grace Moody and Ophir Nelson joined the Junior High somewhat late. The student body was very sorry to lose Arthur Tucker, who left school and is now attending in Seattle, while George Dudley is working at Chichagoff. Donald Milnes, Francis Morris and Grace Hamtric also entered the Assembly.

A week after school started the Junior High held a student meeting and the following officers were elected:

President	Edward Peltret
Vice President	Lanse Hendrickson
Secretary	Harry Knudson
Treasurer	Carrol Webster

The Junior Assembly have done a great deal towards helping in the Thursday morning programs. Both the Junior and Senior orchestras have Junior members in them.

In the social functions the Junior High has been very successful also. The Senior 1's entertained the Junior 3's at a Valentine dance which was a great success. The hall decorations were very appropriate and everyone had a wonderful time.

The Junior 1's gave a Hallowe'en party which afforded much pleasure. The balloons which were sent up by the happy gathering caused great excitement. The Junior 2's class enjoyed a sleighing party in the middle of the term.

George Oswell was chosen yell leader for the basket ball games. In the three games played between the Junior 2's and the Junior 1's the Junior 2's proved victorious, but were less successful in their games with Douglas, only winning one game over three.

Next year the Junior High expect to accomplish even more than they have this year.



JUNIOR I

EDITORIALS

TOTEM STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Roy Torvinen
Assistant Editor	Helen Smith
Business Manager	Wilbur Burford
Assistant Business Manager	Frances Ptack
Literary Editor	Roberta Coryell
Society Editor	Belle Hood
Boys' Athletic Editor	Clement Hodges
Girls' Athletic Editor	Marie Dewey
Feature Editor	Jack Oswell
Exchange Editor	John Meier
Art Editor	Olive La Bounty
Cartoonist	Edward Dolan

This year has found the school in better condition than ever before. The large new school building, with all its added advantages, including the auditorium and gymnasium, has been the primary cause for the great interest taken in the various school activities this year.

Four new studies have been added to the curriculum, including Domestic Science, Spanish, Dramatic and Commercial Geography.

A large new table has been added to the laboratory equipment. This table is something we have needed for years.

The faculty has also been enlarged and it is due to the splendid co-operation and whole-hearted work of this body that the students as a whole have a new and firmer spirit of loyalty toward the school, their work and their classmates. This improved attitude has further been made possible by the comfort and beauty of the school building and the generous support of the board of education.

Classes in physical culture for girls have been using the gymnasium. The girls, under the direction of Miss Wenk, have made remarkable progress during the past year.

There is no doubt but what the school is more efficient at the present time than it has ever been before.

The Totem staff wishes to thank Miss Dresser for her cooperation and untiring efforts in the preparing of this issue of the Totem.

The Juneau High School is very proud of the fact that we have eighteen names to put on our honor roll.

Many of the improvements and changes of the past year are due to the initiative and energy of Professor Matthews. The progress of the school is appreciated by the students as well as the community at large.



Junior Red Cross

The Juneau High School is an auxiliary of the American Red Cross. This Junior Red Cross was organized last fall. Every pupil in the school became a member and was given his Red Cross button. The sewing classes immediately gave up their regular school work and began working for the Belgians. The work of the high school has been the knitting of caps, sweaters and the mending of old garments and making of whole baby outfits.

The younger members of the first, second and third grades have snipped cloth to fill pillows which were made by the older ones. In the fourth and fifth grades the children knit squares for gun wipes; knitted wash cloths and covers for hot water bags. From the sixth grade and up, the work is done in the sewing classes. The older boys in these make Red Cross boxes for shipment of supplies to Europe. The younger boys are messengers for the Red Cross on Saturdays.

On Thanksgiving a program was given by the grades, the proceeds of which were turned to the Junior Red Cross. The Junior Prom is to be given as a benefit to it also.

The money for carrying on this Junior Red Cross has been received through donations, subscriptions and entertainments.

HELEN SMITH, '18.





Hoodooes On Board the S. S. Oregon

Friday, Feb. 13th, 1898,—a preacher—a grey mare—and a red-headed girl.

The S. S. Oregon was leaving for her second trip to Alaska. Everything was commotion and disorder on the dock. The ship was loaded with three thousand tons of the most conglomerate cargo ever thrown together, including almost every conceivable kind of merchandise from saw mills to carpet tacks. Frightened horses, bellowing cattle, and howling dogs were no small item on the manifest. High piles of lumber and building materials were lashed to the deck. Five hundred passengers were trying to locate their baggage, everyone seemingly possessed with the idea that they were going to lose something that they must take along, and wildly frantic lest they leave it behind.

The ship's crew seemed inadequate for the handling of the seething mass that crowded up the gang plank. Everyone wanted their reservations at once. Many who had paid for first-class accommodations were told that they would have to take pot luck with the cattle or hang on a rusty hook.

The bunks were built of rough lumber three berths high, and the bedding consisted of one very thin excelsior mattress. Sleeping accommodations had to be secured before the supply was exhausted. The aisles were just wide enough to edge through, the ventilation poor, and the light dim.

We started on Friday evening, the 13th. A red-headed girl, and a minister were among the first-class passengers and a grey mare was down in the hole. There may have been a black cat in the galley—of this I am not certain—but I do know that there were sufficient hoodoos aboard the boat to sink her.

We encountered bad weather and fog on the way down the Columbia, and were late getting into Astoria the next day.

At Astoria many more were waiting to come aboard. Everyone seemed wild to get to the Klondike, fill their dunnage bags with nuggets and return home rich. The possibility of terrible hardships and possible failure did not seem to occur to them.

Leaving Astoria we passed out over the Columbia river bar on a smooth sea, which was quite unusual, as we learned afterward. When we had gone out about fifty miles, through the fog ahead of us we saw a tug boat rolling in an easy sea, probably waiting to tow some incoming ship over the bar. The passengers did not notice that our captain had signaled to the tug and it was not until some time later that we discovered that we were headed back toward Astoria with the tug following close behind. At about this time the crew got busy running hose along the decks and adjusting nozzles as if preparing for fire drill. Soon afterward the smell of gas and smoke began to come from inside the ship. Even this did not cause much comment and there



was but little excitement when it became known that the ship was on fire.

We were told that there was no danger; that the fire was probably confined to the coal bunkers and could be put out at Astoria. On edging up to one of the life-boats I found plenty of others there ahead of me, among them, the red-headed girl and the minister. No one seemed really scared, but they all seemed perfectly willing to take a chance on the life-boats.

On arriving at Astoria the crew immediately began pumping water into the coal bunkers. It was the following morning that they finally got the fire out and were again ready to steam out over the bar. I thought the red-headed girl ought to have been put off at Astoria, but the others were not so superstitious.

This was my first trip to sea. The day before seemed made to order. It had been so smooth that none of the passengers were sick, but as we came to the bar the second trip, it was quite different. I will never forget the rough water. The waves looked bigger to me than the Rocky mountains and the way that old ship rolled and tumbled put half of the crew out of commission and made life miserable for everyone on board. Many were un-

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

able to leave their bunks and the steerage room became absolutely foul.

I will not try to relate every incident from the Columbia River bar to Alaska. It was one continuous series of winds, snow and storms. The heavily loaded ship made hard work of the rough sea. The livestock below deck were thrown back and forth and suffered worse than the passengers above. The old grey mare was bringing discomfort upon herself as well as others.

We finally reached Juneau, Alaska, on February twentieth and tied up at the Pacific Coast dock in a howling Taku gale. The Oregon rolled back and forth with the sea, striking the wharf with such smashing force that she knocked the piling loose and would have torn the building down if she had not cast loose and steamed out into the harbor. The first mate ordered both anchors overboard and there we lay, swinging back and forth on the heavy chain. We congratulated ourselves on being in a safe harbor, and as it was late, and we were tired, we soon fell asleep.

During the night I was awakened by the ship pounding heavily. On stepping out of my bunk I landed on someone in a lower berth across the aisle. When I started to get my feet on the floor I found that it wasn't where it should be, but seemed to be standing at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Just then I heard somebody laugh and upon looking to the right I saw some fellows who seemed to be enjoying my perplexity. They grinned and pointed to a plumb-bob that they had made by hanging a jack knife on a string, and explained that the ship had dragged both anchors across the bay on high tide, and that we were almost high and dry on the beach at Douglas Island. I was further informed that our hoodoos were all still aboard, but that the first mate insisted that everything was all right and all we had to do was to sit tight and not rock the boat.

Breakfast was served that morning on tin plates that were passed along the aisle from hand to hand, those farthest away from the galley getting their rations first. Coffee followed in tin cups and it is needless to say that there were few second helpings, and many who ate but little of what they had. As the tide came in that forenoon the ship partly righted itself and a tug boat from Juneau came over and gave us a line; took a pull at the ship; broke the hawser; and left us in as bad shape as before.

That evening as the tide went out, leaving the ship high out of water and standing in nearly a perpendicular position, I saw an opportunity to make a photo that would be of unusual interest, so I went to the first mate to get permission to go ashore with my camera. I found that gentleman in none too amiable a frame of mind, and when approached on the subject of a photo of the ship, said the transportation company did not want that kind of advertisement, and that he would not allow me to get off. Then my partner and I had a quiet talk. We sized up our limited

amount of coin and concluded we would try for the photo and consult the steamship company later.

We procured two ropes, using one to lower the camera, the other for myself. While watching my opportunity, I threw the rope over the rail and slid down, dropping into the mud below. Looking up, I found my camera dangling over my head and quickly untying it, I was dragging myself out of the mud when the captain, who had been informed of my predicament by the minister, spied me. He ordered the first mate to arrest me and put me in irons, but evidently the first mate did not like the looks of the mud below, so he made no attempt to follow me. I went out on the beach, drove my tripod in the gravel, and made the photos which I wanted. Of course I could not get back on board the ship, so I walked down the beach to the town of Douglas, where I managed to get a bed over a dance hall, and got some sleep. The following morning I took the ferry boat for Juneau.

Very fortunately for the ship, this day's tide was the extreme high tide of the year and floated the Oregon sufficiently so that she managed to work herself off the beach, very little the worse for having been on the shore. The storm having subsided, she made her call at Juneau, where the hoodoos were put off—much to the pleasure and relief of the passengers and ship's crew. While the officers were busy I managed to slip back aboard ship. The next day we arrived at Skagway after an uneventful trip from Juneau.

Little remains to be told. This all happened twenty years ago. The good ship Oregon has found her last resting place in Prince Williams Sound. Many of the five hundred that came to Alaska at that time are still scattered over this wide domain, and will probably continue to make Alaska their home.

MADGE CASE, '18.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A KING SALMON AND AN EAGLE

On the borders of the Taku River in Alaska, there are many eagles. In summer one of their principal foods is fish. This is one of the reasons why they build their nests in the steep and rocky mountain, which stand on the sides of the river like great walls. The river is always muddy and it is quite hard for any human eye to see living things in the water, but eagles have good eyes.

Once in the spring when everything was turning green, an eagle was soaring high up in the air looking for fish in the river below. Eagles have always known that objects can be seen clearly in the water if viewed from a great height. Suddenly the great bird saw a king salmon; he swooped down to the water's edge and buried his crooked talons in the back of his prey, but he found out too late, that the king salmon was too big for him. He shrieked for help. There was a frantic flapping of wings and a more furious lashing of tail and the king of the sea bore to his dark realm, the king of the air.

IDEAL HENDICKSON, '21.

J. H. S. SCHOOL DAYS

We have a new course called Dramatic,
Where the bashful become acrobatic.
The sedate fake a grin;
The bow-legged toe in,
And think they are being dramatic.

Since America's fighting the Kaiser,
Our faculty thought 'twould be wiser,
If German they'd banish
And substitute Spanish,
For who wants to speak to the Kaiser?

English is our only dread.
It seems it won't go through our head.
In exams, yes, we flunk,
Though we write lots of Junk
For this horrid old English we dread.

Seven studes followed Caesar to Gaul;
They learned of his conquest and all
And though dead these long years,
What would move you to tears,
Was the gaul that he used to get Gaul.

There was a man once called Virgil,
Whom no one could say was an angel;
He wrote a long tail,
That makes us bewail
This nutty old fellow called Virgil.

Math. is our awful nightmare;
We certainly have to Beware!
With its squares and its angles,
Its figures and tangles,
It generally gives us a scare.

Oh, Gym, to your praises we sing;
We love to dance the Highland Fling,
With hops and skips,
And dizzy dips,
We merrily trip the Highland Fling.

—Anon.

MARY KOONASHA

Mary Koonasha was born in a small one room hut in Sitka on August 6, 1885. She was the daughter of the great chief of the Indian village who who was greatly feared because of his power. She was very beautiful having pearl white teeth, high forehead and coal black hair.

When Mary was eighteen, the white settlers had taken her Uncle's nephew on a sealing trip and by some accident he was drowned. Immediately the Indians grew excited and wanted to make an attack on the white settlers to avenge his death but were restrained by their chief who ordered them to quiet down.

One day as Mary was carrying water from the creek, she paused in front of her Uncle's house to rest. Upon hearing loud talking, she stepped inside to see what was the matter. She saw her Uncle holding a council of war and knowing that her father was away at some village, suspicion immediately was aroused in her. She stealthily crept closer; keeping in the shadows and listened. She discovered that the Indians under the leadership of her Uncle, whom she detested on account of his cruelty, were going to make a raid on the white settlers and had sent messengers to the various tribes to unite and rise against them. Mary slowly crept out and ran swiftly to the town to warn the white people, who upon hearing the news sent an appeal for help to Vancouver and Washington and started storing food and ammunition in their fort.

For a month the Indians were slowly preparing for the attack and danced their war dances to the weird sound of the drums, and were half crazed by the whiskey which they drank continually. The white settlers were ready for them and were anxiously waiting for help from Vancouver as they were very few in number.

One night the Indians were carousing worse than ever. Mary knowing that this was the night of the attack, warned the people who immediately fled to the fort where they packed in like sardines. About twelve o'clock that night when everything was silent in the village they could hear the awful sounds of the Indians dancing to the drums. Towards dawn the Indians stopped their carousing and the people grew uneasy.

At day break the Indians crept towards the village, with their guns and knives held high in the air. They were hideous in their war paint which was smeared all over their faces, their blankets waving in the wind. As they neared the fort, terror spread thru the people. On they crept, their eyes aglow with savage delight. Just as they neared the fort and were setting fire to it, a gun was fired into the midst of them causing them to run for shelter. A Canadian boat came into port with its guns ready for action. What rejoicing was held among the people as they happily went to their homes!

Mary was praised for her act of bravery and is highly esteemed by all Alaskans.



SITKA, ALASKA

THE TRIP TO SITKA

"Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Yells such as these sounded through the still air, early Thursday morning when the Basket Ball Team left for Sitka, where they were to play two games with Sitka. The trip was one long to be remembered.

After a few hours of pleasant sailing, a bad storm came up. Only three could withstand its rough treatment. All the others enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of traveling in a gas boat during rough weather. The storm grew worse and tossed the seasick party about so mercilessly that it was necessary to find refuge the first night at Tenakee Hot Springs. The boys went ashore to stretch their limbs. Some took a dip in the famous Hot Springs, while others wandered around exploring the town.

Early next morning the Murrelet turned its nose towards Sitka. The weather was grand. As our heroes sailed along, the rising moon cast a path of silver across the waters for them to follow.

They arrived at Sitka at 10:30 Friday night. The storm-tossed wanderers soon discovered a dance which was being held in the Native Hall, where dusky maidens were tripping gayly to the strains of "Oh, Johnny!"

Our boys slept on the boat that night and after resting up a bit felt better after their hard trip. The next day they practiced in the Mission Hall, where the game was to be played that night. They found the floor in very bad condition, cut up with trap doors, rutted and torn into splinters by the hob-nailed boots of the local athletes. The lights were so extremely poor on account of the low pressure that spectators in the balcony were scarcely visible from the middle of the floor.

The game was played that night under those difficulties and, notwithstanding the fact that our boys were in no condition to play after the rough trip. They won in spite of their drawbacks with a score of 33 to 30, playing Sitka's best team.

When the game was over, a dance was given in honor of our boys. The Sitka Team banqueted them the next day at "Clement's Restaurant." The boys said the food tasted fine after eating Joe Acklen's cooking.

They visited the old Historical Museum, the Experimental Station and the Greek Church.

Our champions left Sunday night because they had to return home on Monday. They had a good trip home, for which they were thankful. Everyone was glad to see them back again, crowned as the conquering heroes, for the school had seemed lonely without them.

Mr. Genn, in speaking of the trip said, "We have nothing but the highest praise for the Sitka people who were so hospitable and considerate of our boys."

Those who made the trip were: Mr. Genn, our coach, who in

agony moaned, "Oh, Ada, don't leave me!"; Mrs. Genn, "Phew, but it's hot in here"; Wilbur Burford, who in the galley yelled, "Defence!"; Clem Hodges, "I ain't seasick!"; Tork Torvinen, "Let me out!"; Joe Acklen, "What are you going to have for supper?"; Donald McKinnon, "I like to see everyone do his share"; Joe McLaughlin, "Oh, I ain't going to that savage dance," and Jack Os-
well, "Give her two points to the North," N. K., '20.

POINT RETREAT

It was 2 a. m. by my watch. The old faithful engine was still humming away. I crawled out of my little canvas hammock in the forecastle and went into the pilot house to get my bearings, after three hours' sleep.

Looking out the window, I could see in the distance, Point Retreat, with its two familiar "blinkers"; one on the reef, and the other on the point of the Island. One could easily imagine that there had been a countless number of mariners, of both large and small boats, who had welcomed the sight of those lights. Point Retreat thrusts itself prominently into Lynn Canal like the rough club of a giant. At this moment the sun was just peeping over the horizon. Its rays, as they fell on the point, gave the brush and vegetation a most beautiful appearance, tinting it brown and red; colors too warm to be often seen in this country.

The captain of the launch called out, "We'll make it easy in an hour, so call the boys."

As soon as we gained the point, my pal and I took a small boat and rowed ashore, leaving the rest to finish breakfast.

We walked up the beach a short distance looking closely for fresh deer tracks, but saw none. There were many mink and sea otter tracks, however. We then loaded our rifles and hit for the meadows, which were high up on the point and full of game. The underbrush was still wet from the dew and made traveling very disagreeable. About fifteen minutes later, we came to a small patch of alders, where we stopped and made a "deer-call" from the twig of a young alder wood. We started on again through this wonderful garden of nature and in a short time came to the first open meadow. "Stop!" whispered my pardner. All was still and we gave a couple of calls. In a few seconds a large doe stuck her head out of the brush to look for her runaway fawn. You can guess what happened to the deer. The old "buck," hearing the report from my rifle, came running out, inquisitive, as they always are, and my partner sent him to the happy hunting grounds also.

We hid the carcasses in a nearby tree, so the wild bears would not bother them; and started on our way up to the summit of the point.

HARRY E. MORGAN.

A STREET CAR RIDE

Jack Leslie climbed wearily on a homebound street car and sat down in the only available seat. He noticed idly that two girls were in front of him, talking enthusiastically; but he was tired and their chatter bored him.

Suddenly he sat forward with a jerk—he had caught the name of "Jack." He forgot his fatigue and waited with interest for the next remark. "Who are those girls? Do I know them? Are they talking about me? There is something familiar about the hat on the girl next the window," he thought, as he listened more intently.

"Yes, I do think he is just the dearest thing!" said the brown-haired one.

"And he has such a nice voice. I just love to hear it!" vowed the blond with the yellow curl hanging down on her neck.

Jack had a very passable tenor voice.

"Yes, and such lovely black hair! I always want to run my fingers through it."

Jack, let me say, has shiny, black hair, and at that moment hot blushes were stealing to its very roots; though he thought of his shiny locks with something very like affection at the same time.

"Who ARE those confounded girls I've evidently made such a hit with?" he puzzled, racking his brain for two girls of his acquaintance who seemed inclined to stroke his hair and enthuse over his voice. "They must have heard me sing in 'Iolanthe.' Everyone said I WAS good in that." He could not place them, but as he knew a great many girls there might be some who—. He got no further in his reflections, for the next remark answered all his doubts.

"Oh, and Mable—" (Jack knew exactly five girls named Mable) "—the way he looks at one with those wonderful brown eyes, why my heart turns a somersault every time he looks at me."

"Well," Jack mused, "it is not so bad having brown eyes after all. I never fancied any one liked them, and I didn't know I had such a prepossessing glance."

Jack's street had come and gone, but he stayed on to hear more.

The blond-haired Mable responded warmly. "Yes, they certainly are expressive. When he looks at you it really seems as though he saw right down into your heart."

This was too much. He rose, determined at all costs to find out who they were, when another remark made him sink back in a heap.

"And, Frances, he is so intelligent—for a dog. Why, this is our street!"

Jack, flushed and perspiring, looked up and saw two girls, with whom he was acquainted, walk past him down the aisle; one with a very tiny, long-haired, black dog in her arms.

DOROTHY TROY.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

There is a young man named Buddy,
Whose dimples keep the girls from study;
He sure set a girl's curiosity awirl
When she got a letter from Buddy.

Then comes old sleepy Donald,
He's the main prune in the Scphies pie;
When Geometry comes around,
He passes with a sigh.

There's another sophomore lass,
And believe me, she's not asleep;
For Sybil doesn't allow the grass
To grow beneath her feet.

Dotty is another one,
As you can plainly see;
But when the teacher quizzes her,
Dot says, "Did you speak to me?"

Then comes Donald M.
Whom we know is not so slow;
When it comes time for college,
You bet he'll be ready to go.

We have a class senator,
Whose name is Dolander;
He loves to speak,
Tho' his voice does squeak,
This little Irish Dolandor.

We have a little lass named Mary,
Who is a most bashful young maid;
She's quiet and kind, and you'll always find,
That she puts all the rest in the shade.

Lucille is another
That I know a lot about,
But she might tell her mother
If I let my knowledge out.

Liela, Liela, never looks glum,
But always neat and clean;
Her jolly face every day
By the high school kids is seen.

Nadja's the Sophies' rich treasure,
Her real worth no yard-stick can measure,
Tho' their plans may be rash,
They will never go smash,
When there's Nadja to furnish the Kash.

There's a dainty little maiden named Ross,
Who with each word her young head does toss;
With that head and those eyes,
It would give me a surprise,
If they always belonged to Miss Ross.

We have a new girl in our class,
Her name is Vivian S.
She's a sweet little lass, that none can surpass,
This smart young girl in our class.
—By a Soph.

SCALDED SENIORS

But say, we almost take a fit when we observe their vacant stare.
The Seniors surely think they're it, of that we're well aware,

They gave their "High Jinx," yes, 'tis true, 'twas really quite a dance,
But just wait 'til the Junior Prom; then they won't have a chance.

You see, they're only bluffing and quite a job they make,
Though their looks need no cuffing, they're surely quite a fake.

They are not a homely looking bunch, all this we will admit,
But just the fact they're Seniors, makes them think they're it.
—Jealous Junior.



JUNIOR FATE. AHM!

Thirteen fickle Juniors, a slow, unlucky class,
Merrit lost his pompadore, from lack of a looking glass.

Twelve little Juniors, gay, but very dense,
Gilbert died from lack of pep; second picket off the fence.

Eleven little Juniors, traveling sure but slow,
Mary committed suicide, 'cause Clement answered, "NO."

Ten little Juniors, getting on just fine;
Nadine danced 'til she wore out; then there were nine.

Nine little Juniors, so wise and full of pep,
Laura chewed some gum in school; and lost her envied rep.

Eight little Juniors, left to stand the test,
Marie ran away with Jack; and left all the rest.

Now there's only six of them and none of these alive,
Gertrude got the measles; so this left only five.

Five little Juniors, and room for seven more,
Tork left and got married; then there were four.

Four little Juniors, striving for success,
Myrtle sprained her ankle; as you have maybe guessed.

Three sad-eyed Juniors, this will never do,
Belle joined the Senior class; and this left only two.

Two little Juniors! Ah, their fate is cruel!
Emma lost her powder puff; and had to leave the school.

The last is always wisest, and Clement showed his sense,
By joining the brave Senior class; this was his recompense.

—Rose McLaughlin, '18.

FOR HER SAKE

He was twenty-one, tall, strong, wealthy, handsome and already bored by society. He loved her, she of the beautiful sunny hair and starry eyes. But did she love him? No she did not, so life no longer held beauty for him.

Then the war broke out between England and Germany. He was tired of society and wealth so he went with his chum Ted to fight for England. There were dozens of farewell parties given for them but they did not hold their usual glamour for him, for she did not love him.

Soon he went to France. He wrote to her but not as freely as he did to other girls. Ted wrote to her also and she wrote to him, but her letters to Ted were different.

"Why doesn't she love me he wondered?" "Well I will just write and ask her. I must find out." So the next day he wrote.

The awful week of waiting that followed! Then at last a letter. What would she say? He opened it and found just a short note.

"I admire brave men," she wrote. She wrote other things also, but that was all he saw, "Brave men."

That night he threshed it out with himself. What was he fighting for anyway? He had gone into it for fun! He had grown tired of society life and so for a little novelty he had come over here to kill fellow men.

"And I wondered why she didn't love me! By Jupiter, I'll show her whether I can be brave or not. I'll show the world what Americans are made of."

Next day was the wonderful and furious battle of Ypres. He waited there on the hill with the rest. Below could be seen the Huns preparing for an attack.

"Now, for her sake, for the sake of my country and humanity" his mind kept repeating.

The sergeant came down the trench with a portion of rum for each soldier. Everyone was tense and dazed. A strained feeling filled the air.

With the roar of a cannon on the Huns came; blood thirsty human machines; on, on, nearer and nearer. They were ten to the English one. He saw life swept away to right and left; saw his own commander fall. His men became dazed and lost and began to retreat. Up he jumped crying "Come no men, on for your country, humanity and her!" and over the top he went followed by the cheering men. He heard a whistling sound; felt a sudden pain in his side, and all was dark.

He opened his eyes. "Where was he? Something was wrong. Why were all those strange beds there? Why was the wall so far away?" Then he saw the red cross and everything slowly came back to him.

"Was the attempt a success? Did his men stick it out?" He tried to rise, but with a groan of pain fell back and closed his eyes. Hours later he opened them and saw her in a red cross nurse's uniform.

"That hellish stupor has affected my brain," he thought. But she smiled at him and he saw it was she. He smiled back.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Look," she answered, holding up the New York Times. There on the front page was his picture and the headlines, "American Hero Leads Charge and Captures German Regiment—Severely Wounded."

"But I am not really brave he said," he said.

"You ARE brave" she answered.

M. K.—'19.



TWO CONSERVING BUMS

The four-thirty train was just pulling into Lode Junction. As the train was slowing up for the crossing, two tramps rolled themselves from the brakes and went tumbling into the dust. Shaking the dust from their clothes, they proceeded to the "Cow Yard" for lunch, and upon arriving, they immediately set about to build a fire. Having done this they put on the bacon and coffee and prepared for "Chow."

Mike, the elder of the two, turned his back to the fire and proceeded to acquire some sleep, but while getting said sleep he edged too close to the fire and his coat-tail caught fire and went to the extent of burning the seat out of his trousers.

In the meantime Jerry went after some water and while he was gone, the bacon and coffee both burned. Mike and Jerry were both totally disgusted, for they had added to their calander both an "EATLESS" and a "SEATLESS" day.

W. K. BURFORD,—'18.

GASOLINE CY

Alicoot is a town at the foot of great, steep mountains. Between the ridges of these, one can see the Chilkat range, snow-covered the year round. In front of the town is the sea. Booming on the beach are the great white breakers rolling in and out. Looking between the Cape and Fishers Point you can see a boundless expanse of the sea. There is found the roughest water in all the coastline of Alaska. To a voyager, unused to the country, no town can be seen. The steamers anchor three miles out and soon there appear little launches, born high on the crest of a wave, then dipped out of sight in the trough of the breakers. When they gain the side of the steamer the passengers must climb down a ladder of the boat, wait until both come together by the force of the waves and then jump. This is why the town is so small. Too many become afraid and go back.

The village is not a pretty place and is built out on a sandy beach. The population is very small. It boasts of but one short main street and three side streets. On the main street one is not at all surprised to find twenty-seven saloons, and less surprised to find there, the whole male population of Alicoot at most any hour.

A steady boarder of one of these places, Whiskey Pete's Palace, was Cyrus Johnson, commonly known as Gasoline Cy. For some time he ran a launch, but on account of a bad habit, that of drinking, Cy was forced to find a trade that took up less of his time. Then he became a hunters' guide. All day long, and evening, too, Cy sat with his chair tipped against the wall, his thumb hooked through his suspenders and his feet mounted on the table. Windy Jim, Whiskey Pete and Willie the kid, sat near by, ready listeners. No one else could get a word in edgeways and what Cy said was taken as gospel truth by the old miners.

Then one day the Admiral Evans cast anchor and much to Gasoline Cy's surprise, a party of hunters landed. He was rather low in cash at that time, so engaged himself on the dot as "the best hunter thereabout" and in the wee small hours of the morning, led the hunters up into the mountains.

Along towards noon they reached good hunting grounds. Upon a hill was a big strawberry patch, covering many acres. As they neared the top a great brown bear crept into sight. Cy immediately felt the dignity of his position and motioned the others to be still. They kept climbing on up. Another bear came into view, then another, until there were six. Cy plugged away and got one. The rest of the party hurried forward, cursing Cy for shooting ahead of their arrival and allowing the other game to get away.

Soon they came to a cliff where they had to let themselves over by means of a rope tied to a tree. The party all got over but Cy. He saw a cub and, dropping his rifle, gave chase. The cub ran up a tree. Up went Gasoline Cy. The cub grunted and growled. Cy grinned. A she-bear crashed through the under-

brush, saw her cub's danger and with a snort of rage went after Cy. Cy's hat lifted. Out on a limb was the snarling cub; straddling it was Cy, and hugging the tree, coming up, was the mother bear.

Never in his stories had Cy played a part like this. On clambered the bear. Cy wished he could take back some of the yarns he had told the boys. The bear's breath was beginning to get uncomfortably hot when he heard a gun fired, felt the tree tremble and heard the thud of a dead body striking the earth. There lay the bear, and Cy was saved.

The next day found Gasoline Cy the centre of his little group at Whiskey Pete's Palace, telling the story of the big hunt. So it was Windy Jim, Whiskey Pete and Willie the kid that established him as undisputedly "the best hunter thereabouts."

HELEN SMITH, '18.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Said Miss Dresser to her class one day,

"We're going to have some fun."

"Oh, what?" said Less, "a holiday?"

And looked out at the sun.

"Let's have it quiet, please,"

She murmured to the lad.

"You must regard the school hours,

As something very sad.

"Now, let's get down to business,"

She said, smiling, to the class,

"We have no time for joking,

For our period's going fast.

"This morning," said Miss Dresser,

"We're going to have a test;

So please cease your talking,

And do your level best."

Grace Hambric, '21.

America's Call To World Service

America has been called upon to help fight the world's war. She has gone into this conflict to fight to a finish—and to win. It would be impossible to win or even attempt to fight if each soldier entered the struggle merely as a rifle-bearer, forced to defend his country at the call of the draft. To win this war our soldiers must go into it as Man Fighting; fighting to put an end to autocracy; to save Democracy for the world.

As each soldier must feel he is Man Fighting, so the shipbuilder must have the consciousness that he is Man Building ships. The shipbuilder works not to help the government but because shipbuilding offers a good wage. He never thinks of the poor, starving people in Europe, nor does he care. Never realizing that day after day ships are sunk and that they must be replaced by new ones, his mind is on his pocket book and his eye is on the clock. Man Building ships has lost the vision of himself as a wage earner, but sees himself as Man Building ships because his country needs him. He attaches himself to his work, body and soul, working for this glorious country with the same spirit as Man Fighting. Every swing of his hammer is a blow at Autocracy and a stroke for Democracy. Each timber he lays, plays its part in the structure of Democracy.

America has answered the call to world service, but we can do little if we do not have the cooperation of all the people of America. Our country is facing a crisis more serious than we dream. The struggle will be long and bitter. Our foes have been preparing for this longer than most of us can remember. We must win the war. We can not hope to win unless we have the combined services of not only the working men and soldiers, but of every individual. In order to accomplish this our country must have Loyalty at home, Loyalty in every household, as much as in the ranks of the enlisted and the workingmen. In fact there must be Loyalty in every act and utterance. There must be self-denial and self-sacrifice. We are continually told by the "Four Minute" men that "Food will win the war," "Money will win the war," "Men will win the war," "Ammunition will win the war"—but it all means Loyalty—Man Fighting together as one—to rid the world of arrogant oppression.

FRANCES PTACK, '18.

A Fortune In the Golden North

"Well, I guess we are here," Jack said to himself; hearing the boat whistle as it slowly turned to enter the port of Skagway, the gateway to the Klondike. He put on his coat, took his suitcase from his stateroom, and made his way down the gang plank. It was the Klondike gold rush that had brought this boy to the North.

"In an hour and a half it will be dark and I must find shelter for the night," thought Jack as he surveyed the slippery dock and the muddy road leading to a clump of huddled buildings. As he reached for his grip he felt a slight tap on his shoulder and stepped back to leisurely regard a familiar intruder in faded mackinaw, corduroy pants, a soft hat and high boots.

The unceremonious northerner, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Well, stranger, now you've looked me over, do you want shelter for the night?"

"Why, yes, I was about to—" Jack answered, rather amazed.

Without another word the older man shouldered the baggage and led the way to a cabin, its roof piled thick with a mass of snow. Within it was furnished with bunks, chairs and a table of logs. Here and there a few home-made cooking utensils hung on nails. A Yukon stove projected a short distance from the wall illuminating the room with its hot, red glow. It was altogether snug and cozy and Jack felt at home at once.

"This is mighty good of you," Jack began rather shyly.

"Oh, that's all right, I am glad to offer any one shelter. I have two bunks and plenty of provisions and I like company."

Through further conversation Jack learned that the man's name was Ben Ford.

"Well, son, what brought you to this country?" questioned Ben.

"I have come to Alaska with a definite purpose in mind. I need money and I have come up here because I thought the opportunities here were greater than elsewhere," finished Jack.

"Suppose you are tired. What do you say if we turn in?" said the older man when he had heard Jack's story.

"It's all right with me," Jack said, covering a yawn.

The following morning proved to be a dismal day. Still after Jack had served as guest at breakfast and Ben as cook, they both started for a walk to Ben's claims. After crossing a creek they went up the hill, where they came to a clearing on the western border of which was a cabin.

"This," began Ben, "is my cabin, which was left to me by a friend who was killed some time ago. He often told me about a fortune which he claimed to have buried near here, but I have given up all hopes of finding it. A year or so ago I found the supposed directions to the hiding place."

Jack listened closely and was very much interested in learning how Ben became the owner of these claims.

The afternoon slipped away very quickly. Suddenly Jack noticed the darkness creeping around them. He snapped his watch out of his pocket. He had not realized that the sun would disappear that early in the day. They walked slowly as they started down. The wind had almost stopped and it had begun to snow.

The beans which had been left on the little Yukon stove were now cooked and ready for the hungry men. Conversation was lively throughout the meal. Still Jack's face looked puzzled and he finally revealed his thoughts by saying, "Ben, have you the directions to that supposed gold?"

"Oh, yes, but I think it was some of Sam's foolishness," he answered, as he went to a shelf and reached for a little black box from which he took a heavy piece of paper.

Jack read it and exclaimed: "Ben, I'm going to find it!"

"All right, old boy, but remember if you find it, half is yours," chuckled the other, good-naturedly.

The next morning at daybreak Jack was ready to set out. Safe in his vest pocket were the valuable papers, and across his shoulder a pick and shovel. He carefully followed the little path which led him to the claims. After unrolling the heavy paper he stood with his back to the cabin as was directed. The first line read as follows: "22 ft. N. 15 ft. E. pine 27 ft."

"The first direction given is North," he reasoned, and he quickly turned in the direction indicated.

Jack followed out the directions, which brought him to the point where a pine tree stood. "Oh, I see that's where the pine comes in," he exclaimed.

There was nothing different about this tree except that the branches seemed thinner in one place than in others. He climbed to the place, but saw nothing.

Weeks had passed and nothing new was revealed until one day while digging several feet from the pine, Jack struck a can. After pulling it up it proved to be a tomato can. He put his hand into it and drew out a piece of paper. He unrolled it, and read as follows: "Tear up logs under stove, find concealed tin box containing gold."

Jack was too excited to go and tell Ben, but rushed to the cabin to look at it more closely. Before ten minutes had elapsed Ben came whistling into the doorway.

"Well, Jack, are you going to remodel our palace?" he asked, smiling.

"No, I should say not, Ben, but just you wait until I finish my job here and see what I am going to do."

"Oh, here it is! Here it is!"

"What is?"

"Our fortune. I mean Sam's fortune."

"We have the box, but perhaps not the gold," broke in Jack.

The key was rusty and Jack's fingers were all thumbs it seemed. But with a creak the lock opened and within the chest they saw six sacks of gold dust.

"It's true, Ben! At last we've found it!" exclaimed Jack.

"So poor old Sam was right," mumbled Ben.

Two weeks later Jack and Ben stood on the dock and said good-bye to all the boys. As the boat sailed for the sunny south both men felt a deep regard for the golden north which had been so good to them.

LAURE GIARD, '19.



DICK DAVIDSON, JUNIOR

I sat on the veranda reading the "Saranac Daily," although it was a day old, in the hopes of finding some acquaintance among the new arrivals at the village. Now, Saranac, as you may know, is a summer, resort, situated in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains. It is a beautiful village with wide streets bordered with shady trees, driveways and beautiful residences. Along the banks of the Saranac river and on the woody hills surrounding the town are elegant hotels or summer resorts where tourists come. The surrounding country is famed for its historical points of interest and beauty, and also for its myriads of lakes, which offer splendid fishing and bathing, and its mountains, covered with pine, which are ideal for summer camps or resorts.

Perhaps you've guessed why the "Saranac Daily" was a day old. It was because our camp was about eight miles from Saranac and we didn't get the paper until the following morning. I usually had the daily with my grape-fruit or stewed prunes, but this morning wild strawberries and cream were served so I didn't need a diversion.

There were several new arrivals at the resorts; among them society people, writers, actors and artists, whose names I recognized, having seen them so often in the press. Just as I finished the last item Father came out the study door and sat down by me. I dropped a gentle hint inferring that I would like to motor into town to take a look at the new arrivals. He didn't take it. Then I told him I would like the use of the car for the day.

"No, my pet, not today." Looking at his watch he continued: "I must be leaving soon in order to meet Mr. Davidson on the noon train. He is bringing me some government plans and contracts for ammunition. I've told Keegan to prepare a room, as I will bring Davidson to our camp tonight."

He rose to leave, but before doing so he ruffled my hair and mimicked my pout. When he had gone I ran up to Mother's room and called out "Good morning" to the shaded interior. Mother lay propped up in bed with a Cologne bottle in one hand and a kerchief in the other. Another headache!

"Beth, dear," she answered, "please close the door gently when you go out."

I understood clearly that I was not needed here, so softly withdrew. Once outside I set off for a long tramp through the woods with Ted, the collie. We skirted the lake shore and soon came to the cove and ascended the path from there. The day was glorious and the path paved with pine needles, ages old. Ted bounded ahead, chasing butterflies and frightening squirrels. We tramped for miles and the sun was high overhead when we started for home. We had not gone far until I saw Ted dart ahead and bark viciously. It frightened me terribly, so I hid behind a large tree.

Ted stopped barking as suddenly as he began. At this I

peaked out and saw him being petted by a young man in khaki riding clothes. Oh, he was handsome! And he had such a wonderful way with Ted, who doesn't like strangers at all, that I was sure he must be a man of great influence.

As soon as I emerged from my hiding place Ted ran toward me joyfully, then back to the young man, as though to introduce us. Holding his hat and smiling, he commented on the beauty of the Adirondacks.

"Could you tell me if I am near Mr. Worthen's camp?" he asked after a few moments.

"Why, yes," I answered. Although it is about an hour's walk from here, Ted and I will show you the way. We were just going home."

"Then you are Miss Worthen?"

"Yes, and you are ——?"

"Mr. Davidson."

"Why, my father left two hours ago with the car to meet you! Did you see him?"

"I'm afraid I didn't. I have been walking since nine o'clock this morning."

Well of all things! I hustled him home as fast as I could, but Father had not come home yet and Mother was still indisposed. After lunch we ambled down to the lake and went rowing and had a delightful afternoon.

Dick—I mean Mr. Davidson could converse on any topic fluently and could recite the most beautiful poetry.

Father came home about four o'clock and when I introduced Mr. Davidson he gasped:

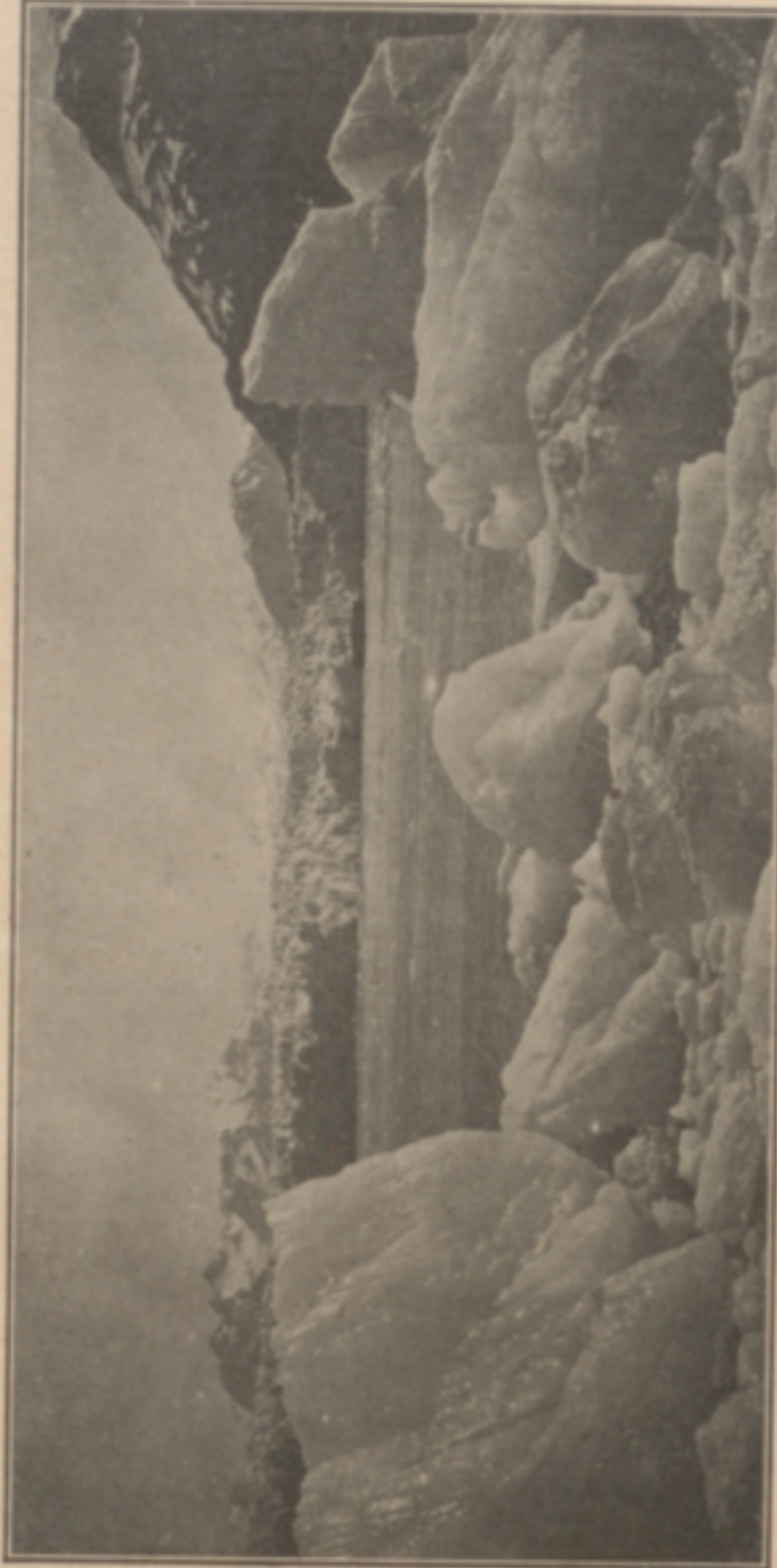
"Mr. Davidson?"

"Mr. Davidson Jr., Sir" he corrected. "I will explain. My father was to have personally brought you these government contracts and plans, but his intention was discovered by spies, so I came instead, on the morning train. I hope the change has not inconvenienced you?"

"Not at all," my father answered. "I was afraid something had happened."

I left them and dressed for dinner, for I knew there would be a beautiful full moon over the lake and—if you knew Dick as I do you would believe me when I say he does recite poetry beautifully.

OLIVE LA BOUNTY, '18.



AN ALASKAN GLACIER

Who can describe the air and exhilarating atmosphere of the wonderful North—the flashing, brilliant and radiant icebergs and the enchanted stillness of its snow-clad mountains?

Hundreds of tourists gather yearly to look with wonder and admiration upon Alaska's gigantic rivers of ice. Their journey to the glacier is made by a steamer, which creeps slowly over the oil-like water toward the mysterious, crystal white and blue expanse of ice. Much care and pains must be taken in steering the boat through these perilous bergs, winding and ziz-zagging between them cautiously. Here great danger lies and the captain must be ever on the lookout for these massive, crystalline bergs carry death with them, should they crush against the steamer's side.

Silence reigns everywhere. The sun sheds its glowing rays upon the glistening ice. The rugged range of mountains, wherein the glacier crouches, is clad in a shining, eternal, snow-white dress and adds more grandeur to the ever-increasing, silent beauty. The sun sends down its glowing rays upon their tops, leaving them a delicate pink; and the outline of the mountains is seen distinctly against the azure blue of the heaven above. Not a bird or four-footed thing can be seen or heard. Not even a blade of grass softens these fierce mountain-sides.

At intervals the silence is broken by the terrific crash of a berg which has torn itself loose from the mass, and tumbles with a crashing, thunder-like roar into the water. Some minutes later it rises to the surface, shining and gleaming, and starts its journey on toward the sea. Then silence again, and the frozen king of the North reigns over his empire of ice.

ELVERA WHITANEN, '18.





ROLL OF HONOR

Le Roy Vestal
Simpson McKinnon
William Taschek
Harry Sabin
Gyril Kashevaroff
Harry Williams
George Sutton
Harry Morgan
Harvey Fremming
Eugene Nelson
George Nelson
Harry Clements
Burdett Winn
Eugene McGloskey
Edward Beattie
Edward Sweeny
Tom McCartney
Waino Hendrickson





Society Notes

Never before has "Dame Society" taken such a hold in the Juneau High School as it has during the year of 1917-1918. The activities will never be forgotten by those who took part in them.

The M. D. C. (Moonlight Dancing Club) has been a source of pleasure since it was organized in 1913. Although their dances have been few in number during this term, they were enjoyed by all those who attended them. The first M. D. C. was given shortly after school began in the fall. Every one had an exceptionally good time, and immediately began to look forward to the next affair.

The second M. D. C. was given in the form of a Masquerade Hard-Time ball. Almost everybody came arrayed in costume. Some of the boys came attired as country lads, cowboys, engineers and outlaws; girls came in the array of dazzling society buds, bashful school girls, country lassies and others as kitchen mechanics. All who did not meet the occasion by coming attired in festive dress were made to pay the penalty by appearing before the Kangaroo court and having to have their white collars removed or their wonderful coiffures disarrayed and put down in the traditional "pig tail." These dances were given in the school gymnasium, which was decorated to suit the occasion. Splendid music added to the success of the dance.

What about the "Senior High Jinks?" Who could forget that? The Seniors, who have been called the "Class Without Pep" ever since they entered High School, startled the whole student body when they announced the Senior High Jinks.

The gymnasium was decorated in their class colors, purple and white. Dangling from the ceiling and presiding over the gaiety of the evening was the Senior mascot, Kewpie. Confetti and serpentine added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Refreshments were served which gave the finishing touches to the affair.

Yes, when the Seniors gave this, they certainly made up for their lack of pep in former years. The best kind of a time was shown the students.

Who says the Sophs aren't entertainers? The Sophomore Hop given in the gymnasium was undoubtedly the prettiest dance given this term. The hall was decorated characteristic of Valentine's Day. Hearts and streamers were strung artistically thruout the room. Refreshments were served during the evening.

The Basket Social which the girls gave showed that they knew how to keep things going lively. They gave it in the form of a Mock Leap-Year dance. The boys were kept busy keeping track of their dances, which they found was not an easy thing to do. Baskets of all shapes and sizes were raffled off.

The Junior Prom, given the 26th of April, was without doubt the most successful event given by the High School for several years. It was arranged for and given in the Elks' Hall by the Class of '19. Notwithstanding the fact that many disappointments stood in the way of the coming off of the dance, the Juniors did not give way to them, but kept bravely on. The dance was postponed for nearly a month, but when at last it did come—it was the talk of the town.

The hall was decorated in blue and white, the Junior's class colors. The punch and cookies couldn't be beat. Novelty dances gave plenty of excitement. Mary Kashevaroff gave pleasure by singing Joselyn's "Lullaby."

Now that it is all over we wonder if any class will be able to give one in the future which will come up to this one in all respects. We certainly doubt it.

BELLE HOOD, '19.

Athletics

BOYS' ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS

Immediately after school opened for the year '17-'18, a meeting of the Boys Athletic Association was held for the purpose of electing officers for the school year. Those elected were Clement Hodges, president; Wilbur Burford, manager, and Donald McKinnon, secretary and treasurer.

The second week of school, rain or shine, saw the boys out in their football togs practicing football.

Competition was scarce, and the Douglas Kamera Klub, rivals of last year, refused to play, but word was at last received that a team composed mostly of Douglas natives would play the High School on Alaska Day, Oct. 18, 1917.

A very large crowd turned out to see the game in spite of the rain and wind.

The Douglas Native Team averaged one hundred and eighty pounds, while the High School Team averaged one hundred and forty pounds.

Douglas kicked to the High School. Torvinen received the ball and advanced it ten yards. Hodges was then given the ball and made the first touch down. At the end of the first quarter the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the Juneau High School. In the second quarter the High School got the ball on the Natives' 35-yard line. Burford carried the ball for the second touchdown on an end run around the right, but failed to kick goal. In the same quarter the High School boys carried the ball to the Natives' 5-yard line, but lost it on a fumble and the Natives carried it back out of danger. The half ended with the score 12 to 0, in favor of the High School.

In the third quarter five yards were made by Oswell, six yards by Burford and an end run by Hodges which netted 38 yards and brought the ball within 20 yards of another touchdown for the High School. Hodges was again given the ball and circled to the left end for 20 yards and placed the pigskin behind the bars, making the score 18 to 0, with the High School boys on the long end. During the last quarter neither team was able to make yardage. During this quarter Jack Oswell was substituted for George Oswell and Acklen for Tucker. The game ended 18 to 0 for the Juneau High School.

Those receiving letters for football are: Hodges (Capt.), Burford, Torvinen, Carlin Brotherton, Morgan, McLaughlin, McKinnon, Dolan, Peltret, Curtis Brotherton, George Oswell.



BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS

The Juneau High School basket ball team of the season 1917-1918 has just completed what is undoubtedly the most perfect basketball season in our athletic history, since we won the championship of Alaska, for which a silver cup was awarded the High School by the Metlakatla team, and since we completed the season without losing a game.

We are indebted for the greater portion of our success to our excellent coach, Mr. V. C. Genn, whose thorough knowledge of basketball and superb coaching practically won us the championship.

After a week's practice the J. H. S. played the Startup team. The game ended with the J. H. S. victorious by a score of 21 to 20.

The second game was played with Thane. The game ended 22 to 19 in favor of the J. H. S.

The following week the J. H. S. played Thane a return game, and the result was 22 to 8, the J. H. S. having the long end of the score.

The fourth game was played with Hoover Boys. The game ended with a score of 47 to 26 in favor of the J. H. S.

The week following the High School again played the H. B.'s. The game ended with the J. H. S. in the lead by a score of 35 to 24.

On February 3, the Metlakatla basketball team arrived to play the High School. Metlakatla had defeated every team of importance in Alaska. As the J. H. S. was the only one to dispute Metlakatla's claim to the championship, a series of three games were arranged.

February 4 the first game for the championship was played between the Metlakatla team and the J. H. S. With but two minutes to play the score stood 22 to 18 in Metlakatla's favor, but the High School boys came back strong in a very spectacular way; tied the score and then annexed the winning point. The score ended with the High School in the lead by a score of 23 to 22.

The second game with Metlakatla was played on Feb. 8 on a neutral floor, the A. B. This game is said to have been the fastest and most interesting game played in Juneau. Over six hundred people turned out to see it. The game ended with a score of 30 to 11 in favor of the J. H. S.

Two weeks after the game with Metlakatla the High School chartered a boat and sent the team to Sitka, where they played the best team Sitka had ever seen and defeated their team 33 to 30. The Sitka team was probably the weakest the J. H. S. played during the whole season. The reason the score was so close was because our boys were weakened from sea-sickness and because the hall was almost unfit. Although the game was a close one, we claimed another victory.

Those who received a letter for basket ball are: Wilbur Burford (Capt.), Clement Hodges, Roy Torvinen, Joseph Acklen, Donald McKinnon, Carlin Brotherton.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL

Basket-ball was started very early this year in the Junior High School on account of the short football season.

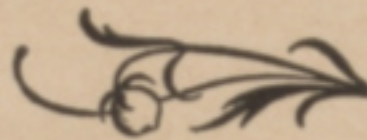
The following were chosen for the first team; Edward Peltret, center; William Alexander and Emmett Connor, forwards; Donald Haley, Leslie Launer and George Oswell, guards.

Several practice games were played with the victorious Senior High School. A series of three games was arranged with the Douglas Junior High School. The first game, played in Douglas, was fast and exciting; the score was 26 to 19 in favor of Douglas.

The second game was played in Juneau. This time Juneau was victorious with the score of 24 to 13.

The final and deciding game was played March 15 in Juneau, and the result was 19 to 17 in favor of Douglas.

Billy Taylor, the candy man, put up a box of his fine candy for the winning team. The game closed the basket-ball season for the Junior High School.





GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the school year a Girls' Athletic Association was organized under the supervision of Miss Wenk. The following officers were elected:

President	Myrtle Jorgenson
Vice President	Marie Dewey
Secretary-Treasurer	Sybil Campbell
Manager	Belle Hood

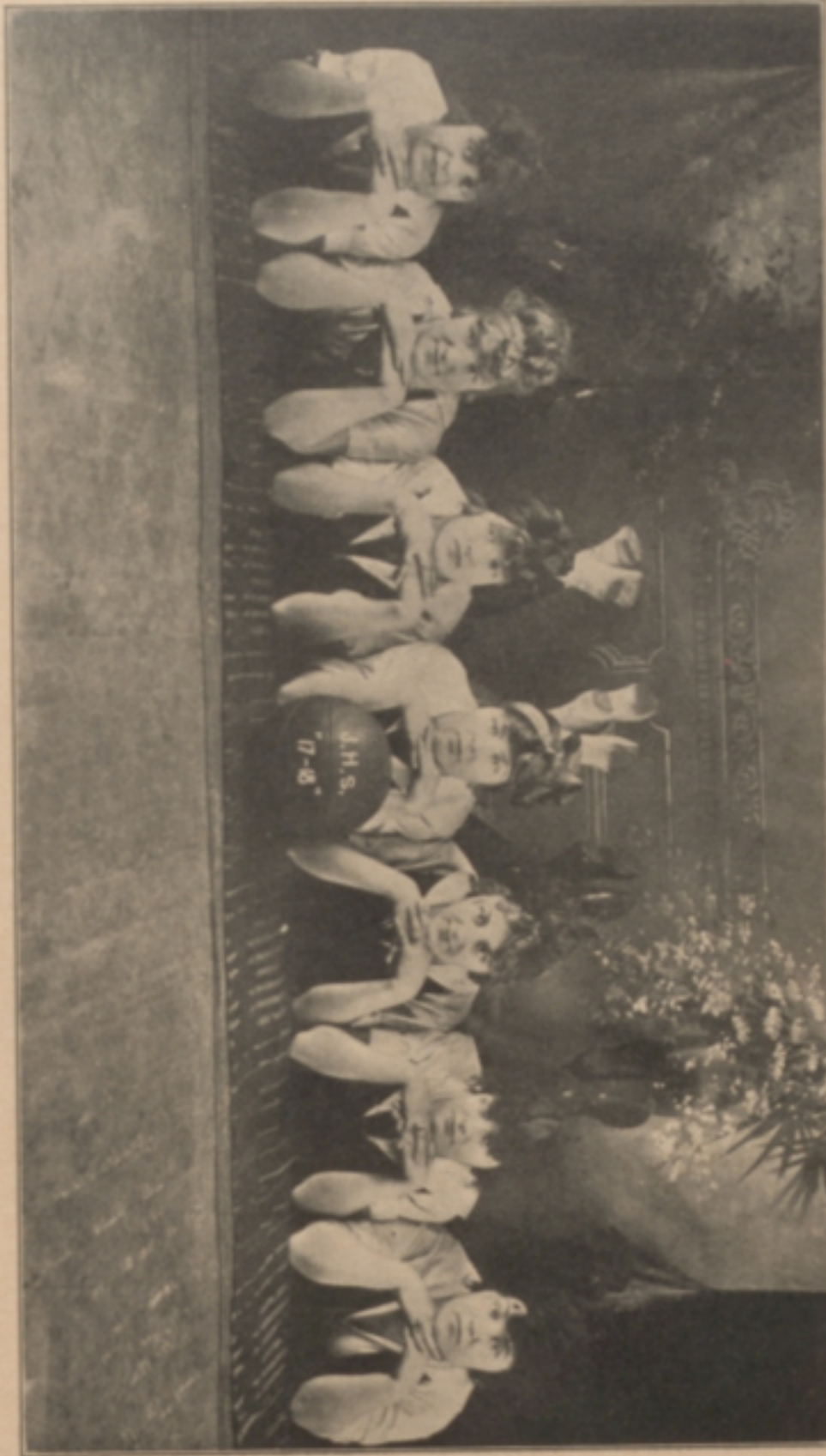
The girls were instructed in marching, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and folk dancing. Later they began basket ball. Much enthusiasm was shown in this sport and the following were chosen for the first team: Frances Ptack, center; Belle Hood and Myrtle Jorgenson, guards; Roberta Coryell, Ada Irish and Mary Kashaveroff, forwards.

The first game was played in the High School gymnasium against the faculty, in which the faculty was defeated 16-1.

The second game was played in the High School gymnasium against the Douglas girls, in which Juneau won, 17-2. The girls who played in this game were: Frances Ptack, center; Belle Hood and Vivian Steuding, guards; Mary Kashaveroff and Roberta Coryell, forwards. Myrtle Jorgenson and Ada Irish were disabled, so that Vivian Steuding played in their place. The Douglas girls were challenged to a series of three games, although Douglas played but one game.

An exhibit was given in May in the High School gymnasium under the direction of Miss Wenk, showing the work the girls have accomplished during the year. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs and marching were given. The folk dances presented were Tarantella, Irish Lilt, Sailors' Horn Pipe, Highland Fling and the Maypole.

M. D., '19.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE.



With the opening of our new school building this year, one of the newer studies were introduced: Domestic Science.

The room in which the forty-four girls are taking this course is large and well lighted. It is equipped with eight tables, two girls to a table. Each girl has her own utensils and her own electric plate. A large electric range is used for baking and broiling. The supply room adjoining is equipt with shelves and flour bins, which were made by the boys of the Manual Training classes.

The course is not only interesting but profitable, as the girls under the direction of Miss Scott have tried many experiments of food-stuffs, in order to cooperate with the Conservation movement. Many of the receipts with their cost, were printed in the pappers. The girls plan their own luncheons and serve them to the teachers. During the cold weather hot soup, at five cents a bowl, was served to the pupils bringing their lunch to school.

Sewing was taken up in earnest this year. During the first few weeks the girls were taught different stiches, how to make hems and button holes. But this work was dropped when the school joined the Junior Red Cross. The girls took pleasure in working for the Red Cross, which was not only helpful to them but to others who were in real need. At first the girls did surgical work; making compresses, bandages, etc. Then later they took up sewing for the destitute Belgium children and their mothers.

Much of the credit this year in Domestic Science must be given to Miss Scott, who's patient efforts have made the course a success.

A. I.—'20

Organizations





The Juneau High School Orchestra

The orchestra stands out as the most prominent among all our organizations. It meets twice a week, under the direction of Prof. Sumpf, who deserves much credit for his untiring efforts and patience. The orchestra has progressed very rapidly and altho this is only its second year, it plays some very advanced music, including several selections from the popular operas. It adds greatly to our weekly entertainments as well as those given by the Dramatic Class.

The members are as follows:

Violins, Roy Torvinen, Clement Hodges, Nadja Kashevaroff, Doreen Ross, Charles Perelle, Albi Torvinen, Mark Kimbal and Demrick Frakes; clarinets, Wilbur Burford and Roy Whitney; mandolins, Joe McLaughlin and Mable Bathe; drums, Harold Clarke; cornets, Truman Severson and Elsie Kimball; trombone, Jack Oswell; piano, Gertrude Nelson and Frances Ptack.

There is also a Junior orchestra which was begun this year. The members are students from the grades and Junior High. They are also under the direction of Prof. Sumpf and are making rapid progress.

EMMA PERELLE, '19.



Pro and Con Club

The Pro and Con Club was organized last year and since then has been very successful. Meetings are held every two weeks in the auditorium. The use of this large room and stage is an added advantage to the club.

Debates and speeches, which are both interesting and instructive, are given by the different members of the organization. The club is a credit to the school.

The officers are:

President	Belle Hood
Vice President	Frances Ptack
Secretary-Treasurer	Madge Case
EMMA PERELLE, '19.	

Dramatic Club

One of the most popular clubs started in the Juneau High School this year has been the Dramatic Club. Dramatics has always been a very popular subject though it has never been given credit before. Much interest has been shown by all pupils and it has progressed. Miss Dresser is the instructor and three plays have been given.

All former stars had graduated and new ones had to be found for the school play at the end of the term. But for this, one had to have training and the Dramatic Club served its purpose here. Many stars were brought to light who had talent but no one had known it. Every one was not able to show their best ability, for the time was limited, but an excellent caste was chosen for the school play, "It Pays to Advertise," and there is every reason that it will be a roaring success. The cast is as follows:

Rodney Martin	Clement Hodges
Peale	Jack Oswell
Mary Grayson	Frances Ptack
Mr. Martin	Joe McLaughlin
Mr. Smith	Edward Dolan
Countess de Boreau	Rose McLaughlin
Ellery	Gilbert Hodges
Mr. Smith, Mr. Bronson	Harold Koskey
Miss Burke	Roberta Coryell



Our Exchange Department has been greatly enlarged. It is double that of last year. We are well pleased with our "Exchanges." It is interesting to look through other high school magazines and see how the high school life in their school differs from ours. We consider this an important department, because it keeps us in touch with other schools.

THE TAKU, Douglas, Alaska: Your literary pages are among the best we have received this year. It is a very good book for being the first annual put out by your school.

THE ANCHOR, Anchorage, Alaska: The cuts in your book are very attractive and well arranged. Considering the fact that it is the first annual put out by your school it is one of the best exchanges.

THE RED AND BLACK, Cedar Falls, Iowa: The cuts and cartoons are exceptionally good. We hope that you will come again.

THE WHITWORTHIAN, Spokane, Wash: Very attractive book. Would like to hear from you again.

THE URSA MAJOR, Fairbanks, Alaska: One of our

best exchanges. We would like to hear from our Alaskan neighbors often.

The Knight	-	Collingswood H. S.	-	Collingswood N. J.
The Tattler	-	-	-	Milwaukee, Wis.
The Skull	-	-	-	San Andreas, Calif.
The Clarion	-	Salem H. S.	-	Salem, Oregon
The Tiger	-	Kewanee H. S.	-	Kewanee, Ill.
The Sierra Vista	-	Bret Hart H. S.	-	Angelis, Calif.
The Owl	-	Middletown H. S.	-	Middletown, N. Y.
The Grimson	-	Goshen H. S.	-	Goshen, Ind.
The Tahoma	-	Lincoln H. S.	-	Tacoma, Wash.
The Shield	-	Haddonfield	-	Haddon, N. Y.
The Nugget	-	-	-	Lead, S. Dakota
The Register	-	Omaha H. S.	-	Omaha, Nevada
The Golden Blue	-	Maxwell Union H. S.	-	Maxwell, Calif.
The Wah Hoo	-	Allegheny H. S.	-	Pittsburg, Pa.
The Orksheperida	-	Sherdian H. S.	-	Sherdian, Wyoming
The Aurora	-	-	-	Nome, Alaska

John Meier—'18.





1904

Grover C. Winn
Ethelyn Kennedy, nee Ebner

1905

Crystal Jenne, nee Snow

1906

Frances Neiding, nee Shepard
Frances Ross, nee Hammond

1907

Edna Dow
Edward Kennedy

1908

Brillian Carpenter, nee Olds
Juanita Anderson
Robert Cragg
William Casey
Walter Ramseyer

1909

Blossom Price, nee Cragg
Thomas Cole
Charles Johnson
David Christoe
Albert Rapp
Edward Cristoe
Cecelia McLaughlin
Cecelia Harcid, nee Tibbits

1910

Mina Johnson, nee Sowerby
Ora Kadel, nee Morgan
Helen Denny
Carrie Bjorge, nee George
Clement Riley

1911

Carl Brown
Harry Harper

1912

Frank Caraway

1913

Peter Johnson
Paul Carpenter
Charles Wortman
Leslie George
Chester Tripp
Mamie King, nee Morgan

1914

Thelma Ninnis
Edward Beattie
Alma White, nee Sowerby
George Nelson
Charles Sabin
Nora Museth

1915

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

1916

Hazel Jaeger
Mary Connor
Waino Hendrickson
Gladys Tripp
Luella Gilpatrick
Ruth Unstead
Eugene Nelson
Suzanne McLaughlin
Margaret Dudley
Lilly Korkonen
Charles Skuse
Garnet Laughlin
Helen Troy
Simpson McKinnon

1917

William Tashek
Emma Louise Sherman
Dorothy Haley
James McCloskey
Lillian Collins



CALENDAR 1917-1918

- SEPT. 10.—School started today. We are in our beautiful new building, with a new professor and four new teachers in high school.
- SEPT. 12.—Mr. Matthews had an assembly and delivered new rules to us.
- SEPT. 26.—The boys gave a smokeless smoker and of course didn't invite the girls. The fire escape was a handy apparatus for helping the girls break in.
- SEPT. 27.—Meeting of the student body. Joe Acklen elected president.
- SEPT. 30.—The girls held a college party at McLaughlin's to get even with the boys.
- OCT. 2.—A large bunch from High School tramped to the upper dam. Mrs. and Mr. Genn and Miss Dresser chaperoned.
- OCT. 4.—The C. O. D. Club gave a surprise party on Mrs. and Mr. Genn.
- OCT. 5.—Our first M. D. C. was a great success. It was given in the gymnasium.
- OCT. 7.—Miss Hellenthal had a collision with Jack Oswell in the hall today.
- OCT. 8.—The Junior Class gave a party for Nesbit Tucker, who is leaving town.
- OCT. 9.—Miss Scott called a meeting of the girls today, and they decided to stop all clicking.
- OCT. 12.—Jack Oswell tried to hold up the recitation in English period by starting an argument. Jack didn't have his lesson again.
- OCT. 14.—The Senior Class held a meeting to discuss forming a dramatic club.
- OCT. 16.—A dramatic class will be started next semester.
- OCT. 18.—The Douglas Natives were defeated by the High School boys in a football game.
- OCT. 23.—Our first report cards for this year were given out today. Some pupils are very glum.
- OCT. 30.—Mr. Matthews caught a few Senior boys playing "leap-frog" in the auditorium.
- NOV. 2.—All pupils in High School become members of the Red Cross.
- NOV. 5.—The cooking class cooked green peppers today and an appetizing odor floated thru the building.
- NOV. 6.—The Virgil Latin class is in disgrace. Miss Dresser caught them with a pony.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

- NOV. 14.—Meeting of the student body to elect officers.
- NOV. 24.—Thanksgiving programme was given in the auditorium.
The dramatic class presented the play, "Not a Man in the House."
- DEC. 12.—Gilbert had peaceful dreams in English class.
- DEC. 23.—Christmas holidays are here.
- JAN. 3.—The pupils have started out the new year with better conduct.
- JAN. 5.—The snow continues to fall.
- JAN. 15.(?)—The Seniors' dance was the jolliest of the season so far. The Seniors had their mascot suspended from the middle of the ceiling.
- FEB. 11.—The beginning of the second semester.
- MAR. 3.—Windows have been put in the partition separating the shorthand and typewriting rooms.
- MAR. 7.—The Senior girls were victorious in a game of basket ball played with the Juniors.
- MAR. 28.—No school on account of diphtheria.
- APRIL 1.—The Senior class pins have arrived. Everyone is pleased with them. They are set with three small pearls.
- APRIL 4.—School opened up again, and everyone is glad to be back.
- APRIL 7.—Jack is having such a hard time getting jokes for the joke box, he is contemplating crawling in himself.
- APRIL 10.—Myrtle mixed some poison in her lunch and now she says, "He who stole my lunch stole trash."
- APRIL 25.—After being postponed for five weeks, the Junior Prom. was finally given. The Seniors as honored guests were extremely popular throughout the evening, and a good time was had by all.
- APRIL 26.—The practice for the play lasted all afternoon.
- APRIL 30.—We heard a peculiar noise in the hall, and all rushed to see who was hurt, but found it was only Clement trying to learn his French for the play.
- MAY 3.—Cap was not at school today, neither was Tork. They were both ill. Too bad to be sick on such a nice day.
- The High School play will be given on the 21st of May.

ROSE McLAUGHLIN.

OUR FACULTY

There was a young teacher named Dresser
Each day her age seemed to bless her;
It'll take a sage
To just hint at her age,
And, say! he must be some guesser.

There was a teacher nick-named Mattie,
Who was real thin, but not very fattie;
If he smiles at you now,
There'll soon be a row,
For Matthews is not very chattie.

There now lives a teacher, Miss Hellenthal,
Who takes down your name if you talk in the hall;
But wait till some day
When she travels away—
Will we say good luck? No! not at all.

There was a young teacher named Wenk
Whose gym students went on the blink;
They played basket ball
Like a darling wax doll;
That's why they jumped in the brink.

There is a young teacher named Scott,
Whom you'll like if you've learned to be taught;
When she gives you a test
You must sure look your best,
And then one-half the battle is fought.

One-half our faculty is Genn,
Who's one of the models of men;
He coaches our boys,
Lets them make lots of noise,
And then says, "Do it again!"

—Swede.

Fond Mother (as boat left Juneau for Camp Lewis)—"See
that you don't sleep in a damp bed and, Harry, don't put on damp
clothes."

Old Salt—"And, Harry, see that you don't drink out of a
damp glass."

OVER THERE

Sentry—"Who goes there?"
Voice—"English soldier."
Sentry—"Pass on, friend."
Short intermission.
Sentry—"Who goes there?"
Voice—"French soldier."
Sentry—"Pass on, friend."
Another intermission.
Sentry—"Who goes there?"
Voice—"Who the h— wants to know?"
Sentry—"Pass, on, American Soldier."

There was a man, he loved the bees,
He always was their friend;
He used to sit upon their hives,
But they stung him in the end."

Visitor at J. H. S., speaking to "Mattie."
"Are you principal?"
Mattie—"No, I am deck hand on a Swiss submarine."

Miss Wenk (in gym, meaning Hornpipe)—"Mary, are you in
the H?"

Mary—"Yes, we're in H?????"

Pupil (when answering a question for Mr. Genn)—"Yeah!"

Genn—"You talk that way when you talk to a dog."

Pupil—"Yeah!"

Clams—"Say Joe, are you going to have anything on tomorrow
night?"

Joe—"No. Why?"

"Clams—"Well, you'd better put something on, 'cause it's awful
cold out!"

Carrol—"I had my head read once!"

Florence—"What color is it now?"

Miss Scott—"Do you know how to swim?"

Miss Dresser—"Yes, Miss Scott."

Miss Scott—"Where did you learn?"

Miss Dresser—"In the water."

Jack—"Why is a school room like a Ford?"

Marie—"Everybody depends upon the crank in the front."

Florence—"Can you be punished for something you haven't
done?"

Miss Brenneman—"Of course not."

Florence—"Well, I haven't studied my Latin."

PUNK PARODIES

Oh, say, can you see, from the seat where you sit,
What the teacher marked down for my last recitation?
She's as cross as a bear, and her marks, I would swear,
Are not what she ought to be writing down there.
Oh, that hard-hearted teacher, oh, long may she teach,
For she always has her "grade-book" far out of our reach.

Nearer, my teacher, dear,
Nearer to thee;
Just one more hour of help,
Then I should get "E."
All month I've studied hard,
But how I dread to see my card
The nearer I get to thee—
Ah! woe is me.

When you've come to the end of a flunking day
And fought with each teacher in school;
Just pack your books and be on your way,
Thinking hard of the Golden Rule.

Under the watchful teacher's eye, the stealthy pupil sits,
The teacher sees her chewing gum; she quickly stops, then knits.
She anxiously waits to pass a note, but Lo! the teacher's sly
"Hand that to me" is what comes next, and then the "sweet by
and by."

Attitude grades go down too fast to suit the average kid—
The minute you start going down you start right in to skid.
School's just one darn thing after the other—all hard work, but
no fun,
But find the hands of quitters—well, the answer's "No, not one."

Frances—"How is England going to clean the German Empire?"
Marian—"I suppose they will use Dutch Cleanser."

POOR POEMS BY A NOTORIOUS NUT

What did you get in Attitude?	Well, this is really quite a shame
The day the cards are passed;	But the reason I kick, you see,
Only "F"—it makes me tired,	Is the fellow sitting back of me,
The teacher says I sassed.	Did, too, and he got "E".

Oh, yes, he has a stand-in;
Why, sure, he's teacher's pet;
You always try your level best
And that is what you get.

The teachers' looks are as sharp as a blade
And talking in the hall, takes down your grade.
—Spinto.

THE COLISEUM THEATRE

Carries the Best Brand of Pictures that Money Can Procure
Artograph, Paramount, Metro, Triangle and Many Other
Reliable Makes

SOLID GEOMETRY

The hours I've spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I think of them and am sick at heart
Solid Geometry, Solid Geometry.
Each hour a peril and a nightmare
To kill a heart in anguish wrung,
I count each X unto the end and flunk!
In Geometry, Solid Geometry!

—Fat.

Teacher—"What is a mayor, Joe?"
Joe—"A lady horse."

MICHAEL & COREY, Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings

There was a young fellow from Hoboken,
He ate so much pie that he choked;
He woke from a trance
And started to dance,
And now the poor fellow has Croaken.

J. D. VAN ATTA, Puff Hair-Cutting, Specialty

B. H.—"I was a fool when I wanted to meet you."
W. K. B.—"Aren't you one now?"
B. H.—"No."
W. K. B.—"Well, then, aren't you glad I reformed you?"

JUNEAU FRUIT COMPANY, G. Fein, Prop.

JORGEN NELSON, Manufacturing Jeweler

Satisfaction Guaranteed



Satisfaction does not refer to price only. Satisfaction assures you a brimful of quality value and service.

Such satisfaction is the kind at this store. When you buy an item here you know that our guarantee of full and complete satisfaction stands back of your purchase; you have secured the very best.

We want you to make that test after any purchase you have made here; if it does not measure up to your expectation, let us know at once.

EVERYTHING TO EAT
AND WEAR

B. M. BEHREND'S Co. INC.

ALASKA GROWN FLOWERS



Beautiful
Fragrant
Bloom

Floral Pieces to Order

JUNEAU FLORISTS

JOHN TORVINEN

TAILOR

Cleaning and Pressing

ALTERATIONS A SPECIALTY

PHONE 252

Eat Toasty - Flavored,
Butter-Kist

POP CORN

The treat that your Uncle
Sam Recommends

Imperial Pool Hall

Next door to Coliseum

W. W. CASEY

COAL & WOOD

Furniture Crated and Stored

Baggage Hauling a
Specialty

AT OUR COUNTER

a man is not limited in his
choice of cigars. We keep all
the well known brands that
have proved worthy. Ask for
your favorite smoke here and
it will be handed out to you
without question. We are
here to supply what the
smoker wants, not what it is
to our best interest to induce
him to try.

BURFORD'S CORNER

G. C. BURFORD, Prop.



Silence, Ease of Action, Con-
venience and Durability are
the qualities most to be desired
in a Typewriter.

The "Silent Eight" excels in
these four points. Purchase one
for your Office or Home and you
will be satisfied









E. S. HEWITT & Co.

115 Seward Street

JUNEAU



Juneau-Douglas City Museum

City Cafe COR. CITY DOCK Open Day and Night Noodles and Chop Suey Specialty  PHONE 377	Alaska Meat Co. JOHN RECK, MGR. — Choice Meats - - Best of Service  PHONE 39
Sanitary Grocery G. BLOMGREN, Prop. "The Store that Pleases" STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES  PHONE 85	The Alaska Grill THE HOME OF THAT FAMOUS CREAM CAKE MEALS AT ALL HOURS  TOM RADONICH, PROP.
F. Wolland — MERCHANT TAILOR  Juneau, - - - Alaska	R. P. Nelson — DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF STATIONERY OFFICE SUPPLIES, NOTIONS, ETC.  JUNEAU, - - - ALASKA
JUNEAU BILLIARD CO. — BILLIARDS - POOL Ice Cream And all Kinds of Soft Drinks  EVERYTHING THE BEST	Alaskan Hotel — A Home For Everybody OUR SPECIALTY IS GOOD EATS  JAS. McCLOSKEY, PROP.



Juneau
Hardware
Co.

DYER'S

Confectionery &
Luncheonette

Ice Cream and Candies
Light Lunches

Dyer's Famous Ice Cream

Wholesale and Retail

Home Made Pies and Cakes

Served Daily

H. S. Graves

"The Clothing Man"

Patrick Mackinaws

Crossett Shoes

Kenyon Coats

Cheney Cravats

"Hipress" Rubber Boots &
Pac's

107 Front St., Opp. Alaskan Hotel

Reliable Merchandise

For twenty years we have been catering to the people of this vicinity and never have enjoyed the popularity that we have had this year.

There is a Reason:

We have given value for every dollar that has been spent in our store.

Be one of our satisfied customers

WE SELL:

Groceries, Grockery, Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies wearing Apparel, Clothing, Millinery and Furs of all kinds.

Galdstein's Emporium

JUNEAU

MacMillan Bros.

General Merchandise

Quality and Service

PHONE 116 — RES. 605

BUTLER, MAURO DRUG CO.

96 FRONT STREET
AGENTS FOR

San Tox Remedies, Adlerika,
Whitman's Candies,
Ansco Cameras and
Photo Supplies
Magazines

SUB STATION POST OFFICE NO. 1

BRITT'S PHARMACIES

JUNEAU AND SKAGWAY
WM. BRITT, PROP.

Drugstores where the professional
side of pharmacy is emphasized
Complete and up-to-date stocks

THE REXALL STORES

THE NYAL STORES

PIANO'S

EDISON RE-CREATION

Victrolas

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS

RECORDS FOR ALL MACHINES
SHEET MUSIC

Juneau Music House

J. H. IRVING CO.

"Tailors Who Know How"

Front and Main Sts.

JUNEAU. - - - ALASKA



C. W. YOUNG CO.

cc

<p>Famous TAILOR MADE Candies Phone 455 BILLIE TAYLOR, Prop.</p>	<p><u>San Francisco Bakery</u> — Fine Confectionery Bread and Cakes and Pies — G. H. MESSERSCHMIDT, Prop. Phone 31</p>
<p>MULLEN & HEBERT The Hub House of Good Clothes</p>	<p>LISTEN! Each member of our Champion Basketball Team drinks a bottle of Dolly Grey's Soda Water before each game. Manufactured and Bottled by the ALASKA SODA BOTTLING CO. Have a Case in your Home. JUNEAU, ALASKA Phone No. 1</p>
<p>The Parisian The Style Shop of Alaska for Ladies — 3rd and Seward Phone 276 M. GREENBAUM</p>	<p>Headquarters for FLORSHEIM SHOES — NELSON SHOE STORE Front Street</p>
<p><u>First National Bank</u> — Government Depository — Capital \$50,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$50,000</p>	

GLEN BARTLETT, Mgr.

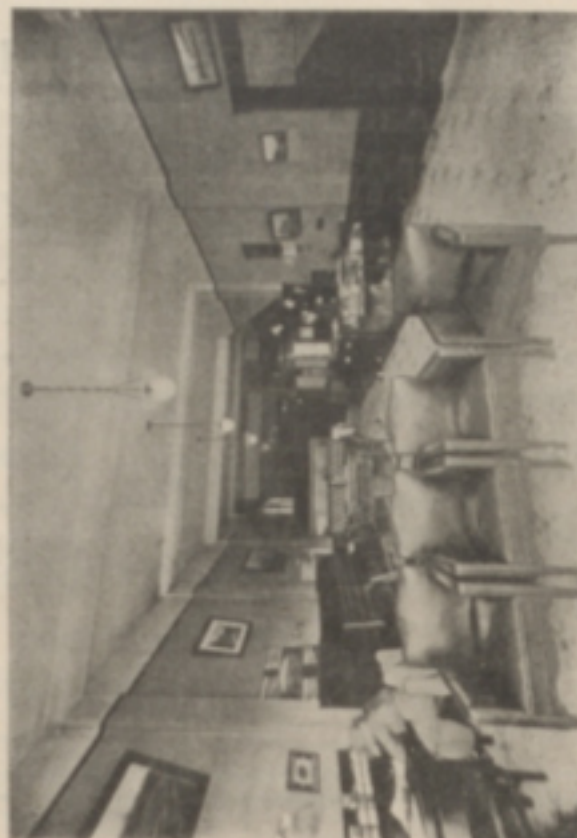
The Finest Cafe in the Northland

Hotel Gastineau

Newest, Largest and Best Hotel in Alaska

Hotel Gastineau

A Hotel For Your Wife, Mother or Sister
Newest, Largest and Best Hotel in Alaska



GASTINEAU HOTEL LOBBY, JUNEAU, ALASKA

CLAUDE ERICSON, Prop.

Hotel Gastineau

A FINE, MODERN HOSTELRY

100 Rooms, 40 Wash. Bats

THANKS TO THE ADVERTISERS

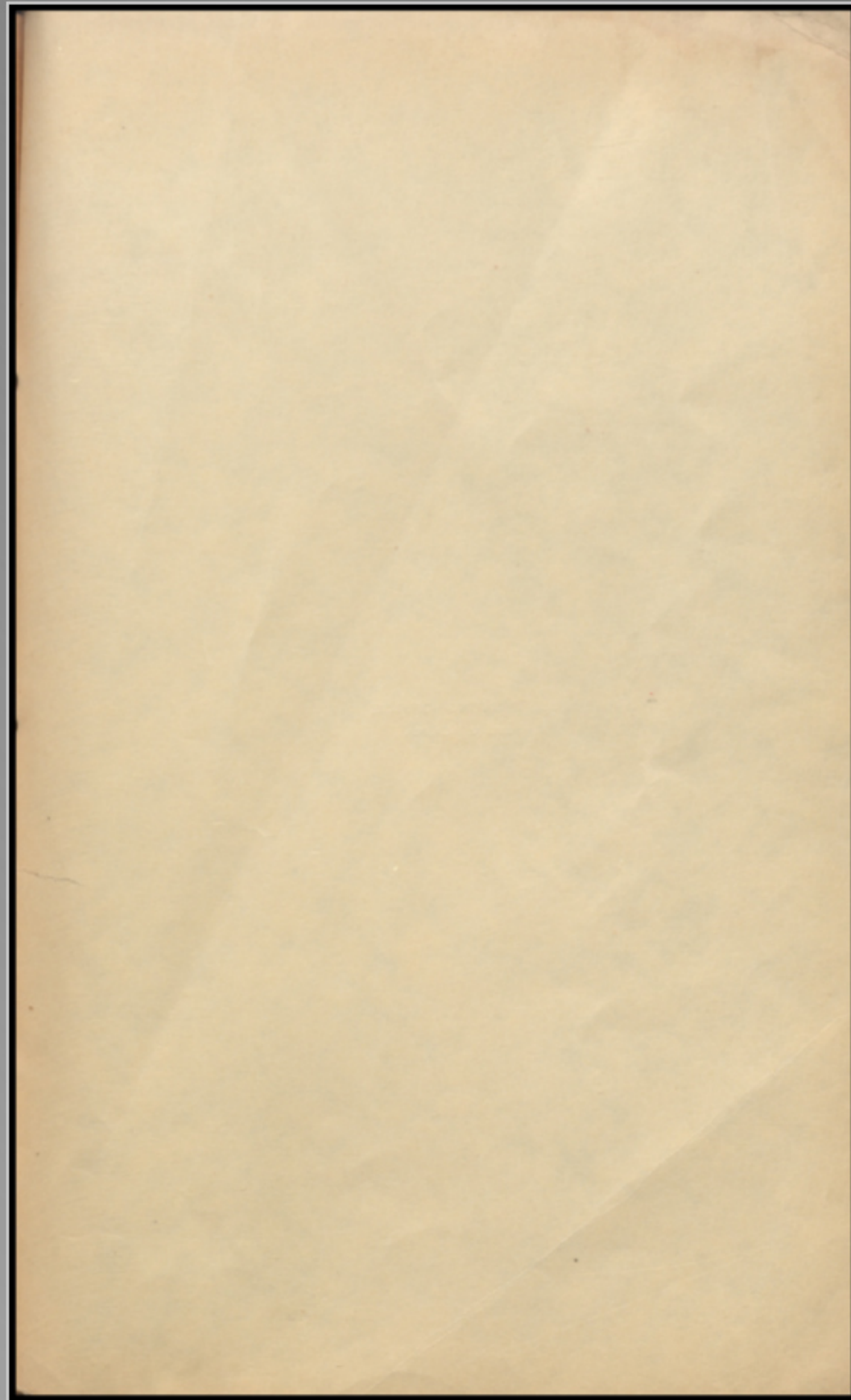
We wish to thank the following business men and firms for the assistance rendered in the publication of the 1918 "Totem." We recommend them as the best.

B. M. Behrends
Gastineau Hotel
Chas. Goldstein
W. W. Casey
McMillan Bros.
Alaska Grill
The City Cafe
Mullen & Hebert
M. Greenbaum
Juneau Hardware Co.
J. H. Irving Co.
Juneau Music House
E. J. Dyer
H. S. Graves
Wm. E. Britt
Butler, Mauro Drug Co.
Alaska Soda Co.
Nelson's Shoe Store

R. P. Nelson
W. W. Taylor
John Torvinen
Alaskan Hotel
First National Bank
Geo. C. Burford
G. Blomgren
San Francisco Bakery
Juneau Billiard Co.
G. W. Young Co.
Alaska Meat Co.
Juneau Florists
F. Wolland
Coliseum Theatre
L. C. Smith Co.
Joseph Stocker
Frye Bruhn Co.



Autographs



HILL PRINTING OFFICE
JUNEAU, ALASKA

