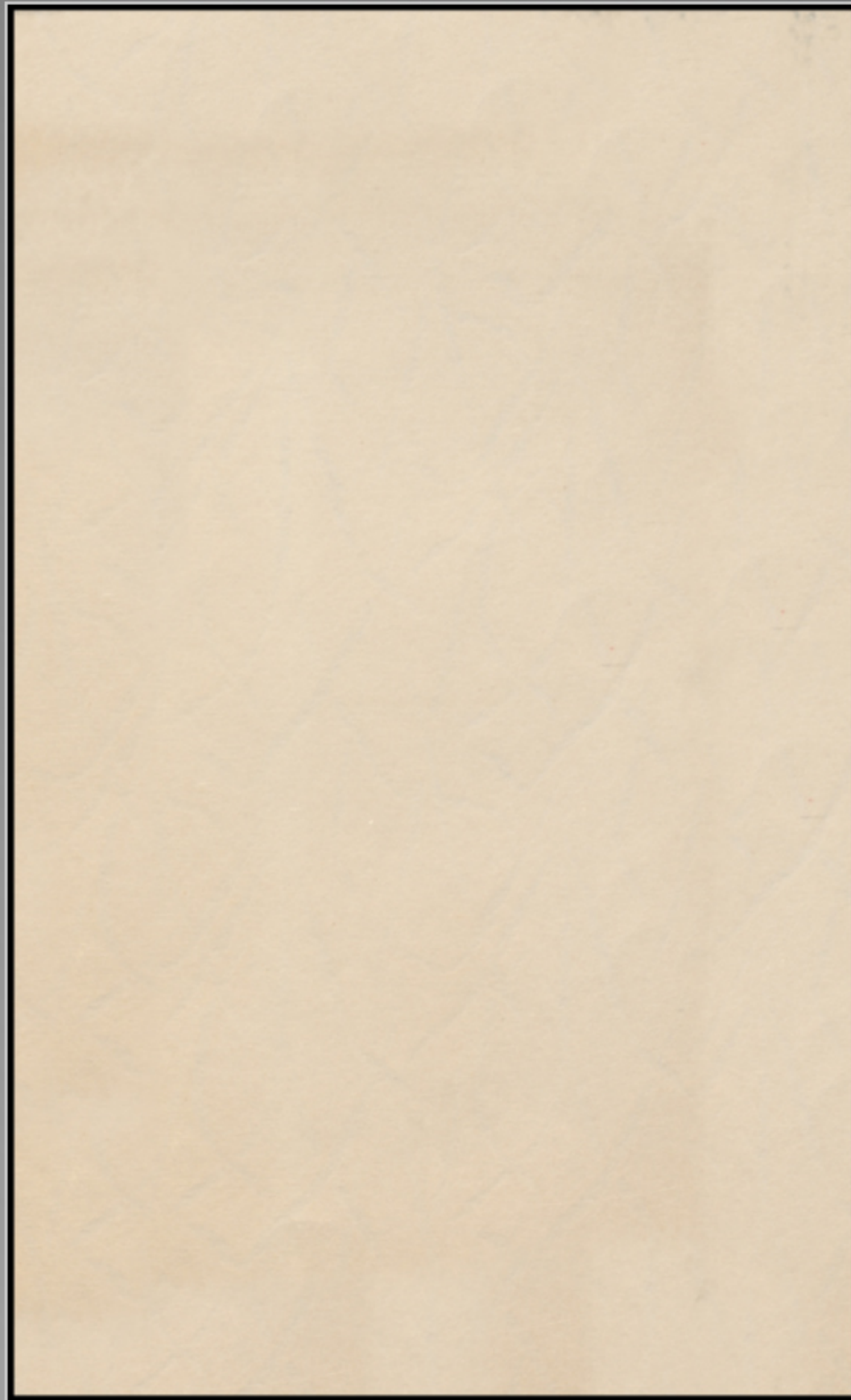
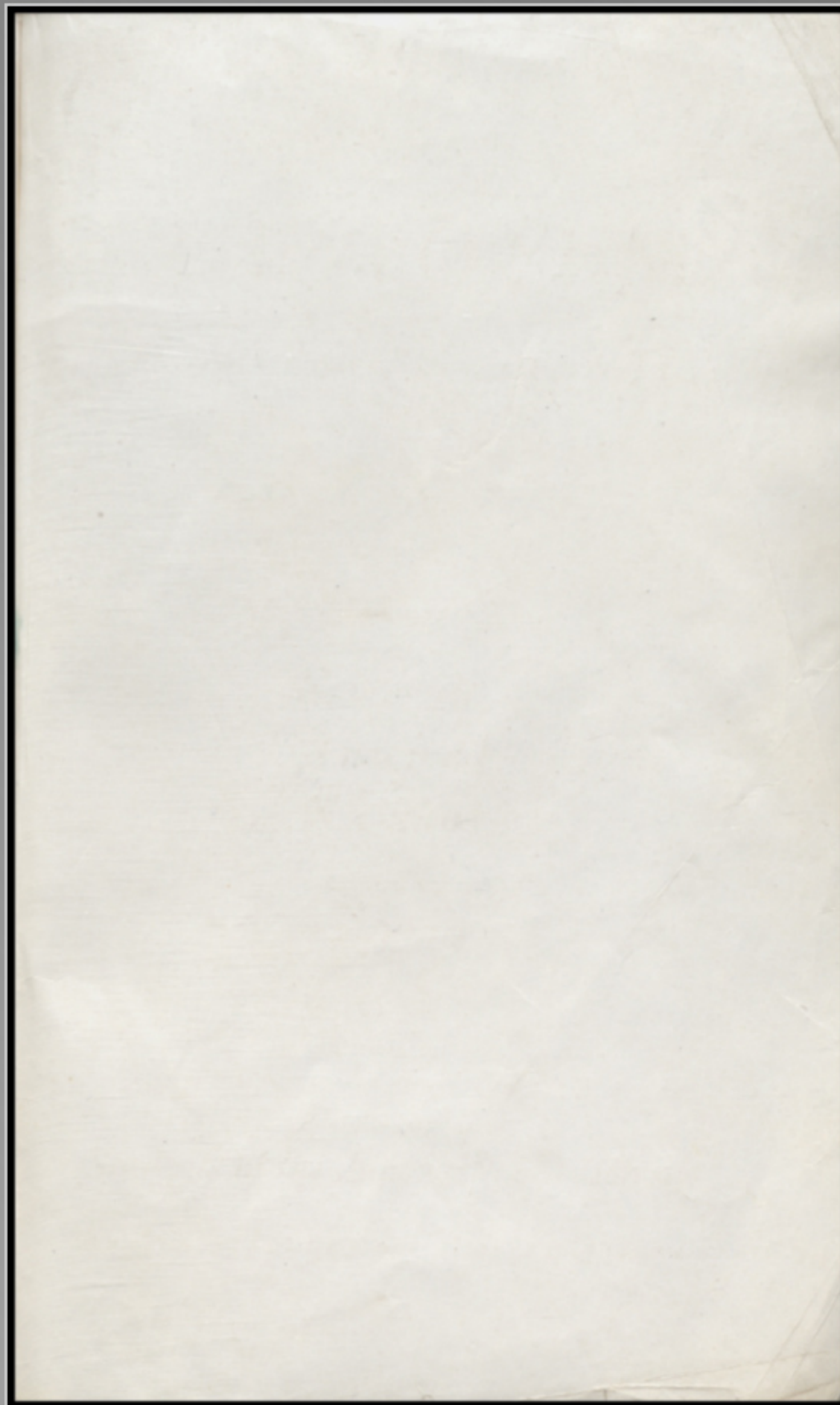


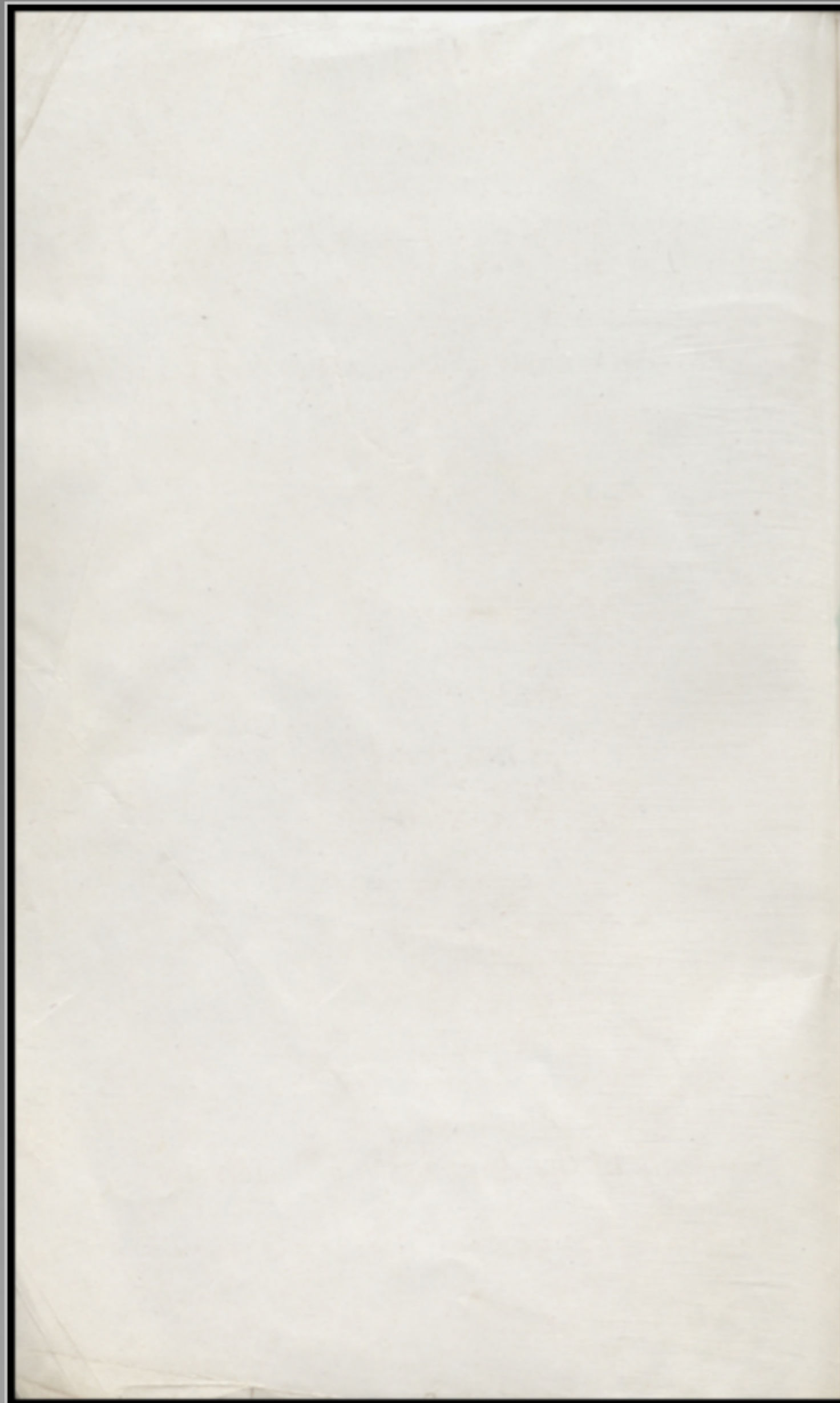
TOTEM

1922

JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA







THE TOTEM

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Two

*Sixteenth
Annual
Number*

*Published by the
Students of the Juneau Public School
at
Juneau, the Capital City of Alaska*



Dedication

To Mr. Guy McNaughton, in recognition of his faithful service and his undivided interest in the welfare of Juneau High School, do we respectfully dedicate this number of the "Totem."



Juneau High School



Juneau, Alaska

Scarlet and Black.

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

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

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

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Marguerite Bone.....	Assistant Editor
Howard Case.....	Business Manager
James Barragar.....	Assistant Business Manager
Anita Garnick.....	Literary
Daisy Oja.....	Society
Jacob Britt.....	Jokes
Wayne Summers.....	Subscription Manager
John Janiksela.....	Boys' Athletics
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Once more a school year has passed, bringing with it the usual round of work and play, duty and pleasure, and some of all these you will find in this Sixteenth Issue of the "Totem." As always, it is published with the same purpose in mind; that is, to present to the public a picture, brief and clear, of the accomplishments and gains of the passing year. Sometimes it is better than others, but it always represents the product of hard and conscientious work on the part of not only the staff but also the students as a whole, who do all the contributing to its pages. We hope this issue of the annual will meet with the approval and suc-



cess that the previous ones have for every effort has been made to make it so. A great deal of hard work has been expended by the various editors to make their departments show clearly the accomplishments and results in each one for the year, and we sincerely hope that the people of this city will find something of interest and enjoyment in its pages.

A NEW GYM IN PROSPECT!

Another year has rolled by without anything definite decided concerning a new gymnasium for the school. If there is anything now needed by the students of the Juneau Public Schools, it is a new and larger place for recreation and physical training. The present gym. is much too small for really beneficial and satisfactory results in physical exercise. Its balcony space is so small as to hardly accommodate even the smallest crowds who attend the athletic events held in it, and thus it is nearly impossible to make anything a financial success when it is held in the present gym. With adequate seating capacity and a larger floor it would be possible to hold all athletic contests in the school house, and would avoid the expense and necessity of hiring a hall down town for this purpose. It seems a pity for a town of the size of the capital city to have to admit the lack of a proper place for the holding of recreational and athletic meets. It is not that the citizens of Juneau are careless or uninterested, but only that they do not realize the crying need for this addition to the school building, or do not see the gains that would be accomplished by its addition. We are sure that before long some measures will be taken up to see that we have a new and larger gymnasium, which will be not only of benefit to the children but a credit to the town.

INTER-SCHOOL MEET.

Loyalty to one school, interest in its welfare, support of its activities and all the other qualities which go toward making school "spirit" are characteristics for which every school strives. And just as "spirit" is desirable within the school itself, so can the broader term "inter-school spirit" be used to typify the feeling existing between the different schools of Alaska. More and more should we bend our energies toward creating a closer feeling of unity and common interests between these various schools of our Territory.

Distances are great and it is impossible for us to keep in close personal touch with the schools of Fairbanks, Anchorage, Seward, and other cities of Northern and Western Alaska but we can follow their activities to a great extent by reading their papers and annuals and comparing their happenings with our own. The schools of Southeastern Alaska, including those of Juneau, Douglas, Ketchikan, Wrangell, and Petersburg are near enough so that there should be a special bond of union between them.

The proposed Meet to be held at Juneau between these schools the first week in May, should be a great step toward this direction. The contests of spelling, composition and arithmetic in the lower grades and oral and written English, Declamation, Debate and sports in the upper grades cannot help but promote a feeling of rivalry and emulation. Each school will do its best toward the winning of cup or medal. Then, too, each school will get a tab, so to speak, as to how it compares with the others, upon what lines it surpasses them and where it is deficient. In this way the schools will work hard toward improvement in anticipation for other inter-school contests. For indeed, no school likes to admit its self inferior to another along any line. If this proposed Inter-School Meet proves a success, as there is little doubt of it doing, it should be only the first of many similar ones to be held in the future.

During the past year many of our pupils have begun the practice of corresponding with pupils of other schools. This gives them a splendid opportunity, not only for forming new friendships but also a fine chance to learn what others are doing, and how their school duties and pleasures correspond with our own.

Among the most noted events in our school calendars which may be spoken of in connection with inter-school spirits have been the tours of Southeastern Alaska made by the basketball teams of Ketchikan, Douglas and Juneau. These trips were accompanied by the enthusiasm of us all.

All such activities, in which the schools find common ground for interest and friendly rivalry tend to encourage inter-school spirit. We should do our utmost toward keeping this ideal before the Juneau High School all the time.

MR. WINN WITH US ONCE AGAIN.

Since the municipal election of April fourth, we have with us once again Mr. Grover C. Winn who now holds the position of Treasurer of the School Board. Mr. Winn formerly held the office of President and for two terms made himself very valuable and popular with both the students and teachers. Owing to busi-

ness affairs and the need of a rest he stayed out one year but was prevailed upon once more to undertake the arduous and sometimes ungrateful job of a member of the Board. We are certainly glad to have him with us for another term and hope that he is as much pleased at being with us as we are to have him.

In conclusion of this column we wish to extend our grateful thanks and appreciation to all those who have in any way aided the success of this volume, either in advertising or in purchasing the book. The entire success of the "Totem" rests upon the good people of Juneau who always and at all times have shown remarkable generosity in supporting and encouraging the activities of the Students of the Juneau High School. WE THANK YOU.



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

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

MISS ALICE MORRISON, B.S.
History

MISS MARY K. CARNAHAN, A.B.
Spanish, Latin
Junior High School

MRS. JESSE PETER, B.S.
Science, Mathematics

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

MISS MARIE NELSON
Principal
Junior High School

MISS MABEL MEYER, B.S.
Commercial

MR. HOWARD G. HUGHES
Junior High School, Manual
Training, Boys' Athletics

MISS ELOISE JACKSON, B.S.
Junior High School, Domestic
Science, Girls' Athletics





Senior Class History.

Of the thirty some little tots who entered the first grade twelve years ago, there are only five of the original number left who are now in their Senior year of High School. These are Venetia Pugh, James McNaughton, Howard Case, Lillian Oja and Irene Nelson. As the years progressed Anita Garnick, Luella Smith, Jessie Mock, Iloe Slade, Legia Kashevaroff, and Stanley Jorgensen joined them and finally in our Senior year Marian Robertson and Marguerite Bone came to swell our numbers.

During our four years of high school our class has always maintained the reputation of successfully carrying out every event undertaken, whether it be dramatics, athletics or social functions. Iloe Slade and Lillian Oja have held positions on the girls' basketball team, and Howard Case on the boys' team. It is with a feeling of pride that we note that since we entered the senior high school the positions of captain of both football and basketball teams have been held by members of the class of '22. In our Sophomore year we put on a vaudeville that insured our position as entertainers. As Juniors we put on another vaudeville which was even more of a success. Our senior play "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" which was given at the Coliseum April 21, was a tremendous hit and was presented in a very talented manner by all who took part.

In the social world, as Freshmen we started with a jolly party in the gym that left no doubt in the minds of other classes as to what pep and originality we possessed. As Sophomores a Valentine party proved a continuation of our ability to show the other classes a good time. The Junior Prom given in the Elks' Hall was one of the most delightful ever given in the Juneau High School. We are sure the Senior Ball to be given May 19 will be remembered by all who attend as one of the most enjoyable dances of its kind.

It is with joy mingled with sorrow and sadness that we leave Juneau High and will always cherish a warm spot in our hearts for our high school days.

Offices in the class are held as follows:

James McNaughton	President
Venetia Pugh	Vice-President

CLASS COLORS
Orange and Black

CLASS FLOWER
Marigold

CLASS YELL
1-9-2-2
We're the class that's never blue
We're the class that sees things through
1-9-2-2

CLASS MOTTO
Launched, but not anchored.

LEGIA KASHEVAROFF.

MARGUERITE BONE

"Brown eyes with wondrous, witch-
ing charm,
To bring us good or to work us
harm."



HOWARD CASE

"A malady preys on my heart that
medicine cannot reach."



ANITA GARNICK

"She is just the quiet type
Whose virtues never vary."





STANLEY JORGENSEN

"I never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles me."

LEGIA KASHEVAROFF

"For if she will, she will, you may
depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't; so
there's an end on't."

EUGENE KIRK

"I like to stroll, I like to lounge."

JAMES McNAUGHTON

"O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side."



JESSIE MOCK

"She was humble, she was stately,
Simplest deed, she did it greatly."



IRENE NELSON

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."





LILLIAN OJA

"Her looks do argue her, replete
with modesty."

VENETIA PUGH

I'd rather have a fool to make me
merry;
Than experience to make me sad."

MARIAN ROBERTSON

"One might as well be dead as out
of fashion."

LUELLA SMITH

"Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues
shoot."



ILOE SLADE

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

Reminiscences.

Monte Carlo, June 12, 1940.

Arrived here from Naples, Italy. I have not yet seen the city but intend to go to the Casino tonight.

Later—3:20 A. M.

We had the most glorious time at the Casino last night, I won over twelve thousand dollars, but who on earth do you think that I ran into—Irene Nelson, the great American prima donna—Irene has been touring Europe for the last six months—she is as blooming and handsome as ever. She tells me that Lady Euspaquio, nee Anita Garnick, is residing in her charming country home in the suburbs of Madrid and that her husband at last induced her to put up her hair.

June 13, 1940.

Motored out to see Anita this afternoon, she really looks stunning with her hair up. She says that Luella Smith made so much money in her school of interior decorating that she was planning on joining her in Madrid for a vacation.

Having seen the girls has made my thoughts turn back to the class of '22.

I read that Ilse Slade won the International Tennis Championship in Antwerp, Belgium. I can see her now on the old tennis court in Juneau batting that old ball around and swinging her wicked racquet.

Howard Case and Jim McNaughton, my old playmates, have established a law firm in New York. They are world known criminal lawyers. (Their fees are criminal enough, all right.)

Speaking of Howard reminds me that Marguerite Bone had continued her elocution and has just completed a successful season on the Chautauqua.

And just think Jessie Mock has developed her talent as a toe dancer and is one of the leading dancers in Madame Legia Kashevaroff's Russian Ballet.

A few days ago I received the news of the duel between Eugene Kirk and Stanley Jorgenson for the hand of the charming divorcee, Lillian Oja—Stanley received a serious wound from his opponent, but is resting easily at the Swedish Hospital in London. His wife and six children are at his bedside awaiting his recovery.

All this had happened in the last eighteen years. As for myself, after having published my 'Ashes of Romance,' I married Count X——— and gave up my career of Kindergarten teaching.

V. P.

Class Will.

We the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, of the Juneau High School, being sound in mind, free in spirit and bound by no existing ties, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all previous wills, bequests, and devices of whatever nature by us made.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. To the Senior High School, we leave two gallons of nitro-glycerine to be used, discreetly, at basketball and football games and at assemblies, with which to instill school spirit and pep.

Section 2. To the Junior Class we leave what "pull" we have with the school board to get more school dances (as the Jitneys are getting rather crowded.)

Section 3. To the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, the coming assembly speakers at rallies and mass meetings we leave our power to omit "We hope to bring home the bacon;" "I'm in the same boat;" and "Well, I haven't got much to say, but I'll say this much," as these phrases are getting obsolete.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. To Miss Mary K. Carnahan, the Senior Play Director, we leave our sincerest sympathy and hope that she will never have to coach another class like ours. We also wish her luck with the Class of 1923, when they give "East Lynne."

Section 2. To our class advisor Mr. Hughes we leave our good will and many thanks for his aid in our class affairs.

Section 3. To the Juniors we will the mascot which was willed to us by the Class of 1921, with the request that they in turn leave it to the Class of 1924.

Section 4. To the Junior Girls, we the Senior Girls, leave the dignity which has so heavily weighed upon our brows. Also with great concentration, unceasing effort combined with an acute sense of the aesthetical, they might be able to follow in our footsteps.

Section 1. I, Howard Case, leave my sea-legs to Harry Ellingen. To Melville Leake, my bashfulness with the opposite sex. To Jimmie Barragar I give my Scarlet and Black sweater provided he renews the sleeves. My large appetite I daintily bequeath to "Honky." To Geo. White, I leave my longing for the "Sunny South."

Section 2. I, Anita Garnick, will my curls to Florence Koskey. My habit of remaining in Ancient History a whole period to Fred Gould and Curtis Shattuck. To Billy Kirkland I leave my ability to get to school on time.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Section 3. I, Lillian, Oja, leave to Ellen Sorri my mathematical mind together with my questionable grades in geometry. My ability to make fouls in basketball games I leave to Frances Messerschmidt. My talent for bluffing I shall leave to any student who may desire to make use of it should the occasion demand it. And my precious powder and mirror I leave to Dorothy Stearns, on condition that she will lend them to any girl that may desire to borrow them.

Section 4. I, Jessie Mock, bequeath my studious air to Fred Gould, my big feet to Lily Perelle. My fondness for jazz music to Emma Hopkins.

Section 5. I, Jim McNaughton, will to Jimmie Barragar my love for ice and "Snow" and also my eraser hoping that he will be as successful with it in typewriting as I have been. To Jacob Britt I leave my executive ability on condition that he will manage the girls of his class as well as I have managed those in mine. (?) My modesty I will to John Janiksela. My way with the ladies to Ralph Waggoner.

Section 6. I, Marguerite Bone, leave to Eva Tripp my habit of getting to school on time. My tendency of falling out of logs at the theatre to Miriam McBride. My conscience to Ralph Waggoner, and my kid curlers to Florence Koskey and hope she will use them faithfully.

Section 7. I, Venetia Pugh, will my title as geometry "shark" to Melville Leake and wish him success in holding it. To Jacob Britt my love for "Ferns," flowers and woodsie things. My name of "Baby" to Wayne Summers.

Section 8. I, Legia Kashevaroff, regretfully leave my shy disposition to Lily Perelle. My ability to always get the "connection" to Jim Golding. To Johnny Janiksela the hope that he will some time have to collect dollars from some one as equally hard as himself, so that he will know what it is like.

Section 9. I, Ilce Slade, leave my good Caesar marks to Fred Gould to be used toward a credit for graduating in 1924. My "pull" with Miss Carnahan to Melville Leake. My unusual talent for U. S. History and Civics to Bill Clark. My basketball paraphernalia to Tecla Jorgenson. My black and white plaid skirt to John Janiksela, for future portrayals of women.

Section 10. I, Irene Nelson, will my striped skirt to Marie Kirk, knowing that she will approve of it. To Leonard Holmquist, my glasses, he being able to appreciate them. My good marks to Ralph Waggoner.

Section 11. I, Luella Smith, leave my ability in aesthetical dancing to Bunny Graves. My facial expression to Brick Morris. My culinary art to the future basketball team, to be used on the next trip to Ketchikan.

Section 12. I, Marian Robertson, leave to Lena Korhonen my vamping ability in "Summer." My stenographic calling to Alice Case. My sylph like shape and gracefulness to Reid Allen, with the sincerest hope that it may aid him to remain on his two feet while going up and downstairs.

Section 13. I, Stanley Jorgensen, leave my ability to get along with the rest of my classmates to Jack Burford. To Billie Biggs I leave my fondness for the "fair sex" hoping he will use it to the best of his ability on "Honey." My skill in mixing with the new teachers I leave to "Poikey."

We do hereby constitute and appoint Dr. Harry C. DeVighné, President 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 5th day of May, 1922.

ILOE SLADE, '22.







Senior II.

This year has been a very successful one for the Class of 1923. It has decreased somewhat in number during the year, three members having left, namely, Maude and Arden Peabody and Stewart Holt.

The Junior Class this year has taken a leading part in all activities. They are represented on the Totem Staff by seven members. Daisy Oja, Eva Tripp, William Biggs, James Barragar, Jacob Britt, John Janiksela and Wayne Summers.

In athletics they have shown up better than before. The Junior Class furnished seven men for the "Hi" football team. They were Jacob Britt, William Clark, John Janiksela, James Barragar, Stewart Holt and Arden Peabody. This year there were four who received their letter by playing basketball. They were James Barragar, Jacob Britt, John Janiksela and Harry Ellingen.

The girls also have been able to hold their own in all forms of athletics. Four of the members held positions on the first team. Those were Florence Koskey, Eva Tripp, Lillian Perelle and Tecla Jorgensen.

The first social event of the year was given by the Juniors in the High School Gym. This dance was the first to be given on the new hard wood floor.

The Junior Prom given on April 7 in the A. B. Hall was the success of the season. The hall was artistically decorated in the class colors, blue and orange. Suspended from the center of the hall were the letters J. H. S. Beautiful shields bearing this insignia were hung on the walls below the balconies. Streamers of blue and orange were interwoven along the length of the balcony. During the evening delicious punch was served and clever favors



were distributed among the dancers. This has been pronounced
the biggest and best Prom ever given.

CLASS OFFICERS

President Jacob Britt
Vice-President John Janiksela
Secretary and Treasurer Eva Tripp
Class Advisor Miss Mabel Meyer

CLASS COLORS
Blue and Orange.

MOTTO
B sharp B natural, but never B flat.

L. P. and A. W.



Senior I.

The Sophomore Class started the year with a membership of twenty three, nine girls and fourteen boys. During the year Alice Charles left for Seattle and Miguel Malvar left for Chicago to enter High School there. Miguel had entered the Juneau High School from the Philippine Islands.

This year has been a success educationally, socially and otherwise, for the class and co-operation has been shown in all events given by the Sophs.

As to being a success educationally, we'll leave that to Professor Lanz. The Sophomore dance was one of the biggest successes socially of the whole school year. The "Gym" was decorated in purple and white streamers making a beautiful effect and every one attending reported having a "dandy" time.

The Sophs. contributed three men to the football team and three men to the High School basketball team and also three men to the trip to Ketchikan; namely, George White, Melville Leake and Leonard Holmquist. The class basketball team are the champions of the school.

The Senior I's are taking an active part in the coming track meet and intend to live up to their reputation as winners at this contest.

Officers for the class were elected in the beginning of the year and those elected were:

President	Margaret Stansfield
Vice-President	Curtis Shattuck
Secretary and Treasurer	Dan Russell
Class Advisor	Miss Eloise Jackson

These officers did much to make the school year the success it was and much credit is due to Miss Jackson for her tireless efforts to make all the class events come out the way they did.

The Sophomores are hoping that next year will be as successful as this one has been and even intend to raise their standard to a higher point if that is possible.

L. H.





Junior III.

The Junior III. class which has twenty-two members has been active in all school affairs. During the last semester the Junior III's have had charge of the Schol News, published every Friday in the Alaska Daily Empire. Both boys' and girls' basketball teams have been organized and many exciting games have been played with other class teams. Three of our girls played on the first school team.

The social events have not been numerous, as we have been busy with other activities, but a few parties have been given and were much enjoyed by all.

Several new members have been added to the class this year. They are Frances Messerschmidt and Raymond Bell from the Parochial School, Reid Allen from Idaho, John Halm from Douglas, George Williams and Kathleen Tolch from Thane and Virginia Metzgar from Treadwell.

In September the officers were elected as follows:

President	Virginia Metzgar
Vice-President	Frances Harland
Secretary-Treasurer	Elsie Pademeister
Class Advisor	Miss Nelson

We are looking forward to our Sophomore year, which we hope will pass as pleasantly and successfully as this year has passed.

V. M.



The Junior II. Class of 1922.

On the 29th day of August, Miss Nelson with pleasure stepped in and took charge of the eighteen pupils who at that time made up the Junior II. class. Although this class is the smallest in Junior High School they soon let the school know that this did not describe their pep and co-operation.

First of all in school work they carry some of the best talent and hope to prove it and show their ability in the interscholastic meet which is to take place in May.

This class has come out wonderfully in social events which have been all successful due to the increasing efforts of Miss Carnahan, who has taken great interest in the activities of the class.

Officers for the class were elected in the beginning of the year and those elected to offices were:

President	Mildred Warwick
Vice-President	Rose Bartlett
Secretary-Treasurer	Edward Naghel

A weiner roast was given by the class early in the year and everyone reported having a "classy" time. The next event was a party given by the class to which the ninth grade was invited. This party was well attended and enjoyed immensely by all present. On Christmas a party was given by each class in high school, refreshments were served and everyone received a present. The last party was an overall party to which the faculty and the ninth grade were invited. Games were played and refreshments were served and a delightful time was enjoyed.

The different lessons are taught by the following teachers: Arithmetic, English and Spelling, Miss Nelson; Gymnasium, Manual Training, Hygiene and History, Mr. Hughes; Girls' Gymnasium, Cooking and Sewing, Miss Jackson.

There were three new pupils entering the class during the year; these being Grace Howell, Richard Carrigan and James Golding. With these new students in the class we were twenty-one strong. We lost three during the year, however, thus bringing our class down to its original number. Those leaving were Grace Howell, John Holmberg and Jess Wood.

Believing that it's quality and not quantity that counts, the Junior II. class is trying to make this year the most successful one for themselves that has ever been known in the history of the school.

JAMES GOLDING,



Junior I. Class.

This year has been a very interesting year of school.

At the beginning of the year we had an enrollment of twenty-six. Later two members, Draga Bielick and Rachel Fisher, joined our class. In the first part of the year Russell Richardson left for British Columbia. About a week ago Natalia Kashevaroff left for Eagle River. We now have twenty girls and six boys.

Soon after we were organized we elected officers as follows:

President	Walter Foote
Vice-President	Harriet Barragar
Secretary and Treasurer	Evelyn Judson
Class Advisor	Mrs. J. E. Lanz

In September we went on a weiner roast out on the Salmon Creek road. Mr. and Mrs. Lanz accompanied us.

In October the Junior III. Class entertained the Junior I. and II. classes with a delightful Hallowe'en party.

On the twenty-third of December we had a Christmas party among ourselves which was very successful.

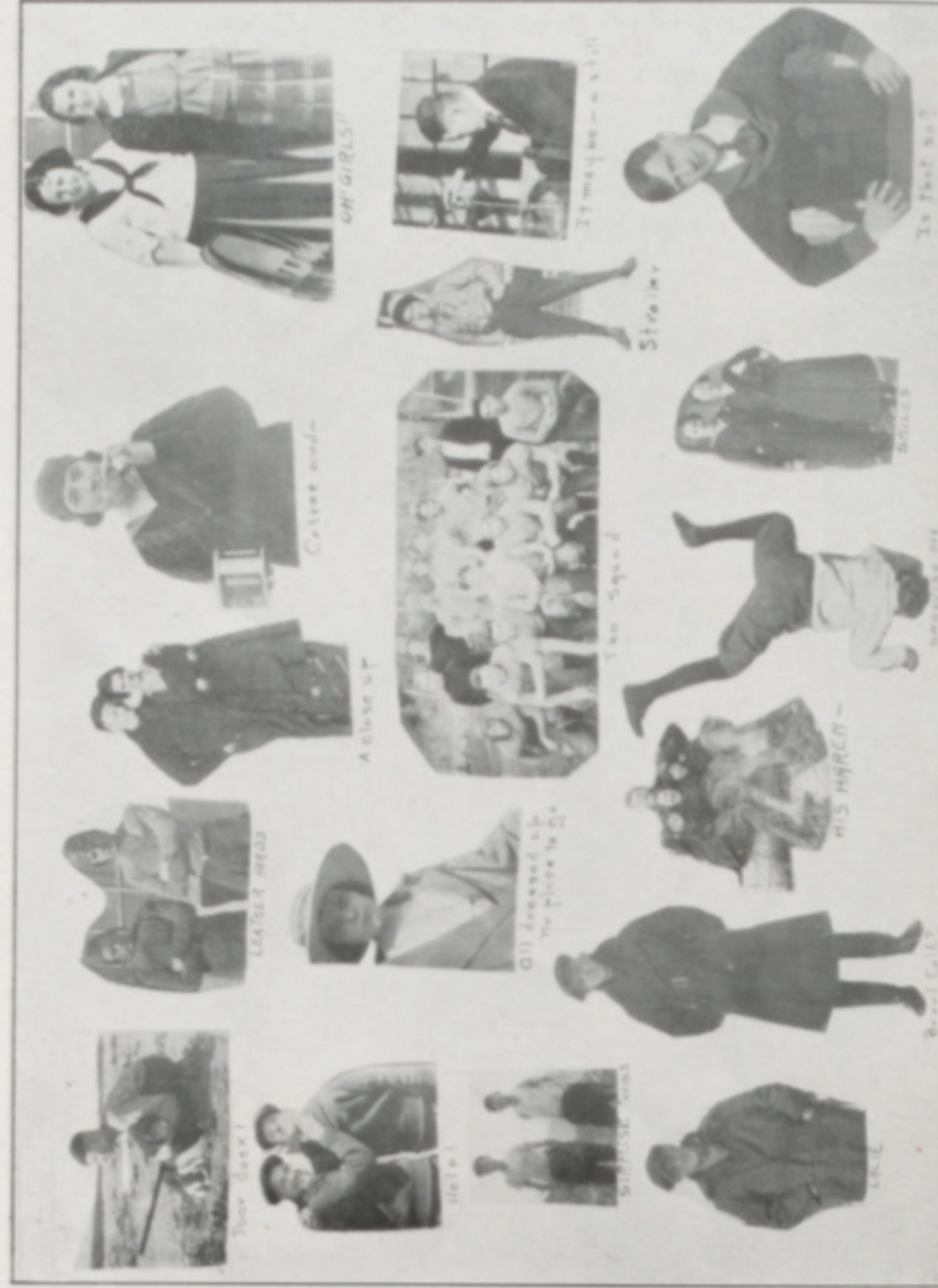
In the six weeks preceding Christmas we had a spelling match. There was much enthusiasm over the contest and at the end of the six weeks it was learned that the Wasps had won. They were rewarded, for the Bees gave them a lovely party.

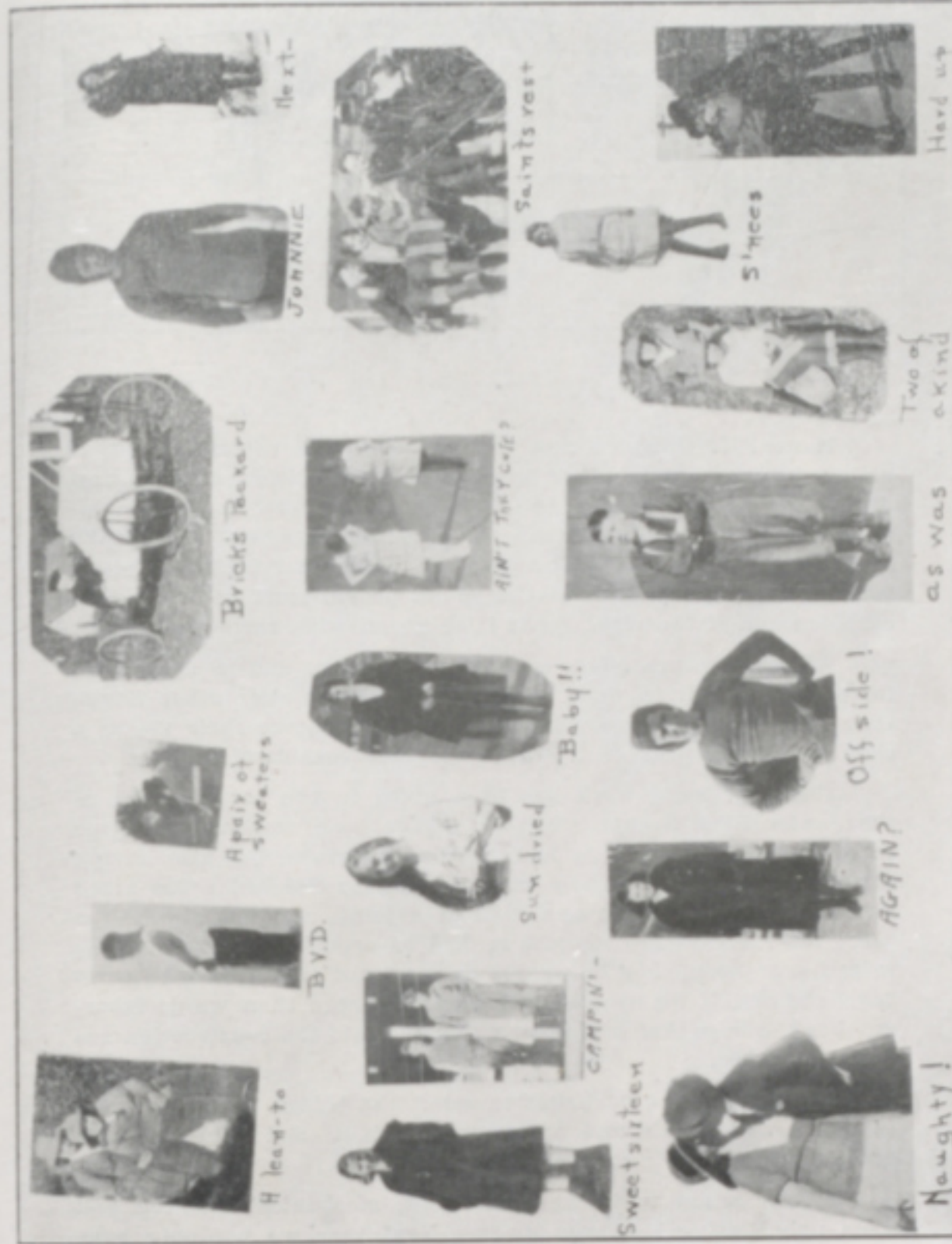
On March 31, 1922 we made our first attempt at entertaining by giving the Junior II. class an April Fool's party. It was noted a success by all who attended.

On the whole this has been a very pleasant year and we are looking forward to another like it.

EVELYN M. JUDSON.









Manual Training offers a problem in Alaska that is somewhat different from that in other places where climatic, and other conditions are not the same. Activities of the younger people are inclined to be more indoors, than out, and this necessitates a change in the form of play. In the adaption of manual training into a community, the activities of the young people must be taken into consideration if the right spirit is to go on with their work.

While furniture offers a constant problem, and is used more for subject matter in wood work than anything else; other things that a boy wants are very important, and whenever their use as a shop problem is possible it should be given consideration.

This year wood work has been given in the three grades of the Junior High School. The boys have been working with the combined ideas of not only learning tool processes, but also having something to show for their work when they finished. Too much time spent in perfecting one kind of a joint, and not allowing a place for individuality, is just as bad as spending too much time in self expression, then be unable to carry out the ideas with some degree of skill. We need skilled workmen more than we do laborers, but the boys that are putting thought into the construction are ahead of either.

The pupils have a chance to select the things that they wish to make, and if the tool processes are right, and the project is not too difficult it is constructed.

In connection with the wood work, mechanical drawing and some upholstering has been given. Next year we not only hope to give a more complete course in the branches included this year, but also take up some of the practical problems that the boy meets around the home. Electric repairs on a small scale,

soldering, glazing windows, grinding knives, and other things that are continually coming up.

Tables, plant stands, upholstered stools, book holders, umbrella stands, candle sticks, and many other things have been made this term. The interest has been good and the workmanship has been of a quality that the boys might be proud of.

H. G. HUGHES.



Domestic Science, since it became a factor in school work, has proven interesting to the students as well as a help in home life. The girls of the Junior High School have taken great interest in the work, and have turned out products worthy of praise and acknowledgment.

The first semester of the school year was adapted to sewing, the girls going at it with vigor. The clip-clip of scissors and rat-tat-tat of sewing machines became familiar sounds audible from the sewing room.

Although handled awkwardly at first by the seventh grade girls, who had not taken up the work before, the scissors and sewing machines became familiar objects in a short time. The eighth grade girls were more used to these implements, displaying no awkwardness in handling them, while to the ninth grade girls, with two years' experience to their credit they were as old friends.

At first the more simple things were taken up, nightgowns, aprons and caps. But such things were left far behind when the ninth grade girls tackled silk and wool dresses, which not only added to their wardrobes, but proved that Home Economics was after all of immense help and value to the girls.

When the second semester came hopping around, groans went up among the classes, and pleas for sewing to last till the end of the term was heard from morning till night. But as cooking set in, accompanied by clicks and rattles from cooking utensils, sewing was forgotten when it came to invading the mysteries of dough and batters. But all was not pleasure in the art of cooking any more than it is in other everyday things. Soiled dishes were right there and had to be washed, and unless care was taken the dishes must be scrubbed also. Then the drawers and cupboards must be kept in order and the towels put to dry, clean. Even

the outlook of eating the finished product would not drive away the too remindful stack of dishes at hand. But the girls showed that when it came to dishwashing and scrubbing they were not the ones to be discouraged, for one day chaos was raised in the Domestic Science kitchen. Drawers and cupboards were turned upside down and inside out, shelves were cleared, windows washed, and a general war declared on his majesty, disorderliness. When the kitchen came out of its spring cleaning the girls surveyed their work with well earned pride and admiration.

R. K.

GLEE CLUB/MUSIC ORCHESTRA



The Girls' Glee Club under the leadership of Miss Connie Martin began its activities early in the year, meeting at a schedule of twice a week. Its first appearances were at the programs of the Parent-Teacher Association and later at the Alaska Day program held in the High School Auditorium. Probably the most enjoyable event of the Glee Club calendar took place on Christmas Eve when the members assembled at midnight and toured the town singing Christmas Carols. Beginning with the first of the year, most of the time was spent in preparation for the Big J Club Vaudville in which the Girls' Glee Club starred in one of the feature acts. The setting was a College Girl's room where a group of girls had gathered for a midnight feast. The evening hours were whiled away by the singing of songs and choral numbers.

The membership of the Glee Club included the following girls:

Sopranos—Lucille Bathe, Tecla Jorgensen, Dorothy Lange, Della Lundstrom, Miriam McBride, Frances Messerschmidt, Maude Peabody, Lillian Perelle, Venetia Pugh, Marian Robertson, Iloe Slade, Ellen Sorri, Kathleen Tolch, Emma Hopkins, Virginia Shattuck, Amy Wilson and Irene Nelson.

Altos—Alice Case, Eva Tripp, Carol Webster, Luella Smith, Legia Kashevaroff and Marguerite Bone.

Accompanist—Jessie Mock.

M. B., '22.



"J" Club.

At the beginning of the present term a meeting was called by Mr. Hughes in order to organize a "J" Club for the letter men of the School—there were seven boys eligible for the club, they being the only letter men left in the school. John Janiksela was elected president and Jacob Britt was elected secretary-treasurer of the club.

A constitution was framed and many laws and by-laws were adopted.

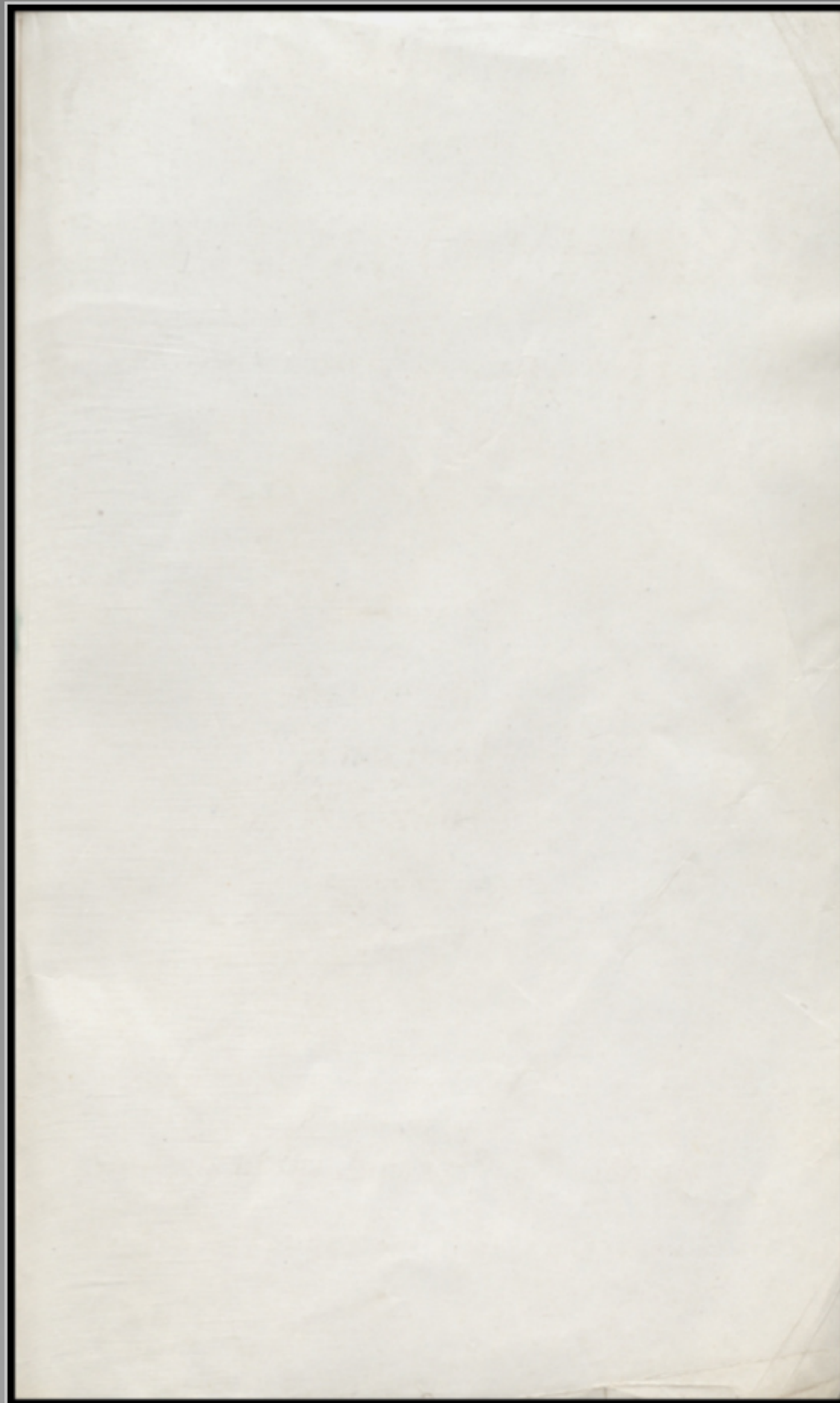
The purpose of the club was to promote pep, good sportsmanship, hiking, good times and good fellowship.

The Club had been very active in the doings of the school, many hikes were enjoyed and a dinner was given by the club for the members of the football team. Later in the year when the plans were being made by the basketball team for a tour of Southeastern Alaska towns the "J" Club gave a vaudeville which was presented at the Coliseum in Juneau. The show was very successful and a good profit was made by the club for a good cause, said cause being to send the basketball team to other towns.

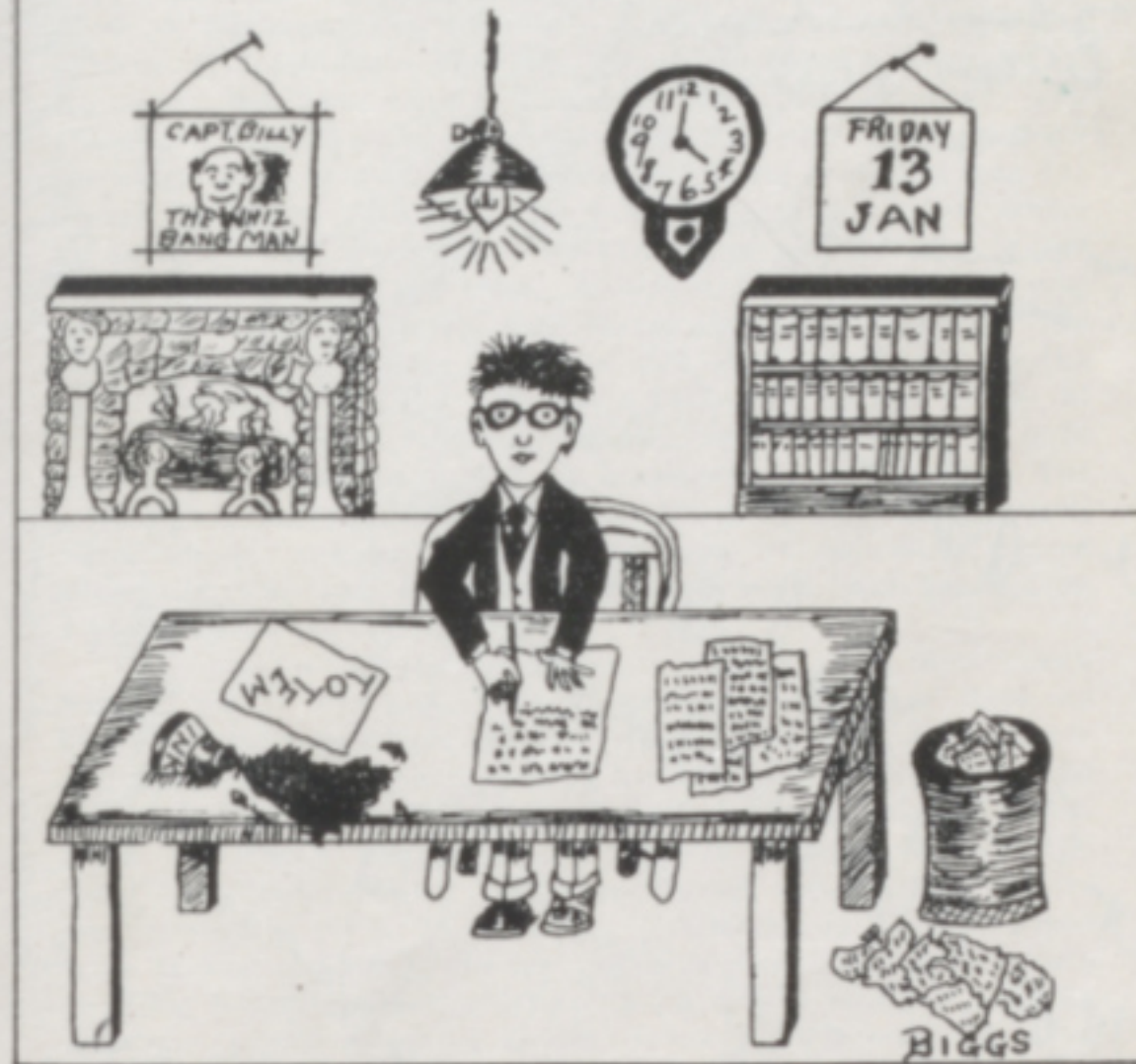
The members of the club now are John Janiksela, Jacob Britt, Howard Case, William Clark, Leonard Holmquist, James Barragar and Stanley Jorgensen. Mr. Hughes is the advisor.

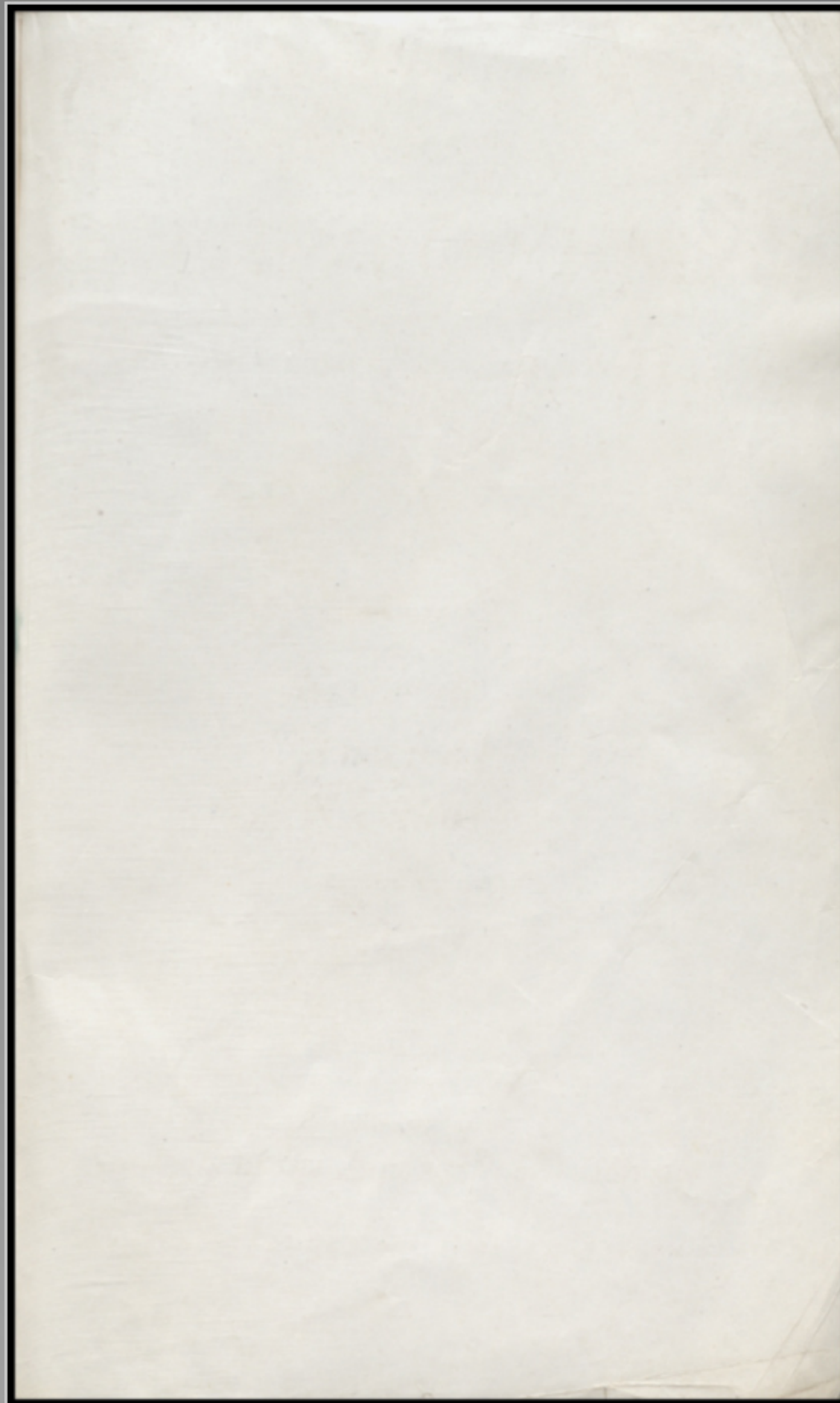
After the football and basketball seasons other boys who are now eligible for the club are: George White, James McNaughton, Melville Leake, Eugene Kirk and Harry Ellingen.





Literary





The Ancient Sacrifice.

The sky was a very dark blue, almost a purple, and the mountains stood outlined with a pale light. The moon was high in the sky, casting a mellow, silvery light over the country. The trees in the many groves, sacred to the Gods, were dark masses of whispering spirits, guarding the altars and marble fountains, whose waters played with the moon-beams, ever and anon whispering some incantation to bewitch them. The small temples and scattered statues only served to make the scene more solemn.

In the East was the great City, which lay in sacred sleep, its massive walls and stolid guards defying disturbance or a rude awakening. Out of one of the low gates, emerged a youth of not more than twenty, clad in white, with an aureole of golden curls, silver in the moonlight, framing a face which at once suggested refinement, intelligence and most of all kindness and sympathy. He might well have been a messenger from God, so quietly and gracefully did he make his way along the path which lead to the place of worship in the gardens. The path wound in and out among the groves until it stopped suddenly near the center, where an ancient Altar, erected a century or more before, stood in the midst of a circle of tall trees. It was a beautiful work, carved in Gothic design, and inlaid with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The youth paused and casting a look of awe about him, knelt on the dewy moss-covered stone, and gazed reverently at the statue of Isis, which seemed incredulously life-like; one hand raised as if in warning and the lips parted as in imparting a message. The worshipper, his whole attention attracted to the figure, recollected himself and took some incense from an exquisitely carved silver and ivory box, worth many sesteria, which was fastened on a chain about his neck.

The incense he placed reverently on the altar in a vessel, bowing low to the ground as he descended the three steps, to kneel in meditation and prayer. Had he not been so earnestly engrossed, he might have heard a slight rustle behind him, and seen a pair of greedy black eyes watching him maliciously. Suddenly the silence was broken by the low moaning of the wind thru the trees. The lad straightened from his kneeling posture and shivered in the damp night air. Tears were in his eyes which were turned pleadingly toward the motionless Isis. Once again he lifted his arms pleadingly upward—a sudden sound of rustling garments, a dull sickening thud—the white form lay limp, dyed with pure red blood, its face turned Heavenward with the same imploring look.

Slowly and stealthily a dark, sinewy figure appeared from among the trees, snatched the silver and ivory box, hid it in his tunic and vanished in the darkness.

The wind moaned still more mournfully thru the trees; a dark ominous cloud passed over the moon, and hid the Ancient Sacrifice.
VIRGINIA METZGAR, '25.

In the Forecastle.

We all, at some time or other, have wondered about the Early Discoveries and Explorations in Alaska. The earliest and perhaps the most interesting account, written by an American, is the book "In The Forecastle" by Richard J. Cleveland. This book is the account of a voyage made in 1792 for the purpose of trade.

Captain Cleveland left Boston, with a cargo of beads, blankets, blue broadcloth, etc. He proceeded across the Atlantic, around Cape Horn, up to China and thence to Alaska. They struck Alaska at Norfolk Sound, which is near Sitka, meeting several hundred Indians from the Hoodnahoo Tribe, who had come to gather the spawn "of a certain kind of strange fish, which constitutes their main food in the Spring of the year." The food was probably herring spawn which the Indians still gather from a certain lake near Sitka. The people of this Tribe are described as being the most hideous that had ever been seen. "The fantastic manner in which the faces of the men were painted was probably intended to give them a ferocious appearance; and some groups looked as though they had escaped from the Dominions of Satan himself. One had a perpendicular line dividing the sides of the face, one side of which was painted red, the other black; with the hair filled with grease, red ochre and the white down of birds. Another had the face divided with a horizontal line in the middle, and painted black and white. The visage of a third was painted in the form of checkers.

"The women made, if possible, a still more frightful appearance. The ornament, which they wore to extend an incision made beneath the upper lip, so distorted the face as to take from it the semblance of a human being. The privilege of wearing this was not extended to the female slaves, who are prisoners taken in war. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive of more disgusting and filthy beings than these Patrician Dames."

Captain Cleveland purchased sea otter skins, which are at this time valued at about two thousand dollars, for two yards of blue broadcloth. The natives were found to be very shrewd, taking advantage of all competition, with assertions of higher offers made by others, which had no foundation of truth. They showed themselves to be as well versed in the tricks of trade as the greatest adepts.

After buying all the furs which the Natives had, Captain Cleveland proceeded up the Sound. Unexpectedly they met a chief in a huge canoe, ornamented with a huge carved warrior on the prow, the head of which was decorated with real hair, filled with grease, red ochre and the white down of birds. The Chief was accompanied by twenty-two young men who handled their paddles with the greatest dexterity.

After leaving the Chief they met a number of Natives whom they had seen at Norfolk Sound. They now had their faces blacked and their hair cut short. They informed the Captain that they were in mourning for some friend.

Another very interesting statement is that which describes the game. "As we approached the northern part of the Sound, the wild fowl became more abundant; and scarce a day passed that we did not kill geese, turkeys and wild ducks. The latter were often so numerous as to darken the horizon in the direction in which they rose. One time I fired a cannister of musket balls at them from a four-pounder and killed sixty of them. Of fish, especially salmon and halibut we had an abundance. Our potatoes being consumed we had no vegetables as a substitute. It was too early in the season for the wild berries, and the natives had not reached the first point in civilization which is indicated by an attention to the cultivation of the earth."

Captain Cleveland was warned by some natives to be on guard against the Chilcat Indians, who were supposed to be very warlike and cunning. Arriving in Chatham Strait, they anchored in a small cove. Several large canoes arrived loaded with men unaccompanied by women and children, which had a very suspicious appearance. The canoes held from ten to twenty-eight persons. Soon there were about five hundred men gathered in the cove, all well armed with daggers and spears. They seemed to be of a hostile nature and so, in the morning, when a breeze sprang up Captain Cleveland sailed out of the Cove amid the exclamations and entreaties of the natives for them to stay. They soon passed a large number of canoes all loaded with armed warriors. The Natives in the Cove had been waiting this armed contingent before attacking the ship.

Captain Cleveland deemed it necessary to leave Chatham Strait so he came down the Coast and anchored in a narrow channel near Admiralty Island. He says: "Our position was quite romantic. The thick wooded hills on either side seemed almost to unite at the top; the dark gloom overhanging all around, the silence and tranquillity which had so instantaneously succeeded the roar and turbulence of the sea without and the comfort and safety for the night of which we had assurance, all combined to produce sensations of a most pleasing character."

ANITA GARNICK, '22.

A Trip to Alaska.

Living in Seattle and constantly hearing about Alaska from different sources such as the daily papers and meeting people who had been in Alaska or were contemplating the trip, I became interested and concluded that I would spend my vacation there—destination Juneau. I then proceeded to see about transportation, and learned that three steamship lines were operating boats at a regulated schedule. I chose the Canadian Pacific Line because it takes one into Canada. After a little delay, for it was the tourist season and the boats were crowded, I secured reservations to sail on the Princess Alice. The law does not permit British boats to carry passengers between two American ports, so I was given passage to sail on the ferry boat between Seattle and Vancouver. We remained in Vancouver for several hours looking about that interesting city. We then took the regular steamer for Alaska.

For some time the weather was enjoyable, until one noon the ship began to roll from side to side. I inquired the meaning of the unpleasant occurrence and found that we were passing through Queen Charlotte Sound. This is said to be extremely rough at times, due to the ocean currents. We endured this for several hours, then were sailing quietly on again. I met many charming people on board and thruout the entire trip always had an enjoyable time. The weather on the whole was most delightful.

The first port which we stopped at was Prince Rupert, a little place built on the bluffs. We stayed there for about two hours. We passed Dixon Entrance, an open space, with little rolling of the boat. Ketchikan was the next stop. It was a small town of about fifteen hundred people but was extremely active. It had radio and lighthouse stations.

I think that the most beautiful and remarkable part of my journey was going thru the Wrangell Narrows. Our boat just barely went past the stretches of land at a low rate of speed. Only small vessels can go thru, the larger ones taking the outside passage. All of the passengers flocked to the windows and decks to see the marvelous scenery. I do not think that any one, unless they take the wonderful trip to Alaska, can really appreciate the beauty of it all.

After stopping at the little town of Wrangell for a few hours we passed thru Frederick Sound and Stephens Passage and then reached Taku Glacier. This is a live Glacier and dark in color. The ship's whistle blew and huge chunks of ice, weighing many tons, fell off into the water. I was told that we were about three hours run from Juneau. I was not overly pleased that my water journey was soon to be over but knew that Juneau would afford new pleasures. That evening, when we sailed up Gastineau Channel, on the right was the Thane Mill, all lit up and looking like

a huge grey fortress on the bluffs. On the opposite side were Douglas and Treadwell whose many lights made them look much larger than they really were. Farther on, near Thane, was the Alaska Juneau Mill, equally well lit up. Last but not least came Juneau—the Capital of Alaska; its thousand lights twinkling gayly against the rugged face of Mount Juneau.

MARY GRAVES, '26.

A Worthy Son.

He was a boy past his twentieth year, well built and strong. He was moderately good-looking and had handsome dark eyes.

One thought was always uppermost in his mind, "Where were his parents; who were they; did he have any; were they alive or dead?" He had always cherished a secret hope that he would find them if they were alive.

Jack had spent fifteen years of his life in an orphan asylum, where he had been left by a woman who had found him on her doorstep when he was about a year old. When he was sixteen the asylum had let him go because he had the chance of learning the machinist's trade in a nearby town. Jack learned fast, and the foreman soon trusted him with difficult and delicate jobs. After five years of conscientious work and study, he was promoted to the position of General Manager of the Renton Steel Company. The business had increased greatly since he started and now several thousand men were employed.

He had so wisely invested his money that he was now worth several thousand dollars and was about to make a deal which would net him a great deal of money. One morning as he was looking over some reports in his office the Office Boy entered and said,

"Mr. J. D. Pierpont, to see you Sir."

Jack was very much surprised and pleased, "What on earth could one of the richest men in the United States want with me?" he asked himself. "Show him in," he told the Boy.

A tall well-dressed man entered, "Mr. Allison, I believe."

"That is my name Sir," Jack replied, "and you are Mr. Pierpont."

"Mr. Allison," the millionaire replied, "I have a proposition to make to you, which will make you a millionaire. It isn't exactly within the law, but there is only one chance in a thousand that anyone can detect anything that is not legal."

"Mr. Pierpont, you have said enough," Jack answered steadily. "Every cent of my money I have made honestly and all that I make in the future shall be made honestly."

"Jack," the millionaire replied, "You have just proved that you are a worthy son. One year after you were born, your mother died. I, determined that you would not grow up to be one of those dissipated lounge lizzards, left you on a doorstep in the town next to this one, to work out your own salvation. I have watched with pleasure the rapid climb which you have made."

"Father," was all that Jack could say, "You are really my cwn father?"

"Yes, Jack, and we shall always be partners in every thing that we do."

"We surely will, Dad," Jack replied.

CLARENCE OLSEN, '26.

Dogs of the Far North.

With the dash and daring of the Arctic Explorers, their great power of endurance and their determination to chart the vast expanses of trackless snow and ice, glittering strangely, weirdly, 'neath the sun by day and the aurora by night, nothing like the measure of success they have attained would have been possible without the Eskimo Dogs. Dogs were used as early as the Sixteenth Century by Sir Martin Frobisher. On down through the lapse of years these animals have silently played their part in the Land of eternal ice and snow.

Cook and Peary both used dogs to draw their sleds in their explorations. They owed much of the success to their faithfulness.

The Eskimo Dog of the North is both powerful and speedy, and capable of great endurance. Well boned, broad chested, strongly muscled and clothed by nature in a dense fur coat ranging from two to four inches in thickness, sometimes pure white, though usually black or rusty black, like a wolf, bushy tail, eyes obliquely set with light spots above them and erect wolfish ears.

Being vcry strong, half a dozen of them, hitched to a sled, can travel at the rate of seven miles an hour; under favorable conditions, with a load of eight hundred pounds. With a light cargo they are capable of astonishing speed, often obtaining the distance of ten miles in twenty minutes, when a double team of forty dogs can be made.

In order that they may travel continually without getting footsore, they are shod with skin shoes, protecting them from the sharp pinnacles of ice over which they must travel.

The reason that dogs are more suitable for travel in Alaska is the ease with which they can be provided with food. If it were practical to use either the horse or reindeer, such food as oats,



hay, corn, etc. would necessarily have to be taken along, but which occupies too much space for Northern travel. Walrus, bear, blubber and fish are the dogs' favorite diet.

At the crack of the driver's whip and the cry of "Mush! Mush!" the dogs go bounding away, seeming to be happy in their work as they travel over the wind swept wastes of snow or thru the green forests whose covering of white shines down upon them.

MILTON NOLL, '23.

Homemaking.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

"Woman's place is in the home." At the mention of this phrase it is either smiled at patronizingly or laughed at with scorn. But to do either is a mistake, for to be a true homemaker, in the full sense of the word, is a vocation of which to be proud. In spite of the fact there are hundreds of girls who go out working, who pay their meager wages for food, clothing and shelter, when they might be living in clean, attractive homes and be earning the same salaries.

The reason for this is until a few years ago, domestic service was considered degrading to some people. It was more or less a disgrace to be a "servant." But, today, people are beginning to realize that unless a house is smoothly and systematically run it cannot be a home. A maid is no longer treated as a menial but as a human being, and the sooner that women realize this fact the better it will be for all concerned.

Domestic service is practically the only occupation in which a beginner may earn more than her living expenses. In addition to the thirty or thirty-five dollars per month she receives her board and lodging free. The hours are long, but the duties are varied, and she usually knows just how much time she will have off and just how long.

A girl who begins as a second girl, for example, may quickly advance into the position of housekeeper who takes the place of the mistress. Of course, as in every occupation, advancement depends upon the girl herself. A girl who expects to advance must be cheerful, willing to obey orders and be willing to learn.

The field of this work is wide and varied. Hotels, for example, need women for waitresses, chambermaids, cooks and many

other jobs. There is always a woman in charge of these workers and she receives a large salary; the work is interesting and not too hard.

Every girl, no matter what her station in life, hopes some day to have a home of her own. It is not necessary for her to work in it, but, if she intends to, what better training can she get than to work in another home first?

John Howard Payne, who left his home to travel over the world, and failing to find happiness anywhere, wrote "Home Sweet Home."

To be a Homemaker is perplexing and wearing, but a fine and fascinating task. Our Nation has grown strong because of the character of the American Home. The world is beginning to realize, that the home is a testing place as well as a resting place; while girls may find it a place of skillful and satisfying work. They will find that housework and homemaking are better systematized than they used to be and that trained workers are never out of a job.

LAVINA CARTER, '23.

Old Indian Relics.

All over Alaska are relics and indications showing that in Prehistoric Times Alaska was inhabited by a type of Indians similar to those now living in the Southwestern United States.

One very interesting relic is a great stone, weighing from four to six tons, lying on the beach a short distance from Juneau. Chiseled in this rock are figures of people and animals resembling the characters found on the walls of the dwellings of the early Cavemen.

The visitors to this rock were merely curious, at first, but on looking up the Biological Records it was found that rocks with similar figures may be found in Wyoming and Colorado.

At another place there are mounds, which, on digging into them, were found to contain old pottery, mortars made of wood for the grinding of tobacco, and bows and arrows. Such mounds as these with their contents may be found in the States.

Traces have also been found showing that these Early Indians had small plantations where they cultivated and cured tobacco. All these things might go to prove that this country was, at one time, much warmer than it now is.

ED. GARNICK, '26.

Lights o' Thane.

What a world of meaning is embodied in those words! It calls to mind a dazzling scene which rivals description. Tier upon tier of sparkling, flashing lights, shedding their radiance into the velvety darkness. Their reflection scintillating midway across the rippling surface of Gastineau Channel. These thousand twinkling beams guide the way of the various ships that pass in the night. Truly, nowhere on the face of the earth were there such marvelous harbor lights to meet the gaze of the weary traveler homeward bound.

Beneath that glowing, luminous scene, there flowed a steady undercurrent of activeness, a thriving industry was carried on which produced a golden, yellow metal that glittered and shone like the very lights themselves.

But that was in the yesterday, now all this has ceased to be. The Lights o' Thane shine no more. All their brilliance has vanished.

A feeble glimmer here and there is all that is left of that vivid glistening illumination. Only darkness blank and empty meets the hopeful gaze of the passing wanderer.

By LILLIAN OJA, '22.



Diary of the Trip to Ketchikan.

March 9, 1922.

Left Juneau at 6:30 P. M. on the good ship "Judge" on a basketball tour of Southeastern Alaska. Everyone in good spirits which were aided by yells and cheers from the High School boys and girls who saw us off. It was a beautiful night and all the boys were overjoyed at having at last left the home town. However, whether from fatigue or grief at departing, it's not known which, it is a Gospel truth that every single soul was in his bunk at 8:30. The shock of this nearly spoiled the trip.

March 10, 1922.

After a fine night, the worthy warriors, arose to a slick breakfast cooked by the imported or maybe "deported" chefs, John Janiksela, Melville Leake, and Harry Ellingen, who in spite of the extreme heat of the galley managed to produce a feed fit for a king. The first stop, Petersburg, occurred about 10 A. M. and after making arrangements for a game with the town team, the boat once more set out, this time for Wrangell. Arrived at our destination at about 4:00 P. M. Wandered around until dinner time and then the boys went up to the hall to practice shooting baskets in preparation for the game with the Wrangell High School. This game turned out disastrously for Juneau for they were defeated by a score of 32 to 23. However, as ever good sports, the team took it cheerfully and determined to lick the Town team the next night. The Wrangell boys took the whole Juneau party to a banquet and then to a dance where the boys had a fine time. All the boys were impressed with the fine sportsmanship and good fellowship of the Wrangell players.

March 11, 1922.

Another fine night passed but it was quite difficult to find any cooks for everyone was pretty well scared off by the experience of the cooks of the day before who found the galley so hot that they were forced to strip to the waist in order to finish the meal. They finally managed though and no one suffered from lack of nourishment. The afternoon was spent at the home of Liberty Worden who asked the boys out to talk over old times. Everyone had a dandy time and votes of thanks were extended to our former school-mate who made a long afternoon pass so well. After a light dinner at the hotel, the boys once more went to the hall of the previous night's defeat and this time completely turned

the tables for they took the "bacon" this night with a score of 22 to 13. This victory increased the confidence of the team greatly and nothing seemed impossible after it. Owing to a snow storm the "Judge" was forced to lay over until morning. It was with a feeling of regret that the boys left this town where they had been so well treated by everyone. Special thanks were given to Mr. Grant of the Wrangell Hotel who did everything he could to make the fellows feel at home.

March 12, 1922.

Left Wrangell at 5 A. M. Our first rough day and altho everyone claims that he was not sick it was a fact that nearly all the boys hit their bunks. We picked up a lady passenger at a lighthouse a short distance from Ketchikan and arrived in the latter place about 6 P. M. Spent the evening in various ways and visited with many of the Ketchikan boys. Four boys slept in a hotel room while others stayed on the boat.

March 13, 1922.

Most of this day spent in "seeing the town." Many of the fellows visited the school where they were shown around the various classes and over the building. Were much impressed with the size of the school and sympathized with the demand of the people for a more adequate building. The boys practiced in the hall during the afternoon and were rather disappointed in it, for the ceiling was much lower than any they had been accustomed to. Nevertheless, in spite of this disadvantage, our boys accomplished the main purpose of the trip, that is, they defeated the Ketchikan High School with a score of 24 to 15. This caused great joy to Juneau for now the two teams are tied. The game was hard fought and our boys showed well, their slickness in basketball and also their extremely good sportsmanship. After the game, the Ketchikan boys and girls, entertained the Juneau-ites with a dancing party at the A. B. Hall. The music was splendid, as also were the refreshments. All agreed that as far as fine kids go, you couldn't beat Ketchikan.

March 14, 1922.

The morning was spent mostly in looking the city over. The weather was quite bad, heavy snow and some rain. But being from Juneau and used to this we felt all the more at home. It was intended that the boys go to Metlakatla and arrangements were all made for this trip but thru some misunderstanding the

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

team from Metlakatla came to Ketchikan and the game was played at the Hippodrome. Owing to the lack of time we were only able to play the school team from the native town and this game resulted in a score of 29 to 17 in favor of the natives. They were all very good sports and very well liked by all our boys. Several of the boys went visiting after the game but everyone was in by 12 P. M., in order to get rest for the game of the coming night.

March 15, 1922.

Our last day in Ketchikan and therefore a busy one. Some of the fellows visited the school again and also, some went to see the new ball park some distance from town. Wires kept pouring in from home and all the fellows were happy and beginning to long for the "old town." It was a fine day and everything looked well for a good trip home. The boys practiced again in the hall and determined to do their best to win the night's game. But three straight games were too much for one team to have to stand, and in spite of hard fighting the boys lost the game to the Ketchikan Town team. This score was 34 to 22. After the game the Juneau party was entertained at a house party by Miss Mae Sharpe. All had a fine time and hated to leave when the time came to go. In order to get to Petersburg in good time the boys had to leave at 12 P. M. Much regret was felt at leaving this city which had been the scene of both victory and defeat and where such a good time had been shown them. It was an unanimous decision on our part that nowhere could a finer bunch of high school students be found. They were good sports and good friends. On their part the Ketchikan people seemed very well pleased with the conduct of the boys and were more than satisfied with our referee Mr. Sperling who they felt could have been no fairer, nor better. We were surely grateful to the people in Ketchikan who did so much to make us feel at home, and surely hope to have them visit us once again. We gave cheers and yells for the city on pulling out and felt rather blue but were certainly glad to have started homeward.

March 16, 1922.

After a quiet night the boys awoke to quite a choppy and rough stretch of water, just before Wrangell Narrows was struck. Of course, no one was sick altho certain people seemed to develop a sudden affection for air and showed it by blocking up all the available air spaces. No doubt tho, it is a fact, as one member of the team said, that most of the strength of the team remained with the fishes. However, it became exceedingly smooth after the



Juneau-Douglas City Museum

boat got in the Narrows and a good trip to Petersburg ensued. Arrived in that town in the late afternoon and after a walk and supper the fellows went up to the hall. The game was played against the town team and lost altho it was mostly due to the trip and sickness, for the Juneau boys were tired out and ill. After the game, there was a dance where the boys all had an enjoyable time and they certainly appreciated the hospitality of the citizens of Petersburg. The homeward trip began about midnight.

March 17, 1922.

After a terribly rough trip during the night and with turbulent insides the party pulled into Cape Fanshaw this morning in order to wait until the sea would subside sufficiently to warrant a safe trip home. Spent the day wandering about, looking over the canneries and visiting the store. With the arrival of night the sea was still bad and it was decided to lay over.

March 18, 1922.

Another long day of waiting with little to do but eat and sleep. The wind was still bad altho the weather was beautiful. It was too bad to get out, however, and so the night was passed at Cape Fanshaw.

March 19, 1922.

The third day overdue and from the looks of the water it seemed that a few days of rest would further result. In the evening tho, the wind seemed to have subsided somewhat and it was planned to start off at midnight. This did not work, however, and the boat did not get under way until early morning. It was very rough and again there was no sickness, oh no, only "fresh air flends." There was little demand for food for practically everyone stayed in their bunks. About 3:30 P. M. the boys were awakened by whistles and the boat stopped. On looking out the port-holes we found the "Queen" besides us. We were told that we could get on if we wished and with no hesitation everyone did so. The passengers of the steamer seemed quite surprised at their new cargo but no one cared as long as we were getting home. The boat was met by a crowd of high school rooters who showed their pep and joy at our safe return by a bunch of yells. All the fellows surely enjoyed the trip, even in spite of the roughness and all expressed their appreciation for the kindness and good treatment given them by Captain Boynton and Mr. Selfridge of the good ship "Judge."

"The Pirate Politishun."

The soft spring feeling was in the air and each person in that little village of Glendale was conscious of a light-heartedness and warm feeling throughout their souls. One glance at the delicate blue of the sky and one breath of the sweet spring air was enough to convince one that life was worth while living indeed in this part of the country.

To the little freckle-faced, pink haired, sturdy legged lad that sat dangling his chubby legs over the bank of the green terrace near the little white house, everything was absolutely dark and dreary—it was no use to be alive and he was going to run away and probably become a-a-well anyway he might get to be a politishun and then mother would cry and be sorry that she did not let him go to the city with Dad. Mother just hated politishuns and would feel badly if her boy got to be a great, big, fat, ugly one. What if he did, and then made a lot of people unhappy and probably would become a-a-pirate politishun that went all over and reared people and got into fights and maybe one day he would get killed and then he bet his mother would cry—at this two monstrous crocodile tears slowly oozed out of the large brown eyes that a moment ago had looked so fiercely out from the thatch of pinkish hair. These tears rolled down his cheeks leaving a white trail behind them that became a nicely formed track for the other little brothers and sisters to follow so that the whole family of tears might not get lost.

For a few moments he sat thus; then he arose from his seat on the grass and wiped away the wet spots on his face and swung his hands idly at his sides and then quickly dashed around the corner of the cement walk near the terrace where he had been sitting. For his seven years Bobby Grant was very short, but the soul within him made up for the littleness of stature and as he disappeared from the view of passer-bys on the street his little fat self was fairly hopping along—and that was speed for Bobby.

Mrs. Grant, looking out of the kitchen windows saw him making his way toward the meadows and smiled very sweetly and murmured— "Poor little thing. He did so want to go to town with his daddy. But I guess that he has forgotten it by this time, he doesn't remember long the things that I refuse him." And she turned to her work with a song in her heart that bubbled forth from her lips.

Little Bob—however—had by no means forgotten the incident and was at that moment thinking of the beautiful sights he would be seeing if he was with Dad. Stopping short at the fence of the huge meadow he leaned against it and waited for his breath to catch up—it was evident at once that this little chap was not

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

used to being a sprinter. Far down on the other side came a shrill whistle and Bob turned quickly and climbed up on the fence the better to glimpse the long train as it twisted itself—like a snake—around the bend, two miles away from Glendale.

Into the youngster's head sprang a new born idea—one that never before had entered into his busy brain; he would go down to the crossing where the train stopped for water and see it. Mother or Dad had never told him that he shouldn't do it—he had been there many times when that train stopped for water. He remembered that he had heard his father say that he saw some boys there one day and that it was a dangerous place for little boys to be—but Dad never told him not to go there.

So a little hesitatingly he turned his footsteps down the hill and trudged along the path to the dusty road and inside of a few moments reached the spot just in time to watch the train puff along the crossing—heard the jangle of bells and the shouts of the conductor and engineer. Coming up close to the side of one box car he saw the open side and the crates and boxes piled up around against the walls. Grabbing hold of the iron bars that were for the purpose of helping people to climb on board—so Bobby thought—he grunted and blowed and pulled his short legs up under him and before he knew it he was inside the car.

Then his mind became busy, indeed, very, very, muchly so. This train, he knew, was going to the big city—well,—Bobby wrinkled his forehead as he often saw old Henry the Postman do when he looked over the pile of letters to see if there were any for Bob—and it had taken Bobby many days to acquire that exact expression that he so admired—nevertheless Bob produced those expressive wrinkles and put his chin on his hands and proceeded to ponder.

He would go to the city and there he would seek his fortune and maybe he would become a circus man or a movie actor like Bill Hart or sompin' like that anyway. An' if he saw Dad—Why—he would just go right past him and probably he would say, "How-dedo, Mr. Grant!" or sompin' and just waltz on by. Wouldn't that s'prise him, though? Looking around he discovered a few boxes that were low enough for him to sit upon without having to climb up to reach them.

The train was now well upon its way and the roar of the cars as they rolled over the rails was sweet music in the ears of the little runaway. The motion of the train made his little body sway from side to side and a couple of times he nearly fell off the side—and after that he hung on to himself and kept his mind on earthly things and did not let it wander quite as much as before. How long he sat here was too big a question for Bobby to answer correctly, but he would say that it was at least two hours—before he started to think of home and wonder what



mother was doing. He wondered if she had missed him already and if she felt bad about it. It was too bad that he was the only boy in the family—there ought to be another, then the folks would not be so lonesome without him. After he had made a whole lot of money he would come back and visit them and maybe he would bring a car home for Dad and a nice ring for Mother.

The shrill whistle of the train roused him again and he tried to get to the side of the car, and the motions he made in getting there reminded one of an intoxicated man, but he clung to the walls and managed to peek outside and saw that they were passing a town. The buildings flew past in a blur and then again he saw the green of the country side and there was no more of the town to be seen.

The seat was resumed and he leaned back against the wall to make the best of it until they would reach the city. "I'll bet that it is about lunch time at home and I do feel just a little bit hungry—course I'm not very!" and thus he consoled himself. A few more minutes passed and Bobby heard footsteps above on the roof of the car. It was then that a fear seized him that perhaps the men might come down here and find him and send him back home. He resolved to hide behind some of the boxes if they did come and then they would not see him.

Another whistle made him jump and he got to the open side to see the approaching city. This must be the one that he wanted to go to. "Uh-huh," he could see the big tower that Dad had taken him to the last time that he came here. The train was slowing down and was gradually coming into the crowded station, it finally stopped and the redtopped boy slipped down and vanished among the crowd without having a soul see him do it. It was certainly a miracle that he was not seen on the train—getting on or off—his family remarked upon that afterward.

At first the heart in his breast beat so loudly that he feared to look up to see everyone looking at him but he soon noticed that nobody paid any attention to him and the beating of his heart ceased to be so loud and he wriggled his way through the masses that surged back and forth along the platform until he came out in the street where he hugged the sidewalk for he was afraid of the street with its cars and vehicles of all descriptions.

The lad did not know where he was bound but that did not trouble him because he had not stopped to think about it. No one on the street even glanced at him for there were plenty of lone little boys wandering about, it was a common sight in this city.

The crowds continued back and forth and joggled the red headed youngster ahead, back or sideways. By and by he managed to get out of the biggest part of the crowd and made his way to a clear spot and sat down on the edge of the sidewalk to plan his career—what was it going to be—pirate, politishun, or

circus man? The former offered him the more pleasure in that his family did not like politishuns, although to be a circus man would be more fun—but still, the idea of being a pirate politishun seemed to fascinate him the more—he would be it!

His little mouth was set in a firm line and his brow furrowed in the picture of his friend the post man.

He rose at the sight of a huge policeman coming his direction, and scampered up the street—'cause he did not like the looks of that p'liceman—he was too big and fierce lookin' to please the particular eye of Bobby Grant. Looking ahead of him he discovered a small mob of people who seemed to be listening to some one that was shouting words that evidently interested his hearers.

Bob slowed his steps as he neared the edge of the bunch and looked up at the man that he came close to. The man looked down at the little figure and grinned at him. "Well, sonny, think that you can undrstand all that big politican is sayin'?"

POLITICIAN! the words echoed through his ears. A politician—of all things—this was the best thing that could have happened to Bobby, to get a chance to see a real politician. He dodged here and there and poked and squirmed and half crawled through the gang that stood there and in a few moments stood right below the speaker.

Yes, he was huge, fat, ugly and red-faced an' an' yep, he looked just like the politician that Bobby had pictured. He gazed in rapt attention at this figure of his dreams. He just fairly stared with open mouth and wide eyes—till his very head just swam from such hard work—hard work of looking the man over.

But now the man was looking at him! What was he saying? "Yes, people, as I said, the next generation and citizens will be the young people of today—like this little fellow here." You have all heard some speaker in front of a crowd of youngsters telling them that they are the future citizen and that they must be great men, etc., etc., and so on. This was just exactly what this man was saying, as he pointed out for an example, little Bobby.

Bob was taken by surprise to think that the "politishun" had noticed him and was beginning to tremble for fear that he would be harmed by this dreadful apparition. But he squared his shoulders and determined to be real brave, for if he was to become a real good, successful "politishun" it would never do to be frightened.

Now the fat man's speech was over and the crowd was melting away in a mysterious manner—disappearing to places unseen—and the politician was standing talking to a man a little to one side of the boy. Bobby stood very still and looked him over thoroughly, just as if he had not studied him enough.

"Suddenly a sharp little pain struck him somewhere in the regions of his empty little "tummy" and he drew in his breath. He tipped his head to one side and a forlorn expression crept over his chubby, smeared face as he tried to think how long it was since he had had anything to eat. "I—I—I—guess it musta been about a million hours since I did eat an' then Mother only gave me some egg, and toast and choclut! Maybe I might die—if—if—I starve." His lips started to quiver and he gulped a few times to choke back the lumps that would persist in climbing up in his throat. He lowered his gaze to his dusty shoes and as the hot tears rolled down he reached out his tongue and tasted the saltiness of them and delayed them in their journey to the ground.

A voice at his side made him hastily wipe those telltale traces from his face and look up and see that big, fat, ugly "politishun," standing beside him, smiling in a fashion that sort of put Bobby's fright out of his mind for a little while.

"Well, well, well—," boomed the figure of flesh—"what is the matter here? Are you lost, or are you out looking for adventure? Tell your uncle Jim about it."

"You aren't my Uncle Jim and I don't know whether I'm lost or not—I've run away from home and am going to make a lot of money—an—" here the belligerent little voice faltered and broke—he gulped out bravely continued—"And I'm not going home until I can bring Dad a car and my Mother a ring, or sompin'." He dug his foot into a knothole and looked down.

"Better come with me and get something to eat. I'm going to dinner now and you come with me and we'll have a big feast and you will tell me all about it." He stretched out his hand and Bobby took it, gratefully, and together they sauntered down the street, talking like old friends.

"Yep, my name is Robert Hugh Grant an' I live in Glendale an' my Dad's name is Robert Hugh Grant, too and he went to town today and I wanted to go only Mother said that I couldn't and then Dad said I couldn't go, either, and then I got mad and decided that I would go by myself and be a pirate—" he stopped suddenly for he remembered that this man was a "politishun" and might not like it if he said that he (Bobby) was going to be a "bad politishun."

"Run away to be a pirate, eh?" "Well, well, well," and the newly found friend laughed heartily and loudly.

They were silent for some time, until the man led the way into an eating house and seated the runaway at the clean white table and ordered just loads of good things to eat for the starving boy, who a moment ago, was so sure that he was about to die.

This politician's brain was very busy in the mean time. So this was Robert Grant, Junior? Well, the Grant Senior was not a person to be sneezed at and if brought this runaway safely home



—one could never tell what might be the result—to get in good with the people when one was a politician was not a bad plan at all and the more the populace was pleased with him—why—well you know the rest. Election time was near and he must do the best that he could.

So he smiled very sweetly at the figure across from him and asked him another question which brought forth the story in more detail. He learned of the desire to be a pirate "politishun," but he did not learn that Mother disliked "politishuns," and that if this "politishun" would help him Bobby would be ever so thankful toward him.

A pirate politician! That was a new one. The idea struck him as being a pretty good one in describing a politician.

"No, sonny, I would not advise you to be that—why it is the poorest way to earn money and besides a politishun is not ever a pirate like you think he is. He is often a good man." He talked on and on and before he knew it he had convinced Bobby that to be a politician was not a good job at all. A circus man would be far the better.

"I wonder what your mother is thinking about you now? I'll bet that she wishes you were home. Do you know, I believe that if I were you that I would go back to her and ask her permission if you can become a circus man. What do you say? How would you like to take a nice train trip back to Glendale tonight?"

Bobby's eager brown eyes flew to the puffy face of his friend. "I think that I would like it fine and I wish that I was home right now."

"All right, Uncle Jim Rogers will escort you home this very night and there will not be a worried mother and Dad—crying for their son. Will there?"

"No, I guess not." And the lonely look deepened on the dirty face, and he swallowed again real hard and smiled rather feebly at first but the dimples in his cheeks deepened. A waiter came with the platters of food and soon Bobby was reveling in the glorious task of eating. When at last he had sufficient he sighed and leaned back, content and calm, ready to face the greatest of perils, if necessary.

"All right, let's go, then, I guess that we won't be able to catch a train for some time but I'll send a wire home to your mother and she will know that you are safe. How does that strike you?"

Bobby had adopted this "politishun" as a regular god by this time and anything he said was perfectly the correct thing to do. He hopped and skipped along by the side of the portly fellow and was as gay as he had been early in the morning, before he had been refused the permission to go to the city.

When the wire had been sent home to give notice of the safety of the wanderer the two of them wended their way to a show and just had all the fun any little boy can have when out for a treat.

"Umm-m-m-m! I bet that I could almost do those things which Bill Hart is doing when I get to be as big as he is. Don't you?" murmured Bob between bites of the candy that he was eating.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised at all, old man. You are pretty nearly brave enough to do anything." The chap beside him swelled until the seat was nearly too small to hold him, but he managed very nicely to quietly decrease again in size without destroying anything except the opinion that "politishuns" were bad people, at least this partner wasn't.

In course of two more hours the two pals were safely on the train to the way to Glendale and Bob was demonstrating his ability of spinning fairy tales about the fancies that came and went through his ever humming brain.

At the station was a nervous mother waiting with outstretched arms to receive without a word of reproach the adventuresome son who so traitorlike had abandoned her, to be without child of red hair and chubby legs and ever ready dimples for the rest of her days.

In the excitement that ensued they somehow found themselves at the little white house around which the little cement walk still ran and the grass was still as green as ever. Bobby had expected it to be different grass but was glad to find that it was still the same home.

In explaining to his mother all about the day's adventures he most forgot to mention the important part that the big politician had played in the act. "And, oh yes, Mr. Rogers found me and got me sompin' to eat an took me to the show and wouldn't let me be a politishun!" The narration ended quite breathlessly and he watched with shining eyes as Mother grasped the plump hand of his benefactor and with tears in her eyes thanked him for being so kind to her darling.

"Oh, I'm as human as other folks, and I just did my duty as any other person would do if they had found this little chap wandering around as I did." He admitted, honestly and modestly.

"But you had to drop your work and I'm sure that you are busy, as it is near election time."

"Yes, but election was not as important as seeing that a certain brick-headed runaway was brought home safe and sound," and he tipped his hat and was off to catch the next train.

"Isn't he perfectly wonderful, Mother? And are politicians as bad as you say they are? Are they, Mother?"

"No, dear, they are just as nice as anybody else and maybe a little better to bring my naughty boy home to me so safely and to treat him so nicely. To think that he did it to a strange youngster makes him quite a hero in my eyes." And she squeezed Bobby tightly against her and shed a few tears of joy over the goodness of it all.

When Dad came home that night and the story was told all over again, all that he could say was "By jove, that certainly was white of Rogers."

"Wasn't it, though," murmured Mother, "and I do believe, Robert, that my idea of politicians has changed and that I will vote this year—for Rogers."

"Whoopce—me too—an' then won't he be glad, though! Now, Mother aren't you glad that I went to town and found out that pirate politishuns are the nicest men that ever lived an' when I grow up I'm going to be a nice, fat, ugly, red-headed, POLITI-SHUN!"

TECLA JORGENSEN, '23.

Levina's Violin.

Levina, a small girl of six years, was taking lessons on a violin. At first she was not very interested in music but when she had taken for a number of years, with much struggle, she began to love it more and more. She would practice two or three hours each day without fail.

At ten years of age she was playing wonderful pieces before grand recitals. She was becoming a wonder on the violin and when her parents promised to take her to Europe to visit some of the Masters she worked all the harder.

As lovely things can never last forever and always must end, so did this. One day Levina became seriously ill and it was said that she would never recover except by an operation which would cost a great deal. Poor little Levina, not knowing the terrible trouble, lay quietly in her soft beautiful bed waiting for the time to come when she could again play her beloved violin and go to Europe.

The parents quite grieved over it all, had to choose between the two things of whether or not to spend the money which they had been saving for Levina's trip on her operation. They knew that if they used it they would have to start saving all over again and if they did not, Levina would never recover. They finally decided to use it for the operation and Levina, happy and well once more, played most of the time on her violin.

She was soon told of the prevention of her trip to Europe and took it less seriously than was expected.

"What's this I see," said her mother after dinner while reading the evening paper.

Levina ran to her side while she read, "One thousand dollars given to the child under twelve years of age who plays the most beautiful violin piece. Inquire at Ramsey's Business Building."

"I'm going to enter! I'm going to enter!" cried Levina skipping about with glee.

She practiced hard and long, day after day, until the wonderful night arrived. I don't believe that the people who heard her that night ever forget the charming and exquisite manner in which she played her piece.

She was given the prize amidst much cheering when so filled with delight and happiness she could not express her feelings.

ROSE BARTLETT, '26.

You Never Can Tell.

The advice of an old hunter is, "Never shoot at any thing you cannot see," but my friend Jim did not follow this rule.

He had been living near the top of a mountain, his closest neighbor being about six miles away in a valley. Being lonesome Jim would go down to visit his friend every Sunday morning staying all day and returning that night.

One Sunday morning Jim started down to the valley taking with him a pair of moccasins to wear on the return trip that night. Jim knew he would stay so late that he would be unable to see the trail, but with the help of the moccasins, he could feel it out with his feet.

He stayed all day Sunday with his friend and about ten o'clock that night started back. Since there was no moon he felt his way slowly up the path.

When a third of the distance had been covered Jim stopped to get his breath when suddenly he was startled by a groan beside the trail. He stood, scarcely daring to breathe, when the groan came again. This time Jim pointed his gun in the direction from which the sound came and pulled the trigger. Something jumped and came down on top of him carrying him to the ground.

He lay there stunned and bruised with the weight of a heavy object upon him, his courage gone but at last he cautiously reached out his hand and discovered that he had killed a cow.

ED. GARNICK, '26.

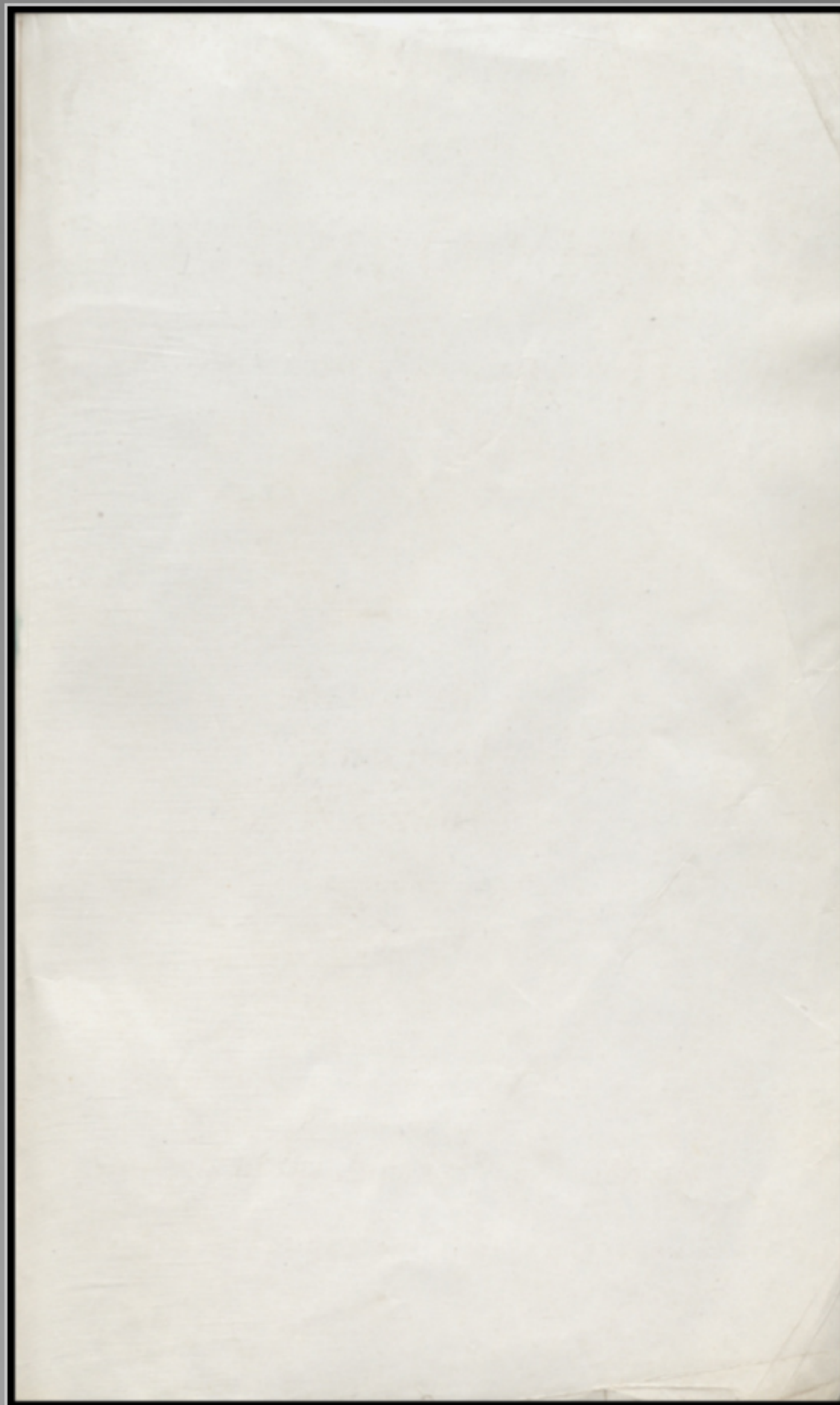


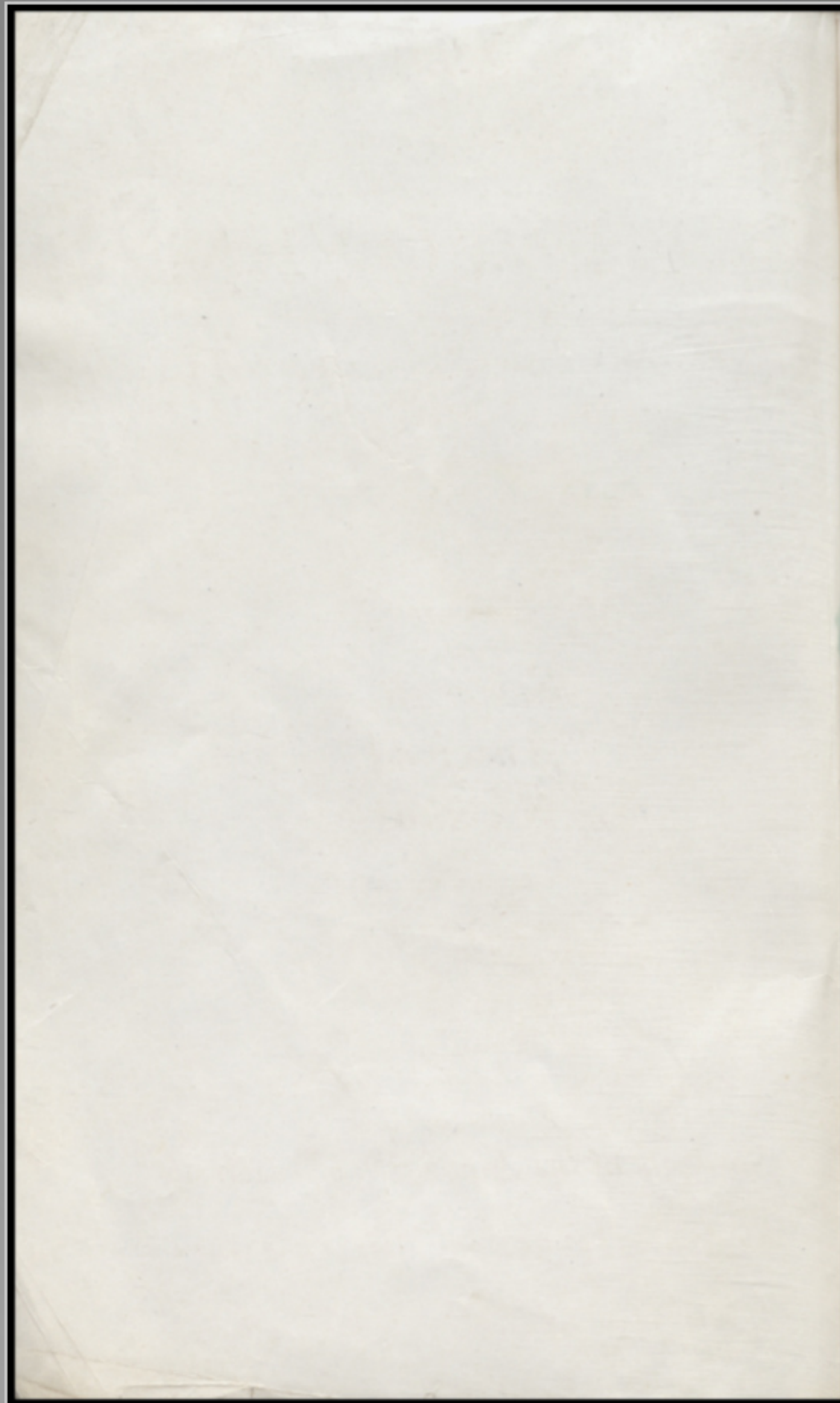
The debating class which is composed of eleven members, Billy Biggs, Howard Case, Legia Kashevaroff, Iloe Slade, Marguerite Bone, Stanley Jorgensen, James McNaughton, Lillian Peterson, Luella Smith, Carol Webster and Milton Noll was organized the second semester under the instruction of Mr. Lanz. During the first six weeks the class worked on material in preparation for brief-drawing and in the latter part of the second six weeks the task of writing the briefs was accomplished. A part of the last six weeks will be devoted to the writing of the arguments.

In the debate Seniors versus Juniors three members, Legia Kashevaroff, Marguerite Bone and Milton Noll representing the Seniors were chosen from the debating class. Ralph Waggoner, Wayne Summers and William Clark represented the Juniors. The question in dispute was "Should Congress Prohibit Immigration to the United States for a Period of Two Years." The Seniors, arguing for the affirmative won the contest, although the Juniors showed remarkable ability for the little training they had had in this kind of work.

Mr. Lanz deserves much credit for the interest he is taking in instructing the debaters for the contest to be held in May at the Big Meet. Marguerite Bone, Legia Kashevaroff and Ralph Waggoner will represent the school. We place our hopes in them and feel confident that they will be the victors and win the honors for Juneau HI.

LILLIAN PETERSON, '23.





ATHLETICS





14-0.

On October 1, after a month of hard practice, the Juneau High School football team played the U. S. Explorer the first game of football of the year. It had been raining for about two weeks and the grounds were knee deep with mud and water. In the first quarter the Explorer got a touchdown and were unable to get any more until the last quarter. The wet field was a handicap to the lighter High School team who could not pull off their passes or do any running on account of the quantity and quality of the mud. The High School team was faster but on account of the field only line bucks could be played and most of them failed against the heavier team. The Explorer team was outplayed in all stages of the game but their weight told all throughout the game. Every member of the team did his best, however, and felt that they had really fought with all their might.

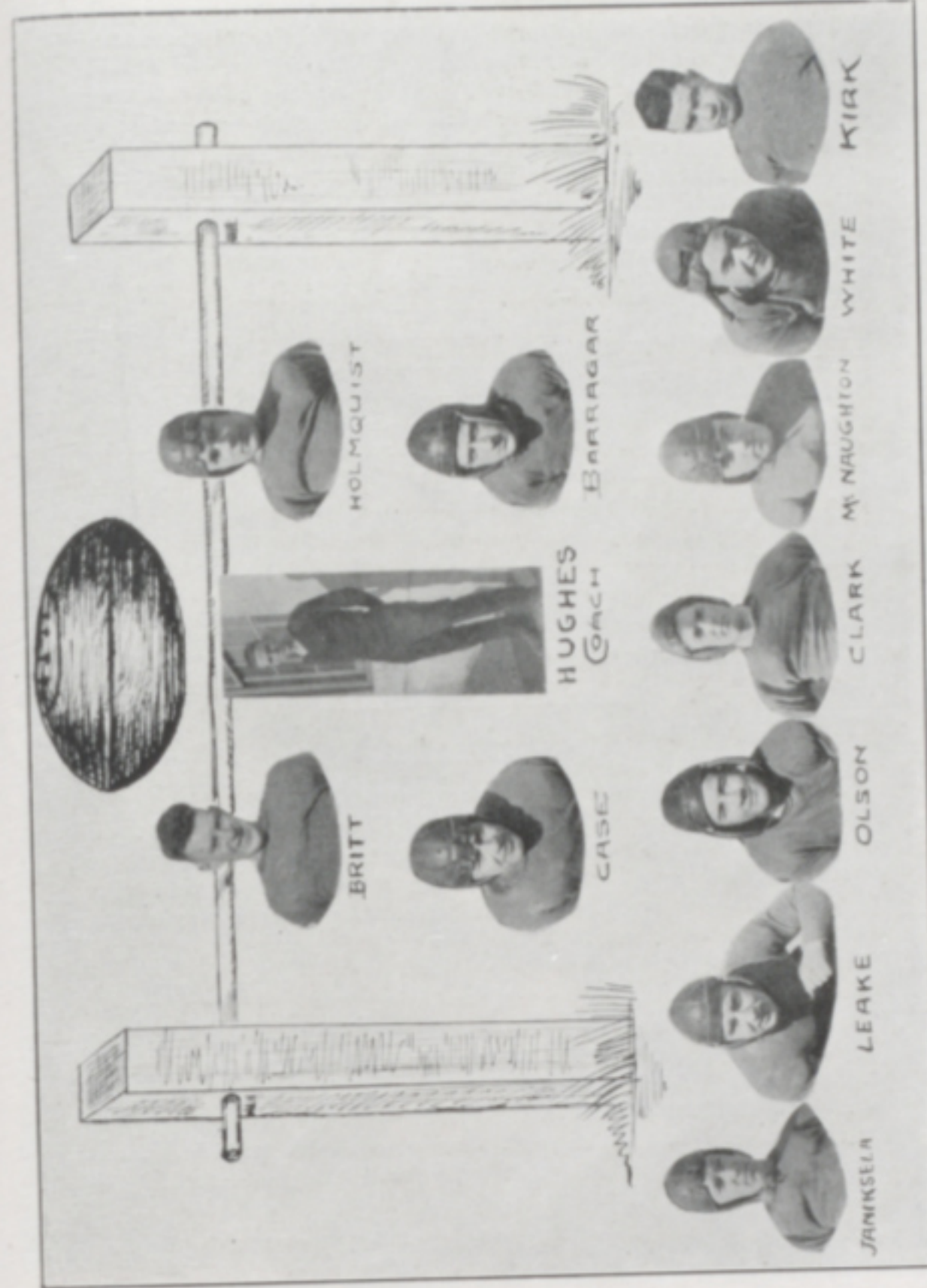
20-0.

On Alaska Day the Juneau High met the Douglas Fire Department team on the Juneau grounds. It had been raining for several weeks with no let up and the ground was soaked with water a foot high on the field.

The D. F. D. outweighed the Juneau High by 20 pounds to a man and as there was no umpire on the field, the referee had a hard time and time and again Douglas was off side but it was not noticed by the referee as he was busy elsewhere.

Douglas scored in the first quarter, third quarter and last quarter while several times Juneau had the ball within the five yard line only to fail to score on account of being so light.

Several drop kicks were attempted by Juneau but the slippery ball would not allow good kicking to be done altho many good punts were pulled off by White.



Many forward passes were tried by the Hill Toppers but the slippery ball also prevented the ends from gathering them in.

With water a foot deep on the field and the ball under water and soaking wet, the lighter but faster High School team could not advance the ball very fast and were forced to do a lot of punting. Several times we lost the ball on the ten yard line being too light to buck the heavier team composed of men who outweighed us twenty pounds to a man.

As no other team would play the J. H. S. the team disbanded after this game. Next year the football season ought to be successful because there will be eight letter men back.

The line-up was as follows:

Peabody	L. E.
White	L. T.
Holmberg	L. G.
Clark	C.
Olson	R. G.
Leake	R. T.
Janiksela	R. E.
Case	Q.
Barragar	H. B.
Britt	H. B.
Holmquist	F. B.

Holmberg left after the first game and his place was filled in the Douglas game by McNaughton and Kirk.

BASKETBALL

The first basketball game played by the High School was against the Fort Seward team. The score was 17 to 11 in favor of the Juneau High School, but for this being the first game by them the score would have been much larger. The whole team played well and showed possibilities of coming up to a very strong team later in the year.

41-31.

Juneau High was defeated in this game by the above score, Ketchikan High being the winner. Altho the Kayhi team was a strong one the victory should have been for Juneau. Juneau led in the first half, 12-21 but in the second half due to indulgence in eating so heavy before the game they were unable to keep up the pace and so lost out. But this defeat was avenged later in the season.

23-8.

The Alumni was defeated in a fast game of basketball in the A. B. Hall by the High School. The whole team by this time had



been well coached and trained and played a very good game against the former school boys. There were no individual stars in this game but all put up a good brand of ball. Leake and Ellingen were in the game in the first half and were given their first taste of basketball then.

18-5.

Juneau High and Douglas High, old rivals, met for the first time this season and Douglas came out the winner in this game by the above score. The Juneau forwards were too closely checked to do any shooting but they certainly did fight thru the whole game.

40-10.

Juneau and Douglas again met and again the Juneau team was defeated due to hard luck in shooting and fouls being called on them many times. In the first half the score was 7-11 but during the second half Douglas scored many lucky shots thereby winning the game. The Juneau team had all the time been improving in their team work and hopes were strong that the next game would result in victory.

45-18.

The Haines team having come down from Haines, and wanting a game with us, were accommodated. Altho the Haines team played hard they were outclassed by the High School team. Barragar had by this time regained his old shooting eye and was able to loop many in. The first half ended with the score 18-10 in our favor and at the end of the game, it was ours by the above score.

31-22.

Juneau High was again defeated by the Douglas High five but this time the score was very much closer than it had ever been before. It showed very well the improvement in the playing of Juneau.

The forwards again were very closely checked but were able to make most of the points. Britt at center played a very good defensive game but was not able to make but a few points, on account of checking so closely his opponent.

32-23.

Juneau High School dropped a game to Wrangell High at Wrangell on our tour of Southeastern Alaska. The Juneau boys had been on a gas boat for twenty-four hours and had to play two hours after landing at that city. The first half ended with the score of 14-8 in favor of Wrangell but in the second Juneau tied the score and was one basket ahead for a while but the pace

began to tell on them because they had been up for a day and night and most of them had been seasick on the way, so once more we suffered a defeat. Juneau was defeated but not outgamed.

22-13.

On the next night Juneau High met the Wrangell Lazy Five team, a stronger one than the Wrangell High School, and defeated them by the above score. A night's rest in a hotel had worked wonders with our team and they went into the game next night with an abundance of speed and pep which they kept up during the whole game. The whole team worked perfectly without a hitch and played the game for all they were worth to avenge the other night's defeat.

25-14.

Juneau High avenged the defeat handed them by the Ketchikan High School on their own floor in their city by this score. Altho the team was not going as it should, it won the game. Another trip on the water and rough weather had undermined some of the boys but they went in the game to win and they did. The floor where we played was the opposite of our own; they had a long floor and a low ceiling which was very difficult to shoot baskets in, unless used to it. As we have a high ceiling we were handicapped but in spite of this we won the game.

29-15.

On the next night we played the Metlakatla School team and were defeated by them in a fast and hard fought game. The Natives played a good game of basketball but Juneau had an off night then or the score would have been different than it was.

32-23.

On the third night of our stay in Ketchikan we played the local town team which was composed of town men and several high school players. This game which should have been an easy victory for us was won by the local team.

28-23.

After leaving Ketchikan we played the next night in Petersburg. The trip there had been a rough one and all of the boys were feeling bad but nevertheless they went in and played the game there an hour after landing. Britt was not able to play owing to a slight attack of seasickness and altho the first half ended in our favor we were also unable to secure this game.

41-11.

The last game with Douglas High was played and we were once more defeated by our rivals of across the Channel. Hard

luck was experienced in shooting in both halves and we were unable to pick up and beat them. This game ended the series with Douglas, with that city the winner of the four straight games, but next year we hope to change these figures and let the scores run the other way.

After the completion of the basketball season interest has settled on the track meet which is to come off here on May 1. The boys have been training hard for the various track events and are confident of winning at least some of the events. The Juneau High School basketball team will once more have a chance to get back at Douglas, Wrangell, and Ketchikan and intend to do their best to win the cup for the winner of the basketball championship.

The various track events will be as follows:

Fifty yd. dash; 100 yd. dash; 220 yd. and 440 yd. dashes; one-half mile run; mile run; low hurdles; high hurdles; running broad jump; running high jump; pole vault; shot put and relay race. We surely intend to make a good showing for our school and do the best that it is in us to see that all the cups stay here.





Following the erection of a new court, tennis became a very popular game, and there was a great deal of practice when the clemency of the weather permitted. Six weeks were devoted to this game, and at the end of this time an examination was given for those desiring credit in gymnasium. The remainder of this period was devoted to basketball practice and several inter-class games were held in which the Freshmen were victorious. The inter-school series opened with a number of peppy games, and ultimately the Douglas girls were the winners.

The line up of our first team was as follows: F., Della Lundstrom; F., Florence Koskey; C., Ilse Slade; S. C., Ruth Krugness; G., Frances Messerschmidt; G., Lillian Oja. Subs.—F., Eva Tripp; C., Tecla Jorgensen; G., Lillian Perelle.

The following composed our second team: F., Ellen Sorri; F., Eva Tripp; C., Tecla Jorgenson; S. C., Daisy Oja; C., Lillian Perelle; G., Amy Wilson. Subs.—F., Miriam McBride; C., Alice Case.

The first game of the season, with Douglas, proved to be the most exciting, with a score of 24-23, in our favor. A succession of brilliant plays on the part of both teams kept the score tied until the last minute.

7-12.

The Juneau girls were defeated in the second game, which was played in the Douglas Natatorium. The game was close throughout, and victory for either team was quite uncertain until the final whistle blew.

14-11.

The next game was played at Juneau, the "home team" being victorious. The skill and sportsmanship displayed was due to the efficient coaching of Miss Eloise Jackson.

22-8.

This game ended in a crushing defeat for us, as our girls were greatly handicapped owing to the fact that several members of the team were ill.

3-12.

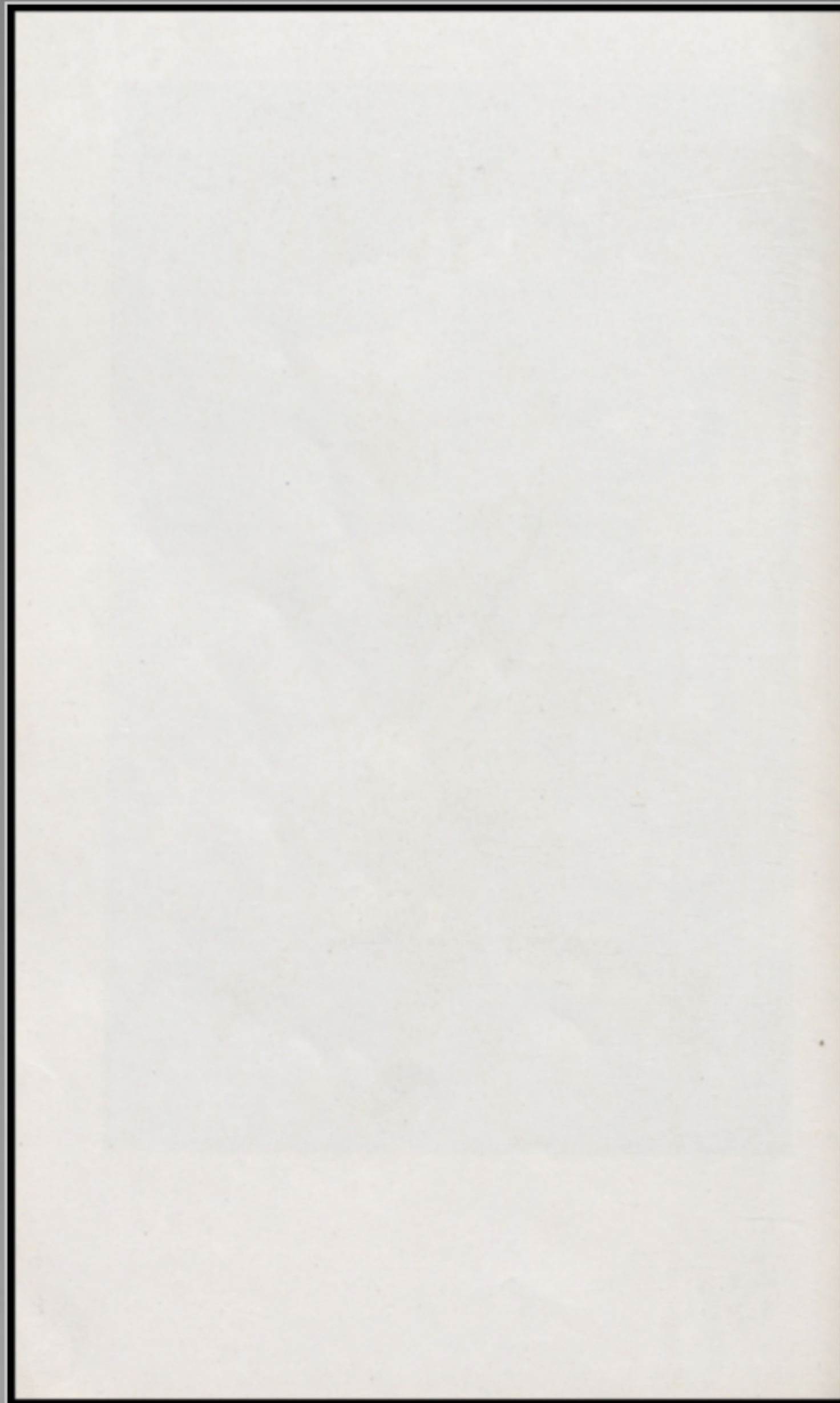
This was the decisive game of the season, each team having won two games. Fortune deserted the Juneau girls, the Douglas girls gaining the championship of the season.

Although we lost the championship, our games were played in a sportsmanlike manner and good feeling prevailed during all the games. However, we have worked up good material for our next year's team and instructor and pupils are satisfied that the results will then be different.

EVA TRIPP, '22.







Society



Society Notes.

Pep and jazz have characterized the "Hi" life of Juneau this year. Dances, dinners, football, parties, basketball, hikes and skating, every thing imaginable has been featured by the students and the whole year has been one of incessant pleasures.

The "Big J" Club started the year off with a moonlight hike to Salmon Creek on the third week of school.

After the football game on Alaska Day the team was banqueted by the "Big J" Club. The places were marked by Scarlet and Black "J's." The dinner was tastefully prepared by Miss Carnahan and Miss Jackson, assisted by six "Hi" girls.

The class of '23 displayed their energies at entertaining at the first dance of the year in the school Gym, on October 27. The usual snappy music was furnished by Burford and Mock. The dance was declared a wonderful success and added to the previous reputation of the Juniors.

The ninth grade entertained the Juniors II's at a Hallowe'en party. The gym was decorated in the class colors with witches, and cats, giving a weird effect. The evening was spent in games and contests appropriate to Hallowe'en. Delicious refreshments were served.

Who said Friday 13 was an unlucky day? Not the Seniors! They drove off the jinx with a hop in the gym. The decorations were in orange and black and were attractively arranged.

Another date well worth remembering was the Sophomore Pop. The gym was fascinating in the purple and white, colors of the Class of '24. Punch was served during the evening to refresh the merry dancers.

To celebrate the safe return of the basketball boys from their exciting trip to Ketchikan, the girls of the Senior class entertained them at a dinner in the Domestic Science room. The other guests were Mr. Lanz, Mr. Sperling and Mr. Hughes.

On March 31 the seventh grade entertained at a party in honor of the Freshies. The game was in the order of a field meet in which the guests were divided into four schools, the University of Hard Knocks winning first place, the Do Little College second place, Seemore College, third place and the Non-Such University fourth place.

The first day of April, in payment of a vocabulary contest, the losing half of the Spanish class gave a Spanish dinner to the