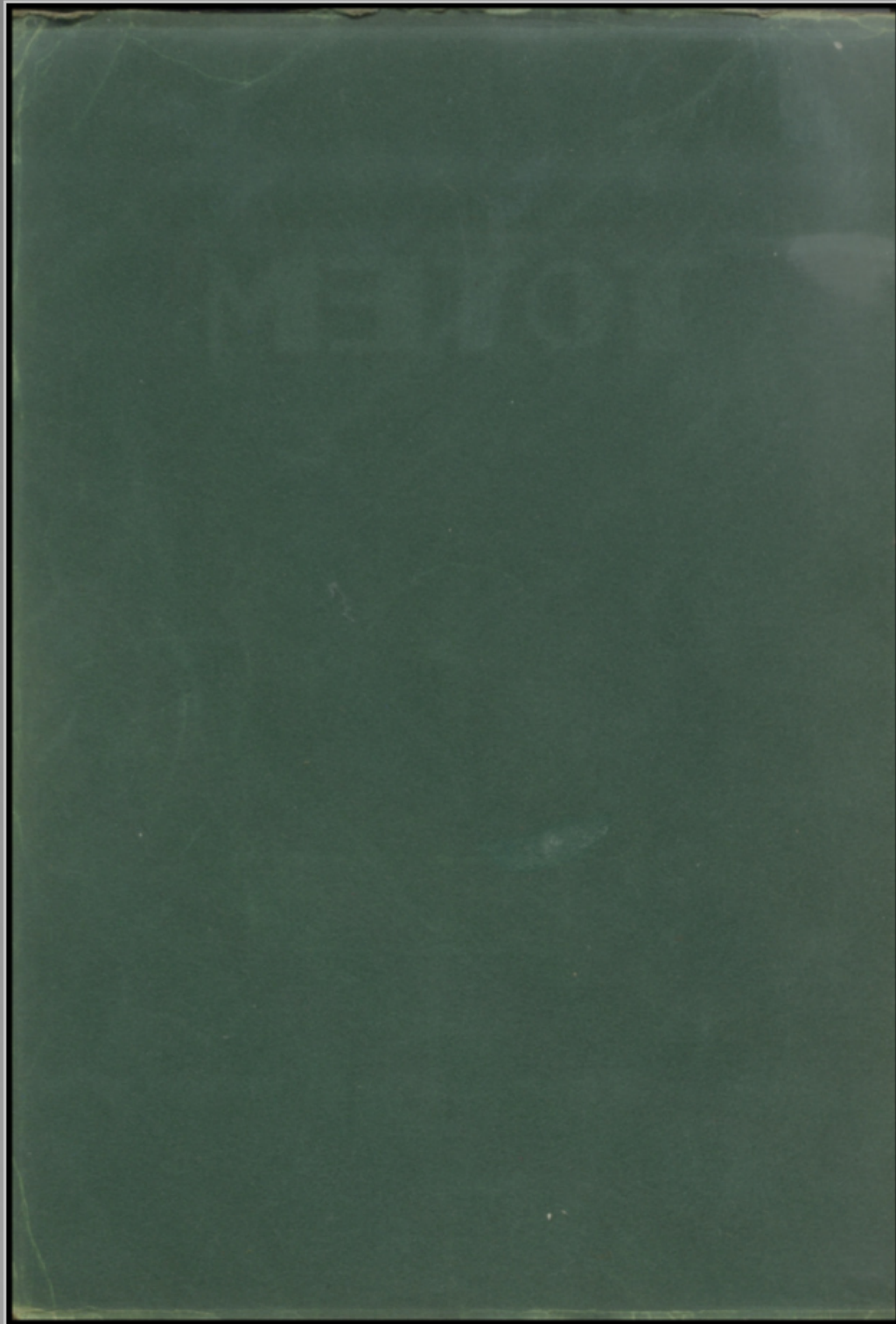
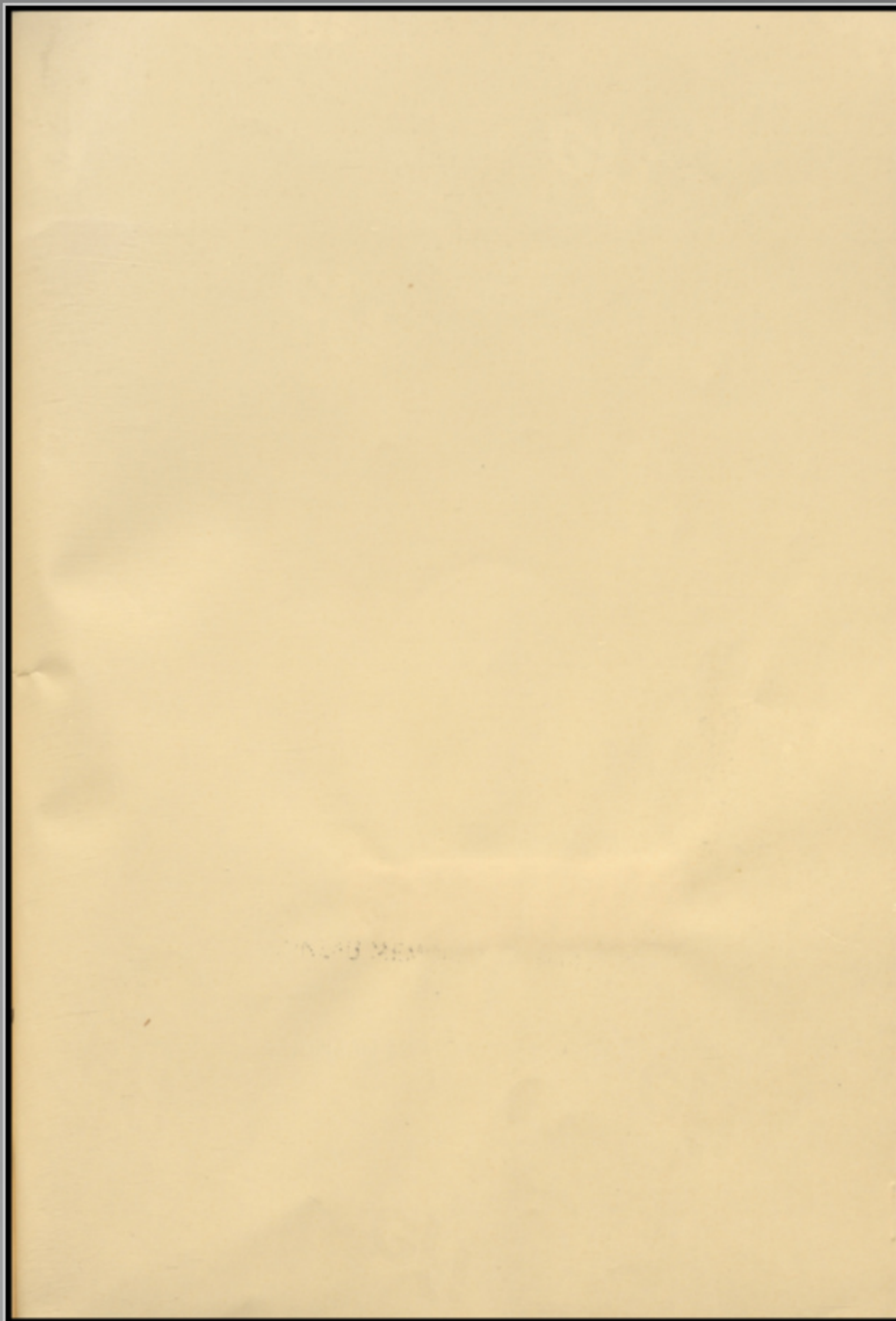
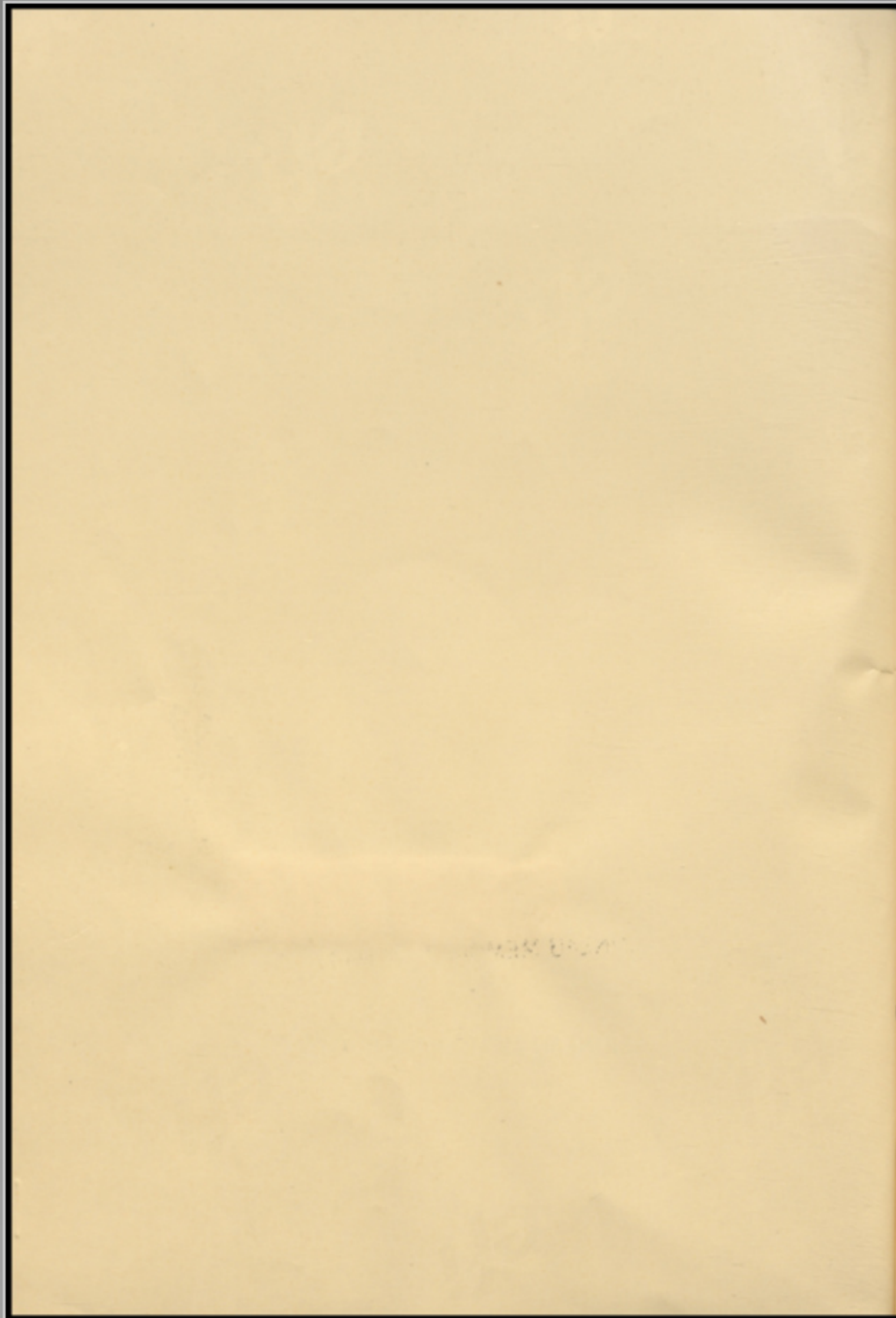


TOTEM

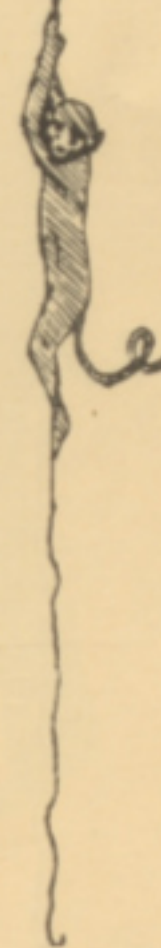






DEDICATION

*To our mothers and
fathers, who have sacri-
ficed to make our school
days pleasant and profit-
able, we the student body
of Juneau High School
gratefully dedicate this
Totem.*





FOREWORD

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In view of the general trend of affairs we are apt to forget the old adage of "all work and no play." With this in mind the Totem Staff has chosen for its theme "The Circus."

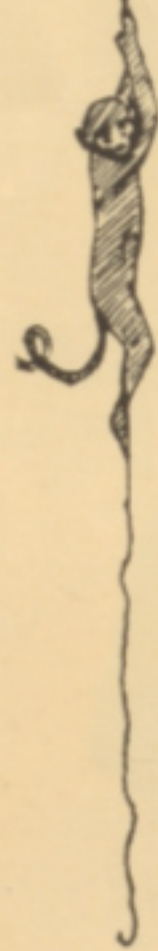
Who hasn't experienced the thrill of the big top with its happy crowds, pink lemonade, and ballyhoos?

That you may get as much pleasure from this book as you did from your first circus parade is perhaps too much to ask—but we feel sure that you will be entertained. Step right inside for the big show.



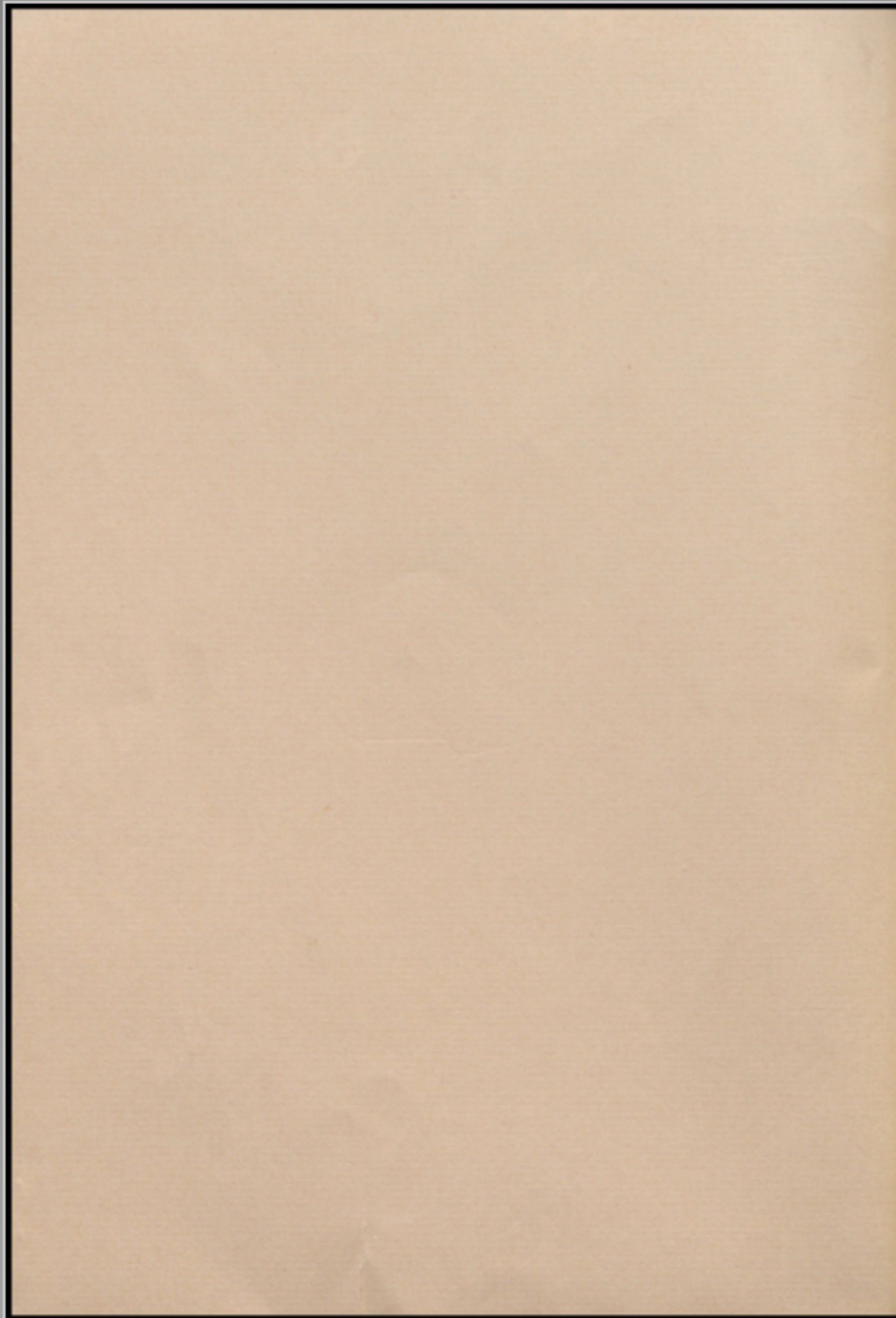


Autographs





ADMINISTRATION





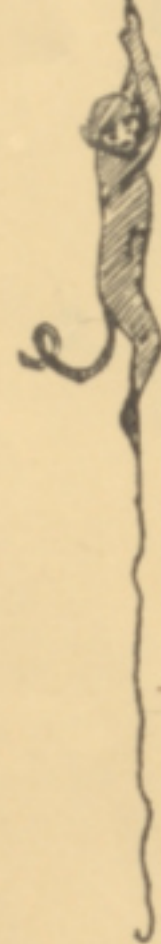
ROBT. S. RAVEN

MR. RAVEN'S MESSAGE

A human being has the possibility of doing so many things and of such variety that it is impossible for him to come into the world fully equipped for all his life activities as animals do. It appears to be necessary to find some way of telling the youngster just coming on, about a part of the multitude of experiences that men have had before he arrived on the scene. It would wreck the world if you could find out only through your own actual experiences all the lessons that man has learned through the hundreds of years that he has spent in building his civilization. You want a short cut to this knowledge, so that you need not repeat all the past mistakes. So it might be said that the person who started civilization started education.

Frankly, it doesn't matter much who started education, if only some one keeps it going. Education has been given more and more work to do. It has to spread out constantly and take in new territory. You are enjoying the opportunity of a better schooling than your father and mother had. Boys and girls who come along after you have grown up, will find a still richer program of instruction. You can be sure that no one will ever ask, "Who stopped education?" It is one thing that can never stop.

—ROBT. S. RAVEN.





M. L. MERRITT



R. E. ROBERTSON



GROVER C. WINN

BOARD OF ADMINISTRATORS

Who makes the wheels go around?

Did you ever stop to think of the detailed organization of our school and who is responsible for the smoothness with which it functions?

No, it isn't one person or two—but three—Mr. Grover C. Winn, Mr. R. E. Robertson, and Mr. M. L. Merritt who act as a board of directors. They are interested in education in general and in the Juneau Public Schools in particular.

Every institution must have cooperation among its leaders. These men have worked together for eight years for the betterment of our schools. They have given generously of their time and effort to produce a more efficient organization. They have ably solved financial and executive problems.

Too often public service is considered a "thankless job." Surely we owe to our board of directors a "thank you" for the interest they have in our school.



FACULTY

ELMER G. WENTLAND
University of Washington
Science
Physical Education

ENID M. BURNS
University of Iowa
Physical Education
Science and English

ALEXANDER S. DUNHAM
University of Nebraska
Principal
Manual Training

MARJORIE TILLOTSON
University of Oregon
Mathematics

HELEN E. GRAY
Montana State College
Home Economics

PAULINE REINHART
University of Iowa
Music

MARGARET YEAKEY
State College of Washington
Commercial

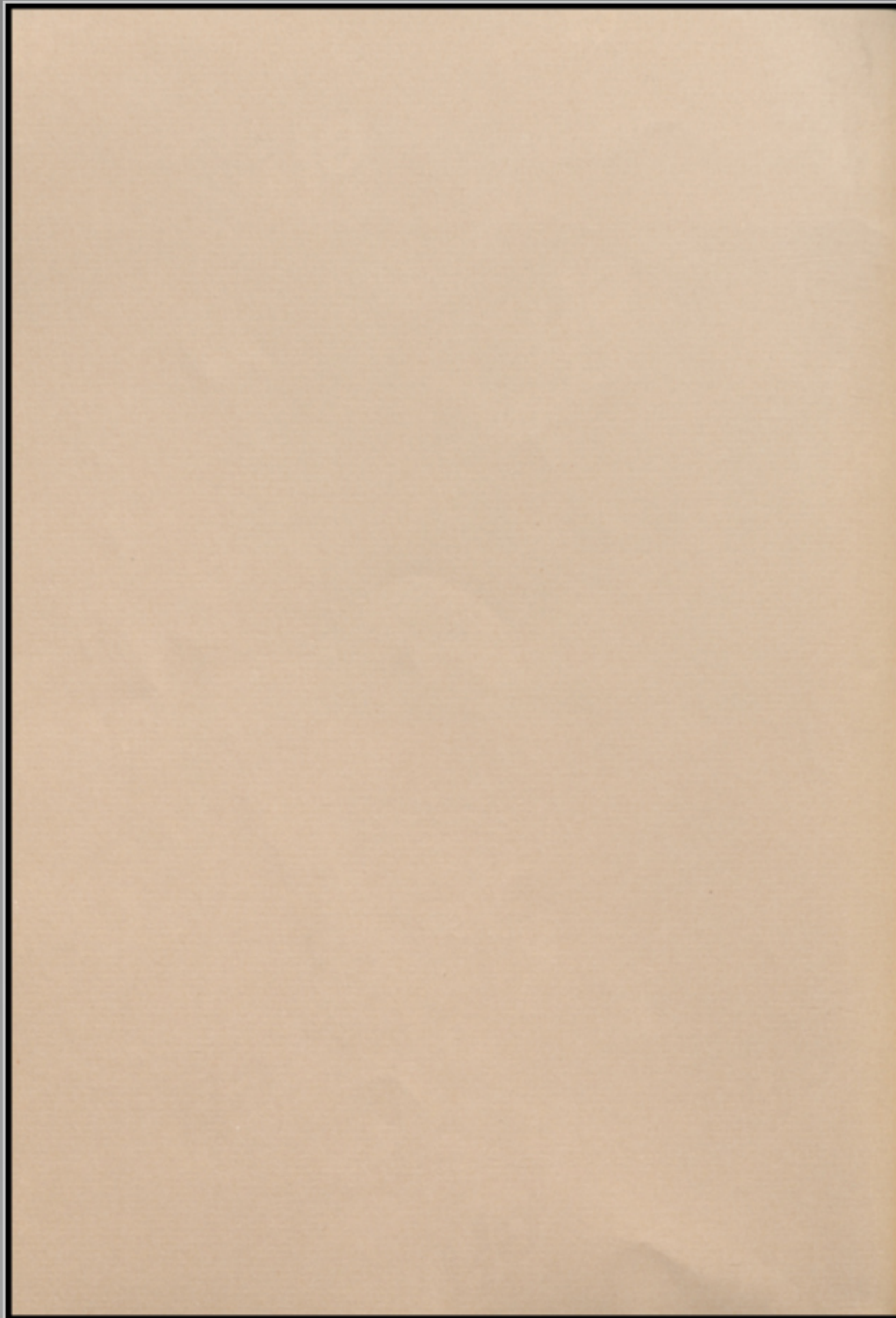
BLANCHE M. KELLY
Nebraska Wesleyan
History and Languages

MRS. LANCE HENDRICKSON
University of Minnesota
Art and Music

DOROTHY ISRAEL
State College of Washington
English



CLASSES



SENIOR CLASS

This, the Seniors' last year, is a good one.

Our girls' basketball team was not much this year, but one, Mary J. Whittier made her letter on the team.

Our boys' team secured the inter-class championship, as they did last year as Juniors. Four will receive their letters. The four are Billy Nikish, Elmer Lindstrom, Alvin Bloomquist, and Tom Redlingshafer. Tom gets his letter, even though he played little, because at Haines he injured his knee, and but for that he would have played regularly.

At Haines, we came off second best in the boys' games. We beat Haines, but lost to Douglas by three points.

Our girls, however, won the championship up there, beating Douglas by three points.

Both our teams lost the Channel series, but as we gave them a hard fight, we are not so sorrowful. Their boys are bigger and more experienced, but next year, just wait!

Only three of the boys were in the J Club last year, those being Tom, Elmer, and Alvin. At the first meeting, Tom was elected President, Alvin, Secretary, and Elmer, Treasurer.

Two of our members are in the Honor Society, those being Lillian Peterson and Robert Simpson. At the first meeting Robert Simpson was elected President, the other officers being elected from the lower classes.

Both Yell Leaders this year are Seniors. The Yell Leaders are Robert Pratt and Peter Melseth.

Two of our classmen are editor and business manager of the Totem; they are Peter Melseth and Tom Redlingshafer.

It seems like a big year for the present Senior Class.

Advisor	MISS HELEN GRAY
President	ELMER LINDSTROM
Vice-President	ALVIN BLOOMQUIST
Secretary	MATILDA HOLST
Treasurer	MARY E. SCHRAMEN
Colors	Lavender and White

CONGRATULATIONS

What boy or girl doesn't look forward to the time when he or she may be called a Senior? Senior standing is something to be held in esteem, it is the climax of secondary education. The only formal education that many will be able to have. After graduation life becomes more involved. One must decide questions for himself, he is thrown upon his own resources. No longer is he the protected and sheltered child—nor does he want to be. He is eager to branch out, to learn new things, to have new experiences, to choose a life that will keep him busy and contented.

Congratulations Seniors!

Both with pride and regret we bid you farewell—pride for your accomplishments and regret for your going.

However we know that as you fit yourselves into the scheme of things you will do your work well and that you will always uphold the honor of the Scarlet and the Black.

CLASS OF '32

IONA MESSER

Operetta 1
Glee Club 1
Basketball 2, 3
J Club 2, 3, 4
High School Play 4
Totem Staff 4



ROBERT L. PRATT

Entered as Senior from
Fairbanks High
School, Fairbanks,
Alaska
High School Play 4

PETER MELSETH

Assistant Editor Totem
2
Editor Totem 4
Yell Duke 2, 4
Basketball 2, 4
Tennis 2, 4
J Club 4



MARY E. SCHRAMEN

Treasurer Class 4
Totem Staff 2, 4
Senior Orchestra 1, 2, 3
Torch Society 2

MARY J. WHITTIER

Secretary Student Body
4
Totem Staff 4
Glee Club 1, 4
Girls' Sextette 4
Basketball 1, 4
J Club 4
Operetta 1



TOM REDLINGSHAFFER

President Boys' J Club 4
Operetta 1
Totem Staff 3, 4
Senior Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
4
Junior Orchestra 1, 2
Band 1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
J Club 2, 4

LILLIAN L. PETERSON

Secretary Class 1
Totem Staff 2, 3
Senior Orchestra 1, 2, 3
Torch Society 2, 3, 4



WALTER L. HOLMQUIST

Entered as Junior from
Winslow High School,
Winslow, Wash.

CLASS OF '32

TYRA BALDWIN
Glee Club



ELMER LINDSTROM
Basketball 3, 4
J Club 3, 4
President Class 4



HENRY WEIR



DAVID TEWKESBURY
President Class 3
President Student Body
4
Totem Staff 3, 4



ROBERT SIMPSON
Torch Society 2, 3, 4
J Club 4
High School Play 4
Vice-President Student
Body 4
Vice-President Class 1
Totem Staff 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2, 4



MATILDA HOLST
Secretary Class 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Girls' Sextette 3, 4



ALVIN BLOOMQUIST
Basketball 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 3, 4
Vice-President Class 4
J Club 3, 4



HILDRED WHITELY
Glee Club 3, 4



CLASS OF '32

EILEEN STANYAR
Glee Club 4



ERNEST
WESCHENFELDER
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Band 1, 2, 3, 4



EDWARD COWLING
Entered as Senior from
Roosevelt High
School, Seattle



SUE MAY
Entered from San Pedro
High, San Pedro, as
Senior
Glee Club 4



FRANCIS RIENDEAU
Basketball 2, 4



EDGAR TARR



ARNOLD HILDRE



CLASS PROPHECY

New Year's 1952—and nothing but work for a hashlinger, I thought as I walked down the street: "ZING!! a bullet grazed my scalp, as I dodged into a doorway I got a fleeting glimpse of Billy Nikish, the famous gangster, rushing out of the Citizen's National Bank, with a smoking gun in each hand. As he jumped into a powerful sedan I caught a glimpse of Sue May, his moll, calmly reposing at the driver's seat. As things like this were quite frequent in Chicago, the excitement died down quickly and I found myself gazing into a sign printed, "Madam Zurdock Mandra, Crystal Gazer."

Seeing that two of my former classmates had become such notorious characters and knowing that Robert Pratt was rumored to be the next president I had a sudden desire to know what had happened to the rest of them. Wondering if the famed Hindu could reveal this I entered the salon. There sitting in the center of a beautifully furnished room sat Madam Zurdock Mandra.

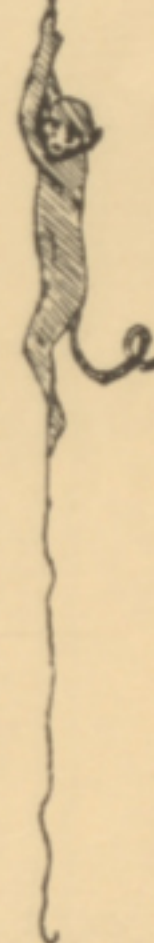
I told her what I wished to know. She brought a huge crystal ball and set it between us and bade me gaze therein.

Slowly forming in it I saw a theater and on the screen was the familiar name of Miss Mary Schramen and beneath it the title of "famous motion picture director." This was gratifying after having seen two of the old J. H. S. crowd in the gangster episode. The picture faded from view and in its place came a vision of Alvin Bloomquist, a big butter and egg man, at his desk with his partner, Elmer Lindstrom opposite. It changed and from out of the clouds peered Tyra Baldwin, and imagine my surprise when I saw Ernest Weschenfelder, leader of the Juneau City Band, at her side. So, Dolly had at last married Ernie; I was shocked when the peaceful scene vanished amid flying pans and rolling pins.

Something less arousing appeared in the glass, a press room with Peter Melseth at the editor's desk and David Tewkesbury in front of a typewriter still trying to get his big scoop. I had heard something of Tewkes' raising a rather large family of little Tewkesberries.

At this moment the door of the room flew open and in walked a girl who I learned later was the talk of two continents on account of her dancing, which made tired business men forget their families, and her crooning voice: Miss Matilda Holst. The Hindu, who seemed to know her, told of my efforts to learn about our school friends. We discussed what had been seen in the crystal and Tillie burst out breathlessly, "O, Did you hear that George White invented some kind of mechanism or other for his old red bug and he is now tearing up the race tracks at two hundred and fifty per, and that Marie Meade is an English professor at the Laffitoff College in the East?" "O! Yeah," she added, "Walter Holmquist, the great divorce lawyer, just got my divorce for me from the Marquis, you know, and Robert Simpson is in a bread line as a result of a market crash of 1945." As she knew no more we returned to the crystal with renewed interest. The Hindu seemed strangely interested and put forth all her efforts to help us.

Again the mist cleared and there before us was Tommy Redlingshafer, a bar fly, doing miraculous feats at a breath-taking height in Barnum and Bailey's



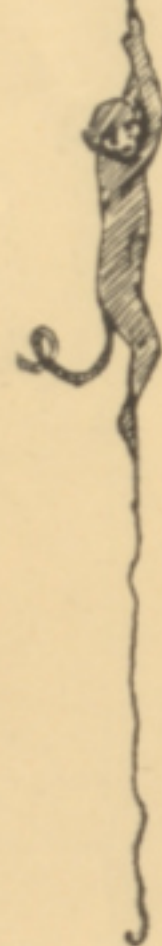
Big Top. We were greatly surprised but when the scene changed we were more so when Hildred Whitely appeared as a reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States. The picture was getting dim but at the very last we got just a glimpse of Iona Messer whose heart had been broken by Tom Redlingshafer and she was now knitting socks for the Chinese soldiers as a solace for her grief.

Finding that the crystal ball would yield no more of its secrets, Madam Zurdock Mandra invited us for tea. She turned on the radio and out of clear ether, a familiar voice floated, it was the golden tenor of Francis Riendeau, of all people, the newly discovered opera singer, singing, "Would I Were A Tender Apple Blossom." Not only did we learn the occupation of Francis but found that Edgar Tarr was a successful car manufacturer. Francis was singing on his advertising program.

There were still others to be remembered so the veiled woman tried her best to get the ball to show us more, finally producing a picture of an Insane Asylum of which Carl Hagerup was the founder, we were rather surprised to learn that Edward Cowling was an inmate, his Don Juan complex having caused him to be judged insane. The image faded and no other would present itself and as I sat there gazing into the crystal it occurred to me that Mary Whittier hadn't appeared. What could have happened to her? The Hindu woman seeming to read my thoughts stood up and slowly removed the veil from her face—there before us stood the very person I was thinking of, only more tantalizing than ever—"Lillian," she cried, "I couldn't conceal my identity any longer." Matilda and I gasped in astonishment.

After a long talk about Juneau and our old classmates I had to break away as I was on duty at the Ritz. The three of us parted determined to see one another more often.

—M. H., L. P.



CLASS WILL

We, the undersigned, being adjudged as sound of mind and body by impatient and disinterested observers, do hereby bequeath our numerous and most treasured possessions as follows:

I, Tyra Baldwin, do leave all my possessions that I cannot use in the future to my friend, Jeannette Hildre.

I, Alvin Bloomquist, do leave my strong, masculine chin to Frank Foster. He sort of needs it.

I, Edward Cowling, do leave my self-confidence and assurance to Boyd Marshall, knowing he will appreciate it in some future time.

I, Carl Hagerup, do leave my old razor blades and suspenders to Frank Lamb.

I, Walter Holmquist, do leave with untold sorrow, to Chede Paul, my extreme bashfulness.

I, Matilda Holst, do leave my singing ability to the Glee Club to be divided within it and improvement is expected.

I, Elmer Lindstrom, do leave my berth as class president to Bob Henning, knowing he will cherish it as I have.

I, Susie May, do leave my spiritual presence to Rosellen Monagle. May it inspire her in the years ahead!

I, Iona Messer, do leave my post as chairman of all food committees to Virginia Ulrich, being sure she will appreciate the crumbs.

I, Peter Melseth, do leave my flaming youth to Richard Harris.

I, Billy Nikish, do leave my half-empty tube of Stacomb to Lloyd Jarman. It might help him over the rough spots.

I, Robert Pratt, do leave my brown hat to the best man who can bear up under it.

I, Lillian Peterson, do leave my empty compact to Leota Harris to be used faithfully as I have used it.

I, Tom Redlingshafer, do leave my blond hair and bottle peroxide to Ray Hurley.

I, Marie Meade, do leave my soul-stirring smile and winning personality to Ellen Mize.

I, Francis Riendeau, do leave my ability for making punch at school shindigs, guaranteed absolutely pure, to Ted Hunsbedt.

I, David Tewkesbury, do leave my wit to next year's calendar editor and powers of debate to Ralph Anderson.

I, Robert Simpson, do leave my front seat in classes and in the study hall to Joseph McLean, no regrets on this side.

I, Mary Schramen, do leave my beautiful tresses to Jean Carlson. It's a load off my mind.

I, Eileen Stanyar, do leave my elocutionary ability to Frances Orsen, thinking to return and see it in full use.

I, Edgar Tarr, do leave my pleasant disposition to who may need it. Don't fight, people!

I, Ernest Weschenfelder, do leave my drums to LeRoy West, please do them justice as I have.

I, George White, do leave Languishin' Luna, my motaw caw, to the Smithsonian Institute knowing they will appreciate my generosity.

I, Mary Whittier, do leave my pain in the neck to Inga Lindstrom. No reflections, all apologies.

I, Hildred Whitely, do leave the wad of gum situated under the north-east corner of my desk to Bill Winn, it's not so very old.

We do hereby appoint Miss Helen Gray, our advisor, to be executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the makers of this will have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal on this tenth day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

SENIOR CLASS (Seal)

• • • •



MR. WHYTE

With a cheery nod and a smile, a familiar blue clad figure hurries by. It is none other than Mr. Alex Whyte, engineer and general overseer for the Juneau Schools. Tho always rushed Mr. Whyte never fails to exchange a word of greeting. This is only one of the many reasons why he has our respect and admiration.

Mr. Whyte has given us fifteen years of faithful service; which is a commendatory record.



Clyde Bolyan, Frank Foster, William Friend, John Geyer, Robert Henning, Ted Hunsbedt, Ray Hurley, Gordon Ingman, George Karabelnikoff, Roy Jackson, Olavi Kukkonen, Boyd Marshall, Joe McLean, Osmund Mohn, Arvo Wahto, George Whyte, Evelyn Alstead, Lena Bardi, Roberta Bayers, Thelma Bodding, Phyllis Friend, Alpha Furness, Eleanor Gruber, Jeannette Hildre, Esther Jackson, Aune Mack, Ellen Mize, Rosellan Monagle, Chede Paul, Margaret Robinson, Helen Rocovich, Jene Simpkins, Doris Ulrich, Virginia Ulrich, Elizabeth Campbell, Marie Mead

Junior Class

Advisor	MISS BLANCHE KELLY
President	ROBERT HENNING
Vice-President	WILLIAM FRIEND
Secretary-Treasurer	CARL ALSTEAD

The Junior Class numbers thirty-six members: twenty girls, and sixteen boys. We regret the loss, this year of two of our members: Lorene Smith, who now attends the High School in Cordova, Alaska; and Carl Alstead, our very efficient Yell Leader, has also left our ranks. Four new members have been enrolled during the year, namely: Robert Henning, Boyd Marshall, George Karabelnikoff, and Elizabeth Campbell.

One of the pleasant social events of which the Juniors were sponsors, was a skating party, at the Glacier Ponds. The weather was snappy, but around a crackling bonfire, and with the aroma of broiling steaks filling the air, Glacier winds were entirely forgotten, and the event went down in Junior History as a very enjoyable one, and, no doubt, will serve to form another link in the pleasant memories of our High School life.

The outstanding, and most important affair of the year, was of course, the Prom, on March fourth, and due to the great enthusiasm, and splendid co-operation of the class and school as a whole, the dance was a complete success.

As the school year is drawing to a close, we feel that it has been a very successful one, and we sincerely hope that when we meet as a Senior class next year, the last year of our High School life will prove equally interesting and happy.



MEMBERS.—Lillian Anderson, Ralph Anderson, Earl Beistline, Marie Bussinger, Gene Carlson, James Cole, George Danner, Allan Elliott, Arthur Ficken, James Gray, Hilding Haglund, Margaret Hanson, Paul Hanson, Richard Harris, Lloyd Jarman, Nancy Ann Kann, Theodore Kukkola, Vieno Lahikainen, Helen Light, Maxine Lund, Wilfred Lund, Robert McClain, Rhoda Minzghor, Robert Moeller, Joyce Morris, Grace Nelson, Esther Niemi, George Norton, Wayne Olson, Duncan Robertson, Eva Rocovich, Joseph Romun-
seth, Dorothy Rutherford, Edward Schafer, Elsie Schmitz, Barbara Simpkins, Harold Sisson, Elizabeth Terhune, Helen Torkelson, George Whyte, Barbara Winn.

Sophomore Class

Advisor	MISS TILLOTSON
President	JOSEPH ROMUNSETH
Vice-President	DUNCAN ROBERTSON
Treasurer	HELENE LIGHT
Secretary	JOYCE MORRIS
Flower	Forget-Me-Not
Motto	A Live Wire Never Gets Stepped On
Colors	Blue and Cream

This year we gained prestige over other classes both in Sports and in Scholarship. The excellent marks attained by the students in their studies last year acquired us a majority in the Honor Society and the Class Girls' basketball team still holds the Interscholastic Basketball Championship won in its Frosh year. Six members also obtained places on the High School teams.

Though we have had only one party, plans are under way for several outings.



MEMBERS—Judith Alstead, Thais Bayers, Frank Behrends, Clifford Berg, Gerald Bodding, Geraldine Bodding, Edith Bloomquist, Tom Cole, Shirley Dalton, Rosa Danner, Charles Davis, Jane Elliott, Wallis George, Ada Giovanetti, Fern Gubser, Erwin Hagerup, Fred Harris, Leota Harris, Robert Harris, Lois Hill, Corrinne Jenne, Everett Kirchhofer, Frank Lamb, Miriam Lea, Buddy Lindstrom, Inga Lindstrom, Lucille Lynch, Henry Mead, Frank Metzgar, Walter Miller, Frances Orsen, Spiro Paul, Lloyd Peterson, Anna Mildred Pledger, Bernice Powell, John Ritter, Minnie Rogers, Carol Robertson, Sylvia Rosenberg, Violet Runquist, Harry See, Anabel Simpson, Charles Talmadge, Lincoln Turner, Jeanne VanderLeest, Le Roy West, John Whitely, Bill Winn.

Freshman Class

Advisor	MR. DUNHAM
President	BUDDY LINDSTROM
Vice-President	LE ROY WEST
Secretary	CAROL ROBERTSON
Treasurer	ANABEL SIMPSON
Yell Leaders	WALTER MILLER and JANE ELLIOTT

The class of '35 is the largest class that has ever entered the Juneau High School. The students of this class have proved themselves skillful in more than one activity. Fern Gubser made the school's first basketball team, while Carol Robertson, Frank Behrends and Buddy Lindstrom have secured places on second teams. Several of the members of the class take part in the work of the musical organizations. Three Freshmen, Corrinne Jenne, Inga Lindstrom, and Carol Robertson are in the Girls' Sextette and a number are in the Glee Club while a few are members of the Orchestra and Band.

The Seniors gave an initiation and dance for us at the beginning of the year. On December 5, we gave a class party which was well attended.

Our first class meeting was held September 30, 1931. The following are the officers of the Freshman class:

Assembly Notes

The student body wishes to extend its sincerest appreciation to those who have participated in our Student Body programs. Their contributions have not only been educational but also interesting and enjoyable.

Our first speaker was Mr. B. D. Stewart who gave a talk on mining as a vocation. He told of the different kinds of mining, its methods, development, and its opportunities as a life profession.

Our next visitor was Captain Acton of the Salvation Army. Captain Acton gave some of his interesting experiences in his work and presented the High School with several points of beneficial value.

We then had the honor of hearing Mr. John C. Manning, famous pianist, discourse on the arts of music, its values in the world of society, and the feelings expressed by the different composers in their musical productions.

Sometime elapsed between this speaker and our next one. In the meantime many "pep" rallies have been held in the Student Body. The yell leaders led the High School on these occasions which usually took place before our contests with Douglas. At these events the basketball coaches, Mr. Wentland and Miss Burns, made appropriate remarks on the chances of the teams and the sportsmanship of the rooters.

A heated discussion took place in the Student Body to decide on the name which was to be selected for our teams. After much consideration and argument it was finally decided to adopt the name "Crimson Bears."

Mr. Ralph Mize, Juneau's weather man, commented on Alaskan weather, the growth of the Weather Bureau, its history, and the opportunities offered by it for a life occupation.

The Student Body was indeed fortunate in securing Commander C. H. Dench of the Tallapoosa for the next speaker. Commander Dench told of his many interesting experiences in Western Alaska, among which was the story of the eruption of Mount Katmai. He spoke of belonging to the Coast Guard, and gave the students some of the history of this branch of the navy.

On Lincoln's birthday we listened to Miss Caroline Todd, who is a direct descendant of Mary Todd Lincoln. The J. H. S. Band played several numbers which added to the entertainment of this program.

Washington's birthday was also celebrated by a program. Mrs. R. R. Herrman gave an address on the "Character of Washington," and two students, Osmund Mohn and Helen Rocovich, gave readings on "The Social Life of George Washington," and "Washington as a Patron of Education." Mrs. Jenne sang one of her own compositions with Mrs. Trevor Davis as her accompanist.

As the very existence of Juneau is dependent on the Alaska Juneau Mine, our next speaker was Mr. L. H. Metzgar, who is Superintendent of the mine. He mentioned the development and progress of the mine and discussed the steps in the production of the gold.

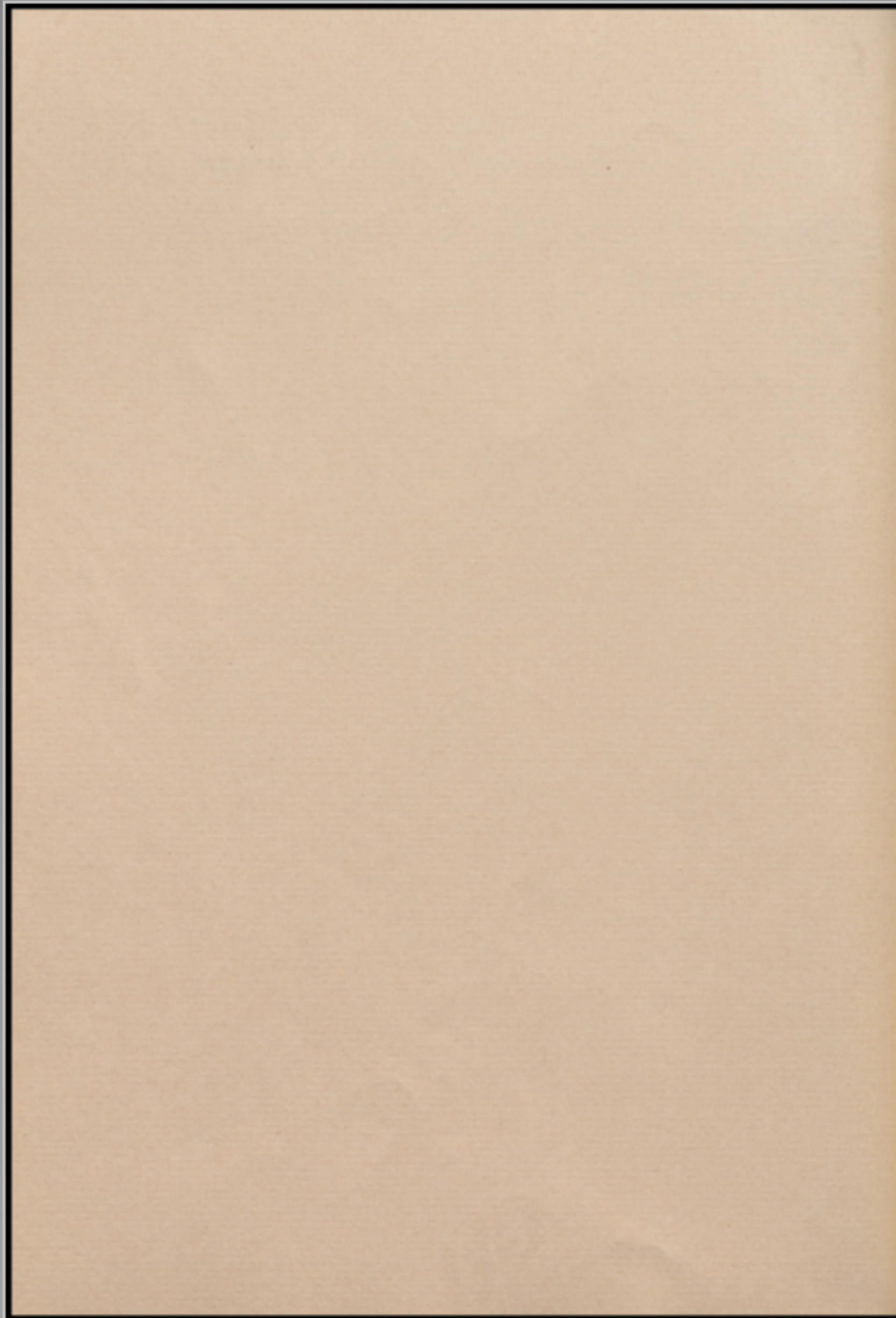
In the near future the members of the student body hope to have more speakers. These entertainments have been arranged for by the officers of the Student Body, namely, President, David Tewkesbury, Secretary, Mary Whittier, and Vice-President, Robert Simpson, and the faculty advisors.

Our pep band has added much to the enthusiasm and interest of the games this year and the associated students wish to congratulate them for their splendid cooperation and excellent playing.

—D. U., '33



ATHLETICS





PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

E. G. WENTLAND, *Coach*—

Mr. Wentland's first year as J. H. S. coach has ended successfully. The team tho composed of men unaccustomed to playing together, produced stiff competition for the opponents. Next year Mr. Wentland hopes to develop another scrappy Crimson Bear five.

ELMER LINDSTROM, *Forward*—

Elmer was high point man throughout the season and is one of the Channel's best shots. His graduation will leave a vacancy that will be difficult to fill.

ALVIN BLOOMQUIST, *Guard*—

Al played stellar basketball this season. His excellent shooting and checking were decisive factors for the team. Al too is graduating.

BILLY NIKISH, *Center, Captain*—

Billy's ability to get tip offs and his consistent playing were always evident. His experience and enthusiasm should be of value next year.

GEORGE KARABELNIKOFF, *Guard*—

George's tenacious guarding was largely responsible for our holding ability this year. This was his first year on the team. He will be indispensable next year.

HILDING HAGLUND, *Forward*—

Hilding's aggressiveness and speed this year were valuable assets to J. H. S.

BOB HENNING, *Forward*—

This was Bob's first year in J. H. S. He and Hilding divided playing honors.

TOM REDLINGSHAFFER, *Guard*—

On account of an injury to his knee, Red was unable to play the latter part of the season. He was valuable to the team not only because of his ability to play but because of his height and weight. We missed him.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The 1931-1932 Juneau High School basketball season was ushered in with an interclass tournament in which the Seniors placed first, Juniors second, Sophomores third, and Frosh fourth. Thirteen tilts comprised this year's program and of this number the Crimson Bears managed to clip off seven victories. Although the Juneau cagers failed to garner the championship from Douglas they fought their way to a very creditable rating.

Entering the season with three new men on the first string, Coach E. G. Wentland was rather dubious as to the outcome, but as the season progressed he found that these men figured prominently in the fight for the Channel championship.

Coach Wentland developed a speedy, aggressive Scarlet and Black quintet. His first year as tutor of the basketeers has been successful. He has proved that J. H. S. can play basketball, that the team can conduct itself in a sportsman-like manner and that it can meet defeat graciously. After all, sportsmanship is the primary object of true American athletic endeavor.

LINE UP

This year's line up is as follows:

ELMER LINDSTROM	Forward
HILDING HAGLUND	Forward
ROBERT HENNING	Forward
BILLY NIKISH	Center
ALVIN BLOOMQUIST	Guard
GEORGE KARABELNIKOFF	Guard
TOM REDLINGSHAPER	Guard
FRANCIS HUENDEAU, PAUL HANSON,	
BOYD MARSHALL	Substitutes

TILTS

The basketball season was officially opened November 25 in a game with the Juneau Alumni. The J. H. S. team won by a score of 32-23. The second game, with Skagway High School was also a victory for the Bears. Score 28-11.

Two games, one with the Douglas Firemen and the other with the Juneau Firemen were lost.

The Haines Tournament was a mid-season event. Our J. H. S. team found itself matched against an inexperienced Haines five and it was no credit to us that we walked over them in a 59 to 4 victory.

The next game proved to be a real fracas with Douglas. Hard luck dogged us and with two of our men out, one on fouls and the other on injury, the Crimson Bears did well to hold the Douglas score 20-23.

THE CHANNEL SERIES

Each of the Juneau-Douglas clashes gave basketball fans a real treat. Stiff basketball with tie scores throughout the progress of the games offered plenty of excitement. All five games were played to capacity crowds. Student Body pep and the J. H. S. Band added zip and spirit to the battles.

The scores for the five games:

J. H. S.	18	D. H. S.	15
J. H. S.	29	D. H. S.	21
J. H. S.	31	D. H. S.	33
J. H. S.	17	D. H. S.	24
J. H. S.	17	D. H. S.	26

The Crimson Bears haven't become grumpy over their losses. They still have hopes of winning the Channel Championship, and of wrapping a bear skin around the trophy.

• • • •

TENNIS

Since its introduction in the High School in 1919 tennis has become exceedingly popular.

The turnouts this year, showed that almost every active student capable of wielding a tennis racket was present.

No official tournament was played this year, as was the case last year, but nevertheless, we played the finals in the High School gymnasium, Alex Dunham acting as referee for the boys and Miss Enid Burns acting as referee for the girls.

In the boys' beginners' class, Duncan Robertson won first place, thus entitling him to play the winner of the advanced class to decide the boys' championship.

Peter Melseth won first place in the advanced class, and as Duncan Robertson was present at the deciding match, the final set was played by them as per schedule.

In this set, the more experienced player proved his superiority by a score of 6-1, and by so doing won the boys' championship for the year of 1931.

In the girls' tournament Eva Rocovich won first place in the beginners' group, while Barbara Winn came out leader in the advanced class.

A tournament was arranged between the two champions, but after five consecutive sets were played, and the players were still tied, the plan was given up and the girls' championship was not decided.

It is hoped that in the near future scheduled tournaments can be arranged with Douglas, deciding the Channel Championship in tennis as well as basketball.

—P. M., '32

FIVE NIGHTS IN THE BARRACKS
from
THE DIARY OF A BASKETBALLER

NIGHT NUMBER ONE

Snores! Then more snores. It's night in the barracks with the basketball team. Ssh! What was that? Somebody was coming in. Who the deuce could it be? It's two in the morning? Suddenly somebody turns on a flash and the room is bathed in light to reveal the figures of two members of the Juneau Firemen's team; namely, Fauntleroy Hooey and Archibald Derby. Shamefacedly, they climb into their respective bunks and mutter manifold apologies. Methinks at the time that the town of Haines would be found a well-known brilliant color in the morning.

NIGHT NUMBER TWO

The popular "Kinky" Bayers last night was the instigator of a monstrous plot to assassinate all basketball players in the bunkhouse. The sly one glommed several dozen fat, greasy, sugar doughnuts from the dance and passed them around. A doughnut war was soon in progress. Big doughnuts and little doughnuts filled the air. No person was neutral or immune. The Honorable Messrs. Wentland & Rinden found their beds filled to overflowing with the succulent delicacies. Delicate, yes. But against the shivering flesh; oh, my, no! Sinkers flew merrily till one in the A. M. when the party got rough. Somebody (the scoundels) started soaking the ammunition in fire buckets filled with water. One of those water-logged balloon tires in the back of the neck took all the joy out of life.

NIGHT NUMBER THREE

A noble patriot took it into his head to acquire revenge on the revel of last night's battle. After a lengthy oration on the whys and wherefores of life, Mr. Bayers offered himself at the shrine of the sandman. No sooner had sleep overcome him, than the aforesaid noble patriot tipped over the sleepy one's bunk and dashed back to bed. When the light finally was turned on, the handsome villain of last night's episode was grinding his teeth, and swearing handsomely. The culprit then commenced to turn over every bunk in the boudoir. Luckily, he was stopped on the ten-yard line. Hang it all! Another night's sleep lost and the rest of the "wee sma" hours were spent by "Kinky" on the balcony where he fortified himself against all attacks.

NIGHT NUMBER FOUR

Ah, a little sleep at last. We were all pounding the pillows peacefully (?) at twelve o'clock. Well, diary, I haven't much more to say except, the nights were still filled with too much zero weather and the sunrise guns woke us up at five A. M. the same as usual, even though a blizzard was raging and the sun hadn't been seen for days.

NIGHT NUMBER FIVE

Up at five o'clock again. (We slept well, considering) and off to the old grind again. It won't be long now till we're back in Juneau. First thing I'm going to do when I get home is get a cup of good coffee. I wish the coffee had been as good as the treatment we got from the barracks people. They were grand, and did everything in their power to show us a good time. Good old Uncle Sam!

—R. H., '33



PERSONNEL OF THE GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM

MARGARET HANSON, *Forward*—

"Mugs" is noted for the ability with which she successfully escapes her opposing guard and baskets the ball for the team. She is easily the best of Juneau's forwards.

MARY WHITTIER, FERN GUBSER and GENE CARLSON, *Forwards*—

All of these girls alternate as the other Juneau forward. Mary Whittier's best game was played when she starred against the Haines High School; 58 of the 78 points were made by her. She is the only player we lose by graduation. Fern Gubser is the only Freshman to play this year, but she proved that she could more than hold her own against the upper classmen. Gene Carlson is gifted with a deadly eye under the basket and the points made by her helped to give the Lynn Canal Championship to Juneau.

ELIZABETH TERHUNE, *Center*—

This is Lizzy's first year on the squad but she is certainly a valuable addition to it. The ease with which she secures the "tip-off" from the opposing is a factor that greatly aids the rest of the team.

RHODA MINZGHOR, *Side Center*—

Rhoda is a quick and elusive side center. She is a past master in the gentle art of dribbling, speed and dodging players. The team is especially proud of Rhoda because she was chosen as side center on the All-Star Team in the Lynn Canal Tournament.

EVA ROCOVICH, *Guard*—

Eva is a guard that strikes terror in the hearts of all opposing players. She is widely known for the aggressiveness and strategy with which she plays her

position. Eva is equally capable of playing forward, but she could not be spared from the guard section. Eva was chosen as a guard in the All-Star Team.

BARBARA WINN, *Guard*—

Another of our fast players. Barb is consistent and reliable. Her passing with Eva makes the defense players the backbone of the team.

MISS ENID BURNS, *Coach*—

After giving time and energy has succeeded in instilling the ideal of true sportsmanship and fair play in the members of the team. Under her capable teaching the team has won one championship and barely escaped winning another. Next year Miss Burns has even better prospects for a championship team than this year.

The substitutes of the team are as follows: Virginia Ulrich, guard; Carol Robertson, guard; and Lillian Anderson, guard. Juneau has a great need for substitute guards for in almost every game her first string guards got fouled out. Jiggs and Lillian both made a "J" this year.

• • • • •

Girls' basketball turnouts started with a bang on the first day of October. Some of the aspirants were so ambitious that they wanted to turn out as soon as school commenced.

Class practices were held for a few weeks and then the various classes played to determine the championship. The Sophomores easily won the class series by first defeating the Freshmen and then the Junior-Senior aggregation. After winning these games they played a team composed of the best members of the other two teams. The Sophomores again won, proving conclusively their right to the championship.

The team's first public game was played as a preliminary. Two opposing sixes played—the Reds and the Whites. The Reds won. Next on the schedule was a game with the Douglas Alumni, a slow game, with the Alumni finally winning, 21 to 20.

The girls were agreeably surprised when they were invited to participate in the Lynn Canal tournament which was held at Chilkoot Barracks. Arriving at the Post, their first game was with the Haines High School. Juneau easily won this game as the Haines team was handicapped by lack of practice. By winning this game, Juneau was in line for the championship. Douglas defeated Skagway High so Juneau and Douglas, ancient rivals, met for the final battle. Juneau won, 14 to 11. As a souvenir for winning the tournament, Juneau was presented with a silver cup by their hosts at the Chilkoot Barracks. Even had they not had the good luck to win the cup, they would still have been everlastingly grateful to the men who made the trip possible and who welcomed them so heartily and treated them so kindly during their visit.

It is interesting to know that all the players except one are Sophomores. Three of the players are in the Torch Society.

GASTINEAU CHANNEL SERIES

Juneau and Douglas, the two towns on Gastineau Channel are usually rivals in everything, and basketball is no exception. Every year a basketball series is played in January and February to determine which of the two schools is superior.

The first game was played on January 8. The score in the game was tied when just before the final whistle one of the Douglas forwards broke loose and made two baskets. This gave them the game, 24-20. Douglas won the second game, also, owing to the inability of the Juneau forwards to find the basket.

The third game was a crucial one—if Douglas won they would have the required three games of five. Douglas may have been over-confident because the Crimson Bears came back hard and won. This game was characterized by the skillful teamwork of the Juneau squad. Score 24-11.

The next week Juneau fell down. Douglas won and thereby annexed the Channel Championship. In this game Juneau was unfortunate in losing her first-string guards through fouls.

The girls' series were really over, but they played an exhibitionary game as a preliminary to the boys' game. This game Juneau won, 28-2, which is the way the scores should have been through the whole tournament. Douglas did not make any field shots.



Fishermen's Wives

They are up with the dawn and the
daylight.

From fear they are never free.
Their eyes are tired with watching
For a sail they may never see.

No beauty for them in the ocean,
Their homes never ring with glee.
Living to them means waiting
For the boat that is out at sea.

—E. C., '33

• •
Called Home

HONORABLE MENTION

Feet drag mournfully up the aisle
And stumble blindly on the stair;
Heavy doors are slowly opened;
Six gloved hands fall still;
Soft wailings of the organ cease;
Hoofs grow fainter in the dusk—

Trot— trot— trot—
—AUNE MACK

• •
Reunion

The clouds hang low on the mountains,
Grey mist envelopes the sea,
But my heart is bright like sunlight,
For you have come home to me.

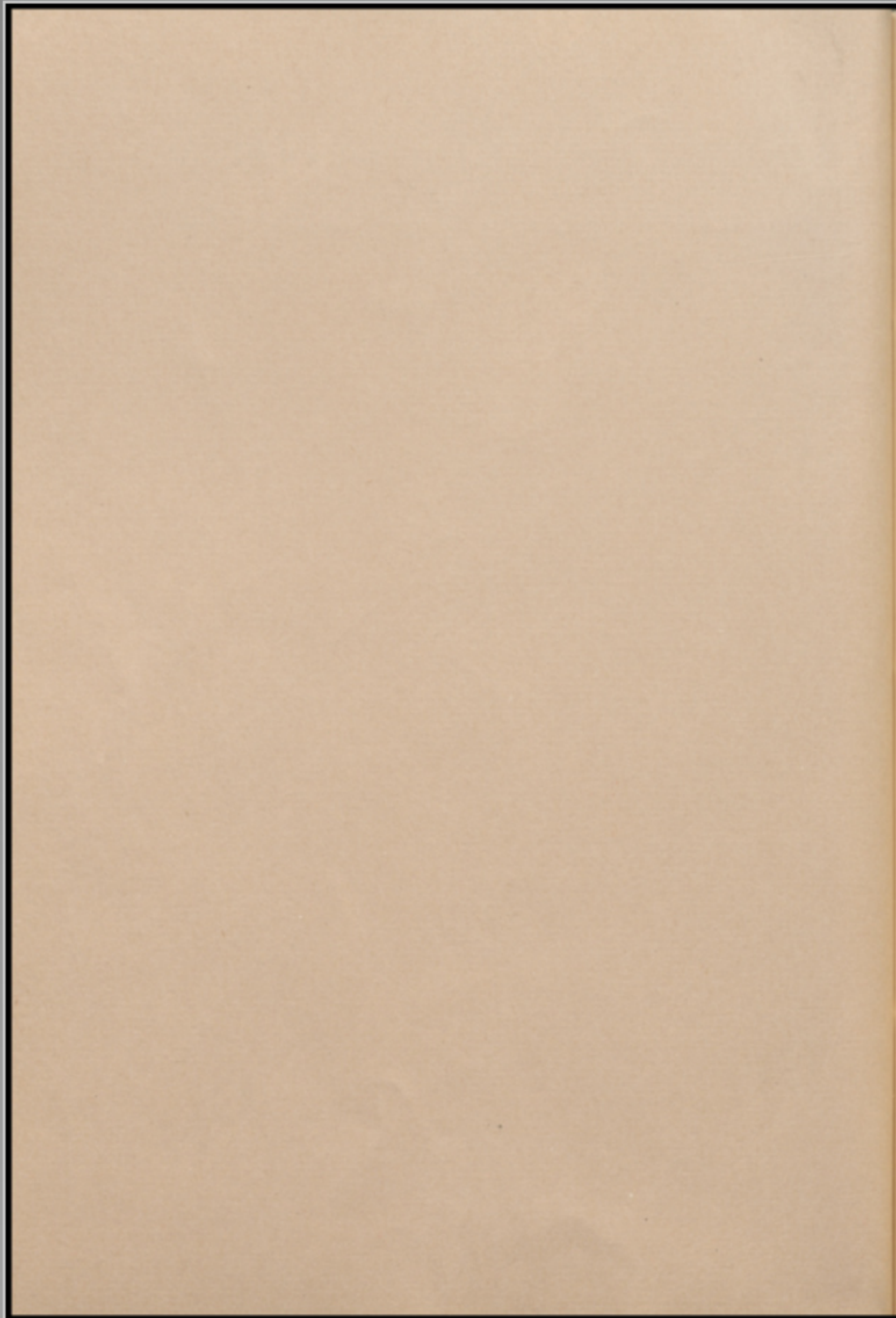
Time was when the days brought no
gladness.

When the nights brought only fear,
Now my heart is gay as a summer day,
For you are always near.

—ELIZABETH CAMPBELL



MUSIC





BAND

Clarinets—Harold Sisson, Barbara Winn, Walter Scott, Dorothy Olson, Earl Beistline, Patricia Harland; Cornets—William Winn, George Whyte, William Kiloh; Trombones—Tom Redlingshaer, Roy Jackson; Saxophones—Barbara Simpkins, Spiro Paul, Wayne Olson, Kenneth Keller, Harry Lucas, James Gray, Arnold Swanson; Flutes—Mary Metcalf, Jeanne VanderLeest; Tuba—Clyde Bolyan; Drums—Le Roy West, Arthur Picken, Ernest Weschenfelder; Bass Viol—Dorothy Rutherford.

Music Department

Last year the Totem told of the beginnings of the orchestra and the band, but the real start of the Glee Club was not given. The Glee Club had its embryo in a quartette. Mrs. Crystal Snow Jenne, the only graduate in 1905, gave the Totem a story of this little beginning.

"Nearly thirty years ago, in the pioneer days of the Juneau High School, all ensemble singing for public performances was furnished by a quartette composed of Lou Crockett, now Mrs. Robinson, of Seattle, Crystal Snow, now Mrs. Jenne, Harold Reynolds and Monte Snow, author of 'Alaska, My Alaska.'

"Such songs as 'Stars of the Summer Night,' or 'How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?,' with an occasional frivolous number such as, 'He Was a Little Tin Soldier,' amazed and thrilled the whole town of two or three thousand population, though sung with much evident effort and oft repeated in the stuffy little class room occupied by the twelve or fifteen who composed the 'student body.'

"Nearly all programs were perpetrated under the sacred auspices of the old 'Seward Society,' Friday afternoons, with an occasional class day program or Lincoln and Washington observance.



ORCHESTRA

Violins—Marie Mead, Marie Bussinger, Esther Jackson, Eleanor Gruber, Duncan Robertson, Corrinne Jenne, Hilding Haglund, Thelma Bodding; Cornets—William Winn, George Whyte; Clarinets—Harold Sisson, Earl Beistline, Walter Scott; Trombones—Tom Redlingshafer, Roy Jackson; Saxophones—Barbara Simpkins, Spiro Paul, Wayne Olson, James Gray; Drums—Arthur Ficken, Ernest Weschenfelder; Cellos—Irving Krause, Gene Carlson; Double Bass—Dorothy Rutherford; Piano—Helen Torkelson.

"A little sight singing was tried with Miss Millie Heid as music teacher, but most of the girls were shy, and most of the boys were, or pretended to be, monotones, and the work was anything but inspiring.

"When the High School wished to outdo itself on a program, there might be a piano solo by Belle Goldstein, now Mrs. Bob Simpson, and a soprano solo by Crystal Snow, or a tenor solo by Monte Snow, a budding, young Caruso, together with a number by 'the quartette.' They selected their own music and taught it to themselves mostly at home, and great was the 'barbershop harmony' thereof!

"Sometimes Miss Trimmer (now Mrs. Hess) who was officially instructor in Latin, would give ten or fifteen minutes to music at the morning session. Seating herself at the piano she would call for a selection from the girls. The answer was invariably the same, 'Stars of the Summer Night' or 'Soldier's Farewell,' followed by scowls and monotone singing from the opposite sex. Then came the selection by the boys, and to the evident disgust of the girls, it was almost sure to be 'Wait for the Wagon' or 'The Low-Backed Car.' Strange to say, all the male monotones would begin at once to crow lustily upon the right key!

"The psychology instructor demonstrated by experiment that Grover Winn, when blindfolded considered the result obtained by striking a desk with a ruler



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Jane Elliott, Virginia Ulrich, Carol Robertson, Judith Alstead, Tyra Baldwin, Edith Bloomquist, Geraldine Bodding, Gene Carlson, Shirley Dalton, Ada Giovanetti, Eleanor Gruber, Fern Gubser, Margaret Hanson, Leota Harris, Lois Hill, Matilda Holst, Esther Jackson, Corrinne Jenne, Miriam Lea, Inga Lindstrom, Ellen Mize, Rosellen Monagle, Joyce Morris, Grace Nelson, Esther Niemi, Frances Orson, Chede Paul, Anna Mildred Pledger, Bernice Powell, Margaret Robinson, Helen Rocovich, Minnie Rogers, Sylvia Rosenberg, Dorothy Rutherford, Barbara Simpkins, Jean Simpkins, Helen Torkelson, Jeanne VanderLoest, Hildred Whitely, Mary Jeannette Whittier, Eileen Stanyar, Sue May, Nancy Ann Kann

and touching a piano key with the finger to be one and the same thing, i. e. 'noise.'

"However, Mr. Winn's cousin, Robert Cragg, another 'monotone,' when privately coached by our demure Miss Trimmer, greatly amazed the town with a fine baritone voice, singing the classical ditty 'I've Got My Eyes On You!'

"Shortly after this Frances Shepard, now Mrs. Neiding, was inspired to write the words of 'The Scarlet and the Black,' which was later adopted as our High School song.

" 'Tall oaks from little acorns grow,' and thus the years have rolled along till J. H. S. now points with pride to her glee clubs, orchestras, and band as fine as can be found in many a High School in the large cities."

From the small beginning that Mrs. Jenne has spoken of the school of twelve or fifteen has grown to over a hundred and consequently our Glee Club. This year there are forty-three in the Girls' Glee Club and twenty in the boys'. From the little programs in the class room have grown our Sunday concerts which have been very worth-while. The quartette which did its own training has become a sextette which is under the special care of a teacher.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Alvin Bloomquist, Clyde Bolyan, Jim Cole, Tom Cole, Allen Elliott, Frank Foster, John Geyer, Carl Hagerup, Paul Hansen, Walter Miller, Robert Pratt, Lloyd Jarman, Tom Redlingshafer, Joe Romunseeth, Le Roy West, George White, John Whitely, George Norton, Robert Simpson, Richard Harris.

As only one member of last year's sextette did not graduate we had to find five members to take their places, and though the present sextette have not sung together as long as the former one their harmony is good. They have sung for the Student Body, Night School, and at both of the concerts.

The instrumental department has improved very much. In spite of the graduation of many of last year's Senior Orchestra that organization has increased four members. The band played for our basketball games and looked very nice in their uniforms and the music was even nicer. The Senior Orchestra played for the High School play which was held March eleventh.

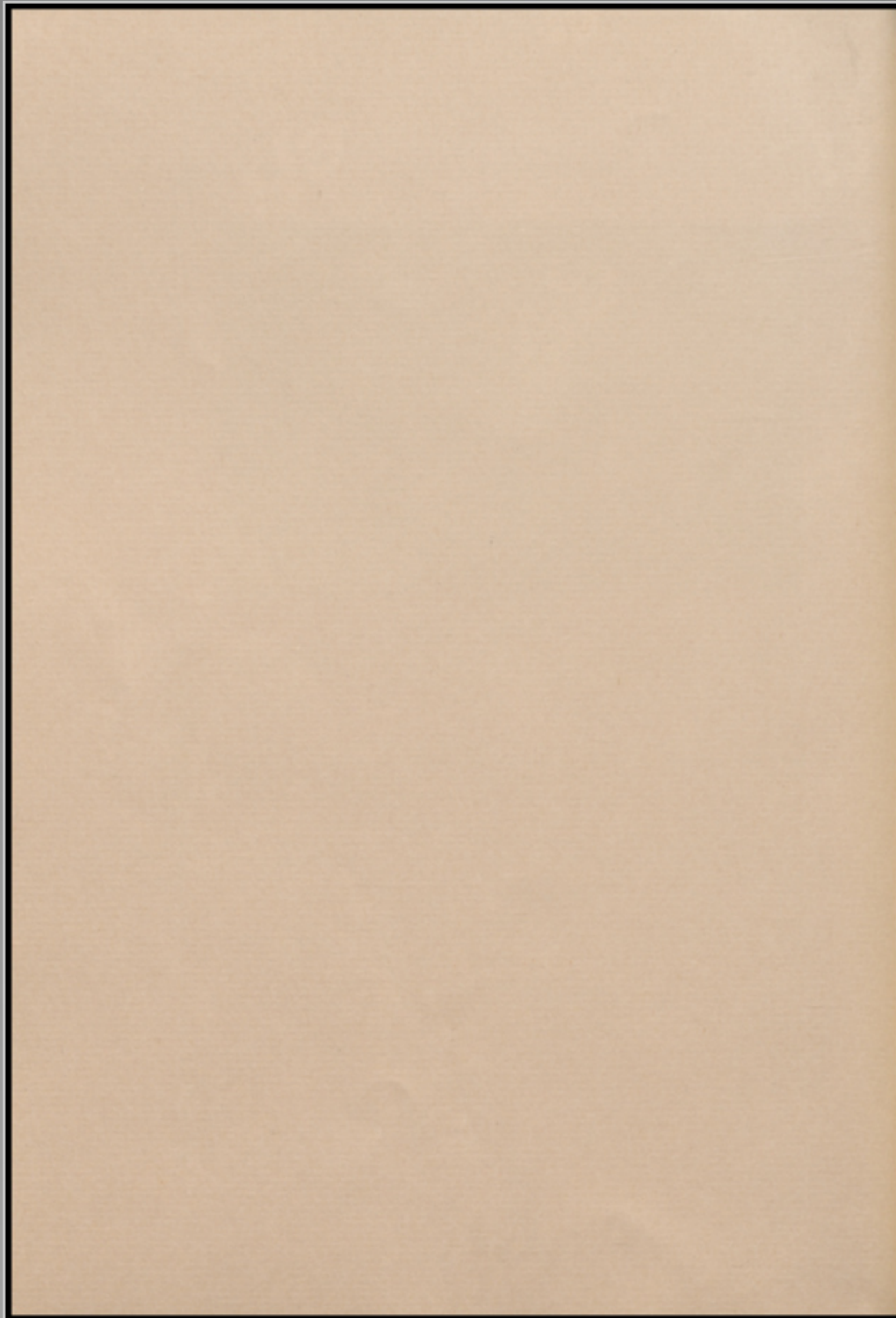
The Christmas concert which was given in the Grade School Auditorium for the students of both schools was very fine. Our midwinter concert was held February 29 and the public was invited to enjoy this.

The instrumental department needed new stands this year, and in order to raise the money a concert of semi-popular music was given.

Both music departments have new teachers this year and have flourished under their careful guidance.



ACTIVITIES



SOCIETY

Oct. 3, 1931

Dear Family:

Am I having a good time? Ask me? Went to the Frosh initiation last night and it was a circus. We had comic contests with the Sophs. I got a prize. Only a few were paddled. Later we danced. Say Mom, I met a boy called Jerry, and he asked me to a party. Do you s'pose you could send my allowance early? Some of the girls have finger waves. May I, Mom?

Yours for education,

"SIS"

Nov. 21, 1931

Hello Everybody:

I'm so sleepy I can hardly write. I could use my allowance early as I have some dates—you know, to go out with a man to a show. I went to the Soph dance with Jerry. The Soph's own orchestra played some snappy music. I loved it, Mom.

Your sleepy,

"SIS"

Dec. 6, 1931

Dear Mom:

Guess what? I went to the Freshman party at the Grade School gym. We had Cole's electric phonograph. Oh gee, it was great. Suppose Pop would buy one? I won't be writing often now as Jerry's my steady and I'm busy all the time. Add a dollar to my allowance Pop, will you?

Your loving,

SIS.

Dec. 12, 1931

Dear Mom & Pop:

My turn to guess. What are you sending me? I hope it's my allowance doubled. Went to the Junior party with Jerry. It was a skating party out the road. My but it's beautiful out there. Miss Kelly went along with us. Did you ever eat a "hot dog" Mom? They're good.

Yours till Xmas,

"SIS"

Dec. 20, 1931

Dear Parents:

What would you do if I failed in my subjects? I'm studying hard now but I've been out with Jerry a lot. The Honor Society had a banquet in the Home Ec. rooms. I saw the tables and they were ritzy—yellow candles, and nut cups and everything. Think I'll study more.

Oh yes, the Student Body gave a dance in honor of the teams that went to the Barracks. It was peppy.

Pop, I won't be able to get home for Xmas unless you send my allowance.

Adios (Spanish)

"SIS"

Jan. 10, 1932

Dear Folks:

School's tiresome after vacation. Exams coming up too. Jerry took me to the Senior dance last night. Something awfully funny happened but I promised not to tell. We had punch.

My clothes are in shreds. Mom, and I'm asked to a party soon. I got my allowance and it's gone already.

Yours,
"SIS"

March 4, 1932

Dear Mom:

I just have to tell you about the Junior Prom. It was a Japanese dance, with a real orchestra. Everybody had on evening dresses, with low necks and backs. I could have danced all night. Jerry dances divinely and I like him Mom. My dress looked as good as the others and you were a peach to make it. Thanks Mom. It could have been cut a bit lower, tho.

P. S.—I borrowed Jane's slippers—high heels and everything.

With love,
"SIS"

April 29, 1932

Dear People:

Gee, Mom, do you suppose I could have another new dress? I guess I'm hard on my clothes. With the Senior ball coming, Commencement, Graduation, H. S. picnic and all, I'm going to be too busy to write often.

If you would send the money I could buy the dress all right.

School will soon be out and then you'll have your "Sis" at home.

Yours for sociability,
"SIS"

P. S.—The Seniors are about to sneak. They just take "French Leave" from their classes and get a boat and go for a picnic.

"SIS"

May 26, 1932

Dear Pop and Mom:

I can hardly wait to get back to the farm. I'm tired of school and lonesome too, Mom. Have a lot of cookies made. There have been several picnics and beach parties.

Well, I'll be seein' you.

Lovingly,
"SIS"



PLAY CAST

Pa Heller	ROBERT PRATT
Ma Heller	DORIS ULRICH
Louise Heller	HELEN ROCOVICH
Charles Grant	ROBERT SIMPSON
Annabelle	ANNA M. PLEDGER
Willie	BILL FRIEND
Mrs. Grant	JONA MESSER
Herbert	LINCOLN TURNER
Director	MRS. LANCE HENDRICKSON
Advertising Manager	BILL NIKISH
Prompters	TOM REDLINGSHAFFER, GORDON INGMAN
Stage Manager	TOM REDLINGSHAFFER

"The Family Upstairs"

Presented by An All-High Cast, March 11, 1932

Joe Heller is a street-car inspector on \$42.50 a week. Louise is his oldest daughter, an office worker, now age twenty-one. Her mother's anxiety is to get her properly married. Quite a sensation is caused one evening when Louise announces she is expecting a man caller, this being her first, and would like to have the parlor.

After an embarrassing introduction Charles is left alone with Louise. They are in love with each other, and before the evening is over they are engaged. Mother, however, puts her finger in the domestic pie and begins a game of bluff. Due to the Mother's interferences there is an unhappy half-hour when the engagement seems to be off and then Grant's mother appears and things are straightened out and everything ends happily.

The All-High School play was presented at the Coliseum theatre, March 11. From the opening lines the play was cleverly portrayed. A large and responsive audience greeted each player enthusiastically and the cast feels indebted to it for the splendid support.

Directed by Mrs. Lance Hendrickson each situation was perfected and made realistic, every character lived his part, thus serving to make one of the most enjoyable performances of the year.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"Hey, Annabelle let's go over our lines."

"Mama, Can't I stop practicing now?"

"Go ahead, Annabelle, you haven't practiced fifteen minutes yet!"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I have. I've practiced four minutes over half an hour."

"Say, where's my book? Some of you people have it. It was here a minute ago."

"Gordy, if you miss a cue it'll be just too bad, too bad, boy, for you. Eh gang?"

"Charles, where's the lunch box? Say you, let that alone. Stop eating those olives."

"Annabelle, not so much noise. Hush, sh—the curtain."

"Move over, let me peek. There's the gang—No, I don't see any vegetables."

"Gosh, it's a good house, Mrs. Hendrickson."

Such was the state of affairs behind the scenes before the opening curtain of "The Family Upstairs," March eleventh, until they were silenced by the familiar call.

"Places for Act I."

"Lights!"

"Curtain!"

Once more a high school play becomes history with many pleasant memories and associations.





Members of the Honor Society are:

SOPHOMORES—Gene Carlson, Margaret Hanson, Theodore Kukkola, Joyce Morris, Grace Nelson, Duncan Robertson, Barbara Simpkins, Helen Torkelson, Barbara Winn.
JUNIORS—Alpha Puruness, Gordon Ingman, Roy Jackson, Olavi Kukkola, Aune Mack, Doris Ulrich, Virginia Ulrich.
SENIORS—Robert Simpson, Lillian Peterson.

The Torch Society

Judging by membership in the Honor Society the Sophomores seem to be the most intelligent class, the Juniors the next and the Seniors are in the rear. The new grading system now used raises the standard for membership slightly, but the members seem to make well over the requirements and those of the future will probably continue to do so.

The Honor Society, which represents the upper fifteen per cent of the students, is entirely honorary, there are no dues or expenses, the officers, chosen by the members, take charge of the meetings and other affairs for the school year.

As an organization, the Honor Society has not been very active. They were guests of the Home Economics Department at a luncheon in the Home Economics Rooms and were promised a dinner to be given later in the year by the same group. Mr. Raven, advisor to the group presented pins to the members present and requested that they be worn to promote higher scholastic standing.

The "J" Clubs

All students earning an athletic or scholastic "J" are eligible to the "J" Club, which is an honorary letter society of J. H. S.

The club was organized in 1922 as an athletic organization for boys. In 1924 the girls formed a club. Since then both groups have expanded their membership requirements to include scholastic endeavor.

"J's" are awarded to members of High School plays, editor and business manager of the Totem and winners in athletic and scholastic contests.

To distinguish the scholastic "J" from the athletic "J" the former is black with a scarlet border, while the latter is scarlet with a black border.

Those who belong to this club are the leaders of our school. They are the ones who are willing to give time and effort to promote worthwhile activities, scholarship, and good will among the students.

Although the boys' and girls' clubs are separate organizations, the clubs hold joint initiation of new members at an annual spring picnic.

The officers of the clubs are: Girls' "J" Club—President, Eva Rocovich; Boys' "J" Club—President, Tom Redlingshafer.

New members to whom letters will be awarded this year are: Elizabeth Terhune, Fern Gubser, Virginia Ulrich, Lillian Anderson, Mary J. Whittier, Anna M. Pledger, Helen Rocovich, Iona Messer, Lincoln Turner, Doris Ulrich, Grace Nelson, Hilding Haglund, Bob Henning, Billy Nikish, Peter Melseth, George Karabelnikoff, Robert Pratt and Robert Simpson.

"J" CLUB MEMBERS

Marie Meade, Esther Jackson, Iona Messer, Barbara Winn, Margaret Hanson, Rhoda Minzgohr, Eva Rocovich, Gene Carlson, Alvin Bloomquist, Elmer Lindstrom, Tom Redlingshafer, Elizabeth Terhune, Fern Gubser, Virginia Ulrich, Lillian Anderson, Mary J. Whittier, Anna M. Pledger, Helen Rocovich, Iona Messer, Lincoln Turner, Doris Ulrich, Grace Nelson, Hilding Haglund, Bob Henning, George Karabelnikoff, Billy Nikish, Peter Melseth, Robert Pratt, Robert Simpson.



Calendar of Events

- Sept. 8—Stand by deer diery and absorb the next nine months of icksitement with me. Being a Senior feels purty gud. I guess I will domernate the weeker grupes.
- Sept. 19—The Southeastern Alaska fare wuz a sukkess I guess for everybudy but me. Them prize Angora Goats uv the Sitka Ekspearament Station et my \$4.00 straw hat. "Leave it too our stock to pick kwality," said Mr. Dunham. Out \$4.00.
- Oct. 5—The Koach called the furst basketball turnout today. The teems prospecks arent so gud so I done the rite thing by my skule and teem and showed up for practise.
- Oct. 19—No skule today becuz we as stewdents must obsurv Alaska Day which waz on Sunday (yistiddy) this yeer. Thats the best and only way to obsurv skule holidays which kum on Sundays in my upinyun.
- Nov. 20—Only once did she dance with me at the Soph party. I cant fathum it, diery unless shes tryin to make me jellus.
- Nov. 27—I didnt feel so gud after my thansgiving dinner but now I feel worser. In Kemistry we had to reed sumthing on Tooberkewlosis and I am showin simtoms of said malady. At any rait I got a boil on my elbow.
- Nov. 28—We shore beet Skagway 28-11. It wuz our furst inter-skule game. I didnt play. The Koach sez he is savin me. Leave it two the Koach to pick Kwality and Brainz.
- Dec. 5—The Fosh had there party in the Grade skule gimnazium instead uv the Hi skule gimnazium becuz me and the rest of the teem cant funkshun properly on a floor which has been waxed to dance on.
- Dec. 14—The teem went to Haines today and the Koach asked me to stay and keep track uv the ekwipment which the teem didnt knead on the trip.
- Dec. 19—The teem returned from Haines and the Stewardent Body giv a dance. The gurls wun there turnament but the boys becuz uv there handy-cap on account I wuznt there lost the deciding game by three points.
- Dec. 23—Its about time we wuz gittin a vakashun. We're takin in gud old Mary Krissmus. (I wisht I had enuf money for that bottle uv swell purfemurry so I cud giv it two that new gurl) Oh well.
- Jan. 8—We beet Duglas today 18-15. I didnt even git skratched in the game. The Koach let me set on the bench. The gurls lost 24-20. The One & Only wuznt playin in the gurls game. I guess the gurls Koach doesnt reelize her abiliteez like I do.

- Jan. 15—We beet Duglas agin. Our female repersenatives lost 11-6. The Koach hasnt even ask me to kum back on the teem. Just wate diery. When we start luzing theyll kum to me on bendud kneas.
- Jan. 22—We lost to Duglas today diery. Why? Just becuz I wuz on the bench agin. Sumday theyll regane there census and put me in the game. The gurls wun there game however by a turrifik score.
- Jan. 29—Today Mr. Wentland sez "all them who is down in too er more subjecks will remain a few minutes after skule." I thot I saw teers in the Koaches eyes when I handed in my sute. I told him to buck up; that he still had Elmer. He kinder grinnd and tuk it like a man. I admire him for hiz spirit.
- Feb. 12—The gurls shore gave Duglas a gud likking. 28-2. I shore feel sorry fur the boys. Anybudy cud see how bad they kneaded a gud man in the game. I wuz ready to help but they thot they cud get along without me.
- Feb. 22—Today is my burthday. We didnt have no skule. It wuz Washingtons burthday too.
- Feb. 28—This afternoon wuz the skule konsert. I wasnt set on goin but she sez shes goin to be there and anyhow it adds to ones Dignety and Bearing to be seen at them social funkshuns.
- Mar. 4—Hold me down diery. I went to the Prom with none less than her. A kredit to the eyesite she is. I felt kinduv sorry for Mr. Dunham and me. I guess it wuz the furst time eether uv us had danced. Also diery your lucky youll never haf to ekspearihence the imbearassment of spilling punch on the back uv your inglish teechers dress.
- Mar. 11—Whoops my deer. Im in the All Hi play tonight. Im not the leed this time but I got a very inportant part. At a givun signul I toot a car horn off stage. Im not such a bad tooter eether. Mrs. Hendrickson is goin to ask the skule-board if I can git a letter for it purhaps.
- Apr. 8—I didnt even git honorable rekognishun in the Essay kontest. And I kneaded that \$5 too. Oh well maybe I can borrow it from Simpson. Hes big harted even if he wont make the Essayist I wood.
- Apr. 21—Us Seniors snook away today. We went to Youngs Bay. We had some races out there. I had most of them cinched only I sprayned my ankle. Not much fun the rest of the afternoon? I had ate to ten gurls putting ice pax on my swollen apendige and curreasing me.
- May 27—I feel as tho Id bin pulld through a not hole. We just finished our exams. And tonight wuz the Senior Ball. I cudnt disappoint my publik so I done the noble thing. I tripped the lite fantastik with all them poor gulls who Im leeving behind. Oh well. There young. Theyll soon fergit.
- June 3—Gosh dang it diery everybudy blubbered at commencemt and I kun-fess that my eyes kinder watered to. She claims I bawled like a caf when I shook hands with the fakulty but dont you think it diery. Skules out but shux; with fourteen boils have I got such a happy outluk on the vakashun.



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Our 1932 Totem

In contrast to last year's annual, we have endeavored to make this twenty-seventh annual Totem more informal without lowering the previous high standard of the book.

Due to the general financial depression, many schools are reducing the size of their annual or eliminating the publication.

We are fortunate to be able to publish our Totem this year. Since our funds are limited, we have endeavored to cut expenses wherever possible.

At this time I wish to thank those who have made this publication possible, namely: The Staff, our advertisers, and the Empire Printing Co. Tom Redlingshafer and Clyde Bolyan are to be commended for their untiring efforts in soliciting advertising, and Aune Mack deserves a word of thanks for her splendid work as Art Editor.—Editor.

Literature

PROSE AND POETRY CONTEST

The Parent-Teacher Association sponsored a Prose and Poetry Contest this year for high school and upper grade students.

First and second prizes were awarded in Mrs. Tupper's, Miss Olson's and Miss Shaw's rooms and in high school.

The students were enthusiastic in their response and some excellent material was submitted.

The judges for poetry were Mrs. L. P. Dawes, Sir William Britt and Mr. H. L. Faulkner, for prose, Mr. J. E. Pegues, Dr. Harry C. DeVigne and Mr. H. T. Selby.

High School awards were as follows:

Bob Henning won the first prize for prose and Billy Nikish, second. Honorable mention was given Margaret Robinson.

Elizabeth Campbell won first prize for poetry and Bob Henning, second. Gordon Ingman and Aune Mack both received Honorable Mention.

My View

FIRST PRIZE

My window looks out on the ocean.
An ocean of color and sound,
Now a shimmering golden ocean,
Now cold and grey and fogbound.

Today it was dancing and joyous,
All gladness and brightness and glee,
Tomorrow may see it lie sombre
Or thundering warnings to me.

The big ships come into the harbor,
With stately and unhurried grace.
The fish boats come hurrying home-
ward
With darkness and danger arace.
—ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

My Last Request

SECOND PRIZE

When the scene of life has drawn
Its curtains before my eyes,
Lay me to rest in the greenest forest
glade,
'Neath the whisp'ring pine and
sombre spruce,
Lay me where I may hear
The drumming grouse and the scold-
ing wren:
Let me thrill to the forest's spell un-
marred by
Man and his contraptions or ring of
falling axe.

Turn my head to the dying sun
That I might revel in its glory,
Reminiscent of days long gone by,
When God upon this earth held sway,
There must I be laid to rest,
Far from human sound and touch,
In the depths of the swaying, whisp'ring
jade.

With virgin nature all around me.
—ROBERT HENNING

The Call of the Open

HONORABLE MENTION

Out in the woods, wild nature around,
Where trout fill the streams and game
abounds.
Those are the haunts that beckon me,
My pal, our dog, we're happy we
three.

Our provisions are packed, I shoulder
my gun,
My pal takes his, we are up with
the sun.
Our rods and our reels complete our
load,
With a Hey! and a Ho! we're out
on the road.

As the day fades away and the shadows
grow long,
The flames blaze high, my pal hums
a song.
Around the fire we tell our tales,
Of great encounters and hidden trails.
—GORDON INGMAN

OUR GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

First Prize

By ROBERT HENNING

I have had a hard time choosing a subject for this essay. At first I thought of a title suggesting principally hunting and fishing, but after thinking it over I have come to the conclusion that my pet hobby is just getting out of doors. Hunting and fishing, to be sure, are fine sports. These recreations are really just good alibis for getting out in the open.

If you don't think I am right, you sportsmen who know the game, look back on your hunting trips and recall if there were not several times when you returned home tired and hungry and equally empty-handed and still you had enjoyed yourself. Isn't it true? There is some indefinable thing that makes one love the out-of-doors. There is a certain thrill in getting close to nature that one does not experience otherwise.

That is why I hunt and fish for pastime. Here in this wonderful country one has all the chances in the world to pursue these sports. Whether one hunts or fishes or simply tramps the hills for the sheer love of being out of doors, Alaska offers a lure all its own.

The most pleasant experiences I have ever had have been in God's great open. Last winter, after a hard week in school, I struck out for the tall timber early on a Saturday morning. How wonderful those woods looked! A two-foot mantle of freshly fallen snow lay like a luscious carpet over all. Great boughs sagged under the tons of snow. A light breeze was blowing and every once in a while it would stir the laden trees enough to send silvery streams of snow cascading to the ground. The woods were very still. The lisp of the wind in the trees was the only sound. Everything, under that glistening snow, was immensely out of proportion. I wished for snowshoes, for every now and then I would sink to my waist in the soft snow where the wind had drifted it. Along toward noon I arrived at the base of a small mountain and made a fire for the purpose of cooking my lunch. Boy, maybe you don't think that bacon and eggs and hot coffee tasted good to me after hiking all morning in the chill air. Honestly, I ate like the proverbial horse.

Not long afterward I found myself half way up a broad trail leading to the mountain's summit. Here the temperature was considerably colder than in the lowlands, and a good crust had formed on the surface of the snow. Walking was decidedly more pleasant.

For the next three hours I dwelt in a fairy land. Every clump of bushes had taken some odd likeness. Here was one that closely resembled a camel. Quite out of place, was he not? And off to the left was a gigantic horse with rider low-bent. Every turn held some new fascination in store. Suddenly I came out above the timber line. It is odd how sharply the timber line is defined. The trees seem to bring up short at the new snow, as if beyond lay some forbidden land.

It was all very beautiful but the treat of the day was the sunset. There were dozens of colors in it, ever changing and blending. My particular mountain turned a brilliant pink, as did the peaks surrounding. I was so enraptured that I scarce could speak. Surely this wasn't the same old earth. It couldn't be. It was more like the home of the gods.

Darkness followed close on the heels of the setting sun and I soon reluctantly started down the trail. After a tortuous journey I arrived safely at the base of the mountain. That day will live long in my memory. The pure white snow, the whispering trees and that gorgeous sunset combined to leave an imprint on my mind that can never be erased.



AN EARLY EXPERIENCE

Second Prize

By BILLY NIKISH

An incident which happened to me during the Great War in 1917 will always remain fresh in my mind. This incident occurred in the little village of Cetinje, in which I was born. During the grinding years of war our village was never molested by enemy forces. Although we had heard of enemy planes bombing outlying towns it did not occur to us that some day that same terrible experience would come swooping down on us, marking that day as one of dread and remembrance in the minds of everyone.

Word had been received soon after the beginning of the war that whenever enemy planes were sighted that everyone was to go for cover thus providing safety and that the raiders may chance to believe that the village was deserted. On the day of this incident the village folk were busy doing home chores not giving a thought to enemy planes. When the alarm was given everyone stood in amazement but not for long, for within five minutes of the alarm not a soul was seen anywhere. My parents took me to the basement of an old cement houses where some people had already gathered. We could see some of the villagers hiding in the hay houses where the grain is stored for the winter.

Within a few minutes we heard the roar of the planes' motors as they came diving out of the sky towards the village. All of a sudden explosions were heard all around us. Risking a look out of the lone basement window we saw timber, dirt and rocks being hurled into the street and houses. Screams and cries of the injured rose above the turmoil, but no one dared to risk going out to give them aid. After a moment's pause the roar of the motors was heard again and this time they swooped lower over the village and then we heard a terrific explosion. The roof and floor of the house in which we were hiding collapsed and timber and rocks came crashing down upon us. The second attack had come so unexpectedly that no one had time to move and some of the people were caught out of the more protecting corner of the basement in which my parents and I were crouching. In the instant of the explosion I heard cries and groans all around me and then all went black. I found out later that a falling plank had hit me on the side of my face cutting my ear and neck. When I awoke from my unconsciousness I was still in the basement. Men and women were hurrying and pulling others from the wreckage, and although a few were seriously injured the rest miraculously escaped. The planes, I learned, had left shortly after the last bombardment and I ventured out of the wreckage into the only street of the village. The first thing that caught my sight was the huddled forms of victims lying under the ruins. The surviving villagers were already pulling the injured and dead from under the remains of the explosions. The villagers who had hidden in the hay houses were all dead since they were the first to be bombed.

All the rest of the day everyone was busy in aiding the injured and working to straighten up the damaged houses. The dead were taken by their families and made ready for burial. My parents escaped with a few minor injuries and fortunately our house was left undamaged.

I do not know how I lived through the first night and the next day after the raid, I always had in mind that the planes would return. But that proved to be the last of the air raids until the end of the war, although we did experience some harsh treatment when the enemy forces marched through our village and made it their headquarters for a number of days.

MY FIRST RIDE ON A TRAIN

Honorable Mention

By MARGARET ROBINSON

I was just five years old when I saw and rode on my first train. Having lived in Juneau all my life I had never had an opportunity to see one except in magazines.

This was my first trip to the States, so imagine my awe at all the wonders of a city. With much awe and no little fear I viewed my first train come rumbling and whistling into the station. It stopped with a great clanging of bells.

In my wildest imagination I had never pictured a train such as this huge, rumbling and roaring monster was. I clung tightly to my mother's hand and awe-stricken I gazed at it. How could mother view this monster so calmly!

All around me people were rushing, some hunting for their children, some going after their tickets, some looking after their baggage and others saying goodbye to their friends and relatives but none seemed to be frightened by the appearance of the train.

My mother explained that this was the train we were to travel to Portland on. I drew back with fright for I did not feel it would be safe to travel on it but when I saw people streaming out of it safe and sound I felt reassured and felt my curiosity getting the better of me. I permitted myself to be helped into it by a colored porter.

On both sides of the aisle were rows of red plush seats which the people were rapidly filling. Mother led me to a seat toward the back and put me next to the window so I could see the scenery after we got started. I became so interested in watching the people that I got over being frightened and enjoyed myself immensely. I even felt a thrill of pleasure when we started to move out of the station. I spent a good while looking out of the window. But after we got out of the city I grew tired of this and turned around to look at the people on the train.

In front of me sat a portly old gentleman with a very bald head. I amused myself by looking at my reflection on his shiny pate. I would make funny faces but when my mother saw this she made me stop for fear the gentleman would turn around.

Across the aisle from me sat a little girl about my size with whom I became friends soon by playing tag in the aisle. However, this hilarious play was stopped when we knocked a tray out of the hands of a colored porter who had suddenly appeared in the aisle. He was highly indignant and made us understand that we were to behave. Whereon my mother again placed me next to the window where I stayed put until a newsy came around with a basket of fruit and candy. Naturally I wanted some so mother bought me some fruit and an all-day sucker. After I had eaten this I felt drowsy so mother made a pillow out of my coat and I lay down for a nap. I immediately feel asleep and soon was dreaming of hundreds of huge, roaring monsters all rushing towards me.



TRIALS OF A FRESHMAN

When I left the eighth grade one whole glorious month before my comrade students and fellow sufferers, I think I felt as happy as I have ever been.

But when I thought of what was before me, only three short months away, I trembled and grew pale with fear, although all the experienced ones told me I would like "it" very much.

When at last the time of "reckoning" came, it seemed as if the whole world was gloomy.

It was cloudy, and the Sophomores looked at us as if they couldn't bear it, and no sooner did we come in sight of one, "Hello, Freshie!" rang out upon the stillness, before the Juniors and Seniors joined in humiliating us more than ever.

Several of us went up to the study hall (how calm I am now when I write that word) together, as we were terrified to go alone.

We took seats as far back as we could, and slid away down in our seats for an obvious reason. Of course everyone turned around to look at the "germs," as they "fondly" called us.

We were told that the work was terrible and the teachers were very easy to fool, which we have found to the contrary, and you could whisper and throw spit balls and snap your fingers when others had their hands up. Of course we tried it, and now intend to tell the next year's "batch" the same thing, and let them discover what happens when they try it.

At first the work seemed simple, until we found we had to make oral talks, take tests, and write experiments, et cetera, every week.

After the initiation we were accepted as "full fledged" members of the honorable Student Body, and we now strut around like the others.

—A. S., '35

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RAIN

Rain is a subject of interest to everybody. Does it affect you as it does me? I enjoy rain if it comes about seven-thirty in the evening. If the day has been dry, when the rain comes, I put on my "slicker" and rubbers, leave my cap hanging on its hook, and venture forth into the night.

I walk around the town, alone. A feeling of peace comes over me. I am shut in by a wall of mist. Disconnected entirely from the wet, uncomfortable, hurrying people about me.

A child hurries past, clad in overshoes, raincoat and rain hat. Doubtless she is wondering if her friend's house will be warm enough to renew the feeling of warmth and dryness she left behind the moment she stepped through her front door.

I move to one side to let a man pass. His overcoat collar is well up around his neck, and a muffler dangles loosely down the front of his chest. He is frowning as so many others, his thoughts are on the coal winter will cause him to burn. Behind him comes a woman with an armful of books. The library is her destination.

I feel like walking in the rain, however, only when the day has been clear. If it has rained during the day or for several days before, I feel entirely different. Then I want to stay shut up in a room, a cozy room with a good book for a companion and read during the evening.

—R. H., '33

MOUNTAINS

You unlucky persons who live East of the Rocky Mountains do not understand the word "mountains." A mole-hill in your section becomes a "lordly peak." If you think that you are justified in calling these mounds mountains, come out West "where mountains are mountains, and we're proud of it."

As you speed towards the dying sun, you will perceive a purple line on the horizon, which gradually grows into a range of mountains that takes away your breath with the greatness of it. But, hold on traveler, you haven't seen anything yet! A few days later you are winding through a little range that is known in Washington State as the Cascades. It is all very rugged and beautiful, but your eyes seem to be deceiving you; you see another range of mountains that might be the mother of all of yours back East. Those are the virgin Olympics on the other side of Puget Sound.

Oh, my no! You're not going home yet. I'm going to take you where all the mountains came from. Where is that? Why, from Alaska you poor "ninny!" A couple of days later you find yourself sleeping and eating with mountains. Great peaks that rise straight up from the water's edge for thousands of feet; Glaciers, nearly as big as your baby mountains of the East, nestle at their feet. You don't say a word, do you? You're just dumbstruck, that's all, you never knew such things existed in this day and age.

Oddly enough, you begin to take each new mountain without a tremor, for you're getting quite accustomed to them. Nevertheless, your nerves are not immune to this one. Will you please raise that window on the other side of the train? Thank you. Now, what do you see? You don't believe your eyes, so I'll tell you. That is Mt. McKinley rising into the clouds for over 20,000 feet; the greatest mountain on the North American continent. Now, my friend, you may go back to your cosmopolitan East, satisfied that you've seen a mountain.

—B. H., '33

HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever tried to be original and succeeded? Then you were born under a lucky star for only one out of ten are lucky.

Were you ever in a spasm of delight because you had discovered something new, or at least supposedly new, and then awakened to find yourself in the very depths of despair because someone else received the credit?

Did you ever, after much research, bring some henceforth hidden fact to light and then sadly learn that the fact had long been buried because it had no value?

Have you ever tried to cultivate a personality in manner, dress, speech or writing and then hear the people say, "She's trying to be like so-and-so. Isn't she foolish? Why doesn't she try to be original!"

Have you ever worked a difficult problem in mathematics and gone to class thinking you'd be the only one with it? Of course half the class had it! Or have you ever written an essay on some subject that you thought was original and suffer a stroke when someone else comes to class with the same subject?

Being original isn't easy. Either you find someone else with the same idea or your originality becomes a subject for "over the back fence" debate. As I said before, if you try being original and are successful then you are the one out of ten who was born with a lucky star.

—A. M., '33

THE LORD OF THE POOL

The other night I called on an old friend, Gene Burns, to inspect a newly wrapped rod of his. As all fishermen know, this time of the year is most popular for the proverbial story of the "big one that got away." Naturally we both had a fling at yarning. Gene is particularly fond of fly-fishing and takes every chance he finds to get out on the stream with his beloved rods and flies.

He found his paradise in the summer of 1929, as a forest ranger in a wild and beautiful section of Southwestern Washington. His cabin was of cedar shakes and rested in the shade of giant cedars and silver spruce that ceaselessly whispered tales of romance to the initiated. Every night he was lulled to sleep by awe-inspiring symbols of this great influence: the lisp of trees, the creak of boughs, the rushing stream and the gentle "tunk" of cones falling on the cabin roof and forest carpet.

A stone's throw from the cabin a deep and narrow stream plunges down from the snow-covered heights above, roaring through deep chasms and meandering peacefully over quiet reaches in the shade of tall firs and shady alders. The pools are numerous and alive with scrappy trout.

One such pool was the lair of a prodigious rainbow trout who ruled his watery domain in most tyrannical manner. Any other restless fish happening to drift into the pool would be immediately put to rout in no uncertain manner. When a fly was cast on the pool he would slowly rise to within a few inches of it and then he would insolently follow it along and chase away any trout that might happen to come within a yard of him. To Burnie he seemed almost devilishly human in sagacity as he would never follow a fly farther than the foot of the pool. In a nutshell, he was practically invulnerable, outwitting the fisherman at every turn.

For weeks this arrogant trout held the fascinated attention of my friend. Most every day coming and going on the trail he stopped to take a crack at the fish. He tried flies, spinners, and finally bait, but to no avail. The least that could be done was to watch that old trout slowly and seemingly tirelessly patrol his pool in great wide circles.

One evening Gene took his rod down to the stream and "set up" in the shallow riffles just above the pool, where the trout of his dreams abode. He was in search of the small fry that often constituted his evening meal. The shadows of approaching night had begun to lengthen and a half-dozen six-inchers had succumbed to his foils. Glancing downstream he perceived the big fellow rising to a natural Miller. With trembling fingers he changed his Grizzly King to a White Miller and shied it out ever so gently over the fish's upturned snout.

Suddenly the water was boiled to the frenzied rush of a gigantic trout whose sole objective was a fluttering white fly. He rushed upon the fraud with jaws agape and tail lashing. With a mighty surge he took the ingenious device and sped upstream like a flash of light.

All this transpired before Burnie realized that the impossible had happened! He was fast to the largest trout he had ever hoped to see. With an effort he steadied his shaking limbs and gave the butt of the rod all that he dared. Then the anger of the fish was manifested in a tremendous leap that carried him out of the water a full four feet. Before the precious slack could be recovered the old rainbow tore off more line in a frantic dash down the stream. Once again the trout split the water, more viciously than before,

shaking and twisting, scattering the silver drops for yards around, and fell back with a resounding whack.

When the water once more had assumed its languid calmness all that marred the surface of the pool was a torn, bedraggled White Miller fly.

Strangely, a great feeling of joy swept over the forest ranger—he was glad that the lord of the pool had won his freedom; glad that the great trout was safe in his watery retreat where he could once more baffle the wiles of common man with his super-fish wisdom. So, with one last admiring, almost reverent, look at the spot where “he” had disappeared, Gene turned toward camp.

Now once more the silence of the forest held sway over that beautiful spot where the stream boiled and frothed in the shadows of giant Douglas firs silhouetted against the evening sky, and a great trout lay behind a mossy rock, musing over his latest unsought contact with a fisherman.

—R. H., '33

SIR ROGER VISITS AMERICA

Sir Roger had decided to travel and one evening over steaming dishes of coffee at the club he told us of his decision, but added that he did not know what country to visit, however, “I have been considering America.” At this Sir Andrew spoke up and said that Italy was very beautiful in the spring, while Will Honeycomb sighed and remembered that he always wanted to see Japan but feared he never would. As Sir Roger and I walked home that evening he whimsically confided to me that he had never intended to go anywhere but to America and that he had brought up the subject merely for the sake of argument.

The next I heard from Sir Roger was when I received a letter from him from New York which greatly surprised me as I did not know the old Knight had gone yet. In his letter Sir Roger wrote that the country was so huge that the whole of England would hardly be noticed in it. “I have also seen several Indians and although they are very fierce looking they seem quite harmless. They are some mutterings against England mostly over the taxes which are very unjust. I am growing homesick for London and shall soon be back.

“Your affectionate friend,

“SIR ROGER.

“P. S. The coffee over here is not fit to drink and the tea is little better.”

—R. J.

AWARD GIVEN

The greatest actor discovered in late years was given the award for the best acting in the past year. His popularity grew overnight and the world clamors for more of his pictures. His publicity is greater than that of any star of any time. He cuts capers across the daily newspapers. His private life is known to everyone from three to eighty. Even our local theatres have his superb films at least once a week! Children love him, grownups enjoy watching his hairbreath escapes.

The greatest trait of every star is found in him. He has Vallee's crooning, Gable's love technique, Fairbanks's athletic ability, Mix's horsemanship, Chaplin's droll humor, Barrymore's appeal, Berry's strength, and Cantor's banjo eyes. Do you know him?

Mickey Mouse!

—A. M., '33

A NAMESAKE

"Lan' sakes, how yo' all 'specks me to tote dat er' wash without no wagon?"

"Geo'ge Washington, if yo' don' wan you' mammy to lick yo' right proper, yo' scamper right down dat ar' hill with dat 'ar wash right now!"

He scampered. But once around the first bend in the road, the little pickaninny paused to scratch his woolly head through the hole in his old straw hat, and then shuffled on, watching the little clouds of dust rise between his bare black toes. Lower and lower sagged the bundle of freshly laundered clothes on his back. Apparently life held no interest or aim for him. Even the dog which followed closely at his heels had evidently lost his fear of "mammy" which had started him so briskly on his journey down to the big white house below. But stop! Perhaps there was some interest in life after all. Across the road there hopped the grandfather of all the big grey garden toads. Instantly the wash was forgotten. Boy and dog followed the toad through the broken rail fence, unmindful of thistles, ant hills, or clover patches full of bumble bees.

The bundle of laundry lay in the dusty road for an hour, at the end of which time, Mammy, decked out in all her finery, on her way to call on 'Lize, found it where it had been abandoned. Picking it up, and muttering to herself, she went and took it on down to the "big house."

The little pickaninny's eyes rolled with fear and disbelief when, coming back after the bundle, he found it missing. Unlike his famous namesake, he did not hurry home to confess his guilt. On the contrary, he sat down by the side of the road to think up some feasible tale which would account for the theft. Accomplished as they were in the art, it took fully twenty minutes of sitting in the dust, dryness, heat, thirst, buzzing flies, and biting ants, before the thoughtful boy and dog could think up a story which Mammy would swallow. Slowly they dragged homeward, but no Mammy met them at the door. By the time she was home, the story had grown greatly. George Washington had become almost a hero, and "Rags," the dog, had taken fully a square foot of trousers from the thief.

Then Mammy came home. George Washington had hardly time to start his fable before he was taken by the scrull of his pants and hurried into the woodshed. Two minutes later, he emerged hence, preceded by Rags, with his tail between his legs.

Time passed. Still the young "hero" sat on a rock, kicking thoughtfully at a dusty dandelion. Mammy announced supper, from the door of the cabin, now lit up with a kerosene lamp—but no George Washington. He was chasing a firefly through a nearby field. Long, long after dark he dragged homeward. He was met at the door by an enraged Mammy. This time she stood and heard him out.

"Now, yo' listen here, Geo'ge Washin'ton, I don' believe nothin' of the kind. Yo' come right out here to the woodshed with me."

—E. C., '33

THE CIRCUS

The theme of the annual as you know by now is the "circus." Perhaps a short history of it and its development would be quite interesting since the circus is no little event in large cities and even in small towns.

By tradition circuses were believed to have originated at the time of Romulus in honor of a Latin god Consus. Horses and chariots raced around the

altar of Consus and therefore described a circuit which was called "circus," a Latin word meaning circle or ring. Indeed, the circuses of the early days were far different from those presented today. Their major amusements were usually athletic contests, acrobatic stunts, and conflicts among men and beasts of which they were passionately fond. All of these first presentations were confined to the other side of the Atlantic.

In 1785 was the first time any circus placed foot on American soil. In 1793 there was the Rickatts Circus and not until 1796 were animals a part of the program. For the first time a circus was presented under canvas in the year 1851 and then only for the purpose of enclosing the sights from those who had never paid admission. The spectators sat on the ground or stood near the ring as possible. The program consisted of tumbling, riding, and ancient clown antics. It is claimed that the Spaulding and Rogers Company were the first to place their cars on railroads. Even though much of its fine talent was recruited from Asiatic and European soil, a great deal of its progress and energy that has brought it to its present proportion was limited to this side of the Atlantic. In 1884 the Ringling Brothers' Circus consisted of eleven wagons, twenty horses, and a wild menagerie of one lonesome Hyena.

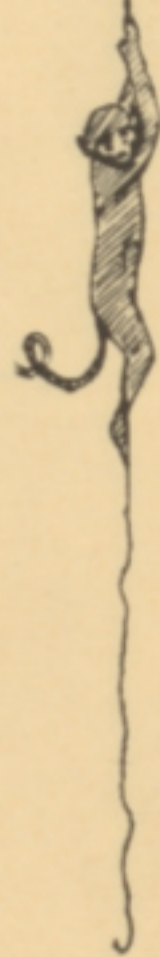
Here the magic of the rumble of red wagons, the echoes of spangle-land draw the people of every nationality to the winding road that leads to the "sawdust rings." Equestriennes from France, athletes from Great Britain, flashing brunettes from Italy, Mexico, Argentina, Spain, almond-eyed maids from Yokohama, shieks of Araby, handsome Russians, Scandinavians and many others subscribed to the one and only supreme law—a law of every troupier—"The show must go on." It has also its aristocracy—people who are literally "born to the show"—descendants of royalty—for example, Will Rogers, who belonged to the circus of Wirth in 1904 and was known as the "Cherokee Kid," and Billy Burke bears the name of her father, a famous clown.

On and on into the future that has no end the glorious trail that leads to the glorious sheltering folds of the "big top," a trail not developed in a day or a year but through centuries, will be filled by those waiting, eager to subscribe to the supreme law of every troupier, "On with the show."

—E. N., '34

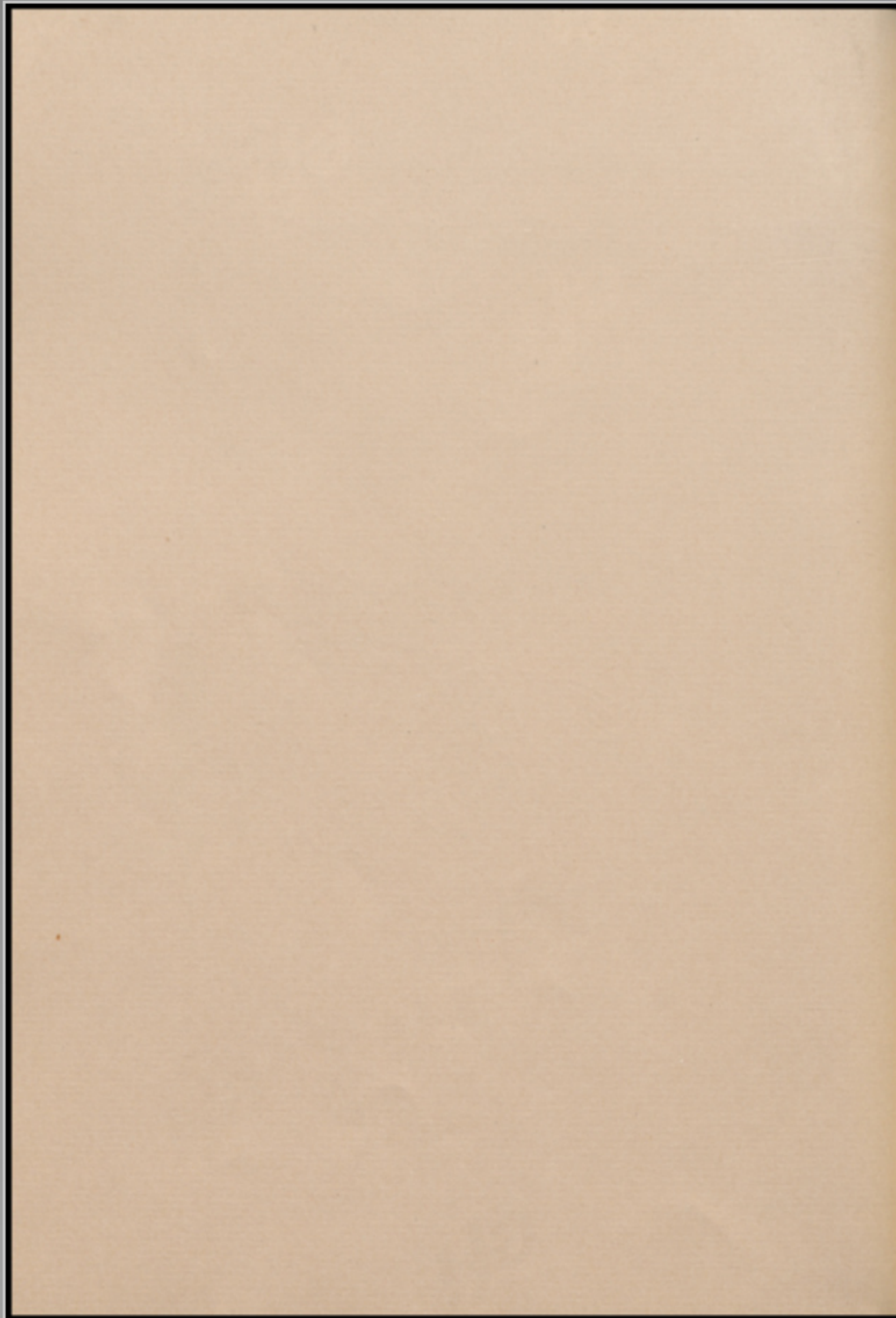


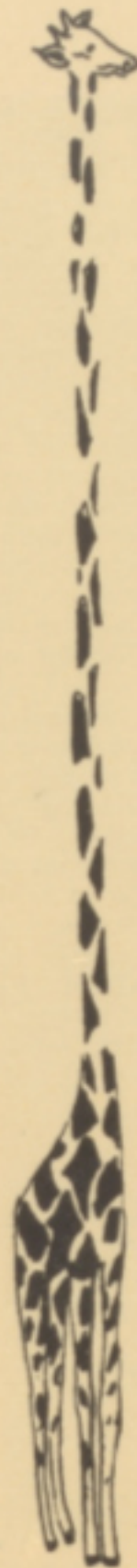
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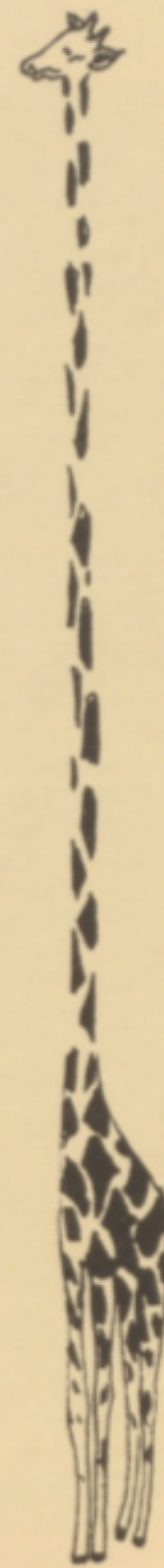
HUMOR





*Oh, the Circus-Day Parade!
How the bugles played and
played!
And how the glossy horses
Tossed their flossy manes,
And neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of
The tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us
With melody sublime.*

—RILEY.



WHAT'S IN A NAME—

GEORGE and PAUL were going WEST to WINN their fortunes. George's FOSTER father slapped him on the back and said "OLSON if you don't come home I'll shake you. HANSON come home ULRICH." His mother made no MOHN. ANDERSON was going to be gone a long time, she just said "If you see your UNCLE ROBERTSON take him with you."

It was a COLE, GRAY day when they set out. As they passed the LEE of the HILL, Paul had a for BODDING of trouble. He knew that there were BAYERS and BEISTLINES about. They saw something WHITE moving in the foliage. "Run," he shouted, "or we'll be slaughtered like LAMBS." ALSTEAD yourself we're in no danger. They looked around for a place to spend the night, but they could find only BEHREND'S of grass and leaves for a bed. How they wished for a FRIEND with a FURUNESS. They got up HURLEY the next morning, it was a typical morning in MAY. Suddenly cried George, "WAHTO, is that LIGHT thing moving in the water, what KANN it be?" It proved to be only an ice BERG. Going further they both decided to go HENNING. Gathering a few hens they saw a number of COWLINGS straying towards them. "TURNER around and let's LYNCH her," George said. Then a MARSHALL came up and told them to leave the cows alone and PAUL said that they had planned to PLEDGER to their mothers. The shocks were enuf to JARMAN.

When they heard the CAMPBELL ring they tore down to lunch, which consisted of BOLYAN soup and BALDWIN apples, but they had to econo-MIZE on the MACKEREL. George cried, "My MOELLERS hurt and he turned WHITELY pale. "HOLST me up or I will drop." Paul helped him fix them and said, "I've DUNHAM up the best I can, you forget them." GEORGE recovering said, "Everything was RAVEN black around me for a while. Say what's that SISSON on the stove?" They looked and found it to be TARR. Paul said he had forgotten the stuff BURNS easily. "You know," he said, "I thing you're getting a NEIMIEc. We need the sunny climate of ISRAEL and anyway I want to see the place where that fellow TEWKESBURIED all of his followers." Ah, quit your PRATTLE and come on and turn in.

After many months of travel the two came home ULRICH.

—E. M., '33

Scientific Terms Made Easy

Atom	_____	The first man.
Beaker	_____	Larger.
Convection	_____	Cake and Candy.
Induction	_____	Method of getting acquainted.
Ion	_____	Heavy metal found in raisins.
Manual	_____	Common Spanish name.
Molar Solution	_____	Listerine.
Secant	_____	One-sixtieth of a minute.
Sine	_____	A Notice.
Volt	_____	To cast a ballot.

A student was asked to give an example of the fitness of a name to the thing to which it was applied. His answer: "An orange. An orange is orange in color, it has the shape of an orange, the taste of an orange, and it is really and truly an orange, as its name would lead you to expect."



In Way of Jest

GRADUATION is that process of getting rid of undesirable Seniors in an honorary way by the process of—

COMMENCEMENT, a boring function devised to test the waiting stamina of—

SENIORS, gents who have spent four uneventful years at some high-school or other in a feeble attempt to get some—

KNOWLEDGE, an illusive muse which can not be secured by just a little—

WORK, what the graduates are about to do.

Glossary of Terms

Frosh: "I don't know."

Soph: "I'm not prepared."

Junior: "I can't remember."

Senior: "I don't think I can add anything to what has already been said."

"Will you please sit down in front so I can see this basketball game?"

"Sorry, sir, but I'm not built that way."

Snore and you sleep alone; talk in your sleep and David Tewkesbury sleeps with you.

"Hey, Joe, your little brother just swallowed a nickle."

Joe McClean: "Oh let him have it, tomorrow's his birthday."

She's so dumb she thinks palsy is that green stuff that floats around on top of soup.

"I suppose you're on the basketball team."

"Well, yes. I do the aerial work."

"What?"

"I blow up the basketballs."

Our idea of an optimist: The fellow who stands in the municipal bread-line with an electric toaster under his arm.

Little Known Facts

George (Hopeless) White, can speak Yiddish with one hand.

Richard (Shoot-'em-dead-Dick) Harris has definitely decided to give up writing poetry, having received six rejected poems from an editor to whom he only sent four.

Perhaps you have noticed that many of the leading male novelists are beardless. They seem quite content to let their plate wear the whiskers.

After looking them all over we think the dachshund is the best front drive dog on the market today.

Was it Mephistopheles who first pulled that famous bromide, "Who's your friend from the Styx?"



Questionnaire

Who said the following and where?

"Hey, Nikish, lemme see your Trig."
"This—(censored)—Typing."
"Anybody got an aspirin?"
"Well, what's on your mind?"
"Okay, Baby."
"Yeah, I had one once, but the wheel came off."
"Go 'way—ya make me nervous."
"Foul!!"

Famous Last Words

"Mrs. Hendrickson, don't you think Robert Simpson is a wonderful boy?"

A banana skin lying on the sidewalk might also be considered as the Yellow Peril.

Robert Pratt: "Cherie, je t'adore."

Eleanor G.: "Shut it yourself, you lazy thing."

If you see a fellow waiting in front of the Post Office he's a Sophomore.
He's waiting for some Freshman to come along and open the door for him.

Revising and bringing some of the old songs up to date we have:

In the Zooming, O My Darling.
My Bonnie Flies Over the Ocean.
On a Skycycle Built for Two.
The Side-Slips O'er New York.
Nobody Knows How High I Am.
Motor O'Mine.
Airily We Roll Along.

Definition of an outboard motor boat: A row boat with athlete's phut.

Mr. Wentland: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid and then some chloroform—"

Voice from the rear: "That's a good idea."

Some people never seem to learn. Phyllis Friend has been going to school for over eleven years and still she can't get there on time.

This poem was written by a member of our student body. (name on request, provided the request is not from the authorities.)

We go to school in the morning,
We totter home at noon,
And our only hope is hoping
That it will be over soon!

—J. S., '33

Seniors In Review

Alumnae we welcome you back to your alma mater. You will find that we have cherished your traditions and ideals and that they are still an integral part of our school.

It has always been the policy of J. H. S. to keep in touch with its graduates. Since 1904 diplomas have been issued to Senior classes varying from two to twenty-eighty members. In all some two hundred and sixty-five people have been graduated from this high school.

The class of '31 has made a creditable showing. Twelve of its members are attending institutions of higher learning. The others have found useful and happy employment, many are saving money toward a future career.

Last year the following awards were made:

To John Stewart the Margaret Phipps Scholarship to the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines. This scholarship is given to the student who makes the highest record in competitive examinations given by the College.

Muriel Jarman received the Business and Professional Women's Club Scholarship, given to the girl who has contributed to her support while in school, and still maintained high scholastic standing.

Alice Merritt was awarded the Woman's Club Scholarship given for outstanding scholarship.

All three students have made use of their awards and are maintaining the same high class work that was characteristic of them while in high school.

• • • • •

ALUMNI FOR 1931

Dorothy Bakke is attending the University of California at Berkeley.

Elizabeth Barragar is in Juneau at present but is going to college next fall.

Sigrid Davis was married to Edward Dull of this city November 21.

Mary Giovanetti is a post graduate student in our High School. She is going to Providence Hospital, Seattle, next year.

Zalmain Gross is working at the Coliseum Theatre now. He plans to go to college next year.

John Hellenthal is attending the University of Santa Clara.

Verna Hurley works in the telephone office. She is going to college next year.

Robert Hurley is at the University of Santa Clara.

Lena Jackson is residing at Juneau. College is undecided.

Muriel Jarman is in Arizona attending the University at Tucson.

Edward Laurie is home after a year at the Success Business College, Washington, where he plans to go next year.

Grace Meggitt is residing in Chitina, Alaska, with her sister.

Alice Merritt is attending O. S. C. She is a member of the Alpha Beta Phi Sorority.

Senna Paul is working in her father's store. Her college career is undecided.

Edward Powers is studying engineering in Seattle, Washington.

Edna Riendeau plans to take nurse's training at a hospital at Portland.
Elliott Robertson is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity of the University of Washington.

Edward Rodenberg is now working in the local cable office.

William Rodenberg is employed at the Alaska Meat Company.

Maizie Rogers is attending Bellingham Normal.

Mary Simpkins is attending Maryhurst, Oswego, Oregon.

Loren Sisson is attending the University of Washington.

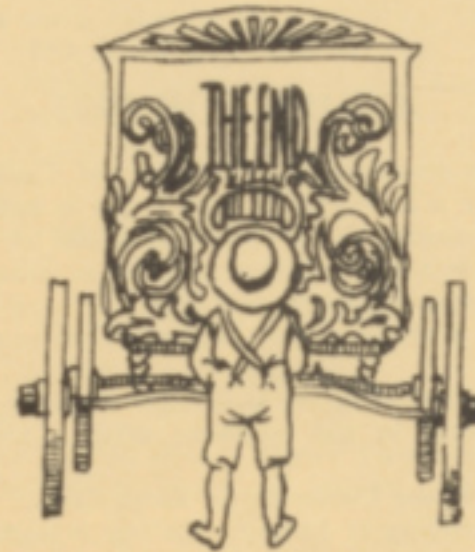
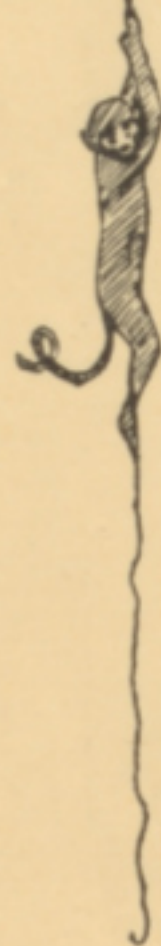
William Sparks is working in Juneau.

John Stewart is attending the Alaska Agricultural College.

Jeanette Stewart is taking a post graduate course. She plans to attend Mill's College next year.

Elmer Swanson is working on a farm in Petersburg. He plans to attend college next year.

Mary VanderLeest attends Maryhurst College, Oswego, Oregon.



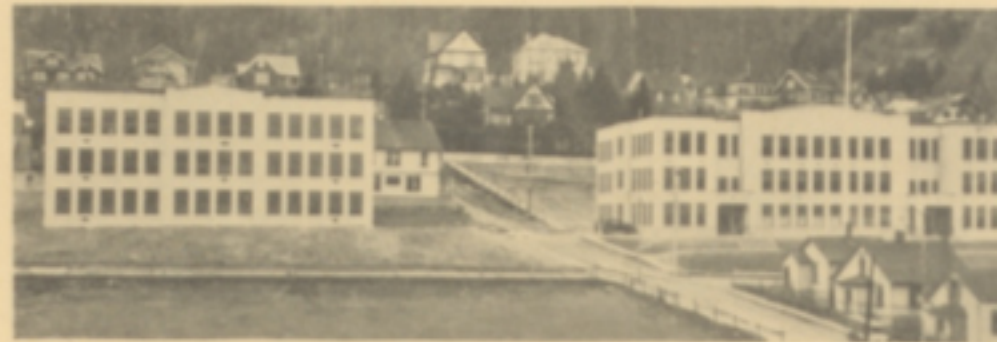
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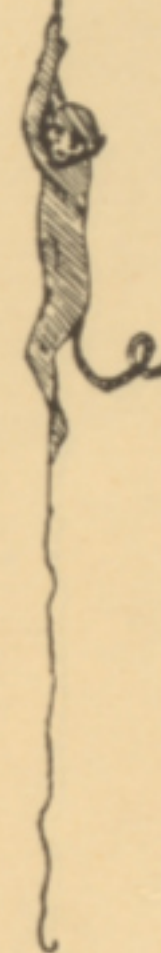
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