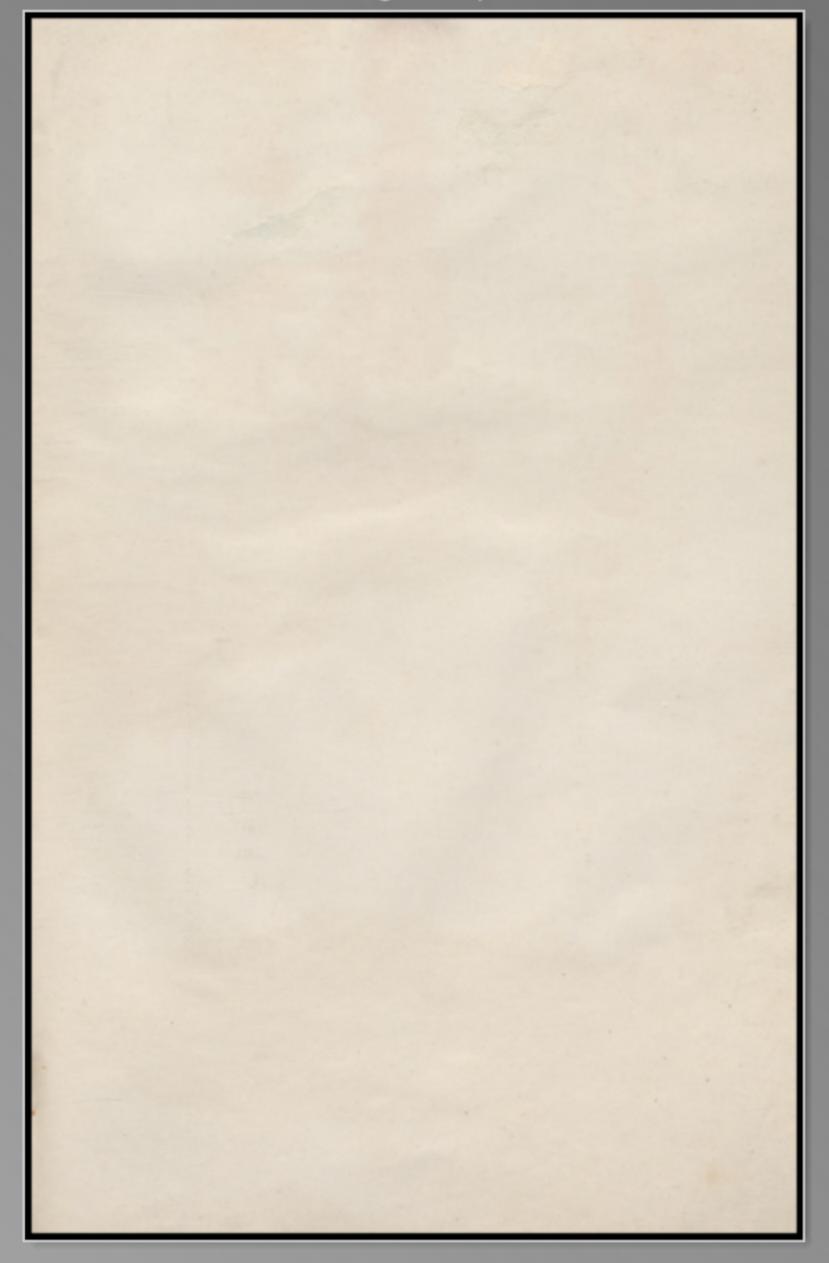
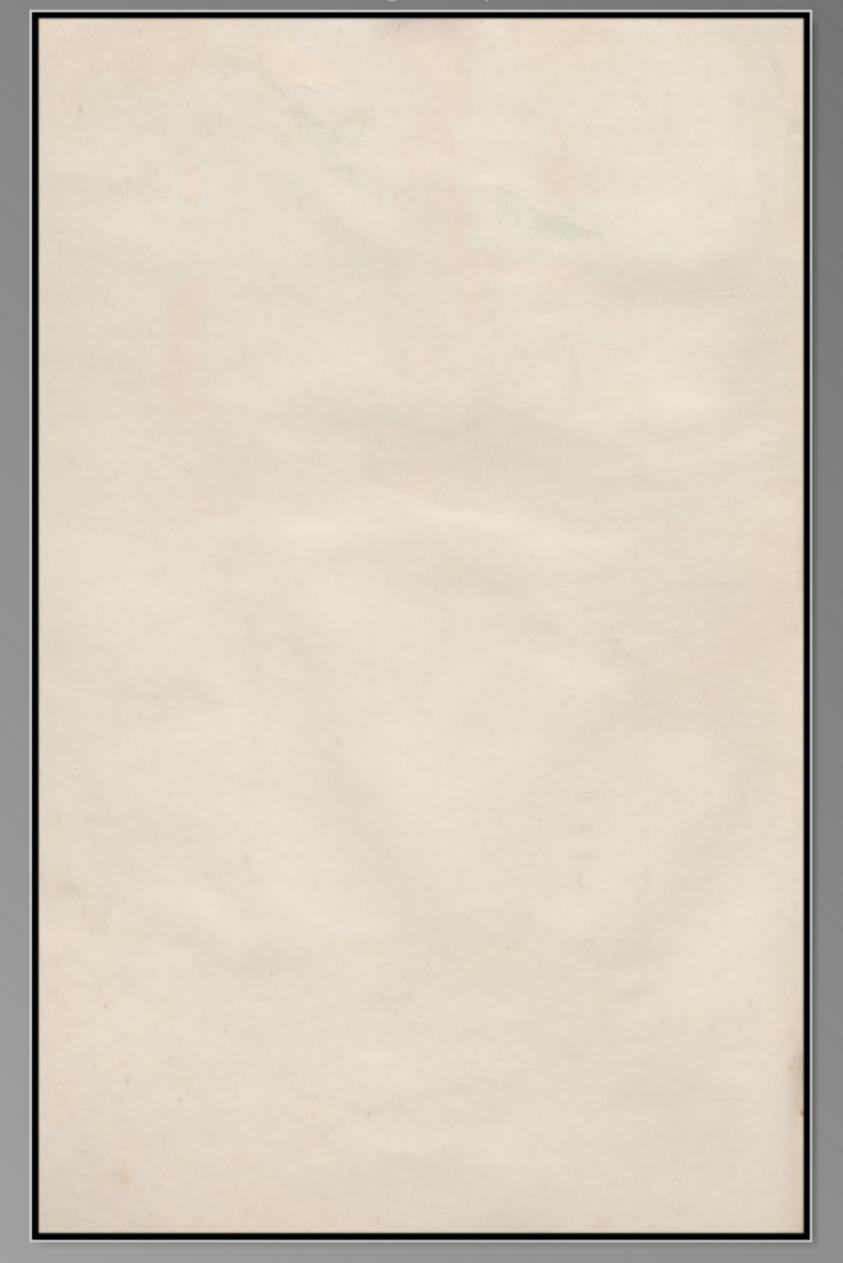
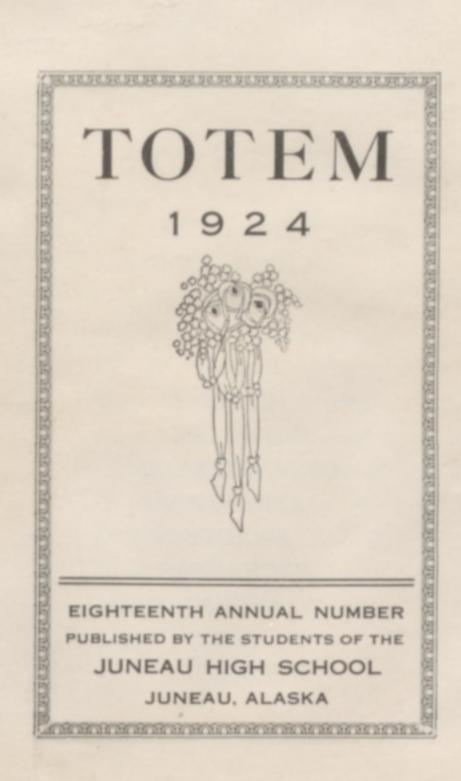


Juneau-Douglas City Museum









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## DEDICATION

To our fathers and mothers, and to those friends who have always taken so much interest in forwarding the activities and undertakings for the welfare of Juneau High School, we, the Student Body of Juneau High School, respectfully dedicate this Totem of 1924.

## Scarlet and Black

CAN THE RECORD OF THE RECORD OF THE RECORD OF THE RECORD OF

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;

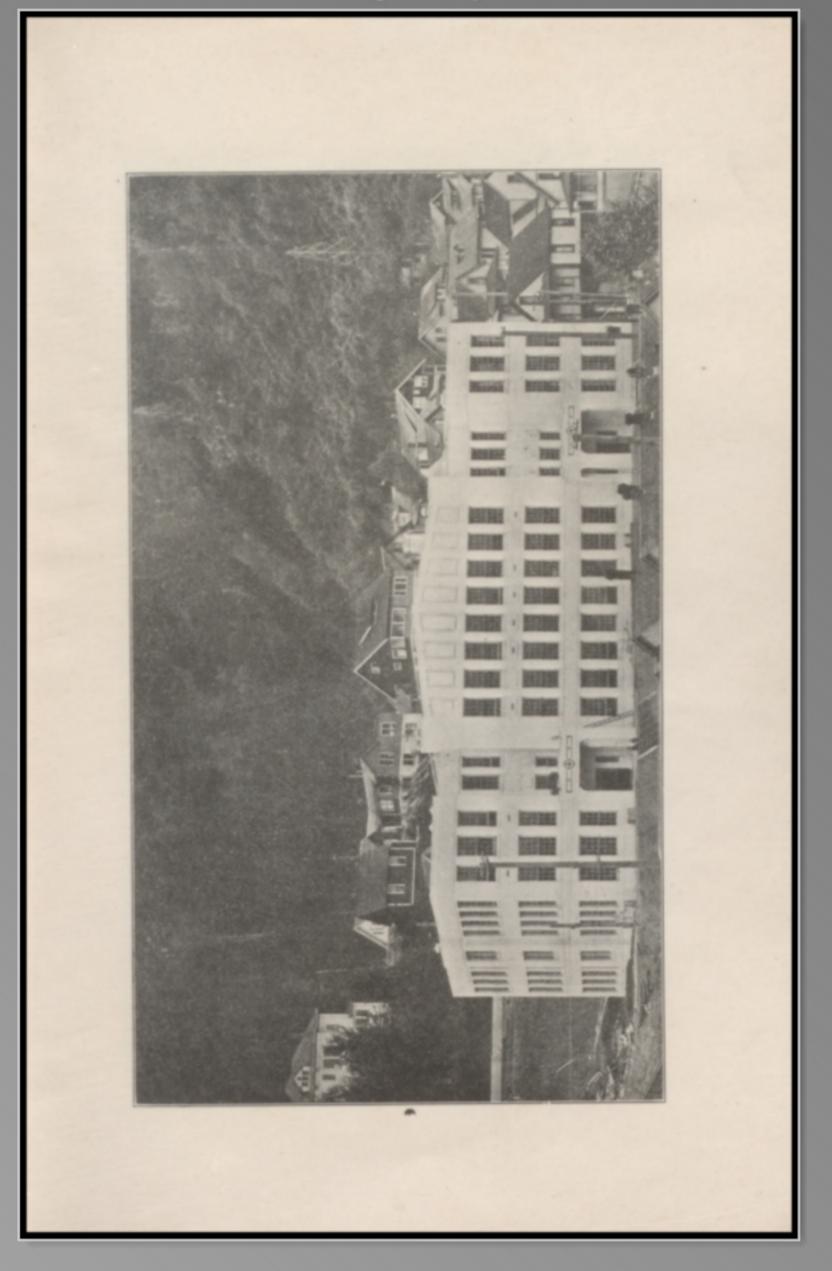
No glory shall they lack,

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.



Principal High School Boys' Athletics

NOEL I. BAKER, B. S. MISS MARY K. CARNAHAN A. B.

Languages

WILLIAM K. KELLER A. B., M. A. Superintendent

MISS HALLIE R. HART, A. B. MISS EMMA UELAND, B. S.

English

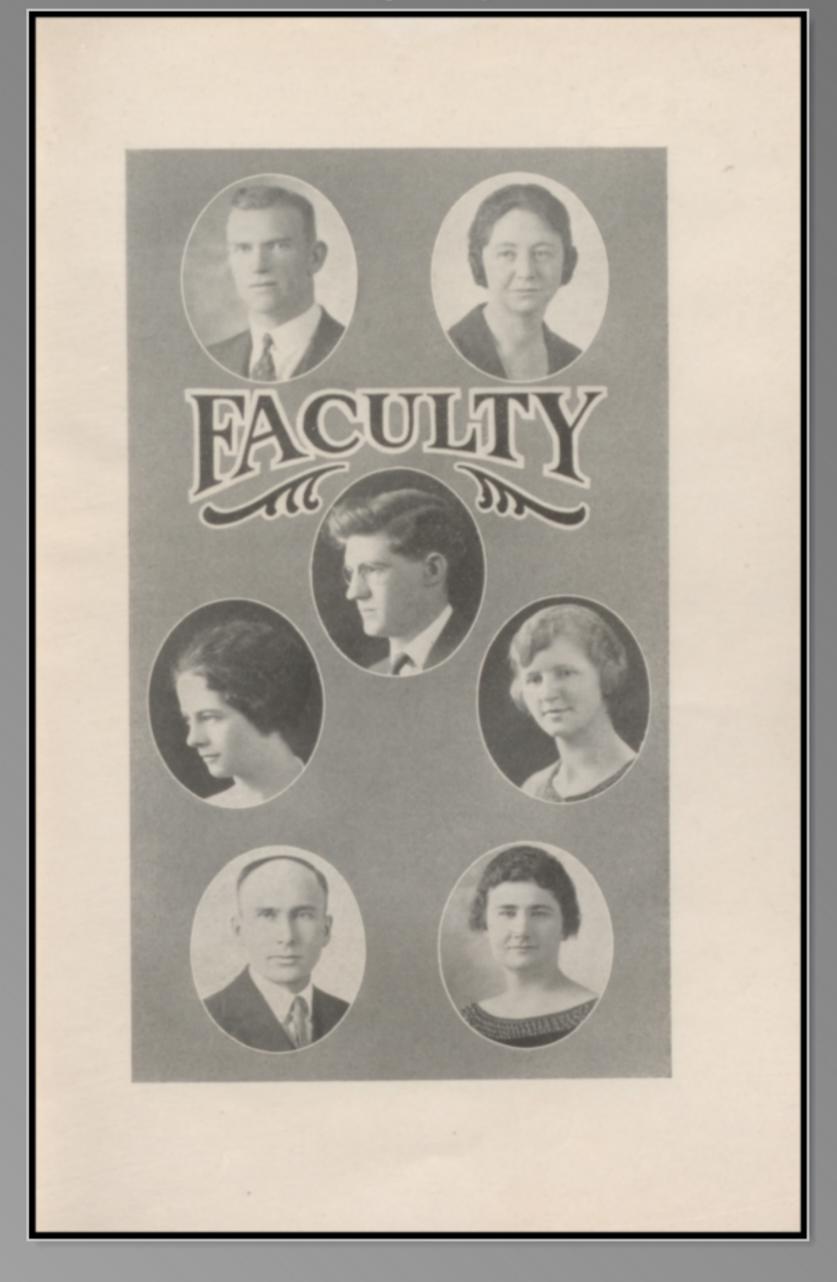
Domestic Science Girls' Athletics

RICHARD S. RIERSON, B. S.

Mathematics Manual Training MISS ELSA LEUDTKE

Commercial Orchestra

Juneau-Douglas City Museum



# Personnel of the Totem Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Leonard Holmquist
Associate Editor	Albert White
Literary	
Society	Mirlam McBride
Boys' Athletics	George White
Girls' Athletics	Ruth Krugness
Subscription Manager	Harold Campen
Jokes	Earle Hunter
Alumni	Etolin Campen
Exchange	John Rundall
Snap Shots	Dorothy Kleinschmidt
Art	Natalia Kashevaroff
Cartoons	Fred Gould
Faculty Adviser	Miss Hallie Hart
Business Manager	Jack Burford
Assistant Business Manager	Robert Morris





#### JACK BURFORD

Orchestra, '21, '22, '23, '24. Yell Leader, '22, '24. Business Manager "J" Bird, '24. Business Manager Totem, '24.

#### HAROLD CAMPEN

Track '22, '23 '24.
Secretary-Treasurer of
Class '23.
Basketball, '24.
Secretary of Student Body,
'24.
Vice-President of Athletic
Association, '24.
"J" Bird Staff, '24.
Vice-President of "J"
Club, '24.
Totem Staff, '24.

#### LAVINA CARTER

"J" Bird, '23. Seward Society, '23. School Librarian, '22, '24. Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class, '24.

#### CURTIS SHATTUCK

Senior Play Cast, '21, '23. Declamation, '23, '24. Vice-President, Class '23. Seward Society, '23.

#### ALICE CASE

Basketball, '23. Glee Club, '21, '22, '23, '24. Seward Society, '23,

#### MIRIAM MCBRIDE

Glee Club, '21, '22, '23, Seward Society, '23, "J" Bird Staff, '24, Totem Staff, '24.

#### FRED W. GOULD

"J" Bird Staff, '23, '24.
Vice-President Athletic
Association, '24.
Vice-President Class '23.
Vice-President Student
Body, '24.
Totem Staff, '22, '23, '24.
Seward Society, '23.

#### LEONARD J. HOLMQUIST

President Class, '21.
Football, '21, '22.
Basketball, '22, '23, '24.
Track, '22, '23, '24.
Totem Staff, '23, '24.
Editor Totem, 24.
"J" Bird Staff, 23, '24.
President "J" Club, '24.
President Athletic
Association, '24.
President Student Body, '21.
Orchestra, '21.
Seward Society, '23.

#### DAN RUSSELL

Track, '22, '23, '24.
President of Class, '23.
Secretary-Treasurer of
Class, '22.
"J" Club, '23, '24.

#### VIRGINIA SHATTUCK

S. A. School Meet, '23. Glee Club, '21, '24. Seward Society, '23. Secretary-Treasurer of Class '21,





#### JESSIE COWAN CROOK

Entered from Seattle Pacific College.

#### ROBERT MORRIS

Totem Staff, '23, '24.
"J" Bird Staff, '23, '24.
Yell Leader, '23, '24.
Vice-President Class '24.
Seward Society, '23.

#### EARLE HUNTER, JR.

President of Class, '24.
"J" Bird Staff, '23, '24.
Totem Staff, '24.
Basketball, '24.
Yell Leader, '23.
Orchestra, '21, '22, '23, '24.
Seward Society, '23.

#### ALBERT WHITE

Basketball, '23, '24.
Track, '23.
Totem Staff, '22, '23, '24.
"J" Bird Staff, '23, '24.
Editor "J" Bird, '24.
Secretary-Treasurer "J"
Club, '24,
Secretary Seward
Society, '23.

## Senior Class History

On September 5, 1912 about 30 prospects entered the primary grade on their long road to graduation and success. Many were doomed to leave the class long before the great day when the members of the class will receive their diplomas, and now we have only five of the thirty who started, back those twelve long years ago. They are Miriam McBride, Alice Case, Virginia Shattuck, Leonard Holmquist, and Earle Hunter. Shortly after the first grade our class changed membership with great rapidity; we lost many and took in new members until the class finally simmered down to fourteen in our Senior year.

The class of '24 has been one of the most industrious of the school and in all activities we have rated high among the other classes. In reference to financial support to all class and school activities we ranked 100 per cent.

During the war, a contest was held throughout the school to determine which class held the most money in government certificates and we showed our patriotism by winning this.

The roll of the graduating members of the class of '24 is: Lavina Carter, Miriam McBride, Fred Gould, Jack Burford, Alice Case, Harold Campen, Earle Hunter, Leonard Holmquist, Jessie Crook, Virginia Shattuck, Curtis Shattuck, Robert Morris, Dan Russell, and Albert White.

E. L. H. '24.

## Activities of the Senior Class for '24

The Scniors had their election of officers the first day of school last fall. Earle Hunter was elected President; Fred Gould, Vice-President; and Lavina Carter, Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Hallie Hart was elected class adviser.

The class of '24 has not had many social activities this year, but turned out strong for athletics and literary events in the Southeastern Alaska School Meet. The class basketball team retained the championship of the high school, which they have now held for three consecutive years. The team played two games winning one and losing one.

The Spanish IV class is planning on giving a Spanish picnic this spring, in which they have planned to have as many Spanish dishes as possible. The picnic will most likely be staged at Auk Lake as many of the boys in the class own autumobiles.

The Senior Auto Association of which there are six members was originated this year, and many enjoyable evenings were spent in touring the local highways.

The Senior Ball, to be given in May, which closes the social season of the school for this year, will be the "one" event of the year.

H. W. C., '24.

## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1924

Knowing that many of our good points will be missed when we pass out and in order to leave some to the surviving students, we, the Senior Class of 1924, of the JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL, Juneau, Alaska, being in sound mind and good health and under influence from no one, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

#### ARTICLE I.

Section 1. To the Junior Class we leave our venerable dignity, knowing that they are fully capable of upholding this honor. We do also leave to them our large assortment of witty sayings originated by Zeno and Honky.

Section 2. To the Sophs we do hereby bequeath our ability to gather X's and other good grades unto our cards.

Section 3. To the noble Frosh we leave our pull with the teachers knowing—as we do—that they will have need of it in later years.

#### ARTICLE IL

Section 1. To the most honorable Noel I. Baker we—The American History class—leave our great argumentative ability hoping that he will use it and some day become a Senator.

Section 2. To the rest of the school we—The Senior Auto Association do hereby will, all the troubles and flat tires that make the life of an autoist exciting.

Section 3. To the rest of the school we—the Senior Class—leave our ability to put on dances and other means of excitement, which have characterized us during our sojourn at Juneau High School.

The individuals of the class having so many things which they wish to leave within the portals of J. H. S. will now list them below.

#### ARTICLE III.

Section 1. I, Earle Hunter, knowing that I am about to depart for parts unknown, am leaving to Hank Sully my knowledge of music; my choice collection of names to "Dot" Stearns and my pull with the teachers to Jimmy Conners.

Section 2. Finding myself about to leave the sacred halls of J. H. S. I, Virginia Shatuck, do leave to Dot Kleinschmidt one wad of gum concealed under the desk with the carved top; my can of paint to Pat Naghel and girlish expression to Deacon Morrison.

Section 3. I, Harold Campen, bequeath to Mildred Warwick my abnormal height and my number ten shoes; to Chris Ellingen my school girl complexion and to Art Peterson one Juneau Douglas ferry ticket to be used only in a case of dire need.

Section 4. I, Albert White, will my good looks and social standing to Robert Rice; my ability to drive my car with one hand to Clayton Polley and my occupation as carver of desks to Ernest Holmquist.

Section 5. Feeling in a benevolent mood I, Robert Morris, leave my three ball sign and junk shop to Hank Sully, knowing that he

will pilot it successfully; my stuttering to Virginia Metzgar and my dark blue, Elizebethan period hat to Jackson Rice to take the place of the streamlined 14th century lid he now wears.

Section 6. I, Leonard Holmquist, will to John Halm my winning way with women; to Deacon Morrison my pugilistic attitude and above all, my resonant voice to Baker, hoping that he will use it in addressing an assembly so that the people in the rear of the room will know that he says without calling for an encore every few minutes.

Section 7. Knowing that my sterling qualities will be missed I, Alice Case, have decided to leave a few of them and so I do will my habit of getting to school every morning one half a minute early to George White; my snappy way of chewing gum and getting away with it to Grace Kleinschmidt and my pair of inlaid goggles to Nona Saylor, trusting she will make as good use of them as I did.

Section 8. I. Lavina Carter, leave my expression of "Beat it, you can't use that typewriter," to some other librarian; my talkative disposition and bobbed hair to Gertie Jackson.

Section 9. I, Miriam McBride, leave to Dora Lundstrom my lipstick and ability to use it; my anarchistic custom of delivering fiery speeches in the assembly to Prof. Keller and my yellow pair of Siberian Goloshes to Dot Stearns.

Section 10. Being of sound and disposing mind I, Jessie Crook, do leave to J. H. S. my initials which are plainly carved on the top of my desk; my ability to chew gum and make it appear as if I'm in deep thought to Helen Lindstrom and my way of narrating hair-raising experiences to Lynda Pademeister.

Section 11. I, Daniel Russell, leave my book on how to laugh and grow thin to Florence Bathe; my erratic laugh and ways of quelling arguments to Edward McIntyre.

Section 12. Feeling in a generous mood I, Fred Gould, will my status as argument and fight promoter to Johnny Rundall; my ability to get good grades (such as X's and downwards) to John Halm and my classy excuses and vocabulary to anyone who has need of it.

Section 13. I, Curtis Shattuck, will my position as the most quiet member of the class to Albert Orson; my freckles and high falsetto voice to David Ramsay. As a mark of special distinction, I am leaving my herculean frame and patent leather hair to Jimmy Connors knowing that he has special use of both.

Section 14. I, Jack Burford, leave my masterful giggle to Della Lundstrom; my barrel of shaving soap and one safety razor blade to Ed Garnick with the injunction that he use same to remove the underbrush from his visage; my pair of striped socks and my loping stride to Evelyn Judson.

We do hereby constitute and appoint M. L. Merritt secretary of the school board, the Executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness hereof, we do hereunto set our hand and affix the seal of the class this sixteenth day of April, 1924.

Fred Gould, '24.

# SENIOR HOROSCOPE

FATE	Horse Doctor	Plumber	Jitney Driver	Wheel barrow-	Finger Print Expert	House of the Three Gilt Balls	School Teacher	Gas Boat Cook	Dancing Master	Book Mender	Grocer	Milkman	Seamstress	Expert
AMBITION	Soap Box Orator	U. S. Senate	Domestic Science Supervisor	To own a Stutz	Champeen Speed typist	Hock Shop	To outclass Paderewski	Authority on school management	To be a giant	Stenographer	To live in Douglas	Tattooed Man	Movie Queen	To get 46 per out of his Chevrolet
FAVORITE	Aw! Lampoon	Oh! that!	Aw, Gee, Kids-	Well, Well	Gee! I dunno	Flathend!	Are you sure that's right?	Hello, Men!	Well, it says so in the book!	Get away from that typewriter!	Oh! Limping-	"Say, you guys, "J" Bird copy's due today."	O! MY!	I ain'ta gonna do it
OCCUPATION	Running Wild	Chasing Up Totem Copy	Translating	Clawing the Ivories	Reading novels	Trying to be a he-vamp	Kidding the company	Sleeping in	Saving money	Crabbing	Driving the Stewart	Combing his hair	Sewing	Working- up business
DESCRIPTION	Strongfort	Parlor Cowboy	Blondy	Sappo	Sedate	Red Hair	Chemist	Patent Leather Pomp	Distinguished	Industrious	Star Pointgetter	Caveman	Lengthy	Goggles
ALIAS	Zupe	Honky	Casey	Lotta	Mary Ann	Brick	- 111	Roke	Senator	Vinle	Ham	Stroller	Mally	Burf
NAME	Fred Gould	Leonard Holmquist	Alice Case	Earle Hünter	Miriam McBride	Robert Morris	Jessie Crook	Dan Russell	Curtis Shattuck	Lavina Carter	Harold Campen	Al White	Virginia Shattuck	Jack Burford





We who have for so long held the reputation of being "dead" are now the members of the liveliest class in school. As we'll have to mention it sometime in this narrative, the officers elected at the opening of the school year were:

Miss Mary K.	CarnahanAdviser
Raymond Bell	President
Jackson Rice	Vice-President
Elsie Pademeist	er Secretary-Treasurer

The climb to the summit of Mt. Roberts one bright day in October was the first of our notable achievements. To show that we felt no evil effects of such strenuous work, we wished to climb Mt. Juneau the same day.

On October 19 the first dance of the school year, the "Junior Clinch" was held, music being furnished by the Novelty Four Orchestra.

November 23 found us ready bright and early in the morning to conquer new worlds, and before noon we were established at the cabin above Salmon Creek Dam. Despite the "cool" weather, we hiked three miles around the trail leading from the Dam. We plan to go to the Portal Camp in Sheep Creek Basin before school is out.

Two successful entertainments were presented before the school as our share of the bi-monthly programs given by the different classes. They were voted to be the "best-ever."

Since we had to entertain the school socially, the Junior Prom was held on February 29 at the Elks' Hall. Peppy music, unique programs, and the cleverly decorated hall made the dance the best Junior Prom yet given. One notable fact is that the dance was a financial success.



We may be all right as entertainers, and all that, but you must hand it to the Juniors when it comes to representatives in the School meet. Three of us are on the debating team; four on the boys' basketball team; four on the girls' basketball team; most of the boys are trying out for track; six members of the class in the orchestra; typing, manual training, and sewing representatives are Juniors. We do not want to praise ourselves, but you must see that we can do something else than give dances.

Five Juniors are on the "J" Bird Staff and also five on the Totem Staff.

And by the way, the Junior girls' won the basketball championship of the inter-class series, and the Junior-Soph combination, (only one Soph, however,) defeated the Senier championship team.

We are just waking up; watch our speed next year when we'll be SENIORS!

-John Rundall.

### Miss Carnahan-Here's To Her

Since our Freshmen days she's taught us;
Since pig tail days and short pants she's known us;
She never would stand for any nonsense from us.
But she didn't always scold us.
She was always there to have fun with us,
And could always laugh over a joke with us;
When we didn't know our lessons an X she'd give us,
And when we were caught talking in the halis she's take down our names for us.
She wouldn't have any favorites with us,
But treated every one like the rest of us,
And we always though of her as one of us,
She always was a pal to us

## To the Class of Twenty-Five

That's why we hate to see her leaving us.

Though our days are numbered in our thronging hall, Quickly they will pass and come again no more; When away from school we enswer duty's call Perhaps at home or on some foreign shore, Though many a year may come and pass, The spirit of Juneau Hi will hold us fast, And always will that dauntless spirit thrive, In the class of twenty-five until the last.





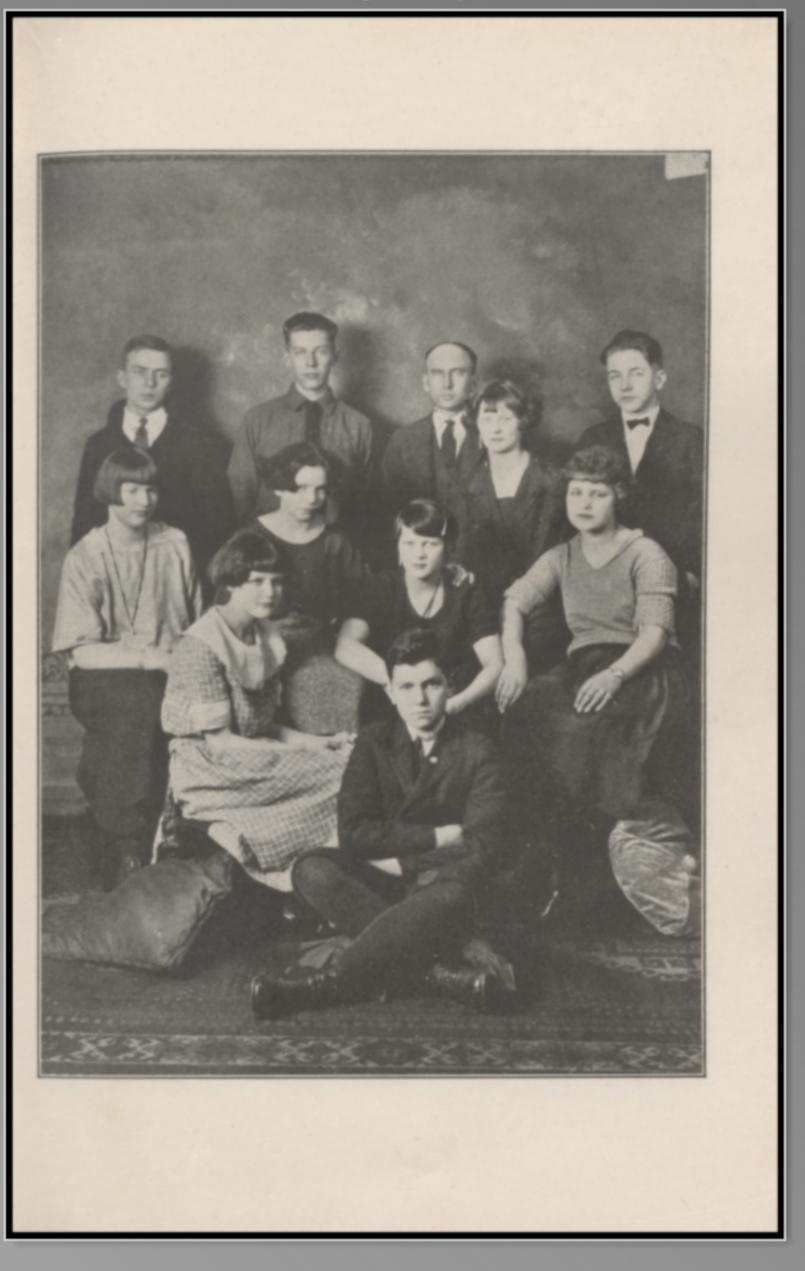


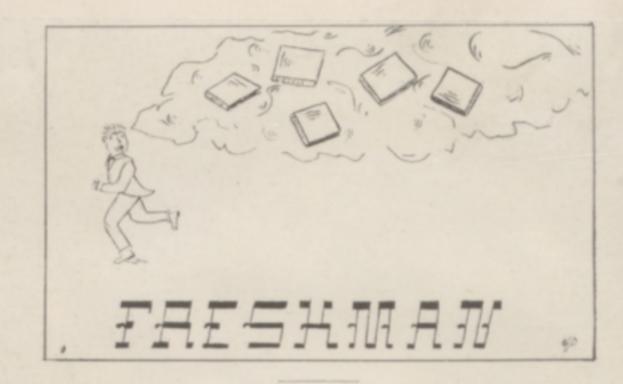
At the beginning of the year the following officers were elected for the Sophomore class: Edward Naghel, President; Ed Garnick, Vice-President; Harriet Barragar, Secretary-Treasurer; Class Adviser, Mr. Reierson.

A weiner roast was held in the early part of the year. We also had several dancing parties, which were enjoyed by all those who attended. In February we gave a class play, "The Emancipated One," before the high school assembly.

Sophomore girls have been working hard to make the basketball team. Those who were successful are Grace Kleinschimdt, Florence Bathe, and Lynda Pademeister.

The boys hope to make a good showing in the track meet this year. Ed Garnick made the first basketball team.





At the beginning of the school term in September, thirty freshmen entered Juneau High School. This is the largest number ever enrolled as Freshmen and the largest class in the high school. The following officers were elected:

President Harold Brown
Vice-President David Ramsay
Secretary-Treasurer James Connors

Mr. Baker was selected class adviser. When he resigned, Miss Uleland succeeded him.

Edna Smith, an old member of the class, returned from New Jersey. May and David Ramsay entered from Treadwell; James Connors and Edward McIntyre from the Parochial School; Margaret Kiloh, Mable Sturrock, Elsie Baggen, and George Larsson from Thane; Malcolm Morrison from Haines.

The Freshmen attended a weiner roast given by the Sophomores early in the year. This was followed by another one later.

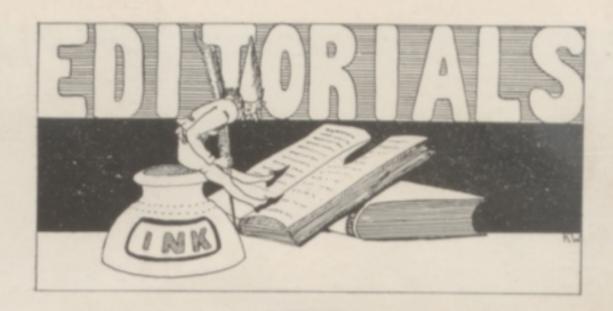
In October the eighth grade gave a Hallowe'en party for the Freshmen which proved a very enjoyable affair.

On December 7, the class gave their first program, which was voted as a huge success by the high school.

The Freshmen class is well represented in school activities this year. Many of the boys and girls are turning out for basketball. Hansena Campen and Alma Weil made the girls' basketball team. A number of the girls are in the Glee Club. Several of the students are to represent the school at the Inter-School Meet. Evelyn Judson and Grace Naghel represent the Domestic Science Department. A number of the boys are turning out for track, thus well representing the class in the Meet.

E. J. and A. W., '27.





This, the eighteenth edition of the "Totem," finds the class of '24 about to embark on a sea of greater possibilities and ambitions.

The years spent in high school are full of joys and sorrows, and remain forever imprinted in the minds of those who leave each year as the happiest time of their lives. The completion of a high school education marks the passing of the first barrier to good citizenship and to the making of brighter men and women.

The year '23-'24, has held its full quota of activities for the high school which the staff will endeavor to feature in this publication of our annual.

In the past years the "Totem" has been published without a great deal of attention being paid to its financing. In order to maintain this edition as a yearly exposition of the progress of the J. H. S., it has been necessary that the staff of the eighteenth annual exercise economy in putting out the edition of this year. This does not, however, infer that less time and care has been spent in its construction and quality, which we consider unequaled by any "Totem" of the past. Our kind readers will, no doubt, readily concede that the quality of any work comes into consideration first, and taking this attitude, we put forth the fruit of months of labor.

Casting aside all the usual foreordained predictions of success, we sincerely hope that this publication of the "Totem" will meet with the approval and consideration of the loyal backers of Juneau Hi.

The staff wishes to thank all those who have contributed articles and who have performed such services which help make the eighteenth annual Totem of the Juneau High School a success.

We have endeavored to reproduce clearly and acurately our school life as it really exists, and sincerely hope that the Totem finds favor among its readers.

#### TRACK MEET

The third annual Southeastern Alaska Meet will again be held in Juneau this year, contrary to expectations. A disastrous fire in Ketchikan, the proposed scene of the Meet this year, caused the transfer to be made to Juneau. Though having but a short time to prepare to handle this activity, Mr. N. I. Baker, chairman of the local committee is confident of its success.

The news of the shifting of the Meet caused much lamentation and discouragement in the local high, as all the participants had been planning on an enjoyable trip to Ketchikan. However, despair was short-lived and contentment soon reigned, as the chances for victory loomed up clearer than ever due to the fact that we were going to make the "big" stand on our own field.

All contestants are now putting a fine edge along their various line of endeavor and are finishing up with "light training."

Several trophies were lost in the conflagration at Ketchikan. These will be replaced and numerous other cups have been bestowed for the various events. Chief among the awards is a new typewriter, for the winner of the typewriting contest.

Conditions have changed considerably since last year and the track and field events will be held on the local playgrounds. These conditions should enable the contestants to set new records.

Juneau is out to take home the Meet and let's keep all of the trophies here that we can.

#### THIRD SCHOOL MEET SUCCESSFUL

The third annual School Meet which was held in Juneau April 22-27, proved to be entirely successful for the local high school and elementary contestants. Although unfavorable weather conditions prevailed, the events were held as regularly as possible.

The schools represented were: Douglas, Ketchikan, Petersburg. Skagway, Sitka, Tenakee, Thane and Juneau. Wrangell was unable to compete owing to the lack of boat accommodations. Douglas, Ketchikan, and Juneau were the schools most fully represented, but the smaller contingents from the other schools showed up successfully.

Juneau High School won the greatest number of trophie, among them being the cups for sewing. High School scholastic, elementary scholastic, High School track, elementary track, Grand Trophy, and the cup for the highest number of points. The final total of points from the three highest schools are Juneau 172¼. Douglas 124 and Ketchikan 106¼. The total number of points from the various events for the Grand Trophy are Juneau 69, Douglas 56, and Ketchikan 45.

Juneau placed as follows in the Elementary scholastic events: speling Iris Gray first; rapid calculation, Irene Burke first. These two firsts brought Juneau the trophy for this department.

In the High School events Juneau was also victorious, placing three firsts, one in oral English, typewriting, and manual training. Albert White took the first and Arthur Peterson won the last two. Albert White also placed third in written English, with Curtis Shattuck taking one point in declamation. The outcome of the debate has not yet been determined, but Juneau is assured of either first or second place. The debaters were Virginia Metzgar, and Ruth Krugness, with John Rundall alternate.

The final totals are Juneau 23, Douglas 14, Skagway 14, Ketchikan 8, and Sitka 1.

In the Domestic Science department Juneau came second in cooking, being represented by Evelyn Judson and Grace Naghel. Mildred Warwick and Ruth Krugness won the sewing cup for Juneau.

In basketball Juneau was not so fortunate. The High School boys placed third, High School girls second, and the elementary team tied for first with Douglas and Ketchikan.

The elementary track meet was captured by Juneau by a small margin over Ketchikan. The final scores being Juneau 43½, Ketchikan 40¼, Douglas 30¼, and Skagway 3. In the girls elementary races Irene Burke placed third in the fifty yards. George Popovich starred for Juneau and practically won the meet himself by five firsts and three seconds, totaling 32½ points, Arthur Froland 6½, James Ramsay 1¼, Harold Peterson 1¼ and James Davis 1¼.

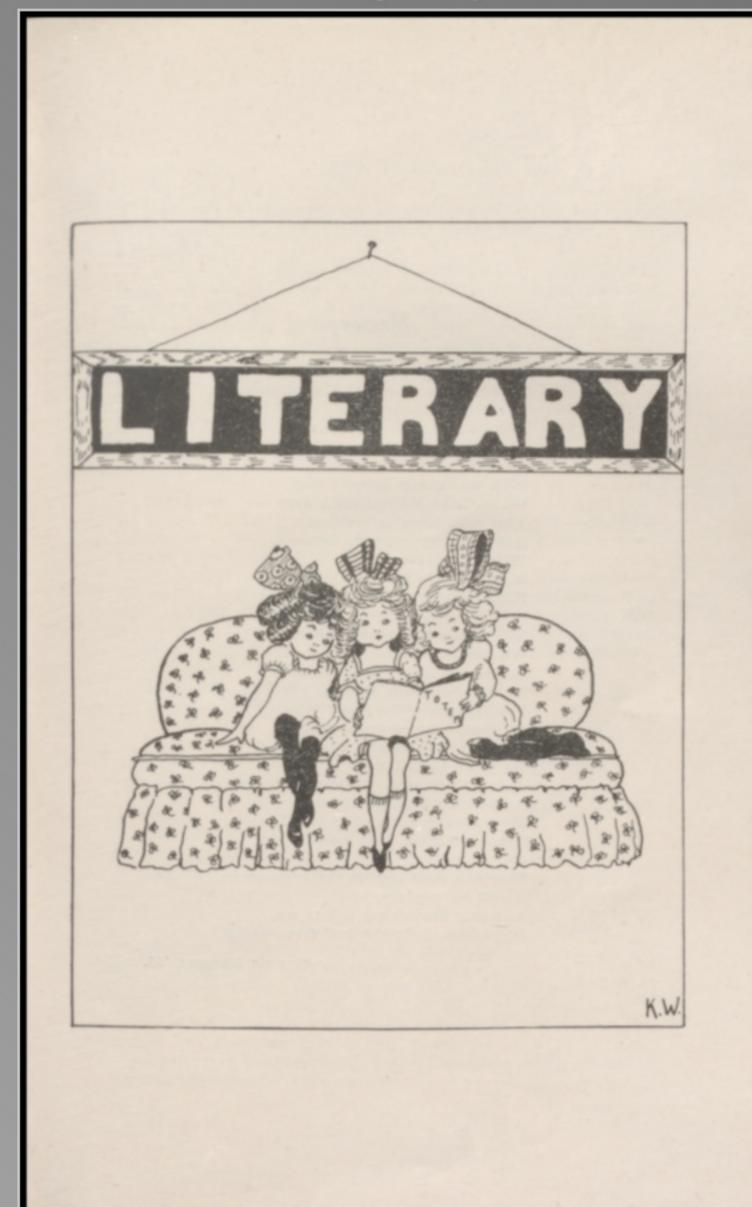
The High School track meet was easily taken by Juneau with 79 points, Ketchikan 33, and Douglas 31. Albert Orsen, like the versatile Popovich for the graders, was high individual point-getter, taking six firsts, one second and 2 thirds totaling 36¼ points, Garnick 12¼, Campen 12, Gould 5. Halm 1¼, and Burford 1¼. In the High School girls 25 yard dash Dora Lundstrom of Juneau placed first with Hansena Campen second. Hansena Campen placed second in the 50 with Lundstrom third, both taking six points each.

Orsen won the high school track meet by hmself and deserved full credit for his victories because of his courage and the ability he displayed.

Skagway was high point winner in the literary events, Elmer Rasmussen taking two firsts, one second and one third, totaling 14 points. Jean Hillery, also of Skagway, took one first and one second in the elementary literary events, scoring 8 points. Skagway deserves special mention in the fact that it placed so consistently despite the heavy competition.

During the days of the meet, true sportsmanship was displayed in all the events and everything possible was done in order to make the visitors at home in spite of the short period of notice given the Board of the change from Ketchikan.

The Meet will be held in Ketchikan next year and plans have already been made to insure its success.



## Memory

There's a sweetness in the summer air,
A call to memory,
A quiet hush that beckons forth
The muses and the bee.

"Tell me, gentle muse, I beg Where have the vanished days That used to be so wonderful And chant their gentle lays— Where have they gone? Why did they go and will they Ne'er return?"

The muse's face grows soft and sad,
'Tis not unlike my own;
"It is not given thus to man
To keep with him through life
The ignorance, the joyful bliss
Of childhood's summer days.
Now other cares and crosses tall
He bears upon his back,
And half-regretful, thoughtful, sad,
As you, my child are feeling
He wishes, too, that he could have
Those vanished days returning.'

There's a sweetness in the summer air, A call to memory, And only dreams are left to me. Of childhood, bright and free.

-Virginia Metzgar, '25.

#### All's Well-

Yale was in an uproar, and for good reason, for the big athletic affair of the year, "The Inter College Track Meet," was to take place next day.

Students were rushing around to their classes, though by their looks and talk one would never accuse them of being interested in Chem. or Greek. Talk of the track meet, Bert Dana, "Fat" Stanton, and Grigg Holmes was on every tongue, and students wisely prophesied a complete, sweeping victory for Yale.

Down at the training field the men were putting on the finishing touches to their skill.

"Fat" Stanton, one of the promising Yale men, was throwing the hammer, being encouraged mightily by the lucky ones who had no classes.

"Come on, fat boy, heave de pill!" "Nifty work!"

"Goe, we'll have Harvard lashed to the mast!"

"All right, once again, fatty, come on!"

These were but a few of the remarks used to encourage "Fat," but he bore them all good naturedly, grinning and telling them what he'd do to them when he caught them alone.

In another corner of the field Grigg Holmes was practicing the pole vault, with two of the lesser stars. The vault was practically cinched for Yale, at least so they thought, for Grigg held the unofficial world's record, and showed no signs of weakening.

Over on the cinder path Bert Dana, the 440-yard and mile runner was practicing the getaway.

Time and again the coach started him, and Bert would go off like a shot, run about thirty feet, and return.

The coach was loud in his praise.

"Dana, old kid, we've got 'em cinched!" cried Red McGraw, the little Irish coach, as he rushed out to Bert with his dressing gown, and clapped him on the back.

"I hope so. We're about due to win again," said Bert, as he headed for the showers.

The next day the grandstands were crowded with enthusiastic rooters long before time for the events to begin, and in course of time the meet started. Every one was wildly excited, and Harvard's roaring yells blended with Yale's until the grandstands fairly shook.

Honors were fairly even so far, and Yale had been winner of the shot put and pole valut, as she hoped, but had lost in the discus throwing, the 100 and 220-yard dashes.

Six runners were entered in the 440, three from each college, and all excellent runners. But Bert had taken the lead at the very start and held it all the way through, Babcock of Harvard finishing second, and Hermann of Yale crossing the line third.

Other races then came off, honors remaining pretty even, and the mile run entrants got ready.

Dana, Brown, Gibbons, and Gould were Yale's entries, while Harvard had but three, Babcock, Peterson, and Webster.

"Gee! that Peterson looks more like a pug than a runner, don't he," said Brown to Bert, as they lined up on the track.

"Yeh, he looks like a regular pirate, all right," replied Bert. "Ready! Set!" Bang!!

And away leaped the runners.

Gould, Gibbons, and Webster were in the lead, bunched together, then Dana, Brown and Peterson, with Babcock in the rear.

They ran in this formation till the second from last lap, when Brown started to pull ahead, closely followed by Peterson. As they were passing the leading runners, who also were starting to sprint, Peterson skillfully tripped Brownie. Brown went down in a heap, and Dana, following close behind, stumbled over him. Webster, of Harvard, then started speeding, which, with the other commotion, served to throw Gould and Gibbons into some confusion, thus enabling Harvard's strongest runner, Babcock, to take the lead. Of course, Dana and Brownie followed as soon as they got untangled, but it was nearly hopeless to expect them to cut down the Harvard men's lead.

Anyway, though Yale tried valiantly to win, Harvard shoved Babcock over—winner, Gould finishing second.

There was much dissatisfaction among the Yale men, many of them claiming foul on Peterson, but the trick had been done so cleverly they had no evidence that a foul had been made. The judges wouldn't listen to their pleas, so Harvard won the meet.

That night there were indignation meetings in the Yale men's rooms, and one party, after talking themselves into a white hot heat, left to "get" Peterson.

By a fake message, sent to his room, they drew Peterson down, he was instantly pounced on by the loyal sons of Eli, and packed away.

Next day at convocation period, the Dean got up and told the story to the members of the meeting. He had been informed of the proceedings of the night before by the Harvard men, who were threatening to lay siege on Yale.

Of course this aroused much comment.

That afternoon Bert, while studying in his room, was interrupted by a knock on the door, and answering it, found the Dean's messenger outside.

"Bert, the Dean wants to see you at 3 o'clock," he said, and turning, trotted down the stairs without another word. Bert went back and tried to study, but found it impossible. When three came, he entered the office and knocked on the Dean's door.

"Come in," said the stenographer.

Bert entered and found two others there, and in the corner sat——Peterson!

Peterson loked like he had been through the war.

"Dana, Haraway, and Darring, you are accused by Peterson of

being in the mob which attacked him last night. Haraway and Darring have already confesed, so, Dana, I will put the same question to you."

"Were you in the mob last night? Answer 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Why no, I-," started Dana.

"Enough," interrupted the Dean. "Now, Peterson, your story."
Peterson's story lost nothing in the telling, and he accused
Bert in particular of being a ring-leader.

Dana argued and tried to prove himeslf innecent, as he claimed to have been in town that night, but no one he knew had seen him, so his proof was not good enough.

"This has been a nasty affair, and I am hurt to think that Yale men have shown such unsportsmanship in this affair. So, under the conditions, you three are to be suspended till other members are apprehended," said the Dean at the conclusion of the session.

This was very bad news, and Bert in particular took it badly for this was his last year at Yale, and he had a splendid record up to this time. Another thing, he knew how his father would take it.

Next day Bert left for home. His arrival surprised his family, and when they discovered the reason, he had a very stormy session with his father. Bert considered himself very much wronged, both by the college and his parents. That night he decided, since his father had made him appear like a ne'er-do-well anyway, to leave home and get a job. So, acting on impulse, he packed what clothes he wanted, and left feeling, as he admitted to himself, like a thief.

When a fellow gets in the rut, or gets down on his luck, he usually drifts into places which seem to fit his mood, and so in his aimless wanderings, Bert arrived at the water front.

It was dark, and the big arc lights were on, helping to dispel the gloom.

An old timer, a three-masted windjammer, was loading up for her cruise, and Bert, being lonely, and going under the motto, "Any port in a storm," went aboard and asked the captain for a job. The captain looked him over shrewdly, and asked him questions for wanting a job, as Bert didn't look like a sailor. He admitted he had never been to sea before, but professed willingness to take any kind of a job, so the captain finally signed him on.

The second mate took him down to the fo'c'stle, where he went to bed in one of the bunks. No one else was there, since the rest of the crew was busy loading. When Bert awoke in the morning the ship was pitching and rolling, and a stiff breeze was blowing. He went out on deck, and realized suddenly that land was just sinking below the horizon, and that he was at sea—in body and soul. He was still meditating his course when the captain came to him and told him to get seamen's clothes out of the ship's "slop chest." The second mate outfitted him, and so, arrayed in

slickers and boots, he went to work as a seaman on a windjammer —he—who but recently had been Yale's most promising athlete!

A good-natured Irish seaman, an old salt, took him in hand, and agreed to teach him the ropes. Though he was made the brunt of their jokes, he "lived and learned" and generally he learned to perform his tasks well enough so he was not under the mate's supervision all the time.

While the crew appeared to take to him well enough, yet it seemed to him as if they were holding back something from him. He gave this but little thought, however, until one night, as he was climbing up the ladder to where the helmsman, Jeff Mann, was steering. As his head came level with the deck so he could see, he saw Jeff earnestly talking to the man on watch. He stopped a minute to listen but could get but disjointed words. —China—Officers—get a split—and then a confused jumble—and then the word—OPIUM! That was it. Opium. Now he had it. And he—Bert Dana, Yale athlete—shipped on an opium cruiser.

He climbed the rest of the way up the ladder and went on to do his errand. As he neared the two they quit talking. He spoke to them and passed on. That night Bert thought it over but decided there was nothing he could do but wait it out, and see how things went. If all went well he was O. K. If not, well—.

About a week later they arrived at China, unloaded their freight, and shipped another cargo. Bert didn't know what was in the big boxes they were shipping, but judged it to be the opium. The ship which was finally loaded, sailed, bound, as Bert learned from Spike, for Frisco.

Four days out of Frisco the sea took on an oily look, and long swells were running, with not a breath of air. Then with the suddenness of tropical storms, the wind came. The ship, close reefed as she was, went shooting through the water. Waves grew bigger rapidly, and it started to rain in sheets. Soon waves were breaking over the ship, and the men were called to man the pumps. Lightning flashed, the rain poured down, and the ship still staggered through the boiling waters. All day, all night, and the next day the men worked the pumps, while the ship labored on with but a thread of canvas set. The middle sail had been ripped to ribbons, as had the top sail of the third mast, and all canvas was reefed except the jib, which kept her flying before the wind.

That evening there was a lull in the storm, and more canvas was let out. Then, unexpectedly the wind came down from another quarter. The ship heeled far over on its side, and the center mast, unable to stand the strain, broke off about half way up and in falling, splintered the cabin into kindling wood.

The wreckage hung over the port side and the captain saw there was no hope of cutting her loose. Giant waves were sweeping the ship, so the captain gave the order to launch the boats.

The first two were sunk in the efforts, but finally three were successfully launched and loaded with men.

"Everybody in?" shouted the captain.

Everyone seemed to be, so the little sails were hoisted and they set out like so many cockleshells for land.

The last puff of wind seemed to have broken the back of the gale, as the wind slowly died down, though the waves st.ll rolled high.

But not everyone bad deserted the ship. Bert and Spud had been going for'd at the time, when they heard the cracking, and seeing the danger, they ran for the cabin, but before they reached it there was a crash, then—darkness.

Finally Spud came to. There was a bump on his head the size of an egg, where a flying sliver had connected. His legs were pinned down by the sail, which was probably all that had been keeping him from washing overboard. Untangling himself, he immediately looked for Dana, and soon found him, tangled in the lines, a bleeding cut on his head, and his left are doubled under him. A high sea was still running, a good deal of the wreckage had broken off, and the ship was riding a lot easier.

Spike dragged Bert to the captain's quarters where he brought him to with medicines from the ship's chest. He bandaged the broken arm with splints and stopped the bleeding of the scalp wound, which proved to be only a minor injury.

"Shure, me hardy, and it was a nasty knock you got," said Spud, as he tied a knot in the bandage.

"Yes, and how about yourself? You den't look like you'd been to a pink tea, either," retorted Bert, for a moment forgetting his throbbing arm.

"Wait here, my boy, and I'll see if there's any others. The boats are gone and methinks we're all that are left unless others got hurt while the blooming mast fell."

He left, returning twenty minutes later with the news that they were the only ones left.

"Masters of all we survey," as Spud put it.

They were too "banged up" by the storm to care what happened to the ship, though at that there was not much they could have done. They prepared something to eat in the galley, and then went out to see what they could do. The ship was still going directly before the wind. Sput got an axe and hacked away the lines and mast, soon severing them and letting them drift astern. The ship righted herself and picked up speed. The waves had gone down a lot by this time, and were now nothing but long swells.

Bert tried to steer, while Spud went to the cabin rooms to look over the charts and compass to find where they were, if possible. He came out an hour later and said:

"Bert, we're in fine. I believe we can get this ole war chariot into port yet. It's been an inshore wind, and we've been drifting landward ever since, so by the rules and regulations we oughtn't to be more'n a day's sail from Frisco or some other port."

"Hot dog," said Bert fervently.

"Now, me hardy, I'll put her on her course, and you try to get some sleep."

Bert went below and stayed a couple of hours, but was unable to sleep on account of his arm, so he came on deck again. He got a lunch ready and relieved Spud at the wheel while he ate.

Alternating at the wheel, time went fast and by three in the afternoon, they caught sight of land. By four it loomed up big, and by six they could see a harbor and a city in the background.

"Say, buddy, talk about luck. This ole village is Valejo. We're only about thirty miles from Frisco. Hurray;" cried Spud, "Buddy, we're on the street."

Half hour later a tug steamed out to meet them and immediately took them in tow. Shortly after she was run alongside the dock and willing hands tied her up, while Spud escorted Bert to a doctor's, where his arm was set and bendaged properly.

Then they sent telegrams to the ship owners and to Bert's family.

"Spud, there's something I want to know. Won't the officers get wise to the opium aboard," said Bert, when they were aboard the train, headed for Frisco to see the ship owners.

"Opium. Now, where did you get that," exclaimed Spud.

Bert told his story of the evening on ship to Spud, and he laughed heartily.

"Why, there's no opium aboard that craft. She's loaded with teas, straight goods."

Bert was at last convinced, and a good deal relieved.

At the station they were met by a cab of the firm and taken to the offices. Here they were quest'oned on the whole trip, and each told the story, at the end of which they were heartily congratulated by the owners.

"My boys, you've done great work. As quick as we get to it, your services will be rewarded well."

At the door they were greeted by a army of reporters and camera men, but they finally ditched them and went to the park, to day dream of their experiences.

"Well, we've certainly turned from nobodys into somebodys, haven't we?" asked Bert, and as Spud didn't answer, he looked around and saw him valiantly trying to coax a two-bit cigar into life. So he desisted and walked on in silence.

-Albert White, '24.

### Willys-Knight Out

Willy whistled. Willy always whistled the same aimless, sweet, nondescript tune when he went down the climbing-rose-covered arch that led from the kitchen door to the garage at Huntley Lodge. At meal times the same path led back to the kitchen and Willy didn't know which way he liked to go better.

As he opened the garage door he felt like a king opening the gate of his kingdom, for Wilbur Macmillan was lord and master of those monsters, gleaming blue and black and red. But the pearl of the four cars was a Willys-Knight in a coat of midnight blue. Willy grinned with luxury-loving satisfaction as he rested his hand on the door and roamed his eyes over the car. He thought of the admiring crowd that would be about him when he stopped outside the Krang Candies Shop. He loved victory over Florence!

Florence was becoming flighty. There was no denying it, when those pillars of community welfare, the Presbyterian Ladies Aid, the Episcopalian Guild, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said so. They resolved to keep their views a secret knowing, I suppose, that such an action would mean the quickest publicity. The general trend of the aforesaid views was that Florence was becoming flighty and trying to be citified by taking up all a city's vices.

Wilbur Macmillan worked seven days of the week and six nights of the week as chauffeur for the Huntley family. The seventh night was his own to maltreat as he wished. And tonight was Willy's night out! But though his night off duty came once a week, Mr. Huntley did not buy a Willys-Knight once a week; nor did he offer the use of a three-days-old Willys-Knight to his chauffeur once a week. So Willy was thoroughly enjoying the future pleasure which, in one hour and twenty-two minutes, was to be his.

As there was little possibility of his services being needed by his employer, he spent the twenty-two minutes in going over the cars in the garage. The hour he spent in washing and dressing. He wore his grey suit, panama hat, and midnight blue tie to match the midnight blue, four-wheeled charict of victory, in which he would, as he put it, "Knock 'em dead." His thoughts were too joyfully to be contained and he whistled snatches of popular songs, and some melodies that had never been written. Occasionally, when not looking into the crooked looking-glass he sang parts of the popular songs; but he never sang while looking at himself for fear of breaking his one and only looking-glass. Willy could not sing and he knew it.

Florence presented a smiling face as the rays of the setting sun lit up her Community Hall, The Sweinber's Emporium, and the two hotels, both boatsing elevator service to their five and six story heights. The small homes with their tiny gardens were painted an ethereal golden mist by that red glowing ball on the horizon. The windows of the half-dozen large houses on the

slope behind the town reflected the fiery glow, seeming like the square jaws of furnaces, as Willy drove past them toward the Krang Candies Shop.

At the Krang Candles Shop he had to share honors with a young man in a new Stutz. Some little bird had told someone of Huntley buying the Willys-Knight and that some one had literally "told the world!" So Willy couldn't say the Willys-Knight was his, whereas the other young fellow really did own the Stutz. Willy decided the puddle was too small and headed down the state highway for the town of Jerome, which possessed one thousand more inhabitants than Florence.

On all the straight stretches he stepped on the accelerator about ten miles more than was healthy for a three-days-old car. He was feeling like Sir Launcelot and a Wall Street magnate rolled into one. Perhaps that was why he stopped a few paces around a curve where he saw a pair of french-heeled white kid slippers, toes upward to the sky, sticking out from under a small black sports model. Although he was of kind disposition, still I don't thing he would have stopped if the aforesaid slippers had been flat-heeled flapper sandals. Willy detested flappers, you know. They were so young and—well, flappish. Their chatter seemed almost childish to a grown man like Willy. Ask him any time and he will tell you this, and if you look interested he will tell you more on the same order.

"Can I help?" he called, after peering under the car but seeing nothing, he heard a muttering, a part of which was: "Darn the whole blankety mess! Couldn't get this thing home in a carpet bag." Willy waited. Nothing happened. Willy looked up at the moon a moment and indifferently began whistling. A moment later he was staring at the small figure of a girl in a badly oilmottled dress whose "Hello!" had brought him back to earth. Willy smiled; then he grinned.

"Hello!" he said, "What's doing?"

"It won't go. I think if we can get a suction sweeper we may be able to gather enough parts between here and Jerome to make it hold together while a wrecker takes it back to home and mother." She hung her head disconsolately a moment then raised it and looked at him in the moonlight.

"My name is Margery Whitlock. What's yours?" Willy grinned again.

"Willy Macmillan. Mayn't I help some way?" he asked. Because he was too startled to show his eagerness in his voice, Margery Whitlock decided he was "all right."

Willy took a step toward the car but stopped abruptly as Margery said:

"Don't bother. If you will take me back to Jerome, I'll hire a car there. I'm just going to Florence."

"Won't you let me take you there?" asked the entranced Sir Launcelot

"Jerome is nearer," she said a trifle sharply as she eyed him coolly.

"All right," Willy said after a moment. His feet were so buoyant that he could not believe he was merely walking, as he escorted Miss Margery Whitlock to the Willys-Knight.

He partly awoke as he handed her in, and realized how much more pleasant it was for rescued angels to ride in a new, midnight-blue Willys-Knight than in a red or black car of less renowned make. He got in and started. Then seeing her relax and almost smile, Willy ventured a remark that the cool air of evening was refreshing after the blazing hot summer sun all day. Margery stiffened a trifle, then relaxed again, turned to him, and said with a mischievous up-quirking of her lips:

"It does. Summer days would be unbearable if it were not for their nights. And speaking of knights you and this car are trumps." Willy grinned. Then as she straightened and stared at the fast moving road, he coughed slightly, straightened his face, tightened his lips, and accelerated ten miles of bad health for the Willy-Knight.

Margery leaned toward him impulsively and said: "Don't be cross."

Willy smiled a tiny smile. He couldn't have told how it was, but as they drove up before the Johnson garage in Jerome, he

realized that he had related all his life history.

With a sinking hear, he realized that he had told her that he was an orphan; that his uncle had helped him through high school in Florence; that he was merely a chauffeur; that the Willys-Knight was not his; that he had saved a little money; and worst of all he had intimated that he liked her! What would she think

of him? That question bothered him so much that he stumbled when he got out of the car; blushed furiously when he handed

her out, and mumbled when she thanked him.

Willy stood staring stupidly at the door of the garage through which his rescued angel had vanished. He sighed deeply and turned to enter "his" car. With one foot on the running board he turned and looked again at the garage door. It wasn't a very "nice" garage. Also Margery, (nicest name in the world! not flighty-nice, sweet old-fashioned name) had been in there long enough No sound came from within.

Willy took his foot off the runing board, took one step toward the door, hesitated; then tip-toed cautiously over to the door and cranked his neck around it. The place was dimly lighted by one large light at the end. Just beneath this light Margery was facing him. Her bobbed hair was tumbled about her face. Her eyes were blazing. Both her hands were clutching an empty bottle which she held to one side threateningly.

Willy immediately stepped inside and started toward her. He didn't step cautiously either and she started, a flash of fear racing over her features. When she saw who it was, she took

two step toward him then stopped and swung her bottle aloft.

"Look out! behind you!" She said quickly. Willy whirled and side-stepped a good upper-cut aimed at him by a slim and rather short man. Willy grappled with him, as the fellow went to trip him. Willy caught him in midriff; and, as he doubled up, he delivered an upper-cut that laid the bully low to the ground in a sound and dreamless sleep.

As Willy turned to Margery and sprang toward her, at the same time she crashed the bottle over the head of a large man whose gruff voice had been filling the garage with curses, various and eloquent. The head evidently was very hard, and except for a ducking between the shoulders, the curses did not stop but became vociferous. Willy felt weak in the knees as he saw the above action, but he couldn't stop because he had started with much speed across the ten feet that separated them. He gathered courage as she saw Margery step aside so that she could easily reach the door.

Willy stepped behind the bully as he turned to follow Margery, and seeing a gleam near the floor Willy stooped quickly and picked up a flash light. He raised it through the air quickly and brought it down on the hard skull of the bully as he turned toward him with a roar of rage. He sank to the floor, shifted, moaned and then lay still.

"Let's get out of here quick," said Willy as he slipped an arm around the pale Margery. At the door she stumbled over the body of the first bully and almost sank to the floor. Willy picked her up in his arms and caried her out of the garage and lifted her into the Willys-Knight. He climbed in and after driving a block he felt a hand—her hand—on his arm. He just escaped running up a telephone post, as he hugged her to him and rained kisses on her upturned face.

-Dorothy Stearns, 25.

The leaves of Autumn were falling fast,
A man trod on them and zigzaged past;
But ere this fool had traveled far,
An object fell like a falling star;
And things above became bright and fair,
Shrill bird songs having filled the echoing air;
Therefore on the turf of the green morass,
He fell lifeless in the long, tangled grass;
So when he was found, and the doctors opened his head,
They found not brains; but there instead,
"Excelsior"

### Can You Imagine?

All the Seniors graduating?

Miriam McBride not talking in the study hall?

Saturday night dances without the High School bunch present?

The Totem without this in it?

What Juneau would do in the Meet, if it wasn't for the Juniors?

What school will be like next year with the "quiet" Seniors and the Kleinschmidt twins gone?

Anyone going to Douglas to get some excitement?

Alice as a movie queen?

The orchestra without Miss Luedtke?

How the faculty could come to school the morning after the Frosh dinner?

Jack playing tuneful lullabyes on his sax?

The joke editor not being called a joke?

No talking in the halls?

Any of us leaving before the eats were served at a party?

The "J" Bird staff getting their work in on time?

All the teachers (including the maculine gender) with bobbed hair?

An issue of the Totem without some verse in it about the editor getting all the blame? (We'd like to know how they get that way.)

The Soph boys a gang of rowdies

A chemistry class without its "martyr to science"?

Pete as a nice bashful boy?

What the Douglas girls would do if there weren't a few extra boys in Juneau?

School without the usual noise issuing from the music room every morning?

All of us fifty years hence?????

Yourself as people in the "States" see you?

Getting run over in Douglas?

Al and Zeno not "experimenting" in chemistry?

A nice quiet study period with the Seniors in the study hall?

Dot K. on a diet in Billy Taylor's candy shop?

A senior "sneak" day?

A chemistry recitation without the usual "I don't know?"

George without his "Have you seen Grace?"

School without Miss Carnahan?

Oh death, where is thy sting?

### The Sophomores Visit Mars

"I always thought there was something wrong with those Sophomores, but I know there is now," a Senior was heard to remark.

"What have they done now?" was the question of an inno-

"They have taken up astronomy of all idiotic subjects."

Well, to tell the truth, we were engaged in the occupation of studying that subject, which requires well developed brains to master, and we surely became interested in it. Mars was so infatuated that a visit to the heavenly body was the only remedy by which we could quench our thirst for knowledge.

The boys were very enthusiastic over the idea and worked day and night on a device by which we could make the journey. At last it was completed, but, because of our class (or rather some of the members) were so massive, we had to build two planes just alike to carry us to our destination.

Finally we bade our fellow students and faculty, who especially wept at our departure, good-bye, and with the company of Miss Hart we were on our way.

Our quarters, we'll have to admit, were rather crowded and uncomfortable. Grace calmly announced that her foot was drowsy and she had to wiggle it to prevent its dreaming; then we almost lost Miss Bathe overboard, but she was in time rescued by an athletic member of our crowd.

The rate of speed we traveled was wonderful, and suddenly through the calm atmosphere Bobby, our look-out, announced, "Mars, Ahoy, Sirs!"

Wonder and excitement reigned over that usually quiet and peaceful group, and our trusty plane hit Mars with a bang, closely followed by our companions, who, likewise, landed with a crash. None, however, were hurt, and soon we turned our attention to Mars.

What a queer place it was, so very unlike our own planet. Of all the strange places this was the limit. As far as our eyes could reach, we could see nothing but a queer sandy soil, fine, loose, and dry, and the sun fairly beat down upon our heads. At once we took samples of this queer soil for the purpose of giving them to Professor Baker to examine in his General Science class.

"Oh---!!!"

It was Harriet's emancipated scream. We turned at once and the male members of our party hurried to the rescue of that fair maiden in distress. But the sight before their eyes almost stopped the gallant rescuers. Coming toward our fair lady was a countless number of small creatures about the height of our Sophomore Shrimp. Only I'm afraid if I compared her looks with theirs she would be offended! Their bodies and heads were round, disklike in shape. The head and body were about the same size, and

both were composed of transparent substance, unlike the flesh and bones of a human being. They had large and round eyes in front and in back of their heads; their noses were long and peaked; their enormous mouths moved continually. Their bodies were supported by long slender arms and legs of this almost transparent substance. No wonder the young lady was frightened!

When they discovered the rest of us they were as surprised as we were, and talk of chattering! Chickens, roosters, hens, ducks, geese, crows, seagulls, ravens, and any other noise-makers were not to be compared with them. We stood gazing at them as though they were bewitched.

At length Pat, our master of foreign and dead languages, advanced before them. He spoke first to them in English. They gazed at him in wonder; in Greek—all the more wonderment. In Latin—they look as they he were crazy. In Arabic—he was surely a lunatic. At last with all hope gone and his patience tried to distraction, our dignified Patrick used that plain and forcible language—profanity. That had some effect upon them, and they turned and hurried away as fast as their tooth-pick legs could carry them.

"Gee! but this sure is some place," Honkey said as he stood scratching his head and watching the crowd disappear.

"My stomach says it's dinner time. Oh, for a Juneau Billiard Sundae!" and Dot heaved such a sigh that we thought surely that the Taku had followed us to this forsaken place.

We gathered our lunch together and built a fire. Soon the entire group were gathered around the fire, roasting nice big. fat, juicy weenies to put between a hot, buttered bun, lined with mustard. We were all so busily employed with sinking out teeth down into that appetizing bun that we forgot to do anything but to swallow a mouthful of delicious hot coffee. Suddenly—

"Holy Smokestacks!" what's this?" came from our East Spook.

There coming toward us was the most comical-looking animal. It was large; the body was like that of a zebra; its legs were shaped like a kangaroo, the neck was long like a giraffe; and the head resembled a deer's. It was going hurriedly along with its nose close to the ground. All at once it stopped, raised its head, sniffed the air, sighted us, and turned scampering off as fast as it could go, uttering the most weird noise as it went.

"This place is too hot for me. Let's go," said Florence who had been standing with her eyes and mouth wide open with a weenie raised half-way to its destruction, which she calmly moved closer to its destination and hastily began to make ready for her departure.

"Oh, we don't want to go yet. Why, we've only arrived, and we simply must have something to take home with us when we go. Just think of the way those Seniors would tease us if we came back with empty hands. I'm game for staying. Who's with me?"

Most of the group wanted to remain, but Florence persist-

ently declared that the memory of Harriet's capture and Ed's Bold (as the animal was duly dubbed) was all she needed in the line of relics. Nevertheless, she finally gave in and agreed to stay with us.

Our next move was to see if we could find anything else to startle us. For a while our investigation proved fruitless, and we were almost ready to give up our search and go back to our landing place when the boys ahead shouted to hurry up.

Their discovery proved to be a small gulch, the bottom of which we soon reached. At last we had found something. There was a large quantity of lava-like substance melted and hardened with different minerals. Here was something of interest to take home with us. Our interesting investigation, however, was shattered by a piercing cry. There to our dismay was Miss Hart being carried away by Harriet's captors. They were dragging her over the bank as fast as they possibly could.

We started to her rescue but alas! to our horror the banks of the gulch, which we so easily climbed down could not be mounted. This same sandy soil which was on the banks made us go down a good deal faster than we came up, as we tried to climb it.

We could not get to the rescue of our ill-fated member, for we, too, might perhaps meet the same fate as she had.

Hours seemed to pass with no success in our making an escape. The rocks no longer held our attention, and we all looked like a group of pallbearers. All the time the others sat around mourning and wishing they were back at the "J. H. S." Grace kept trying to reach the top of the gulch. Little by little she gained headway and a husky shout announced her success. The work was long and tiresome, but with her help we all finally reached the top and at last a breath that was not uneasy.

We walked back discussing a plan by which we might go to the aid of Miss Hart. We decided to go in as nearly the same direction as we thought the captors had gone. The girls' hopes, however, were soon shatered on the subject of rescue.

"Nothing doing, this is no place for a bunch of girls anyway. You stay right here by the camp. It will take brain and muscle to rescue her."

They remained stern and refused to let us go. So we staid only because we had a plan of our own. They were soon on their way rather proud of the fact that we had yielded to their wishes.

While we waited for them to disappear from sight we equipped ourselves with a compass, which, strange to say, works in the same manner on Mars as it does on earth, with something to eat, and with some water. As soon as Grace announced the "coast clear" we were on our way.

The direction we took was exactly opposite from the one the boys had chosen. We hurried along as fast as we could in that scorching sun. It seemed as though we covered miles, and the

place where we landed on Mars was no longer in sight, and only with the aid of a compass could we return. Returning was out of the question. We were out as rescuers.

In the distance we could see objects which might be trees. At first we thought it was a mirage, but, as we gradually drew closer, we were positive that it was not. We saw that the objects were somewhat like trees only they were turned upside down. The tops of ours were the bottoms of theirs. They were just inverted. They were spruce or of almost the same texture.

As we came up closer, we saw that in the midst of these treelike objects was a group of huts, made of that same lava rock that was in the bottom of the gulch. Why they needed those huts of stone, we could not guess, unless it was to use them as ovens with the blistering sun as a fire. There was no sign of life about the place, and, as we cautiously drew nearer, we could get a better view of the houses. They were low and squatty with no windows. The only opening was a low door-like space on one side.

We went up closer, not knowing what to do.

"The rest of you wait out here and I'll go up to see if there is any one there at all," Grace motioned us back ,and cautiously advanced toward the buildings.

We stood waching her and then glancing out over the plains to see if any one was in sight. Grace disappeared from our sight finally and we believed she had entered one of those queer houses. She was gone just a few minutes when she again appeared and began to motion to us to come where she was. With one last look to see if we were safe, we started toward her. She motioned us to be quiet and then led us through the doorway. Most of us had to stoop when we entered, and as we went into the enclosure we met with total darkness. The blinding sunlight that we had just left made us unaccustomed to the darkness.

At length one of the girls produced a flash light. The room proved to be empty, not a single object in it. We made our way outside and again into another building. This search, too, proved fruitless. The third one contained our prize. For lying on the floor utterly exhausted and bound with a fine binding thread, which cut unmercifully into her flesh, was our captured chaperone.

With the aid of a pocket knife, we cut her loose and then revived her with a drink of water. When her strength had returned, we started back, scanning the horizon and listening to her story.

"I fought them, but their bony hands had more strength than you could imagine. They pulled me across the sand and compelled me to run almost all the way. You can imagine how exhausted I was running in this intense heat. When we reached those queer houses, they produced that slender rope with which they bound me. It was so hot in there, just like an oven. You, girls, are certainly gallant rescuers."

By this time we were almost back to our landing place. We

began to make ready for our departure as quickly as we could. Suddenly we heard shouts and here came boys pell mell toward

us, pursued by a small band of those queer creatures. Both the boys and the would-be captors were running as fast as they could.

When the pursuers saw the group of girls, they stopped instantly and began to retreat. So the boys were again in safety, thanks to the weaklings.

You can imagine how astonished they were to see the rescued Miss Hart, and they at last agreed that the girls did have a right on that queer place.

I can honestly tell you that we lost no time in making our departure, and there was several sighs of relief as we turned at last toward home. Although we weren't nearly so excited and curious a group as when we arrived, we were a much better informed and more tired group. We were traveling at the same rate of speed as before when—crash—bang—smash—

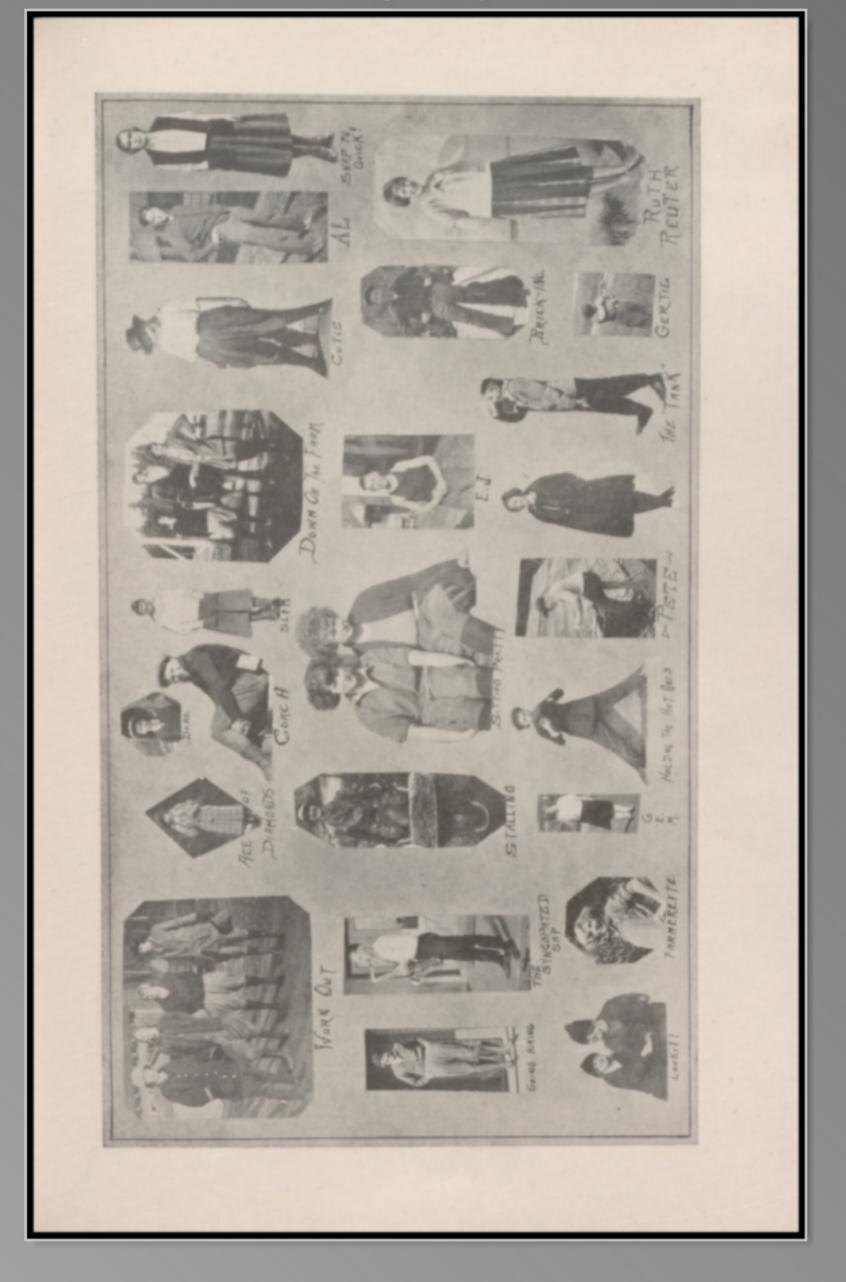
I sat up startled, looked wonderingly about. I was at home sitting before the fire. A large leather bound volume on "Scientific and Astronomic Discoveries" had just fallen from my lap. I had fallen asleep and our entire trip to Mars had been a dream.

-Mildred Warwick, '26.

### Sonnet on Spring

Hail! Spring! with a cry of joy I greet thee;
On a distant hill I seek a speck of green,
And I know that Spring has wakened from dream,
Bringing untold joys again to meet me,
With her flowers and her song birds sweetly
Singing, as from the sky a dancing sun-beam
Turns the babbling brooks to gems with its bright gleam.
Hail Spring! on a flower-decked throne I seat thee,
But yet there is a something else I see
In all your beauties and your fresh green sod
So now I give my hearty thanks to thee;
Not that only you have brought to me my God,
But that you bring Him in a different way.

-Etolin Campen, '25.



### Important Items from the Year 1923 and 1924

#### SEPTEMBER

- 4-Ho, hum. School again. Sleepy faces.
- 5-New books-broke.
- 6-More books-still more broke.
- 7—First Friday. Hooray! Friday still proves the most popular of school days.
- 10-The affects of early rising are noticeable on some.
- 11-Faculty beach party. Good eats were reported.
- 12-Rules are laid down. Sad faces.
- 13-Caught talking in the halls. Especially the girls.
- 14-Work sets in in earnest-it's supposed to.
- 18-Three old ones are added to the Senior's rank. Resultmore noise.
- 19—Letter from Phat Kirkland states he is now a member of the football team where he attends school. His weight proved his making.
- 21—Soph weiner roast held. It was reported that everything was cleaned up.

#### OCTOBER

- 1-Noise from the music room is becoming a daily occurrence.
- 5—Ye great Hoonay trip! The boys stopped at Hoonah to get cookies and candy. Baker ruthlessly slaughtered thousands of ducks.
- 6-Brick reported going into voluntary bankruptcy
- 8-Still smiles on some faces.
- 10—Barney Google and Spark Plug are reported to be in the science room. It was, however, found to be only Curtis Shattuck laughing.
- 14—The Juniors climbed to the top of Mt. Roberts. The descent to the lunch boxes was made in record time.
- 15—The "J" Club is reorganized. There are queries on the part of the girls whether or not they will be invited to a big feast later on.
- 19-Junior dance in the gym. The punch table proved very popular.
- 26—The Seniors present the first semi-monthly program. The boys make stunning appearance in sheets and girls' skirts and capes.
- 31—Advice to all the Freshmen is published in the "J" Bird.
  NOVEMBER
- 9—Junior program. The performers raise the envy of the students with their gum and all-day suckers, which played important parts in the sketch.
- 12—Rubber boots and khaki pants displayed by the boys. It was learned, however, that not all of them turned out to work on the pond.
- 14—The Shirt Brigade is formed. The members are to make their appearance in their dad's shirts every Thursday and Friday.

- 16—It is learned that the Juniors are to be taxed 25 cents a month.

  The unfortunates get busy scraping up pennies.
- 18-Some Freshmen apply for membership in the Shirt Brigade.
- 19—A meeting of the Shirt Brigade is held. The Freshmen are rejected because they were found too green.
- 23—The calculator proves a great help to the faculty in figuring up the students' zeros.
- 25—The Juniors hike to the Salmon Creek dam. A ten-gallon coffee pot was emptied to the grounds.
- 29-Almost one hundred new subscriptions to the "J" Bird were turned in from the subscription contest.

#### DECEMBER

- 5—Seniors are sporting their new class pins. A certain member was reported as not purchasing one as the price was too steep.
- 7-Freshmen program. Codfish does not happen to be the students' favorite dish.
- 10-Ye girls' class games start. They're going out after the faculty's scalp.
- 14-The Shirt Brigade dance! The best ever given in the gym this year.
- 15-The Hilltoppers meet defeat from the gold diggers in the Nat.
- 19—The Junior-Senior girls' team won the school championship in basketball.
- 21—Great New Year's resolutions are published in the "J" Bird. That's the beginning and end of them.
- 22-Christmas holidays! No more school till January 2!
- 26—Shirt Brigade hike to the cabin at Vanderbilt's hill. A great brass horn was discovered and put to use.

#### JANUARY

- 2-We find that New Year's resolutions were made to break.
- 4-What is the old world coming to? Grace Kleinschmidt was on time!
- 5—The exams are approaching on all six. Now is the time for all good students to do their studying.
- 7-A great National Convention is held in American History. Leonard Holmquist won the Republican nomination.
- 17-The day of doorn approached! Exams are here.
- 18-The Rustlers' gave their party. For once we had enough cake to eat.
- 21-Rumors of a dance are approaching. (Heavy on the Rumor)
- 24-Juniors are planning their Prom already. Oh, boy!
- 28-The Rumor of a dance was correct. Basketball tournament starts.
- 29-A new leaf is turned over. The second semester has begun.
- 30-Wrangell remains champs of Southeastern Alaska.

#### FEBRUARY

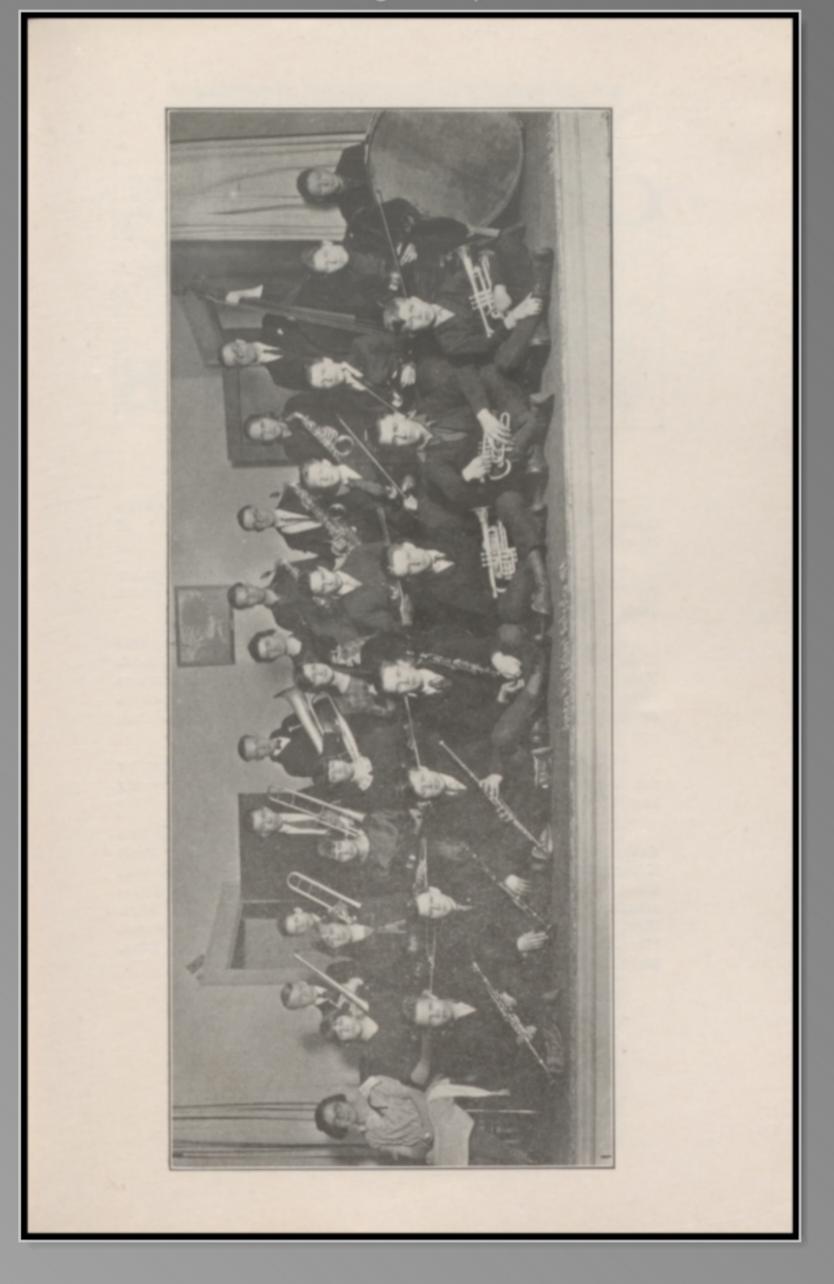
- 2-Ground hog day. The price of sausage increases in the local markets.
- 5-The Prom committees are selected. The date is given as Feb. 31.
- 6-Contrary to the former rumor of the Prom date, it will be held Feb. 29.
- 8-Juneau's girls win the first game from Douglas.
- 10—Advanced domestic art girls are busy sewing their Prom dresses.
- 15-The second Junior program. The boys make a decided hit in their fashion show.
- 15-Douglas girls revenge themselves on Juneau and win the game.
- 22-Washington's birthday. The school gets a holiday. Quite a number suffer from the shock. Long live George Washington!
- 29-The Prom! To say it was a success is putting it altogether too mildly.

#### MARCH

- 1-The schedule for the "Totem" pictures is given out.
- 2—Brick and Zeno purchase a bug. The general impression was that it was gray. However, a beautiful blue was found beneath the dirt.
- 3—The Sophs were unable to have their pictures taken. The camera was unable to withstand the strain put upon it when the Freshies pictures were taken.
- 5—An inspiring letter which tells all about the raising of corn appears in the "J" Bird. It's from Virginia.
- 7-The Glee Club concert!
- 10-The girls receive new middles. There is much rejoicing.
- 15-John Halm enters the marble tournament and intends to run off with the cup.
- 19-The Soph dance is postponed!
- 29-The P.-T. A. dance is given in the A. B. Hall! Oh, boy, we had a grand time.

#### APRIL

- 1—The Freshmen show their supreme ignorance by biting on ye April fool jokes.
- 3—The Meet will be held in Juneau instead of Ketchikan. Great rejoicing on the part of the Frosh who know no better. General disappointment is felt.
- 4—The Orchestra Concert makes the biggest hit of any school performance. Stampede on the part of delinquents, who failed to hand in "J" Bird and Totem stuff.
- S—School is closed for the remainder of the week because of measles. Great rejoicing.
- 11-The "Totem" goes to press.





The Girls' Glee Club, which boasts of an enrollment of twentythree members, was organized this year under the leadership of Miss Ruth Reuter.

The girls made their first public appearance at the November P. T. A. meeting and won such applause that they were called upon to sing at the April meeting.

After much rehearsing and long hours of practice the Glee Club staged its annual concert which took place on March 6. Needless to say, the affair was highly successful and the members received many compliments on their ability to put on such a delightful program. The girls also assisted in the Orchestra Concert on April 4.

The success of this year's Glee Club has been manifested by the numerous demands for public appearance, and we sincerely hope that such an activity will become established.

The members are: First Soprano—Harriet Barragar, Florence Bathe, Gertie Jackson, Margaret Kiloh, Grace Kleinschmidt, Ruth Krugness, Virginia Shattuck, Dorothy Stearns, and Mable Sturrock. Second Soprano—Elsie Baggen, Evelyn Judson, Dorothy Kleinschmidt, Lynda Pademeister, Mildred Warwick, and Alma Weil. First Alto—Lillian Bayers, Della Lundstrom, Dora Lundstrom, Margaret Peterson, and Helen Lundstrom. Second Alto—Alice Case, Myrtle Price, and Gertrude Waltonen.



### "J" Club '24

The "J" Club began the year with the election of officers for the present term. Leonard Holmquist was elected President, Harold Campen, Vice-President, and Albert White, Secretary. Coach N. I. Baker is adviser.

The members of the "J" Club are: Leonard Holmquist, George White, Dan Rusell, Albert White, and Harold Campen. A somewhat strenuous initiation conducted by L. Holmquist, G. White and Coach Baker was meted out to the new eligibles who had gained recognition through basketball and track prowess during the season of '23.

The "J" Club play has been contemplated for this year in order that honoriums may be presented to the graduating members of the Club as is the usual custom.

The "J" Club members are going to init ate five new men who have won letters through basketball this year. They are: Fred Gould, Ed Garnick, Earle Hunter, Albert Orson, and John Halm.

If the plans of the "J" Club carry out successfully, a picnic will be given for the high school by this organization at the end of the year.

H. W. C., '24.



### The "J" Bird

Our school paper, The "J" Bird, has had a very successful year in both a literary and financial sense. It has more than paid for itself each issue, making it possible to lay aside a little nest-egg to help continue publication in future years, when a financial aid might be necessary.

Its literary departments, its humorous columns, its important writeups of school activities,—all have done much to help make this a successful school year, by gaining the interest of the students.

The exchange list contains over two hundred school papers in its department, coming from nearly every State in the Union, and even one from the Philippines.

The continuation of the "J" Bird's publication is an assured fact.

The staff members who have published this year's issues are as follows:

Albert White	Editor-in-Chief
Leonard Holmquist	Associate Editor
Miss Hallie Hart	Staff Adviser
Fred Gould	"Keen Stuff"
Earle Hunter	Jokes
Miriam McBride	Literary Review
George White	
Etolin Campen	
	Sophomore Class
James Connors	Freshman Class
Ruth Krugness	Reporter
Virginia Metzgar	
John RundallExchange	and "The Column"

#### BUSINESS STAFF

Jack Burford .	Business	Manager
Robert Morris		Assistant





Track

As soon as the weather permitted, the call for track men sounded forth. About twenty high school boys responded. Since we were handicapped with weather conditions, a great deal of the training was confined to indoor work. This indoor training, which was composed of various muscle strengthening exercises, soon led to outdoor work.

As Juneau High has a number of last year's track men back, many fans are choosing Juneau as the winner of the coming Inter School Meet. Coach Baker's men are training faithfully and will not disappoint those who pick the J. H. S. as the victors.

With the coming Meet near at hand, Mr. Baker is now giving his attention to those chosen to represent the school. It is certain that at this Meet, Juneau will give a very creditable showing of itself by taking all honors.

### Basketball

Banketball has been a great sucess this season, not so much in victories, as in spirit and management. Although we have lost the majority of our games, our team has proved that the material is here for an undefeatable five next year.

A great deal of credit must be given to Coach Baker, as his strenuous efforts have kept Juneau High in close touch with other teams. The players were for the most part inexperienced and the task of making a winning team in one season is seldom successful, so the results were no more than could be expected.

Coach Baker will have four of his first string men back next year, and he means the capture of all honors in the field.

J. H. S. has two teams this year, the regulars lining up as:

Left Forward	John Halm
Right Forward	George White
Center	Harold Campen
Left Guard	Ed. Garnick
	te and Earle Hunter

The Colts line up as:

Rigth Forward	Earle Hunter
Left Forward	Arthur Peterson
Center	Fred Gould
Right Guard	Albert White
Left Guard	
Substitutes Harold Brown	and Raymond Bell

#### GAMES

The opening game on December 15, was played in Douglas with the High School team. This, though being merely a practice game, resulted in victories for both Douglas first and second teams.

#### First Team-44-11

#### Second Team-16-12

The second game was with the local A. N. B. five. This game showed a decided improvement over the first. Juneau this time emerged victorious.

#### First Team-28-8

The third contest was against our old school pals, the Alumni, and proved a disaster for us. This game was close and in doubt up to the last minute. The graduates were held down time after time by the hard and close checking of Garaick, Juneau Hi's star guard.

#### First Team-28-25

On January 4, we again met our rivals from across the channel. Though again defeated, the team displayed a marked improvement over the first game, as the score shows. The addition of George White, last year's star guard greatly strengthened the J. H. S. squad. Though our first string men were defeated, the second team came through victorious.

#### First Team-25-10 Second Team-11-16

The next battle, which was again with our channel rivals, Douglas, left our luck unchanged. We were defeated by a smaller score than the previous one. In this encounter, Campen, our lanky center, earned the reputation as a dead shot from any place within the seventeen-foot zone. The second team again upheld its end, leaving the Douglas Colts at the short end of the score.

#### First Team-30-16 Second Team-11-12

In our first game with the Juneau Fire Department five, our jinx still remained unbroken. The Firemen carried off the long end of the score card home with them. Orsen displayed a magnificent brand of basketball and though guarding closely, he shot with deadly accuracy.

#### First Team-23-18

On February 23, we met our previous conquerors, the J. F. D. quintet. This time J. H. S. carried home the larger portion of the score. Hitting the center of the hoop, from the middle of the stable, with unfailing accuracy, Halm, was the large scoring factor in Juneau High's victory.

#### First Team-33-30

As this was to be our last game until the Inter-School Meet our team determined to carry home the "bacon." We were doomed to disappointment, however, for the Douglas fire-eaters turned the tables and they, instead, carried the desired pork. The second team again defeated the Douglas junior team.

#### First Team—24-19 Second Team—13-14

With basketball practically at an end the following players will receive letters through their hoop activities:

Harold Campen, Albert White, George White, John Halm, Edward Garnick, Albert Orsen, Leonard Holmqu'st, Fred Gould, Earle Hunter, Jr.

### Inter-School Tournament

The Inter-School Tournament, which was held at Juneau was instigated for the purpose of determining which team of the high schools of Southeastern Alaska would tour Seattle under the auspices of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. In this Douglas, Wrangell, Ketchikan and Juneau took part. Wrangell came through undefeated and so earned the much-coveted trip touring Puget Sound as champions of Southeastern Alaska.

Each team, after the contest, rated as follows

mitter the content	ty settletts and at	CARRIED .	**	
Wrangell		100.	0	9
Douglas		66.	6	9
Juneau		33.	3	9
Ketchikan		0.0	0	e

We were determined to be the winners in the game with Douglas, and the score will tell how close we came to realizing our longed for destiny. In this event the gameness of Albert White won the applause of all those present.

#### First Team-22-14

The following evening we again entered the hall to match our skill against a much heavier team, Wrangell. This game was considered as one of the hardest fought contests witnessed in Juneau. Wrangell duplicated that which Douglas had handed us the previous evening.

#### First Team-15-4

Our last game, which we resolved would not find us at the end of the percentage column was against Ketchikan. We made this resolution a fact, when we defeated our rivals for the cellar position.

First Team-29-20





The usual questions and inquiries as to the date set for the opening of the girls' basketball season did not fail to be heard at the beginning of school. After two months of impatient waiting, however, the gym was again filled with enthusiastic basketball fans.

Since there were four teams in the field to fight for the school championship, an inter-class tournament was arranged. Teams were entered by the Faculty, Juniors-Seniors as one, Sophomores, and Freshmen. The faculty had held the championship the year before, but this season the Juniors especially were bound to take it away from them. In this they succeeded for the Junior-Senior team won first place in the tournament. This was the second time they had been adjudged the school champions, the Junior girls winning that distinction when mere Freshles.

With the class games out of the way, basketball practice began in earnest, for then interest was turned towards the coming games with Douglas.

The defenders of the scarlet and black as anounced by the coach Miss Ueland are: Forwards, Della Lundstrom (captain) and Ruth Krugness; Center, Florence Bathe; Alternate Side Center, Grace Kleinschmidt and Alma Weil; Guards, Dora Lundstrom and Lynda Pademeister; sub, Hansena Campen.

This is Della's fourth year on the team as forward. She won a place as forward when she was in the eighth grade because of her dexterity with a basketball.

Ruth won recognition as a side center for two years. This year she was tried out as a forward and made the place besides Della.

Lynda's first year as a guard was well played. Whenever the ball got away she was right there on top of it, and she wasn't shy about getting it either.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum



Woe to the forward who had Dora to reckon with. She stuck to her opponent for dear life. Many were the baskets that might have been for the other side but for her.

Florence made the team as center in her first year out for basketball. She can hold down her place with the rest of them.

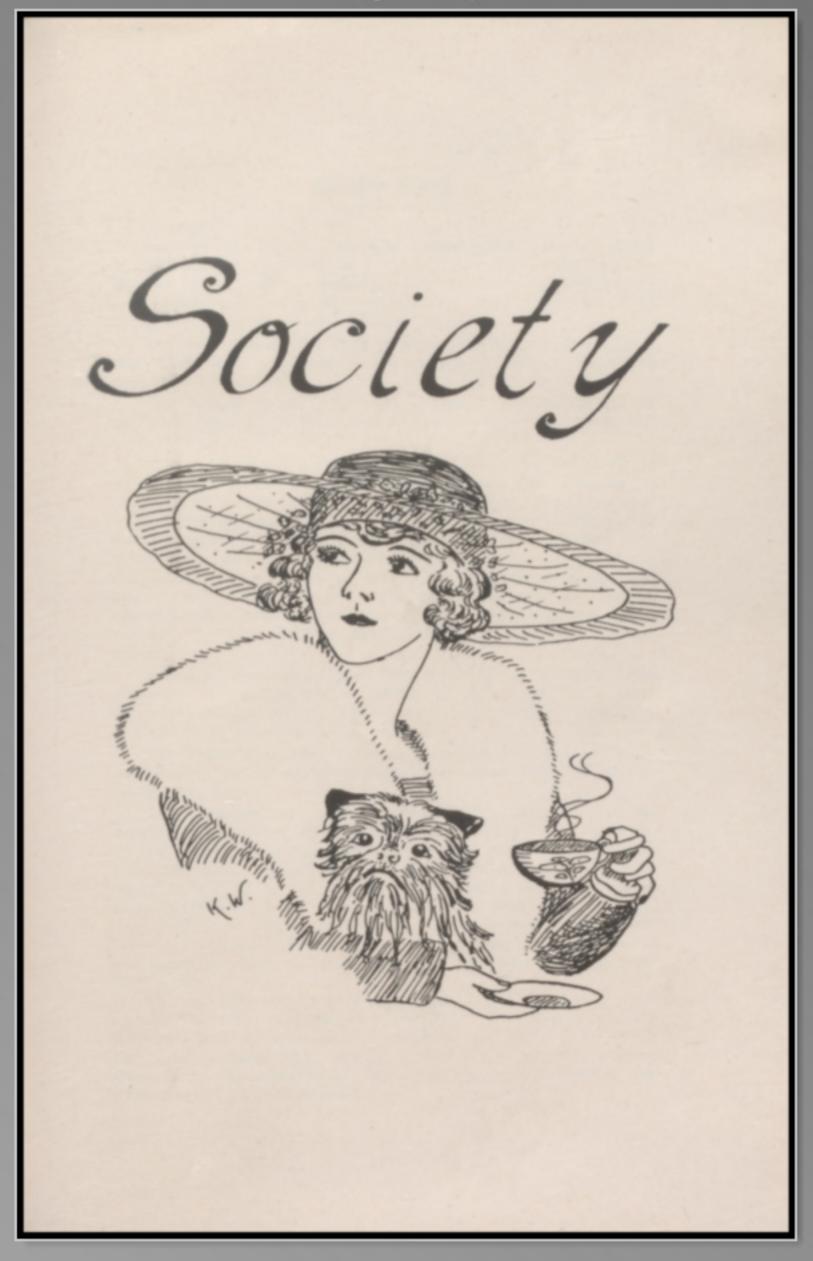
And now we come to our side centers. They kept their opponents on the run and fought for the ball if they had to. They are both new on the team, too.

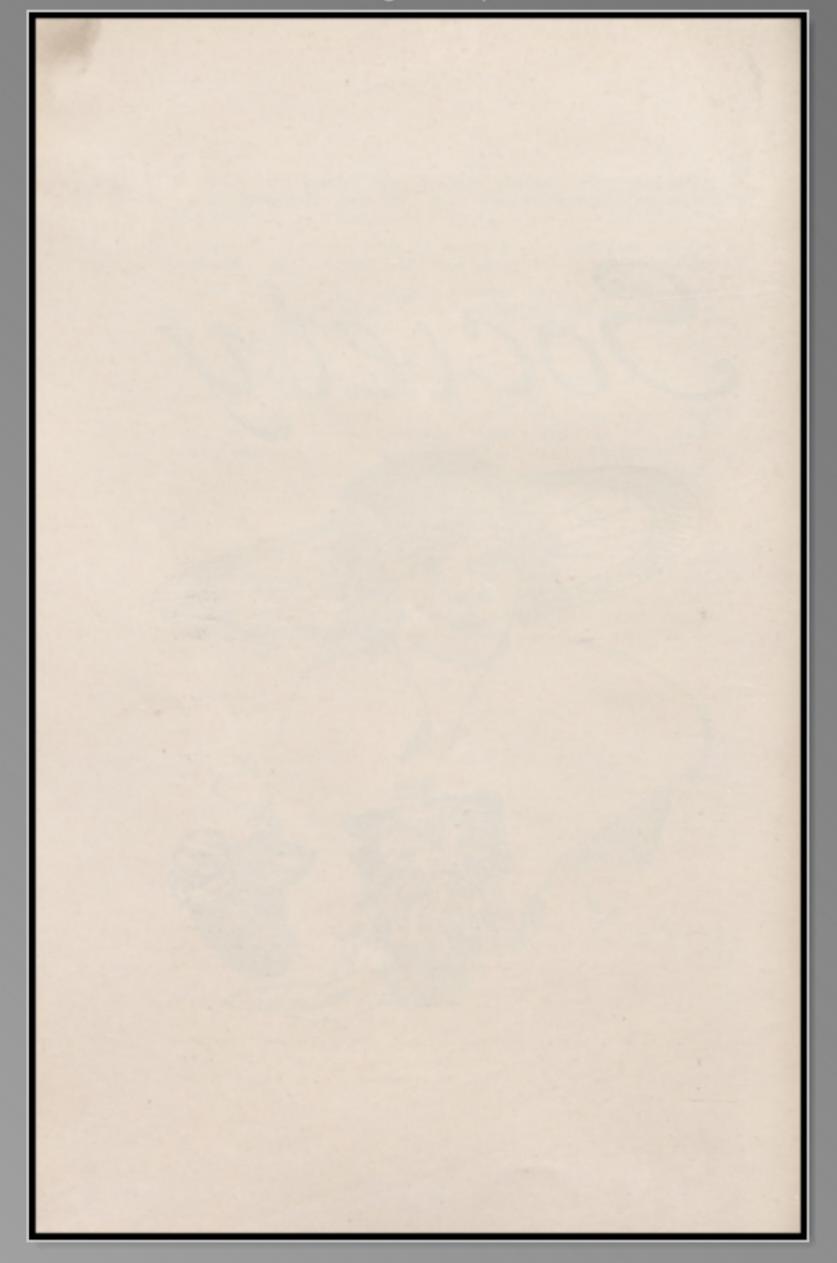
#### 21 TO 16

The opening game with Douglas in the school gym was the fastest and cleanest game the two teams had ever played. Our team was at its best that night. They showed some pretty team work, especially the two forwards. From almost the first tip-off Juneau sprang into the lead. During the last half the rooters went wild over the tied score, while the teams fought for a lead, Juneau again forging ahead. When time was called the score stood 21 to 16 with a victory for the scarlet and black.

#### 23 TO 17

On February 15, the Hilltoppers and their backers boarded the "Teddy" and headed for the Douglas Nat. It was a cold night and the Nat upheld its reputation for "warmness." The teams did not play with as much zest as had featured the game the week before. Juneau again took the lead, but Douglas ran up a score of its own counting 23 to Juneau's 17 points.





### Society Notes

Dear Peggy:

I'm sure you will be interested in the social activities of the J. H. S. for the past year so I will endeavor to recount them to the best of my ability. Although we haven't been besieged by the usual quota of dances, parties, hikes, those which bave been given have been great successes socially.

The Juniors were the first to launch forth upon the Society Sea, when they entertained the high school with a dance the first week in October.

The Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen took advantage of the good weather in late October and indulged in hikes and weiner roasts.

The second dance of the season was given on December 14 by the Shirt Brigade, a group of high school girls adhering to the call of woolen shirts every Thursday and Friday morning. The gymnasium walls were decorated with evergreen boughs while red streamers formed a dropped ceiling. A large Christmas tree, bright with tinsel, which sparkled under the soft glow of the red shaded lamps, enlivened one corner and portrayed the real holiday spirit. During the evening the cleverest favors consisting of jumping frogs, colored spectacles, and whistles were passed around. The girls deserve much praise on the success of their dance.

A regular get-to-gether party was given by the Hustlers, complimentary to the Rustlers, on January 18, in the gym. The party was the result of the "J" Bird subscription contest in which the losers were to entertain the winners.

The Senior girls gave a theatre party on February 29, afterwards going to one of the girl's homes, where delicious refreshments were served.

The Freshmen girls served two delightful dinners in the domestic science rooms. The first in the latter part of February, to the School Board and their wives. The table was decorated with red tulips. At intervals during the dinner, music was rendered by several of the students. The second dinner, occurring early in March, was given in honor of the high school faculty. The purpose of these dinners was to familiarize the domestic science students with the art of serving, and from the warm and abundant praise accorded them, they may well feel repaid for their efforts.

The crowning event of the season, the Junior Prom, took place on the last day of February. The Elks' Hall was artistically decorated with green and white streamers, the programs reflecting the color scheme. The titles were clever and original, causing much mirth and amusement. The most gratifying feature of the affair was its financial success.

At the beginning of the year Superintendent Keller announced that class programs would be given every other Friday in the Assembly. These entertainments proved to be very popular with the students because of their originality.

The P.-T. A. held a beenfit dance at the A. B Hall in March. Three popular high school girls presided at a special booth of homemade candy. A sum of \$150 was realized, which will go to swell the fund for the Meet.

One of the greatest tragedies in the history of the class of '24 occurred on March 12. After much careful and secret planning the Seniors prepared to spend a joyful half-holiday on the shores of Auk Lake. But it was quite evident that several of the parents expressed strong disapproval. Whether this be true or not, shortly after one o'clock the remainder of the class sauntered into the Asembly glaring with darkened brows at the more angelic members.

Several important events remain in store for the students as this goes to press. They are the Spanish picnic, everybody always has a "hot time," the Senior Ball, and school picnic. The last two mentioned will not occur until the last week of school but both are aways delightful and long remembered affairs.

From this brief synopsis you can readily see with these social affairs, our studies, and athletics that the year has proved a busy one.

Ye Society Editor.





"Vox Lucei," Ottawa Collegiate Institute. One of the best annuals we have received yet. Snaps were exceptionaly clever.

"Voice," South High, Youngston, Ohio. A new one to us, but excellent. Very good photos.

"Shamokin High Review," Shamokin, Penn. We value your magazine exchange. Try a few snaps or photos.

"Ateneo Monthly," Manila, P. I. An exceptionally fine magazine in all departments.

"Quill," Henderson, Kentucky. The magazine with the million dollar literary department.

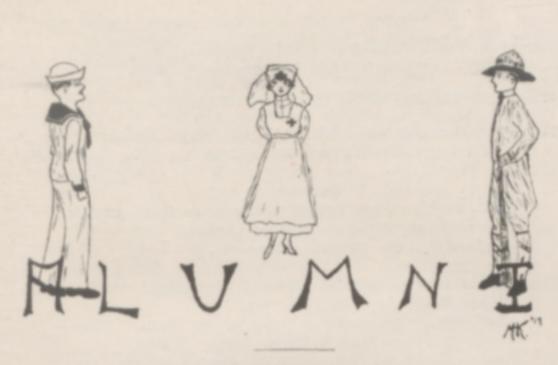
"Aurora," Prince Rupert, B. C. Another proof that a Canadian school can issue a real magazine.

"Papoose," Globe, Arizona. Your class issues have put the necessary pep into you.

"Taku," Douglas, Alaska. The 1923 number the best we have seen in a number of years.

"Kayhi," Ketchikan, Alaska. You are improving with age.

"Red and Black," Rogers High, Newport, R. I. The clever departments make your paper most interesting.



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

1907—Edna Daw, teaching school in Seatle, 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 Portland hospital.

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

Charles Johnson, deceased.

David Christoe, married and living in Seattle, Wash.

Albert Rapp, managing director at Speel River.

Cecelia McLaughlin, stenographer in office of Secretary of Alaska, Juneau.

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 in Sitka.

Leslie Burkland, nee George, living in Portland, Oregon.

Chester Tripp, living in Juneau, Alaska.

Mamie King, nee Morgan, deceased.

- 1914—Thelma Ninnis, teaching school at Springfield, Ore.
  Edward Beattie, now in California.

  Alma White, nee Sowerby, residing at Seattle, Wash.
  George E. Nelson, now living at Juneau, Alaska.

  Charles Sabin married, living in Juneau, Alaska.

  Nora Museth, living in Escalido, Calif.
- 1915—Burdette Winn, living at Bohemia, Oregon.

  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 McKinnon, nee Jaeger, residing in California.

  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, stenographer, Seattle, Wash.
Margaret Dudley, residing at Chicago, Ill.
Lily Korhonen, residing at Seattle, Wash.
Charles Skuse, has position at Chichagof, Alaska.
Garnet Lahr, nee Laughlin, residing at Latouche, 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, traveling agent for Alaska Rajlroad. James McCloskey, agent of the C. P. R. in Juneau. Lillian Mills, nee Collins, residing in Juneau, Alaska.

1918—Joseph Acklin, residing in Seattle, Wash.

Helen Cass, nee Smith, residing in Pasadena, Calif,
Harold Koskey, deceased.

Olive La Bounty, residing at Seattle, Wash.

Wilbur Burford, married and residing at Juneau, Alaska.

Frances Williams, nee Ptack, residing at Olympia, Wash.

Roberta Coryell, residing at Portland, Ore.

Madge Case, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

Joseph McLaughlin, auditor Aetna Life Insurance, Spokane, Wash.

Rena Ellengen, is living in San Francisco, Calif.

Rose McLaughlin, stenographer for Commissioner of Education, Juneau.

John Muir, is residing in Wharton, New Jersey. Elvira Spain, nee Wiitanen, residing at Treadwell, Alaska.

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

Mary Kashevaroff, studying music in Philadelphia, Pa.

Roy Torvinen, married, has position in office of Municipal R. R., Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Monagle, teaching school at Circle, Alaska.

Emma Perelle, attending school in Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Morgan, nee Troy, residing in Seattle, Wash.

Nadine Saum, attending business school in San Francisco, Cal. Gertrude Nelson, teaching school at Latouche, Alaska. Harry Morgan, Ensign U. S. Navy, U. S. S. California.

1920—Nadja Vestal, nee Kashevaroff, residing at Juneau, Alaska. Walstein Smith, Jr., attending Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Sybil Campbell, has position in B. M. Behrends' Bank, Juneau. Harriet Sey, attending University of Washington.

Victor Hewitt, residing at Juneau, 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, attending University of Washington.
Ben Burford, attending University of Washington.
Marian Summers, attending normal school at Chicago, Ill.
James Bussey, now living in Colorado.
Honorah Kelly, teaching school in Haines, Alaska.
Lance Hendrickson, residing in Seattle, Wash.
Ideal Hendrickson, residing in Seattle, Wash.
Kathleen Ward, residing at Massa, B. C.
Marie Goldstein, residing at Juneau, Alaska.
Laura McCloskey, residing at Juneau, Alaska.

- Jessie Mock, residing in Juneau, Alaska.

  Iloe Slade, teaching at Pt. Agony, Alaska.

  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, attending normal school at Chicago, Ill.

  Howard Case, attending University of Washington.

  Irene Nelson, attending University of Washington.

  Venetia Pugh, attending University of Washington.

  Anita Garnick, residing in Juneau, Alaska.

  Marian Corkins, nee Robertson, living in Chehalis, Wash.
- Jacob Britt, attending University of Washington.

  James Barragar, attending University of Washington.

  John Dunn, position at Court House, Juneau, Alaska.

  Harry Ellengen, living in Los Angeles, Calif.

  Tecla Jorgenson, teaching school in Juneau, Alaska.

  John Janiksela, residing in Juneau, Alaska.

  Eugene Kirk, living in Seattle, Wash.

  Daisy Oja, attending Bellingham Normal, Bellingham, Wash.

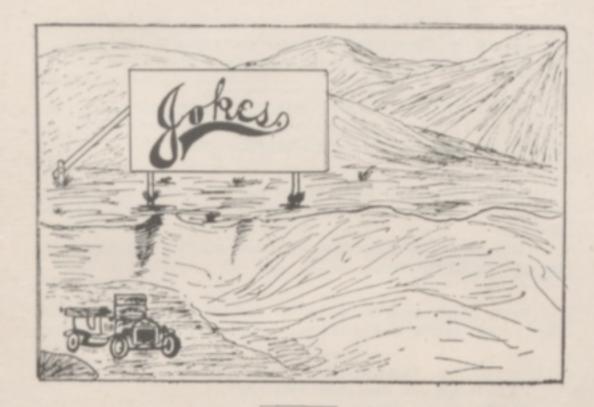
  Lillian Perelle, attending Bellingham Normal.

  Lillian Peterson, living in Sitka, Alaska.

  Wayne Summers, attending University of Washington.

  Eva Tripp, living in Juneau, Alaska.

  Carrol Webster, attending Washington State College.



Rundall—These bone-rimmed glasses certainly are comfortable. Virginia—Well, they should feel at home.

"Not by a jug full," cried the revenue officer as he nabbed the bootlegger.

The editor is feeling a little poetic now so he has composed the following from pure fancy: :

'Twas at a seashore bonfire

Bright the moon shone overhead;
I opened a can of sardines—

And the sea took back its dead.

Etolin—I notice in this racing news that they speak of a quarter horse." What is that?

Orson-It must be one with two bits in its mouth.

Ham (out at cabin)—This bunk is worse than a dollar watch. Perry—Whazza matter?
Ham—Too many ticks.

Cudlo-At last I have found out why girls have their hair shingled.

Garnick—I'll bite, why?
Cud—To keep the rain out of the attic.

Say do you know that since Ham got a girl he can drive the car all evening on lots less gas. Funny isn't it?

Freshie—Why did Eve give Adam the apple in the garden? Senior—I don't know, why did she? Freshie—Because she had no banaras. Har!

Mother—How many times have I told you that it is not proper to sit on the porch with a young man when there is no chaperon present?

Lilly-But, mother you have often told me that God was watching over us all the itme.

Baker sure seems hard-hearted—the other day he suggested that we run over a few of the important men on the 19th century.

PLAY HITS OF THE SEASON

I LOVE ME .- C. Swineford Shattuck.

SLEEP-George White.

I LOVE YOU (?)-Ham Campen.

WHEN LOVEY CAME BACK-Earle (Lotta) Hunter.

MIDNIGHT ROSE-Wog (Stroller) White.

LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH—Leonard (Honky) Holmquist.

EVERYBODY STEP-Faculty song hit.

After spending several days out at the shack eating cooking under the supervision of Ham, Fred Gould says "camp life is just one canned thing after another."

Miss Carnahan-What are the names of the bones in your hands?

Rice (Little One)-Dice.

Sarg—I asked if I might see her home.

Perry—And what did she say?

Sarg—She said she would send me a picture of it.

Squire—Did you send for me, my Lord?

Don Quixote—Yes, make haste. Bring me a can opener; I've got a flee in my knight clothes.

Rancid—What is the difference between a cow chewing on its cud and a girl chewing gum?

Miriam-I'll bite, what is the difference? Rancid-Anyway, the cow looks thoughtful.

We heard recently of a poet who wrote about the "window in his soul" and we wondered if he was any relation to the man who had a pain in his stomach.

Here is the idea of a confirmed pessimist:

A guy who complains because his roll is so big it breaks the stitches of his wallet.

Lady-How do you sell cheese? Garnick-I often wonder myself.

Why keep "the school girl complexion" said George as he dusted his coat.

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what is the plural of man."

"Men," answered the small pupil.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

Dot-I have read a new way to cool "Mildred" off.

Wog-How?

Dot-Simply by stripping the gear. Ha! Ha!

Cud-Well, I may not be good looking, but I certainly dress

Dot S .- That's the proper place to dress.

Etolin-Get off my feet. Do you want me to get a headache?

At Basketball tournament this Spring::

Gate Keeper-Hey! where's your ticket?

Rancid-I don't need any. My face is my ticket.

Keeper-Come ahead! I've got orders ot punch all tickets.

Miss Luedtke-Do you think you're a teacher here? Polley-No, mam.

Then why do you act like an idiot?

Miss Hart-(in Senior English)-Earle make a sentence using these three words, defeat, defence, and detail.

Earle-De-feet of de-cat went over de-fence before de-tail.

Cud-I'm going to get ahead.

Rice-You need one bad enough.

Perry-Say did you ever notice that all ignorant people talk

Mr. Campen—How are you getting along at school, Harold? Ham—Fine. We're learning words of four cylinders now.

"I want an E string, please," said the violinist to the London music seller.

"I'm a new 'and at this business, sir," he explained as he took down the box, "would you mind picking it out for yourself? I 'ardly know 'es from the shes."

The Janitor—How did yer come to lose yer job?

Ex-office Boy—Mine and the boss' grandmother died on the same day.

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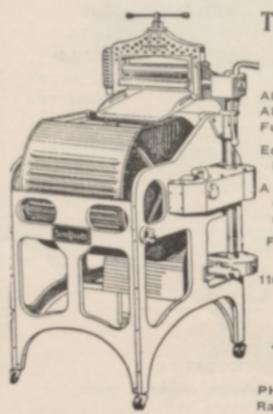
W. W. Casey, M. L. Merritt, Grover C. Winn

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