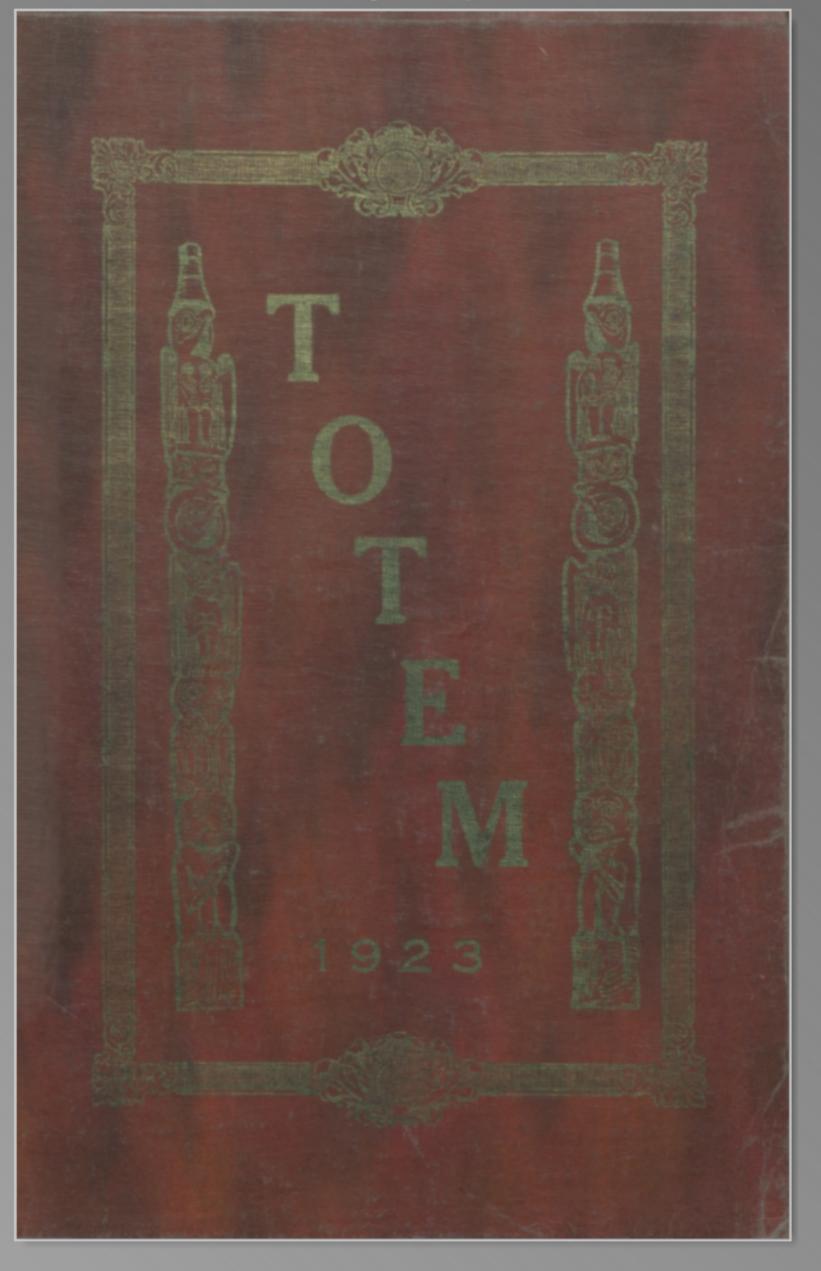
Juneau-Douglas City Museum

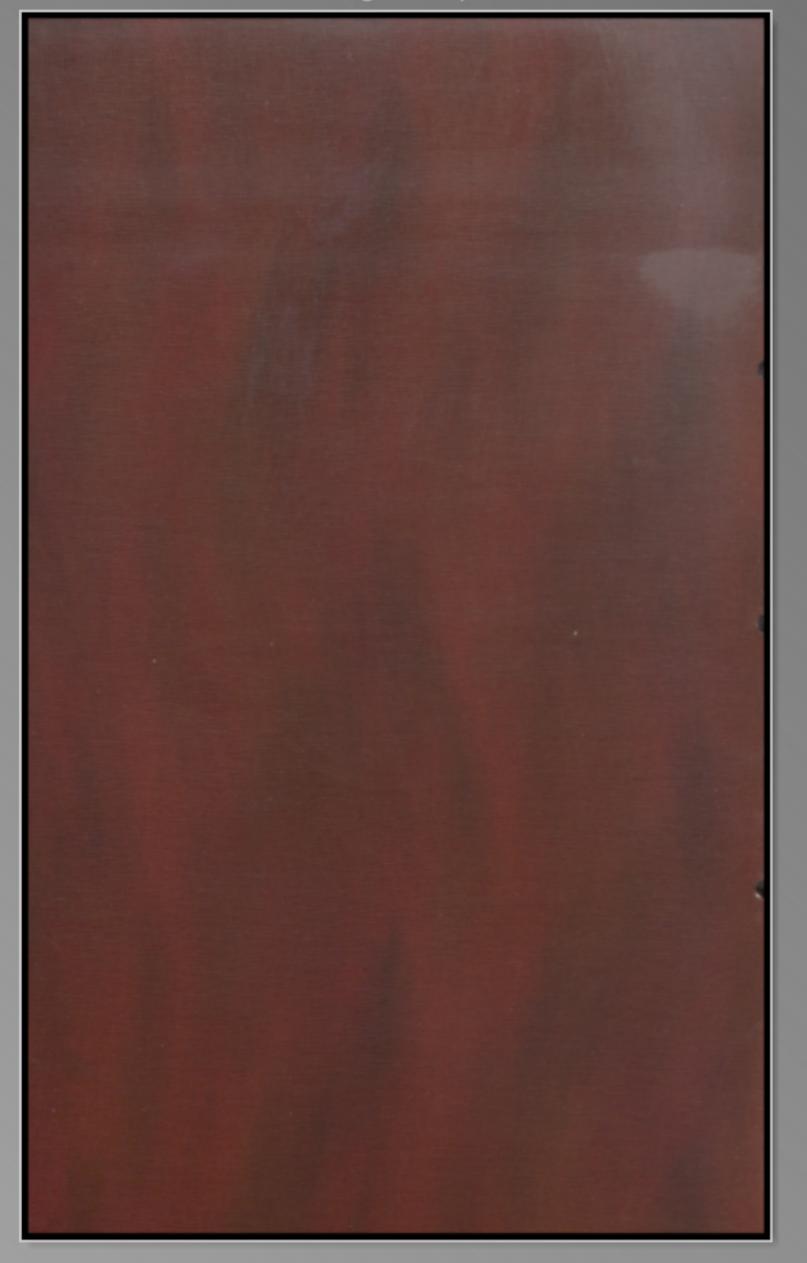


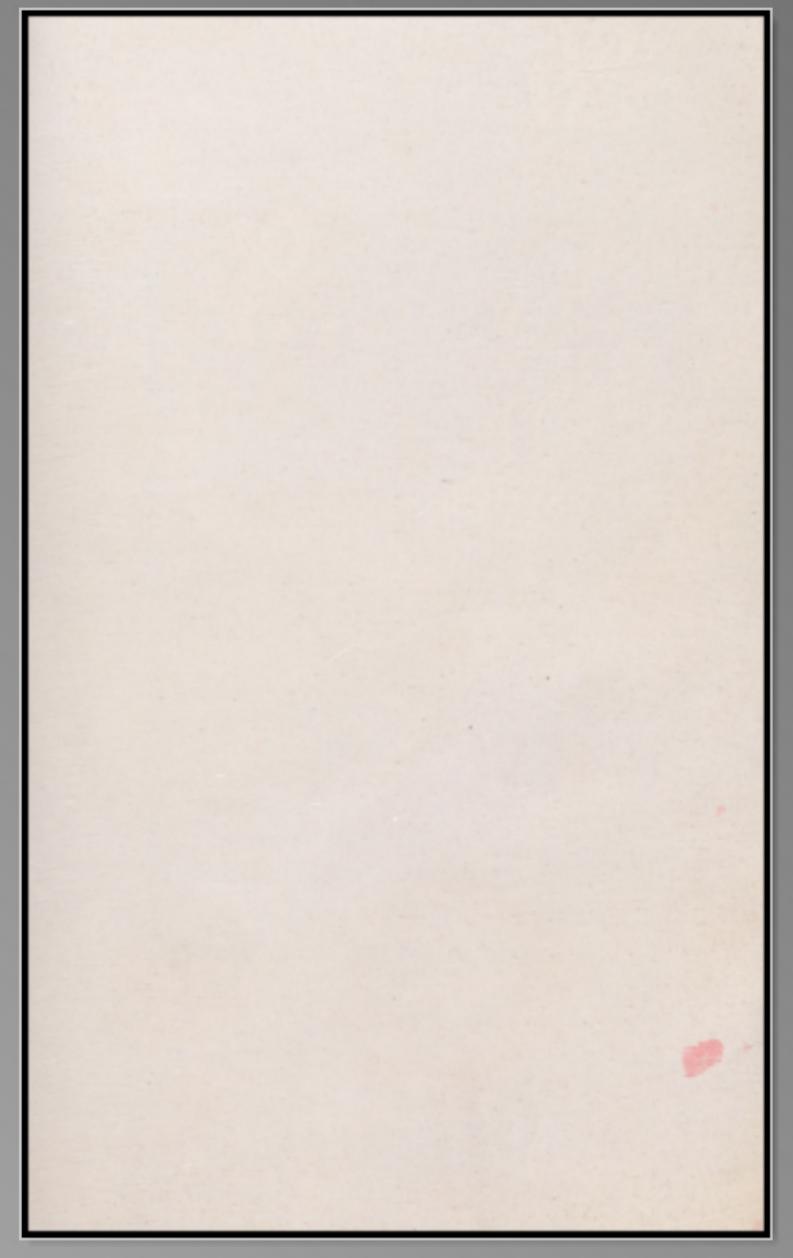




Juneau-Douglas City Museum







TOTEM

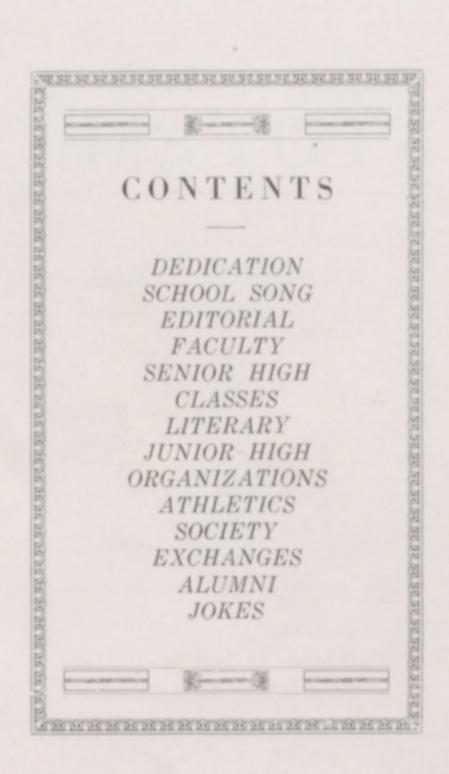
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1923

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL NUMBER



Published by the Students of the
JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA





MISS MARY K. CARNAHAN
We respectfully dedicate this Totem of 1923 in

appreciation of her friendship and never failing interest in everything that is for the welfare of the students of the Juneau High School.

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

JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL



JUNEAU, ALASKA



The time has come again when another class is to go its way into another circle, different, from that of their high school days, and the time has come again in when we find ourselves working on the seventeenth edition of the "Totem," in which we try to present to outsiders the work which has been done and finished during this year of struggle, pleasure and real hard work. It is always true that each passing year something different has been accomplished that gives to the students of Juneau High School more interest and stimulates an interest in their studies which will enable them to create more desire to make "good" when their school days are over.

This year we have been trying harder than usual to make our "Totem" the best and biggest annual that has been put out. We have had loyal support from all the staff as well as from our advertisers and patronizers. Each page will hold some interesting subject that will show the efforts that have been expended.

We therefore know that all who read our annual will agree that it is an interesting edition, that it presents the line of work which we have been doing, and the best line of talent we have in our High School. We truly hope that our subscribers will enjoy this issue and pass their good judgment on it with a few words of praise for the "Totem" and the Juneau High School.

NEW MEMBERS ON SCHOOL BOARD.

In the election of city officials on April 3, this year, two new worthy members were elected to the School Board. Mr. M. B. Summers having been elected president, is one of the best and most capable men to perform such a duty. Mr. M. L. Merrit, the new Secretary, a very able and conscientious worker, who with Mr. Winn, the Treasurer, we feel confident will give their best to maintain the high standard of J. H. S.

INTER-SCHOOL MEET

The Inter-School Meet which was inaugurated among the schools of Southeastern Alaska last year proved to be a success in every sense of the word and the Meet this year is sure to be even more successful, judging from the interest that is evinced.

Things of this nature cannot be too highly commended. Schools are coming more and more to realize that inter-school competition is a valuable means of producing increased interest in school affairs in general. Also it helps us to keep in a personal touch with the other schools of this section. All such activities in which the schools find a common ground for interest and friendly rivalry tend to encourage inter-school spirit and good feeling. The Meet idea, as a permanent institution, is well under way and to future superintendents and classes we cannot too highly urge the importance of keeping up interest in the Meet each year.

Another thing about the Meet. It seems to us, if we may venture an opinion of our own, that it would be advisable to hold the Meet some other place than Juneau next year. It can clearly be seen that the amount of interest which a team, that is going to get a long trip will take in practice, is much greater than one which has no promise, except that of playing a few games on their home floor. Several men prominently connected with the Mect have expressed themselves as favoring a change of location for the 1924 Meet.

At any rate it is a matter to be seriously considered by the Board of Control.

NEW GYM FOR J. H. S. NOT POSSIBLE.

For several years the cry for a new and bigger gym in the High School has been raised and this year it was louder than ever, but the School Board has given several reasons why a new gym is not feasible at the present time. The first and main reason is that it would cost \$14,000 to make a bigger one and at the present time that amount is not available. The second reason is that the site of the school building is such that it would not permit evacuating either in front or the rear of the building. For these two reasons a new and bigger gym is out of the question, for some years to come. The students will therefore have to be content with the old one, as it is better than nothing, for the time being.

VOCATIONS.

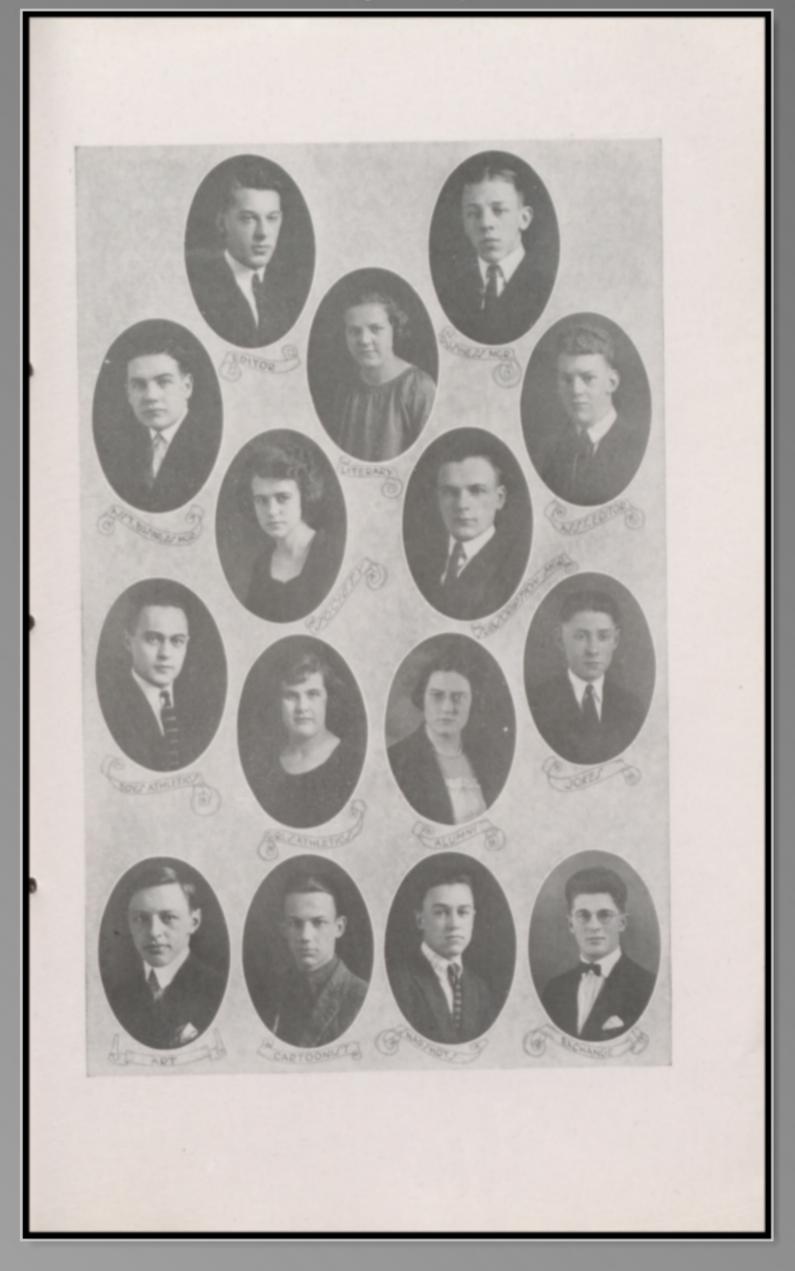
A vocation is a life work or career in which the individual hopes to be so efficient so that his fellow man will reward him for his efforts. Every one has a vocation of some kind or another, exalted or humble. Why is it that so few have their special vocation in hand to call their life work? In nine cases out of ten it is

because most of them are driven so hard along the path of education that there is no time to see what a vocation is, and to begin to think about what their's might be. This education isn't much good unless it all tends to mould us and help prepare for some work. What that work is should be part and most of the aim of education, a help and a suggestion. Most people, when they find they are grown up, wonder what they are going to do with themselves. People with vocations are something to be wondered at, and a career undreamed of. There's one reason there are so many people who are successes at nothing, not even a jack-of-alltrades; why there are so many idle. One should be helped from the beginning to be prepared and look around for a vocation and not remain in ignorance and then suddenly find himself nowhere in particular and standing looking on at life. One should know there is and can be a choice and that he does not have to follow the beaten routine of an education so that afterwards he can't say, "Why didn't they tell me there was such a thing as a vocation and a choice."

In closing this column we wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to all those who have contributed to the success of this issue of the "Totem," either in purchasing or advertising in the book. The success of this book depends upon the people of Juneau who have always shown interest and have supported and encouraged the activities of the students of the Juneau High School. WE THANK YOU.

Totem Staff.

John Janiksela	Editor-in-Chief
Jacob Britt	Assistant Editor
	Business Manager
Eugene Kirk	Assistant Business Manager
	Literary Editor
	Society Editor
	Subscription Manager
	Boys' Athletics
	Girls' Athletics
	Alumni
	Jokes
	Art
	Cartoons
Albert White	Snapshots
	Exchange
	Faculty Advisor



B. S., M. A. History

MISS ALICE MORRISON MISS MARY K. CARNAHAN A. B. Languages

MRS. J. E. LANZ
A. B.

Principal High School
English

MISS EMMA UELAND
B. S.

Domestic Science
Girls' Athletics

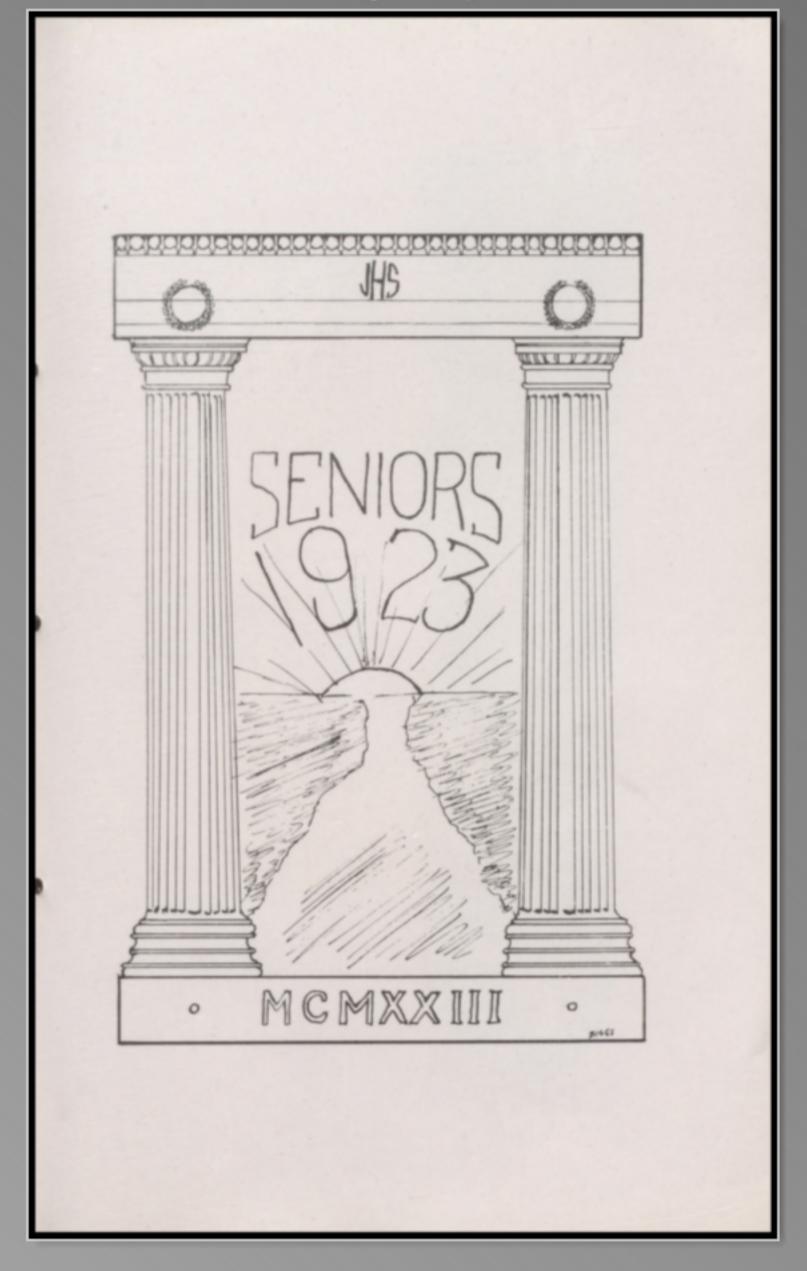
MRS. LESTER D. HENDERSON HOWARD G. HUGHES A. B. Commercial

Manual Training Boys' Athletics

MRS. GRACE V. BISHOP Principal Junior High









JACOB BRITT

Basketball, '21, '22, '23.
Football, '21, '22.
Track, '22, '23.
Senior Play Cast, '21, '23.
President Student Body, '23.
President Class, '22, '23.
Secretary and Treasurer "J" Club, '22.
Assistant Editor "J" Bird, '23.
Totem Staff, 22, '23.
Seward Society, 23.
Athletic Manager, 23.

JAMES BARRAGAR

Basketball, '21, '22, '23.
Football, '21, '22.
Track, '22, '23.
Senior Play Cast, '23.
President Class, '21.
Athletic Manager, '21, '22.
Seward Society, '23.
Secretary and Treasurer "J" Club, '23.
Secretary and Treasurer Student Body, '22.
Totem Staff, '22.

WILLIAM CLARK

Football, '21, '22.
Track, '22.
President "J" Club, '23.
Seward Society, '23.
Secretary and Treasurer Athletic
Association, '23.
Totem Staff, '23.

JOHN DUNN

Entered from Anchorage High School, '23. Editor "J' Bird, '23. Seward Society, '23. Debate, '23.

HARRY ELLINGEN

Basketball, '22, '23.
President "J" Club, '23.
Senior Play Cast, '23.
Seward Society, '23.
Business Manager, "J" Bird, '23.
Business Manager Totem, '23.

TECLA JORGENSON

President Girls' Glee Club, '23. Society Editor "J" Bird, '23. Basketball, '22. Seward Society, '23. Senior Play Cast, '23.





JOHN JANIKSELA

Basketball, '22, '23.
Football, '21, '22.
Track, '22, '23.
Editor Totem, '23.
Totem Staff, '21, '22.
"J" Bird Staff, '23.
President "J" Club, '22.
Vice President Class, '22, '23.
Senior Play Cast, '23.
Seward Society, '23.
Vice President Boys' Athletic Association, '23.

EUGENE KIRK

Football, '22. Senior Play Cast, '22. Seward Society, '23. "J" Club, '23. Totem Staff, 23.

DAISY OJA

Senior Play Cast, 23.
Glee Club, '23.
Seward Society, '23.
Secretary and Treasurer Student
Body, '23.
Totem Staff, '22, '23.
"J" Bird Staff, '23.

LILLIAN PERELLE

Glee Club, '22, '23, Basketball, '22, '23, Seward Society, '23, "J" Bird Staff, '23, Senior Play Cast, '23.

LILLIAN PETERSON

Entered from Santa Rosa H. S., '21. Senior Play Cast, '23. Totem Staff, '23. Glee Club, '23. Seward Society, '23.

WAYNE SUMMERS

Senior Play Cast, '23.
Totem Staff, '22.
Vice President Seward Society, '23.
Vice President Student Body, '22.
Secretary and Treasurer Class, '20,
'21.





EVA TRIPP

Basketball, '22, '23.
Totem Staff, '22.
Secretary and Treasurer Class, '22,
'23.
Glee Club, '21, '22, '23.

CAROL WEBSTER

President Seward Society, '23. Vice President Glee Club, '23. Totem Staff, '21, '22, '23. Senior Play Cast, '23.

Senior Class History.

Of the score or so of young hopefuls that began their educational careers in the fall of 1911, there are but six left to graduate—Tecla Jorgensen, Eva Tripp, Lillian Perelle, John Janiksela, James Barragar and Daisy Oja. Lillian Peterson and Carrol Webster, John Dunn, Jacob Britt, Eugene Kirk, Harry Ellingen and Wayne Summers have joined us as the years have passed.

The Class of '23 has gained a reputation for its initiative and achievement beginning in the Freshman year. We started out with a banquet at the Gastineau for the benefit of the Tennis Court fund. We served 300 people under the direction of Mrs. Breakey and thus earned our culinary degree.

Throughout the four years of High School this class has always given the first dance of each year. Our Freshman Frolic was a complete success and one of the best attended dances of the year. The Sophomore Hop proved to be a novel and entertaining event. As Juniors we made the annual Promenade the "biggest and best" ball of the social season. The music, which was furnished by Drake's Orchestra, has not been excelled. The hall was decorated in a very unique manner. The programs and the favors made a decided hit. This year as dignified seniors, we manifested our ingenuity by giving a mixer. There were booths of various kinds—candy, tea room, fishing pond and fortune telling. A short program was rendered. The principal interest of the evening was the original shooting gallery. The Mixer was an entire financial as well as social success. We feel confident that our Senior Ball and play will be as successful as our previous enterprises.

In athletics we have made an exceptionally good showing. We take pride in the fact that four of our boys have received "J's," being on the basketball team, and six of the boys on the football team. In track also we have won honors. Two of our girls are on the basketball team. We have not only proved our worth in athletics and social events, but also we are not lacking in literary talent. Seven of our members are on the "J Bird" staff and during the four years many have served on the "Totem" staff.

CLASS OFFICERS

President Jacob Britt
Vice-President John Janiksela
Secretary-Treasurer Eva Tripp

CLASS COLORS
Blue and Gold.
CLASS FLOWER
Forget-me-not.
CLASS MOTTO

B sharp, B natural, but never B flat.

D. O. and L. P.

News of the Class of '23 in 1940.

"Oh, Carol, for goodness sakes, do come out here on the porch so we can talk over old times. I am honestly dying to hear about everyone and just to have a nice conversation with you, in fact, my dear, you'll have to have a lot of wind and patience to answer my questions and to tell me everything I want to know!" Dragging poor Carrie by the arm, I pulled her out on the porch into the lovely sunshine and warmth, and pushed her into the hammock and settled myself down beside her. Of course, no one ever saw a time when little Tecla never took the opportunity to make herself comfortable.

"Really, Gussie, you are exactly the same as when I last saw you and just the day before I left Juneau I said to Jimmy Barragar that I knew you would never change. You know, Jimmy is quite the MAN in Juneau, being sole owner of the Alaska Electric Light & Power Company, besides just being elected Mayor of the city. Now, if that isn't news just kindly hang onto yourself and perhaps I'll surprise you yet. Daisy? Why no, I haven't heard from her for ages. I believe you said you had a letter not so long ago from her. Now, you tell me all about it." Carrie leaned back and sighed.

"Daisy, as an aviatrix, has made a whopping success, and as far as South America and her flight there—well, neither she nor Honey have gotten their place yet; one never does turn out to be what one plans, and Daisy herself often laughs about the whopping success she is as an aviatrix. NIX. But—Daisy as the Queen of the Ballet in Hollywood is something to be admired and loved. I've heard that her dances and interpretations are something to be gasped at. I surely am planning on a nice visit with her when I go to California this fall."

"Now, Honey, y'know, is principal as well as the most popular teacher at Radcliffe, and being such a young woman for that position her fame is already established in the world's history," remarked Carol with marked fervor and absolute admiration in her tones, "and Wayne Summers is at Boston—a vetrinary. The best in three continents and owns the best line of horses in the world—and besides that he wears a Van Dyke—can you feature it?"

"Cad, alias Swanny, the members of the class of '23 were the smartest things that ever came to the light of the earth and with Jacob Britt as Secretary of State and our Diplomat—the United States must surely be grateful to Juneau and the High School of the Scarlet and the Black." I looked—or tried to look wise as I confidentially leaned over to the "Bestest Pal" and told her this remarkable piece of news.

"Did you ever have such a good time in your life as you had while in school and during your last year? I knew you simply

could never say that you have—'cause it's imposs.ble. But, let me tell you about Lily Perelle," said Carrie.

"Hurry—hurry—I'm dying to know about her and I haven't heard of her for about four years. I suppose she is still the secretary to the Governor. Bless her heart—is she still as cute as ever?"

"Wait a minute—Lillian had a great big wedding just before I left—and talk about romance—she was IT—absolutely vamped the Governor's son—who is perfectly handsome—a Hart-Schaffner-Marx and Arrow collar man all rolled in one! And she was never going to get married, if I remember correctly—but when she did pull the fatal stunt she did a good job."

"I'm not surprised that she finally did get married—but I really am surprised that she did it so soon. I'll bet she was a 'stunner of a bride'." My imagination could picture her perfectly and I was just seeing the ceremony when Carrie interrupted my thoughts.

"Listen, Honey Bug; did you hear about Eugene Kirk?" Cad's face was as solemn as an owl and as I leaned forward hanging on every word I heard this: "Well, he was exploring around in the waters of Alaska and he discovered a peculiar kind of whale—he found out its value and has now established a cannery way up North somewhere on an island and is totally a multi-millionaire and married to the sweetest girl from Colorado. Speaking of luck, that was what I wish would happen to me."

"Oh, I'm so glad for Eugene—and as for luck, Carol Webster (I guess I can call you that even if you are a married woman) you ought to be satisfied. Any person that owned the Juneau-Douglas Telephone, not to speak of all the wireless telephones throughout Alaska, should be shot when she complains of hard luck. Besides, any child with such beautiful red hair as Sigrid has is worth all the wireless telephones in the world. Carrie, I wish I were in your boots and owned your daughter, how's to trade her for that cute new dress I've got?"

"Don't be ridiculous—my darling is the picture of her Dad—I could never trade her for anything," Carrie murmured dreamily.

'She must evidently be the picture of your 'Sweetie' since you rave about her so—but stop this mooning and I'll tell you about John Janiksela. I see him every once in a while on my excursions around the country and invariably stop and talk and kid each other as of old. But I know you would never recognize him at first sight because he is so dignified and austere looking—at heart, however, he is the very same jolly and ever-teasing Johnny. If ever anyone makes a good literary critic, it surely is John, because he can tell you about any of the latest and best books—classic and all—so that you will know the bad and good points when he is through telling you about it as if you, yourself, had read the book. He has now established a great big publishing house and even works there with his men as a common employee. His men respect him so much and he chums with them all the time. Makes money hand over fist, that boy does, and spends a great deal of it on

his best girl, who is none other than his dear old mother. To see them around together is well worth the sight."

"Well, that's the best news yet, Tec; I knew he sent for his mother years ago because she told us that John had sent for her to come to New York. Bless his heart—say—what did happen to John Dunn?"

"Why, didn't I tell you about him in one of my letters? I'm sure I did. But, anyhow, when I was sent on that trip to China I met John Dunn in Canton, China, at his office there. And, mind you, he is editor of the Chinese Saturday Evening Post and is in charge of all branches of a big newspaper throughout the whole of China. "The Pen is the Tongue of the Soul'—as Miss Carnahan used to tell him, is appropriate description of J. M. D."

That poor fiery headed girl was too flabbergasted to say a word. She just leaned back and waited for the next thing that was coming. I merely smiled—because I am not the least surprised about any of those things because you see, we all came from the class of '23.

"And what about Eva Tripp and Harry Ellingen—I heard you mention them this morning but something interrupted us so you didn't get a chance to finish what you were going to say—," Carrie asked me.

"Why, nothing more than this: Eva is a wonderful dentist and has been practicing in Brazil but came back to New York to brush up her work—she comes here every year or so in order to learn all the new courses and to be up to date. Famous? I'll say she do! My goodness, there is absolutely no pain whatever in that work nowadays and besides if there were, the patients wouldn't mind it in the least; all they do is lean back and look at Eva and admire—she has to chase them out because they linger so long and find so many excuses to stay and look at her beauty as well as watching the easy and lovely way she works. She also has excelled in music and often sings in large concerts."

"More," breathed Carrie. "Tell me more!"

I laughed at her blank look and calmly proceeded with my interesting news. "As for Harry Ellingen, he also has been in South America and lately came back from the Canal Zone, where he has been working for a large mining company—the most trusted mining engineer in the whole U. S. He is going to Nevada next month on a proposition there for the same company." Now—that's all that I know. If you want any more you will have to tell it yourself."

"I can hardly realize all the wonderful good fortune that has come to us," remarked Carol. "We were both silent for a long time and the only noise that penetrated our ears were the rustling of the maple trees and the twittering of the canaries, swinging in their cages on the porch.

Presently Carol asked me, "When does the Geographic Company require you to go back to work, Tecla? Aren't you supposed to be getting ready soon?"

"Well, dear, the president of the board of trustees said that as soon as I was prepared for that trip and had my route all ready, I could take that trip to Alaska in order to get material for the big write-up in the Special Edition this year. I'm almost ready now, and you and I will go back together. It really is a wonderful thing to be a Special Writer for the Geographic Magazine and to get to travel with all expenses paid as well as the grand times and experiences that I have."

"Twe never been so happy in my life, Cad; partly because I have begun to succeed and partly because all my classmates have succeeded in all ways, but most of all—I'm happy because I have such a darling chum. But let's go in and have something to eat! I'm starved! Exit, Tecla and Carol!

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1923.

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three, knowing that although there will be fond memories left behind us when we bid our sad farewell, nevertheless, feel that we could never depart without bequeathing a few little mementos that would remain ever before the eyesight of our dearly beloved under-classmates. So, therefore, we do now, willingly request that this will be duly read by all and the things which are left as tokens and remembrances be held in sacred hands as well as fulfilled with utmost capability and honor.

ARTICLE L

Section 1. To the Senior High School we leave our exceptional ability to start all affairs of the school as well as taking things in charge and making them successful. (Juniors might profit if they heed this advice.)

Section 2. To the Junior High School we leave our good behavior and our extreme dignity—they must handle these things carefully and only use them at the proper moments.

Section 3. To the Sophs we leave our love for giving dances and parties, not to speak of dinners, that they may entertain themselves and the rest of the High School on great occasions.

Section 4. To the Spanish I. class we obligingly leave our system of translation of Dona Perfecta on condition that they be as quiet and kind to Miss Carnahan as we were—but also hoping that she does not neglect to give them the same amount of work as we had to do.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. To our Darling Class Advisor and sharer of all griefs and sorrows we leave best wishes and all our backbone so that she may meet difficult situations with her next year's class in case they go on rampages such as some classes in ancient times have done. We also give her the privilege of chaperoning the next Spanish dinner in order that no one will touch the bottle of yellow coloring or put too much pepper in the "Toulrenia" or forget to make the pudding right.

Section 2. To the Sophomore girls, we, the Senior Girls, leave our common sense and studiousness so that they do not need to spend so much time in getting their Caesar and Geometry, not to speak of their English.

Section 3. To Mrs. Henderson, the Senior Girls leave their talent of singing and musical voices to distribute where she deems necessary among the members of next year's chorus. We also leave our energy and success of making everyone turn out to weekly practices.

The individuals of this class having so many of their own gifts to bestow will now list these marvels which they are so unselfishly leaving:

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. I, Jacob Britt, feeling very gracious at the present moment, am leaving to Earle Hunter my finest points—that is, my slimness and dainty feet. My pet expression of "Whachamacallit" to Winifred Kirk. My love of going to Douglas and missing the ferry to John Rundall.

Section 2. I, Daisy Oja, being of sound and disposing mind, do bequeath my fondness for the Jitneys to Miriam McBride, hoping that she may derive as much pleasure from them as I have had. I also leave my tinkling, musical laugh to Curtis Shattuck and my ability of taking care of my personal belongings to Neola Langdon.

Section 3. At last about to depart, I, Lillian Peterson, bequeath to Robert Morris my wrist watch, knowing that he does not wish it. My Irish accent to Leonard Holmquist and my popularity to Raymond Bell.

Section 4. I, Carol Webster, find that my nature allows me many things to give away, so I will give my marcel to John Halm, my hard earned ability to stay home nights and study my history to Neola Langdon; my big diamond ring to John Rundall on condition that he put it to use immediately; my red hair to Fred Gould, and my extra supply of "hankies" to Art Peterson.

Section 5. I, Lillian Perelle, do regret fully that I must leave my awful height???? to Harold Campen, but I cannot do otherwise. To Neola Langdon my characteristic of taking tests without having to cram for them a few minutes before; to Dorothy Kleinschmidt my pretty mustard spats—but she must use them with discrimination.

Section 6. I, John Janiksela, will my curly locks to Miss Morrison if she will use them on Sundays as well as the rest of the week; my love for the girls to Edward Naghel and my art of executing the latest "jazz" steps to Ed. Garnick.

Section 7. I, Tecla Jorgensen, knowing that my character is of such sterling quality that I cannot leave anything but the very best, am gladly bequeathing these things: My sweet disposition to Albert White; my black eyebrows to Robert Morris; my delicate complexion and ideal figure to Clayton Polley and my artistic ability to put on clever "patters" with Billy Kirkland to Marie Kirk; my good fortune in receiving letters—big fat ones, to Dorothy Stearns.

Section 8. I, Wayne Summers, will my name of Iky to Florence Koskey, and my position as circulation manager and reporter to Roy Carrigan, but the test of my good points I will take with me and live up to my name.

Section 9. I, John Dunn, leave my habit of inscribing my initials J. M. D. in all my books to Albert White, my bashfulness to Billy Kirkland and above all, my stand-in with the prettiest girls to Gus George.

Section 10. I, Eva Tripp, leave my clean and beautiful reputation to Della Lundstrom, my package of Black Jack gum to Virginia Metzgar; my ear puffs to Francis Harland. I also leave my energy and ambition that makes me get my Caesar every day to Ellen Sorri, and all my heavenly endowments such as my beauty and black hair to Elizabeth Madsen.

Section 11. I, Eugene Kirk, leave my willingness to oblige everyone that asks favors of me to Francis Messerschmidt so that she may still have her reputation of being independent; my history marks in the Civics class to Fred Bussey, and lastly, my good English to Grace Kleinschmidt.

Section 12. Happy that I can leave a token to my dear friends, I, Harry Ellingen, leave and bequeath my fondness of "Kats" and basketball dances to Archie Jonas; my benefiting arguments in favor of everything that comes up in the Student Body meetings to Dan Russell; my swiftness in basketball to Jack Burford.

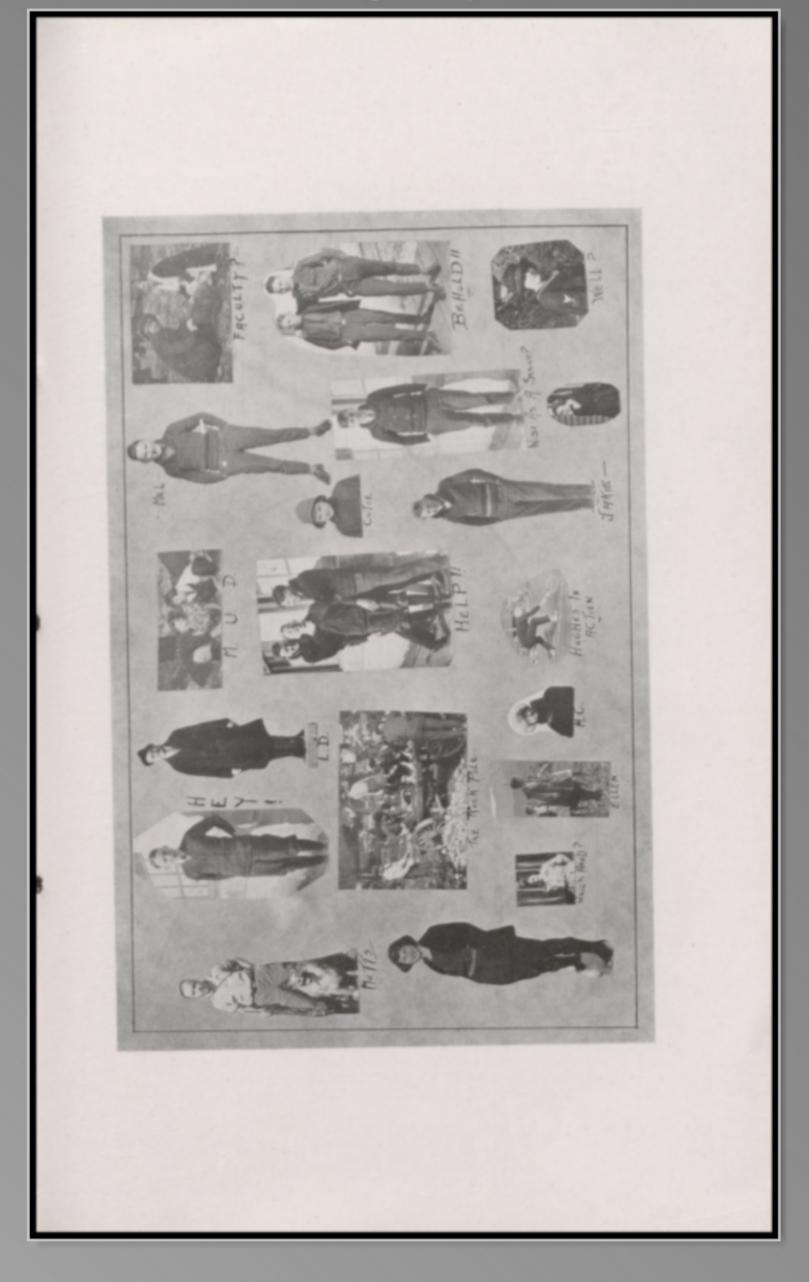
Section 13. I, James Barragar, leave my ability for finding soft jobs to Clayton Polley, and my inimitable giggle to Curtis Shattuck to be used only on state occasions.

Now, this will being completed, we do hereby constitute and appoint Mr. M. B. Summers, President of the School Board, the Executor of this paper, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we do set our hand and seal of this class, the 10th day of April, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three.

T. A. J., '23.

SENIOR HOROSCOPE	FAVORITE	Giggling.	Trying to kid.	Looking sweet.	Writing letter to nite.	. Mooning in library.	Arguing in class.	Pestering.	Sleeping.	The couch.	Being Prim.	Lending quarters.	Keeping quiet.	Rowing to Douglas.
	AMBITION	Absolutely none.	6 ft. 4.	Aviatrix.	School marm.	To die in peace.	To Dictate.	Prohibition Agent.	To Sleep,	Martin.	To Flirt.	Making meney.	To fly.	To write love letters.
	FATE	Fork importer in Jerusalem.	Sarcasticitis.	Elevator girl.	Married.	Broken beart.	President.	Dancer,	Watchman.	Thin.	Toothache.	Flat Broke.	Follies.	Soup box orator.
	FAVORITE	Wh-e-will	I almost died!!	Git out.	Golly, Geet	Washamacallit	O, alright.	Hot Dog!	ZZZzzzzZZZ	O, Cow.	I'm here Miss Carnahan,	Tee-hee!	Goshi	Not Not
	FAVORITE SONG	"I Ain't Nobody's Darling."	"Georg-ette"	"3 o'clock in the morning."	go home alone."	"The Sheik."	"You Tell Her, I Stutter."	"Hot Lips."	"Kock me to sieep."	"Caroline in the Morning."	"Angel Child,"	"Umpa Isle,"	"She's a Mean Job,"	"K-K-Katy"
	KNOWN AS	Jimmy	Shorty	Maya	Tek	Pinkey	Didit	Johnnie	Sleeps	Cad	Eva	Ikey	Honey	Inggy
	NAME	James Barragar	Lillian Perelle	Daisy Oja	Tecla Jorgenson	Jacob Britt	John Dunn	John Janiksela	Eugene Kirk	Carol Webster	Eva Tripp	Wayne Summers	Lillian Peterson	Harry Ellingen





Early in the term the class of '24 met to elect class officers. When the meeting adjourned those elected were as follows:

The state of the s	*****	11.0	TOHOWS.
President	1	Dan	Russell
Vice-President			d Gould
Secretary-Treasurer			Campen
Class Advisor			E. Lanz

The first event of the social season was the annual weiner roast. A beautiful moonlight night was chosen for the occasion and the entire class went out on the Salmon Creek Road in automobiles and were deposited on the beach where everyone busied themselves with various tasks in order to keep warm.

One cold evening in January found the Junior class huddled together on a sleigh wrapped in blankets, shouting wildly and singing in five or six different keys. After the ride refreshments were served at Stearns' Studio and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

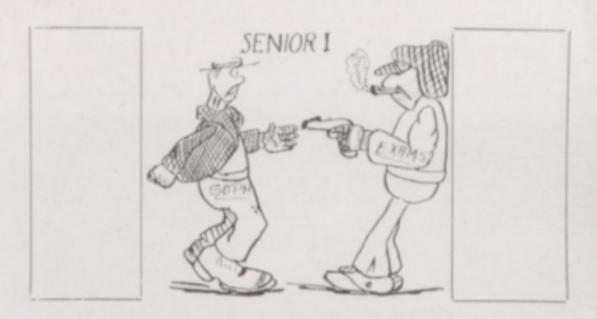
The Junior Basketball team has turned out regularly during the year for hard practices. For their efforts they were rewarded with the High School championship. Outside of the inter-class games two were played with the A. N. B. team, from whom the boys suffered their first defeat.

Since there were not enough girls to form a class team the Junior girls organized with the Seniors, playing two games, one with the Freshmen and the other with the Faculty. The first was a decided victory, but they were forced to admit defeat from their "heavier" opponents.

The annual Junior Prom, the great event of the year, took place April 6, at the Elks' Hall, and was unanimously voted a success by all who attended. The hall was artistically decorated in the class colors, purple and white. Delicious punch was served during the evening. Everybody had their share in the favors, which were caps, whistles and balloons, and all expressed regret when the dance was over at the "early" hour of one.

-Elizabeth Madsen, '24.





Sophomore History.

We used to be as green as grass, And answer our elders with a lot of sass; That's what the Seniors will tell you, But now as Sophs we're more than THAT And we can give them tit for tat.

Well, here we are, Sophs at last! Thank goodness, no one can call us green again.

We started the year in the usual manner, and our grades surprised even ourselves. But as usual, we calmed down and so did our grades. The rest of the students in school have the impression that all we're good for is to study; that we can't get together and have a good time. That's where they're mistaken. If they had been on hikes with us to Mt. Roberts or gone skating on Auk Lake, they would have changed their views on the spot. "We certainly had four grand times those four days."

But of course the school wasn't invited to attend so we had to show them we were not a bunch of book worms. The Sophomore Hop was the result.

But then, it isn't good manners to praise ourselves, so we'll let George attend to that. The Hop was given on Friday, March 25, and on Saturday all our bills were paid. Impossible, ridiculous, you'll say. What's the secret? There's no secret to it, we did it!

Our class has not taken a very prominent part in athletics, except in the girls' basketball. Four members of the class hold positions on the girls' team.

We expect to be represented by two other members of the class, besides the girls' basketballers, in the School Meet. One in the Track Meet and the other in the Debating Team.



There are seventeen members in our class, two members who had been absent for two years returned this year, and it feels like old times to have them back. We certainly hope that our Junior year will pass as pleasantly as this year has.

Officers elected for the year were:

President Ruth Grugness
Vice-President John Rundall
Secretary-Treasurer Virginia Metzgar
Class Advisor Mrs. Lanz

CLASS COLORS Blue and Orange.

-Ruth Krugness.



The Leading Spinster of the Town.

Stibbinsville, Connecticut, was an ideal old New England town, as sleepy and behind times as the rest of them. It had its Main Street, where the grocery store where you could also buy dry goods and hardware and get your mail, was situated. Here the gossipers, who didn't wear petticoats, met to discuss every individual in the town and their affairs. It also had its leading citizen and the usual number of old maids. Mr. Jossuah Quily Stibbins was the noted individual for whom the town had the honor of being named.

On a certain Saturday morning, the usual sunny New England morning, Miss Abigail Peasly could be seen bustling about in her kitchen It was 8 o'clock; the house had already been put in an immaculate condition, and the week's baking was well under way.

"Lan' sakes, why couldn't the Lord have made it cool this mornin'? Seems if he ought to know I do my bakin' every Saturday."

She was just removing her last loaf of raisin bread from the over when the grocer's boy appeared on the scene.

"My glory, Sam, I do wish you'd get here 'fore abody gets the house all cleaned up. Look at the mess you've made me."

The grocer's boy grinned good naturedly. He was too used to Miss Peasly's remonstrances to mind. Besides he always got a sample of her baking. Nor was he disappointed this morning. Having dismissed Sam, Miss Peasly produced the mop and set about cleaning up the imaginary mess he had created.

"Oh, Miss Peasly." This from the back fence,

"Lan' sakes, there's Mrs. Snodgrass again. Now why couldn't she a waited till I got this mess cleared up? She always breaks in when she knows a body's still at house work." Nevertheless Miss Peasly answered the summons from the back fence.

"My lan' sakes alive, Mrs. Snodgrass, that's the second time you've broke in on me this mornin' while I was cleanin' my kitchen."

"Yes, I know, Miss Peasly, but Elvira's playin' with the broom and I wondered if you'd let me take yours fer awhile, so's I could clean the carpet."

"There's no sense in lettin' Elvira play with the broom when you need it fer cleanin'. Hi there, you Elvira, you let yer Ma take that broom to clean her carpet or you gotta stay home from the social tonight, and you won't get no ice cream, neither."

Threatened with such a terrible punishment, Elvira willingly gave up the broom.

The annual Sunday School social was an event of importance in Stibbinsville. The very best black silks were taken out of their moth balls and donned by the feminine citizens of the town, and the younger members of the family were scrubbed, told to mind their manners and forbidden to take a second helping of ice cream, a command which was never obeyed. A program composed of the

usual numbers, recitations, solos and a sermon by the minister, was given before the social hour began. This was looked forward to by all the younger members of the population, and there was always an overflow of volunteers.

The social that evening was especially important, for the new minister was to be introduced. Of course, everyone had been to see him and knew everything about him already, including the fact that he was unmarried. This caused a great deal of excitement in Stibbinsville, especially among the single ladies who always kept a sharp eye open for a gentleman with whom to share their fortunes. Tongues wagged, and heads were nodded knowingly. Discussions were held over the back fence and varied opinions expressed. Some declared that Mrs. Hiram Obelby's cooking was bound to attract the minister, while others were firm that Miss Peasly's house keeping would settle the matter. It never for a moment entered anyone's mind that the minister might prefer a person with altogether different characteristics, while the possibility that he might not want a wife at all was not even expressed by the most contrary person. But time would tell.

Meanwhile, the great event was at hand. Shortly after 6 the out-of-town residents began to arrive and by 7 o'clock the last person had taken his seat in the church. Mr. Josuah Q. Stibbins opened the program with the usual address, and the numbers then proceeded in the usual manner.

"Sounds kind a cracked, don't she?" Miss Peasly leaned over to whisper to her neighbor, Miss Snowden. The young lady under criticism was rendering a solo in a very high pitched key which at times threatened to get the better of her. However, the solo was concluded without great mishap and the young lady left the stage amid loud applause. But the next number was not destined to go off as smoothly as the solo had. In fact, it didn't go off at all. Mr. Stibbins had announced with great dignity that the next number on the program would be a recitation by Mary Anne Bywater.

The young lady took her place on the stage, smoothed her dress carefully in the usual manner, and began the recitation boldly.:

"The boy stood on the burning ship—an'—ah—the—the—a—"

"AN' BEHOLD HIS PANTS DID RIP."

Startled and angry glances were cast to the back of the room from whence the remark had issued. But the culprit had discreetly withdrawn and nothing could be done, although many of the audience had their suspicion as to who had committed the crime.

The program was finished at last and the social hour began. Miss Feasly seated herself in a conspicuous part of the room and waited expectantly. Ah, there he was. And he had two dishes of ice cream. What was the matter with him, anyway? Why, he wasn't coming her way at all. Oh, of course, he was just going to stop and speak to old Mrs. Wickles. But he didn't stop at the said lady's chair. Instead the minister went directly towards Gwendolin Harper, the belle of Stibbinsville, took the seat next to her, offered

her one of his dishes of ice cream, and began to chat with her. Up went Miss Peasly's head and the next minute she was sailing haughtily across the room, her eyes blazing. Of all the hussies! It was certainly time that her mother was made acquainted with the facts. Why, she's never been so humiliated in her life! She got through the evening somehow, and hurried home as soon as she could.

The minister had noticed Miss Peasly's actions at the social, and not wishing to create the ill feeling of any in his congregation, set about to win Miss Peasly's confidence.

So it was that the following morning Miss Peasly, upon looking out of her upstairs window, perceived the minister walking leisurely up her flower bordered walk to her parlor door. With her severest expression on her face she proceeded downstairs and permitted the minister to seat himself on the horse hair sofa. The minister cleard his throat and glanced at Miss Peasly.

"You may have heard, Miss Peasly, that I have been asked to represent Stibbinsville at the State conference in Hartford. But it so happens that for personal reasons it is impossible for me to go. Therefore I had hoped to find some trustworthy and capable person to go in my place. I know that you are one of the most noted citizens in this town, and so I wondered if it would be asking too much for you to represent Stibbinsville in my place?"

Miss Peasly was startled, yet pleased at the same time. This was not at all what she had expected, but it touched her vanity! However, it would not do at all to let the minister know that his request had made any impression on her.

"Of course, I know that you are a busy woman," the minister continued, "and that this will interfere with your work, but I really don't know any other person who would be capable of undertaking the task."

'Twould interfere with my work. Don't know's I can spare the time, but then city life ain't new to me, and I don't know as there is another trustworthy pusson you could ask to go. I could get Mrs. Snodgrass to look after the house and feed 'Martha Washington.' What time is the conference goin' to be held?"

So it was all arranged and the town was soon abuzz with the news. Miss Peasly became the center of attraction, and the usual requests and warnings were showered on her head. She must be sure and look up Mrs. Wickles' daughter, Tillie; drop in on Mrs. Hiram Obelby's cousin-in-law by her late husband, and she must see how Miss Snowden's brother was gettin' on. Mrs. Hicks had heard as how it was awful dangerous in Hartford. Why, two men was murdered there right in broad day light!! An' Mrs. Ogelby had heard as how's you couldn't get a decent "vittel" to eat there.

When the day for departure came the town turned out in masses to bid Miss Peasly goodbye.

The next morning Miss Peasly stepped from the train to the crowded station platform at Hartford. She was jostled this way

and that by the crowd, and precipitated breatnessly on the sidewalk in front of the railroad station. This was not at all what Miss Peasly had anticipated. Where was the committee that was to have met her? Thank goodness she had the address of the conference headquarters, at least. If the committee wasn't there to accompany her, she'd get there herself. Having smoothed her suit and fixed her hat more firmly on her head, Miss Peasly took a good hold of her carpet bag and set out resolutely for the conference headquarters. She had not gone far before she realized that it would be more difficult to find her way about in Hartford than home in Stibbinsville. When evening feil she found herself again at the entrance to the railroad station from which she had issued the same morning. Her return ticket was safe in her bag, and suddenly she decided to take the next train home. But upon inquiry she found that a train had just left and that the next one through Stibbinsville would not leave for three hours. Having settled with a station master to get her when the train arrived, Miss Peasly arranged herself as comfortably as she could in the waiting room and settled down to review the day's happenings. She had not attended the conference, because she had lost the address, and she could not visit with the former citizens of Stibbinsville for Mrs. Hick and the rest of them had neglected to give her their addresses, and upon inquiry she found that no one had heard of Mrs. Wickles' daughter or Miss Snowden's brother. She had not thought to ask a policeman for directions to the conferonce, not knowing the value of the city traffic cop. She did not matter at all in Hartford, and no one thought of her except as a country woman described as "a scream," who had caused considerable merriment among the up to the fashion city people. It is true, an obliging policeman had offered to nelp her, but she's thanked him for his impudence and let him know he'd better mind his own business, for thank goodness she could.

No, city life was not for Miss Peasly, and she'd be thankful to spend the rest of her days in Stibbinsville, where she went for something more than an old-fashioned old maid.

-Ruth Krugness, '25.

Anne's Adventure.

Just think! Anne Fauran was actually going to live in Louisiana for three long months. All her life she had lived on the New England coast. She had dearly loved the dashing waves, the rocky cliffs, and open sea, to say nothing of the beautiful maple tree; and prim gardens, but what an adventure it would be to see a country so very different from her own. Although traveling alone, she was quite at home for she had often traveled from Boston to New York for her father. Her mother had died when she was 10, and ever since she had stayed with an aunt in New England. Only yesterday her father had written telling her to go at once to a distant cousin in Louisiana, as he had to make a trip to Europe and could not take her with him.

Why need he go to Europe? How would she ever find the right place, with her only land mark a huge magnolia tree? Why couldn't he tell her more? These and countless other questions tormented her until she firmly put them aside, believing that it would do no good to worry over what she couldn't find out for some time to come.

The old stage coach rattled on, and Anne bumped up and down on the worn leather seat. It was dusk, and rather dismal outside, because of a drizzling rain. As the windows did not serve their purpose Anne studied her fellow passengers. One was a short, fat man in faded mulberry breeches, who attempted to sleep, but the bumpy motions prevented such a thing. Next to him was a big joily-looking man with a large bag of chocolate cookies which he contentedly munched, meanwhile rolling over his companion who was practically helpless to defend himself.

Anne herself was tall and lithe, with dark hair and blue-black eyes, and her summers numbered just 17. She wore a queer little bonnet perched on top of her head, in accordance with the fashion of the time. It was fortunate she had no fellow-passenger on her side such as the "cookie-man," as she internally termed him, or all the starchiness of her pink calico would have been ruined.

Suddenly the coach came to a halt. The driver leaped down and throwing open the door, waited somewhat impatiently for the passengers to alight. Each hesitated, as if not sure why the coach had stopped.

Somewhat disturbed, Anne leaned out and asked where they

"We don't know, mum, but the horse has took a fit and we can't go no farther. You'll have to walk."

Rather relieved, Anne stepped down, took her carpet-bag from under the seat, and looked about her. Suddenly she gave a cry of delight, "The Magnolia." This was the one land mark she was sure of. Hurriedly she gained the path which led to a stately old mansion, well back, and almost hidden by many trees, one of which, a

magnolia, stood out quite prominently. Anne looked eagerly about, thinking it was odd there were no lights to be seen in any of the windows. Somewhat out of breath she sat down a minute to rest on the broad stone steps. No sound broke the silence save the cursing of the driver in the distance. By now the moon was up, and as she looked around on the lonely scene, she wondered if her companions had fared as well as she. Having regained her breath, she went lightly up the steps and lifted the great brass knocker. She waited a few minutes, then tried again with the same result. She began to be alarmed and wondered if this were the right house after all; but it must be-there was the magnolia tree, the only one of its kind for miles around, her father had written. After trying several times more it became evident that no one would come if she stood there 'till Doomsday. Knowing the ready hospitality of the Southerners, she decided to take advantage of it and make herself at home until her cousin should arrive. However, she met with a new surprise, the door was locked. It was queer, anyway, that the servants weren't around, wasn't it? She had always heard how many there were around on a plantation. Somewhat disturbed, but not frightened, she tried several of the windows, but with unnerving results-all bolted! Happening to glance up, she saw a vine which reached to a low window on one side of the house, and to what she supposed to be the attic on the front. There might be something left open up there, anyhow, so Anne unhesitatingly tested the strength of the vine, and finding it strong enough, quickly ascended, although long skirts were somewhat of a hindrance. The reward of her climb was that a bedroom window was open some three inches. It was easily pushed up, and she entered. Dust! Evidently this was an unused room. Maybe it would be hers eventually. But the bright moonlight coming in through the uncurtained window, she could see that the wall paper was yellow with blue and green paradise birds pursuing each other over vermillion housetops. A faded red and blue carpet lay beside a large old-fashioned bedstead with all the draperies and trappings intact. There were several other clumsy articles of furniture strewn about, and a large fireplace. Near the fireplace was a sight which made Anne shudder. Evidently the former occupant of the room had some gruesome idea of decoration, for the skeleton of a cat reposed bonily upon the hearth.

"No," Anne thought, "I couldn't stay here tonight for anything." She crossed the room silently and was about to turn the door knob when "Creak—creak—creak,"—Someone was ascending some stairs which were evidently right outside of the door. The person ascending was breathing heavily and mumbling to himself. Could it be her cousin, perhaps, or some one of the household? For some reason entirely unknown to herself she instinctively crept behind the bedstead. The newcomer had halted outside the door. Slowly the knob turned and there stod none other than the fat little man in the mulberry trousers, puffing very hard, with a snuff box in one hand and a large silk handkerchief in the other.

The first thing he seemed to see was the cat, but on looking towards the window he saw something else which seemed to leave him quite out of breath. Dropping his snuf box he rushed for the bed, while Anne, quite frightened, ran for the window, and climbing out, came face to face with the big man still hanging onto of his bag of cookies. They stared at each other in amazement, and then burst into a hearty laugh, which was interrupied by shouts and calls of "Anne! Anne-where are you," from different quarters of the plantation. Then with a rush Anne realized that she had come to the wrong house, and these people were her relatives. Joyfully she climbed down-not a vine, but a ladder which the big man had found in an outhouse-and told her story to her cousin and uncle. Her meeting with her former fellow passengers was explained by the fact that they, too, had sought shelter for the night, but had approached the house from different directions. The little fat man had come in by the basement, the door of which locked after him, and he remembered seeing a front window, so had made his way to the bedroom.

The cousin had become anxious at Anne's delay, and started out to meet her, knowing the uncertainty of travel by stage, especially that one. They had found out after much urging from the driver where Anne had gotten off, and at last knew what direction to take. The huge magnolia tree turned out to be an elm, which Anne had mistaken, not knowing just what one looked like, and having size rather than kind in mind.

After her adventure she was quite content to settle down to a normal plane of life again.

V. M., '25.

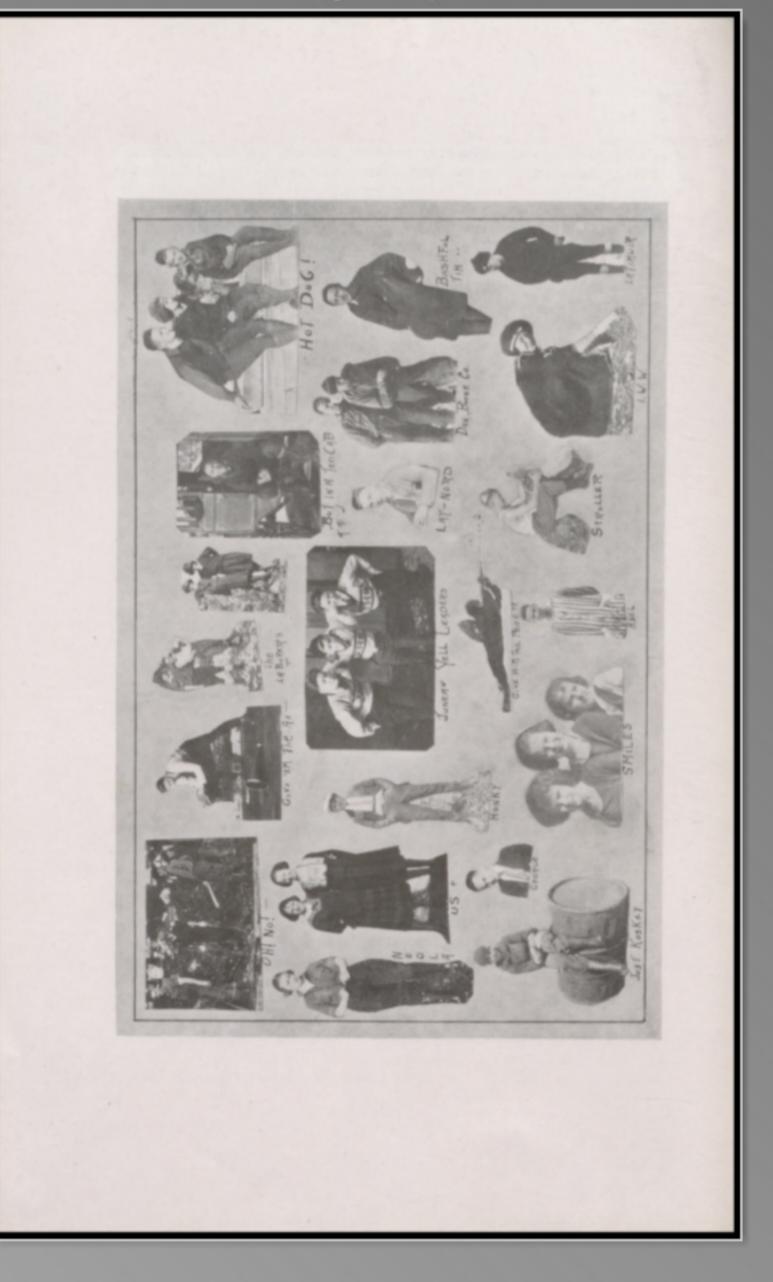
So Be It With Humans.

It was a hot day and the flies buzzed about lazily, but none buzzed more loudly than a certain young fly who seemed to think the world would stop if it were not for him.

Before this fly had started out into the world his parents had told him to beware of toads, but he had taken the advice lightly. At last he spied a big fat toad which did not move a muscle and looked as if it were a bump on a log.

The fly made one circular flight just above the toad, but it did not seem to move, so he flew nearer. Just then the toad's tongue, which is long and sticky, shot out as swift as an arrow and there was no more fly.

-Ed Garnick.



Mrs. Shrader-The Wonderphone Ltd.

A great many of us at sometime in our lives have had experience with stocks. There are many different kinds of stocks; there are stocks which become a source of wealth to the stockholders, and there are others like the Texas wildcat on stocks which seem to have a great ability to deflate the pocketbook.

People who sell stocks often have many things to attract attention, including posters, photographs, models and beautiful stock certificates. Where oil stock is sold the dealer often has an oil well in the process of drilling with the drill working up and down, or have a model oil well in his window, or an oil gusher. Now women are selling stocks.

I had an experience in Vancouver, Br.t.sn Columbia, which appeared quite amusing to me.

While going from my hotel to a telegraph office, about 8 o'clock in the evening. I suddenly heard music which was issuing from a large horn; on the horn was a sign which read:

THE WONDERPHONE THE SUPER TELEPHONE FREE DEMONSTRATION INSIDE

Being naturally fond of adventure, I went inside. The room had evidently at one time been a bank. Part of the oak partition was still in place, and at the back of the room was the massive strong door of the vault. In various places there were horns like the one outside from which the music of a phonograph was issuing. These horns were very much like those seen on the old style talking machines; it was on a base and stood four or five feet high. There were some posters everywhere telling of the great merits of this instrument.

On the other side of the room was a phonograph which a young man was attending. The phonograph was the same as any other except that it had a reproducer which was quite different from those usually seen, to which wires were attached. This was evidently the source of the music I had heard.

The young man entered a telephone booth which stood beside the phonograph. There was a window in the booth and I could see him carry on a conversation with some one on the other end of the wire.

A door opened from what appeared to be a private office, at the front of the room. There emerged from there a woman of quite liberal proportions who appeared to have probably seen a considerable number of summers (or winters); she evidently was past the thirty and fifth grindstone; I mean milestone.

This lady asked me and another man and woman who had entered to follow her into the room from which she had just emerged. This room was about 10 feet square and confirmed my

belief that it was a private office. The room was adorned with several pictures of what were evidently manufacturing buildings. In the center of the room was a desk which was plentifully covered with trade journals and miscellaneous papers. On the side of the desk which flanked the doorway was a bench which was the same length as the desk; on the opposite side of the desk was a swivel chair such as seen in any office or counting house.

The lady asked us to be seated on the bench while she seated herself on the other side of the desk. This gave me that strange mysterious feeling such as a person feels in the presence of a clairvoyant when a seance is about to begin, or when a great event is about to happen, the consequence of which is not definitely known. The other couple, who were evidently newly embarked on the sea of matrimony because they were so attentive to each other—were not so uneasy.

I had come from Alaska and before I had left there my friends had warned me not to let the "city slickers" do me cut of my money. I was feeling uncomfortable and began to feel for my wallet. I still had it so I took precautions to see that there was no chance of being relieved of it. Then the "Mistress of Ceremonies" began to speak.

"The Wonderphone," said the lady, "is a very great improvement over the telephone. By means of this instrument the human voice is magnified many times; it was used at the Republican Convention in Chicago. By means of this instrument music may be transmitted anywhere it is desired. This Wonderphone will be used by the leading railroads for dispatching trains. The Wonderphone will be installed in many large hotels and in every room the guests may hear the best musical talent or if they do not wish to, they may press a button and shut it off, as simple as an electric light. This instrument is different from the ordinary telephone in that it can carry a battery of any strength, the larger the battery the greater the volume of sound. The sound is just as clear with six cells on the line as with one cell as you will see by the demonstration which you will now hear."

So saying the lady took up a telephone which was on the desk and speaking to someone (probably the young fellow in the booth in the other room) said, "Three demonstrations, please."

Putting down the receiver, she reached behind her, where there was a wonderphone very similar to those outside except that it was on a pivot, and turned it so that it faced point blank at us.

Then an unseen voice from the wonderphone began, "There is now but one cell on the line, you will please notice that the sound is quite clear and distanct. There are now two cells on the line; you will notice that the sound is correspondingly louder but is very clear and distinct. There are now four cells on the line: the sound is now quite loud, but it is as clear and distinct as ever. There are now six cells on the line; the sound is now very loud, but quite as clear as ever. You have seen that with each addition of cells

on the line the sound becomes correspondingly louder while the clearness of tons is not impaired in any way."

This demonstration being ended, the lady continued: "This wonderful instrument was invented by my husband and myself. We have a factory in New Westminster where these instruments are manufactured. We also have large orders which it will take a year to fill. This stock is bound to go up in value but for a few days longer it will sell at \$1 a share."

Just then the other young woman spoke up and said, "A friend of mine bought some of this stock sometime ago for 60 cents and so it has gone up 40 cents since then."

"Yes," continued the lady, "Why, after our present orders are filled the stockholders will receive more than they paid for the stock!" Then speaking to the other man, "How much of this stock will you buy?"

"Well, you see, I am a mechanic, and I do not do much work now, and have not much money to spare."

"That is too bad; do you happen to do lathe work; we need a man that can make tools and dies?"

"No, I do blacksmithing. What do you pay for lathe work?"

"Oh, we pay good wages, \$10 a day!"

"That is not very good for a lathe man."

"Is that so; well, I do not know very much about it, but everything is so dreadfully high. Here is a picture of our factory; one of our big lathes alone cost us \$3,500. Here is a picture of a train dispatcher's office showing our wondcrphone in use. You know we will also manufacture phonographs; we will be the largest manufacturers of phonographs in the world."

Then speaking to me, she said: "How much of this stock could you buy?"

"Ah," I replied. "Really, I do not know; you see, I have only been here two days; I came from Alaska, but I have \$200 I might be able to invest."

The gentleman then spoke up, "There is a great opportunity for you, young fellow; I wish I had the money to invest in it."

Then the "Mistress of Ceremonies" replied: "I do wish I had had an opportunity like this when I was a girl. I remember that when I was a girl I wanted to buy some "Gillette Safety Razor" stock, but my parents would not let me buy it. If I had bought the 'Gilette' stock it would have been worth thousands of dollars now." (If Bolshevism had flourished in this country, "Gillette Safety Razor" would be about as good as water power stocks in the Death Valley.)

I decided it was about time I was going, so seeing an opportunity to get in a few words edgeways said, "Really I must be going."

"Oh, no," exclaimed the lady, "not until you buy some of these stocks!" She was displaying a very beautiful green and gold stock certificate. "I-I must have time to consider," I stammered.

"We will give you the full exchange on your money."

"The exchange does not worry me at all."

"If you wish to write a check for the money I can give you a blank; I have blank checks on any bank in the world."

"I would have no trouble getting the money but I would have to consider the investment. I will have to be going."

"Would you give me your name, please?"

"William Biggs."

"Where do you live?"

"I—I am stopping at the Hotel Canada." (I was really stopping at the Dunsmuir Hotel.)

"Hotel Canada," repeated the aldy.

"Yes, it is up this way," I said, at the same time indicating the direction.

"No! No! The Hotel Canada is down this way."

"Yes, so it is; I am a stranger here and am somewhat confused."

"Here is our card, and I hope you will see the great possibilities of this stock and invest in it."

I made my departure and as I reached the street I glanced at the card which read as follows:

MRS. SHRADER WONDERPHONE, LIMITED Seymore 5137

424 Hastings Street West. Vancouver, B. C.

I often wonder how surprised they were when they tried to find me at the address I have given them.

I was one of those fellows that are born every minute, who do not bite.

-William Biggs.

The Turning of the Worm.

Olga Johnson was very busy this morning, in fact, more so than other mornings, as this was baking day. So to make matters worse the upstairs girl had stolen her picture of the policeman, John O'Connor, who often called on her, and Olga being quite angry at the upstairs girl, couldn't work as well as usual. She started to sweep the kitchen, murmuring to herself, "Ay ban slap that Nora if she ban take me picture vonce more."

And in walked her mistress, Mrs. Van Ratherford, who said in a cold manner, "Olga, I rang; why did you not come; I won't stand for such disobedience, I tell you."

"Ay naver heard no bell mam."

"That's queer," continued her mistress. "Olga, if you burn the toast again, as you did this morning, I'll discharge you and now please hurry with the baking and don't make another trip upstairs to talk to Nora or I'll deal severely with you."

"Yes mam," murmured Olga.

"And, oh yes," added Mrs. Van Ratherford, "I'm expecting some business men and a few friends for dinner tonight and I want you to serve a very nice dinner as I can't get another butler because I just discharged Harris, and please obey all orders." Mrs. Van Ratherford walked out of the kitchen, leaving Olga preparing to bake her cakes.

About a half hour later a knock was heard at the door and in answer to Olga's "Come in," a large policeman, John O'Connor, by name, entered saying, "Good morning, Olga; I guess you're surprised to see me so early, but the chief put me on day duty fer a spell."

Ay ban glad to see you, Yohn; Ay haf lots of truble dis morning; me mistress ban very cranky."

"You take too much from that woman," said John, sitting down.
"You just quit when she gets excited then me and you can go
to Father O'Reilly and git married."

"Ay lake to be your vife," replied Olga in answer to the extraordinary proposal.

And after eating a piece of cake John left, saying "Do as I said, Olga."

After he left Olga made her cake, all the while humming America and the Star Spangled Banner. Later Mrs. Van Ratherford rang for her and she quickly put her cake aside and went into the library to see why she was wanted.

When she entered her mistress said in a cranky tone, "Olga, you must leave Nora alone; she just came and told me that while she was out last night someone went through her room and upset everything. She had a good reason for suspecting you."

"Ay hav goot reasons, ay hav goot reasons," insisted Olga.

"What good reasons, Olga?" questioned her mistress.

Angry because her mistress pressed the question, Olga said in a loud bold voice, "Ay say ay hav goot reasons."

Mrs. Van Ratherford was angry because Olga answered, so said "Olga Johnson, you've got to learn to obey, do you hear?"

Olgà placed her two hands flat on her hips and said, "Ay quit; Ay vill not stan you, navar again, ay quit!" and left the room, Mrs. Van Ratherford at her heels.

"Olga, don't leave now, remember the dinner and I can't get a new cook, please"—and she bumped into a tall young man, who grabbing her around the waist, exclaimed, "Why, mother, what's wrong."

All she could say was, "Why, Jimmy, when did you arrive?"
"Just now, mother," was the cheery reply. "Thought I'd surprise you by coming home for a visit. Daley and Browne gave me a 30-day vacation; but what's the rumpus about?"

His mother told him the story and at the end Jim said, "Ring for her and I will try to influence her to remain." She she rang for Olga and soon she walked in, suitcase in hand.

"You ban ring for me, ay ban ready to leave."

Jim went over and said to her, "Miss Olga, I am Mrs. Van Ratherford's son and I want to ask a very great favor of you."

"Ay ban listening, what you ban want?"

Jim coughed and continued, "Mother was telling me what an excellent cook you were; how you grew angry at her and threatened to leave on the eve of her big dinner; now I'll give you \$20.00 if you will remain till tomorrow."

Olga shook her head, "Ay will not stay, ay am going to get married; ay hate dis yob!"

"Olga, be sensible, I'll give you \$25.00 and I promise you mother will not interfere with you."

Olga thought a moment, then replied, "Ay vill cook but ay vill not serve; ay tink you ban make von goot butler; ay stay if you serve."

Here Mrs. Van Ratherford interferred, saying "Jim, surely you will not consent to such an absurd arrangement."

"Mother, please don't interrupt; I'm willing as I've never met these men and they'll never know me."

Turning to Olga, he said, "Thats' a go."

Though his mother was not pleased, yet she never said a word, especially as she knew Jim was determined.

Olga went into the kitchen to resume her cooking and Jim went upstairs and in a short time came into the kitchen and asked Olga to give him a book on serving.

She smiled at him and said, "Ay lake you, ay giv you book."

She opened a drawer of the cabinet and handed him a book on serving. All day long Jim sat in the kitchen and studied it thoroughly. By 4 o'clock he felt as though he had been a butler for years.

When the door bell rang, Jim asked Olga who attended the door. Olga again gave him a grin, "Ay tank butlers do dat," she said.

"Great Scott," exclaimed Jim as he started for the door. He opened it and in walked first of all, a young girl hidden in furs, followed by two men. As Jim took their wraps he noticed that the young woman kept staring at him so he looked at her. One glance convinced him that she was a young woman he had met at college in his freshman year and whom he had not seen since.

Now he was in a muddle! Through the young woman's mind flittered these thoughts, "Oh! that's Jim; I've forgotten his last name; I knew him four years ago in college and now he's only a butler! I remember him telling me that his dad was well off, the fraud!"

Jim ushered them into the drawing room, where the guests were always welcomed by his parents. Jim went into the kitchen

feeling very disgusted and wondered how he had ever agreed to the plan with Olga.

"Jim, in 10 minutes it vill be time to eat, an ay ben vant you to announce to da people dinner is served."

"All right," acquiesed Jim, going into the drawing room.

How Jim ever served that dinner in his mortified state is puzzling. His serving under the efficient supervision of Olga was perfect except that he spilt some coffee on the table.

After dinner Jim changed his clothes and vowed he'd try to get Ethel, the young woman of the furs, and explain to her. He descended the stairs and to his relief he found Ethel alone in the library. He entered the room, saying "Good evening, Ethel; it's been a long time since I saw you."

"I'm surprised at you; I thought you would be more than an ordinary butler!" said Ethel, turning away coldly.

"Please allow me to explain," begged Jim.

"Certainly," replied Ethel.

They sat down and Jim related his tale of woe.

All this happened a year ago and now we see Ethel and Jim happily married.

Olga, too, is married to her policeman, and has to go out working and stand as many scoldings as she formerly did.

F. M., '25.

A Sketch.

An old man in a "ring side" standing space was immensely enjoying the football game.

He was slightly stoop shouldered and very wrinkled. His moustache and hair looked as if they had not seen a barber in many a moon. In his cheek there reposed a chaw of Piper Heidseick and the ends of his drooping moustache were stained brown. He wore a pair of ill fitting, baggy trousers held up by one side of a bachelor's button—a bent nail. His shirt was grimy and his coat reeked of ill smelling tobacco. Although his appearance was that of a bachelor, he did not seem dissatisfied with his lot, for his face was distorted with a grin of appreciation.

Turning to the boys standing behind him, he exclaimed, "Ain't that foot bawl the funniest thing you ever seed?" He chuckled. 'When I was knee high to a grasshopper," he measured the height with his hands, "we never heard tell of foot bawl. You know what we did when I was a little feller? Well, sir, we used to play hop skitch." He seized one of his feet and gave a demonstration of how he used to play "hop skitch" much to the amusement of the onlookers.

"And ye know that feller out there," he pointed with a gnarled finger, "Well, he don't know how tew count. About five minutes ago I heard him say 45, 27, 6 and thet way. I hollered out and asked him where he went to school and they teached him to count that way. Then everyone laughed."

With this the old man shook his head proudly and said, 'f guess they was kinder surprised when I knew how tew count so well."

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" roared the crowd.

"Is that fellers' name Techdown that was es runnin' around there with the ball like a chicken with his haid cut off? That's not a very nice name, but I bet the feller wouldn't have stopped yellin' that for anything.

"Don' them fellers with them sticks and strings make ye sick? I bet they jes run around out there so all them pretty girls "Il see 'em." He laughed at his wit.

"I wonder if I ast thet feller in the white pants to let me blow thet whistle he'd let me do it. Nex' time he comes aroun' this way I'm goin' to ask him.

"What they stoppin' fer now? Jes' cause thet feller's laying down there? Well, if they don't beat all!"

He became so enthusiastic he went out on the field.

"You'll have to get off the field," a man at him.

"Who says I do?" Nevertheless he walked to his former position.

"What they agoin' clear down there for? Don' they know a old feller like me with poor eyesight can't see 'em clear down there."

"Whats everybody yellin' fer now? Is thet all? Well, I don't know who beat but I sure wouldn't missed this 'ere foot bawl game for a little yeller pup.'

J. D., '23.

The Life of a Nickle.

Juneau, Alaska.

Dear Four Bit Piece:

Replying to yours of the 4th inst., I will submit my biography to you as follows:

On the 15th day of January, 1907, I left the United States mint at Philadelphia on my travels around the world. I have tried to keep a record of my travels which I will now describe.

When I was taken from the mint I arrived in a bank along with several hundred others of my kind. After lying in the safe deposit vault for several days we were taken off to a little place like an office and piled up. Pretty soon people started to come in and one by one the nickels above me were given to people that would hand in other money. At last my turn came and I was handed to a little girl who was with her mother. Then I was put in a little red bag where I stayed for two months, when at last I departed from her forever.

Since then I have been in J. D. Rockefeller's pocket, ridden in Fords, airplanes, trains, Chevrolets and everything else from a hearse to a wheelbarrow. I've been fondled by Jews, loved by children, kissed by girls and even stepped on. I've found my way to hospitals, been dropped in collection plates with buttons and been everywhere from Alaska to India's coral strand.

But the one thing I think that is the most important of all is when one day last July I landed in Juneau on the person of George Washington Edgar Allen Jones, a "cullud puson of a high standard," who just five minutes after the boat landed was in a crap game with Mr. Wayne Summers. After many moments of exciting play I changed hands and was in the possession of the said Mr. Summers. Since that day I have been squeezed by that person until the poor eagle on my back screams with pain.

So I remain yours,

WILLIE NICKLE, III.

The Greatest Debt.

"To whom do you owe your greatest debt?"
A friend once asked me.
If I put this question to the world,
What will the answer be?

The weary laborer will raise his head And show me his scanty pay.

"Oh! many debts I owe," he'll sigh, "But I'll get them paid some day."

But he is wrong for by him is laid A debt that never can be paid.

The business man will look through his books
And then will turn to me,
"I owe no debts, the last was paid
This afternoon, you see!
But no time took he, no check he made
For a debt that never can be paid.

The millionaire with step so proud
Will look about the land
And carelessly turn to me and say
"I owe not any man!"
But no wandering thought of his was staid
On a debt that never can be paid.

You and I, and all my friends.

Owe the debt they do not know.

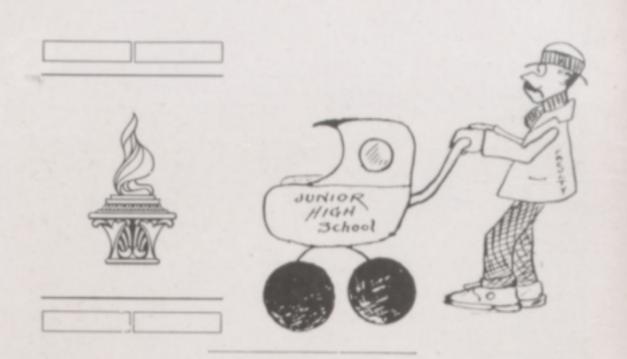
No matter where you go, my friend

The greatest debt you always will owe.

You owe it not to another friend, To father, sister or brother; You owe a debt that can't be paid, And your creditor is your MOTHER.

-Etolin Campen, '25.





Freshmen Class.

A class meeting was held at the beginning of the school year for the purpose of choosing officers. The following were elected: Dorothy Kleinschmidt, President; Edward Naghel, Vice-President, and Ed. Garnick, Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Hughes is the Class Advisor.

The Freshman seem to care more for outdoor pleasures than for parties. A weiner roast was held in October, a skating party in December and a sleigh ride in January, which ended up with the merrymakers walking back into town as the sleigh broke down.

Four of the Freshman girls had turned out regularly for basketball and had hopes of making the team. Lynda Padimeister got on the team as a "sub."

Ed. Garnick, a Ninth Grade athlete, will be one of those to represent Juneau High in the Track Meet.



Junior II.

This year is our last year in the grades, at least, we hope so. Next year we expect to be Freshies if exams turn out right.

The first event of this school year was the election of officers and a class advisor. They were:

President Evelyn Judson
Vice-President Myrtle Price
Secretary-Treasurer Harold Brown
Class Advisor Miss Morrison

In September we attempted going on a weiner roast. A portion of the class turned out and we had a good time.

In December we had a Christmas party among ourselves.

On the evening of February 16 we entertained the Freshies in the gymnasium. This was our first attempt at entertaining and every one had a good time.

The girls of our class have organized a basketball team and hope to play the seventh grade and bring home the "bacon."

On May 25 we hope to be eighth graders no more and in September tip your hats to the Green Freshies.

Evelyn M. Judson.



Junior I.

At the beginning of the year Ettore Scataglini was elected President; Helen Kleinschmidt, Vice-President, and Iris Gray, Secretary-Treasurer.

During "Scat's" presidency we gave a Hallowe'en party which turned out rather unsuccessful because of the lack of attendance. Another party was given about Christmas, which was very successful. Altogether this year has been a very interesting one for us as we all are just beginning to get a taste of Junior High School life.

After "Scat's" departure another President was elected, namely, Mildred Hooker.

There are 33 in our class, some have just entered this term. They are: Helen Kleinschmidt; Katherine Messerschmidt, who entered from the Parochial school; Marie Orsen, Lillian Holst, Emma Mathews. Those who have left are: Dorothy MacKenzie, Ettore Scataglini, "Bob" Orme and Helen Carter.

The girls are organizing a basketball team and expect to beat D. H. S. some day. Irene Lundstrom was proclaimed our mighty Captain.

-Mildred Hooker.



Girls' Glee Club.

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Lester D. Henderson, was organized in the late fall, and work began with all zeal and earnestness. The girls met every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and practiced long and hard. They sang at several public entertainments, in connection with the school, including Christmas programs and Parent-Teacher Association. Christmas Eve they gathered at the Hotel Zynda at 1 o'clock in the morning and in a jolly group carolled the people of Juneau. "Holy Night," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," etc., were some of the songs sung. Among the many people who enjoyed the songs were the sick at the Hospitals, the Governor's Mansion, etc.

On April 12, the girls put on their "Glee Club Program," a musical concert, for the people of Juneau, in a matinee performance at the School Auditorium, followed by their evening performance, at 8 o'clock, on April 13. A good attendance favored them at both public appearances—perhaps because this was the first concert given in three years. The entertainment made a hit with all the audience there.

It is to be hoped that next year the work will be taken up with renewed zeal, and that the girls will realize the power, as well as educational value, of songs, and wish to keep up their Club. Last but not least, should be mentioned the social good times they had, which friendships will last long after the song numbers are forgotten—aye, after the "last song is sung."



"J" Club.

The "J" Club is composed of students having earned their letter along some line of athletic endeavor. It was first organized last year under the supervision of H. G. Hughes, to whom a great deal of credit is due for the high standing of the organization.

The purpose of the club is to foster athletic activities in Juneau High School; to promote pep, and to boost all athletic activities. The "J" Club is the only honor society in the school and membership in it is something to be prized and worked for as is shown by the efforts of the students who try to earn their letter.

Last year the "J" Club raised the money to finance the basketball trip to Ketchikan and the club has always stood behind the basketball team in their efforts to get games with other schools.

The annual "J" Club Vodvil, now a permanent institution in J. H. S., was started last year and a very successful performance was given. This year's Vodvil was none the less successful and the "J" Club show is now looked forward to with anxiety by the show-going public of Gastineau Channel.

Numerous hikes and trips have been a regular part of the "J" Club activities. In short, the club stands for all that is synonomous with pep.

Rumors are afloat about something that will eclipse anything ever tried here, as regards elaborate preparations and the scale on which it is to be undertaken. It is said that nothing like this has ever been seen here and a pleasant surprise is promised by the "J" Club before the end of the year.

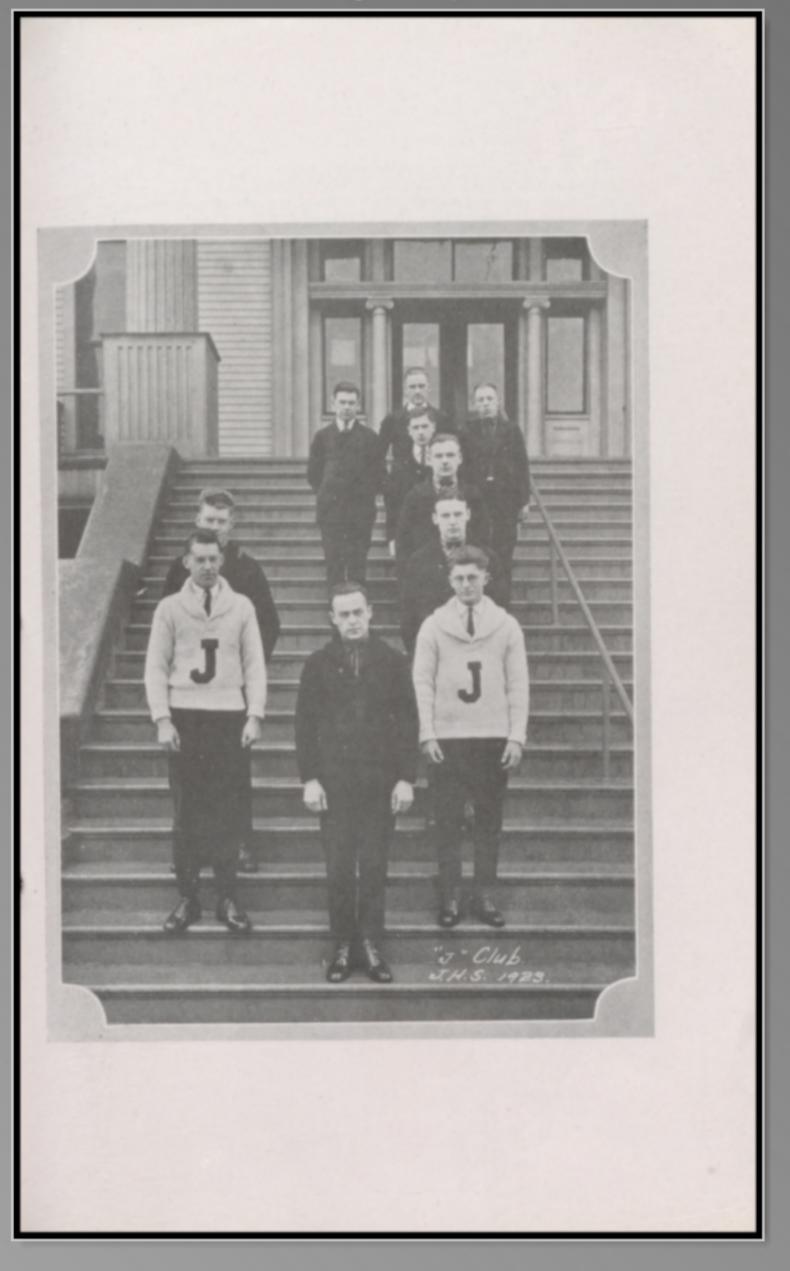
The personnel of the club is as follows:

Harry Ellingen President
Leonard Holmquist Vice-President
James Barragar Secretary-Treasurer

Jacob Britt. John Janiksela. Eugene Kirk.

George White, William Clark and Melville Leeth, who were formerly members, have since dropped out.

Mr. Hughes is the Advisor.





The Seward Society was reorganized this year, having been discontinued since 1917. It was originally established in 1903.

The following were elected officers at the first meeting: Carol Webster, President; Wayne Summers, Vice-President; Albert White, Scretary-Treasurer.

The first program was given in December, as follows:

"Lend Me Five Shillings," which completed the program, was enacted by talented members of the society. Harry Ellingen as Mr. Golightly, a self-conscious young man, whose lack of five shillings entangled him in embarrassing situations, was the star.

February 2 a group of girls presented "The Return of Aunt Deborah." Other features of the program were:

Piano Solo Iris Gray
Musical Recitation Frances Messerschmidt
Orchestra Selections School Orchestra

Although there has been very little accomplished this year by the society, we hope it will continue to be a worthy organization.

C. W., '23.



Senior Class Play.

This year the Seniors will present to the play-going public of Juneau the play, "Come Out of the Kitchen," in the Coliseum Theater in the early part of May. That it will prove a great success can be generally assumed by the remarks that we are hearing about it.

The play deals with the misfortunes of a prominent but poor Southern family. In the first act we discover the fact that Mr. Dangerfield, accompanied by his wife, are traveling in Europe for his health. The remainder of the family, consisting of Olivia, Elizabeth, Paul and Charles Dangerfield, remain in their Southern home and being hard pressed for money with which to help their parents, they, as a last resort, decide to rent the home to a wealthy Northerner for the hunting season.

However, at the last moment the servants whom they had engaged failed to appear and in desperation they take it upon themselves to act as servants. Charles takes the part of the stable boy, Elizabeth that of the maid, Paul, the butler and Olivia the cook.

In the second act Burton Crane, the Northerner, arrives with a few private guests, among whom are Mrs. Falkener and her daughter Cora, and Mr. Tucker, Crane's attorney. From now on complications set in thick and fast and from a love affair between Mrs. Falkener's daughter and Thomas Lefferts, a poor poet, to Crane's falling in love with the cook, the action is surprisingly fast. The play reaches a happy climax when Crane finds out the real identity of the cook and Thomas Lefferts gains the consent of the hostile Mrs. Falkener to marry her daughter.

The cast is as follows:

Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane Ellen Lillian Peters Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Araminta Daisy	Oja.
Mrs. Falkener, Tucker's sister Tecla Jorgens	sen
Cora, her daughter Lainan Pere	elle
Amanda, Olivia's Black Mammy Carol Webs	ter
Burton Crane, from New York Jacob B	ritt
Thomas Lefferts, Statistical poet	ers
Solon Tucker, Crane's Attorney and guest	ela
Paul Dangerfield, Alias Smithfield	ack
Charles Dangerfield, alias Brindlebury Curtis Shatte Randolph Wekks, Agent of the Dangerfields James Barra	gar

Miss Carnahan—Coach. Eugene Kirk—Stage Manager.

The "J" Bird.

The "J" Bird, J. H. S. semi-monthly school paper, was first started in January of this year, after a month had been spent in planning for the paper and securing the necessary advertising. The first issue appeared on January 10 and the "J" Bird has been regularly placed in the hands of the students every alternate Wednesday since that time.

The "J" Bird made its appearance as a six-page, four-column paper and that form has been adhered to by the editors. The general news of the school, including special departments for athletics and social events, is covered faithfully by the editors of the paper.

Soon after the "J" Bird was started, requests for exchange copies began to pour in from schools throughout the United States and now the exchange list totals over one hundred.

It is hoped that the size of the paper may be increased next year so as to allow the addition of a literary department.

The staff of the "J" Bird follows:

John M. Dunn Jacob Britt Mrs. J. E. Lanz Tecla Jorgensen	Associate Ed	ditor visor
Leonard Holmquist	Athl	etics
Albert White	Keen	Stuff
Prod Could	J	okes
John Rundall	Excha	nges
Lillian Perelle	Rep	orter
Dobort Morris	Rep	orter
Daisy Oia	Senior (Class
Earle Hunter	Junier (CHASS
Francis Harland	Sophomore (Class
Ed Naghel	. Freshman	Class

BUSINESS STAFF

Harry	Ellingen	Business	Manager
John	Janiksela		Assistant



A great deal of interest has been shown this year on the subjects of Domestic Arts and Science.

The Senior Sewing Class has been added to the classes, which previously numbered three. This makes it possible for the girls to continue the interesting subjects after their Freshman year.

The Freshman work has not been complicated. They made many simple and attractive garments, both for themselves and for others. They have studied decorative and essential stitches and machine work.

The Senior class has devoted most of their time to advanced sewing, such as the making of dresses and blouses with the use of embroidery and beading.

The Seventh and Eighth grade girls took cooking during the first semester, and are now spending most of their time on learning the uses of stitches, both essential and decorative. Most of their work has been done by hand.

During the Christmas week an exhibition was held at which the Sewing problems were on display. At the end of the school year a Fashion Show is to be held under the supervision of Miss Ueland.

COOKING

While the Seniors and Freshmen were toiling with their needles the Seventh and Eighth grade girls were learning the first essentials of Domestic Science.

The Eighth Grade girls gave a dinner for the School Board and their wives. They deserve much credit for their efforts.

During the second semester the Freshmen have been taking cooking. The study of food according to its classification has been found very interesting by the girls.

On April 12 a dinner was served by the Ninth Grade girls. The dinner was given by the School Board for the school Committees in the Legislature, the Territorial Board of Education, the Commissioner of Education, Governor Bone and the teachers of the school.

During the Meet a luncheon is to be served to the visiting teachers. This will be given by the Freshmen girls.

The results of the year have been very satisfactory. The girls all feel as though they had spent their time profitably.

M. W., '26.

Manual Training.

The school year of 1922-23 has been one of the best years for Manual Training for some time. The students have gone into the work with a great deal of interest, and some of the products of the year deserve no little praise. There are now five classes, the fifth and sixth grades being added this year.

The work done by the fifth and sixth grades consisted chiefly of toy making. Some of the students proved to be quite expert at the work but all the results were satisfactory for the first year of Manual Training. In a display in a local window, quite a menagerie was presented to the public. Bears (both polar and black), elephants and giraffes, along with balancing parrots, being exhibited.

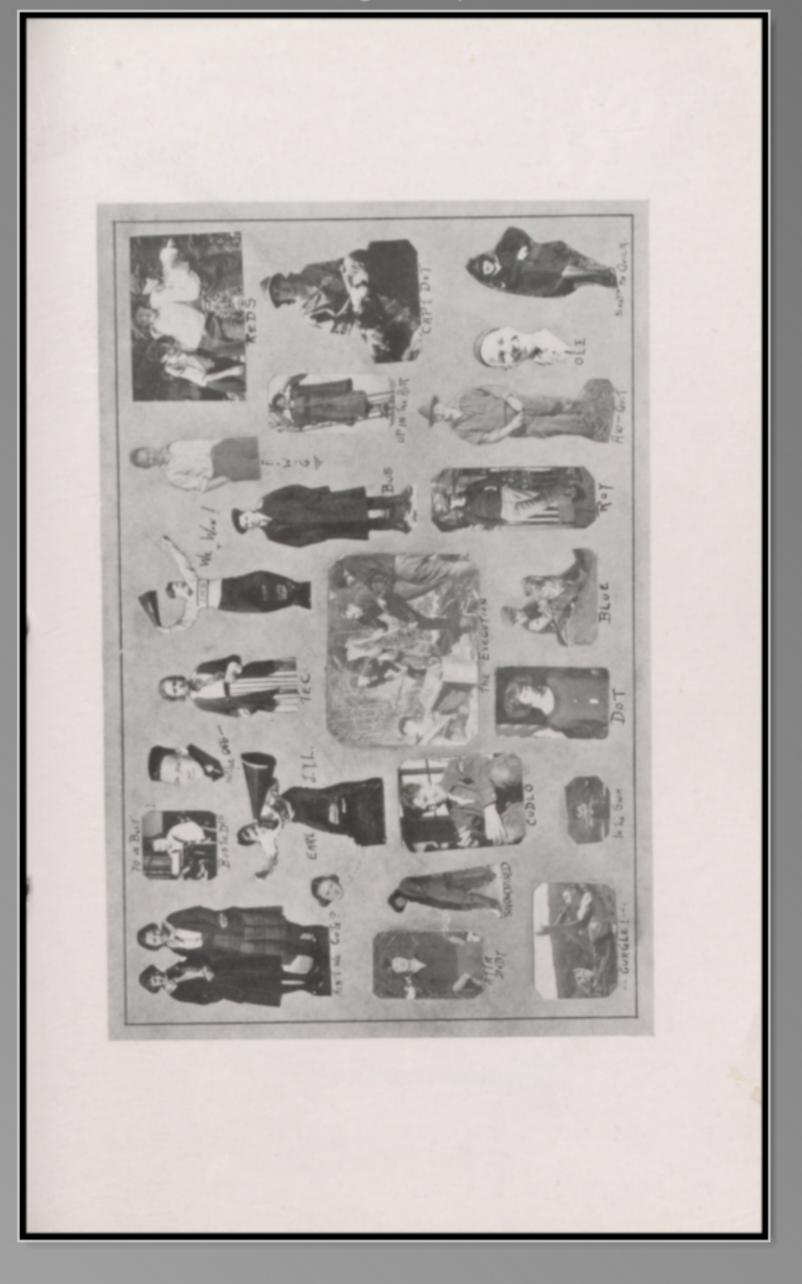
The seventh grade class was introduced to the usage of tools. Some of the work could not be called a work of Art, but the pupils seem to have caught on what was required of them. Book racks, tabourets and bread boards were some of the things made, the latter to illustrate the use of the dowel joint.

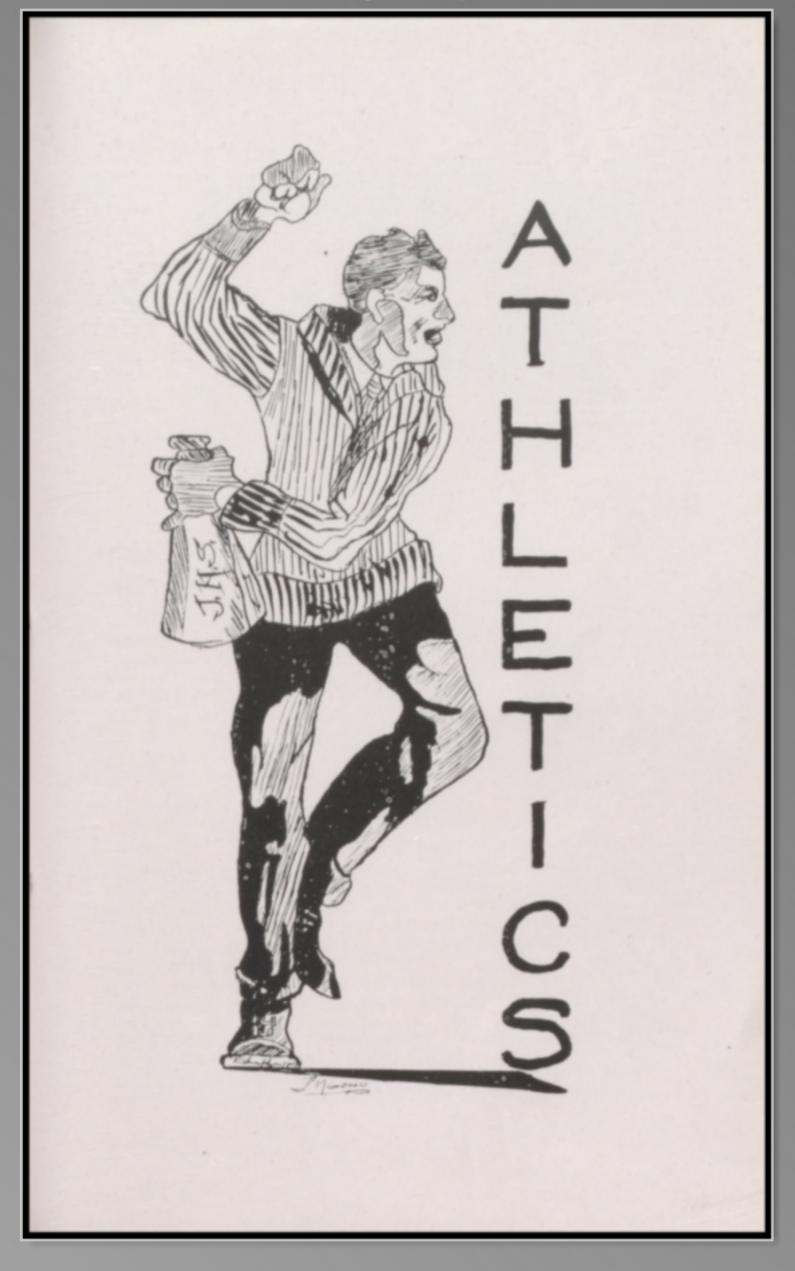
Mortise and tenon jointing was introduced to the eighth grade class. Following this, each member of the class made something in which the joint was used. Some of the pieces made were kitchen and library tables, piano bench, foot stools and a tea table.

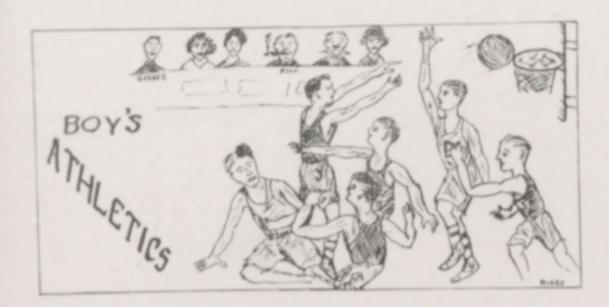
The High School class has been working hard on Mechanical Drawing the last semester. Two days, Monday and Tuesday, of each week, are taken for drawing, while the rest of the week is spent in mechanical work. Some of the things made by this class are handkershief boxes, tabourets, typewriting stands, an oak library table, umbrella stands and a dog kennel.

Last, but not least, comes the radio sets made by Richard Carrigan and Arthur Peterson. The former's is a simple crystal set, while Peterson's is a single circuit crystal detector. The sets, when installed, were found to be working perfectly. Several others made cabinets for their sets, which were very attractive.

On the whole the Manual Training classes have proved to be of great value to the school, as they increase the knowledge of mechanical work, by the students taking the subject. Let us hope that next year's class may be as helpful as this year's.







Football was omitted from our athletic calendar this year due to the lack of competition. At one time it was thought that we would be able to secure a game with the U. S. S. Explorer and for a short time the High School boys were out every night passing the pigskin around, but this game did not materialize so football was dropped.

The first call for basketball candidates, which was issued early in December, was greeted by the return of five lettermen and a world of other promising material. At the beginning of the season it looked as if J. H. S. would go undefeated throughout the year, btu due to adverse circumstances we lost four of our regular quintet which practically broke up the team, although at the present time the squad is out working hard every day and figure on taking the championship of Southeastern Alaska, which is to be played for during the Track Meet to be held here April 23.

High School Track.

Track work this year has taken an important part in athletics and the boys are turning out with ambitions to break all existing records. For the past month if one got up early enough, he would see a troup of Hi men burning up the roads in running togs. The milers and half-milers have worked up wind to spare and the sprinters are tearing off the dashes in a fashion that would make many professionals look like bushers. On the pole vault and high jump is where the Hi is weak, although at the present time there are a number of men who are trying out and there are bound to be some "finds" in the squad. The weight men are tossing the pill in great form and it looks as if Juneau is going to have a cinch in this event at least, from recent try-outs and comparing them with those of the meet last year. Taking all in all the

outlook is very brilliant, the chances for the Juneau High to take away the Grand Trophy as well as many other trophies seem very high. The new event, the mile walk, is causing quite a sensation and the fellows trying out for this would make some of the leading comedians ashamed for doing the pedestrian stuff.

The events to be held at the Meet are: Fifty-yard dash, 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, one-half-mile run, 1-mile run, 1-mile walk, 4-man relay one-half-mile, 120-yard hurdles, 220-yard hurdles, high jump, broad jump, pole vault, shot put.

Let's go, boys, and take away the Track Cup!

Boys' Basketball.

29-23

In a fast game, full of football tactics, the High School defeated the soldier team from Chilkoot Barracks, in the A. B. Hall, on January 5. The High School won by their short passes and accurate shooting, although losing the ball many times on account of fumbling.

23-26

The High School hoopsters again pulled out victorious on January 12, this time defeating the Juneau A. N. B. on the school gym floor. Janiksela, playing his first game of the season, was high point man and played one of the best shooting games of the season. The High team presented a changed lineup in this game, Leeth and Ellingen going in for part time.

32-21

Fighting an uphill battle all the way, the High School quintet lost to the speedy Metlakatla team on January 19, in A. B. Hall. The High School boys were unable to get on to the Mets' fast passing game and were forced to disappoint a record breaking crowd which came to see Juneau win. The High School rooters yelled themselves hoarse, led by Yell Kings Kirkland and Morris.

33-36

The above score tells how close the High School came to beating the All-Star City team in their friendly fray of January 26. For real thrills this game couldn't be beat. The entire team worked together like a machine and every man put up his speediest game of the year. To young Scataglini, however, fall all laurels for record beating performance. Although the City sent their best man to guard "Scat," they were unable to prevent rim from scoring time after time with machine-like precision. Britt, handicapped by a previous injury, nevertheless put up a good game at center.

24-27

Supporters of the High School were doomed to disappointment at the Douglas-Juneau tangle on February 2, the first game of

the annual series. The High School got away with a 10-5 lead in the first half. This lead was held until the end of the last half, when the J. H. S. defense began to crumble. After this Douglas scored almost at will, the Juneau guards seeming powerless to stop the onslaught. White, versatile J. H. S. captain and guard, established a record locally when he held the star Douglas point-getter to a no-field goal game.

18-10

A week later, in the Juneau gym, the Douglas bunch again took the Bolsheviks into camp to the tune of 18-10. The score is by no means indicative of the respective playing ability of the two cams and the whole affair was even throughout. The result of the game was quite a surprise to the J. H. S. squad, as a victory was expected. White again starred at guard, coming through with two field goals in addition to holding down his guard position in a manner that becomes a professional.

30-10

By the above score the High School walked away with a game from the Hoonah natives on the night of February 23. Ellingen and Holmquist put up unusually good games. The game ended in a forfeit, the Indians quitting shortly after the beginning of the second half, when their captain was put out of the game by Referee Sperling for roughness.

34-27

On the night of February 26 a native team known as the "Hot Shots" went down in defeat at the hands of the Hi team. Considerable shifting of the lineup was done in the second half to give everyone a chance to get in the game. Clean sportsmanship on both sides featured the game.

23-21

Juneau was certainly elated over her chance to win the annual series with Douglas after the game on the evening of March 2, in the Douglas Nat. It seemed as if Juneau's ancient "jinx" was finally "busted." Juneau went into the game with a crippled team, suffering from the loss of Barragar and Scataglini, who had left Juneau. These positions were filled by Janiksela and Holmquist, who performed like wonders. Janiksela, in true emulation of Davie Crockett, had his shooting eye and time after time dropped the pill through the netting for 15 points. Orme, at guard, scrapped every inch of the way and held down his man in fine shape. Douglas entertained in honor of Juneau after the game.

36-6

Little need be said about the last game with Douglas, in which the Juneau team made a stubborn but pitifully hopeless attempt to win after their captain and Orme, our indispensable guards, were removed from the list of those eligible to play.



COACH

HOWARD G. HUGHES

He has been coach for two years. A great deal of credit is due him for making athletics so great a success during his time here.

CENTER

JACOB (Pinky) BRITT

He has been on the team three years as center, and as he graduates this year his loss will be felt greatly, by the High School team.

FORWARD

"JIM" BARRAGAR

One of Juneau's big point getters. He has played for three years, was guard for the first year, but was switched in as forward the next two years. Jimmy also graduates this year.

FORWARD

LEONARD (Honky) HOLMQUIST

Honky has been on the team two years. He has filled both forward and guard positions successfully.

GUARD

ROBERT (Bus) ORME

Was one of Juneau's best bets as guard. It took a good man to get him. He left school before the season was over.

FORWARD

"JOHNNIE" JANIKSELA

He has been on the team for three years. Best old standby and slick worker for the Scarlet and Black. He is graduating this year.

FORWARD

ETTORE (Scat) SCATAGLINI

Scat played stellar basketball during his stay in Juneau Hi. He left for the South early in the season and is now located in Montana.

GUARD

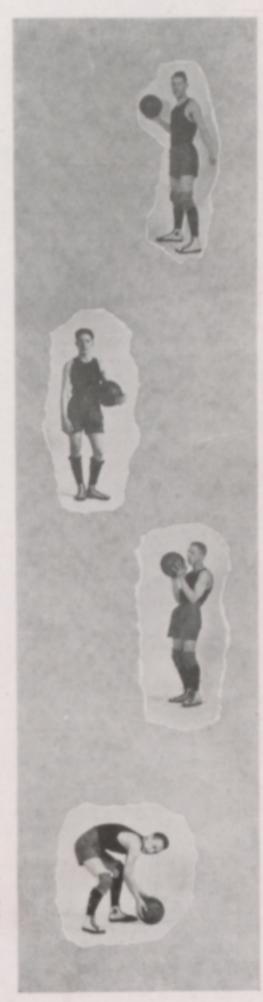
HARRY ELLINGEN

Harry graduates this year, too. He was always on the ball and no forward got past him.

GUARD

GEORGE (Stonewall) WHITE

Every time an opponent got near White he thought he had struck a stone wall. George is Captain this year and as he will be back next year, Juneau will have the best guard on the Chanel.





The 1922-23 athletics season started out with a bang. The girls were very enthusiastic about basketball, and turned out regularly, putting forth all their efforts in order to make the first team.

The lucky girls out of the twenty that turned out who made the team were: Della Lundstrom, forward; Eva Tripp, forward; Florence Koskey, jumping center; Ruth Krugness, running center; Dora Lundstrom, guard; Frances Messerschmidt, guard; Lynda Pademeister, Alice Case and Lillian Perelle, subs.

The girls first made their appearance in public in an interclass tournament. The Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and the Faculty, all turned out teams. The Faculty won the honors in these games and the Sophomores were close runner-ups.

The Faculty lineup was as follows:

Forward				M	ss C	arr	ahan
Forward			Mi	ss D	oroth	y 1	Haley
Center .			Mrs.	L. I). H	end	erson
Running	Side	Center			M	iss	Kohl
Guard				Mrs	. J.	E.	Lanz
Guard			D	Irs.	W. S	5. P	ullen

Sophomore Lineup:

Forward					Ellen	Sorri
Forward				. Rut	h Kru	gness
Center				Della	Lund	strom
Running	Side	Center		Win	nifred	Kirk
Guard				Dora	Lund	strom
Guard			France	s Me	SSETSC	hmidt

The Faculty had a more experienced team and therefore they won in the tournament and owing to the fact that four of the girls playing on the First Team are in the Sophomore Class, it is readily seen that they are easily the champions among the classes.

As all the dates were taken up before the Track Meet, the championship between Douglas and Juneau could not be decided before then.

The first game with Douglas proved to be real exciting. The score was 12-10 in favor of Douglas. This game was played in the Douglas Natatorium. This was the first real big game of the season and a large crowd turned out to root for their respective teams.

In the second game the Juneau girls brought home the bacon with a score of 15-13. Btoh teams played a good clean game and the victory was quite undecided until the final whistle blew. This game was played in the Juneau school gym.

The next game the Juneau girls lost with a score of 8-10. They put forth all their efforts but were handicapped owing to the fact that they were playing on a strange floor.

The last game played proved to be a decided victory for the Juneau girls. They brought back lost honors, counting up a score of 26 to 23. The "Home Team" showed all their ability, skill and sportsmanship in this game, playing a fast, up-to-the-minute game.

Special praise should go to Miss Ueland, the girls' coach, who expended all her time and energy in building a strong and fast team. The girls certainly appreciate her coaching and hope that she will be back again with them next year.

The first team girls wish to show their appreciation and gratitude at this time towards the girls who didn't make the team, but who turned out faithfully with the rest of them." Those girls are: Grace Kleinschmidt, Mary Wilson, Ellen Sorri, Dorothy Kleinschmidt and Miriam McBride.

A beautiful cup is awaiting the team who wins in the track meet, which is going to be throughout the week of April 23 to April 28, and the Juneau girls are confident of winning this cup and the championship for the year. Although there have not been any games recently with Douglas, the girls have been practicing and keeping in training all the time, and with these things in mind, we are sure that Juneau will bring out a victorious team this year.

Eva Tripp and Lillian Perelle, who are both graduating this year, will have to be replaced by new material next year.

And now, in closing, let's give three cheers for the Juneau girls' team, and wish them all kinds of luck in the coming track meet.



COACH

MISS EMMA UELAND

This is Miss Ueland's first year as coach in J. H. S., but she has turned out the best team seen here for many years. A great deal of credit is due Miss Ueland in the way she made and handled the team. She will be back next year as coach.

FORWARD

EVA TRIPP

This is Eva's last year on the team as she graduates in May. Juneau will have a hard time finding a player as good as Eva, in passing and shooting she won many a game.

FORWARD

DELLA LUNDSTROM (Capt.)

Juneau's best forward for three years, a dead eye in shooting and a sure passer. She will be back next year.

CENTER

FLORENCE KOSKEY

Though somewhat shorter than the average center, she could get the tip off regularly and played a fast game at her position.

SIDE CENTER

RUTH KRUGNESS

Small but fast, wherever the ball was Ruth was there. She played hard all the time. She will be back next year.

GUARD

DORA LUNDSTROM

No forward ever got past her—she was on their necks all the time. Her first year on the team but she played like a veteran.

GUARD

FRANCES MESSERSCHMIDT

Another of Juneau's star guards. A forward, to get by her, had to go some. She has been the star guard for two years.

FORWARD

LYNDA PADEMEISTER

Although she did not get into a game, she was always there ready to go in if needed.

SUB

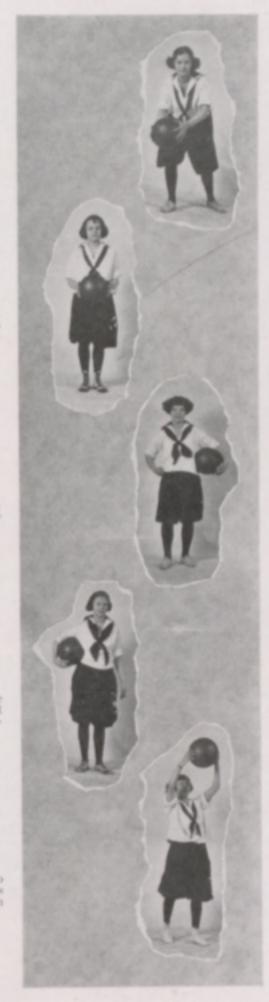
ALICE CASE

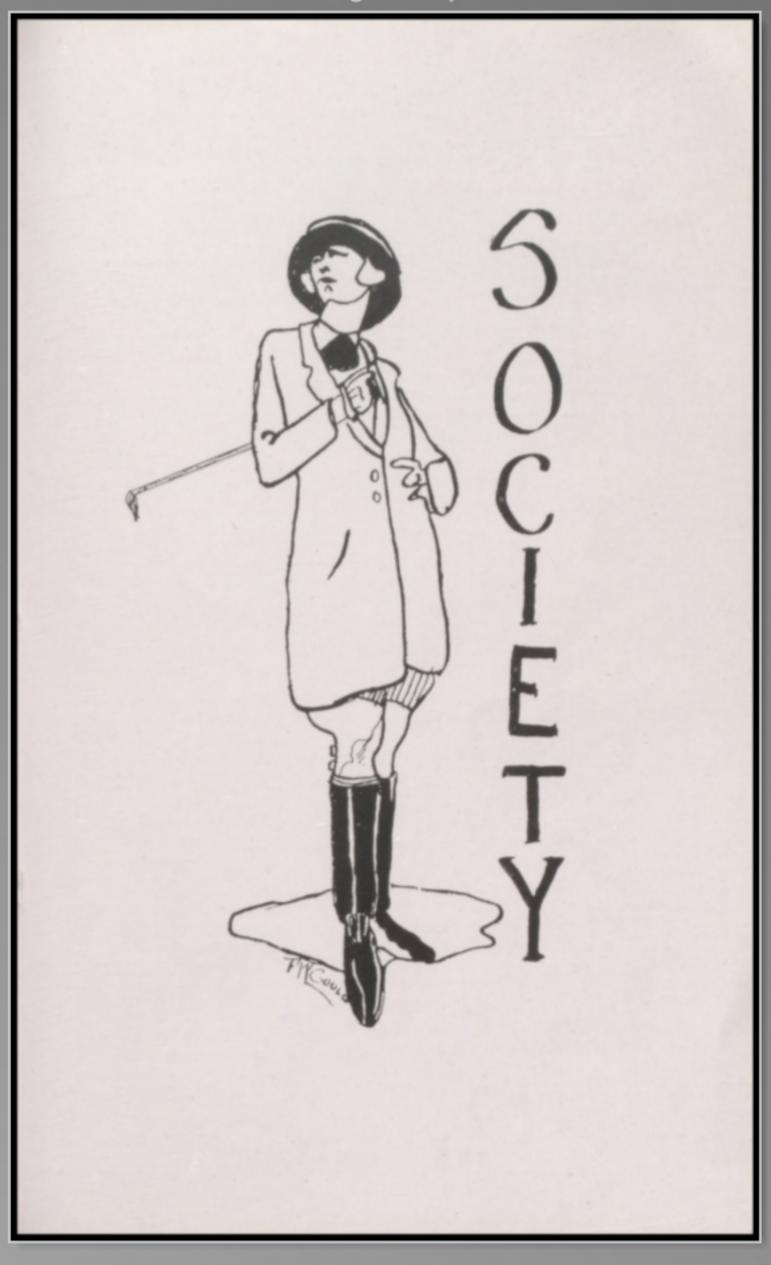
Alice, too, did not have a chance to get into a game this year, but she will probably get on as a regular next year.

SUB.

LILLIAN PERELLE

Lillian also was a sub. this year, so she did not get into many games this year, but she was always on the dot.





Society Notes.

The Class of '23 has for each of the past four years given the first dance of the season. This year it was held in the gymnasium on Friday, October 13th, and although financially it was a failure, socially it was a success.

Exceptionally good music was provided by the "Happy Four." It was peppy to the delight of the dancers.

The punch alone was sweet enough to attract the dancers, but when served by three popular Freshmen girls no one could resist at least a second visit to the punch table. In fact some returned so often they lost count and consequently the punch did not last long.

The gym was decorated with blue and gold shields.

The Big "J" dinner was given at the school by the "J" Club. Mr. Lanz and the members of the club were present.

The dinner was served in the sewing room by four High School girls. The table was simply and artistically decorated for the occasion. For the brighter electric lights were substituted the softer lights of candles which gave the room a cheery atmosphere.

Without the efforts of Miss Ueland it is doubtful if the dinner would have been the complete success it was.

Thanksgiving Eve the most successful event of the year, with perhaps the exception of the Junior Prom, was given by the Class of '23 in the school gym. This was the "Mixer." The Seniors worked hard and showed much enthusiasm in their effort to make it a success. They were not disappointed.

Entertainment of many kinds was afforded. There was a fishing pond, clever shooting gallery, fortune telling booth, ice cream and candy booth, a tea room and dancing. A good time was enjoyed by all.

During the winter several sleigh rides have been enjoyed. The Seniors were the first to give one. It was a jolly sleighing party and will long be remembered by the students. The Juniors were the next to have theirs. After the ride they gathered at Rosselle's Studio to partake of refreshments. Lastly the Freshmen had their sleighing party but were rather unfortunate for the roads at that time were so bad they were forced to return soon.

In December the Sophomores and Freshmen went on a skating party to Auk Lake. These skating parties were enjoyed as much as the sleigh rides.

After the second basketball game in the series, Juneau versus Douglas, Juneau High gave a dance in the gym in honor of Douglas High.

A large crowd remained after the game to attend the dance. Good music was provided and everyone had a very pleasant time. The refreshments, which were furnished by the Mothers' Club, were especially appetizing.

On the 23rd of March the Sophomores gave their first dance. The usual crowd of students attended from both Juneau and Douglas High. The gym was artistically decorated and showed much work on the part of the Sophomores. The color scheme was blue and orange—their class colors. Refreshments were served in the sewing room, which was decorated also.

The Spanish Class gave their annual dinner March 31. A Spanish menu was prepared and Spanish place cards were made. Not being accustomed to such dishes, they found the first course rather hot, but the dessert was cold, being ice cream.

The dinner was most appetizing and they regret that this will be their last Annual Spanish Dinner.

The Junior Prom, always looked forward to as the biggest event of the season, was given this year in the Elks' Hall on April 6. It was a gay affair and won exclamations of praise from the dancers.

The music was furnished by the Coliseum Orchestra. The decorations were very attractive and the punch was excellent. At 11 o'clock in the evening the favors, which were caps, balloons and whistles, were distributed.

It was a very successful Prom.

Before the close of the year several more social events will take place. Among these are the Senior Play Cast Banquet, Senior Ball, and the picnic, which will be the final event.



CHINOOK-Coeur d'Alene High School, Idaho. A very fine annual, with excellent departments.

TAHOMA—Stadium High School, Tacoma, Wash. Your Freshman number is very clever.

STILLAGUAMISH TRAIL—Arlington High School, Wash. A very attractive book. Try some stories next time.

KERAMOS-East Liverpool High School, Ohio. The jokes are new to us.

SPARKS-Sparks, Nevada. Try a few more jokes.

ORACLE—Bangor, Maine. A very interesting monthly. Especially the Tatler.

QUILL—Barret Manual Training High School, Kentucky. A clever monthly.

KULSHAN-Whatcom High, Bellingham, Wash. Try a literary department.

LEAVITT ANGELUS—Turner Centre, Maine. Little more news and less ads would help greatly.

RED AND WHITE—Sanford, Maine. Your graduation number was clever.

CAMOSUN-Victoria High School, B. C. The athletics are very cleverly written up.

ARROW-Lakewood, Ohio. The cartoons are clever.

RED AND BLACK-Rogers High School, Newport, R. I. The Exchange department is well written.

SILVERTONIA—Silverton, Oregon. All departments in your book are good. Snaps very good.

TUMALUM-Portland, Oregon. A very good book in all departments.



1904—Ethel Kennedy, nee Ebner, residing in Berkeley, Cal. Grover C. Winn, practicing law in Juneau.

1905-Crystal Jenne, nee Snow, resides in Juneau.

1906—Francis Ross, nee Hammond, residing in Annapolis. Francis Neiding, nee Shepard, residing in Kennecott, Alaska.

1907—Edna Daw, teaching school in Seattle, Wash. Edward Kennedy, deceased.

1908—Brilliant Carpenter, nee Olds, living in Juneau.

Juanita Anderson, nee Anderson, residing in Seldovia, Alaska.

Robert Cragg, living in Seattle, Wash.

William Casey, position in First National Bank at Juneau.

Walter Ramseyer, living in Seattle, Wash.

1909—Blossom Price, nee Craig, widowed, now head nurse in large Portland hospital.

Thomas Cole, is married and making his home in Waterville, Wash.

Charles Johnson, deceased,

David Christoe, married and living in Douglas, Alaska.

Albert Rapp, managing director at Speel River.

Cecelia McLaughlin, stenographer in local Surveyor General's office.

Edward Christoe, now residing in Seattle, Wash.

Cecelia Harried, nee Tibbits, teaching school in Mineral, Wash.

1910-Mina Johnson, nee Sowerby, is widowed, now living in Seattle, Wash.

Ora Radel, nee Morgan, residing in Wharton, New Jersey. Helen Osborne, nee Denny, residing in Minneapolis, Minn. Carrie Bjorge, nee George, residing at Wrangell, Alaska. Clement Riley, deceased.

- 1911—Carl Brown, residing in Seattle, Wash. Harry Harper, now living in Minneapolis, Minn.
- 1912-Frank Caraway, living in Seattle, Wash.
- 1913—Peter Johnson, has a position in Ketchikan, Alaska.
 Paul Carpenter, married and making his home in Tacoma,
 Wash.
 Charles Wortman, is employed at Sitka.

Leslie Burkland, nee George, living in Portland, Ore. Chester Tripp, living at Juneau, Alaska.

Mamie King, nee Morgan, deceased.

- 1914—Thelma Ninnis, teaching school at Springfield, Ore.
 Edward Beattie, in service at Fort Gibbons, Alaska.
 Alma White, nee Sowerby, residing at Seattle, Wash.
 George E. Nelson, now living at Juneau, Alaska.
 Charles Sabin, living in Juneau, Alaska.
 Nora Museth, has a position at Post Office, Treadwell, Alaska.
- Anne McLaughlin, teaching school near Seattle, Wash.
 Almond Richards, is at Latouche, Alaska.
 Cyril Kashevaroff, residing in San Francisco, Cal.
 Helmi Aalto, teaching school at Douglas, Alaska.
 Paul Thompson, residing at Seattle, Wash.
- 1916—Hazel Jaeger, teaching school at Thane, Alaska.

 Mary Connors, is residing in Juneau.

 Waino Hendrickson, is residing in Juneau.

 Gladys Austin, nee Tripp, residing at Seattle, Wash.

 Luella Clair, nee Gilpatrick, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

 Ruth Umstead, residing at Redondo Beach, Cal.

 Eugene G. Nelson, has position at the Alaska Juneau Mining Co.

 Susanne McLaughlin, now living in Seattle, Wash.

Susanne McLaughlin, now living in Seattle, Wash.

Margaret Dudley, residing at Chicago, III.

Lily Korhonen, residing at Seattle, Wash.

Charles Skuse, has position at Thane, Alaska.

Garnet Lahr, nee Laughlin, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

Helen Bender, nee Troy, residing at Seattle, Wash.

Simpson McKinnon, on the U. S. S. New York.

- 1917—William Taschek, is married and living in Seattle, Wash.
 Emma Troupe, nee Sherman, residing in Vancouver, B. C.
 Dorothy Haley, is working on the Alaska Daily Empire Staff.
 James McCloskey, agent of the C. P. R. in Juneau.
 Lillian Collins, has position with the Post Office at Juneau.
- 1918—Joseph Acklin, attending University of Washington. Helen Smith, residing at Juneau, Alaska. Harold Koskey, deceased. Olive La Bounty, residing at Seattle, Wash.

Wilbur Burford, married and residing at Juneau, Alaska. Francis Williams, nee Ptack, residing at Salmon Creek, Alaska. Roberta Coryell, residing at Portland, Ore.
Madge Case, residing at Juneau, Alaska.
Joseph McLaughlin, working at Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash. Rene Ellengen, is living in Juneau, Alaska.
Rose McLaughlin, stenographer for L. D. Henderson, Juneau. John Muir, is residing in Wharton, New Jersey.
Elvira Spain, nee Wiitanen, residing at Treadwell, Alaska.

Mary Kashevaroff, studying music in San Francisco, Cal.
Roy Torvinen, has position in office of Municipal R. R., Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Monagle, is attending the University of Washington.

Emma Perelle, teaching at Latouche, Alaska.

Dorothy Troy, is attending New York University.

Nadine Mudge, nee Saum, is residing at Anchorage, Alaska.

Gertrude Nelson, is residing at Juneau, Alaska.

Harry Morgan, attending Military Academy, at Annapolis.

1919-Belle Burford, nee Hood, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

1920—Nadja Vestal, nee Kashevaroff, residing at Seattle, Wash.

Walstein Smith, Jr., attending Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh,
Penn.

Sybil Campbell, has position in B. M. Behrend's Bank, Juneau.

Harriet Sey, teaching school at Ward's Cove, Alaska.

Victor Hewitt, residing at Chickaloon, Alaska.

Vivian Torvinen, nee Sparling, living at Tacoma, Wash.

Donald McKinnon, attending the University of Washington.

Liela Ptack, attending University of Oregon.

Edna Miller, teaching school at Petersburg, Alaska.

Joe George, residing in Juneau, Alaska.

1921-Florence Casey, attending the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

Charles Perelle, residing at Carbonado, Wash.
Ben Burford, now living in San Francisco, Cal.
Marian Summers, teaching school at Cordova, Alaska.
James Bussey, now living in Colorado.
Honorah Kelly, residing in Juneau.
Lance Hendrickson, residing in Carbonado, Wash.
Ideal Hendrickson, residing in Seattle, Wash.
Kathleen Ward, residing at Massa, B. C.
Marie Goldstein, attending University of California.
Laura McCloskey, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

Jessie McNaughton, attending University of Washington.

Jessie Mock, attending University of Washington.

Iloe Slade, attending University of Washington.

Stanley Jorgensen, attending Portland Dental College.

Marguerite Bone, attending University of Washington.

Luella Smith, attending Fresno State Normal.

Lillian Oja, attending business college, Seattle, Wash.

Legia Kashevaroff, has position in telephone office, Juneau.

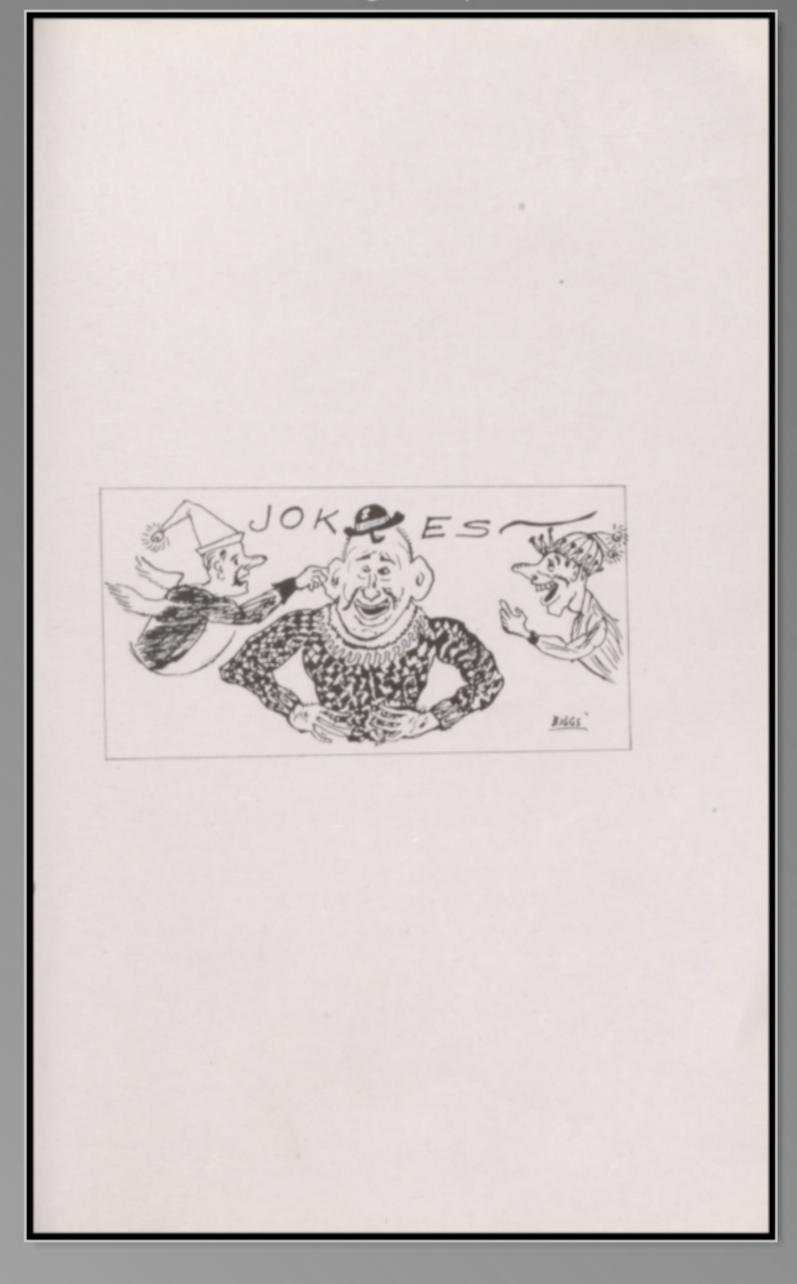
Howard Case, attending University of Washington.

Irene Nelson, living in Juneau, Alaska.

Venetia Pugh, attending University of Washington.

Anetia Garnick, attending Juneau Normal School.

Marian Corkins, nee Robertson, living in Chehalis, Wash.



Totem Jokes.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

I've heard some hard luck stories in the course of passing years, of shattered loves and broken hearts, and a mother's parting tears; I know a man who lost his home when he couldn't pay the rent, I've heard of teams that never lost except by accident; I've heard these weary tales of woe in every branch of sport, through the papers, in the movies, and in stories long and short, but worse than all these gloomy yarns of anguish and regrets, is to have a younger sister who swipes your cigarettes.

Ellen—"Dangerous thing, electricity."

Koskey-"Whats' the matter now?"

Ellen—"Didn't you hear about Dutchy down at the San Francisco Bakery? She got a roll with a current in it, and the shock killed her."

First Servant—"How did your one eyebrow wear out?"
Second Servant—"Well, you see, at our place they have rough door-knobs."

Stroller—"Ma, if I was invited out to dinner some place should I eat pie with a fork?"

"Why, yes, indeed, Albert."

Stroller—"You haven't got a piece of pie around the house I could practice on, have you, Ma?"

Pete—"What's Phat been doing with the adding machine for the past two hours?"

Mel.—"He's trying to figure out how many hairs a caterpillar will have to lose to be bald."

Zupe—"My girl is gonna sue me for damages because I kissed her."

Snupe-"Why, didn't she like it?"

Zupe—"Yes, but she got so excited when I did that her teeth dropped out and busted."

Nine little Doggies Sizzling in a plate. In came Phat, And then there were ate.

As Dad escorted little John through the Zoo, they came upon a rabbit with two little bunnies grazing near.

"Look," said Dad, "what the stork brought the mother rabbit."

Later they paused before the elephant enclosure. Beside the

mother elephant stood her latest offspring.

"Oh!" said Johnnie, "did the stork bring this one, too?"
"Er—ah—no!" said Dad, haltingly; "it must have been a crane."

Neola—"Have you heard today's gossip?" Lillian P.—"No, I haven't." Neola—"Then I guess there isn't any."

"Miss Morrison," called Cudlo excitedly, "there's a big black bug on the ceiling!"

"All right," replied Miss Morrison, engrossed in some test papers, "just step on it and don't bother me."

Caller-"I should like to see your father."

Jim-"You can't see him now, he is very busy."

Caller-"Busy, did you say?"

Jim-"Yes, he's doing his home-brew work; trying hooch formulas from my school chemistry books."

George—"I looked through the keyhole last night when Daisy's fellow was calling on her."

Honey—"And what did you find out?" George—"The electric lamp."

Peggy—"Our dining room is being decorated in spatter work." Vinie—"Spatter work?"

Peggy-'Yes. We have grapefruit for breakfast every morning."

Honkey (tearfully)—"Father, the d—donkey kicked me!"
Father—"Have you been annoying it?"
Honkey—"No, I was trying to c—carve my name on it!"

"Daisy has a blot of paint on the end of her nose."

"Well?"

"Shall we tell her about it."

"Better not. It may be the latest style."

Teacher"Who was it that saw the handwriting on the wall?" Wiggs-"The landlord."

Britt—"Have you had a falling out with your girl?" Harry—"No, she kicked me out."

Fred—"What's that bump on the front of your car?" Jack—"Oh, the radiator just had a boil."

Frosh 1—"My father is the smartest man in the whole world. Why, he built the Rocky Mountains."

Frosh 2-"Huh! That ain't nothing. Did you ever hear of the Dead Sea? My father killed it."

Miss Morrison—"Now, class, what do you think of the report that Albert gave?"

Hunter-"A little too long and dragged out."

Miss Morrison—"Well, maybe it was a little long, but it ought to be dragged out."

Miss Carnahan—"We will take Los Dos Gallos for 'tomorrow." Brick—"Dose What?"

First Gossip—"Will you keep my secret?" Second Ditto—"I'll tell the world."

There was a hefty boid
Who came from Toity-toid,
A goil had he
Who flung, did she,
A wicked adenoid.

First Tough Guy—"Go to hell." Second Ditto—"Run your own errands."

Pete—"Why did they Kick Phat out of the Library?"

Dunn—"They caught him trying to remove the appendix from a book he was reading."

Neola—"Of course, you can't believe everything you hear." Perelle—"Oh, no! but you can repeat it."

Stroller—"What are you doing here?"
Pat Flynn—"Enjoying the beauties of nature."
Stroller—"Many of 'em going past?"

"Let me give you a little word of advice; never kiss a girl on the forehead."

"Why's that?"

"Why, you're liable as not to get a bang on the mouth."

Carrigan—'How come the street light so paie?' Roke—"Oh, it must have been out all night."

Dumbell 1—"Do you have to have a gun to shoot craps?" Dumbell 2—"Naw; but quite often the dice are loaded."

Rundall—"Why do they put corn-meal on a dance floor?"

Polly—"I dunno, to make the chickens feel at home, I suppose."

Soph—"Did you ever take chloroform?" Frosh—"Naw; what hour does it come?"

"Aw, they're just stringing me," thought the poor fish as he was reeled in.

Save, and you save alone—spend, and the world will help you spend it.

"Try again," said the ink well to the fountain pen, I'm full."

Mrs. Lanz (in geometry)—"What do we mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?" Bright Soph—"A restaurant doughnut."

Dot K.—"You were very rude to Pete last night."

Grace—"How's that?"

Dot—"Why, you let him go home without inviting him to breakfast."

"What do fellows talk about after the dance?"
"The same things you girls talk about."

"Oh! You mean things."

"You're a crazy boob," said the Junior to the Senior.

"You're a nutty guy," retorted the Senior.

"Boys," said Miss Carnahan, who had overheard them, "don't forget I'm here!"

Brick—"That radiator must be out of order, Axel."

Axel—"I hadn't noticed it."

Brick—"But I hear a constant clicking."

Axel—"Oh, that's Zupe chewing his gum."

Miriam—"I haven't slept for days."

Dot Stearns—"What's the matter, sick?"

Miriam—"No, I sleep nights."

Johnnie—"What makes the red spot on your nose?" Harry—"Glasses." Johnnie—"Glasses of what?"

Mr. Lanz—"How would you punctuate this sentence: "There goes a beautiful girl'."

Honkey—"I would make a dash after the girl."

Alumni-"I tried to teach my girl to skate down at the pond last night."

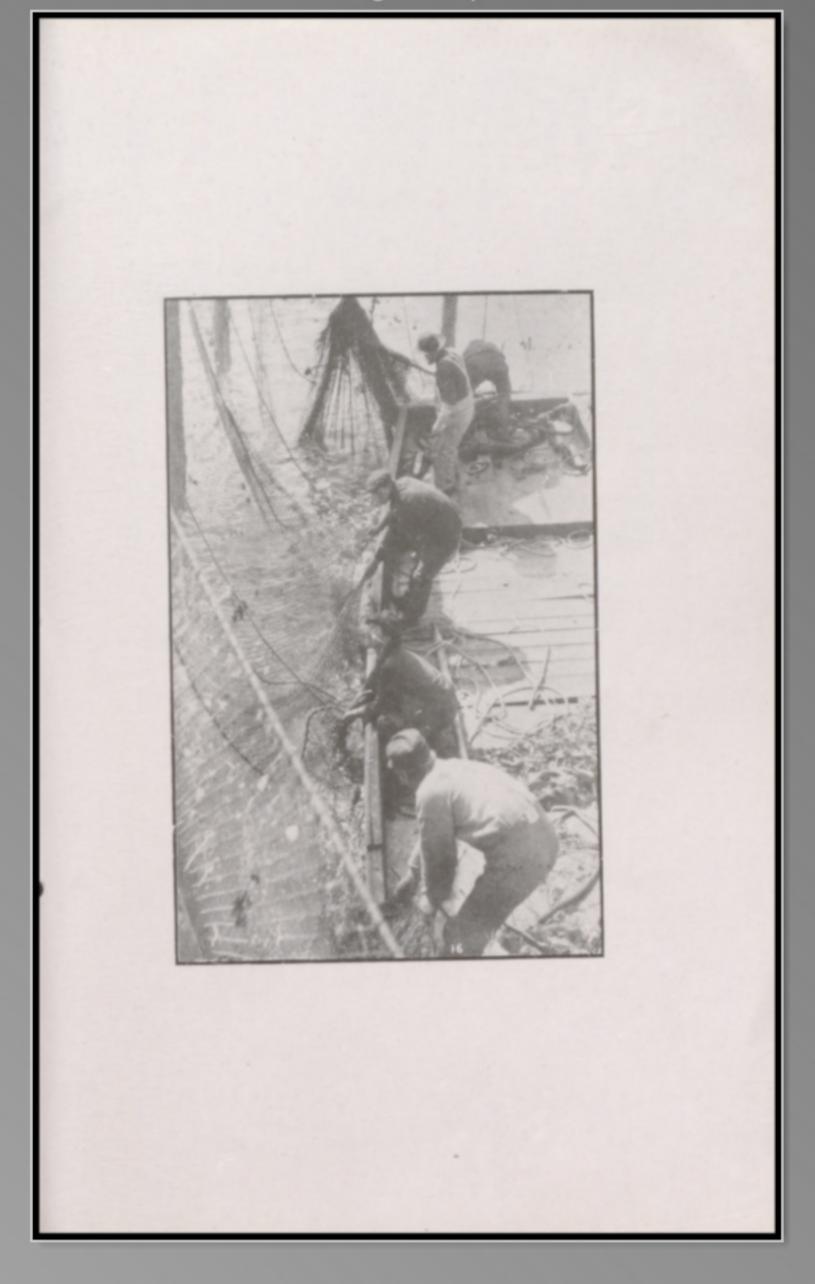
J. H. S.—"What'd she do?" Alumni—"She didn't like it, and sat down on me."

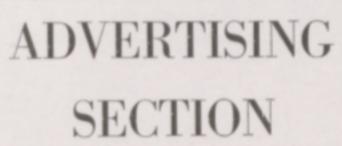
Zupe—"How did you get the puncture?" Campen—"Ran over a chicken with pin feathers."

"Where in hell have I seen you before?"
"Dunno. What part of hell do you come from?"

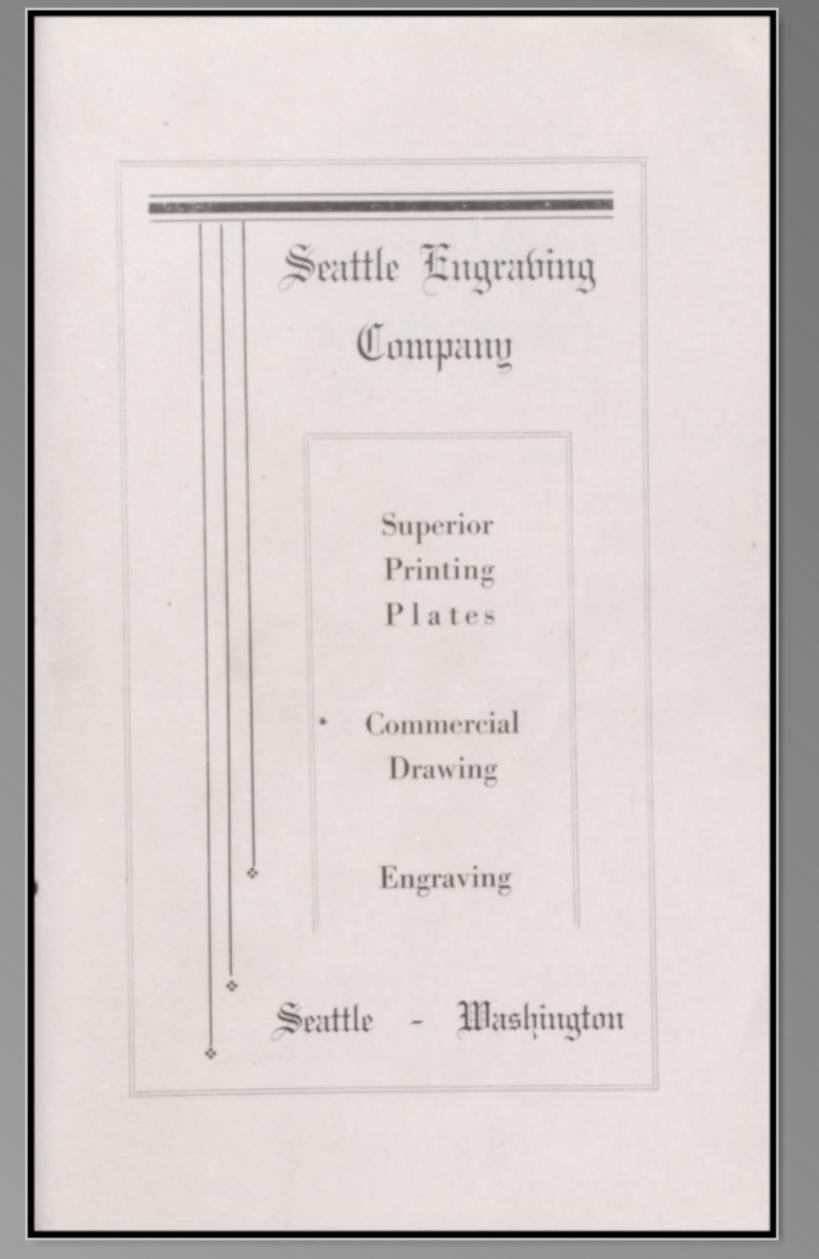
Honey—"Daisy slipped on her veranda last night." Ellen—'Well, did it fit her?"

Stroller—"I get my hair cut every week."
Rundall—"How long will it take to get 'em all cut?"









Goldstein's Emporium

JUNEAU'S STYLE CENTER

Everything to Eat and Wear

The Best in Quality at Popular Prices

Mail orders given special attention

Goldstein's Emporium

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Mark Clothing



Time in Her unerring flight has added another mile-stone to our lives, for now we mark the advent of early Summer, "And as day follows the night," so the Juneau High School "TOTEM" follows the balmy days of Summer.

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"How Come?"

"He always gets the chickens."

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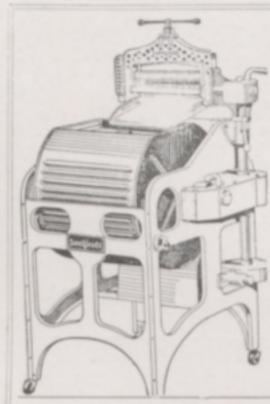
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We've a heap of friends in Juneau and believe this will help them to remember us.

Wishing Juneau High good luck and lots of it, we are,

Very truly,

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