

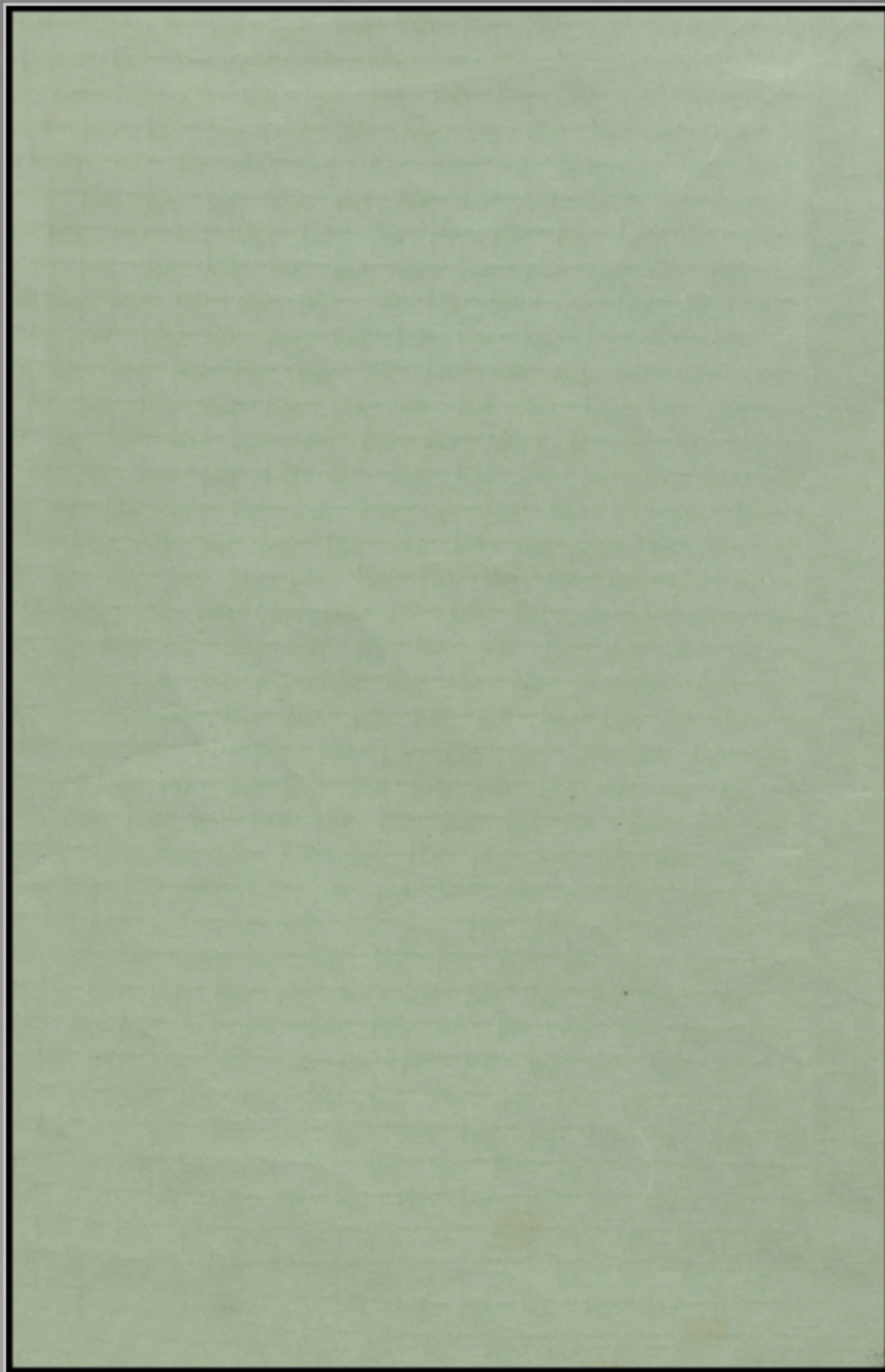
# TOTEM

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS  
OF THE  
JUNEAU PUBLIC SCHOOL

JUNEAU, ALASKA





# TOTEM

1 9 2 1

*Fifteenth Annual  
Number*



*Published by the Students  
of the  
JUNEAU PUBLIC SCHOOL  
JUNEAU, ALASKA*

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*DEDICATION*

*To Mr. and Mrs. John E.  
Lanz, who have done so  
much toward raising the  
scholarship of the Juneau  
Public School, and who  
have contributed so much  
to the success of this vol-  
ume, we respectfully dedi-  
cate "THE TOTEM."*

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*The Scarlet and Black*

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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 glammers all about us,  
And to them our vows we plight,  
Still our hearts shall best triumphant  
As we turn our memories back  
To those days we spent in High School  
'Neath the Scarlet and the Black.

*C O N T E N T S*

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*EDITORIALS*

*FACULTY*

*CLASSES*

*JUNIOR HIGH*

*ORGANIZATIONS*

*LITERARY*

*ATHLETICS*

*SOCIETY*

*FEATURES*





JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL



*Totem Staff*

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Assistant Editor.....	Jessie Mock
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Joke Editor.....	John Janiksela

In publishing the Fifteenth Annual Volume of the "Totem," we are trying to present to the public as clear an idea of our school life as possible. We hope that it will bring interest and enjoyment to all those who read it as well as pleasant and tender memories to all our former schoolmates who have left this institution to engage in the conflict with life. We will feel very grateful if it accomplishes at least some of these things for it means a lot to know that some enjoyment and cheer can be gained from these humble pages.

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From the standpoint of "Class Spirit" there has been nothing to be desired in the Juneau High School this year. All activities of the various classes have been supported strongly and actively





# Juneau-Douglas City Museum

and nothing has been too hard or too ambitious for the classes to attempt. Each individual class and its members have striven to become the best in the school. There has been a keen but friendly rivalry between all the various classes and "spirit" is a word that means something to them. This is just as it should be, for without "Class Spirit," all school life would be a failure and would leave no impression in the minds of the students. But with the strong feeling of loyalty and affection for one's class there grows a deeper and more permanent love for the school and a clearer understanding of its real meaning to us, and in the future we hope that there will be just as much "spirit" as there has been this year.

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To the Juneau Public School curriculum has been added the new and interesting subject of Alaska History. There is certainly no subject in the world more fascinating and interesting than the history, laws, customs, and life of this splendid territory of ours. This subject is also beneficial, for it is our duty to gain an intimate knowledge of our country up here and it deserves a place in our course of study. Altho textbooks are lacking now, much valuable and clear information can be gleaned from the government books and pamphlets and from them a fine idea of the history of Alaska can be gained. We hope that next year will see a much larger enrollment in this noteworthy and instructive course.

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This year has seen the completion of all plans for one of the most needed and most beneficial matters which has come up for several years. Committee have been appointed and arrangements made for the furnishing and providing amusements for a club room. Altho little use can be made of the room this year, a great amount of work has been done to make it a very important item of the next term's attention. The various committees have met and made all arrangements for matters coming under their jurisdiction and by the first of the next school year, the room should be already for use. No better place than the former fifth grade room could have been chosen for the quarters of the club and with pretty drapes, comfortable furniture, and various amusements there will be nothing to retard the success and pleasure gained from this room. For a long time it has been a problem, this lack of a proper place for recreation, but now a place will be provided, where the high school students can gather and under proper supervision amuse themselves in many different ways. This should and certainly will be the means of keeping the pupils in the proper atmosphere as well as developing a high type of "School Spirit."



We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all the citizens of Juneau, who have in various ways, helped contribute to the success of this annual. The business men who have advertised, the citizens who have bought the book, and the other people who supported us so well, are especially deserving of thanks. There is no place in the United States where a school is better supported or school affairs so much encouraged by the people as in the city of Juneau.

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WE THANK YOU.



*FACULTY*

JOHN E. LANZ, A.B.  
City Superintendent of  
Schools

MRS. J. E. LANZ, A.B.  
Principal  
Senior High School



MISS MARIE A. NELSON  
Principal  
Junior High School

MISS BERTHA PARK, A.B.  
English, History,  
Latin



*FACULTY*

MISS ASTRID ULLELAND, A.B.

Junior High School, History  
Senior High School

MRS. L. D. HENDERSON, A.B.

Commercial, Spanish



MR. A. B. PHILLIPS

Manual Training  
Physical Education

MISS HELEN SMITH, B.S.

Domestic Science  
Home Economics

MISS LUCILLE SAXTON, A.B.

Mathematics  
Physical Education

## Senior III



Twelve years ago a number of little tots entered the primary grade of the Juneau School all thinking that some day they would be Seniors in the High School which seemed to them then very far away. Well fate had it so that 1921 was the year for graduation of this class but, sad to say there were but six of the members of long ago, tho all during the years others had entered the ranks where some had fallen out.

Laura McCloskey, Lance Hendrickson, Marie Goldstein, Ideal Hendrickson, Charles Perelle and Ben Burford were the favored six and the others who joined at different intervals were: Marian Summers, James Bussey, Florence Casey, Kathleen Ward and Honorah Kelly.

All thru High School the Class of '21 has tried to make their class the best in the High School and now that it is time to leave Alma Mater they do so with a light heart all knowing that they have done their duty and to the best of their ability have taken possession of the advantages offered them. This last year has been one of study, athletics and social events combined. Four of the girls held positions on the first basketball team of the High School and received letters for their service. Two of the boys were awarded letters for both football and basketball, these two boys also were members of the orchestra. The majority of the members of the senior class held offices on the "Totem" staff. Four offices of the Girls' Glee Club were filled by the Seniors. Student body offices were also filled by the Seniors.

The first social event given by the Seniors was the banquet in honor of the football team, the Senior Girls presiding, in the Domestic Science rooms at the school. On December 5th a sleigh ride party was given by the class followed by a dancing party at the school. February 5th was the date of the "Kids" party given in honor of the Seniors by the class advisor, Miss Park. Two weeks



later the much talked of Progressive dinner was held with the courses served at the following homes: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Perelle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Casey, The Gastineau Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Summers. After which Mr. and Mrs. John Spickett entertained with a theatre party at the "Palace." Mr. and Mrs. John E. Lanz entertained with a dinner and card party. During the month of March hiking and skating parties were held which proved very popular with the class. On March 27th a surprise party was given at the home of Ben Burford. Then came the Senior Ball which concluded the social doings of the class of '21.

On April 22nd the Senior play was presented at the Coliseum Theatre. "The Man on the Box" was chosen unanimously by the members of the class who put forth every effort to make the play a success. The play cast included the following Seniors: Lance Hendrickson, Ideal Hendrickson, Charles Perelle, Marian Summers, Ben Burford, Florence Casey, James Bussey and Honorah Kelly.

The Seniors by their unity in class spirit have had success in all their undertakings and it is with a feeling of regret that they say Good Bye to the Juneau High School.

The officers of the Senior Class were as follows:

President .....	Charles Perelle
Vice-President .....	Lance Hendrickson
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Ideal Hendrickson
Class Historian .....	Honorah Kelly
Class Advisor .....	Miss Park

CLASS COLOR  
Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER  
Wistaria

CLASS YELL  
Fe fi fo fum  
We're the class of '21  
Let's fight and see them run  
Fe fi fo fum

CLASS MOTTO  
"Find a Way or Make it"

Honorah Kelly '21

# Juneau-Douglas City Museum



An Ideal student, and Ideal friend;  
Whatever her problems, she's always  
the same;  
Toward higher Ideals is always her  
trend.  
Could any have found a more suitable  
name?



Charles Perelle is our efficiency man,  
The best stage manager, devices to  
plan.  
In football season he oft did excel,  
And if we had space, more virtues  
we'd tell.



When you look at this picture need you  
be told,  
That Laura has a heart of gold?  
And think what a wonderful nurse she  
will be  
To cure the ills of humanity.



Sensible, dignified, steady alway;  
But don't think from this that she  
cannot be gay.  
Her dark, wistful beauty can always be  
seen  
'Bout the High School in Juneau—  
sweet Marie Goldstein.



With the basketball team and the foot-  
ball squad  
Has Lance Hendrickson played with  
all to applaud.  
Early morning orchestra practice is part  
of the plan  
Of our good-natured, lovable, butter-  
fly man.



We now come to Florence, a mischiev-  
ous miss,  
Though she has her good qualities,  
nevertheless;  
We think she is planning a college  
career,  
And we hope she will have the suc-  
cess she had here.



# Juneau-Douglas City Museum



Of Marian Summers a lot we might  
tell;  
On the basketball team she performed  
very well;  
She's a dashing young thing, and loves  
social affairs,  
Though in school you would think  
she was loaded with cares.



This handsome boy has an ambition an  
engineer to be.  
Into abstruse mathematical things he  
can see.  
But Spanish to Ben is a real hoodoo,  
And oft does he dream of that  
bugaboo.



The Totem artist here you see,  
As clever as clever as girl can be.  
A great career, she is traveling toward,  
Our beautiful senior, Kathleen Ward.



Another bright Senior, we're tickled to  
say,  
Is Honorah Kelly, from over the way;  
Her talent in drama will carry her far,  
Though she doesn't aspire to be more  
than a star.



Now, James Bussy, as usual, will take  
up some space,  
Though we cannot give more than his  
share;  
In athletics this year he has earned  
quite a place,  
But over-work he cannot bear.



## Class Will.

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1921 of the Juneau High School, Juneau, Alaska, being in sound mind and good health, and under no person's influence, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

### ARTICLE I.

Section I.—To the Senior II. Class we leave our ability to hike, our "pep" and our originality, also our power to agree with each other at class meetings.

Section II.—The "Kewpie" mascot which was bequeathed to us by the Class of 1920 we leave to the Senior II.'s, suggesting that they in turn leave it to the Senior I.'s.

### ARTICLE II.

Section I.—To Mr. and Mrs. Lanz we bequeath an exclusive monopoly on pink slips. We beg Miss Smith as our last wish that she take pity on Mr. Lanz when he reaches the good old age of sixty years and present to him her "specks."

Section II.—To one who we know will make good use of it we leave our ability to have a good time and our life long friendship to Miss Park.

Section III.—To the teachers as a whole we bequeath our undying love of school work and our dignity.

### ARTICLE III.

The following we do bequeath individually:

Section I.—I, Ideal Hendrickson, do bequeath: To "Red" Fortney my "Idealness." To Howard Cast, I leave my gracefulness and jazzing tendency. My abundance of hair to Stanley Jorgenson.

Section II.—I, Charles Perelle, leave to Arden Peabody, my ability of stage directing. To Jim McNaughton, my "wonderful" penmanship, and my curly hair to Stewart Holt.

Section III.—I, Marie Goldstein, do bequeath the following: To Henry Bradley, my efficiency in bluffing thru classes constantly. To Hoe Slade my emotional expression, and my black hair dye to Alice Case.

Section IV.—I, Marian Summers, do appoint Dorothy Stearns to care for "Elly." I leave my melodious voice to Beatrice Benson. To Florence Koskey, I bequeath my walk.



Section V.—I, Ben Burford, leave Lillian Oja, my eyebrows and eyelashes providing she does not use "Mascara" to curl them. To Curtis Shattuck, my skill to argue. To Eva Tripp, I bequeath my complete knowledge of English including such expressions as "that there," "this here" etc.

Section VI.—I, Honorah Kelly, bequeath my "vampy" eyes to Leonard Holmquist. To Legia Kashevaroff, my "fatness." To Jacob Britt, my height so that it will be more convenient for him to pick "Lilies."

Section VII.—I, Laura McCloskey, leave my supremacy in gymnastics to Helmi Janiksela. To Virginia Shattuck, my art of flirting. To Wayne Summers, my "kinky" locks.

Section VIII.—I, James Bussey, do bequeath my quiet disposition to Irene Nelson. To Howard Case, my good standing with the girls. To Lily Perelle, my dainty feet. To Billie Kirkland, my avoirdupois knowing he will value it.

Section IX.—I, Kathleen Ward, do bequeath and leave my rosy cheeks to Tecla Jorgenson so that she will not have to turn white when occasion arrives but will be able to really blush. To Earl Hunter, my artistic ability. To Donald Haley, my patience. (To decorate my pencils, books, etc.)

Section X.—I, Lance Hendrickson, do leave my spunk to Anita Garnick. To Maud Peabody, the "naughty little twinkle in my eyes." To William Clark, my dimples.

Section XI.—I, Florence Casey, do bequeath my "checker-board" skirt to Miss Nelson. To Lucille Bathe, my memory of "Bud" Smith. My habit to stay up late to Eva Ward. My giggles to Carrie Webster.

We do hereby constitute and appoint W. W. Casey, Sr., Secretary of the School Board the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness hereof, we do hereunto set our hands and affix the seal of the class, this 10th day of May, 1921.

Florence Casey, '21.

## Class Prophecy.

---

Palm Beach,  
June 10, 1932

It has been the most wonderful day, just brim full of surprises. Just to see the dear old class really made me feel young again, they were there every single one of them, just as we had planned on our graduation day. Some of them traveled far to get here, but they did so with a will, and they're just the same jolly crowd as ever.

I didn't think Ideal Hendrickson would come, for, since her rich aunt died and left her a fortune, Ideal has been the society belle in New York, and it must have been an effort for her to tear herself away just at the height of the social season, which might spoil all her future prospects.

Charles Perelle entertained us a good deal with his football talk. He certainly has made a success of life. To think that just as soon as he graduated from the University of Washington, where he played quarter-back on the Varsity team, he was offered the position of football coach at Harvard and the boys tell me he is doing wonderful work. Oh, it was so good to see Marian Summers again. She came all the way from Anchorage, Alaska, where she has been postmistress for the past five years. Marian always was terribly fond of letters, stamps and other such things. It would be impossible for me to forget (even if I didn't record it in this diary) the shock I got this morning while standing in front of the Hotel. I saw a large dignified lady step out of an auto followed by six of the cutest little boys and girls I had ever seen. Behind them came a tall thin gentleman whom I knew at a glance was an Englishman and if I was not mistaken a Lord of some kind. Being curious I looked closer and—will wonders never cease—it was Kathleen Ward who is now Lady—Oh, I never could attempt the name. Katy went abroad to get a husband—we always did think Katy was terribly particular. I can imagine Marie Goldstein establishing a boarding school for girls in Florida. Katy Ward said she would send all her children to Marie to be educated just as soon as they were old enough, even the boys. And Florence Casey a Domestic Science teacher! Some people thought that she would go on the stage but my private opinion is that Florence believes the old proverb about "the way to reach a man's heart."

Who would have dreamed that Ben Burford would be a famous musician? But he is, and just as soon as his visit is over he will leave for a trip to Poland for a conference with the



venerable old Paderewski, and he is also to give a series of concerts in Europe.

I am so glad Laura McCloskey passed the examination at the Chicago Clinic. Since she got over the habit of giving people ether instead of water, they say she makes a wonderful nurse. Jim Bussey, mayor of Reno! Whatever made Jim choose Reno as his home. He told me very confidentially that he expects to be the Republican candidate for the next Presidential election. I am glad we have one politician in the class. Lance Hendrickson came to the beach in his racer last night. When I saw him I really believed what I had been told about Lance being the successor of Douglas Fairbanks. Ideal said that when Lance's pictures are shown in Alaska all the old timers just flock to see them.

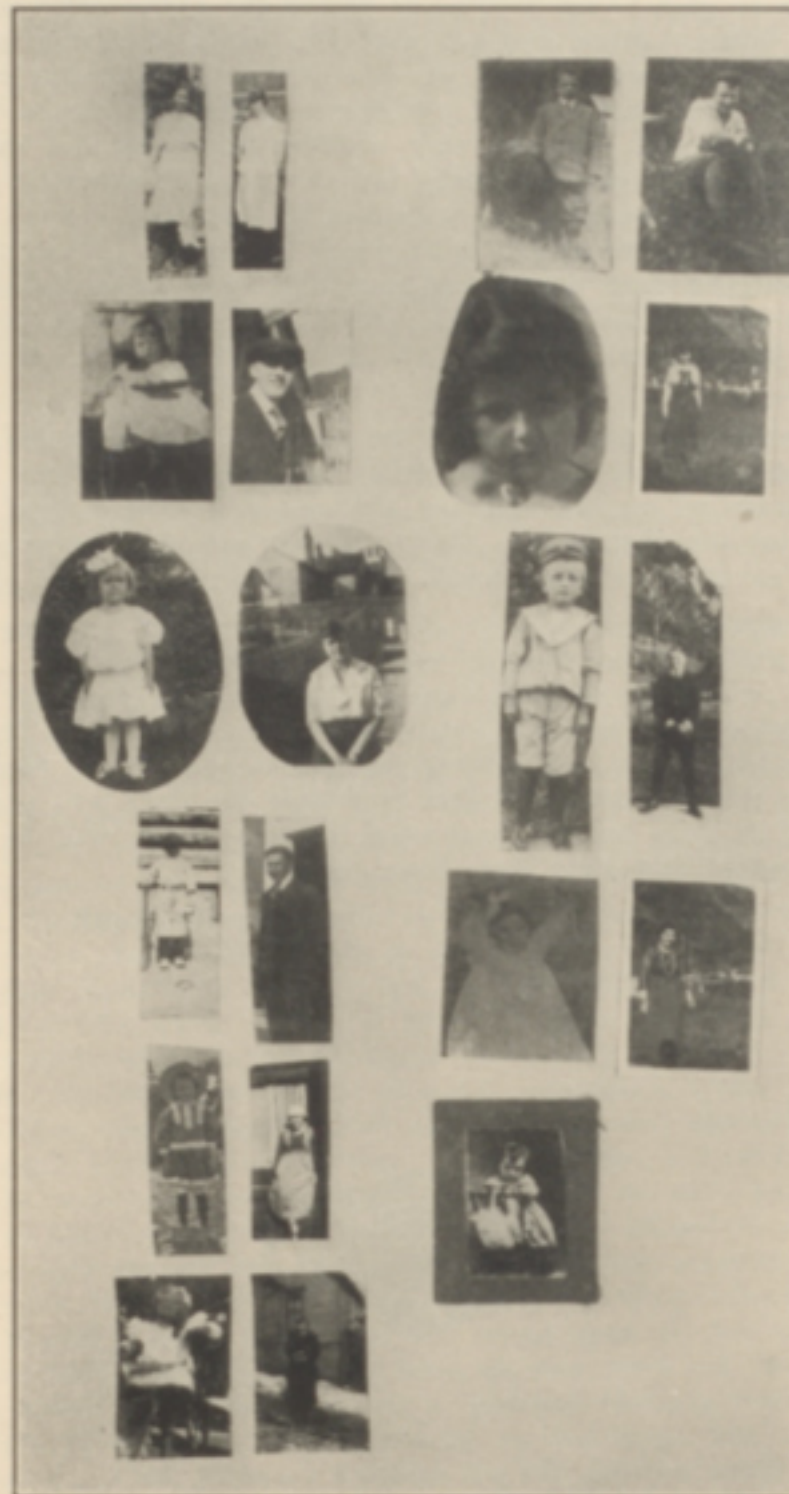
It must have been an effort for Miss Park (I can't get into the habit of calling her Mrs. Mills) to come all the way back from Europe where she and her husband and family have been visiting for the past month, just to attend our class reunion but she told me that her heart would always be with the class of '21.

Of course I had to tell them all about my teaching the grimmy little Indians for ten years up at Point Barrow. They were all so willing to contribute to the home for disabled prize fighters which had been the height of my ambition to establish.

Now little book, you hold all my secrets and I'll tell you just one more thing tonight and that is I hope the days will just fly by till it is time for our next class reunion which will be just three hundred and sixty days from today.

Honorah Kelly, '21.







### *Seniors--Past and Present*

---

#### First Row, Reading Down

##### KATHLEEN WARD

England won its place as the foremost nation of the old world when this fair lassie first blinked under its banner. But the call of Alaska was too strong for her to resist and she is now boosting for Uncle Sam.

##### BEN BURFORD

All the totem poles in Alaska fell forward on their faces in humble worship of this fair youth who today proves to be one of our most valuable nuggets.

##### MARIAN SUMMERS

She came from Missouri. Her early childhood was spent roaming these fair hills and she was as merry as her name. If the State is a Barometer of musical knowledge, Marian certainly has reached the height.

##### JAMES BUSSEY

Because of the birth of this young man the canyons and mountains clapped their hands and Colorado took one huge leap forward because of the event. But now as you travel through Colorado you can hear moans and weeps which tell you how his departure to the wonderful land of the North has effected them.

##### IDEAL HENDRICKSON

Years ago when this frontier country of the North was given the honor to have this wee one among its population, little did it think a child so full of mischievous pranks would develop into the charming young lady so full of truth and loyalty.

##### LAURA McCLOSKEY

When this little blond was brought into the world the only rival she had was the sun, and we owe all our sunny days to her continual smiles.

#### Second Row, Reading Down

##### CHARLES PERELLE

When he was born the flags of the city were raised high in honor of the little one. Even in his youngest days his true genius was visible.

##### FLORENCE CASEY

In Snohomish a girl was born, yes, don't get excited, of course she was born and at a perfectly definite date which for her sake as well as our own we will not expose. A great contrast is now noticed in life. This young girl who yesterday made "Mud Pies," now makes "Peachy Pies."

##### LANCE HENDRICKSON

When the picturesque little home was blessed with the one and only "son" how very little did they comprehend his winning ways and striking personality would develop into the influential and popular young man of today.

##### MARIE GOLDSTEIN

Juneau was overjoyed with the arrival of a chubby little girl who later grew to be a dark-eyed beauty who will cause great havoc among the race of men.

##### HONORAH KELLY

Another Alaskan came into our midst, she was a joyous, smiling, pretty, little one. When she became known the Ferry System was instituted for her benefit, so it enabled her to be one of us.



1-9-2-2

We're the class that puts thing thru,  
We're the class that's never blue.

1-9-2-2

The class of 1922 has again demonstrated its ability, to keep its reputation of pep and scholarship. This year has been a success along all lines of school activities.

All the boys of the class were members of the football squad, LeRoy Vestal being captain and distinguishing himself greatly. Allen Fortney was captain on the Boy's basketball team and LeRoy Vestal was also an active member. The Girls' basketball team was also headed by a Junior, Helmi Janiksela, who led her team to victory over Douglas. Another Junior, Lillian Oja, was a valuable addition to the team.

The Junior class was well represented on the "Totem" staff this year, six members—Jim McNaughton, Jessie Mock, Allen Fortney, Stanley Jorgenson, Carol Webster and Helmi Janiksela, holding positions on the staff. LeRoy Vestal was President of the Student Body for the first semester.

We showed a great ability in amateur theatricals—our first programme given in the Auditorium was a caricature of the Faculty. The second programme consisted of various short numbers, among them a short college sketch written by Jessie Mock of the class.

Sleigh rides were very popular among the classes during the winter, and the Juniors were one of the first to avail themselves





of this delightful pastime. Hiking was also enjoyed by the Juniors this year.

The Junior Prom was one of the most successful ever given by a Junior class. The Elks' Hall was attractively decorated with orange and black streamers and presented a delightful effect to the merry dancers.

The Junior Class lost two members this year, Allen Shattuck who died in January and LeRoy Vestal who quit school to take a position as Librarian of the District Court. Another member, Kathleen Ward, having enough credits at the end of the first semester to become a Senior, joined that class and graduated this year.

#### CLASS OFFICERS

Jim McNaughton .....President  
Irene Nelson .....Vice-President  
Stanley Jorgenson .....Secretary-Treasurer

#### CLASS FLOWER

Marigold

#### CLASS COLORS

Orange and Black

#### CLASS MOTTO

"Launched but not anchored."

—J. M. and J. McN, '22.



*"Souls diverse out of our human sight,  
Pass, followed with love and wonder."*

*Charles Swinburne.*

*Allen Swineford Shattuck*



The Sophomore Class had at the begining of the year enrollment of twenty-two pupils; Bert Caro having since left for California.

During the winter the class had a sleigh-ride which was a very jolly affair; after the ride a lunch was served in the Domestic Science Room. The class also enjoyed two hikes out on the Salmon Creek Road. A large bonfire was built and potatoes baked, and weiners and marshmallows roasted. After the feed, games were played and we returned home about nine thirty.

The class has given two programs this year which have proven very successful, the first one being a mixed program and the second one, shadow acting.

In Athletics the Sophomores have played a very prominent part. Those who won football letters were: Jacob Britt, James Barragar, Bert Caro, John Janiksela and William Clark; Stewart Holt and Arden Peabody were subs.

In basketball two Sophomores won letters; James Barragar and Jacob Britt being the honored ones. Two other boys from the class were subs on the first team.

In the inter-class games the Sophomores won two games and lost one, and in the track meet given in the Gymnasium the Sophomores took third place, the Freshmen beating them by one and one half points for second place, and the Seniors winning first place by three and one half points.

The Sophomore Girls in a tournament with the Seniors won one game and lost two. Florence Koskey and Eva Tripp were subs on the first team in basketball.

#### CLASS OFFICERS

President .....	James Barragar
Vice-President .....	Stewart Holt
Secretary and Treasurer .....	Wayne Summers
Class Advisor .....	Mr. Phillips

#### CLASS MOTTO

"B sharp, B natural but never B flat"

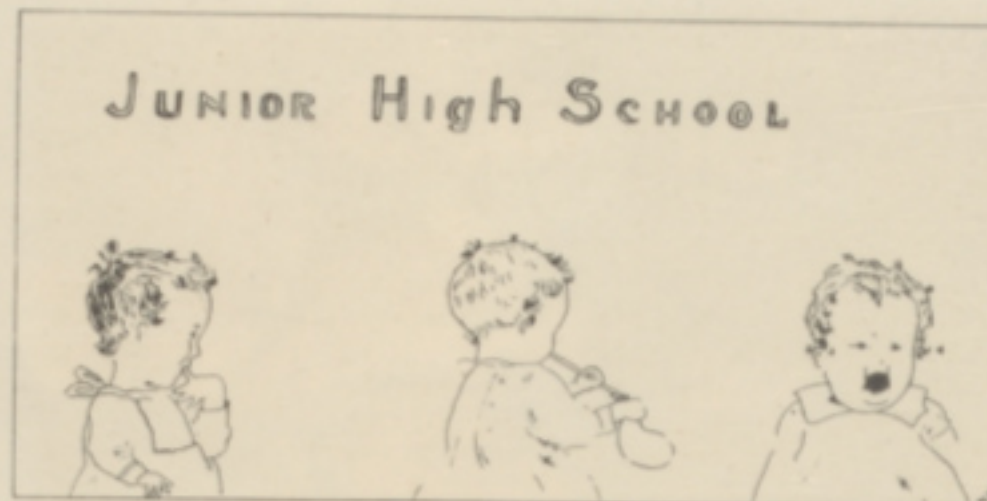
#### CLASS COLORS

Blue and Orange

—Norah Ward, 23.







### Junior III. Class.

The Junior III. Class started the school year with twenty-two members, six girls and sixteen boys. They soon proved that they were equal to any class in school in good times, study and sportsmanship. Two members dropped school during the first semester, leaving fourteen boys. Alice Case came from Lincoln High School at the beginning of the second semester making the number of girls, seven.

The class officers were elected and the results were:

President .....	Leonard Holmquist
Vice-President .....	Jack Burford
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Virginia Shattuck
Class Advisor .....	Miss Nelson

The class officers showed their executive ability many times during the term.

The "Freshman Frolic" was the second dance to be given at the beginning of social activities last year. The Gymnasium was attractively decorated in Hallowe'en colors. Alternating black and yellow streamers formed a dome over the merry throng, while black cats with crooked backs, witches on broom-sticks chasing bats, and wise, austere, owls, frightened those who approached too close to the walls.

The "Freshies" went in debt, but a candy sale, where delicious home-made candy was sold, happily ended their troubles as it was well patronized by the students and visitors.

The class sleigh ride was a very jolly affair. We sang songs and told jokes and stories. When we returned to town we were the guests of our class advisor, Miss Nelson who entertained us with a moving picture show at the Palace Theatre and refreshments at the Juneau Billiard Co.

Of the three basketball games played with other teams the Junior III's won two. The athletic ability of the class is also shown by the fact that Leonard Holmquist, one of the Freshmen earned a letter on the school football team.

—Dorothy Stearns, '24.





### The Junior II. Class.

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When school opened this year there were nineteen pupils enrolled in the Junior II class, eight boys and eleven girls.

Some time later Robert Denton from Haines joined the class, but he stayed only about two weeks. Then Fred Bussey, the president of the class, went to Colorado, and Clayton Polly to Sitka; but three new boys entered to even things up.

This class elects officers twice a year. For the first semester the officers were:

President .....	Fred Bussey
Vice-President .....	Jenny Ronning
Secretary and Treasurer .....	Elsie Pademeister
Sergeant at Arms .....	Irving Whyte

When the second election was held the boys came into complete power. The officers are:

President .....	Arthur Peterson
Vice-President .....	Tooru Kanazawa
Secretary and Treasurer .....	John Rundall
Sergeant at Arms .....	Ernest Beaudin
Class Advisor .....	Miss Ulleland

October the twenty-eighth the Seventh Grade entertained our class at a party which we enjoyed very much.

So far we have only had one turn at giving a program. There were several musical pieces and a scene from "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was dramatized. After Christmas the members of our class enjoyed a sleigh ride and on April the first we entertained the Seventh and Ninth grades at an April Fool's Party.

The Eighth Grade has had three holidays for punctuality and attendance. We are the leading class in these two points.

With very much work and just enough play this has proved a very successful year for all of the Junior II's.

—Etolin Campen





## Junior I. Class.

---

Our class, the Junior I. class, is the largest in the Junior and Senior High School. We have twenty-eight members. At the beginning of this term there were just twenty-two present. Later more entered. Those who entered after the first semester were Barbara Harrison, Robert Rice and Myrtle Blackwell. Three others entered soon after school started.

Soon after the beginning of school we elected our officers. They were:

President .....	Edward Naghel
Vice-President .....	Ed. Garnick
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Rose Bartlett
Class Advisor .....	Miss Saxton

In the latter part of October we gave a party. The Junior II. class and the teachers of the Junior I. class were guests. Soon after the Christmas holidays we gave a short program consisting of three selections by our class orchestra, two folk dances, a recitation and a wand drill.

We have not spent much of the year in social activities but have spent most of our time with our studies. As a whole it has been a very pleasant school year.

—Mildred Warwick.

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## Alaska the Beautiful.

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Alaska, Alaska, the beautiful north  
Of riches and beauty how much you are worth.  
For years I have traveled and been everywhere  
And no other beauty with yours can compare.

Alaska, Alaska, I love you so well,  
So many great wonders of you I can tell.  
We leave you awhile in the south to sojourn  
But to the sparkling northland, we long to return.

I love the great mountains all covered with snow,  
Nor can find greater majesty where'ere I may go.  
With thy wonderful glaciers, too grand to explain,  
I never will leave my Alaska again.

—Phillip Burke, '25.





### The Normal Training Department.

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Last year was the first year of the Normal Training department of the Juneau High School. There were seven students enrolled in the two years of the course. Four of these graduated and after passing the Territorial examinations, received certificates to teach in Alaska. Each of these girls signed a contract early in the spring, to teach in the outlying towns. Many reports of their work have come back to Juneau during this year and they all indicate that the new teachers have been remarkably successful.

At the opening of the present year, five graduate students were enrolled in the second year of the course and seven were taking the work of the first year. Those enrolled in the last year of the course were: Anita Nordale, Margaret Patterson, Liberty Worden, Laina Aalto and Harriet Sey. Toward the end of the first semester, the family of Anita Nordale's moved to Seattle and she entered the University of Washington. Shortly afterward Margaret Patterson dropped the course, thus leaving three to finish the work.

These second year girls had a valiant struggle with Reviews in every subject dear to the hearts of grade children, not to mention Pedagogy and Psychology which will linger forever in their thoughts. The learning of facts and the theoretical part of the training were supplemented by Practice Teaching where the girls had plenty of opportunity to try out their ideas under careful supervision. The students particularly enjoyed this part of the work because they could see themselves making rapid progress toward their goal.

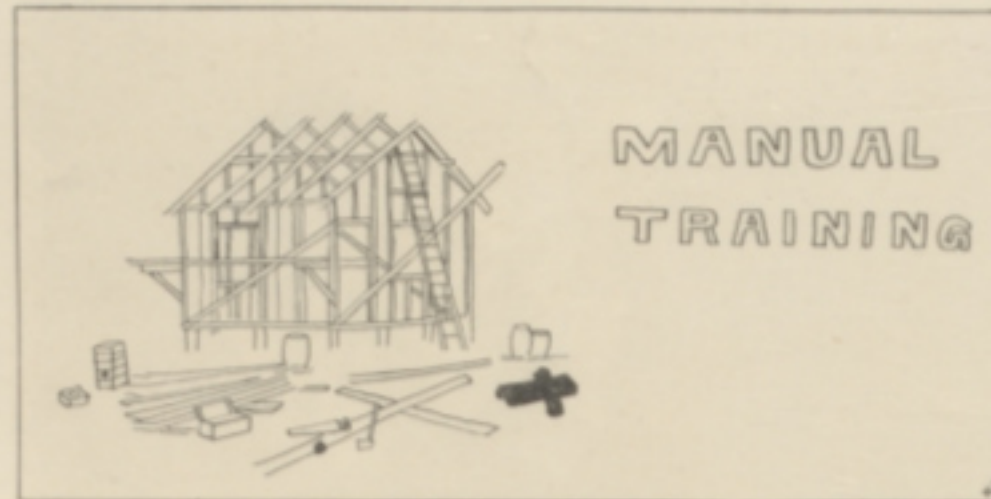
Now these students feel that they have completed another stretch of travel along the road of life and are looking forward with the highest interest and enthusiasm to teaching in Alaskan schools. They intend to show that teachers trained in Alaska are particularly well adapted to the teaching of Alaska children because they are accustomed to cope with the unusual conditions found in the Territory.

—Harriet Sey.





HARRIET SEY      LAINA AALTO  
LIBERTY WORDEN



Manual Training in this school has progressed nicely. The aim has been to give the students practice in making things. There were many articles completed in the shops that would not pass a critical examination by an expert but for an amateur their work could be rated very high.

A student could be kept busy a whole term in perfecting a coat hanger, broom holder, or sand paper block, but it was considered that time would be wasted in teaching students to make one or two of such articles a year. Isn't it much better and more valuable for a student to know HOW to make things and yet not make them so efficiently as a cabinet maker or carpenter than to make a few articles perfectly and not have the slightest idea of HOW to make other things?

The beginning of the year was spent in model house constructions. Two houses were built complete in every detail from the foundation to the shingles and ridge plate. The Class was divided and every week a new "Superintendent of Construction" and a "Gang Foreman" was appointed to take charge of the work and to see that every thing was worked out as planned. Every student in the class drew plans for these houses and the two best planned houses, which were selected by a committee of students, were constructed.

The second semester work was spent in cabinet making. Many of the boys made taborets, foot stools, piano benches, plant stands, medicine cabinets, library tables, and many other articles.

The Seventh and Eighth grade students were given little exercises to learn the use of tools. They made various little things like book racks, milk bottle and broom holders. Some of those who were a little better than the rest made larger things, such as taborets and table lamps.





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



The Girls' Glee Club was organized during the first semester with a good membership and was under the capable direction of Mrs. L. D. Henderson. The girls practiced diligently and soon had an excellent repertoire of musical selections. They appeared several times during the first part of the year at various entertainments and their singing was very much enjoyed by very appreciative audiences. On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving they entertained the High School in the Gymnasium with a "Hard Times Party." During the evening they rendered several beautiful selections which were greatly enjoyed. Instead of the customary concert of mixed songs the girls planned to give an operetta entitled the "Captain of Plymouth." However, it was impossible to find enough talent among the boys, and the undertaking failed. This failure practically broke up the Glee Club for this term but we look forward with great pleasure to next year's Girls' Glee Club.

The members of the club were, standing—Marie Goldstein, Marian Summers.

Second Row—(left to right)—Alice Case, Virginia Shattuck, Venetia Pugh, Ilse Slade, Florence Casey, Irene Nelson, Liberty Worden.

Seated—(left to right), Eva Tripp, Legia Kashevaroff, Lillian Perelle, Mrs. L. D. Henderson, Margaret Stansfield, Mariam McBride, Elizabeth Madsen.

















### When Teacher Played Hookey.

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The valley lay below her, well wooded, with open patches and a little bubbling stream winding along a crooked bed and losing itself among the trees at the farther end. The morning sun boldly challenged myriads of dewdrops on the grass and shrubs.

It was early May, and there was something in the air on this particular morning which—well, there was an indescribable something; and the Little Teacher felt it as she stood there looking down into the enticing valley. She was wildly exhilarated and at the same time downcast and discontented. The beauty all about her and general warmth and loveliness of the spring morning caused the exhilaration; but the discontent did not enter into the scheme of things until her glance happened to wander along the ridge to where the bare little schoolhouse stood out about a mile away.

The very thought of those horrid, stupid, little girls and boys, into whose head it sometimes seemed impossible to hammer knowledge, actually sent a revolting shudder through her. She just wished that for one day,—of course she had her Saturdays and Sundays—but with an invalid mother and no one else to help on those days, she was practically tied down to house cleaning and preparing for the next week.

But if only—a daring thought suddenly entered her head. She would not let it stay, but turned her feet resolutely toward the school. Then she stopped again. Then followed a hot and rapid debate within herself. Why not? Many of the children had left the little camp with their parents for the summer, and at present there were only six or seven attending. They often did it.

Why shouldn't she? Just for once anyway. But then, what if she should lose her job? They had no money saved and there was nothing ahead. Well, who would know but what she had been ill that day? And how could she face the prospect of spending this wonderful day in that sleepy little schoolroom with those unbearable children?

All these thoughts passed quickly through her mind and she suddenly realized that if she remained standing there, the debate would probably continue without any definite decision.

"Oh well, 'he who hesitates,'" she said to herself, and stepped lightly off the road, down the little path toward the valley. She swung her lunch bucket happily and would not allow herself to even think.



The air was delicious. She walked along the path through some willows and out into a little clearing. There was the stream, inviting her to come along. She cupped her hands and took a long drink of the clear cold water. She fairly danced along the bank of the stream, she laughed aloud and composed a little rhyme about a teacher who played hookey.

But that old nuisance, Conscience, could not be kept out very long, and again returned thoughts of duty. She sat down on a log and considered. Oh, dear, if conscience were going to bother her all day, what was the use of trying to enjoy herself?

A piercing shriek rent the air, followed by others. She started up in terror at first, but realized a second later that they were shrieks of laughter and pure glee.

Four little boys dashed madly around the turn in the path followed closely by three little girls, with flying pigtails and rosy cheeks. They did not discover the Little Teacher until almost upon her; then they drew back, gasping.

All at once she realized the humor of the situation. Here they were, teacher and pupils, trying to get away from school and each other for one day—and they had all chosen the same day! She laughed, and the children laughed too, not because they saw anything to laugh at, but because they were so glad to see her acting so instead of scolding. She thought how sweet and merry they all looked and what a good time they were going to have.

The Little Teacher declared a holiday on the spot, and that loosened their tongues at once. Every one had a lunch bucket, and each had some particular spot in the delightful valley which she must see. So the picnic started immediately.

They romped, played, waded in the brook, climbed trees, chased one another, gathered flowers and finally came to rest on a mossy bank where inquisitive insects gathered around to watch them eat lunch.

The Little Teacher had to own frankly that she had never spent such a wonderful day. She had become better acquainted with the children in that short while, than through the whole preceding year, and it was with a mutual feeling of tired gratification that teacher and pupils finally turned their footsteps homeward.

That night, after she had related the whole story to her mother, and was tucking her into bed, her mother remarked, "Well, I'm glad you had a good time, and that you get along so well with the children."

"Yes," murmured the Little Teacher dreamily, snuggling down into her pillows, "they certainly are little darlings, every one of them!"

—Kathleen Ward, '21.

### The Red Demon.

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It was a cold bleak afternoon in late September, and, as the wind swept through the streets of Keenstown it seemed to leave in its wake a melancholy wail which echoed and re-echoed through the great forest of pines which surrounded this small country place, and to a passer by it might seem that it sounded just a trifle bit more melancholy as it whizzed around the corners of the pretty country home of the late Colonel Ainsford.

The Colonel who had won everlasting fame through his bravery in the Spanish American War had built this place, putting every effort into the work, for it was here he was to bring his young bride, a daughter of the south. He intended that she should not want for comfort or long for the beautiful southern home she was about to leave for him. That was years ago and now the Colonel was gone and Mrs. Ainsford and her daughter Aliene, were preparing to leave their home to rent a little cottage in town, for by some trick of fortune all their earthly possessions had suddenly been swept away through an investment made by the Colonel which had failed. Even the old home was mortgaged for five thousand dollars and while that amount had never seemed large to them in their prosperity, it meant a lot to the Ainsfords now, for by the loss of their fortune they seemed to have lost their wealthy and influential friends who did not care to lend money with but small prospects of being paid some time.

In the library before a glowing fire-place sat Aliene Ainsford a tall slender girl of about twenty, with an abundance of dark wavy hair and large brown eyes which seemed characteristic of the Ainsfords.

"Well," she mused, "It has come to this and poor mother and I must leave this dear old nest where we have been so very happy. It is almost a blessing that dad is gone, it would break his heart, but then he couldn't have prevented it—Yes it is better. Oh if there were only something I could do to clear the mortgage—then we could keep the home and I could work and support mother, at least she would not suffer."

Aliene picked up the paper which lay in her lap as if to banish the thoughts which crowded her mind. "GREAT PREPARATIONS BEING MADE FOR AUTO RACES" were the headlines that met her eyes.

"Four entries have already been made for the great auto race to be held on Thanksgiving day. Even some of the most daring drivers declare that the race will prove fatal to those who attempt to make the ten foot jump over the ravine in the road from Granger to Trenton, where the race is to be held. But the five thousand



dollar prize has proven irresistible to some of the young dare devils of the country who declare the ride can be made in safety. The contest is still open to those wishing to enter."

Allene threw down the paper and jumped to her feet, "Oh if I could only do it! I'm sure I can. Father was the best racer in the country and he showed me all the tricks, and as for rough roads—why—Oh, I'll do it— I'll do it." And Allene curled up once more in the big arm chair and with her head resting in her hand began a definite outline of her plan to save the old home.

#### CHAPTER II.

The fair grounds at Granger were crowded almost before daybreak on Thanksgiving. Everyone was talking excitedly and waiting impatiently for the races to start. Mechanics were everywhere overhauling the machines that were to take part in the day's doings. Almost unnoticed a small red racing car sped through the gates and up to the stand where the judges were waiting. A tall slim boy dressed in a long rain coat stepped out. He wore large motor goggles and his cap was pulled down over his face. He walked up to the judge and said:

"Sir, is the contest for the hundred mile race still open?" The judge eyed him suspiciously, "Yes it is, but it 'pears to me, young fellow that you took your time about entering it. Little scared? Eh—Well, I don't blame you, pretty risky business, says I, yes, pretty risky."

"But I can enter can't I?" asked the boy eagerly.

Yes, of course, but you will have to tell me your name and age. That is one of the rules."

"Bob Burton is my name, twenty one years of age—I'm from Missouri."

"Well, well—Missouri, ever know any of the Fagertys down there?"

"No—well that's funny." The judge turned to a large bulletin board and wrote:

"5th—Bob Burton—Missouri"—at which the crowd pushed forward to see the other young speed demon who was tempting fate in such a way.

Soon the report of a gun told the spectators that the race was about to begin. The racers took one last look over the machines, tightened an emergency tire here and there, fastened their caps down securely and jumped into the machines. The route to be taken was on the state highway which included the jump over the ten foot ravine on to the fair grounds at Trenton, back by the paths which led through the canyons. Guards were to be stationed here and there along the road to see that the rules were complied with.

A single shot told that the race was on—Like bullets from

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a cannon, out sped the five cars. In a grand whirl they went on and on until they were no longer even specks on the horizon and the crowd turned back to await their return with fear and expectancy.

Bob Burton sunk low into his seat, wound his long thin arms around the steering wheel, bent forward and put out every ounce of energy the little racer held. He was running a close second. Yet two other cars were close behind him and any hesitation on his part would mean certain death. Up and down around and over went the car. The engines purred and purred till at last it seemed to settle in a low whirring sound. The wind beat against Bob's face till it seemed as though it would tear him from his seat and hurl him from the swiftly moving car, but with a grip like a steel band he held the wheel. He was gaining on the other car, yes just a few yards behind, and there ahead loomed the ravine he was to hurl the car across.

"Oh God," he murmured, "How can I do it, what if it should happen?" "Well it's too late to stop now." On and on—then—he closed his eyes, and gripped the wheel even tighter than before. Whiz—the machine seemed to stop—Thud!—and like a fire demon the little racer was whirling up the hill. Crash!—Bob heard a low roar in the distance and he knew that one machine had not proved equal to the test. Oh! It was horrid to think of—

Bob suddenly looked up—Gad! where is the other machine that was in front? It had lost time in the wild jump, and the road was now clear. The fair grounds of Trenton were soon before him and the crowds cheered loudly as the little red fire fly sped past on its homeward journey. Bob looked back. The other machine was very close behind, the race was not yet won.

Down canyon walls around sharp curves the little racer flew—Bob was beginning to weaken, his head was in a whirl, he could barely distinguish the road before him. "Oh I must get there" he cried aloud in his despair. Just a few more miles and then—"Victory." The other car was still coming, and seemed to be creeping up.

"The fair grounds in sight" Bob fairly shrieked to himself. He pressed the lever and as though the little machine had received a new strength it sped forward.

"Hurrah for Missouri" he could hear the cries distinctly—and then with one last dart he crossed the line—"The race was won." The little red racer came to a sudden stand still and Bob sat as if dazed. "59 minutes, some drive," "The best yet," "Here comes three of the other cars," "Missouri beat them by a long shot." Such comments arose from the crowd as they pressed forward eagerly to grasp the hand of the daring racer.

"Make way for Lord Clyde," some one called and the Englishman who had offered the prize stepped to the front and grasped Bob's hand.



"Pretty plucky young fellow. Most Englishmen wouldn't have the nerve to do that. The prize is yours and you surely earned it."

Saying this, Lord Clyde pressed a roll of bills into Bob's hand. Suddenly everything seemed to jump up and down before Bob's eyes and the strain of the last hour began to tell on him. Strong arms held him while others tore off the cap and goggles to give him air—Oh—the crowd stood spellbound as the fair young face of Aliene Ainsford crowned with flowing hair was revealed to them—

"Well whoever heard of such a thing—a girl to make that drive. Do you suppose her mother knew it?" Aliene heard them and wanted to tell them all about it but she could not rouse herself. Then someone gave her a slight shake and she sat bolt upright with a start. Her mother was standing over her, and laughed as she said—

"Why Aliene you must be terribly tired to fall asleep in that chair and stay there the whole afternoon—I have some news for you and while it is sad it has also proved fortunate for us. You know your father's sister Sarah, or rather heard you father speak about her, I never saw her—Well, she died suddenly and as we are her nearest relatives though really strangers, her property estimated at about fifty thousand is to be ours, and we won't have to leave the old home after all. But do wake up child, dinner is almost ready."

"And there wasn't any race and no high jump and no five thousand dollars"—sighed Aliene—"but the home is still ours, thank goodness."

Her mother heard but did not understand, nor did she ask.

—Honorah Kelly, '21.

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### Look to the Test.

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Look to this test, the very test of Tests.  
For its questions test all the knowledge of  
Past, Present and Future;  
The dates of the Revolution;  
The quarrels of the Bolsheviks;  
For yesterday's lesson was only a blunder  
And tomorrow's is only a dread,  
But a lesson well learned makes every  
Test a pleasure, and  
Every new lesson a hope.

—Laura McCloskey, '21.

### April First.

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Sue was in despair. Her very best chum had just whispered to her that Joe had asked that prudish little new girl to go to the dance on the following night. From the downcast countenance of the girl we could guess that she knew beaux like Joe were not plentiful. Finally her face lighted up with an inspiration. "Peter will take me," she thought.

Peter, let it be understood, was the only one in school who was unclaimed and everyone knew that he would like nothing better than to displace Joe in Sue's affections.

Sue was particularly nice to Peter that day and exceedingly horrid to Joe. When Joe asked if he might come over that evening, Sue consented and immediately asked Peter to come too. But that night she was disappointed. It was strange that Peter did not ask her to go to the dance after he had wanted to take her for so long.

She was so angry and discontented the next morning that she would have stayed home from school but she knew that she would have to take her history examination all by herself, if she did. As she stepped from the front door and sauntered along the street, Joe burst from his house across the street and quickly ran after her. He had been standing behind the curtains of the front windows, waiting until she left the house before he started for school.

"Well, Sue, I wanted to ask you to go to the dance last night but I couldn't out-stay old Peter," were his first words. "Do you think you can go tonight?"

"But-t-t Joe, I thought you were going to take June."

"Why Sue! I haven't taken another girl anywhere for nearly two years."

As they strolled happily along, Sue said musingly, "I wonder why Mary told me that yesterday." "Way you poor little prune. Yesterday was April First."

—Luella Smith, '22.

### To the Juniors.

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Cheer up little Juniors!  
Next year you shall be  
A class of mighty seniors  
As this year, so are we.  
School life is a perfect joy.  
Now just remember this—  
Always take a senior's word  
And you'll never go amiss!

—H. M. K., '21.



### The Stop-Over.

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When Henderson paid the chauffeur of the taxicab he glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes past one. The long, wide street, with its double row of trees and dark-stone houses was silent and empty.

A gleam of light fell from the doorway of the house before which he stood and illumined its steps. At a little distance, under a lamp, a policeman was regarding him with curiosity, and it suddenly occurred to Henderson that this was a slightly unconventional hour for calling, but then he and old John Rivers had often done unusual things and it was like John to insist upon this. Henderson mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door was immediately opened by a young lady, and Henderson entered a large, softly lighted hall.

"You're Mr. Henderson," said the girl, holding out her hand, "and I am Mr. River's daughter."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," returned Henderson, "I understood from your father that the family were all in the country."

"So they are," she laughed, "all but me. I came up yesterday without writing. Come into the library," she added, and led the way across the hall.

It was a hot summer night, but the delightful room which they entered was refreshingly cool—the long windows opening evidently upon a side garden, admitted a breeze and deep wicker chairs were grouped in the draft. A young man, standing before a cabinet at the further end of the room, turned at their entrance and advanced to meet them.

"My husband, Mr. Wallace," said the girl.

Henderson glanced about with pleasure. He was glad that old John's home was like this, and glad that he had such a charming daughter and such a fine, tall, athletic-looking son-in-law. But where was John?

"There is a dreadful disappointment in store for you," said Mrs. Wallace as they seated themselves. "Father couldn't get here after all." She took a slip of paper from the table by her side and passed it to Henderson. "Here's his telegram. Please read it." "Car broke down. Missed train. Have supper for Henderson arriving 1 a. m. Will meet Henderson 6 a. m. Union Station."

"It's bad luck, isn't it?" sympathized the young man. "I'm very sorry," said Henderson gravely. "And then," he added, "it's a shame to keep you people up all night this way. I will go back to the station at once." "Indeed no," said Mrs. Wallace. "You're father's old chum and we're wild to know you. Besides I have supper all ready, haven't I Tommy?"

"I haven't seen John for ten years or more," explained Hen-

dereson." "And you will have only half an hour together in the morning," lamented the daughter. A clock chimed the half hour and Mrs. Wallace arose. "I'm going to make coffee," she explained. "The servants are all in the country, too, you know. Tommy, when I call, show Mr. Henderson out to the dining room."

The two men settled themselves comfortably and began talking automobiles. As Henderson manufactured a popular car and young Wallace was an enthusiastic driver and able to appreciate technicalities they discussed the subject with pleasure. Presently they were summoned to the dining room. The delicious little supper, attractively served, and the charming Mrs. Wallace increased Henderson's approval. He felt that Tommy was a lucky man. They were lingering over their coffee when Mr. Wallace leaned across the table and said to her husband: "Shall we tell him, Tommy?" Tommy was evidently startled and embarrassed but mumbled an assent.

"You're in the midst of a romance," she said turning to Henderson. "Tommy and I are eloping tonight and this is our wedding supper."

"Eloping!" gasped Henderson.

"Yes," she explained. "We were married this afternoon and only came here to pack some of my things when father's telegram arrived. He sent it to the housekeeper, but I had let her go to some of her relatives for a two days' visit, so you are now our wedding guest."

Henderson tried hard to rally to the situation but he had a pretty daughter of his own, and, like most fathers was conventional to the core. He glanced sharply at the young man and felt less sure of him than he had done half an hour before.

"My child," he said, "I'm afraid you are doing a very foolish thing, something which will grieve your father."

"No," she replied, "I do not think so. It will probably astonish father, but not grieve him. Tom and I have been engaged for a long time, but since mother's death, father has shrunk from the thought of my marrying, and finally I decided to make it very quiet and spare him the trouble of a wedding."

Henderson did not feel that it was his place to cast a shadow on what should be a happy occasion, so although he could not approve he refrained from further comment.

After giving a toast to the pretty bride they withdrew into the library while the clock was striking three.

"I think," said Henderson, "that if you will excuse me, Mrs. Wallace, I will write a letter to your father explaining the details of the business matter we were to have talked over. There will not be time to say much in the few minutes we shall have together at the station, and it is rather a complicated affair."

"Certainly," she assented, "while you do that I shall finish my packing and Tom shall help me. We are planning to take the



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4:30 East," she added, "and we have ordered a taxi to be here at four. We can all go to the station together."

Henderson seated himself at the desk and began his letter. His mind was so full of the elopement that he found it very difficult to concentrate on the business matter. His pen moved slowly, presently it faltered and fell to the floor. Henderson's head fell forward upon the desk and he slept.

He was roused by Wallace's touch upon his shoulder and opened bewildered eyes to see that the room was filling with daylight.

"The taxi is late," explained the young man, "and we shall have to hurry." Henderson rose slowly to his feet. He felt very stiff and stupid. Wallace took his arm and hurried him to the hall. The front door stood open and Mrs. Wallace was directing the chauffeur who was carrying out her numerous bags. Henderson struggled awkwardly into his dust coat and followed his host into the cab. His head was aching horribly and he found it hard to talk. Wallace was anxious about the time. He sat with his watch in his hand and urged the driver to greater speed. They whirled through silent residential streets down into the center of the city. It was a bit after four when they sighted the station and plunged wildly through interminable spaces to the train. The pullmans were moving when the last bag was pushed up the steps of the car by the panting Henderson. He waved a feeble hand to bride and groom and thoroughly exhausted sought the station barber.

While he was being shaved, he pondered upon how he should break the news of the elopement to John Rivers. "It will only be a half hour," he consoled himself.

A cup of coffee and a walk in the fresh air enabled him to meet the incoming six o'clock train with a degree of composure.

"Same old John, and fat as ever," he mused as the large figure of his friend, appeared at the gate. The two men were genuinely fond of each other and their greeting was warm. John River was full of apologies and lamentations at having been delayed and Henderson, a nervous eye on the clock, made several attempts to break the news of the elopement.

At last he interrupted desperately:

"John, I'm afraid you will be awfully mad when I tell you what happened this morning. Your daughter has eloped with Mr. Wallace. In fact, I put them on the Seattle train."

"You did what?" roared Mr. Rivers.

"Put your daughter and Mr. Wallace on the train."

"But man, I haven't any daughter."

"The deuce, you haven't."

"No, of course not. You know that. You know that my children are all boys."

"Well I forgot. I wasn't certain, she—said she was your daughter and she entertained me wonderfully."

"She entertained you at my house?"

"Certainly."

"What sort of a looking girl was she? Where was the housekeeper?"

"The housekeeper has gone on a vacation. Why, the girl was pretty with black hair. I think she had blue eyes."

"Blue eyes and black hair—that's she!" exclaimed Rivers, suddenly collecting himself.

"Henderson," he continued, "that was my secretary, Miss O'Neal. And Wallace—Wallace? Why of course. That reckless chauffeur I discharged last winter. By Jove! I'll bet they went through the house and made a clean sweep of everything."

Henderson remembered the heavy bags—"John," he said, "I am afraid they did."

—Jessie Mock, '22.

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## The Land of Ice and Snow.

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Hail, hail, the gang's all here and everyone is as happy as can be, ready to start off for Alaska. We leave Seattle in the spring of 1921 on the Northwestern, bound for the northland. Two days out of Seattle, we buck up against a snow storm and all the tourists think that we are surely nearing Alaska.

Then we arrive at Ketchikan and behold, it is a real town with real houses and paved streets, and even electric lights! Several of the Easterners are very much interested in the curio stores and purchase moccasins, beads, and Indian paddles to take back home.

Stray parts of conversations come from all directions. "Alaska has at least one town anyway, but how I hate to leave this nice weather and go into the cold and snow!" "Why Mrs. Brown, you have your fur coat, cap and mittens you bought in Seattle. They surely will keep you warm at least for a short time outdoors and then you can go inside and warm up again."

When the boat glides into Juneau, one warm sunny day, is the time of real surprise. Here they see a beautiful little city at the foot of the mountains. Instead of the population of Indians and Eskimos and the inhabitants riding around on dog sleds, they see well dressed business-like people hurrying along, fine up to date cars in the streets, motor boats in the channel, and electric lights and power everywhere.

As they travel along through Alaska, they find the same progressive spirit among Alaskans and wonderful natural resources. In the interior they see farms producing grain and cattle. In



many parts are coal and gold mines and oil fields besides the paper and pulp industry springing up in Southeastern Alaska. What more can be expected of a land of ice and snow?

—Stanley Jorgensen, '22.

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## Alaska's New Industry.

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It is hard for a person who has gone from Seattle to Cordova and has seen the hundreds of miles of almost unbroken forests, to picture the United States as ever lacking for wood.

The National Forests of Alaska contain about seventy-five billion board feet of timber that is serviceable, and about two and a half or three billion feet of this wood is firm clear spruce, the grade that was manufactured into airplane stock during the war. There are small amounts of the famous Alaskan yellow cedar. Sixty per cent of the Alaskan timber is the Western Hemlock, which is the best material for the manufacture of pulp and paper. On the whole the National Forests of Alaska can produce about 1,500,000 tons of paper annually for many years to come and this rate might be continued indefinitely if the annual loss is replaced by intelligent methods of forestry.

The Forest Service has already begun to mark off these forests into operating units with enough timber within reach to maintain a plant permanently. The first of these plants in Alaska is the one at Speel River. The location is a land locked harbor easily reached by deep water vessels and offers many other advantages. The climate is such as to allow operation both winter and summer. There is an abundance of fresh water besides cheap water transportation for logs and for the shipment of pulp.

The mill is operated by natural water power. A chain of five mountain lakes, at an average elevation of one thousand feet provide an inexpensive and continuous source of power. Fifty thousand horsepower can be economically developed, it is possible to attain one hundred thousand horsepower.

Construction on the Speel River mill was begun June 1, 1920 and the plant started production in January 1921. Since that time from five to six hundred tons of paper pulp per month have been shipped to paper manufacturers in the south. The company has sent out samples of the first pulp manufactured as souvenirs. This product was of great interest to the people of Alaska as it represented the concrete result of the pioneering in an industry which will be a source of great wealth and increased prosperity not only to the people of the Territory, but to the entire United States.

—Venetia Pugh, '22.

## The Thief

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It was a warm spring afternoon; every child in school was restlessly awaiting the bell of dismissal. The Principal came in for a moment's conversation with the study hall teacher, who immediately called for the attention of the students.

"There have been a number of small thefts just lately," she announced, "of money and other articles. I did not want to say anything about this at first, thinking that they might be recovered or that they had perhaps been lost, not stolen. But it is now becoming serious and we will have to investigate. We shall try to make the investigation as little public as possible by giving the culprit an opportunity to confess to the Principal or myself; but if he should fail to do this, a thorough investigation will be made for it is time to get at the bottom of the matter."

There was complete silence for a second or two, then a small boy toward the front of the room rose and said, "I took the things."

A murmur of surprise went around the room and the teacher gasped only. "Why Darwin!" she exclaimed. "What ——" then seemed to change her mind. "Will you please see me after school?" was all she said.

Then the last bell rang and the children trooped out. Soon there was no one left in the room but the teacher and the little boy, who remained, with drooping head, at his desk. She called him to her, and asked him to explain, feeling sure it must be some joke or prank he might be playing. The boy said it was not a prank.

"Then why did you do it, Darwin?" she cried. She was very distressed about the matter, for the boy was a great favorite in school, studious, promising and upright in his ways.

"I don't know," was all he could say, his head still lower. And she could get no satisfaction from him, neither could she understand. On asking if his father knew of these thefts, he said, "No, but I am going to tell him."

And so he told his father and the things were restored. Mr. Chase was very severe with his son, and after that Darwin found life at school hard to bear, for children can be very cruel.

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Ten years had elapsed since the little scene in the school-room. Darwin Chase was now a tall, athletic, handsome young student at a University, well liked among his fellows; yet the cloud was still over him, the cloud of suspicion which had fallen upon him ten years before. And now he was before his "Dad" once more confessing to a theft. This time it was a fine pair of oars. He did not need oars; he had boat equipment of his own,



and his father was a wealthy man and could afford him what he pleased. Yet the fact remained—he had stolen the oars.

Thus it had been, all through his school years. Every once in a while he would approach his father with a new confession of theft; and thus the gulf between father and son had widened, and there was not much sympathy between them. The mother had died when he was but a little child.

Why he committed these thefts, he himself did not know. No one knew what a battle he fought to overcome the instinct to take things not belonging to him when opportunity offered. Sometimes he overcame it; occasionally it mastered him. He had succeeded for the last two years, when all at once he was back in the clutches of this thing, and this was the result.

He listened quietly to what his father had to say, which was little, simply, that he must leave school at once, and go to work some place. Mr. Chase had a large interest in a rich diamond mine in South America, where the boy might go to seek work if he wished. The older man added that he did not expect him to make anything of himself, but that he did not need to return until he did. So Darwin was dismissed.

A few weeks later he found himself at the employment office of the diamond mine in South America asking for work. He had made a solemn vow with himself to fight this thing out and overcome it once for all; and he knew he had a stiff battle before him.

In the employment office he encountered a surly faced individual, a Spanish Indian, he judged, who gave him a job among the laborers of the mine. Darwin had assumed the name "Chandler," thinking it better that he should be unknown at the mine.

For the first few weeks he found the work terribly hard and disagreeable, not to mention the dirt. After he had become accustomed to the work and surroundings, however, he did not mind them so much as at first. He was often despondent, and twice almost gave up, for the encouragement he received was very little. The instinct to steal often came up and bothered him, though it was not so strong as it had formerly been, and he had it well under control.

There was one bright spot in his monotonous daily round; that was the daily visit of Eve Parque, a Spanish laborer's daughter, who brought her father a warm lunch. She was quite shy, though she could speak English well. Darwin was kind to her and they often had little chats together.

He had come to know a good many people about the mine, among them the man who had first employed him, Nicolas Ramon, to whom he had taken a violent dislike. There was something about the man's manner which led to distrust of him; he was always surly and glowering. Darwin noticed that he seemed very attentive to Eve, and that she feared and avoided him. One day Darwin caught him annoying her, and interposed on her behalf.

They settled the matter without a fight but Ramon walked off with a sullen determination for revenge. Darwin and Eve walked slowly on to the mine. She was agitated and begged him to take care, for she feared the man would seem to do them harm. He was reassuring her, when, glancing to his right he beheld his college chum, Dick Vincent, in conversation with one of the workmen. Dick was somewhat surprised to see him in workman's garb, and he voiced his surprise, giving out certain information that Darwin had been keeping to himself.

"Come on up to my diggings at five, old fellow," said Darwin, "and we'll have a good talk." Vincent agreed, and they parted.

That evening, while Darwin and Dick were visiting together, Eve Parque was hurrying up to the mine entrance to get her father's lunch bucket which he had forgotten. It was getting quite dark, and she was almost upon a prowling figure just ahead of her, before she heard his step. She stopped short and her heart missed a beat, for the darkness had already made her slightly nervous. She strained her eyes ahead in a vain endeavor to see who it was, but kept herself well in the background. She was almost tempted to turn back when, as it passed under a dim arc light, she recognized the figure as that of Ramon. This decided her and she followed. Instead of going right up to the mine, he branched off and crept up to the back windows of the assay office, which was in darkness. Cautiously lifting the sash he climbed in. As she breathelessly watched and waited, Eve wondered what he was after, or what he could be doing. Finally he came out and carefully lowered the sash, looking stealthily about. She was in the shadow, so he passed close by without seeing her. She never told a soul what she had seen.

Darwin was reading in his room one evening shortly after this occurrence. There was a knock on his door.

"Come in," he called.

He walked two of the police of the place with the chief at their head. "Mr. Chase," he said, "you are suspected of having some of the Company's raw diamonds in your possession."

Darwin gasped and turned pale. "Who ———," he began hoarsely.

"Never mind that," said the chief. "You will have to submit to your room being searched and then your innocence or guilt will soon be proved."

Darwin subsided peacefully, saying "You're perfectly welcome, gentlemen," knowing well that nothing could be found.

A thorough search was begun and it was not two minutes before an exclamation was heard from one of the officers, "Would you look at that!" he cried, holding up a small leather bag. It was passed to the chief and found to contain twelve fine rough diamonds. Darwin was speechless with horror.



"Yes, we heard all about you and your thieving ways, and we were lucky to have some one who was on to you to help us out. Come on, we'll take him down now."

"But who," cried Darwin, finding his voice at last, "who was it? Who accused me? I didn't take those stones!"

"I won't do you any good to holler, so shut up! Ramon put us on to you, if you want to know. Come along!"

The handcuffs were on, and he was being led out of the door, when a little figure sprang in front of them. In her hand was a book.

"Oh please don't do that; he didn't take those stones!" she cried.

The chief swung around.

"What do you know about it?" he inquired suspiciously. The girl was panting, for she had seen the men stop at Darwin's room, and fearing trouble, had hurried to find out. As soon as they mentioned Ramon, it was all cleared up to her, and she told them of the night she had followed Ramon and how he had climbed into the assay office.

So the manager was sent for, and he soon appeared. He believed Eve's story and asked where the chief had obtained his information. The chief said Ramon had told him Darwin's real name and that Darwin had been a thief ever since childhood.

"He was talking to your friend the other day," remarked Eve to Darwin.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Graves, the manager.

"Darwin Chase" was the reply.

An expression of pleased surprise came over the face of Mr. Graves, as he stretched out his hand for a shake.

"Why, you are Robert Chase's son!" he cried. "Why are you under a nom-de-plume?"

"That's a long story," said Darwin, "but please go out for a few minutes, everybody; I want a word with Miss Parque."

"We will go and look up Ramon," said Mr. Graves, "for we must get rid of him."

Just after they had left, a small boy appeared with a telegram. It was from a friend of his father, a brief message telling that his father was ill and calling for him. This message he showed to Eve, with a tender entreaty that she come with him to be his chum and guardian.

The answer is easily guessed, as Darwin left that evening with his pretty little bride. On arriving home, he found his father already on the road to recovery, and completely softened toward him. He had kept track of Darwin all the time he was away, for he was a kind old fellow and cherished in his heart a great love for his son, in spite of his crusty exterior. So he welcomed home both of his children, and—they all lived happily ever after.

By Kathleen Ward, '21.



### Domestic Science to the Rescue.

Dorothy Jones had been invited to spend a few weeks with her friend Lucille Rogers in the city. Upon her arrival at the home of her friend she noticed that Lucille seemed to be in trouble. The fact was that her mother had been called suddenly away because of her aunt's illness. Mrs. Rogers had left Lucille in charge of the household.

Dorothy's arrival interrupted Lucille as she was clearing away the burned food she spilled upon the stove simply because she knew nothing whatever of cooking. Dorothy bravely followed Lucille through the maze of cooking utensils, dishes and disordered rooms to the room which she was to occupy. She quickly donned an apron so she could help Lucille although Lucille protested, but Dorothy laughed and said, "I love to do housework. Don't you?"

"Like it!" exclaimed Lucille, "I should say not! Nothing ever seems to get done, no matter how hard I work. It's just dishes, dust and disorder every place I go and—Oh where did you get those lovely clothes" she cried as Dorothy removed her things from her trunk and laid them upon the bed.

"I made them," she answered.

"Made them! Where did you learn how? Oh what a lovely dress!"

"I made that dress at school. You see I took sewing last year. Before that, I always thought it to be an uninteresting and tiresome subject but now I think it's a pleasure and it really is."

Soon the girls went down stairs to the disorderly kitchen.

"Let's start to put the living room in order first," suggested Lucille. Whereupon they did and soon both girls had only the kitchen left to clean up.

"I dread this room more than the rest after the clutter I



made cooking breakfast for dad and brother," sighed Lucille as she started to wash the dishes. "Dad won't be home for lunch but he's coming for dinner and I'm sure I can't cook a dinner suitable for anyone to eat."

"I'll help you," volunteered Dorothy. "What does your father like best for dinner?" Lucille narrated a list of foods that her father liked. "Let me take charge of the kitchen and I'll prepare that meal which has been bothering you all day."

Oh, what a dinner! Lucille never before dreamed that anything could taste so good. It was just like her mother could make if not better.

"Who's to blame for this dinner?" questioned Mr. Rogers as he pushed his empty dessert dish aside and picked up the newspaper near him.

"Dorothy is," piped up Lucille. "If it hadn't been for her we probably would have gone without one."

"Some little cook you are, Miss Jones and where did you acquire all this knowledge?"

"I was taught cooking in school last year. I didn't want to take the course but mother urged me to, so I did. Cooking is loads of fun especially if you know just why you are doing a certain thing."

"I think I'll take Domestic Science next year," said Lucille after the dinner dishes were washed.

—Elizabeth Madsen, '24.

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### A Glimpse of the Future.

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Juneau, Alaska, January 1st, 1950.

Dear Mrs. Blank (nee Miss Park):

I was very much pleased to find in yesterday's mail a letter from my old school teacher, and will to the best of my powers give you all the information asked for.

First of importance—Alaska is now an independent group of four states, namely North Florida, Seward, Lincoln and the State of Lanz. Yes, since we the students of his old classes of the early twenties had a great deal to do with the framing up of the new Union we thought that it was the least we could do to name that part of the country in which Professor Lanz lived, after him. The population of Alaska is now about twelve million five hundred thousand, while Juneau is the metropolis and has a population of two million five hundred thousand.

Do you remember the rivalry between the members of the classes of '21 and '22? Well, that has been carried out through our entire lives, and now each class has control of one of the most influential political parties of the time. The class of 1922 always holding a small, but decisive majority. Jim McNaughton has just entered the chair as President for the second time. Le Roy is Governor of the State of Lanz. Allen Fortney is Vice-President, Stanley is Mayor of Juneau, and Howard Case is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Katey Ward, because of claims on her by both parties, has decided to form a Women's Non-Partisan Party. Therefore the outcome of the next election is not so sure. There are many new improvements such as highways to Seattle and New York, telephone service with all the world, an elevator that runs from top to bottom through the middle of Mount Juneau for scenic purposes, an airplane service with New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Seattle, and last but not least there is a new Summer Resort on the North Sea Islands off Point Barrow. The State of Seward, the old third Division, has become the greatest oil and coal producing country in the world, its output in copper and tin is equal to the combined production of England, France and Germany and the U. S., while North Florida, the country adjacent to Nome, has furnished more gold in the last year than California has in the last fifty years, and an income of fifty million dollars yearly from the Seal fisheries. There are now three million people depending upon the farm products of the State of Lincoln for food and resources. This with the aid of the sluice boxes makes it an easy matter to fill the State banks, but as big as this sounds it would take a year's output of all these states combined to equal a semi-annual production from the State of Lanz. Lode mines alone produce fifty billion dollars a year, while pulp and paper comes in with forty-five billions more, and miscellaneous such as fish, loose gold, timber, fruit and cocoanuts add seventy-five billion more.

The old town of Douglas has been swallowed up with Thane and Treadwell by the ever growing city limits of Juneau, while the Mendenhall bar has been filled in and forms one of the best residential districts of the city. The Alaska Northwest Railway Company is the most up to date in the world. They are at present digging a subway from Cape Prince of Wales to East Cape on the Siberian Coast. With another such subway across the British Channel you can go from Juneau to London by train alone.

Well, being pressed for time I will have to let the rest of the changes go for another time, hoping to hear from you many times in the future, I remain,

FAITHFUL FELIX.

—Howard Case, '22.



## The Beginning of the World.

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Alaska! What has that word meant to the world for twenty-two years? To some it has meant the promised land, a land full of good-will and golden Eldorado—a Heaven. To others it has meant a place of rest—a place where they might retire and forget. To still another group, sad to say, it has come to mean a haven, a place of refuge, a place where they might avoid the world and start anew. And so, in the years, our Alaska has meant something new and wonderful for each one of the masses. Men and women have come to its deep, pine covered valleys, shadowy fiords and snowy plains, to grow, to recover and to forget. So sprang up the great brotherhood of the North; a land that measures each man by his worth. But these people have banded themselves together in little settlements and forgotten the world, even their beautiful Alaska.

To me the most wonderful, most beautiful and most mysterious spot in this fairy land is Glacier Bay. At one time Muir Glacier covered the whole of this region but as it receded it left the Bay and small channels going back to the present Muir Glacier. One of these small channels is the only place in Alaska, where a boat can go completely up to the Canadian Boundary. In a few years more, when the Glacier has receded still farther, the Canadian Government will probably have a port at the head of this channel.

It is on the strips of land between the channels that we can trace our country back to the days when the world was new. Close to the water are large trees, practically as our trees are now. As we go back toward the interior the trees become smaller and newer until there is nothing but the bare ground and rocks, just as it was in the beginning. There is no underbrush in this region and even the grass and flowers are new and tender.

The flowers are very unusual and rare, being found in no other place. Scientists and collectors are very fond of this beautiful region. Birds of paradise are found here and in almost every tree there is a nest. But the scenery is most wonderful. In the distance is a range of the most beautiful, snowcapped sawtoothed mountains in the world. In the small streams which flow out of the Glacier, the water is clear and cold and full of small mountain trout which gradually become larger nearer the Bay. No one has as yet, been able to discover where these trout come from. Besides the birds and fish many other animals have taken possession of this beautiful spot. The fur bearing animals, especially, as well as the deer and the mountain sheep.

In the center of the Bay there lies a small wooded island, called Willoughby Island. It is on this island that Richard Willoughby was supposed to have taken his famous picture, "Mirage City." It was the picture of a beautiful city in the clouds with tall buildings and church spires showing in the distance. For years scientists visited the spot vainly searching for this beautiful city which they never found, discovering years later, that they had been deceived by this very clever humorist, who devised this way of deceiving the world.

—Anita Garnick, '22.





# ATHLETICS





The boys' athletics this year have been very successful. At the beginning of the term the J. H. S. organized a football team under Coach A. B. Phillips. Oct. 18, 1920 was the date of the first game, J. H. S. vs. Douglas Firemen on the Juneau grounds. The game ended with a score of 45-12 in favor of Douglas.

The Juneau High School line-up was:

Name	Position
Le Roy Vestal Capt.....	Full back
Stanley Jorgenson.....	Right half back
Allen Fortney.....	Left half back
Charles Perelle.....	Quarter back
William Clarke.....	Center
Bert Caro.....	Right guard
Lance Hendrickson.....	Left guard
Leonard Holmquist.....	Right tackle
James Barragar.....	Left tackle
John Janiksela.....	Right end
Jacob Britt.....	Left end

A large crowd from both Juneau and Douglas turned out to witness the only football game of the season, and the plays were followed with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. Douglas was the first to score a touchdown and Juneau also made one on the next quarter. At the end of the first half both sides had scored another touchdown to their credit. Although the school played its best for the Scarlet and Black, it was unable to score again against Douglas.

The team was the only High School team in Alaska and owing to its distance from other towns, it was impossible to schedule other games with outsiders. Next season, however, the team hopes to arrange a game with the Metlakatla Indians.

With the closing of the football season a Basketball team was organized.





The team consisted of the following:

Name	Position
Lance Hendrickson Capt.....	Right forward
Allen Fortney.....	Left forward
Jacob Britt.....	Center
Charles Perelle.....	Right guard
James Barragar .....	Left guard
Le Roy Vestal.....	Guard

The team played good clean games through the season and showed good team work. The games were well attended and a crowd of High School students supported the team loyally at every game.

Preparedness is the watchword of the gymnasium classes for the Junior High School Boys. These boys organized themselves into a military company and under the direction of Mr. A. B. Phillips, regular war time tactics were carried out.

As soon as the company was organized, officers were commissioned and non-commissioned officers were given temporary cadet warrants.

Commandant A. B. Phillips made the following appointments:

Clare Krogh.....	First Lieutenant
Dan Russell.....	Second Lieutenant
Jack Burford.....	First Sergeant
Edward Garnick.....	Bugle Sergeant
Leonard Holmquist .....	Corporal
Harold Campen .....	"
Albert White .....	"
Robert Morris .....	"

The gymnasium floor was the parade ground during inclement weather and as soon as good weather arrived, tactics were practiced out of doors. Advances and charges were practiced under various conditions, guards were posted, communicating lines were established and trenches were made. Near the end of the year this company gave an exhibition for the benefit of the school.

A dual track meet was held in the Douglas Natatorium on the night of April 8. Juneau was well represented but was out-classed in practically all events and Juneau High School went home on the small end of the score. However, this was the first time that anything like this had ever been attempted in Alaska and though there were many inconveniences, the meet was a decided success. The first indoor meet in Alaska was held in the Juneau High School Gymnasium under the name of a "smokeless smoker." However, this was not a success because of the small floor space. The Douglas Natatorium, being so much larger than the Juneau Gymnasium, will probably be the scene of many more such track meets until such time as Juneau is provided with a larger gymnasium.











The past season has been a successful one for the girls. In athletics, they brought victory to the Scarlet and Black and also accomplished a great deal in their gymnasium work.

At the beginning of the year a Girls' Athletic Association was organized and the following officers were elected:

President .....	Helmi Janiksela
Vice-President .....	Marian Summers
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Legia Kashevaroff
Advisor .....	Miss Saxton

When basketball practice was started, a large number of girls turned out. After several weeks, try-outs were held and a first and second team chosen. Members of the first team were: Marian Summers, center; Honorah Kelly, side center; Ideal Hendrickson, forward; Della Lundstrom, forward; Lillian Oja, guard; Helmi Janiksela (Captain), guard. The second team were: Florence Casey (Captain), center; Florence Koskey, side center; Eva Tripp, forward; Harriet Sey, forward; Laura McCloskey, guard; Lillian Perelle, guard.

On November 19, their first game with Douglas was played in the Douglas Natatorium. The score was 12-7 in favor of Juneau. The next game was played at Juneau with Juneau again victorious with a score of 22-7. In the third game, Juneau was defeated 8-4, but in the fourth and last game, played January 7, they redeemed their lost honor with a victory of 16-6.

Much credit is due to Miss Saxton, the coach and to the second team for their faithful work which made possible the success of the team.

Inter-class games were held between the Sophomores and Seniors, the Seniors winning two games out of three. Not enough of the Junior girls turned out to make a team for their class.

March 18, was a great day for the girls were presented with their J's by Miss Saxton. Those receiving letters were Helmi Janiksela, Marian Summers, Ideal Hendrickson, Lillian Oja, Hon-

orah Kelly, Della Lundstrom and the two substitutes, Harriet Sey and Laura McCloskey.

Basketball held the enthusiasm of the girls the first part of the year and when the season was over the girls of the gymnasium classes took up other sports, namely Pinball, Volleyball and Indoor Baseball. The gymnasium work in the classes was divided into three main groups, calisthenics, games and esthetic and folk dancing. A Volleyball and Pinball tournament between the Junior and Senior gymnasium classes will end the spring athletic season.

—Helmi Janikela, '22.





# *Society*



### Society Notes.

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This year has been one of many social activities in both the Senior and Junior High Schools. Hikes, parties, sleigh rides, class dances and M. D. C.'s.

Our social calendar of the year began with an M. D. C. given on Sept. 17, in the school gymnasium in honor of the Alumni. During the evening refreshments of punch and cookies were served.

October 22 and 29 proved to be events long to be remembered by the students of the Junior High School, when the grades each gave a party in the school gymnasium. Punch and cookies were served by the girls during the evening.

At the close of the Football Season, the boys were rewarded for their black eyes, muddy faces and stiff knees, by many novel entertainments, the first being—The dinner given by the girls of the Senior Class on November 13, in the Domestic Science room, the menu being prepared and served by the girls, which was enjoyed by every one present. No cases of indigestion were reported.

Mr. A. B. Phillips gave a banquet in honor of the boys of the Football team on November 18 at the home of Mrs. William Britt. The miniature Football place cards upon which the menu was printed were attractive novelties of the evening. Mr. Phillips acted as toastmaster and called upon the boys for speeches, Le Roy Vestal was the first who, being Captain of the team expressed gratitude and appreciation of having the honor of being the Captain of the first Football team of the Juneau High School.

The Elks' Hall on November 5 was a scene of much merriment when the boys of the Football team gave their dance. The school colors of Scarlet and Black were carried out very effectively in both programs and decorations of the hall.

The Girls' Glee Club gave a party in the school gymnasium on November 24. Old fashioned games and music made up the evening's entertainment. Refreshments of pumpkin pie and apples carried out the spirit of the evening. Mrs. L. D. Henderson chaperoned the girls.

December the third was the date of the first Junior Program. The teachers were impersonated by members of the class. Kathleen Ward's Miss Nelson and Stanley Jorgenson's impersonation of Mr. L. D. Henderson were so good, that the audience could actually see the originals, as these clever imitators acted their parts. These caricatures of the teachers as interpreted by the pupils were intensely interesting and amusing to the parents.



The first sleigh ride of the season was the next event on the social calendar. It was given on the 17th of December by the Junior and Senior classes. Two sleigh loads of young people enjoyed the ride to Salmon Creek Power House and back, then one sleigh returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Henderson and spent the evening toasting marshmallows and dancing. The other sleigh load returned to the school where they had a lunch of coffee and sandwiches, then danced for the rest of the evening.

The grade pupils entertained both the Junior and Senior High School on January 14 when they gave the Operetta "Snow White" and "Tom Thumb Wedding." The entertainment was a memorable success as the freshness, enthusiasm and the spontaneity of the children moved and impressed the audience more than the polished efforts of professionals.

The operetta "Snow White" is based on the old fairy story and is difficult to produce well on account of the sublimity, beauty and idealism underlying the theme. However, under the excellent training of the grade teachers this operetta was considered the most successful of its kind given by the grade pupils of the Juneau High School.

The Sophomore Class gave their dance of the year on February 11th. The hall was artistically decorated in blue and orange. Refreshments of cookies and punch were served by the girls.

February 17th the Sophomore girls again proved their ability in the art of candy making when they gave a candy sale. Needless to say no candy was left unsold.

The Junior Prom given by the members of the Junior Class on February 25 in the Elks' Hall was an event which will bring back many happy memories to all who attended. The hall was beautifully decorated in a color scheme of orange and black. Class numerals and the school monogram J. H. S. artistically decorated the walls. During the evening many favors of caps, whistles and balloons were distributed. Later punch and cookies were served. Mrs. Woofter's orchestra furnished the music for this memorable event.

The members of the Senior Class took advantage of the fine weather by hiking to Lemon Creek on March 5th. The latter part of the afternoon was spent in building camp fires, roasting weiners, baking potatoes, toasting marshmallows and various other amusements. They returned during the evening very tired but a happier group nevertheless for the day's outing. Miss Park chaperoned the happy hikers.

The beautiful sun-shiny day on March 19 inspired the Juniors to hike. They immediately got busy and made salad, sandwiches, cakes, donned hiking clothes and started for the upper dam. At noon they reached their destination, tired but very willing to gather firewood for they knew their reward. Soon the fragrant

odor of coffee permeated the air. Sand wiches, cakes, salad were soon in evidence. Mrs. Henderson chaperoned the crowd.

To complete the day the Juniors later assembled at the home of Carrol Webster. The gathering being a surprise on Le Roy Vestal. The few happy hours quickly vanished when games and dancing started. As usual, cake and ice cream were served.

The Senior Play, "The Man on the Box" given on April 22 at the Coliseum Theatre was a credit not only to the Senior Class but also to our J. H. S. Lance Hendrickson being the hero, played the role of Lieut. Robert Worburton, a young army officer. Ideal Hendrickson very cleverly acted the part of Miss Annesley with whom Lieut. Worburton later falls in love. The dual role of Col. Annesley and Officer Cassidy was excellently taken by Donald Haley, both characters being impersonated by the clever actor with much exactness. These leading roles were splendidly supported by the other members of the cast. Much of the credit for the success of the play is due to the earnestness and never tiring work of the Coach, Miss Park.

May 6th, is the date set for the Senior Ball, and from all indications and preparations being made by the Seniors it is to surpass all events of the year. Everyone is eagerly looking forward for the event, as we all know the Seniors' reputation for being excellent entertainers.

To conclude our annual social calendar a picnic is essential, although the destination has not yet been decided upon. May 20 will be a happy day for the students of the Juneau High School, one well earned after nine months of study.

Carrie Webster, '22.





Hi Life, Puyallup High School, Wash.:—Very good paper and interesting. Arrangement could be improved upon but time and practice makes perfect.

The Tyee Wah-Wa, Sumner High School, Wash.:—The literary department of your paper is quite good but a little more pep is needed.

The Oracle, Abington High School, Pa.:—Your Christmas issue was very smart and original in style. A few clever cartoons would add greatly.

The Lincolnian, Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Wash.:—Your book has individuality for its middle name, and also shows wonderful spirit of the school.

The Knight, Collingswood High School, N. J.:—Your book is very good but could be improved greatly if ads were not in front of the book.

The Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.:—The material and arrangement of your book is excellent.

—Marie Goldstein, '21.



- 1904—Ethel Kennedy, nee Ebner, residing in Berkeley, California.  
Grover C. Winn, is married and practicing law in Juneau.
- 1905—Crystal Jenne, nee Snow, resides in Juneau.
- 1906—Francis Ross, nee Hammond, residing in Annapolis.  
Francis Neiding, nee Shepard, residing in Kennecott, Alaska.
- 1907—Edna Dow, teaching school in Seattle, Washington.  
Edward Kennedy, deceased.
- 1908—Brilliant Carpenter, nee Olds, living in Juneau.  
Juanita Anderson, nee Anderson, residing in Seldovia, Alaska.  
Robert Cragg, is married and living in Juneau, where he is employed by the Alaska Steamship Co.  
William Casey, is married and living in Juneau.  
Walter Ramseyer, living in Seattle, Washington.
- 1909—Blossom Price, nee Craig, widowed, now head nurse in large Portland Hospital.  
Thomas Cole, is married and making his home in Waterville, Wash.  
Charles Johnson, deceased.  
David Christoe, married and living in Juneau.  
Albert Rapp, managing director at Speel River.  
Cecelia McLaughlin, stenographer in local Surveyor General's Office.  
Ceelia Harried, nee Tibbits, teaching school in Mineral, Wash.  
Edward Christoe, now residing in Seattle, Washington.
- 1910—Mina Johnson, nee Sowerby, is widowed, now living in Seattle, Wash.  
Ora Radel, nee Morgan, is living at Latouche, Alaska.  
Helen Osborne, nee Denny, residing in Minneapolis, Minn.  
Carrie Bjorge, nee George, residing at Wrangell, Alaska.  
Clement Riley, deceased.



## Juneau-Douglas City Museum

- 1911—Carl Brown, manager of Seattle Car Co., Seattle, Wash.  
Harry Harper, now living in Minneapolis, Minn.
- 1912—Frank Caraway, living in Seattle, Wash.
- 1913—Peter Johnson, has a position in Ketchikan, Alaska.  
Paul Carpenter, married and making his home at Tacoma, Wash.  
Charles Wortman, is employed at Chichagoff Mine.  
Leslie Birkland, nee George, living in Seattle, Wash.  
Chester Tripp, employed at Thane, Alaska.  
Mamie King, nee Morgan, deceased.
- 1914—Thelma Ninnis, teaching school at Springfield, Oregon.  
Edward Beattie, in service at Fort Gibbons, Alaska.  
Alma White, nee Sowerby, residing at Seattle, Wash.  
George E. Nelson, employed at Thane, Alaska.  
Charles Sabin, living in Juneau, Alaska.
- 1915—Burdette Winn, attending University of Washington.  
Ann McLaughlin, teaching school near Seattle, Washington.  
Almond Richards, is at Latouche, Alaska.  
Cyril Kashevaroff, is married and residing in San Francisco, Calif.  
Helmi Aalto, teaching school at Kenai, Alaska.  
Paul Thompson, residing at Seattle, Wash.
- 1916—Hazel Jaeger, living in Juneau, Alaska.  
Mary Conners, is residing in Juneau.  
Waino Hendrickson, has a position at Thane, Alaska.  
Gladys Austin, nee Tripp, living in Juneau, Alaska.  
Luella Peterson, nee Gilpatrick, residing at Sitka, Alaska.  
Ruth Umstead, residing at Redondo Beach, Cal.  
Eugene G. Nelson, has position at A. G. Mining Co.  
Susanne McLaughlin, now living in Seattle, Wash.  
Margaret Dudley, residing at Chicago, Illinois.  
Lily Korhonen, residing at San Francisco, Cal.  
Charles Skuse, has position at Thane, Alaska.  
Garnet Lahr, nee Laughlin, residing at Salmon Creek, Alaska.  
Helen Troy, attending the University of Washington.  
Simpson McKinnon, on the U. S. S. New York.
- 1917—William Taschek, is married and living in Seattle, Wash.  
Emma Troupe, nee Sherman, residing in Vancouver, B. C.  
Dorothy Haley, is now attending the University of Washington.  
James McCloskey, has a position with the C. P. R. Co., in Juneau.  
Lillian Collins, has position with the Post Office at Juneau.

# Juneau-Douglas City Museum

- 1918\_\_Joseph Acklin, attending University of Washington.  
Helen Smith, working in office of Territorial Treasurer in Juneau.  
Harold Koskey, deceased.  
Olive LaBounty, working at Grahams Co., Seattle, Wash.  
Wilbur Burford, attending the University of Washington.  
Frances Williams, nee Ptack, residing at Thane, Alaska.  
Roberta Coreyell, attending the University of Washington.  
Madge Case, has position in Legislature.  
Joseph McLaughlin, attending the University of Washington.  
Rena Ellingen, is living in Juneau, Alaska.  
Rose McLaughlin, working in Legislature at Juneau, Alaska.  
John Meir, has a position at Perseverance Mine.  
Elvira Spain, nee Wiitanen, residing at Treadwell, Alaska.
- 1919\_\_Belle Hood, is attending the University of Washington.  
Mary Kashevaroff, is teaching at Kasaaan, Alaska.  
Roy Torvinen, is attending the University of Washington.  
Mary Monagle, is attending the University of Washington.  
Emma Perelle, attending the University of Washington.  
Dorothy Troy, is attending the University of Washington.  
Nadine Mudge, nee Saum, is residing at Tenakee, Alaska.  
Gertrude Nelson, is attending the University of Washington.  
Harry Morgan, at Military Academy at Annapolis.
- 1920\_\_Nadja Kashevaroff, teaching school at Ward Cove, Alaska.  
Walstein Smith, attending school at Pasadena, Calif.  
Sybil Campbell, has position in Legislature at Juneau.  
Harriet Sey, attending normal school in Juneau.  
Victor Hewitt, working at Thane, Alaska.  
Vivian Sparling, working in Library at Tacoma, Washington.  
Donald McKinnon, residing in Juneau, Alaska.  
Llela Ptack, attending University of Oregon.  
Edna Miller, teaching school at Petersburg, Alaska.  
Joe George, residing in Douglas, Alaska.

F. C., '21.





Carrol (passing Cartwright's)—"Let's go in here. I want to get some chickens for Easter."

Stanley—"What do I care about them. I got one already."

Honey—"Oh, you mean you've got your little red hen."

Allen—"The Junior Prom reminds me of a steam roller."

Jesse—"Why?"

Allen—"It leaves you flat."

Young Woman (entering a music store)—Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk—"I don't think so; I'm new here, maybe it was the other man."

Student (after having picture taken for Totem)—I don't like these pictures, I look like an ape."

Photographer—"You should have thought of that before you had them taken."

Florence—"Have I too much powder on my nose?"

Ben (with cold)—"Oh, dough."

Mrs. Lanz (at the football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful, terrible, why they will kill that poor fellow underneath."

Mr. Phillips—"Oh, don't be silly, he doesn't mind it. He's unconscious by this time."

Marian—"What do you mean by telling Elliott that I am a fool?"

Legia—"Heavens, I'm sorry. Was it a secret?"

Helmi—"Are those sandwiches fresh?"

Lena—"Dunno, they haven't said anything to me yet."

## Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Capt.—"Where are you going with that brace and bit?"  
Rookie—"I'm going to drill."

There was a young lady from Siam.  
She said to her lover, "Oh Priam,  
You can kiss me of course,  
but you'll have to use force,  
And goodness knows you're stronger than I am."

Miss Nelson—"Have you read Silas Marner?"  
Dorothy—"Oh, yes, I have read all of Shakespeare's works,  
unless it is something he has written in the last few days."

Mr. Lanz (to Seventh Grade)—"I'm always home at eleven  
and I see you out after twelve."

Teacher—"Are you a freshman?"  
Freshman—"No, I am an Italian."

Miss Park—"Have you written all you know?"  
Lance H. (displaying blank paper)—"Yes."

Mr. Phillips (in gym class)—"Charles, please throw up the  
windows. Now class throw out your chests."

Miss Ulleland (in U. S. history class)—"There is one thing  
about this class. You don't seem to have any team work. Why  
your grades on your examination papers range all the way from  
fifty to a hundred."

Lance—"Well, you don't let us sit close enough to each other  
to have team work."

Mr. Lanz (speaking of the curtains in the club room)—"Yes,  
I think I'll put Miss Smith on the hanging committee."

James B—"I'm a little stiff from basketball."  
James M—"Where did you say you were from?"

"Isn't that music heavenly," asked Howard soulfully. "Doesn't  
it simply lift you off your feet?"

"It doesn't seem quite so heavenly as all that," retorted  
Jessie. "At least it doesn't lift you off mine."

Prof. Lanz—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a  
predicate."

Bright Soph.—"I have sir."  
Prof. Lanz—"What is it?"  
Bright Soph.—"Thirty days."



## Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Miss Park—"After the fight, MacBeth's head was cut off."  
Wayne (waking up)—"He didn't die did he?"

Miss Ulleland (in ancient history)—"Magellan made three  
volages, and was killed after one of them. Which one was it?"  
Britt (suddenly waking up)—"The first one."

Beatrice—"Why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on  
the tip of my nose?"  
James—"How did I know where you wanted to wear your  
complexion?"

Stanley—"A fellow tried to tell me I looked like you."  
Vestal—"Where is he? I want to punch his face."  
Stanley—"I just killed him."

Irene (in drawing class)—"How do draw a man?"  
Miss Nelson—"I do not know. I've been trying all my life,  
but I haven't succeeded yet."

Soph.—"Oh, you've got a new hat."  
Freshman—"It isn't new, only cleaned and blocked."  
Junior—"Yes, and the block is still in it."

Miss Smith (having drawings hung up)—"Hang these girls  
up over here."  
Bill—"Which ones Miss Smith?"

Venetia—"Do you know anything about a pulp mill?"  
Donald—"Yes, they make popes there."

Miss Ulleland (in ancient history class)—"Donald, tell me  
how you like ancient history."  
Donald—"I don't like it very well, and I would drop it but  
I'm afraid of breaking it."

Miss Ulleland—"Your report should be written so that even  
the most ignorant persons may understand them."  
Norah W.—"What part is it you don't understand?"

You can always tell a Freshman  
By his fresh, green, country looks,  
You can always tell a Junior  
By his study and his books;  
You can always tell a senior  
By his mortar-board and such;  
You can always tell a sophomore,  
But you cannot tell him much.

Mrs. Lanz—"Do you know what an epic poem is?"  
Stanley—"Yes, it is the thing on a tombstone."

Marie—"Venetia, what is an hallucination "  
Venetia—"Oh, wait I'll find it in a Spanish vocabulary."

Stewart—"What was the racket in the shower last night?"  
Arden—"Oh, Johnnie was using one of his crash towels."

Lillian—"Why isn't your hair red Eva?"  
Eva—"Because Ivory doesn't rust."

'Twas a nice October morning  
Last September in July;  
The moon lay thick upon the ground,  
The mud shown in the sky;  
The flowers were singing sweetly,  
The birds were in full bloom  
While I went down the cellar  
To sweep an upstairs room.  
The time was Tuesday morning,  
On Wednesday, just at night;  
I saw a thousand miles away,  
A house just out of sight.  
The walls projected backwards,  
The front was round the back,  
It stood between two more,  
And it was whitewashed black.

Soph.—" 'Sneagle."  
Junior—" 'Snot an eagle, 'Snork."  
Soph.—" 'Snot a 'snork 'Snowl."  
Junior—" 'Sneither, 'snostrich."

Miss Saxton—"The three boys on the front seat were the  
ones who had their problems correct."  
Voice (from rear of room)—"Good teamwok."

Jim—"I could dance to heaven with you."  
Ideal—"Please don't reverse."

Teacher—"What is the connecting link between animal and  
vegetable kingdom?"  
"Hash!" yelled the class with one voice.

Chemistry Prof.—"Name three articles containing starch."  
Freshie—"Two cuffs and a collar."



Mr. Lanz—"Why do they have glass around electric light bulbs?"

Bright Freshie—"To keep the light from going out."

Teacher—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

No reply.

Teacher (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on the next seat to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened)—"It wasn't me, I-I just moved here last week from Islington."

She—"So you've met my son at High school, eh?"

He—"Sure, we sleep in the same English class."

Teacher—"What part of history is the hardest?"

Student—"The stone age, I suppose."

Mother—"Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate."

Caller—"How is that?"

Mother—"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in school."

Jack—"I don't think I deserve zero on this examination."

Mrs. Henderson—"Correct, but that's the lowest mark I know of."

Teacher (after lesson on snow)—"As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Pupil—"Gloves."



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