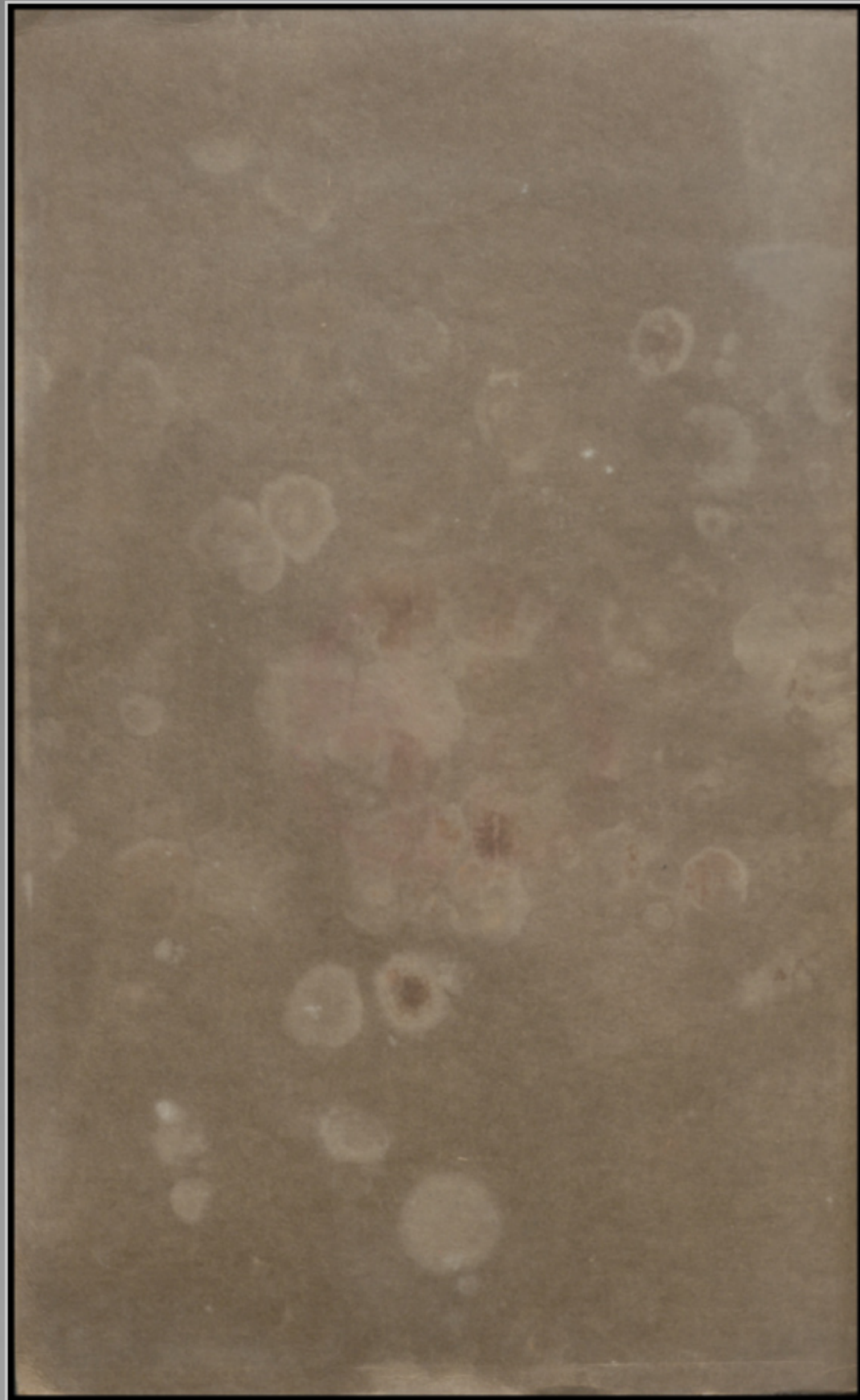


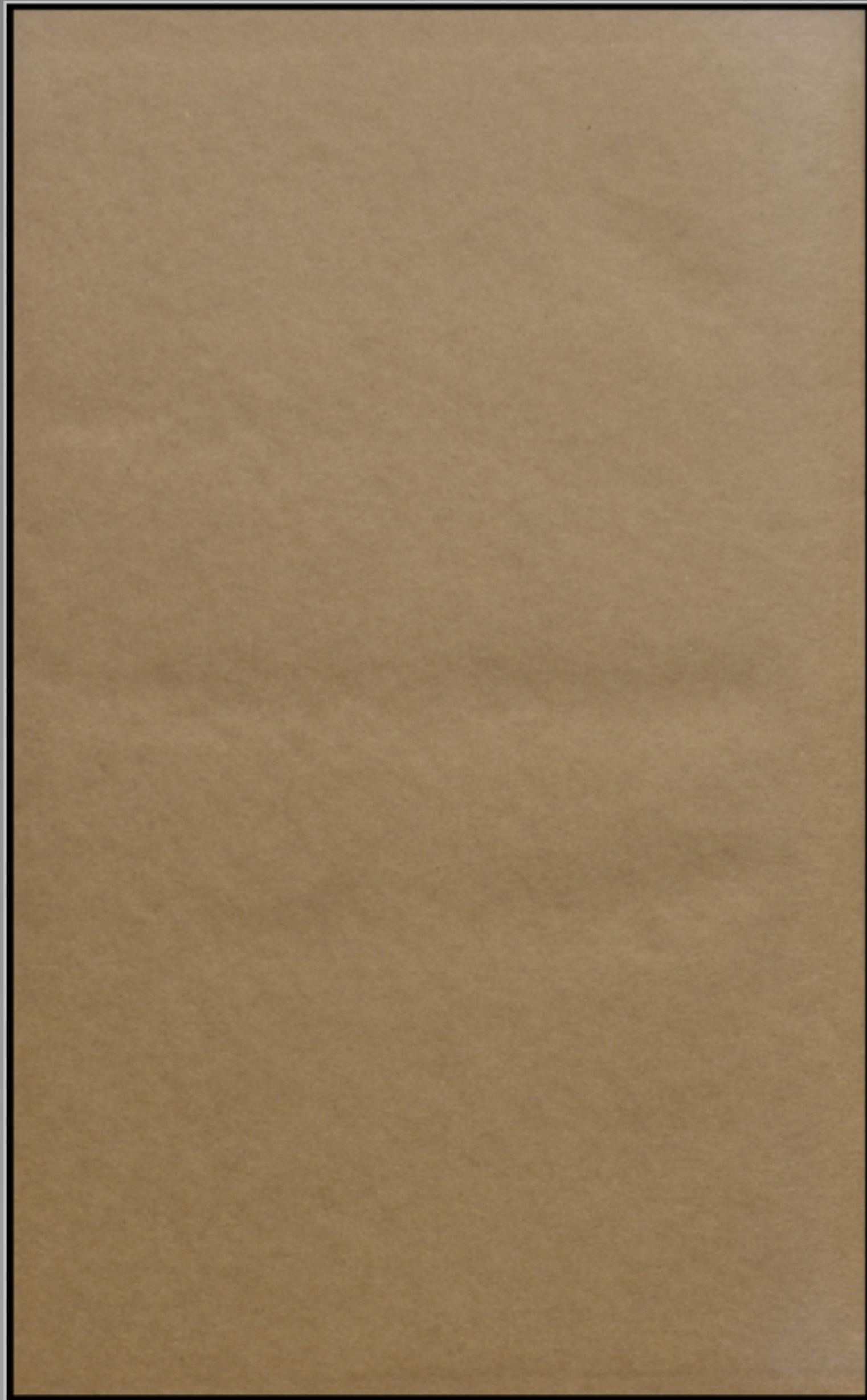
TOTEM

— 1919 —

JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA







TOTEM

1919

*Thirteenth Annual
Number*

Published by the Students of the
JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
Juneau, Alaska

Honor Roll

CARL ANDERSON
EDWARD BEATTIE
HAROLD CLEMENTS
LANG COBB
EDWARD DOLAN
DEWEY ERICKSON
HARVEY FREMMING
MARSHALL FREMMING
MARION GOLDSTEIN
MERRITT HACKETT
WAINO HENDRICKSON
RAYMOND JOHNSON
MARTIN JORGENSEN
CYRIL KASHEVAROFF
ALBERT KING
EXEL KOSKEY
HAROLD KOSKEY
HOWARD MALONE
TOM McCARTNEY
EUGENE McCLOSKEY
GEORGE NELSON
JOHN OLDS
MARTIN PRICE
ALMOND RICHARDS
CHARL SABIN
LARRY SABIN
GOWEY SHEPARD
ROYAL SHEPARD
GEORGE SKUSE
CURTIS SLADE
GEORGE SUTTON
EMANUEL SWEENEY
WILLIAM TASCHEK
LEROY VESTAL
BURDETTE WINN
HARRY WILLIAMS
ALFRED ZENGER

DEDICATION

To the boys who entered the service of our Country, offering their lives for the great cause of Democracy, this, the Thirteenth Annual Number of The Totem, is gratefully dedicated.

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JUNIOR HIGH
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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 gleams 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.



Totem Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Mary Kashevaroff, '19.
Assistant Editor	Emma Perelle, '19.
Business Manager	Roy Torvinen, '19.
Assistant Business Manager	Dorothy Troy, '19.
Literary Editor	Walstein Smith, '20.
Society Editor	Belle Hood, '19.
Art Editor	Nadja Kashevaroff, '20.
Girls' Athletic Editor	Marian Summers, '21.
Boys' Athletic Editor	Charles Perelle, '21.
Cartoon Editor	Alibi Torvinen, '21.
Exchange Editor	Gertrude Nelson, '19.
Alumni Editor	Vivian Sparling, '20.
Joke Editor	Emmett Connor, '21.

This year the Juneau Public Schools, in company with all other schools of the country, lost considerable time on account of the influenza epidemic. Time was also lost on account of the Gold Creek flood which left the town without light and water, and the school building without heat. In addition, the resignation of the Superintendent and the election of a new Superintendent caused some little delay in the general progress of school work.

Altogether, the Juneau Schools lost two months of work, and have been laboring to recover lost ground. But little time was available for special activities of any sort, and all classes were obliged to work at top speed in order to cover the required amount of work with any degree of satisfaction. Consequently High School students had scant time for Totem work, especially the graduating class, who had the yearly play to present as a matter of sustaining school tradition.

In spite of these handicaps, all persons concerned have worked faithfully in the preparation of this magazine, and the Editor-in-Chief desires to extend cordial thanks for the earnest efforts put forth.

The purpose of putting out the annual Totem is to show patrons of the schools what is being accomplished yearly in the Juneau High Schools. Often people are too busy with other matters to visit the



school, and the annual is a satisfactory means of indicating the work accomplished along some lines.

The Totem goes to many places outside of Alaska. Persons who, believing that we have none of the educational advantages existing here, fear to bring their families to Alaska, may be influenced to come to Alaska after perusing the Totem. This fact also forms a part of our purpose.

Our pupils themselves profit by the Totem, since they are given an opportunity to gain experience and assume responsibility in putting out a creditable book, which, we are able to assure you, is no small task.

For these reasons, therefore, as well as for the pure joy of the work, we have tried to produce the best book possible, regardless of handicaps.

Since the Totem is, in a sense, the yearly report of school work in the Juneau High Schools, a copy of each year's issue should be filed in the library for future reference. It is the best history of the school which we can have, and should be kept on record in the school. A word to future classes in this respect may insure unbroken files for those who follow us.

In many schools the alumni association is an important organization. As many former students, or graduates, as are able, meet yearly in the city, and, besides seeing each other and talking over past and present, they likewise receive into their midst the graduating class.

Juneau has a good many alumni who could form such an organization with much profit to themselves and to the Juneau High School. After graduation from High School one still has that feeling of love and loyalty to the school, and should help cultivate it in others. We hope that some progressive alumnus may see fit to start the ball rolling. The Class of 1919 will be found ready and willing to help in the good cause.

THE WELCOME I WANT

When I got home again at last
With no more fear of getting gassed,
I hunted 'round the town for a job
And they all said, "I'm sorry, Bob."
At last I came to my old employer
And he cried, "If it's not Bob Sawyer!
You're hunting for a job, I'll bet."
"Yes, sir, I'm hunting for one yet."
"Well, I kept one for you all the time
That you were hiking towards the Rhine.
And if you want to, you may
Start in on it right away."

* * * * *

Perhaps you have already guessed
That that's the welcome I like best.

—Allen Shattuck, '22.

FACULTY



Miss Irene Pope, B.C.S.
Commercial

Mrs. Walter J. Manahan
Junior High
School

Miss Sadie-Reve Brown, A.B.
Latin, Spanish,
English

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Mrs. Jesse Peter. B.S.
Mathematics,
Science

Miss Marie A. Nelson
Principal Junior High School,
History, Senior High School

Mrs. Robert John Cragg. A.B.
City Superintendent
of Schools

Mrs. John D. Helps
Junior High School, History,
Senior High School

Miss Essie Mav Jones. B.S.
Domestic Science,
Physical Training





Nadine Anita Saum, 1915-19.
Senior Play Cast, '19
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18

Gilbert Phipps Hodges, 1915-19
Vice-President Class '19
Seward Society, M.D.C.
Senior Play Cast, '18, '19

Gertrude Nelson, 1915-19.
President Orchestra, Girls' Glee
Club, '19
Exchange Editor, Totem, '19
Play Cast, '19

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Belle Hood, 1915-19.
Society Editor, Totem, '18, '19
Basket Ball, '17, '18, '19
Sec.-Treas. Class '19
Librarian Girls' Glee Club, '19
Play Cast, '19
Pro and Con Club, '18
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18.

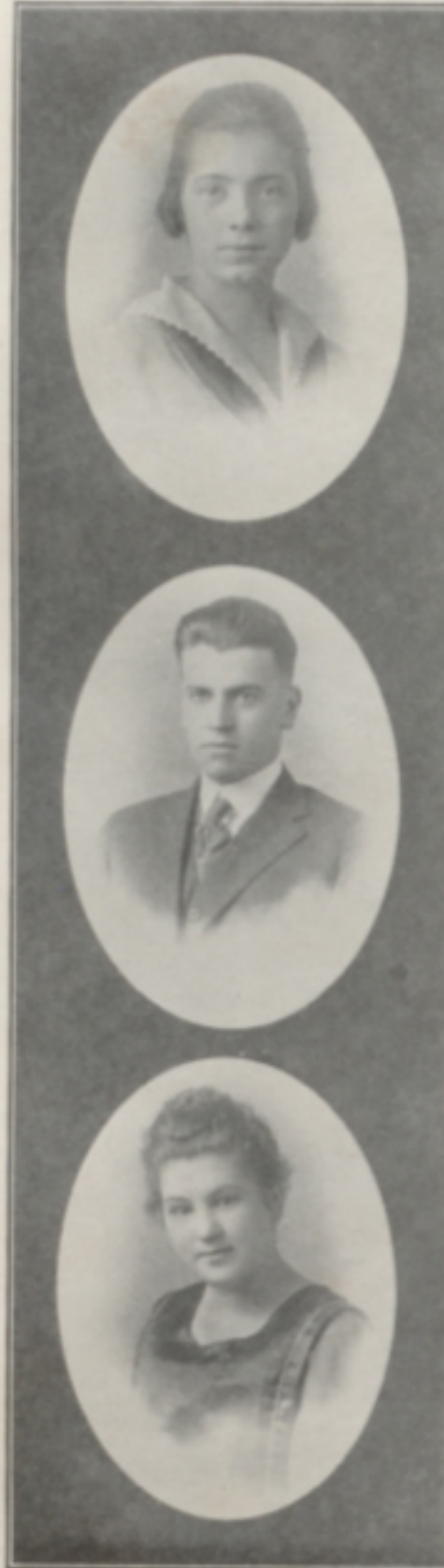


Roy Torvinen, 1915-19
President Student Body
Ed. in Chief, Totem, '18
Bus. Manager, Totem, '19
Orchestra Pres. M.D.C., '19
Play Cast, Pro and Con Club, '19
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18
Football, '17, '18.



Emma Perelle, 1915-19
Class Historian, '19
Orchestra, '19
Assistant Editor, Totem, '19
Senior Play Cast, '19
Girls' Glee Club, '19
Pro and Con Club, '18
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18
Basket Ball Team, '16, '17, '18, '19





Dorothy Troy

Entered from Port Angeles High
School 1917
Class President, '19
Vice-Pres. Girls' Glee Club, '19
Basket Ball, '18, '19
Assistant Bus. Man., Totem, '19
Senior Cast Play, '19

Harry Morgan, 1915-18

Entered February, 1919
Business Manager Play, '19
M.D.C., Pro and Con Club, '18
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18
Orchestra, '18, '19
Foot Ball Team, '18

Mary Kashevaroff, 1915-19

Editor in Chief, Totem, '19
President Girls' Glee Club, '19
President Orchestra, '18
Basket Ball Team, '16, '17, '18, '19
Seward Society, '16, '17, '18
Pro and Con, '18
Senior Play Cast, '19
Sec.-Treas. Orchestra, '17

Mary Monagle
Entered Juneau High School 1917.
Entered Senior Class 2nd Sem-
ester, 1919.





Class of '19

President	Dorothy Troy
Vice President	Gilbert Hodges
Secretary-Treasurer	Belle Hood
Historian	Emma Perelle

Of the original class which graduated from Grammar School in 1915, but five remain. They are Roy Torvinen, Emma Perelle, Gertrude Nelson, Dorothy Troy and Harry Morgan. In our Freshman year we were joined by Mary Kashevaroff, Gilbert Hodges, Clement Hodges, Jack Oswald, Nadine Saum, and Belle Hood. These have all passed thru High together with the exception of Dorothy Troy, who attended the Port Angeles High School in Washington two years, and Harry Morgan, who spent a year at Annapolis. During our sojourn in High School we have had several other pupils enter our class for different periods of time, but now all these have gone elsewhere. Mary Monagle joined the class during the second semester this year.

We are proud to state that three of the members of our class have received appointments to the Annapolis Naval Academy. They are Harry Morgan, Clement Hodges and Jack Oswald. Harry returned after a year, owing to ill health, and will graduate with the class this Spring. Jack and Clement are attending Prep. school in the East and will take their entrance examinations in April. We are also proud of the fact that of the ten members of this class, six are native Alaskans.

Thru all four years of High School life we have had a prominence in all school activities. Members of our class have held positions on the football, basketball and girls' basketball teams since Freshman days. We have taken active part in all social affairs as well as in the different organizations. The Junior Prom last year, which was given by this class, was the most successful and delightful Prom ever given in Juneau.

The majority of the important offices this year are held by Seniors. Nearly every Senior is a member of the Totem staff, the Editor-in-Chief, Assistant Editor, Business Manager, Assistant Manager, Society Editor, and Exchange Editor are offices held by members of this class. Organizations presided over by Seniors are the M. D. C., the Orchestra and the Student Body. The President, Vice President and Librarian of the Girls' Glee Club, and the manager of the Boys Athletic Association, are also members of the Senior Class.

We have chosen "All of a Sudden Peggy" as our class play and it will be presented on the twentieth of May. Judging from present appearances the play promises to be a great success. The Senior Ball is another event to look forward to; it is to occur on the sixteenth of May.

And thus ends this period of our lives. We are leaving the Juneau High School with a feeling of regret, having enjoyed the brief four years we spent here. But we now realize that we must look elsewhere for more knowledge and instruction. We feel that our time has been well spent and as we recall these past years we realize that something has really been accomplished and we are leaving this institution, much wiser than when we entered, and as men and women, going out to meet what life has in store for us. Memories of the pleasant days spent in the Juneau High School will long be cherished by every member of the Class of '19.

CLASS MOTTO

"Carry On"

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

CLASS COLORS

Blue and White

CLASS YELL

Chee Chee Chee
Chow Chow Chow
Boomerang Boomerang
Bow Bow Bow
Zis Boom Boomerang
Ri Re Ra
1919 Forever and a Day!

—E. M. P. '19.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS 1919.

We, the Senior Class of 1919, of the City of Juneau, Division 1, Territory of Alaska, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devices of whatever nature by us made.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. To Mrs. R. J. Cragg, we leave our hearty appreciation of a most interesting year, and the unanimous recommendation of the Class for a position in the Diplomatic Service.

Section 2. To the Faculty, we leave our red flag and our Bolshevism, to dispose of as they will.

Section 3. To Mrs. Manahan, we bequeath our sweet dispositions and pleasant smiles.

Section 4. To the School Board, we leave a good impression.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1.

A. To the members of the Senior II Class, the Senior girls will their stand-in (?) with the Faculty.

B. We further bequeath to the Senior II Class, our former seats in the auditorium, hoping that they will succeed in holding them down better than we did.

C. We also leave the Senior II's our dignity, on condition that they become accustomed to it during the summer.

D. Lastly, we will to the Senior II Class, the mascot which was willed to us by the Class of 1918, and which we request be handed down in turn to the Class of 1920.

Section 2. To the Senior I Class we suggest the motto, "In unity there is strength," and further suggest that they comply therewith in the future.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. The individual members of the Senior Class make the following bequests:

A. Gilbert Hodges, wills his knowledge of Latin to Donald Condit, his curly hair to Laure McCloskey, and his height to James Shangle.

B. Belle Hood leaves her smile to Harold Clark, and "Bud" to Nadja, for safe keeping and protection.

C. Mary Kashevaroff, leaves her art of falling, to Marie Goldstein, her gift of gab to James Bussey, and her executive ability to Nadja Kashevaroff.

D. Harry Morgan leaves his love of dancing to Mary Monagle, and his "tiny" feet to Sybil Campbell.

E. Gertrude Nelson wills her ability to "Tickle the Ivories" to Donald MacKinnon, and her good complexion to Florence Casey.

F. Emma Perelle wills her youth to Donald Condit, and

her blushes to Bud Smith; her extensive knowledge of English to Ada Irish and Liela Ptack.

G. Naidine Saum wills her orange and black sweater to Marjory Clark, and her love of Spanish to Ben Burford.

H. Dorothy Troy wills her efficiency in bluffing to Emmet Connor; her ability to secure excuse cards to Cecil Bach, and her "specks" to Ideal Hendrickson.

I. Roy Torvinen leaves his ability to make peppy speeches to Edward Peltrit and the care of Vivian to Charles Perelle.

We do hereby constitute and appoint Grover G. Winn, President of the School Board, the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and affixed the seal of the Class, this 15th day of May, 1918.

Prophecy of the Class of 1919

I was dreamily watching the water slide by the side of the ship and thinking of nothing in particular, but enjoying thoroughly the beautiful moonlight evening. The cool evening breeze felt refreshing blowing in my face as the ship "Vetir" was carrying me swiftly to Siberia where I was going to try out the things I had learned in college.

Then I turned my thoughts to my High School days, six years back, when we all took life as it came and were so carefree and optimistic. And now, everyone was taking a serious view of life and trying to make the best of his talents and abilities.

A week ago, the class had met at San Francisco, as agreed upon some time before, and had a general reunion and jubilee. My, what a week we had!

I thought now of how everyone in turn had related his experiences and future hopes at the wonderful banquet Gilbert had given us.

How surprised we were to hear of Dorothy Troy, that care-free, impulsive slip of a girl of former days, now raising a brood of orphans in Belgium. She's going back to her brood who adore her and call her "Auntie."

And Emma came way from Germany, where she's teaching English and democracy, in the Academy of Berlin. She says the people are eager to learn the ways and principles of democracy and self-government. By the way, she still wiggles.

We're scattered all over the globe, it seems, for Roy Torvinen is in Russia, a civil engineer, and he certainly had us interested in his story of the wonderful things he is accomplishing. He is certainly gaining fame fast. He expects soon to be at the head of the engineering world.

Nadine says she is dancing throughout the States and has danced before the president of nearly every country of Europe and Asia. She is maintaining a hospital for the poor, outside of New York City, with her earnings.

Gilbert is at the head of the National Geographic Society and

winning fame for his research work in the ancient culture of Egypt.

Jack, Clem and Harry are still in the Navy and all have reached the rank of Admiral. They are on the Police Fleet of the Atlantic.

Belle has taken up lecturing and how she can stir you! We all sat spellbound under the influence of her voice as she told of her travels through the world and of the conditions of the people everywhere. What she doesn't know about the world problems would scarcely fill a thimble. She will be one of the members of the executive committee of the League of Nations next year.

Certrude is a concert piano player of no little fame and we were enchanted by the music with which she entertained us during the evening. Her interests are very cosmopolitan, for she owns a valuable gold mine in Alaska, and has to her credit the reconstruction of a French town, of which she is very proud.

Mary Monagle could not be there. She is married and could not leave her family duties to attend. We were very sorry not to have her with us.

And I? Well, for the past two years, I've been singing in Opera, but I have had ambitions to explore new worlds and so I'm on my way to Siberia to undertake some work in reconstruction for a change. I will not do this long, however, for I intend to go back to my music.

THE SENIOR BASKETBALL GIRLS

The Senior Girls the baskets will make
And from the Juniors the score they'll take,
Don't ask "Who lost?" when the game is done,
What does it matter which team has won?

The Seniors are the ones with speed
Although the Juniors sometimes lead,
They know all the passes from old to new,
And members of this team never feel blue.

The next game the Seniors may score,
Aho, oh! won't the Junior team be "sore."
After the ball they go with a dash,
And down on their knees they go with a crash.

So here's to the girls of the Senior team,
Whose eyes with victory soon will gleam.
The rightful score will then be read,
"The Senior team is miles ahead!"

—Lulu Koskey, '21.

SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME	ALIAS	DESCRIPTION	OCCUPATION	EXPRESSION	FOND OF	DESTINY
EMMA	EM	MODEST	PRIMPING	SLEEPY!	THE MIRROR	SCHOOL TEACHER
GETRUEDE	GERTIE	VAMPIRE	FLIRTING	OH! SAY.	BOYS	OLD MAID
MARY	KASH	RED HAIR	CHEWING PAPER	WELL, WHY NOT?	MUSIC	OPERA SINGER
DOROTHY	DOT	CUTE	STALLING	ISNT THAT PUNNY?	STEPPING OUT	BALLET DANCER
NAIDINE	SACH	INNOCENT	TAKING TICKETS	AWGAWAN	JITNEYS	CHORUS GIRL
GILBERT	GIB	INDUSTRIOUS	GRINDING	YOU DONT SAY SO?	VIRGIL	PROFESSOR
ROY	TORK	LANKY	BEAMING	WELL?	EVERYTHING	MARRIAGE
BELL		ADORABLE	BLESSING	OH! GOSH	"BUDS"	?
HARRY	TINY	CHARMING	GRINNING	WAIT A MINUTE	GIRLS	STAGE



Senior II.

The Junior Class, once known as the largest class in the High School, is now one of the small ones; nevertheless, we have some of our old time "pen" writers.

In athletics the Junior girls show great spirit. Some of them were on the "Pick-up" team that beat the Seniors in every game ever played.

The Junior Prom was one of the more elaborate social affairs of the school season. The hall was most beautifully trimmed with pink roses and green crepe paper. During the dance very smart paper caps were distributed and serpentine added to the beauty of the hall. Everyone declared the Prom to be a great success and some said that it was the best Prom ever given. Of course we knew that better than they did.

Our Class officers are:

President	Donald McKinnon
Vice Pres.	Sybil Campbell
Secretary	Walstein Smith

CLASS COLORS
Black and Gold

CLASS FLOWER
Pink Rose





Senior I.

The Sophomore Class, composed of nineteen members, has grown since entering the Senior High School both in numbers and in participation in school activities.

Four of our members hold position on the Totem Staff, Marian Summers, as Girls' Athletic Editor; Emmett Connor, as Feature Editor; Albi Torvinen, Cartoonist and Charles Perelle, Boys' Athletic Editor. Marian Summers has held office also as Secretary of the Girls' Glee Club.

We took an active part in basketball, and owing to the fact that the Senior Girls were without a center, they chose Luia Koski from the Sophomore Class. Marian Summers and Frances Nowell were chosen to play with the "Pick Ups."

Our program was given on February fourteenth, the principle feature being a little sketch entitled "Spreading the News," which was given under the direction of Miss Jones. It proved very entertaining and several of the Sophomores distinguished themselves by their dramatic ability.

The Sophomore social function of the year was the Valentine Hop given the Friday following Valentine's Day. The success of the affair was due to the splendid management of Charles Perelle and Ben Burford.

The Class officers are:

Ben Burford	President
Charles Perelle	Vice-President
Marjorie Clark	Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWERS

Purple and Yellow Violets

CLASS MOTTO

If We Rest, We Rust



In Memoriam

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

—(Longfellow: Resignation.

MYRTLE KATINKA JORGENSEN (1900—1918)

Myrtle Jorgenson was born at Artichoke Lake, Minnesota. She came to Juneau about seven years ago, and became a pupil in the Juneau Public Schools. She was very active in various student organizations, holding at the time of her death the offices of Assistant Editor on the "Totem," President of the Girls' Athletic Association, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Body. She expected to graduate with the class of 1919.

HAROLD SETH KOSKEY 1900—1918)

Harold Koskey was born in Juneau on July 16, 1900. He received his education in the Juneau Public Schools, graduating from the High School in 1918. At the time of his death he was serving with the Merchant Marine under the United States Shipping Board, and the Service Flag of the Juneau High School bears a gold star in his memory.



Grin and Bear It

When Jimmy Eaton was a little boy he used to fight very much. If he couldn't find a fight he would make one, and, nine chances out of ten, he would be thrashed, and he would go around the house nursing a black eye or swollen jaw. His father would laugh at him and say, "Jimmy, be a sport, grin and bear it."

One day in the early summer of nineteen seventeen, Jimmy was coming home from high school when, only a few blocks from home, he met a newsboy. The boy was sitting on a bench in one of the city's small parks. He was panting and struggling to catch his breath, and Jimmy thinking that he had been in trouble went to see if he could help him.

"What's the matter?" asked Jimmy, "Someone hit you?"

"N-no, W-w-war is declared," he finally gasped. "I was just stopping to catch my breath."

"Take this," cried Jimmy, handing him a nickel and taking a paper at the same time. After reading the article he set out for home at top speed. His father saw him coming and met him at the steps.

"Why all the rush, son?" asked his father.

"Look at this!" Jimmy cried, pointing to the headlines.

"Well, we stayed out longer than I expected we would," his father replied after he had read it. "I suppose you'll want to join up with Uncle Sam?"

"You bet," cried Jimmy, very energetically.

"Well, I can't blame you any because I felt the same way in '98. When are you going to sign up?"

"Right tomorrow morning," replied Jimmy in the same proud tone.

Jimmy realized that this might be his last night at home, so he spent the evening there, laughing and joking, just as Mr. Eaton had anticipated.

Next day the paper said that James Eaton was one of the first to join the colors. He joined the cavalry, just as his father had done in '98.

After a few months' training he was sent to France.

Mr. Eaton received letters from Jimmy on the average of one every two weeks. He told of many battles, and of the damage and brutal things the Hun had done. This would enrage Mr. Eaton and in his answering letter he would say, "Hit 'em hard, son; give 'em one for me."

Jimmy had had three horses shot from under him, and had been wounded many times but none of his injuries proved serious.

One day all was quiet in the Eaton home, for Mr. Eaton had received a letter from Jimmy which he judged would be his last. It read:

"Attigny, France, Oct. 28, -918.

"Dear Dad:

Well, I guess old Fritz has got me at last. This time he kissed me on the cheek, bit me on the arm, but the bad one went

into my side and came out my back. I have lived long enough to see the Hun on his backward flight, though, and that is what I came for, so I am satisfied.

"The nurse won't let me write much, so I will have to close.

"Well, good-bye, dad.

"JIMMY."

"P. S.—Remember how you used to tell me, 'Grin and Bear it?'"

The next few days Mr. Eaton watched the papers and looked for a telegram, but it came out in the papers first. One day while looking over the official report of the casualties he ran across what he seemed to be looking for:

"Sergeant James Eaton: Died of wounds, Nov. 1, 1918."

He sat staring into space, and at last rose with a heavy sigh and said: "Brave boy, I'm glad he kept up his spirit and sense of humor to the last."

Juneau's First Mule

In the year 1881, the first mule was brought to Juneau on a steamship from Sitka. The following winter the owner went away and left his faithful, long-eared servant to the cold charity of a Juneau public.

The mule browsed over the debris in the back yards, picked up pieces of bark, dead weeds, and green bough, but the poor brute grew thinner and thinner.

Finally, one of the men named Pat, took the matter up and resolved to help the mule out. Pat was the poet of the camp, and so, calling the Muses to his aid, wrote a poem, which eloquently and touchingly told of the destitution of "Maud," the homeless animal so ruthlessly cast on a foreign shore. Copies of the poem were made and they were nailed up in every public place in town.

The poem made a decided hit, as was found when a man went around taking up a collection. Then a barn was built and hay was ordered and Maud was satisfied.

Two or three years later, Maud ate some spoiled potatoes, got a severe case of colic, and in her agony headed for the water and waded in. When she reached water up to her belly, she deliberately put her head under the water and drowned.

It was decided by all that it was a clear case of suicide.

—Albi Torvinen, '21.

Skobia, the Skunk

An interesting legend is that telling how Skobia, the Skunk, came to be as small as he now is.

A long time ago there lived a polecat who was the parent of all the race of skunks. He was a great skunk. In size he approached the cinnamon bear. His perfume was strong in proportion, while his tread was correspondingly heavy and loud.

Many were the nightly visits of "Skobia," as the skunk is called by the Indians, to the Indian camp, and great was the damage to life and comfort caused by him.

The Indians were at a loss to know what to do with Skobia, but at length they thought of old S'beow and sent for him.

Upon his arrival he set the Indians to work cutting maple wood and bringing it into the "Potlatch" house. When a big pile had been gathered, the Indians set it on fire, and then they cut cudgels six feet long for themselves and pretended to go to sleep—all but old S'beow.

About midnight, when the fire was just a bed of coals, the heavy tread of Skobia was heard coming to the potlatch house.

Skobia came to the door to get in but it was locked so that he could not. He begged to get in, saying he was a friend and would not harm them. At length old S'beow pretended to get up and yawningly inquired what Skobia wanted.

Skobia replied, "I want to come in because I am your friend."

"You're a skunk and you will stink us out," said old S'beow.

Skobia was advised to go to the roof and just reach down his toes through the smoke hole, so S'beow could catch hold of him.

He did so, and S'beow yanked him down and threw him into the burning red coals.

The Indians, who had pretended to sleep, sprang up with their cudgels and turned Skobia over and over again. Skobia shrank smaller and smaller until he was no larger than a rabbit, and then his perfume became less unbearable. The Indians opened the door and kicked him out, and now the skunk is so small that no Indian fears him.

—John Janiksela, '23.



A Fish—From Trap to Can

Although fishing is one of the most important industries in Alaska, many people have not seen a trap lifted, nor have they seen a fish cannery working, so I will attempt to describe how the fish is taken from the trap and put into the can.

A large gat boat or steam boat comes with a scow and ties alongside the trap. A lifting crew then comes and takes up the corners of the spiller, so they can get it ready to take in the pot scow. When the pot scow is in, it takes up the web gradually, until the fish are thick enough to brail into the scow. After the web is ready the boat gets its hoist and boom going and dips the brail into the trap and pulls it up full of fish, which are put into the scow. They keep this up until they clean the trap, or have a full scow.

When the fish reach the dock, they are put into a fish elevator, which carries them to the dock, and then to the "Iron Chink." The "chink," as it is usually called, is a great labor saving machine, and can do the work much faster than men. The fish goes into the "chink," with its head, tail and fins attached, but when it comes out these are removed, and the fish is cleaned. From the "chink" the fish goes to the slimers, who take the slime off the fish. The fish cutter takes up the fish after it is slimed, and that machine cuts the fish the right size for the can. After that, the filling and salting machine comes into play, and fills the cans and salts the fish.

The exhaust box then takes a hand in the work, taking the gas out of the fish and warming it for the retort. The double seamer next takes the can, puts the lid on, and seals it air-tight. The cans are piled on trays and sent into the retort, and the fish is cooked at a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees, for one hour and fifteen minutes.

When the cans come out of the retort they are put into a lye bath to clean them, after which they go into cold water to take the lye off of the cans. The cans are then lacquered in order to prevent rust in shipping.

—Wayne Summers, '23.

A Bear Story

One day after the cannery ran out of fish, leaving the High School volunteers out of work—this was about 5 o'clock Saturday—one of the boys came up to me and said, "Come, let's get another boy and go over to one of the islands in the bay and camp over night. We can come back tomorrow." I agreed, and we got Stanley and started out right after supper for the island. Now though the mainland is full of bears, there are none on the island, so we did not burden ourselves with our guns.

We got there about 7:30 and looked all around for a suitable place to make camp. We found a desirable spot on the opposite side of the island and immediately started to make camp. We built the fire away up past the tide line, as we thought! By this time it was growing dark, and we found no drinking water, so one of the boys and I went to another island about five hundred yards away to get water.

The tide was in and we had to go into the bushes to get the fresh water. Dark! so dark you couldn't see your hand before you! At every step a branch would crack in a ghostly manner, or you would run into a bush unexpectedly. You may be sure we were glad when we got back to our boat.

By the time we were ready to return, the moon had risen; the water was smooth except for the little ripples caused by a light breeze that was blowing. The moon was large and golden yellow, making a path of shimmery gold.

As we came out on the side of our island we could see the fire burning on the beach, as in the olden days when Indian camp fires in the distance were used to warn you away. This fire, however, seemed to beckon us, and we pulled harder at the oars in our Indian dugout. The boat seemed to eat up the distance. Before we knew it, we were there. Then looking over the bay, we saw the cannery tender "Admiralty" as she came up the channel. Whereas just a second before everything had been silent, now the sound of voices reached our ears. The boat was gliding along at a fine rate of speed. The phosphorous was dancing around as if we were running on a lake of silver.

Then we began to build up the fire so that we could go to seemed to paralyze us for a few seconds. Then, gathering up our fire. Still the tide advanced, and at last reached our bed. Up we had to go, too. Then as we were engaged with our moving, a tremendous crash, not fifty feet away, came to our ears. It seemed to paralyze us for a few seconds. Then, gathering up our wits we made ready to leave at a second's notice, if possible. The tide was up to the fire now, and, had it not been for a log that ran the whole length of our camp, the tide would have put the fire out. We brought up the boat to this log as if to a dock, put all the "grub" into it, and waited anxiously. Then there came a growl—a would-be growl! It was this poor effort that decided matters, for we discovered that two boys from the cannery tender, knowing we were without guns, had come to frighten us.

They did not come out of the bushes, however, and at length,

our fear of spooks and wild animals being quieted, we went to bed, and slept as peacefully as circumstances would permit.

When dawn came, we discovered, to our grief, that all our provisions, except one can of beans, had been removed, supposedly by our "growlers." Worse than all, our boat, too, was gone, and there we sat in helpless rage!

About dinner time, jeering and mocking at us, they returned with our boat and took us back to the cannery. Of course we were the joke of the locality for a time.

MORAL—Follow the advice of old Alaskans, and never go out in Alaskan woods without a gun.

—Ben Burford, '21.

Juneau's Polar Bear

A long time ago, when Juneau was still a very small town, a steamboat could be seen coming up the channel. Everyone was greatly excited, for boats did not come in oftener than about once a month.

On the boat were a few tourists, who were anxious to see all they could of Juneau before the boat sailed. Jimmie White stepped up to a bunch of tourists and asked if he might go with them as a guide. They gladly accepted the offer of this young lad, who had been kind enough to offer his services. They said they wished to go to the Perseverance Mine, and that they did not mind walking such a long distance.

Many questions were asked of Jimmie, which he answered if possible, and sometimes he used his imagination to make things seem more interesting to his tourists.

As they were walking along, an elderly woman stopped suddenly and asked Jimmie if those were the wonderful polar bears up on the mountain. She had read so much about them!

"Why, certainly those are polar bears," said Jimmie very seriously, knowing, nevertheless, that they were only patches of snow that had not yet melted. "You see, these bears sleep a certain part of the year, and they will awake almost any day onw."

The inquirer had become quite nervous by this time. She said that she thought they had better not go any farther, so they turned back. When they arrived at the boat, one of the gentlemen gave Jimmie a quarter for his trouble.

—Lavina Carter, '21

Tony's Triumph

The crowds of people were hurrying to and fro on the narrow streets of Rome, in Italy.

Little Tony Guiseppi watched them and thought they looked more excited than usual, at least there seemed to be something in the air that foretold a great event. Tony was just a common street boy, though his habits were a little bit better than those of most of his fellow vagabonds.

Upon this day, however, he stood on the street corner and watched, with a puzzled frown wrinkling his brow. He saw the gesticulations of excited men, and heard the guttural tones of their voices rising and falling upon the noisy street.

"Signor Rigoletti, what is the excitement today?" he asked of a friendly vender.

"Stupid," he growled, good naturedly. "Do you not know that President Wilson is to arrive today?" With that he turned to cry his wares to the none too liberal buyers.

Tony's eyes almost popped out of his head. Could it be the great man from the wonderful United States, from which some organization by the name of the Red Cross had sent him the very much cherished coat he wore? It seemed absolutely impossible.

But Tony did not stand long here. He darted into a dark alley and disappeared. Some time later he returned, his face aglow, his black eyes sparkling. Somewhere Tony had found some water and had struggled through the process which all boys, particularly street boys, hate—that of washing his face. His shabby clothes had been brushed, and in his hand he carried a great bunch of bright flowers.

Dancing gaily up to the spot where masses upon masses of people had gathered to see the great man, Tony managed to push and wriggle his way to the front of a crowd, and fastened his eye eagerly upon an approaching car, gaily decked with flowers, and, wonder of wonders! carrying for Tony a precious burden, his Ideal, President Wilson.

When the car reached the place where Tony stood, behold, a wonderful thing happened, the car came to a stop! Shyly Tony stepped forth to offer his gift of admiration and love.

But suddenly his happiness vanished, as a soap bubble floating lightly in the air, for a bystander scolded him sharply. "Beggars," he said, "do you dare to speak or offer your miserable flowers to him? He would scorn to look upon such as you."

Tony looked up and saw the "Wilson smile," and once more stepped forward, still half fearing a scornful glance. But what was happening? The great President was taking those flowers and shaking a none too clean hand, which a moment before had dashed away a tear drop.

That night as Tony crept into his barrel to sleep, he thought to himself, "I just knew he couldn't say anything bad to anybody, because good men are always kind, and when I get big I can tell that I, Tony Guiseppi, shook hands with President Wilson, a great man in the world war."

Then Tony turned over to dream again of his chief ambition, to be a man like President Wilson.

—Tecla Jorgensen, '23

Alaskan Furs

Alaska in the last few years has taken a very large stand in the fur markets. The Alaskan furs, as a whole, are of a very excellent quality and there is much demand for them.

The furs of Southeastern Alaska are of a very good quality, but not so good as those of Northern Alaska, commonly known as the "Interior." The furs of Southeastern Alaska are mink, otter, ermine and bear. There are also martin and beaver in this part of the country, but for some years the Government has made restrictions prohibiting the killing of these animals and these restrictions will not be removed before the fall of 1924. Ermine are good only when caught in the winter, for in the spring they change their color from white to brown, and are then called weasel.

From Yakutat on the north, a very valuable skin is found, the sea otter. The killing of these animals has been forbidden for a period of ten years which expires in October, 1920, when all restrictions will be removed. These skins are very expensive, ranging from \$200 to \$1000 per skin. There is a great difference between the land and sea otter. The sea otter lives only in the water and is quite scarce, and very expensive, while the land otter lives in the water and land, also. They are not nearly so expensive as the sea otter.

The fur bearing animals of the Interior are white, silver, black, red, cross and blue foxes, lynx, mink, otter, ermine, martin, wolf, coyote, wolverine, and many other different species.

The trappers start their work about November, and their season usually closes about the end of March or the beginning of April. Skins caught after the middle of April are worthless and are spoken of as "unprime."

The skins from the Interior are better than those of the coast. A cold climate produces heavier furred and better colored skins.

Fur seal now is on an increase of 40 per cent a year, owing to the fact that white men are entirely forbidden to catch them. Indians are allowed to catch these by only one method, the bow and arrow or spear, but this is a lost art among the Indians and therefore very few are caught.

The catch this season is below normal owing to the scarcity of food which consists of ptarmigan, rabbit, and mice.

—Marie Goldstein, '21.

Camping Near an Alaskan Stream

It was on an early August morning that a party of four boys, all in the best of health and humor, started on their little camping trip from the harbor of Juneau, at five o'clock in the morning. Clouds were lifting from the mountain tops, and the air was as still as night, not a sound, not a whisper, only the dip, dip of the oars, as the silent "slip of the sea" made its way towards the bar.

The four boys on this peaceful trip were Lance, always called "Pete," and Ollie, at the oars, William at the bow, keeping watch ahead, and I at the stern of the boat, snuggled beneath the tent, camp stove and blankets.

Some distance had been covered in utter silence, when suddenly a loud whoop came from the bow, and then a cry, "Log ahead!" At once there was a loud splashing of oars and I found myself wishing for an umbrella as a protection from the spray. We cleared the log by a few inches, and I shuddered to think what would have happened had we struck it.

The rest of the trip was made in complete silence, until we reached our "jump-off place." Then we recovered from our awe-struck silence of the early morning, and proceeded to make our camp.

We pitched our tent, cut some branches from a fir tree and made a good bed, put our stove, which was one of those little camp stoves, near the opening, and placed our "grub" behind the tent, where we covered it up to keep animals from getting into it. The heaviness of the air indicated rain, so we all hustled up some wood, made a rude shelter for it, got a bucket of water, and turned in. In fifteen minutes we heard the patter of rain on the tent, and it surely felt fine to be "in" instead of "out."

A few minutes of arguing appointed the cook, who proved to be Bill.

"I'm cook, hey! Well, those that want to risk their lives on my cooking say 'aye!'"

"Aye," came the chorus.

That day was spent in working about camp, and in lazying around inside the tent. It was growing dark, so we closed the flaps of the tent for the night. Ollie got out his favorite magazine to read, Pete and Bill were engaged in conversation, so I got my twelve gauge out and cleaned it, then went to bed. The others followed shortly.

Sleep would not come to me at first. I lay wide-awake. My sense of hearing seemed uncommonly keen and all the slight noises of the night drew my attention—an owl hoot, the whip-poor-will cry, the crack of a twig beneath the cautious foot of a prowling night creature. Every sound took on a strange mystery. Back in the distance the faint sound of a creek rushing down the mountain side, and a long weird cry of some wild dog made the night more ghostly. At length I drifted into a troubled sleep from which I did not awake until the next morning, when the singing mosquitoes roused me from my slumbers.

Shortly afterwards we were all up, with fish poles out,

ready for the day's fishing. The creek was about one-half mile from our camp, so it did not take us long to get there. Bill was the first to get his line and hook into the water, and I came next. Soon we were all interested in seeing who could have the best luck.

"Well, I don't see anything that looks like a fish in this place, so I think I'll go out into the middle of the stream and have some fun," blurted out Pete. "I told you not to come to this place, there's nothing here," muttered Ollie.

"Shut up, you fellows; I just got a bite, and I believe he is a whale," said Pete, excitedly. Then suddenly he shouted, "Hey, hurry up! Quick! There's a whale on my line!"

Pete was running down the stream after his pole and fish. Suddenly the pole stopped, and Pete fell on his face in the water. Both whale and Pete were tangled up with the line, sputtering and struggling together. The dog salmon, for such I soon discovered it to be, slapped Pete in the face with his tail, and then proceeded to give him another wallop in the nose.

"Who said there is no fish in this place?" shouted Bill.

The salmon gave a leap into the air and succeeded in escaping with the pole and line. It is time it made down stream like a streak, and was out of sight before Pete was up from his bath.

"By gosh! Was that a fish or a shark!" exclaimed the fallen hero. Then with renewed energy: "I tell you what, let's go back home and cook dinner, then go up the creek tomorrow, and this afternoon we can go around exploring in the boat."

"That suits me," said Bill. So it was agreed.

"Oh, heck, I'm going to get rid of this mosquito that has been bothering me for the last half hour," snorted Ollie, who was drinking a cup of chocolate under difficulties, since he was compelled to keep up a wild waving of one hand in order to keep the mosquito away. Slap! Farewell to the mosquito! But his kindred were numerous, and Ollie's troubles were not yet over.

"Well, if there isn't another around trying to eat me up. I'll show you how to get rid of that." Crack! went his rifle. "Huh! I missed him. Boom! roared his shotgun. "There, now you're a goner."

The next day was a sunny day, with the mosquitoes so bad they swarmed into one's mouth at the slightest opportunity. We went up the creek, and found the fish thick, from dog salmon to trout. We did not use bait because it grew to be too much work, and took too much time, so we just threw our line in among the fish, gave a jerk, and more than one would come out, as we had four or five hooks.

When we decided we had enough, we tied them together and let them float down the stream. Some of them we ate in camp, and some we took home with us.

The following day the sun was bright again. We rose early and put the boat into the water for a little trip. We made up a lunch and put off. We rowed about four hours, at the end of which time we came to a large creek. Here we pulled up until we could go no farther, then stopping, we tied the boat up and rested in the shade of a large tree, and ate our lunches.

"Say, I wish I had my rifle with me. I see a bald-headed eagle up in that tree. He makes me nervous watching me like that," said Pete.

"Looks like he's nervous himself. Look at him walking back and forth on that limb, and hear the queer noise he makes," said Ollie.

At this moment the cracking of brush, the swish, swishing of the bushes, and a peculiar sound made us all stare at each other in amazement. Bill grabbed at the ground at his right, but no rifle was there.

"Holy Smoke! ! What's that racket?" whispered Pete to Bill.

"How do I know," answered Bill, nervously. "Well, I'm going to find out if you fellows are all scared. I bet it's nothing but—"

Oof! Oof!

"Jumping cats! Look what's coming!" shouted Pete, and at the same time he jumped over me, heading for the boat like a maniac. I was up and on the way in the same fashion, but half way down I tripped over a branch and went flat on my face. I was getting up excitedly, when thump! I was down again. Ollie had bumped into me and had landed fairly on top of me.

Bill had intended taking the rest of the lunch with him, but by this time he had dropped it and was heading for the boat with the rest of us. So hurried was he that he failed to see us in his path and rammed straight into Ollie, who had attempted to hasten on again, but who now took a dive into me, and all three of us lay sprawling on the ground.

I was soon up again, and glancing back, saw, advancing at a slow gait, a big clumsy-looking bear, sniffing and grunting. He let out a growl, which had the effect of putting a little more "pep" into my movements, and I was soon at the boat—but the boat was not there!

Looking wildly about, I discovered Pete in the boat rowing away with all his might. He rowed so vigorously that he finally missed a stroke and went somersaulting into the bottom of the boat. At this point he looked up and realized that he was leaving the rest of us to our fate.

"Oh, Pete!" shouted Bill, in such a piercing cry that I wonder the bear did not turn around and go the other way. But, no, the bear kept coming, and as he came he growled as if saying, "I'll teach you rascals to keep off my territory."

We ran down the creek. Pete finally made a landing, and we all piled in. I, of course, was again on the bottom, and the others on top. Pete pulled with all his power. We got out a ways and stopped. Then we burst into a laugh. The bear sat on the beach near the water, swearing to himself because he was so near and yet so far from a square meal.

We shook our fists at Bruno and rowed slowly back to camp.

"This is the last time that I go out like this without a gun," said Bill, and the rest agreed with him.

—Albi Torvinen, '21.

"IF WE REST, WE RUST"

(SOPH. MOTTO)

"If we rest, we rust,"
Says the Class of twenty-one.
"If we work, we must
Shine as bright as anyone."

"Rest not, rust not" is our cry.
"Learning is the thing that's sought,
Our motto always waves on high,
And for it many a battle fought."

"Rest not, rust not"
Sings this merry Class.
"Upon our name is ne'er a spot,"
So says each Sophomore lad and lass.

—Florence Casey, '21.



Mid-Summer Sun at Juneau

The sun rises about four o'clock on a mid-summer morning. Its first rays glowing pink on the snow-capped peaks of Douglas Island. Then gradually rising, it sends its shining mellow gold and rose light down the mountain side till it hovers about Douglas. It follows its daily arc-shaped path, glorifying Gastineau Channel with golden splendor till it reaches the Chilkat Mountains.

The golden disc of the sun in its semi-circle of fiery rays disappears behind the tree-covered Chilkat Mountains between nine and ten o'clock on a mid-summer evening. Until the sun rises again, the Channel is bathed in a soft twilight.

As the sun slowly sets, the clouds, floating into the pink and purple haze above the mountains, are beautifully tinted, looking like the light, airy homes of Fairies. So ends an Alaskan day.

—Dorothy Stearns, '24.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

(Printed in the Alaska Daily Empire, December 28, 1917.)

Behold, the sloop "War" is nigh!
Let our banner wave on high,
We fight for the freedom of the sea;
We fight to show we will be free!

Behold, the hand of the God of War!
Remove that hand we will.
It is our will to fight,
To fight for Justice and the Right!

—Alexander Sokoloff, '24.

Discovery of Juneau

"I say," said N. A. Fuller, the Sitka merchant, to Joe Juneau and his partner, Dick Harris, "Won't you fellows, if I grabstake you, go out and find where these Auk Indians find all that gold that they use for ornaments? Why you know Professor John Muir, the namer of Muir Glacier, has been all over the country around here exploring but did not find a trace of gold, so now will you two prospectors go out, if I'll fit you up for the trip?"

"What do you think about it, Joe?" said Dick.

"I'm agreed if you are," answered Joe.

"All right, we start tomorrow morning then, and we need about three Indian guides and packers on this trip, so we will hunt them up now and leave Mr. Fuller to attend to our grub."

It was in the month of April, 1880, when the little party started on its trip. In May they reached a place near what is now Windham Bay. There they located a few quartz veins.

They continued until they reached Auk Bay, where an Indian tribe called the "Auks" lived in peace, fishing and hunting. Information was obtained from them as to where they found their gold.

They traveled about twelve miles more and came to a creek.

"Well, I ain't seen so many salmon in a creek as this one has," said Joe, as they were gazing at the fish.

"I ain't either," exclaimed Dick.

"I think we ought to name this 'Salmon Creek,' came from Dick, and so it was named that, and has the name of 'Salmon Creek' now.

They went on, and came to another creek about four miles farther on.

"I don't see any fish here," said Dick.

"Say, look here, never mind about the fish now, what do you call this?"

"Why, it looks like gold," said Dick.

"Of course it's gold and exactly what we were after, and this creek is full of yellow specks."

"I name this Gold Creek," said Joe in his excitement.

"Are you sure this is pure gold like the Indians had?" asked Dick.

"Just as sure as that they were fish in that other stream you named," answered Joe.

They were busy for a few weeks and located a number of good properties, and then returned to Sitka, and inside of a month a rush commenced and Juneau was beginning to grow.

These men little knew or understood the extent of the wealth they had uncovered and that they were the ones that started a little town that is now the capital of Alaska.

By their devotion to the interests of their associates and themselves, they added millions to the world's supply of gold. And also, they had made the first great discovery of the yellow metal in Alaska, and they had placed their names on one of the brightest pages in the history of the land of their adoption.

Joseph Juneau and Richard Harris are lying at rest in the cemetery at Juneau. The grave of the former is the first one on the right hand side as one enters the cemetery. It has an old iron

fence around it, weather worn and rusty. On the front part was the name "Joseph Juneau," but now only part of the letter "J" may be seen as it has worn away through all these years. In the Summer, tall grass covers the grave and a person unacquainted with our town, would never think that here was the resting place of one of the two men who were the first to come to Juneau.

The grave of Richard Harris is across the road from that of Juneau and is the first grave on that side that a person would see when coming into the cemetery.

—A. T., '21.

The Government Hatchery at Juneau

During the last few years trout in the vicinity of Juneau were not very abundant, and as there was only one kind of trout in the streams, it was decided by B. L. Thane, of the Alaska Gastineau Mining Co., A. J. Sprague, and C. D. Garfield, to stock the lakes, and streams in the vicinity of Juneau, with Rocky Mountain trout. They then sent an application for trout eggs, October 4, 1916, to the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, D. C., telling them what they expected to do, giving a description of the barren water into which they were going to put the fish, and guaranteeing the protection of the fish until they were able to care for themselves, through propagation in the natural way.

This application was supported by several citizens of Juneau, and the Delegate to Congress. Mr. Sprague made an additional application for another allotment of eggs. Later in November he received word that the allotments would arrive in about thirty days.

Acting on this information, Mr. Sprague went to Annex Creek on Taku Inlet and started a hatchery under the patronage of the Alaska Gastineau Mining Company, but on account of a cold snap, and much snow, the hatchery was moved to Thane, completed, and put in readiness to receive the two allotments of eggs.

These arrived January 11, 1917, in the eyed state, amounting to more than 150,000 eggs. They were hatched in due time, with a loss of less than ten per cent. On account of a late Spring, the fry were not placed in the streams as early as desired, and the expense of feeding was incurred. During the period between hatching and planting there was practically no loss.

On June 1, 1917, 40,000 fry were planted in lower Annex Lake; June 11, there were 50,000 planted in the Salmon Creek dam; June 25, 50,000 in upper Annex Lake, all in the vicinity of Juneau. July 4, 15,000 fry were planted in Lake Dewey, and other lakes and ponds in the vicinity of Skagway.

Thirty days after planting, the fry increased to three times their size. By the end of August they were more than four inches long. At the close of the fishing season, specimens were seen measuring six inches. As soon as the lakes opened in June 1918, some were taken with a fly measuring six to eight inches. In the Fall of the same year specimens measuring eleven inches were brought in by Mr. Sprague, the hatchery superintendent. The eggs came from the Bureau of Fisheries in Colorado, and are of a variety known as the Eastern brook trout.

The experiment proved successful, and in July, 1917, an application was made for 100,000 eyed eggs of the Rocky Mountain spotted trout, but on account of poor packing and improper attention enroute the shipment was lost. Another application was made for 200,000 Eastern brook eggs which arrived in January 1918, in good condition. After hatching they were distributed in the lakes and dams near Juneau and other places.

After May 24, 1917, the Alaska Fish and Game Club was organized, with A. J. Sprague, C. D. Garfield, C. E. Davidson, Charles Goldstein, A. T. Spatz, and E. C. Russell as members. The work mentioned above was carried on. Not only trout but the salmon, also, were taken care of. With an increase in membership, more hatcheries can be built and more laws can be made to protect game and fish.

—James Bussey, '21.

The Flood Day of Juneau

An old legend told by the sourdoughs of Juneau runs in this manner: When Joe Juneau and Dick Harris sailed into what is now called Gastineau Channel, they guided their boat into a small cove formed by a muddy creek. They followed the course of the creek for about a mile, then, finding good water to drink, ran their boat aground and immediately began to clear space for their cabin. After having built their rude but cozy dwelling place they began to prospect. They soon found gold in this muddy little stream, so they named in "Gold Creek," and it has kept that name until this very day. When on the road in the Silver Bok Basin, the pedestrian, by looking into the canyon formed by Gold Creek, can see a small log cabin, now falling into ruins, and this is the cabin in which the sourdoughs say that Juneau and Harris lived.

For a number of years several different mining companies have had cases in court concerning the control of this seemingly small but important creek.

* * * * *

On the twenty-sixth day of September in the year nineteen hundred eighteen, the surprising incident from which the name of this story is derived, occurred.

About eight-thirty in the morning of that eventful day when I was crossing the solid wooden bridge spanning the Creek, I noticed how brown and muddy the water was, and that the creek was two or three feet higher than usual. But I did not take much interest in this fact, because the creek had risen in like manner numbers of times before.

Not until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon did I begin to feel that something unusual had happened, and about that time my fears were aroused by the sounding of the fire alarm in a peculiar manner. Then somehow it leaked through the school that Gold Creek was flooding. I could scarcely wait until the noon hour, for fear that I should have no home in which to eat my luncheon. When it did come, I rushed towards the scene of the disaster with all the rest of the school children.

It was certainly a scene to be remembered! Large houses were undermined by the angry rushing water. Thus, being deprived of their foundations, the helpless houses were carried down that stormy, tumultuous current of water like tiny leaves, and crashed into each other, driven by such a powerful force, that they broke as easily as if they were frail fairy houses crumbling at a touch.

All this time I was hurrying home. The bridge that I had crossed earlier in the morning, was by this time deprived of part of its foundation and sagged considerably in the center. I ran across the bridge. The man who followed me crossed just in time, for as he was lifting his foot off the bridge after crossing, the bridge collapsed and was speedily consumed by the angrily rushing water, which by this time was devouring everything its tenacles could grasp.

In the earlier part of the flood the creek gathered stumps from its speedily disappearing banks. These stumps then were stopped and could go no further because they were too large to go under an elevated street way near the mouth of the creek. These and the ruins of houses packed firmly against them, formed a sufficient dam to cause the creek to pile up behind it and rise to such a height that it took still more houses through the same process of ruination which their predecessors had undergone.

To add furthermore to the confusion of the city, several houses built on a hillside, slid down the hill and in some cases ruined other houses by crashing into them. The cause of that, evidently, was the heavy rainfall washing away the soil near the roots of plants, thereby weakening the top surface of the earth, which is usually composed of numberless tiny roots, so that it was no longer able to hold out against that mighty force which is ever trying to slide to the bottom assisted always by that wonderful agent, gravity.

One of the leading hotels of the city had a serious loss in furniture and carpets because the sliding of the dirt on the hill caused muddy water to leak into the first floor.

Water carrying and walking in the streets with some fashion of a light became quite a common sight in the city for a few days after the flood, because the terrible current of water which was once insignificant Gold Creek, tore up the main pipes of the city's water supply and also destroyed electric light and telephone poles.

School was compelled to close because there was no water with which to heat the building.

Fortunately the creek subsided as speedily as it had risen and there have been a good many arguments as to the cause of its speedy expansion and contraction. The argument that seems to present the real cause is that the almost ceaseless, heavy rains caused the glacier from which Gold Creek originates, to fall apart, and the large part that fell off dammed up the stream until the water behind the ice jam increased in volume and strength so that it forced the ice away and all the imprisoned water roared and rushed away from captivity into the open spaces, tearing everything down that chanced across its path.

It is my belief that Gold Creek will, in future, receive more attention from property owners than it has ever received in the past.

—Lance Hendrickson, '21.

The Wreck of the "Princess Sophia"

Since the last issue of the "Totem" our fair city and community have passed through a period of unusual sadness and gloom, occasioned by the sinking of the "Princess Sophia," on October 25, 1918.

It has always been the custom, since Alaska has been settled and steamship service has permitted, for a goodly number of residents from the Interior to migrate to the States for the Winter. The Fall of 1918 was no exception to this rule; in fact, an unusually large number of people from the Yukon Valley, both in Alaskan and Canadian Territory, made the journey last Fall, being drawn to the States by reason of high wages prevailing there, and the general cessation of mining operation in the Interior.

All the people from the upper Yukon travelled outside by way of Skagway and hundreds were compelled to remain there for an indefinite length of time, before they could obtain passage on the Southbound boat. The "Princess Sophia" was one of the popular boats in this traffic, and when she sailed away from Skagway at ten p. m., on October 23, she had a capacity passenger list.

All who had passage were happy in the thought that they had finally embarked on the last lap of their long journey from the Interior, and that in three days' more they would be amid familiar home scenes. But fate decreed otherwise, for their joys and aspirations gave away to misgiving before the next day broke. The vessel ran aground on Vanderbilt Reef, in Lynn Canal, about thirty miles Northwest of Juneau.

Immediately upon striking the reef, the captain sent out the "S. O. S." call, and within a few hours several small relief vessels were at the scene. The ship seemed in no immediate, nor in any great danger until the afternoon of the following day, when suddenly Northerly winds, which had continuously prevailed, increased to gale force.

No passengers had been removed from the stranded vessel, the reason for which has not as yet been definitely determined.

To escape the fury of the storm, the rescue vessels repaired to shelter to the leeward of nearby islands. Late in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth another S. O. S. call was sent out from the "Sophia," imploring help at once; the vessel was foundering, the call said, and the water was then entering the wireless room. The Lighthouse tender "Cedar" attempted to go to the aid of the "Sophia" but the storm was so violent, and the snow so thick, that the captain could not see the nose of his boat, and was compelled to put back to shelter, and await a cessation of the storm.

At day break the next day he succeeded in reaching the reef, only to find that the "Sophia" had sunk, and that nothing but the top of the mast was visible above the water.

The "Cedar" at once communicated by radio with Juneau, apprising the city of the catastrophe. Every available boat in Gastineau Channel was dispatched at once by the Customs and Canadian Pacific officials, to search for possible survivors. The search was fruitless, however, for it was soon evident that all who were aboard had perished.

The vessels searched every cove and inlet for many miles in all directions, and in the course of about two weeks, one hundred and eighty bodies were recovered, all of whom were found wearing life-preservers, showing that the foundering of the ship was not altogether unexpected by the passengers.

The bodies recovered represent little more than one half the persons on board, the passengers and crew totalling three hundred and forty-three persons. As fast as the bodies were recovered, they were brought to the morgue at Juneau for identification and preparation for burial.

The entire populace of Alaska and the Yukon Territory were stunned by the suddenness and horror of the catastrophe. Not a town in the Yukon Valley but contributed its quota in the toll of death. Dawson, Fairbanks and Ruby being particularly hard hit. Our own city mourns the loss of one of its foremost citizens, Mr. John F. Pugh, Collector of Customs, and our hearts have gone out in sympathy to those other communities where the loss of life has been much greater.

Travel by steamship in Alaskan waters has always been attended by more or less danger and wrecks of large steamships have been of almost annual occurrence, owing to narrow, poorly charted inland passages. Lives have been lost in the past, but these accidents have not usually produced loss of life. The sinking of the "Princess Sophia," therefore, stands out as the greatest disaster that has ever occurred in the North Pacific ocean.

—Marian Summers, '21.

Human Nature From Juneau to Seattle

I have been travelling in Southeastern Alaska for about twenty years, and as you who have done extensive traveling in one part of the country for a period of years, will know, it becomes very monotonous. I was very much thrilled at first with the wonderful glaciers and the high snow-capped mountains. While we were passing through Wrangell narrows I would often sit in the bow of the boat to admire the beautiful scenery.

But now I have seen the same scenery so many times in going back and forth, trying to sell my canned goods, that it no longer interests me as it once did. So, to relieve the monotony of my traveling, I have turned my attention to the different characters, the actions, the disposition, and even to the clothing of the various people whom I have met.

The thing that first attracted my attention to the study of human nature was a little incident which occurred on the boat, going from Juneau to Seattle. On this particular trip my table seat was beside a little shriveled-up man with a bearded face, that looked as if he had gone through many misfortunes.

I noticed at breakfast that my two lumps of sugar had disappeared, or rather, I thought I remembered seeing them when I sat down at the table, but when I was ready to use them, they were gone. I did not think much of this, because one often

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

times has something on one's mind and fails to remember things correctly.

This was the time when food conservation was at its highest, so on the steamer they served only two lumps of sugar to each person. I acquired quite a sweet tooth when I was a boy and the fact that it has stayed with me, made it very hard for me to have to part with my two lumps of sugar. So at luncheon I took particular notice of my sugar, and I know positively it was there, but again when I was ready to use the sugar, it had disappeared. I began to think a little bit, and decided I would watch the little man at dinner.

When we sat down at the table, I know the sugar was there! When the man ordered his coffee I began to take notice. When I had my head turned so he thought I could not see his actions, he very quietly reached over and took my sugar, his own, and then took from a bag two more lumps!

I concluded from this that he was using all the sugar one person was allowed to have, and more if he could get it.

I learned that this man simply must have sugar in large quantities in his coffee in order to be thoroughly happy, and that he must also have his coffee at every meal.

I was very much disgusted with him for thinking more of himself than of trying to help save sugar to feed others who had none. The more I thought about this the more revengeful I became, and decided that the only way to cure this greedy creature, was to "show him up" before all the rest who sat at our table, though I had previously told them about the sugar.

I managed to be seated before my sugar fiend arrived at the table, but it was not long before he appeared in his usual stealthy manner, and took his accustomed place. He carried his long bag of sugar in his coat pocket, on the side next to me. When he was about to order his coffee, I quietly removed the bag from his pocket! When he reached for the sugar and found it was gone, he was so dumfounded that he began to feel in all of his pockets and look around the table and on the floor as if he had lost something very important. He attracted every one's attention, and seeing that all eyes were upon him he became confused, and almost forgot himself entirely. When he had reached the point of desperation, I thought we had had enough fun, so I very casually said, turning to him, "Oh, are you looking for your sugar?" and handed the bag to him.

It is needless to say that I saw very little of my sugar fiend the rest of the trip.

I also have noticed the captains on my different trips and how they add to the passengers' pleasure when they are pleasant, and how they dampen it when they are disagreeable.

This captain at whom I especially marvelled, was about seventy-five years old, and the youngest seventy-five-year-old I have ever seen.

He would never depend upon glasses when he was ready to make a landing, and when he wanted to see a light house a few miles away he would rely absolutely upon his own eyesight.

The appearance of this captain was anything but that of extreme cleanliness. Instead of the conventional collar of masculine

attire, he wore about his neck a hand towel, which, from its appearance, had evidently seen much service, and his coat looked as if he had spilled a considerable amount of his food upon it. But with all this, he frequently said that he would not have quarter masters in his wheel house who smoked or chewed, and above all, those who did not keep their clothes in good condition.

I was very much astonished one day as I was pacing the deck, to find him sitting quietly in a corner, knitting mittens, with two thumbs, and I noticed also that he would go around to the different ladies and tell them how they should knit their socks. He would show them how to wind their yarn into balls, which they could hang on their wrists. I began to see the gentler side of the old character. Even though he was very severe with his employees, he would often get together and tell stories about him. One of the stories goes something in this wise:

It seems that he bought an automobile and he and his wife took it down town. He packed it among other machines and when they were ready to go he could not tell his machine from any of the rest, so he had his wife buy some red ribbon with which he tied a big bow right in front, so he would have no more trouble.

They said he used ship terms when driving such as "ramming the dock," "full speed ahead," turning to the "port" or "starboard" side.

I need not say that I was very sorry my trip was soon ended with this captain.

Just the other day a girl and her mother boarded the ship. They had been "inside" for twenty years. The girl was eighteen, and had never been in the "States" or on a large boat. She would sit down at the table and the first thing she would do was to butter a piece of bread, put her arm on the table, and eat the bread in a most indolent fashion, a far-away expression on her face. At dinner she would say, "mother, do I like this?" and "do I like that?" She saw, on glancing over the menu, watermelon. She said, "Mother, do I like watermelon?" Her mother said, "Well, dear, I don't know; you might order a piece and see." She did so and when she ate a piece she thought it was the worst-tasting food she had ever eaten. Now most children think watermelon is about the next best thing to ice cream, but Rosie could not think so. Her mother said, "Rosie, what is the first thing you are going to buy when you arrive in Seattle?" Rosie said, "One dozen bananas."

I have decided that people are deprived of things, their wants are very small.

—Frances Nowell, '21.

A Trip to Mars

One night as I was sitting on the porch gazing at the stars, an idea struck me that I would like to take a trip to one of the planets.

I went over to my chum's house and told him of my idea. He thought it was fine. We decided to go to Mars because it was the nearest planet to the earth.

We then went to work and built ourselves a huge shell which was two hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. Inside of it were two staterooms, a pilot house, a storeroom, a ~~small~~ engine room. Our engine was capable of making three ~~times as much~~ power which was enough power to drive us to ~~the planet~~ Mars in seven years, once we got outside of the earth.

In the pilot house was a small machine which was capable of producing enough air to ventilate our shell very well. This was Fred's invention and he was very proud of it. We also had a machine which was capable of making water out of air to wash with. This machine was my invention and I was equally proud.

We figured that with the speed our shell would have after leaving the gun from which we were to be shot, we could get outside of the earth's gravity. Then our engine would drive us through space until we got into the gravity of Mars.

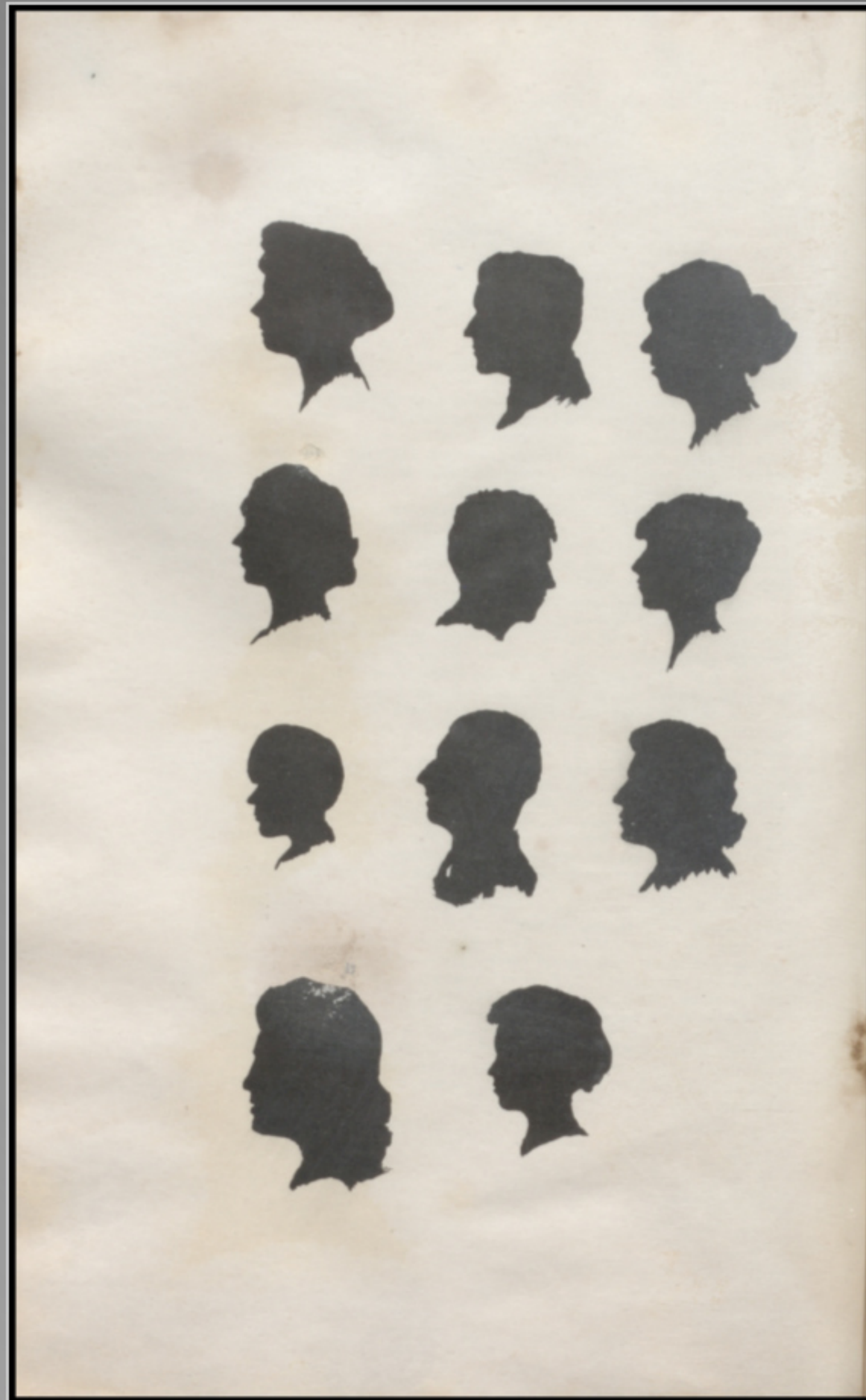
At last we were ready and all stocked up with provisions. We said goodbye to our parents and stepped into the shell. Then came a terrific shock and I lost consciousness and when I came to, Fred was standing over me and he told me that I had been unconscious two days.

We played games and did other things to pass away the time. At last we saw in the far distance—Mars. So Fred and I prepared ourselves for the shock which was to come. Day by day our speed increased until the sides of our shell were red hot from friction. To withstand this heat we had to have cold water running over us all the time. Then we struck with a terrific jar, but, as we were prepared for the shock, we were not knocked unconscious.

We climbed out the back door, for the front part, of our shell was buried deep in the ground.

The people of Mars were very small—about ~~three~~ feet in height—but were very much more advanced ~~mentally~~ than the people of our earth. The most wonderful thing ~~we~~ had was the telescope with which we could see the earth ~~plainly~~. We could even see Juneau! We stayed on Mars about a year and then returned to the earth. The gravitation of Mars is not as strong as that of our earth. So we felt Mars by the aid of our engines and didn't have to build a gun to get away and we were certainly glad to be back to the old town of Juneau, after a fourteen year absence.

—Jacob Britt, Jr. II.



What the Silhouette Reveals

1. Belle Hood—Frivolty and love of pleasure is indicated by every line of this profile, but there is force or strength of purpose. The fullness across the cheekbone shows a happy disposition, not susceptible to outside influences. The set of the eyes give evidence of curiosity and humor. The classic contour denotes versatility of talent. The mouth shows that the sympathies are large, and the disposition is affectionate. The long neck indicates a loving character, and the chin, not too prominent, shows good will power but no obstinacy. A face of this type responds to any appeal to the emotions. Romance and sentiment predominate.

2. Harry Morgan—In this interesting example we find a man level-headed, exact, logical with precise good moral sentiment. The shape of the forehead shows cautiousness, some self-esteem and firmness. Great austerity is shown by the long straight upper lip, also some hardness, tenacity and a nature, altho not actually cruel, but somewhat indifferent to the sufferings of others. Some originality and humor are evidenced by the deep vertical cleft in the upper lip. The long nose shows love of money, economy, caution and exactitude; strength of will is denoted by the size. With the nose we find a clear power of perception, concentration, logic and reasoning.

3. Nadine Saum—In this face the pose gives the keynote of the character, showing geniality, cheerfulness, talkativeness, sociability, good humor, determination and self-reliance, also a lack of ideality. In the mouth there is a slight suggestion of insincerity, generosity and quick temper. The forehead denotes a love of romance and pleasure. The fleshy roundness of the chin shows love of and indulgence in physical comforts. With the deep horizontal cleft in the long lower lip there is shown a certain amount of obstinacy without much firmness. The long well-formed neck indicates independence of thought and action. It is generally stated by authorities on this subject, that people with such necks dislike restraint in any form.

4. Dorothy Troy—On looking at this fine head and profile, we perceive at once that the imaginative faculty and creative powers preponderate very largely. The shape of the head gives evidence of remarkable mental ability, but there is some lack of practical energy and continuity. Reticiency, memory, originality, humor and wit are all strongly indicated. A love of the weird and fantastic is shown by the prominence to the left of the region of ideality. The shape of the mouth speaks of honesty of purpose—the upper lip curving downward with cleft and angle—extreme sensibility; it also hints of a very generous nature. Great individuality is indicated by the under lip, determination and tenacity of purpose by the chin, which also, being small and dimpled is a sign of youth and happiness. The set of the eyes denote power, talent and strength, as well as brilliance and intuition.

5. Gilbert Hodges—In this head we see good proportion, balance, and harmony. While somewhat lacking in perceptive power, the splendid upper forehead indicates logic and reasoning capacity. The high crown shows refinement, spirituality and a high degree of ideality. The straight upper lip denotes scrupulousness, and a somewhat stern and self-contained nature. The size of the nose denotes strong character and good mental abilities; the shape, artistic taste, culture, originality, melancholy, pride, sensitiveness and argumentative ability.

6. Emma Perelle—In this charming profile we have the purest type of ideality. The upper portion of the face shows artistic talent, imagination, amiability and purity. The nose indicates good judgment, power of organization, and great determination; it also denotes a tendency to domineer and impatience of control. Its drooping tip suggests reserve and secretiveness. In this example we have high principles, morality and great mental ability. The set of the eyes denotes good taste and refinement, while the fairly full lips show generosity, ardor, affection, enthusiasm, quick temper, activity, and humor. The softly rounded chin with its oval contour indicates good ability and fixity of purpose as well as calmness, self-reliance and industry.

7. Maray Monagle—In this example we see a calm self-controlled type of character. A person very studious, conscientious and industrious. The nose signifies power to assume responsibilities. The broad forehead suggests keen perceptive capability, but a lack of power of expression. The chin shows good balance of will and logic. People of this type have strong, deep feeling, generally well under control.

8. Roy Torvinen—On looking at this head we perceive at once that the proportions are not equal. There is a want of balance, the largest development of the head being the posterior occiput. The region of ideality and spirituality is small. By the rather prominent nose we see intellectual power and musical talent; a capacity for concentration and aggressiveness are also indicated. The mouth reveals a love of the material, some lavity of principle, and geniality; it also denotes generosity toward the few. The chin shows characteristics of determination and obstinacy, while the slight vertical indentation of the chin suggests a desire for affection and appreciation. The broad forehead indicate commercialism, perseverance and much success in finance. The predominating characteristic is energy.

9. Jude Nelson—The nose here indicates impudence, cheerfulness, lack of will power and a great deal of aggressiveness. The rather full lips show generosity, affection, enthusiasm and quick temper. The short neck signifies energy, and a mind that is active and very quick at drawing conclusions. The prominent forehead and deep set eyes indicate unusual musical ability. The well defined brow depicts capability and much shrewdness. It also suggests love of the practical rather than the ideal.

10. Mary Kashevaroff—This head is well shaped, showing strength of character, firmness, resource, invention, observation,

sound intellect, strong vital power, enthusiasm and perception. The and deep set eyes indicates unusual musical ability. The well decision, presence of mind, and geniality. Generosity and authority are indicated by the full mouth. The strong, well rounded chin shows love for material pleasures and much combativeness and obstinacy. The short, well-formed neck displays muscular strength and vitality.

11. Miss Sadie Reye Brown, Senior Class Advisor—In this profile we have high principles, and a great deal of Ideality. The forehead rising high and the upper part of the head being well developed. The breadth across the temples denotes great practical talent, power of organization and logic. The position of the eyes marks a sign of good taste, refinement, and a sensitive nature. The nose suggests the "retroussee" type and indicates wit and humor. Such a nose has been called a dangerous little nose in a woman, and it renders her most charming. This is the only type of nose that poets have deigned to sing of and extol. The softly rounded chin, with its oval contour, shows great force but little assertion. It is the chin of a woman whose disposition is firm—but very amiable.

—D. M. T. & E. M. P. '19.



1906
1906
1906

1906
1906















PICK-UPS



SENIOR TEAM



Society Notes

Dances—sleighrides—parties—coasting—skating! Something all the time! First one thing and then another! In spite of the fact that the winter was an exceedingly quiet one for Juneau, still the High School was not at any time lacking in "pep," and the activities participated in, were the best ever.

The social events of the year started off in good style. The first M. D. C., or Moonlight Dancing Club dance was given during the second week of school. Everybody turned out, the girls furnished the refreshments, and the boys saw that good lively music was on hand and that the hall was decorated to suit the occasion. Yes, it was the beginning, and we knew from that one M. D. C. that the term of 18-19 was going to be a lively one. This was soon followed by an "Alaska Day Ball" under the auspices of the M. D. C., which was in every way a success.

On January seventeenth, after the long vacation enforced by the "flue," an M. D. C. started things going once more. With a four-piece orchestra, a large crowd, and a hall beautifully decorated in black and scarlet streamers, everyone felt "peppy" and enjoyed the evening from beginning to finish. The main feature of the evening was a Grand March in which everyone took part. At the end of this, favors were distributed, the boys receiving caps, and the girls were given balloons, whistles, and other toys with which to amuse themselves. Punch and cookies were served during the evening by some of the Junior High School girls.

On January twenty-fourth after the double-header basketball game, both the boys' and girls' teams were entertained, the winning teams going to Mrs. Cragg's home, and the losing teams to Miss Jones' home where games, candy pulling, and fortune telling were enjoyed. Everyone said the refreshments were "grand."

The ability of the Junior III. Class was shown on January thirty-first when they gave their Frolic in honor of the Senior High School. The hall was decorated with streamers in their colors of black and orange. During the evening they entertained the guests with a country dance in costume. The music was good, and the punch and cookies hit the right spot.

The Junior I. and Junior II. Classes each had an opportunity to play host, and entertained pleasantly at progressive games.

A sleighride was given by the Sophomore Class on February third, a few outsiders being invited. After riding around awhile, they went up to Carrol Webster's where they thoroughly enjoyed the luncheon given them by the hostess. This was the first of a series of sleighrides which followed.

The Sophomores gave their Hop on February 21. The hall was decorated at its best in red and white streamers, with a profusion of hearts and cupids everywhere. It was a program ball and considered one of the most elaborate affairs of the year. About the middle of the evening they gave a sketch called, "An Old Sweet-

heart of Mine," in which Emmett Connors had sweet visions of his past sweethearts. The hall was crowded and everyone enjoyed the good music and punch.

When Lent started the social calendar was closed, and will remain so until the Junior Prom, to which everyone is looking forward with great expectations, as by that time everyone will be ready to dance once more, and the Juniors are arousing our curiosity by dark hints of the good time we are to have. It will be a large invitational affair and will be given in the Elk's Hall on April 25.

The last but not least affair of the season will be the Senior Ball given at the last of the year, on May 16, probably in the High School gymnasium. This will close a most successful and busy social year for the Juneau High School.

—Belle Hood, '19.





The Glee Club

This year the Girls' Glee Club of the Juneau High School has become an established organization in our school life. Membership is optional, but those who attend ninety per cent of the rehearsals and take part in the concert, are granted credit for the year's work. Rehearsals are held twice a week.

The membership this year numbers nineteen, and the work has proved so attractive that this number will doubtless increase next year.

The Club appeared before the school upon various occasions at the Assembly hour, lead in Community Singing, and appeared in a May Festival, or Concert, on May ninth, in conjunction with the High School Orchestra, in the High School Auditorium.

The success of the Glee Club work has been due, not only to the work of the girls themselves, but also to the enthusiasm and untiring efforts of the Director, Miss Helen Kelso.

Those taking part in Glee Club work this year are:

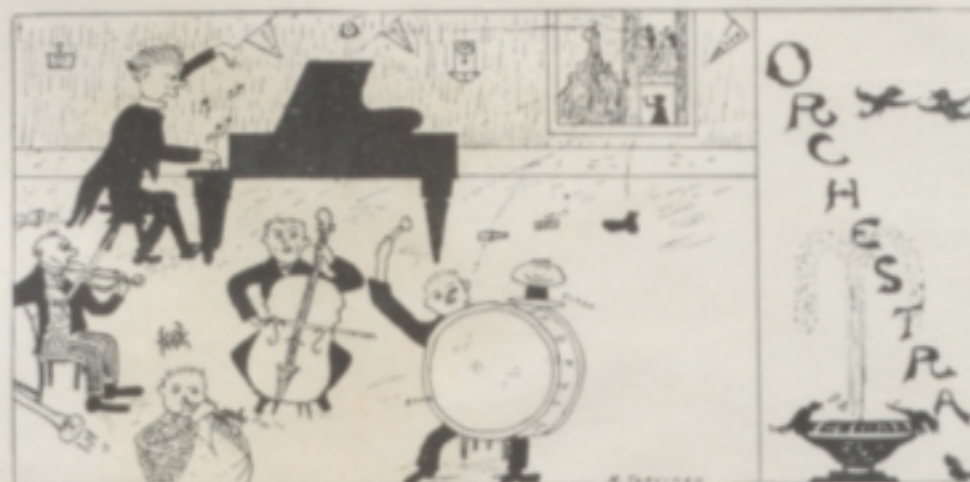
SOPRANOS—Florence Casey, Sybil Campbell, Mary Kashevaroff, Irene Nelson, Frances Nowell, Emma Perelle, Marian Summers, Dorothy Troy, Mary Vesoja.

ALTOS—Marjorie Clark, Belle Hood, Lydia Kashevaroff, Nadja Kashevaroff, Jessie Mock, Gertrude Nelson, Lillian Oja, Venetia Pugh, Luella Smith, Vivian Sparling.

The officers are:—Mary Kashevaroff, President; Marian Summers, Secretary; and Belle Hood, Librarian.

—M. S. '21.





The Juneau High School Orchestra

The J. H. S. Orchestra is one of the most active organizations of the school. Since it was first started, nearly three years ago, it has met with splendid success and has made considerable progress. This organization is, beyond a doubt, worthy of much praise and is an asset to the school. Meetings are held twice a week in the gymnasium under the direction of Professor J. F. Sumpf, who deserves mention for his untiring efforts in our behalf.

This organization furnishes music for the different programs which are given during the year. The selections played represent music of excellent quality and are always well given.

On the ninth of May, the Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club will give a joint musical concert, which will enable the public to judge of their progress and ability.

The personnel of the Orchestra is:

Violins: Roy Torvinen, Charles Perelle, Anita Garnick, Roy Barnett, Dela Lundstrom, Albi Torvinen, Mark Kimball, Leonard Holmquist, Melville Leak, and Donald Condit.

Cornets: Ellis Kimball and Edward Garnick.

Clarinet: Roy Whitney.

Trombone: George Oswell.

Piano: Gertrude Nelson and Lucille Bathe.

Organ: Emma Perelle.

Drums: Harry Morgan.

The officers are:

President Gertrude Nelson

Secretary-Treasurer Anita Garnick

Director Professor J. F. Sumpf.

—Emma Perelle, '19.





CHAMPION CUP

Won from the Metlakatla Basket Ball Team '18 B. B. Season, by J. H. S. Team—Wilbur Burford, Clement Hodges, Roy Torvinen, Donald MacKinnon, Carlin Brotherton; Coach, V. C. Genn.





The girls took the more active part in athletics this year, as the boys had no instructor. An exhibit was given last year under the direction of Miss Fay Wenk, which consisted of folk dancing, figure marching, and Indian club and dumb bell drills. The exhibition was largely attended and was a credit to Miss Wenk and to the pupils who took part.

An exhibition similar to the one last year, was given in April under the direction of Miss Essie May Jones, our new instructor and domestic science teacher. Some of the grades and the Military Drill boys also took part. The second grade gave a dance of welcome as an opening number; the sixth grade gave calisthenic exercises under the direction of Miss Parks. The third grade did a dance, as did also the seventh and eighth grades. The Senior High School girls did figure marching, Indian club drills, and a few of them did the "Narcissus" in costume and was very effective. A jumping contest was held between the Junior and Senior High Schools, the Senior High coming out victorious.

When the girls were finished with their part of the program, the Boys' Military Drill program followed. The High School Orchestra played for the different numbers. This exhibit gave a splendid idea of the kind of work done through the year.

Much enthusiasm was shown in basketball. Everyone was eager to play when the time came for the teams to be arranged. The first game was played in the High School gymnasium between the Senior II. and the Senior III. teams. The Senior III. were defeated 11-7.

The following constituted the Senior III. team:

Lulu Koskey, c.; Mary Kashevaroff, f.; Emma Perelle, f.; Belle Hood, g.; Dorothy Troy, g.

Those of the Senior II. team were:

Ada Irish, c.; Nadja Kashevaroff, f.; Wilma Gamble, f.; Sybil Campbell, g.; Lila Ptack, g.

The second game was played in the High School gymnasium between the Pickups and Senior III. The Pickups are:

Helmi Janiksela, c.; Nadja Kashevaroff, f.; Marian Summers, f.; Sybil Campbell, g.; Frances Nowell, g.

The game was very good, having few fouls and good passing.

Immediately after the first half of the girls' game, the boys played the first half of theirs. After the two games, the winning teams were entertained at the home of Mrs. Cragg, and the losing teams at the home of Miss Jones. The four teams had a very enjoyable evening.





Boys' Athletics

The boys' athletics have been greatly handicapped this year. In the first place, they had no regular coach, and therefore no effort was made to drill a football squad. Mr. Sparks endeavored to instruct the boys in basketball, but his time was limited and he was unable to give any of it to the boys of the Junior High School. This handicap was offset somewhat, however, by a course in Military training, which was made compulsory for all the boys of the seventh and eighth grades, and was left open to all other students of the High School who wished to enter the class.

Professor Sparks resigned at the end of the first month of school. Then the influenza epidemic cut out a large portion of the basketball season, but under all these difficulties, and with the assistance of Miss Jones, the girls' instructor in gymnasium, the boys were able to get together two teams, a Junior High and a Senior High team. A series of three games was arranged, but only two were played. The first was played on the twenty-fourth of January, and ended with a score of 22 to 20 in favor of the Seniors. The second was scheduled for February the fifteenth and this time the Juniors carried off the honors, the score being 15 to 17, in their favor. This game completed the boys' basketball season.

Under the direction of Mr. James F. Hurley, the Military Drill Class has made much progress and the boys are very enthusiastic about the work. Every effort is being put forth in order that they may make a good showing at the exhibition, which is to be given April the eleventh.

When the Juneau Home Guards disbanded this Winter a sum of approximately one thousand dollars was turned over to the Military Drill Class, with which to purchase uniforms. It is hoped that the uniforms will be here for the exhibition.

—Charles Perelle, '21.



Domestic Science

There is no branch of the Juneau High School that is making more rapid and satisfactory progress than the Domestic Science Class under the able and painstaking supervision of Miss Essie May Jones.

The work of this term in cooking has included the cooking and serving of luncheons to the faculty and hot lunches to the students on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

On Thursdays and Fridays the class receive instructions in sewing, where many practical garments are made.

The students derive much pleasure and profit in the preparation and serving of the luncheons, and the practical work in the sewing class will be of great value to the students throughout their lives.

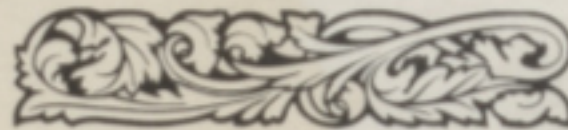
A special luncheon was given to the School Board and the class also served a very dainty luncheon to the wives of the School Board, the faculty, and the mothers of the class members.

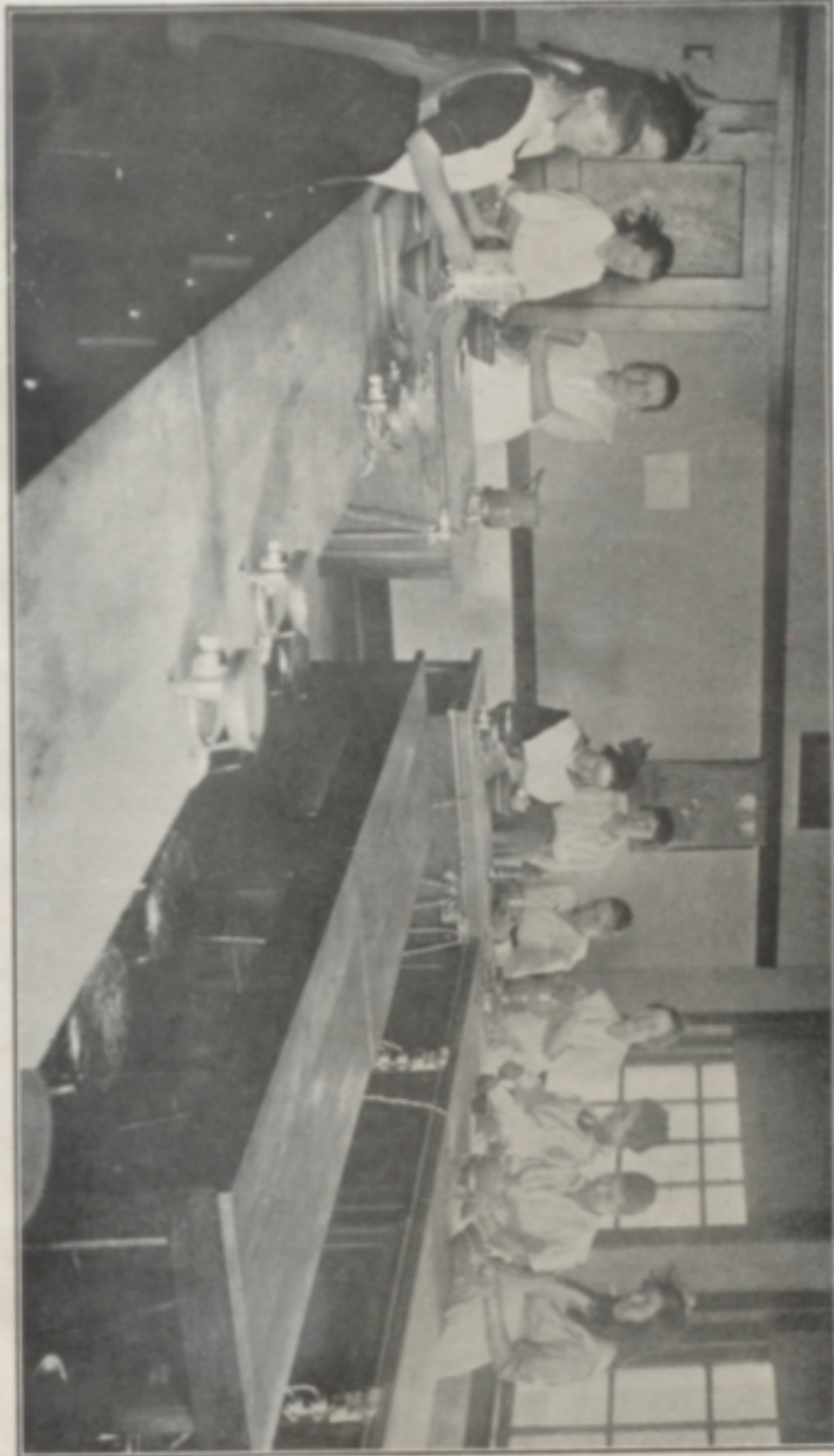
The most charming and elaborate luncheon of the year was served on April 9th. to the Educational Committees of the Territorial Legislature and of the City Council. The dining room and table were attractively decorated with the Allied flags and the place cards also bore the colors of the Allied Nations. The students who served were: Anita Garnick, Lydia Kashevaroff, Irene Nelson, Venetia Pugh, Jessie Mock and Helmi Janiksela.

The following menu was served: Fruit cocktail, Chicken a la King, Vienna Roll Potatoes, Pea Patties, Parker House Rolls, Perfection salad, Ice Cream, Sponge Cake, Coffee and Nuts.

Plans for the future work of the Domestic Science Class are being perfected to such a degree that the students are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to resuming work during the next term of school.

—Jessie Mock, '22.







Junior High School

The Junior High School has successfully completed another school year. It has joined in all social and athletic functions with the true J. H. S. spirit. In athletics the Junior High made a good record, winning almost all the games played between the Junior and Senior High.

The officers of the student body are:

President	Edward Peltret
Vice Pres.	Wayne Summers
Sec'y.-Treas.	Jessie Mock
Yell Leader	Lydia Kashevaroff

The Junior III. officers are:

President	James McNaughton
Sec'y.-Treas.	Lydia Kashevaroff

COLORS

Orange and Black

MOTTO

Just Launched But Not Anchored

FLOWER

Marigold

Junior II. officers are:

President	Everett Nowell
Vice Pres.	Ralph Waggoner
Sec'y.	Ellis Kimball
Treas.	Alice Case

The girls took an active part in the gymnasium course offered and the boys in the Military Drill. They were well represented in the exhibition given at the end of the year.

Their social affairs were all delightful, and enjoyed by everyone. The three biggest social affairs were the Freshman Hop, the party given by the Junior II's, and the one given by the Junior I's.

Lydia Kashevaroff, '22.



JUNIOR III



JUNIOR II



JUNIOR 1

JOKES



(A Friend) Are you going to the M. D. C.?
(Donald C.) No! ! !
(Friend) Ah, come on, why not?
(Donald C.) My dad won't let me put my arms around the girls. :-

Mrs. Cragg left the English room and the class began to talk and make a little noise. When she returned she said:
"I once had an English Class of Sophomores who went right on with their work when I was delayed twenty minutes."
(Emmett C.) Gosh! I bet they heard you coming."

Miss Nelson told three boys to make sentences about beef, pork and mutton.
The first said: "I had roast beef for supper."
The next said: "Butcher shops sell pork."
The third said: "I saw Mutton Jeff at the show last night."

(Sybil C.) My beau is now Chief on the Sub Chaser 309.
(Marion) Huh! Chief cook? ! !

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat,
And soon after that
He buried his clothes—what a pity!
(Billy) Why does a lemon pie resemble a slacker?
(Jim) Because it's yellow all the way through and hasn't enough crust to go "over the top."

FEMMER & RITTER, COAL, FEED AND DRAYING

FEMMER & RITTER, COAL, FEED AND DRAYING

(Hoolahan) I'm going to raise your rent.
(O'Rourke) Be Jabbers, I'm glad of that, Sorr. I'll be darned if I can.

(Dr.) Did your former physican give you a diagnosis, madam?
(Madam) No, doctor, he only gave me iron, but I'm willing to take one if you think it will do me any good.

(Confidentially—Deep)
(Belle) You musn't hug me in public, Bud.
(Buddy) That's all right; the law allows the freedom of the press, doesn't it?

(Lance) I never heard of anybody drinking cold coffee.
Miss B.) Oh, you're so childish.
(Lance) That's a fact!

INDEPENDENT MEAT MARKET

(Gilbert H. to Miss McLaughlin on hall duty.) We don't have to take off our rubbers today, do we?

(Miss McLaughlin, with her Irish wit) No, not today, we do that every other day to kid the janitor along.

Say, will Grover Winn if Pearl Duncan Helps?

(Senior High Business Meeting) Bright young Freshie—"I move we put Gib Hodges on the basketball team as center."

(Restaurant Proprietor the Chef) I'm afraid you have put a little too much veal in this chicken salad.

(Chef) It's all veal sir. Shall I put in a little chicken?

(Proprietor) Certainly not. Put in some feathers and if any guests say veal to me, I'll ask him if he ever saw a calf with wings.

(Senior) What's the matter?

(Soph) Just swallowed 15c. Can't you notice the change in me?

MISS WAHLGREEN'S NEEDLE-CRAFT SHOP

The Engravings for this Publication

were manufactured by the latest acid
blast machine etched process, by

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45 FOURTH STREET

PORTLAND, OREGON

(First Gent) Let's return. Miss Altherage has begun to sung.
(Second Gent) Thanks. Rawther be excused.
(First Gent) What! Refuse homage to the belle of the ball?
(Second Gent) Not at all. It's the bawl of the belle I have no
homage for.

Limerics

Prices, Oh Prices,
What makes you so high?
Prices, Oh Prices,
My pocket book's shy.
Prices, Oh Prices,
I beg you go down,
Or I'll be the poorest person in town.
—James McNaughton, '22.

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet,
Hoarding a pound of sugar,
Along came Herb Hoover and quickly did moov'r
And took her good sugar away.
—James McNaughton, '22.

OLD KING COLE
Had an unpatriotic soul,
No Hooverizing for he!
For he called for his sugar,
And he called for his cream,
All for his coffe and tea.
—Jessie Mock, '22.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
The Government wanted their wool
It soared so high
It touched the sky,
And now we'll know the reason why!

The High Cost of Living sat on the wall,
The High Cost of Living took a great fall.
And all the king's horses and all the king's men
Thought High Cost of Living was done for then.
But along came another war and, Oh Gorr!
Up went High Cost of Living same as before!
—Anita Garnick, '22.

Mary had a little ham
And she did treasure it so,
That every where that Mary went
She took that ham for show,
But now with prices going down
No more you see that ham.
For Mary ate it long ago,
Both she and little Sam.
—(Lydia Kashevaroff, '22.

FEMMER & RITTER, COAL, FEED AND DRAYING



Alumni

- 1904—Ethelyn Kennedy, nee Ebner, resides in Berkeley, California.
Grover C. Winn, is married and practicing law in Juneau.
- 1905—Crystal Jenny, nee Snow, resides in Juneau.
- 1906—Francis Ross, nee Hammond; married a Naval officer and is living in Annapolis.
Francis Nelding, nee Shepard; is residing in Jerome, Arizona.
- 1907—Edna Dow, teaching school in Washington.
Edward Kennedy, deceased.
- 1908—Brilliant Carpenter, nee Olds; is now making her home in Juneau.
Juanita Anderson, nee Anderson; is living in Seldovia.
Robert Cragg; is married and living in Juneau where he holds a position with the Alaska Steamship Co.
William Casey; married and residing in Juneau as Chief Deputy Marshal of First Division.
Walter Rayseyer; resides in Seattle.
- 1909—Blossom Price, nee Cragg; widowed, graduate nurse living in Portland, Oregon.
Thomas Cole; married and living in Waterville, Washington.
Charles Johnson; has a position as an engineer with the Latouche Mining Co., at Latouche, Alaska.
David Christoe; married, and living in Douglas, Alaska.
Albert Rapp; is at Port Chattham, Alaska.
Edward Christoe; married and living in Seattle.
Cecelia McLaughlin; stenographer, U. S. Land Office, Juneau, Alaska.
Cecelia Haried, nee Tibbets; is teaching school in Mineral, Washington.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

- 1910—Mina Johnson, nee Sowerby; resides in Latouche, Alaska.
Ora Radel, nee Morgan; is living in Latouche, Alaska.
Helen Denny; bacteriologist, New York City.
Carrie Bjorge, nee George; resides at Wrangell, Alaska.
Clement Riley; deceased.
- 1911—Carl Brown; Manager of Northern Life Insurance Co., Boise, Idaho.
Harry Harper; living in Minnesota.
- 1912—Frank Caraway; residing in Seattle, Washington.
- 1915—Peter Johnson; has a position at Chichagof, Alaska.
Paul Carpenter; married, in service in France.
Charles Wortman; left Alaska recently for San Francisco.
Leslie George; resides in Juneau, Alaska.
Chester Tripp; in service.
Mamie King, nee Morgan; resides in Eagle Rock, California.
- 1914—Thelma Ninnis; teaching school in Eugene, Oregon.
Edward Beattie; in service at Fort Gibbon, Alaska.
Alma White, nee Sowerby; resides in Latouche, Alaska.
George Nelson; is attending the University of Washington.
Charles Sabin; living in Juneau, where he holds a position in the Postoffice.
- 1915—Burdette Winn; working at assay office, Thane, Alaska.
Anna McLaughlin; is teaching school in Juneau.
Almond Richards; is attending Berkeley University.
Cyril Kashevaroff; married and living in San Francisco.
Heimi Aalto; teaching school in Douglas, Alaska.
Paul Thompson; living in Seattle, Washington.
- 1916—Hazel Jaeger; is in Oakland, California attending Mills College.
Mary Connor; is residing in Juneau.
Waino Hendrickson; returning to Juneau from Camp Grant.
Cladys Tripp; resides in Oakland, California.
Luella Gilpatrick; living in Sitka, Alaska.
Ruth Umstead; is making her home at Redondo Beach, California.
Eugene Nelson; attending the University of Washington.
Suzanne McLaughlin; stenographer in Seattle, Washington.
Margaret Dudley; attending Nursing School in Chicago.
Lilly Korkonen; is living in Seattle.
Charles Skuse; is living on his ranch at Mendenhall, Alaska.
Garnet Lahr, nee Laughlin; is living at Annex Creek, Alaska.
Helen Troy; reporter Alaska Daily Empire, Juneau, Alaska.
Simpson McKinnon; is attending Naval Academy at Annapolis.
- 1917—William Taschek; is in service at Fort William H. Seward.
Emma Louise Sherman; resides in Juneau.
Dorothy Haley; is living in Juneau.
James McCloskey; has a position with the Canadian Pacific Steamship Co., in Juneau.
Lillian Collins; has a position in Juneau Postoffice.

1918—Joseph Acklen; is in Sitka, Alaska.
Helen Smith; attending University of California.
Harold Koskey; died of Spanish Influenza shortly after entering
the service.
Olive LaBounty; Clerk in Senate, Legislature, Juneau, Alaska.
Wilbur K. Burford; attending U. C., Berkeley, Calif.
Francis Ptack; attending Berkeley University.
Roberta Coryell; stenographer in Seattle, Washington.
Madge Case; is living in Juneau with her parents.
Joseph McLaughlin; has a position with Treadwell Co., Tread-
well, Alaska.
Rena Ellinger, stenographer for Hellenthal & Hellenthal, in
Juneau.
Rose McLaughlin; attending Success Business College, Seattle,
Washington.
John Meier; has a position in Engineering Department, Per-
severance, Alaska.
Elvira Wiitanen; resides in Douglas, Alaska.

—Vivian Sparling





Exchange

The exchange department is always an interesting and important department, for through this we learn our faults as well as our good points. This year the exchange department is not what it should have been, owing to the fact that last year the exchanges were misplaced and unfortunately we were left with very little material with which to work. Several exchanges were received this year. We acknowledge the following:

The "Taboma," Tacoma, Washington. A very good book. The cartoons are especially good. Your Christmas number contains excellent stories.

The "Shield," Haddonfield, N. J. Your book is among the best of our exchanges. We should like to hear from you again.

Willamette "Collegian," Salem, Oregon. An excellent weekly paper. We hope to hear from you again in the near future.

The "Ursa Manor," Fairbanks, Alaska. This is decidedly a most interesting annual and we look forward with pleasure to your next issue.

The "X-Ray," Sacramento, California. This paper displays real school spirit; it shows plenty of pep and many interesting articles which are well written. Both girls and boys seem to be strong for athletics. We hope you will come again.

The "Crimson and White," Albany, New York. Your literary department is worthy of praise; it is very complete. "Sense of Humor" is an exceptionally entertaining department. Come again.

The "Clarion," Salem, Oregon. Your papers are especially good. We shall be glad to exchange with you again.

—Gertrude Nelson, '19.

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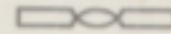
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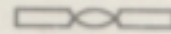
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MILL,

Thane, Alaska

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This is an expression of thanks which the students of the Juneau High School extend to the following business men and firms for the assistance rendered in the publication of the 1919 Toison:

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Goldstein's Emporium	Simpson & Wright, Inc.
Alaska Electric Light & Power Co.	Juneau Music House
Alaska Auto & Supply Co.	The Alaska Grill
Arctic Barber Shop	Sanitary Grocery
Alaska Soda Works	Frye-Bruhn Company
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Juneau Florists	Bergmann's
Juneau Billiard Co.	F. A. Galwas
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