

DEDICATION

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We, the students of Douglas High School, respectfully dedicate this, our Annual, to the High School Faculty and business men who have aided us in making it a success.



## Taku Glacier

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Taku Glacier is the pride of the Northland—  
Majestic and mighty in splendor is clothed;  
It enraptures and thrills the Cheechako,  
And by the Sourdough is honored and loved.

We view with awed reverence works wrought by  
Nature,  
Where a thousand and one beauteous marvels are  
known.  
Which each true Alaskan calls proudly his own.

Sometimes our wonderful glacier is silent,  
And lies in its stillness all lifeless and cold,  
But suddenly bursting forth loud in its glory,  
Thunders a tale that will never grow old.

The tale it tells of Alaska, the wonderful,  
From '67 to time that has not yet come;  
These prophecies are speedily fulfilling—  
So come make Alaska your home.

ALFRED HEWITT—'23.

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Faculty



Gordon C. Mitchell, A. B.  
Supt. of Schools.  
Algebra, Civics, Physics,  
Commercial Arithmetic,  
Manual Training.



Miss Elizabeth Thompson, B. S.  
Biology, Domestic Science,  
Reading, History,  
Spanish.



Miss Anne Seeley, A. B.,  
Latin, English,  
Spelling.



Mr. James Nichols, B. S.  
Ancient History, General  
Science, Geometry



### FACTS

When Built .....	1902
Yearly Expenses .....	\$14,500
Total Enrollment .....	180
High School Enrollment .....	34
Average Daily Attendance, High School .....	32
Percent of Attendance, High School .....	98.4
Books in Library .....	1,100
Equipment .....	\$20,000
Area of Campus .....	200 feet square
School Board, 1921.—Director.....	Felix Gray
Treasurer.....	D. H. Christoe
Clerk .....	L. W. Kilburn

## Editorial

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### EDITORIAL STAFF

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Editor-in-Chief .....	Una Crowe
Associate Editor .....	Harold Gallwas
Athletic Editor .....	Rangnar Kronquist
Jokes .....	Martha Sey and Alfred Hewitt
Personal Editor .....	Elizabeth Feusi
Exchange Editor .....	Nora Mattson
Junior-Senior Reporter .....	Mary Vesoja
Sophomore Reporter .....	Myrna Bland
Freshman Reporter .....	Mamie Feusi
Faculty Adviser .....	Miss Seeley

### BUSINESS STAFF

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Manager .....	Arthur Nelson
Assistant Manager .....	Sinclair Brown

The Editor wishes to take this occasion to thank the members of the staff for their earnest endeavors in helping to publish the "Taku" and the monthly issues of the "Gastineau Breeze." What success we have had is due to the co-operation and school spirit of each and every one. This spirit of co-operation has united the pupils more closely in all school activities. Our printer, Mr. J. Langseth, deserves special mention for his faithful and untiring efforts in publishing our monthly papers and annual.

This is the first issue of the "Taku" since 1917. We have greatly improved our annual over last year's final edition of the Gastineau Breeze. This number contains pictures of all the High School pupils and teachers, besides many other cuts.

Getting out a monthly publication and an annual means work, but we feel amply recompensed for our efforts along this line because of the support given us by the people of the community, and the many favorable comments from our numerous exchanges.

The Business Staff takes this opportunity to thank the business men and citizens of the Channel for their hearty support in all our efforts. Their cooperation has been a large factor in making our publication a success, and we ask those interested in the welfare of the school to help us show our appreciation by patronizing our advertisers. They have been square with us and they will be with you.



ELIZABETH FEUSI  
Orchestra, '21  
Basketball, '20, '21  
Class President, '21  
Senior Play Cast, '21  
Vice Pres., Student Body, '21  
Breeze and Taku Staff, '20, '21



ESTHER CASHEN  
Orchestra, '21  
Pres., D.G.A.A., '21  
"Breeze" Staff, '20  
Pres., Student Body, '20  
Dramatics, '17, '18, '19, '21



SINCLAIR BROWN  
Baseball, '17  
Football, '21  
Dramatics, '18, '21  
Asst. Bus. Mgr. "Breeze"  
and "Taku," '21.  
Basketball, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21



MARTIN GALLWAS  
Yell Leader, '20  
Dramatics, '19, '21  
Pres., Student Body, '21  
Baseball, '17; Football, '21  
Asst. Bus. Mgr., "Breeze", '20  
Basketball, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21

## Senior Class

Who's the class that's full of fun?  
Who's the class that's on the run?  
Who's the class that's got the pep?  
We're the class that's got the rep!  
Who? Who?  
The class of Twenty-one.

President ..... Elizabeth Feusi  
Class Colors ..... Brown and Gold  
Class Flower ..... Pink Rose  
Motto ..... "The Door to Success Is Labeled 'Push' "

Time has wrought many changes in our classmates. Elizabeth Feusi has gone through the grammar grades and High School in Douglas. During her first years in grammar school she was very quiet, but when she entered High School she became a dignified young lady. Elizabeth was editor of the "Gastineau Breeze" last year and has continued her work, in charge of the "Personals," this year. Elizabeth intends going to Business College next year, and we all wish her the best of luck in taking up her new course.

Martin Gallwas, who will enter the University of California next year, will look back on the happy days that he spent in school at Douglas. Martin has always been a "live wire" in school and we are sure he will continue to be so wherever he may go. He has been captain of the Champion Basketball Team for the past two years, as well as President of the Student Body Association.

The other girl member of the Senior Class, Esther Cashen, spent all of her school days in Douglas. She was elected President of the Associated Student Body last year and was on the staff of the "Breeze," as Junior and Senior reporter. As her ambition is to be a teacher, Esther is planning to take a Normal Course in Juneau next year.

Sinclair Brown spent his school days in Douglas. In his Junior year he attended the Juneau High, but we were all glad to see him return to the D. H. S. as a Senior. "Brownie" has figured prominently in all school activities and we are sure that wherever he may be after his school days are over, he will always think of "dear old" D. H. S. Sinclair plans on joining the Navy this summer.

At the first of the school term a meeting of the Seniors was called; Elizabeth Feusi was elected president; Martin Gallwas, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. G. C. Mitchell, faculty adviser.

So now we Seniors, after putting on our Class Play and at Commencement, leaving chunks of wisdom for the undergraduates, shall have completed our course in the Douglas High School. Though we may never all be together again as students, we shall often think of the happy days that we, the Class of '21, have spent in D. H. S.

## Class Prophecy

Many years after the Classes of 1921 and '22 had graduated from the Douglas High School, each member naturally sought to enter Heaven's Gate. Now, St. Peter was very particular as to who entered, so he asked a great many questions.

One early morning someone timidly knocked at the Gate and was met by Peter.

"You are very early today, young woman," said Peter.

"Yes, I'm always early. May I come in?" questioned Una, for it certainly was our old classmate, Una Crowe.

Ignoring her question, Peter asked: "How do you happen to come here? Do you think you deserve to be let into our great city?"

"Wh-y-y-y, I think so. I've always tried to make everyone happy, even in school. As 'editress' of the 'Douglasian' I've tried to do my part in giving pleasure and knowledge to the people in Alaska. Just several days ago I became the bride of William Manley. He was captain of the steamer 'Juneau' and we were on our honeymoon trip when the ship struck a reef and went down. William m-might be here any moment. I-I-I do hope he hurries," sobbed the once blushing bride.

Business promised to be rushing that day, so Peter led Una into the city and found someone to comfort her until Bill's arrival several days later. He was welcomed with open arms, for Peter had heard of his character from those who had preceded him to the Gate.

Several years later a dark, handsome, rather stout gentleman appeared. He seemed to be good-natured but not quite confident that Peter would let him pass.

"Martin James Gallwas, I believe?" questioned Peter.

"The very same," said Martin, "only slightly ruffled after this morning's performance. Several daylight robbers came into the Los Angeles Bank. I'm president of it, you know, but I happened to be in the bank with one of the cashiers, going over some books, when the dirty crooks came. Upon my showing some violence they put me to sleep, so here I am. It's a downright shame to have the people get robbed of all their earnings."

"Have you lived there always?" asked the Gate keeper.

"No, but Los Angeles has been my home ever since I graduated from the D. H. S. some thirty years ago. Maybe you would like to know whether I'm single or married. Well, I'm a bachelor!"

"O. K. Pass," said Peter, and Martin entered Heaven.

Who is this approaching as if with wings? Ah! it is an airplane. An aviatrix jumped out and asked to be let in.

"Haven't you flown enough without coming to Heaven for more wings?" asked Peter.

"I don't think so," brusquely replied the flyer, who was Mary Vesoja. I have gained much popularity by my record trip around the world, and now that I can no longer fly around the earth, I have

## Juneau-Douglas City Museum

come to Heaven to continue flying. I never tire of it."

"That is a pretty poor excuse on which to enter this Gate," Peter said, "but come on in. Your only chance."

A very tall, distinguished-looking gentleman next sought entrance. In a very graceful, elegant and elaborate speech he told of his service to his country as Speaker of the House for over thirty years.

"I am the Honorable Clifford Anderson, formerly of Washington, D. C., but I have the pleasure of hoping to be soon in your very magnificent metropolis," replied the stately gentleman.

"Have the pleasure to hope that in a few years I shall allow you to enter, after you have thought over your stately character," with which Peter turned and left him standing at the Gate.

"Why, the very idea! I shall see that you get in under my protection, my good man," loudly proclaimed someone, who proved to be a suffragette in the person of Esther Cashen. "I haven't forgotten your efforts in the House for Women's Rights, so I will return the favor by seeing that this person lets us in. My goodness, so it's a man! It's certainly too bad that the Gatekeeper isn't a woman. She, at least, wouldn't let every Tom, Dick and Harry in."

Alas, what could Peter do but open the Gate and allow the two to enter?

"Good-day, Sir, how is business these fine mornings?" questioned a very tall, thin old gentleman who carried a small case.

"Not very rushing, if you must know," replied Peter, feeling as though this fellow were an imposter. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing much, except open the gates, if you please," said the doctor, for it was a doctor and Harold Gallwas at that! Who would have thought that he would become a doctor?

"Your case looks very unpromising. What is it you keep in your closet?" harshly spoke Peter, at which the doctor turned a shade paler until he could get no more so. "I presume it is a skeleton of one of your patients."

"Yes, yes, say no more! It is too true. I had no idea that you would find it out. It was purely accidental that my first patient died, but why, oh why, did I keep his bones!" muttered the doctor, who was trembling so he could hardly stand.

"That is bad, very bad," said Peter, "and such an act would never allow you to enter the city which I guard so carefully." Alas, the poor old doctor could not enter those sacred Gates.

Later a lively old man in a commander's uniform bombarded the Gate and greeted Peter thusly: "Hello, old chap, how's the weather? Well, I finally got here, after sailing around the globe. That fleet of the League of Nations is some fleet, believe me; not a break in the whole voyage. I hated to leave, but a sight of the old burg was too much for my heart. I suppose you know that we steamed up Gastineau Channel amid the roar of cannon, whistles and what not. Such a welcome! Never have my old eyes seen the likes of it.

By the way, is there any room in your city for me?" finally asked the commander who was none other than Sinclair Brown.

"Step inside and see," said St. Peter, as he opened the Gates.

"Oh, please leave them open; I should like to enter, too," said someone behind Peter. It was Nora Mattson! She then told of her marriage to a rich Brazilian coffee planter, but she was not very happy because she had no children to care for. "That is why I started an orphanage for the little Brazilians. It was such fun, and the little ones were so dear," she explained. "I'll take care of the kiddies here if you will let me, please." The weary keeper opened the gate again and after closing it sat down to get an afternoon nap.

He was, however, soon startled by another person who seemed very, very tall in a silk "stove-pipe" hat and swallow-tail coat. St. Peter drew out a prolonged yawn, for it was none other than Art Nelson.

"I have the honor of being, or of having been, the President of the United States," said the slighted ex-President.

"How come?" drawled Peter.

"Once upon a time I was shipwrecked on a South Sea island and I ran across a bunch of cannibals. I can tell you my hair actually stood up straight, but they soon put me at my ease by proclaiming me as their god. It had been my ambition to become President some day, so I then saw my chance. I soon taught them the principles of democracy, spelling, writing and the likes until they became quite civilized. Alas! the climate, being too warm, was injurious to my health, so I was obliged to return to the United States. I received considerable publicity through publishing my experiences and the facts about the islands and its inhabitants. The people were so enthused with my idea of governing that I found myself soon placed in the President's office. I hope this account is suitable to you," said the Honorable Mr. Nelson.

"Hum! it's acceptable," said the still sleepy Peter, and with that he ushered the stately gentleman into the Golden City.

After forty winks, which were in reality thunderous snores, a firm but gentle knock aroused the sleepy keeper to his duty and he found himself confronted by a stately, impressive maiden. He smiled his best and inquired how he might help her.

"Sir, I have come to offer my services as your secretary in keeping the Book, being qualified for that position by having held the speed typist championship of the world for forty years."

Saint Peter made a profound bow and opened wide the Pearly Gates and Elizabeth Feusi was welcomed into the ranks of the Immortals.

Having conducted the last person of the Classes of '21 and '22 through the Gates of the Sky, St. Peter laboriously closed his great record book, rose slowly from his rocking chair and went to partake of his dinner of corn beef and cabbage.

ELIZABETH FEUSI—'21.

## Class Will

We, the members of the Senior Class, with our right hand upon a Bible, do hereby swear to be loyal in giving out our will. Being in our right mind and influenced by no one, we, the Class of 1921, do hereby will, bequeath and deed the following:

### ARTICLE I

Sec. 1. We will our good behavior, as a class, to the Juniors, that they may have power and the great ambition to go through with it.

Sec. 2. To the Sophs we leave our ability to reason.

Sec. 3. The Freshies are crowned with the thought of becoming the stars of the High School, and we all know that means the Seniors; therefore, we will to them our high grades to aid them on their long, long journey.

### ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. I, Elizabeth Feusi, do hereby will my dignity, staidness and presence of mind to "Buster" Hewitt, in hopes that some day he may develop them to such an extent that he, too, may have an excess to pass on down.

Sec. 2. To Peter, I bequeath my glasses, so that he may at least have the appearance of a scholar.

Sec. 3. To "Shorty" (Selma), I deed my enormous height.

### ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. I, Esther Cashen, am willing to part with my sole possessions, and present Myrna Bland with my ability to play the piano.

Sec. 2. To Vivian Lindstrom, I will my curly hair, so as to relieve her of a great pleasure of using the curling irons when she grows up.

Sec. 3. I hereby do deed to "Kat" McCormick my knowledge of Biology, that I have obtained while attending Miss Thompson's class.

### ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. I, Martin Gallwas, will my slang to "Cliff" Anderson.

Sec. 2. To "Swede" Nelson, I hereby will my gentle power of kidding, which will then be known as the "Art" of bluffing.

Sec. 3. I bequeath my tongue in pronouncing Spanish words to "Bill" Manley.

### ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. I, Sinclair Brown, do hereby think I can get along very nicely without my "bum" knee, as I won't need it to hinder me from touring the world, although I don't wish any one any hard luck.

Sec. 2. To George Valeson, I wish the best of luck with my pomp.

Sec. 3. Now that I'm starting out in the world, I hereby will my art of boxing to "Kat" McCormick, that she may maintain order in school hereafter.

SINCLAIR BROWN—'21.

## Class History

And it came to pass during the year of nineteen hundred and nine, on the fourth day of September, thirty-six little children entered the great sanctuary of the Douglas School, where all were taught, and where all were welcome.

After eight years of difficult study in the grammar grades, fifteen pupils were ready to enter into the second great stage of their educational career—the High School.

The first of our Freshman year was certainly a trial. The Senior Class pupils rarely spoke to us, and when they did it was only to have fun. The expression, "He is green," or "She is green," was common and very well known by us. Nevertheless we kept up our courage, and at the end of the school year we were all to become noble Sophomores.

On arriving at the door of the school next September we found our class to have seven members, but great changes had taken place among them. The girls' skirts grew longer—Elizabeth's almost reaching the top of her shoes; Esther's dress was of a beautiful design, with many pretty flowers. Sinclair Brown had shed his knee breeches and looked very dignified in his long pants; Martin, it was noticed, took great pains with his hair. It was during this year's schooling that the rest of the class sat up and took notice. The Sophomores were becoming famous.

Along towards the end of our Sophomore year part of the great Treadwell mine caved in. It dealt very severely with our class and when we entered the school as Juniors only five members survived. These five pupils, or the "Big Five," as we were called, were always on the go, especially when it came to making a noise or "starting something," or disturbing the perfect harmony and quietness of the study room. We went through our Junior year with much honor, mastering Physics, History and English, making the other classes green with envy (except the Freshmen, who were not capable of becoming a deeper green).

Now comes our final year, the one we so long have looked forward to, and the one we shall never forget. Dear old D. H. S., we certainly regret that we must leave you, although we know there are advantages and opportunities that we can look forward to in the outside world.

Farewell, Douglas School, around which cling many pleasant memories.

Farewell, dear teachers; we sincerely appreciate the interest you have taken in us and we wish you well.

To those who have made the Douglas School possible we will strive to shape our future course in such a manner that your efforts have not been in vain.

MARTIN GALLWAS—'21.

## Senior Play

One of the chief events of the school year is the Senior Play, which will be given the evening of May 6th. The play is a comedy in three acts, the title of which is "Lost—A Chaperon." The cast is composed of fifteen characters, nine girls and six boys.

The Seniors taking part are:

Sinclair Brown, playing the part of George Higgins. George is a good-natured fellow with an unfortunate faculty of getting in wrong.

Martin Gallwas, as Jack Abbot, a happy-go-lucky fellow, is fond of the girls and always ready for a lark.

Elizabeth Feusi, acting as Alice Bennett is a "good sport," smart and clever, with a fine sense of humor.

Esther Cashen, cast as Mrs. Higgins, is of middle age; hustling, garrulous and domineering.

The others taking part are:

Arthur Nelson, who has been assigned to the character of Fred Lawton. He is a stolid fellow, something of a plodder and the butt of all jokes, with, however, a dry humor all his own.

Harold Gallwas, taking the part of Raymond Fitzhenry, a poet, is inclined to be flat and effeminate.

Clifford Anderson, as Tom Crosby, is bluff and to the point.

Nora Mattson, who plays the role of Marjorie Tyndall, is rather colorless and is easily led by the others. She is not a girl of much assertion.

Una Crowe has been assigned the part of Ruth French. She is a mild-mannered girl, distinctly lady-like, but not at all averse to fun and to enjoying a good time.

Mary Vesoja, as Mrs. Sparrow, is a rather humorous, rustic-looking individual, about forty-five years of age.

Ragnar Kronquist has been given the part of Dick Norton, and is heavy and lumbering.

Amy Wilson has the part of Blanche Westcott, who is lively, forward, and inclined to be fresh.

Martha Sey has been given the part of Agnes Arabella Bates.

Kathleen McCormick is taking the part of Mandy, while Selma Aalto has been assigned to the part of Lizzie. Both are farm girls.

The play tells the story of some college girls who have gone into the country for their vacation. The chaperon fails to make connections and they spend the first night alone. The next day each girl, thinking she is the only one frightened, appeals to some boys camping near them to frighten the others. The timely arrival of the chaperon straightens out their difficulties and the boys prove to be college friends and acquaintances.



## Junior Class

Where'd be your pep  
And where the "Taku"  
If it wasn't for the Class  
Of Twenty-two?

Class President ..... Una Crowe  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Harold Gallwas  
Class Colors ..... Purple and White  
Motto ..... "B<sup>2</sup> and bY's"  
Class Flower ..... Carnation

It was on a September morning that eight "Freshies" began their studies in High School. This work was entirely new to them, and besides they were called "green" by their elder schoolmates. Algebra was difficult because of the different signs and numbers, but we learned them after a term of hard work. History, English and General Science were very interesting and we all got a great deal of knowledge from them. In Domestic Science the girls made some very pretty clothing and learned to cook some dainty foods.

Next came our Sophomore year, which gave us much better grounds to work on. Joseph Vezzetti, John Poeth and Ida Swanson left our class. Two new pupils joined; Una Crowe, who attended a High School at Springfield, Mass., the year before, and Mary Vesoja from Juneau. As Sophomores, we were great athletes, all of the boys being on the basketball team, and one of the girls. We also took active part in the school play and proved to be excellent actors and actresses.

We were very fond of Geometry, as it gave us a chance to get out of doors once in a while. We measured sidewalks, telegraph poles, and everything we saw, including Miss Mantz, our teacher. We also took part in the school paper, boosting it every time we had the opportunity.

Our class is composed of seven pupils this year, as Alex Morgan, one of our classmates, left school and is now working in the Treadwell Machine Shop. Though the Junior Class is small, they are full of pep. We are proud to say that all the members of the class are on either the boys' or girls' basketball team. We are especially proud of our Junior boys because of the honors they helped win for our school in basketball.

Arthur Nelson has been business manager of the "Gastineau Breeze" for the past two years and has done his work so well that he deserves much credit. Una Crowe is the editor and Harold Gallwas assistant editor. The others are all doing their best to make the paper and annual a success.

Una Crowe	Arthur Nelson
Nora Mattson	William Manley
Mary Vesoja	Harold Gallwas.
Clifford Anderson	



## Sophomore Class

President ..... Kathleen McCormick  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Amy Wilson  
Class Motto....."Independent Ever; Neutral Never."  
Class Colors .....Green and Gold

When we entered High School as Freshmen there were eight members in the class. It was not long after the beginning of the term that one could see that the Freshmen were getting more dignified. The girls put their hair up and lengthened their skirts, while the boys, not to be outdone, wore long trousers like their elders, the Sophomores, and combed their hair in pomps. Mamie Williamson left about Christmas and her place was filled by Lucy Haskins. Later Henry Bradley entered, making the class number nine.

After wading through the trials and triumphs of the Freshman year—sometimes making mistakes, no doubt, but always coming up again with smiling faces—we left the dear old building to spend a happy vacation.

A lively bunch of Sophomores entered the familiar Assembly. Three of their number had left them. They were Lucy Haskins, Henry Bradley and Stanton Martin. The latter is attending Broadway High School, Seattle, Washington; Lucy Haskins is taking a business course at San Francisco; Henry Bradley entered Juneau High School.

The three pupils who left us were replaced by Rita and Kathleen McCormick and Amy Wilson. Rita and Kathleen entered from the Douglas St. Ann's Parochial School, while Amy came to us from Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Washington.

The girls and boys entered into the sports in a whole-hearted manner. The captain of the girls' basketball team is from the Sophomore Class; also two other girls are on the first team.

At the beginning of the second semester a new student joined our ranks. The grand personage was Joseph Vezzetti. His "pep" improved the class a great deal. Joe soon became acquainted with his teachers and classmates.

The Sophomore Class is well represented on the Gastineau Breeze. Four of our shining literary lights have helped to make this paper a success. We consider that the paper could not have been published if it had not been for the Sophomores.

Just ask a Senior how many Sophomores are in the Senior play. The proud Senior will have to admit that there are five "Sophs" working to make the play a success.

The Sophomore Class now consists of:

Selma Aalto	Myrna Bland
Joe Vezzetti	Alfred Hewitt
Rita McCormick	Ragnar Kronquist
Martha Sey	Amy Wilson
George Valeson.	Kathleen McCormick



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## Freshman Class

Class President ..... Mamie Feusi  
Class Motto ..... "Green But Growing"  
Class Colors ..... Lavender and Silver  
Class Flower ..... Violets

The Freshman Class entered their first year of High School with great vim and pep, although at first they were rather timid. Not being used to the name of "Green" or "Freshie," they were quite embarrassed. However, they soon overcame that hindrance and settled down to make themselves at home and get acquainted with the other High School students.

The first semester the Freshmen pulled through O. K. At the beginning of the second semester a new pupil entered the class. No one needed to ask: "Who is it?" for they all knew John Halm. Later another pupil came, but the "Freshies" were rather shy, for they did not know Lola. They soon put her at her ease, though, and one would never know that she was once a stranger.

Both the boys and the girls took part in the High School activities. The boys entered the practice of basketball with enthusiasm. The rest of the class are proud to say that they have one boy who acted as substitute in the Champion Basketball Team. The B. O. W. A. Club, which consisted of Freshies and Sophomore boys, has given several social functions during the year. The girls belong to the High School Girls Athletic Association, and they all were assured of the best time possible—hiking, tennis, volley ball and baseball being the main features indulged in.

Before the end of the second to the last six weeks of school, a letter was received by Mr. Mitchell from the Quitman, Georgia, Freshmen. They wanted the Douglas Freshmen to correspond with them. Letters were written in English class and the Freshmen hope that our letters will be as interesting as their first ones.

If anyone should happen to read the names of the "Sophs" in next year's "Taku," they will certainly find all the "Freshies'" names there.

Nelma Niemela	Albert Garn
Vivian Lindstrom	Tom Cashen
Thelma Wiitanen	Leslie Cashen
Augusta Wideman	Arnie Vesofa.
Rika Niemi	Peter McEvoy
Lola Gravrock	John Halm

Mamie Feusi

## Purple and Gold

Climb tho' the rocks be rugged,  
Don't shirk from anything,  
Be brave! Be bold!  
There's room at the top,  
Just climb towards the Purple and Gold.

Never give in till you must,  
Though the way to knowledge may be rough;  
Just keep up your courage;  
For if we rest, we rust—  
Just think of the Purple and Gold.

When High School days are over,  
And you're thrust upon the world,  
You'll think then it's "Survive or Perish,"  
And your memories will slowly wander  
Back to the Purple and Gold.

MARGARET PATTERSON—'20.

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## Alaska Treadwell Gold Mines

The Treadwell Mines are situated on the east side of Douglas Island, adjoining the City of Douglas, and about two and one-half miles from Juneau, which is located across Gastineau Channel, on the mainland. Douglas Island is twenty-five miles long and averaging from five to eight miles in width.

It was in 1881 that John Treadwell bought from French Pete, a prospector and the discoverer, two adjoining claims, the Paris and the Bear's Nest, at a cost of \$500.

Treadwell liked the looks of the showing on the Paris claim and bonded it for \$20,000. After prospecting for the rest of the year, Treadwell went to California and returned on May 17, 1882, with a five-stamp mill which he erected on the property. The Alaska Mill and Mining Company was formed, and the Treadwell mine made its start.

In 1890 the majority interest was purchased by English capital, on the advice of Hamilton Smith, the first consulting engineer of the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company. He was followed in turn by H. C. Perkins, Thomas Martin and Frederic W. Bradley.

The five years in which the Alaska Mill and Mining Company operated the property, the ore mined carried an average value of \$3.80 per ton. It was readily seen that the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company must operate on a large scale to make the mine pay. In a short time other claims were discovered. The "Mexican," "700" and "Ready Bullion" sprang up along with the Treadwell mine, all worked under the same management with a set of interacting directors.

From 1882 until April, 1917, when the "cave-in" occurred, \$65,000,000 in gold—about nine times more than the United States paid for Alaska, which was \$7,200,000—had been mined. For years, approximately one thousand stamps, dropping every day and night of the year, with the exception of Christmas and Fourth of July, milled out an average of 5,000 tons of ore per day and gave employment to about fifteen hundred men.

The mines are veritably an underground city, with the many passageways, the great stopes, the electric trains, and lighted throughout by electricity. Owing to the nature of the rock very little timbering is necessary. Their greatest depth is 2,900 feet below the surface and part of the workings extend out 1,000 feet under Gastineau Channel. The temperature on the lower levels is on the average of 77 degrees, while on the surface, during severe winter weather, one is greeted by snow and a temperature between zero and 15 below. The greatest amount of dynamite used in a single blast was 240 cases, placed in four different places, and timed so they would go off together. This charge broke 125,000 tons of rock.

On April 21, 1917, part of the workings were flooded, as a

result of a small section of the surface settling on the Channel's edge. The balance of the mine is still in operation. The Treadwell Company maintains a very efficient "safety first" system, which has reduced accidents to a minimum.

MARTIN GALLWAS—'21.

## A Mysterious Light

The little country district of Summerville seemed as if it had been dropped lightly into the little valley. It was a peaceful and beautiful place, with attractive cottages set here and there amidst the tall, shady trees. The people were as peaceful as the town itself and everything seemed harmonious.

Here Ruth Bennett grew up, accustomed to the quiet life usual in small villages. Often she would spend the later part of the day at a friend's house. On her arrival one evening she found her friends all gathered around the fireplace listening to the adventures of a returned soldier. Ruth's interest became so deep that before she realized it, night had approached. With a hurried good-bye she rushed off. Upon stubbing her foot against a rock, she became conscious of the darkness caused by deep overhanging clouds about the the moon.

Thoughts of the adventures of horror and thrills that the soldier had experienced, recurred to her when just before her loomed the spire of the haunted church. Fright seized her, and before she became aware of it, she was running.

"It won't do to let my imagination get the better of me," thought Ruth, so she decided to walk. If anyone saw her they would at least think her brave. With eyes staring straight ahead and ears strained for any sound, she continued on.

She had almost passed the church when she became paralyzed with fear. Her heart almost stopped beating. That light! She turned her head slightly and there it was again, only a little higher. Where was it? Where had it come from? It seemed as if from the basement of the church, but it moved from side to side, slowly, rhythmically upward, disappearing and reappearing.

She remembered hearing, long ago, a story of the disappearing light and now she herself beheld it. The terrified girl looked at the still ascending glow. It reached the steeple tower, then crept a few feet higher and stopped.

Fascinated, she stood rooted to the spot, unable to move or utter a cry, when out into the cold dark night a bell sent its peals! With an exclamation of relief she sank down by the roadside almost overcome with hysterical laughter at the thought of her fright of the simple old sexton, who every night ascended the steeple with his lantern to toll the curfew.

NORA MATTSON—'22.

## Prohibition

A slow, drizzling rain came steadily down and stillness reigned in the deserted street. Tall, stern-looking buildings lined each side. A man appeared at the corner and came toward one of the houses, which he entered. Three men stood at the opposite corner whispering together and eyeing the other man suspiciously. As soon as the man had let himself into the house, the three slowly approached and knocked at the door. After an interval of ten minutes or more, the man opened the door.

"Is Mr. Wilkins at home?"

"I am he," calmly announced the man.

He was shown a paper which proved to be a search warrant.

"So you think I have 'booze' in my house? Well, I assure you, gentlemen, that I have absolutely nothing containing a 'kick'".

"But several cases of bottles were seen being brought into your house and we have the warrant, so are you going to let us in or must we break in?" said the spokesman rudely.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, come right in. I am perfectly willing that you make your search," replied the owner in an amazingly quiet tone of voice.

The three started their search in the very tip top of the three-story house. The attic revealed nothing; the third floor, nothing; the second floor, nothing; the first floor, nothing but a few clean, empty bottles. At last the cellar was reached and there three cases stood in plain view.

"Aha! So we've found them at last!" chorused the three.

"Please handle them with care!" urged Mr. Wilkins, with a smile.

"Wal, you don't seem very excited, do you?" said one of the searchers.

"No, why should I be excited? I am only anxious that you finish up this search so that I can settle down to work without being interrupted," replied Mr. Wilkins.

The trio lost no time in opening the boxes. The first one contained bottles of mineral water; the second, the same; the third, also the same. They looked at each other in consternation and chagrin. After a three-hours' search they had found nothing but mineral water. Their looks plainly showed that in their opinion hanging would be too mild.

"We are waiting for an explanation!"

"Well, gentlemen, I drink that stuff. It comes from a spring ten miles from here and it surely is a great cure for rheumatism! That is why I put in a stock for the winter——"

But the three had already started for the door and it was unnecessary to continue the explanation.

ELIZABETH FEUSI—'21.

## Yesterday Today

A great many years ago—indeed so many that nobody remembers it—there lived in a small Alaskan Indian village on the side of a very large and scenic river, a very beautiful princess, the daughter of the chief of the tribe. Now, the Princess was of marriageable age and the chief was very anxious that she wed. But she was so popular that every young man in the village wanted to marry her and they almost had a duel over her.

The chief was perplexed. He did not know how to decide who should marry his daughter. He thought of having a gun duel, but by this method too many of his young braves would be hurt or killed. How about a baseball-throwing contest? However, the supply of baseballs was getting low and the chief would not miss his afternoon baseball game for worlds. Then he consulted the "medicine man," who suggested that the chief let the princess decide for herself, but the chief said that the Princess would choose a young scamp by the name of Swiftfoot, whom he did not want her to marry.

Finally the chief decided on either a foot-race or swimming race, so, by tossing a coin, it was decided that it should be a swimming contest, as there was always plenty of water.

So on the following Sunday, after church, the entire village, dressed in its Sunday regalia, was assembled on the banks of the river to witness the race. The chief knew very well that Swiftfoot was also a powerful swimmer, so he had two men chloroform him and put him in an old shack.

It was almost time for the race and the princess could not see Swiftfoot anywhere among the group of men assembled on the beach ready for the race to begin. The chief looked at his watch and said, "In two minutes the race shall start."

Off went the young braves into the water. The princess was very downhearted, because she really wanted Swiftfoot to win the race. But what was that coming as swift as the wind along the bank of the river? Was it Swiftfoot? Was it? Yes, it was. He had recovered from the effects of the chloroform just in the nick of time and a great shout went up from the crowd as he dove into the water twenty feet behind the other braves. He soon overtook them, and was in the lead in a few seconds. But he was completely worn out from the run and the swim, so he could not keep up his pace very much longer.

They were nearing the goal but Swiftfoot did not know it. With a final burst of speed, he forged further ahead of the others and then had to stop. The shore was finally reached and Swiftfoot sat down completely exhausted. Why all the shouting, and why was everybody running towards him? The princess ran to him and put her arms around him. Then Swiftfoot realized he had won the race, and with it the princess.

HAROLD GALLWAS—'22.

## Blanford

As the train drew into Blanford, Massachusetts, I found my friends waiting for me with their car. When my baggage was located, we started for Mr. and Mrs. Smith's large bungalow on a hill. The scenery along the winding road was beautiful. Here and there by the wayside giant trees hung their wide-spreading branches lazily over the road, forming many archways. At last we turned up a lane, shaded with old poplars. It being too dark to roam in the vicinity of the bungalow, we passed the evening by the fireside singing and chatting.

As I was rather fatigued from traveling I retired to my room early. Glancing hastily out of the window as I raised the sash, I noticed an orchard nearby, probably bearing its delicious fruit. Undressing quickly, I jumped into bed and was soon in dreamland. About midnight I was awakened by a mysterious noise. It was a long, low, moaning sound, which came suddenly and then gradually ceased. Being rather curious to know where it came from, I went to the window, where I saw it was only the huge limbs of an aged tree swaying in the wind. Over all of Nature's wondrous works there was a dull greyness which was caused by the falling rain. Peering out from the darkness, there stood a tall, erect figure of a man.

Horrors! Motionless against the window I stood, staring at the man through the trees. I was afraid to move for fear that he would shoot. My power of speech was gone. It seemed hours, but it was only a few minutes that I remained in such a position. Collecting my thoughts together, I was about to ask: "What do you want?" when the figure seemed to move. Unconscious of what I was doing, I screamed, "Help! Help!"

From the adjoining room, Mr. and Mrs. Smith rushed into my chamber, saying, "Why, what's the matter?"

I couldn't answer; only pointed towards the window. Both looked, but could see nothing.

Then I said, "The—the man——"

"Where?" asked Mr. Smith, hurriedly.

"There; don't you see him?" said I, pointing in the direction of the figure.

"W—wait!" stammered Mrs. Smith, nervously, "until I get the rifle," leaving the room.

No sooner had she departed to get the weapon, when Mr. Smith said laughingly, "Oh, my dear, is that it?"

"Yes, that! Isn't it a man?" I questioned.

"Why, that is one of the tombstones! You see, it used to be a graveyard many years ago. Such carelessness on our part, that we forgot to mention there was a cemetery near the orchard," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh! what a relief," said I, with a sigh.

UNA CROWE—'22.

## The Tale of Two Friends

"Hard Luck Jim" was his name and he certainly looked it. His clothes consisted of a dirty shirt, faded blue trousers, and a ragged slouch hat, pulled far down over his eyes. He was short, lean and wiry. His sunken face was tanned to mahogany by the continual bombardment of the sun, and the short, grizzled whiskers were bleached to a lifeless drab.

Jim had come to the South Sea Islands when but a young man. He had started pearling on a small scale and by thrifty management had gradually put away enough to buy a larger boat, and that was when his hard luck began. He lost his boat and, worst of all, his courage. Life held nothing for him until one day a little yellow cur, as ragged and shaggy as himself, followed him home and stayed. Gradually "Old Boy" found his way into Jim's heart, and before long courage and hope revived.

In his wanderings Jim had come upon an old lifeboat which he now proceeded to make water-tight. After a month of patient laboring it seemed seaworthy, and with his comrade he started on a cocoanut hunt. Without much trouble a cargo was secured, but as they were returning to port a "southeaster" overtook them and they were swept out on the broad Pacific. When the storm abated Jim took stock of the remaining cocoanuts and figured they would last for eight or ten days.

One morning he awoke to find the sky a clear deep blue, and the waves were turned to golden streaks by the rising sun. As the little boat was lifted on the crest of a wave, Jim thought he could sight a mast far, far off. For a moment he saw it, then for a seeming eternity they were wallowing in the trough of the wave. At last they rose again, and there, sure enough, were the masts of a schooner. Waiting until he had made sure of his discovery by another glance, he aroused "Old Boy" and imparted the good news to him. The dog almost seemed to understand, for he jumped around and yelped. Then with the dog at his heels, Jim went aft to the tiller and headed for the ship. Standing up, he took off his shirt and tied it to the mast; with unbounded energy he bent to his oars and at last the distance to the schooner seemed to decrease. He could finally discern the rigging and made her out to be a bark bound for Australia. Without warning a gust of wind struck them and swish! the shirt was torn from the mast and carried far over the waves. Undecided for a moment, Jim almost turned the boat in pursuit, but reason prevailed and on they went towards the ship. But the wind had carried the sailing vessel faster than Jim had calculated and with a mighty effort he strained on his oars to get within hailing distance. At last, seeing his efforts were futile, he shouted and, as they topped each wave, looked for some response from the vessel, but none came. At

last, worn out and utterly exhausted, he fell asleep with the little dog curled up beside him.

Again days of drifting, but one morning "Hardluck Jim" woke up to find the sea calm, and not far distant an island loomed out of the ocean. Soon they beached the boat in a sheltered cove, and started their exploration. Coconuts they found in quantities, also wild bananas and guavas; at least here was food. At first they had proceeded cautiously, but found it was not necessary, for the island was uninhabited. In the center was a mountain which they ascended to get a better view and as they neared the top "Old Boy" began to bark and scratch at a piece of lava. Finally Jim went down and there he found "Old Boy" worrying at a sparkling diamond imbedded in a loose piece of lava. Then he remembered that diamonds are often found in volcanoes.

Patiently, day by day, Jim continued his search for the precious stones. Gradually his little hoard grew. One day a revenue cutter stopped at the island and the captain agreed to take Jim to port. When he had reached San Francisco he realized enough on his diamonds to take him back to his old home in Scotland, where to this day he and "Old Boy" will be found living comfortably in the little village of Byrne.

WILLIAM MANLEY—'22.

## The Prodigal Son

"Jack," said Mr. Randall in his sternest voice, "this report from Professor Osborne is sufficient to say that you can no longer attend his school. Every day that you go to school costs me an average of fifty dollars and it is doing you more harm than good. Listen, my boy; I have decided to make you work for yourself. Here is a check for one thousand dollars. I know it is a small amount, but there are reasons why I don't give you more. Do with it what you will, but return here in a year's time and if you haven't doubled it or cannot give a satisfactory account of the spending of it, I shall send you away again. Your train leaves Monday morning."

With that Jack left the room very thoughtful, chagrined and surprised, but he knew that his father spoke the truth. He had been a young scapegrace and for no other reason than that he associated with the wrong crowd. He decided to leave for Alaska to try his luck in the gold fields, and from all the tales he had heard, he expected to return, in a short time, as wealthy as his father.

Mr. Randall was a multi-millionaire with offices on Wall Street. He came from good Puritan stock and lived in comfort and happiness, his only care being his son, and he could see no better way of making Jack realize the value of money than by

## Juneau-Douglas City Museum

sending him away. Besides, the experience would be a good lesson.

The train pulled in, and after shaking hands with his father, Jack jumped aboard. As soon as the train swept around the curve, Randall, Sr., felt a queer lump in his throat and he was almost sorry that the boy was gone. On board the train, in the throat of the young passenger was much the same feeling.

On a warm, bright day in April, Jack arrived in Fairbanks. He located a hotel and after cleaning up, went out to inspect the town. He was passing a small house when he heard the low sobbing of a woman. He immediately entered the house and saw a man standing above a girl with a pen in one hand and the other cruelly twisting her wrist. His object was to make her sign some papers that would turn her mine over to him. As soon as Jack entered, the miner let go of the girl and jumped toward him. He ordered Jack out of the house, and when Jack refused to leave, he struck him on the head. Jack returned the blow and the fight began in earnest. The fight was short, as the ruffian was noted for his pugilistic ability, and after giving Jack a good beating he left the house.

The girl introduced herself as Grace Brennan and told him that her father had died a week before, and as this left no one to protect her and the mine, this miner, Ben Halleck, was trying to cheat her out of it. She thanked Jack for assisting her and asked him to come again the next day. Jack readily consented and he thought he had never seen another girl so beautiful.

The next morning Jack went to the Commissioner's office and asked that Ben Halleck be arrested on a charge of attempt of duress. An officer went out and in less than half an hour returned with the pugilistic crook. He was in a very savage frame of mind and vehemently swore that he would "get even" with Jack and Grace. He was searched and along with the papers which he had tried to force Grace to sign a nugget was found on him which had been stolen from the mines two days before but no trace of it had been found. All the evidence was against him and, after trial in the District Court, Halleck was sentenced to six years at McNeils Island.

After the excitement was over, Jack went to see Grace. She asked him if he would help her work the mine she owned, as she was certain that it was a very rich find. Jack readily consented, and they drew up a contract. The next day, in company with several miners, they left for the mine and arrived there just in time to cook supper.

They worked hard for two days, and towards the end of the third day they struck pay dirt which looked promising. They took the richest nuggets and started for Fairbanks. On arriving in Fairbanks the young miners took the nuggets to the bank and found that the gold was valued at \$650. A mine speculator was in town and on seeing the nuggets offered the partners two hundred thousand dollars for their mine. This they readily accepted.

Three weeks later we find Jack and Grace in the office of

John Randall, awaiting the latter's return from luncheon. What a happy reunion took place when Mr. Randall entered the office! Jack introduced Grace as his wife, and after hearing their story Mr. Randall, Sr., was very glad to have such a girl for a daughter-in-law.

ALFRED HEWITT—'23.

## Revengeless Revenge

Revenge! Revenge! It had run through his half-crazed brain for twenty long years in prison. Revenge also showed on every part of his prison-paled face. His hair was white and went streaming below his hat. He was clean-shaven, and his face showed twenty years of sleepless nights, when his brain had been maddened by revenge. He had deep lines under his eyes and his forehead was covered with wrinkles. His thin lips, compressed thinner still, made him look out of place in the clear spring day.

John Rice was his name, and he was walking over mountain, through vale and at every step he leaned heavier on his cane. He was dressed in a very good suit, which twenty years before had fit him well, but now he looked like a skeleton in clothes. At last John Rice came to a stately colonial house. The sun shone on its white pillars and towering walls. Behind the mansion fruit trees were in full bloom. The big green lawn was cut up by pretty hedges of roses and other flowers. On either side of the main walk were two large fountains which arched water into the air, and the sunbeams intermingled with the spray, formed two rainbows in the mist. Behind the house could be heard the negroes singing and laughing at their work.

Tears stood in the old man's eyes. How well he remembered that scene; when, as a boy, he had romped in the orchard and later, as the master he had ridden through the blooming fields. How dearly he loved it! How he had paid for it! And now he had come back to claim it.

The old man went to a shady nook and waited for darkness. In his pocket he fingered the cold, blue steel of an automatic. Darkness gradually descended over all and the lights in the large house came on one by one. John Rice came from his hiding place, climbed the low wall and made his way to the porch and crept to the window. He looked in and there, sitting in a large chair, was his cousin—the man who had caused him all his anguish. The shining barrel was leveled at his cousin's head, when trooping down the stairs came two little children ready for bed. They came and climbed on his cousin's knees. Then came a beautiful woman who sat beside his cousin. The revolver dropped from Rice's grasp. He covered his face with his hands and ran to the bank of the nearby river, looked at the bright moon a minute, then stretched out his arms and plunged into the muddy water.

WILLIAM MANLEY—'22.

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## Basketball Champions, '20-'21

Piling up a total of 397 points against their opponents' 133, the victorious purple and gold basket shooters won every one of the nine games played during the season, and won the undisputed basketball championship of Southeastern Alaska for both adult and school teams. Organized early in the year, material was secured by Supt. G. C. Mitchell and A. Garn for two teams, whose practicing together was undoubtedly the contributing factor for the most successful basketball season ever experienced by the Douglas High School.

Those who made the first team were Sinclair Brown, center; Harold Gallwas and Arthur Nelson, forwards; Martin Gallwas and William Manley, guards; and Albert Garn, sub. After several weeks of training the boys were in first class condition and were eager to play, so four games were arranged with the Juneau High School.

But before the first game with Juneau was played, a team from another quarter entered the field and issued a challenge to the High School boys of Douglas. The challengers represented the Thane Athletic Association, and were composed of college players. The game was played at the Douglas "Nat" and was witnessed by a large number of people. The High School boys made a good showing and easily defeated the Thane men by a score of 23 to 13.

The next game played was with the Juneau High School, the only other High School on the Channel. This game was also played in the Douglas "Nat," and after a plainly one-sided contest, the score stood 56 to 12 in favor of Douglas. This was the first game of the interscholastic series.

The Fort Seward soldiers made a visit to the Channel and were the next victims of the D. H. S. During the game, Douglas piled up a score of 70, while the soldiers made only two points—both on fouls.

In the second of the school series the Juneau boys were out for revenge and it appeared at first as if they were going to get it. This game was played in the Juneau "gym," and probably was the most exciting of the season. D. H. S. again showed its colors and after a hard game defeated Juneau by a score of 21 to 18.

The third interscholastic game was another easily won victory for D. H. S. Although the Juneau boys put up a stiff fight the game ended with the score 69 to 13.

The Thane team of college stars was determined to defeat D. H. S., and not being able to arrange a game with the Island boys, they co-operated with the Juneau All-Stars, who had arranged a game with the High School boys of Douglas. The Douglas boys, in a rough-and-tumble game in the Juneau "gym," defeated the combined teams of Thane and All-Stars by a score of 36-22. After

this game the Thane team disbanded, having given up all hope of defeating the High School boys.

Not satisfied with defeating all opposing teams on the Channel, the "Hungry Six" looked to other places for victims. The boys chose Wrangell, and on Christmas Eve they left on the Jefferson, accompanied by Manager Mitchell and Coach Joe Garn.

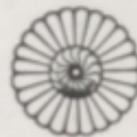
On arriving at Wrangell the boys were cordially received by the High School students and townspeople. After taking in the sights of the city and getting located at the hotel they began to look for a game. The first arranged game was with the Wrangell High School, which was putting out a team for the second time. The Wrangell High School was defeated 38 to 12.

The next game was with the American Legion, an organization which had not been defeated for six years. Just before the game the boys were inspired by a telegram received from Douglas, which read: "Douglas is proud of you, and we are all with you." After forty minutes of hard playing they won from the Legion, 35 to 23.

The American Legion had won from Metlakatla, Sitka and other basketball teams of Alaska previously. As the Douglas High School boys defeated the American Legion, they have a claim to the championship of Southeastern Alaska.

The final game of basketball of the interscholastic series played between Douglas and Juneau High Schools resulted in the Douglas boys being victorious by a decisive score of 49 to 18.

After the D. H. S. boys had returned from Wrangell and had finished their basketball season, challenges were received from Ketchikan and Metlakatla to come to Ketchikan and play games. When in Wrangell, challenges were sent by D. H. S. to Ketchikan and other teams, but at that time the latter were not prepared to play. Another trip was impossible, so the D. H. S. was unable to play these teams away from home, but invited them to come to Douglas, which they could not do. It is hoped, however, that games can be arranged for next season.



## Indoor Meet

The Indoor Meet held at the Douglas Natatorium proved a great success. The Douglas High School was easily victorious over the Capital City boys. Douglas came first, second and third in most of the events.

The whole affair was a snappy one and greatly enjoyed by the large crowd of spectators. Martin Gallwas was highest point winner and was closely followed by Brown and Nelson.

The short dashes were the first events, in which Nelson, M. Gallwas and Brown were the winners. The low and high hurdles were next, with practically the same ones taking the honors.

The mile and a half run was the main event. The boys started slowly, but in the last six laps Brown showed a burst of speed and easily came first, with H. Gallwas second.

Then came three boxing matches. There were no entries from Juneau, so those matched were from Douglas and Treadwell. Jurich, a school boy of Douglas, won from Wells of Treadwell; Cashen, another school boy, got the decision over Patterson. The feather-weight bout between Martin of Douglas and McIntyre of Treadwell was won by Martin.

The Douglas grammar grades were also victorious over the Juneau representatives, making 34 points to their opponents' 7.

D. H. S. made 75½ points to Juneau's 28½. The point winners for Douglas were Martin Gallwas, 19; Brown, 18; Nelson, 16; Manley, 9½, and Harold Gallwas, 8.

Later in the season an outdoor meet is planned to be held, in which many of the High School boys will enter, and they can always be depended on to bring home the bacon.

## FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL

At the beginning of the school term, the Juneau High School Football Team issued a challenge to any team on the Channel. Not having enough material, Douglas High School was unable to accept it. The challenge not being accepted for a considerable length of time, the Douglas Fire Department agreed to play. The game was played on Alaska Day and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Fire Boys. The score was 45-12. Many of the boys from the High School were in the lineup, among them being Sinclair Brown, Martin Gallwas, Arthur Nelson and William Manley. This was the only football game of the season.

Another game that would be of interest is baseball, but as school closes just when the season begins, it is hard to organize any High School teams. The boys are out practicing regularly and it is hoped that games can be arranged.

RANGNAR KRONQUIST—'23.



## Girls' Athletics

Girls' athletics this year were somewhat limited, basketball being the main activity. Towards the end of the year a Girls' Athletic Association was formed and we decided to play tennis and volley ball. The Girls' Basketball Team had tried in every way possible to play other towns of Southeastern Alaska, but no arrangements could be made, so we had to be contented with playing only Juneau. In the beginning of the season Selma Aalto was elected captain. It was very difficult to organize, because a coach who knew the rules of girls' basketball was not available.

It was on November 19, 1920, that the first interscholastic game of the series was played in the "Nat." The score in the first half was 7-8, but in spite of our best efforts the opposing team won, 12-8. The following week a return game was played in Juneau. Our girls were there when it came to team work, but not being accustomed to playing in such a small hall, Juneau again took the victory, 22-7.

We girls at last came to the decision that we would not let Juneau have all the honors, and on December 10, in the "Nat." were seen six girls determined to win. It was a very fast game and showed improvement on the part of the Douglas girls. Although in the first half the team was weakened by Una Crowe's being injured, nothing could stop the girls when they once began. When the referee blew the whistle the score stood 14-7, which testified to the good team work of our players.

The last game of the interscholastic series was played in Juneau, with the Capital City girls winning, 16-8, thus giving them the championship. Although we were defeated three out of four games, we thoroughly enjoyed them and congratulate our opponents on their victories.

Though it was hard to get a coach in the beginning, we finally did get one who was reliable and did all he could toward turning out a winning team. We all give our heartfelt thanks to Joe Garn and hope that he will be with us again next year.

We are not discouraged by our defeats, but have hopes that in the coming year we will be able to reverse the scores. The only player who will leave us is our stalwart center, and we hope we will be able to replace her satisfactorily.

Our basketball letters have been sent for and all are patiently awaiting their arrival.

Our lineup consists of :Una Crowe and Selma Aalto, forwards; Nelma Niemela and Thelma Wiitanen, guards; Elizabeth Feusi, center; Kathleen McCormick, side center; Mary Vesoja, Nora Mattson, Emma Garn and Myrna Bland, subs.

SELMA AALTO—'23.



## Orchestra

Our Orchestra has been growing steadily since it was organized at the beginning of the term. It consists of violins, mandolins, piano and drums. Those playing first violins are: Madeline Riedi, Martha Sey, Walter McCormick, Leland Swanson, David Ramsay, James Ramsay; the second violinists are Douglas Gray, Rika Niemi and Joseph Patterson; Martin and Harold Gallwas play the mandolins, and Mamie Feusi, Esther Cashen, Edwina Martinson, Gordon Gray, Nelma Niemela, Alberta Gallwas, Lillian DeMytt, Elizabeth Feusi and Kathleen McCormick are our pianists; Amy Wilson is the drummer.

We have been progressing very rapidly and have gained much experience in orchestra playing. Professor Sumpf has worked hard, and much of the success of the Orchestra is due to him. We have furnished music for all the Parent-Teacher meetings this year.

Besides our School Orchestra, Professor Sumpf has helped to organize and direct a community orchestra. This organization is more advanced and has more instruments.

AMY WILSON—'23.

## Manual Training

At the first of the year so many boys signed up for manual training that it was decided to divide the classes into divisions. The first division was to include the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades. The second division was to include all of the High School boys. No girls signed up for either division.

Although the manual training shop is not equipped with electrical machinery the boys have been making great progress in their work. They expect to put some good work out at the end of school for exhibit.

The grade boys have been working hard all year making different projects, but are now working with still greater enthusiasm and with more care in order to finish their work before the school term ends.

The High School boys have also made different articles for their own use and have been constantly working around the school, repairing desks, seats and also making book cases for the school library. The manual training boys have saved the school quite a bit of money that it would have been necessary to spend in sending these different things somewhere else to be repaired.

They worked very hard in making hurdles and other articles that were needed for the track meet which was held at the Natatorium on April 8, and therefore will not be able to put on exhibition as much work as they should have completed.

GEORGE VALESON—'23.

## Domestic Science

The study of Domestic Science includes learning how to cook and sew in the easiest and most practical manner. It means the making of a good housewife, or the ability to make a home adapted to the needs and income of the family. The food must be nourishing; it must have variety, it must be clean and wholesome, it must meet the requirements of the family, as determined by its ages and occupation. Proper menu building, which is an cut-and-out Domestic Science study in the High School, is the first step.

Sewing is important, too, and although it does not affect the health of the family it does effect its happiness. To know how to make simple things, to choose right materials, good colors, becoming styles, not only adds pleasure to us and to others, but helps girls to live satisfactorily on a much smaller income.

The Seventh and Eighth Grades had cooking the first semester. They learned how to cook vegetables and how to make pies, cakes, cookies, muffins and biscuits. In learning how to handle materials, they are now ready to start to put together more difficult recipes and to plan meals and serve them.

Sewing requires more patience, but during the second semester the girls have made great progress with their stitches. If they do as well with machine work as they have done by hand, their dresses next year will be a credit to the school.

The High School cooking class, consisting of five pupils, have a lesson twice a week. We have learned how to plan menus suitable to the needs of the family; also how to use common materials in uncommon ways, to add variety and to save expense; also to serve correctly both as maid and hostess. Our first effort was a breakfast to the High School faculty and Mr. Kilburn; the second a luncheon, and the last a dinner. Before we are ready to serve a dinner we must know how to buy meats, use the cheaper cuts and plan a well-balanced menu for all occasions.

There are ten girls in the sewing class and it meets three times a week. First the various stitches were taught, also where and when they were to be used. They were then taught to use commercial patterns, after which aprons, camisoles, petticoats, smocks and dresses were made. While making the dresses we learned how dress-making originated and how the styles should be adapted to the individual needs. When the dresses were finished we had a "fashion show" and received many helpful criticisms from our mothers, classmates and friends. The second dress will be much better than the first, because we have learned to avoid many mistakes, and as a reward of merit we will be taught how to make summer hats.

We all agree that we have not only learned the fundamentals of cooking and sewing but gained knowledge which will help to lower the high cost of living for ourselves and our families.

NELMA NIEMELA—'24.

## Taku Titters

Martin (to Art in the store on April 1st)—Have you been fooled yet, Art?"

Art—"No, and what's more, I won't be."

Martin (hands him 25c Canadian money worth 20c)—"Well, be careful no one does. Good-bye."

Miss Seeley showing the joke box to the High School.

Harold—"You'll have to get a bigger joke box. We're going to drop 'Bill' in there."

Mr. Mitchell (in Algebra II.)—"Well, you generally stop working when you are through, don't you?"

Class—"Yes, that's what we generally do."

William—"Harold, is 'raisin' the past of 'raise'?"

Harold—"Sure."

Clifford (waking "Bus," who accidentally fell asleep)—"Hey, Bus, wake up and stop snoring."

Bus—"How do you know I was snoring?"

Clifford—"I heard you."

Bus—"Well, you don't want to believe everything you hear."

Freshie—"You've been drinking, haven't you? I can smell your breath."

Soph—"Not a bit. I have been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hops."

Harold—"Let me use your 'Mothers' Tongue,' Nora?"

Nora—"What! Your's hasn't worn out already, has it?"

Miss Thompson—"George, what are some of the domesticated animals?"

George—"Cooties."

Nora (talking about the Alaskan coast)—"The waters of Alaska are very rugged."

Amy—"Selma, did you see me fall?"

Selma—"Yes."

Amy—"Had you ever seen me before?"

Selma—"No."

Amy—"Well, then, how did you know it was me?"

Miss Seeley (in Mr. Mitchell's car, trying to catch the ferry) "Can't you go faster than this, Mr. Mitchell?"

Mr. Mitchell—"Yes, but I have to stay with my car."

Martin (conjugating verbs)—"I was loving."

Harold—"Love on, fair one; pretty soon you'll be married."

# Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Rica—"Did you go to the wedding Saturday morning?"  
Harold—"Sure; I was the bridesmaid."  
Rica—"You mean the bridesgroom."

Martin (at basketball practice)—"Joe, don't throw the ball with your hands; throw it with your feet."

A monkey sat on a telegraph pole,  
Safe from the reach of a "cop" down below;  
A girl came by, all dressed in pink,  
And said to the cop, "Find the missing link."

Una—"Why were the church bells ringing this morning?"  
Joe—" 'Cause they pulled the rope."

Art Nelson sat at his desk,  
Thinking as hard as all the rest;  
But to his mind no thoughts would come  
Because of chewing "Black Jack" gum.

Miss Seeley (in English)—"Who wrote 'Thanatopsis'?"  
Elizabeth—"William Jennings Bryan."

Esther (on "loud sock day," after having fire drill)—"I guess 'Dutchy' saw the red stockings and thought the school house was on fire."

Miss Thompson—"Is there any connection link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?"  
Sinclair—"Hash."

Teacher—"Now, Martin, what is your idea of a hypocrite?"  
Martin—"A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Mary—"Yesterday Mr. Mitchell came into my book!"

An old darky named Joshua was hauled into court, charged with violating the Volstead act. The following conversation took place:

Judge—"So your name is Joshua? You're the man that made the sun stand still, eh?"

Joshua—"No, sah; I'se de guy dat made de moonshine still."

Elizabeth—"I don't suppose I'll ever get to leave this country."

Mamie—"Well! I will, if I have to go down cold storage (steerage)."

Peter (in Latin, talking about the ending of a word)—"I guess it's t-e."

Miss Seeley—"It will soon be tee-hee."

Mr. Nichols (in Geometry)—"How are you going to find this side of the triangle?"

Myrna—"Why, that's your leg."

# Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Amy (in Geometry)—"D-p, d-p, d-p."  
Alfred—"I always knew you were dippy."

Miss Seeley, finding the school door locked, exclaimed, "Oh, Peter!"

Una—"Open the gates."

Lola (copying jokes for the "Breeze")—"Well, my writing is like Greek."

Harold—"Oh, that doesn't matter. We can read all kinds of languages."

Miss Thompson (during the study of meats in the cooking class)—"They use every part of the pig except the squeal."

Vivian (innocently)—"Well, what's the squeal- Isn't it the tail?"

Abby—after blowing in lung tester, which registered 170 pounds)—"Now I know what the doctor meant when he said my breathing was heavy."

Mr. Mitchell—"What is a leghorn?"  
Peter—"A cow."

Mr. Nichols (in Geometry)—"You got rid of your other leg by adding it onto the first one."

An "ad." found on the board the day Thelma did not come to school: "Stop! Look! Listen! Found: Three pads of hair. Owner can have same by applying at G. C. Mitchell's desk."

Teacher (at play practice, handing Brownie a piece of paper supposed to be a sandwich)—"Take a big bite."

Brownie—"What d'yu think I am—a goat?"

Alfred—"He waited for the bell to ring, but it never blew."

Esther—"You left off a loop of your 'u'."

Alfred—"Oh, that's simplified spelling."

Mr. Nichols (in Geometry)—"Now watch this triangle and I'll run through it."

Bill—"That's a wiry horse of yours, Joe."

Joe—"He ought to be. I bought him at a hardware store."

Father (impressively)—"Suppose I should be taken away, what would become of you, my son?"

Son—"I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"

Miss Seeley (at play practice)—"You're supposed to laugh uproariously."

Martin—"Oh, the people won't hear me for laughing themselves. It will be all right if it shows on my face."

Funny Facts of Famous Folk

NAME	MONICKER	DESCRIPTION	EXPRESSION	BESETTING SIN	FATE
Clifford Anderson	Andy	Lanky	Say, bo!	Gossiping	Actor
Nora Mattson	Mat	Brown Eyes	I do' no	Writing exchanges	Aviatrix
Arnie Vesaja	Oja	Short But Sweet	I'm a climber	Algebra	Professor
Martha Sey	Say	Rosy Lips	Isn't that droll!	Painting	Suffragette
Una Crowe	U No	Freckles	Oh, Gosh! Oh, Pete!	Studying	Ladies' Maid
Harold Gallwas	Willie	Pomp	Just like y'u!	Roller skating	Insane asylum
Ragnar Kronquist	Rangatang	Blond	Y'u got me!	Smiling	M. D.
William Manley	Prof	Red Nose	Um-hum	Flirting	Dentist
Leelle Cashen	Les	Long Trousers	What y'u got?	Dancing	Artist
George Valeson	Chinky	Smiles	Cut it!	Singing	Show director
Alfred Hewitt	Freddie	Red Hair	I'll hurt you!	Grinning	Poet
Martin Gallwas	Mocky	Squint	Oh, you kid!	Baseball	Bachelor
Arthur Nelson	Casey	Tooth Picks	Get out o' here!	Chewing gum	Snake Charmer
Myrna Bland	Minnie	Stout	Fiddlesticks!	Talking	Ballet dancer
Thomas Cashen	Tommie	Rosy Cheeks	Don' chu no!	Winking at girls	Chas. Chaplin II
Selma Aalto	Sell	Cute	My conscience!	Red socks	Yeomanette
Kathleen McCormick	Kat	Green Socks	How d'yu get that way	Giggling	Old Maid

Funny Facts of Famous Folk

NAME	MONICKER	DESCRIPTION	EXPRESSION	BESSETTING SIN	FATE
Augusta Wideman.....	Gussie	Brown Coat	Is this it?	Sewing	Dressmaker
Rica Niemi.....	Shorty	Quiet	I'm some fiddler!	Fiddling	Fiddler
Mary Vesaja.....	Marja	Specks	Art thou there?	Making noise	Librarian
Eather Cashen.....	Cash	Puffless	Yes, that's it	Piano	Teacher
Peter McEyoy.....	Pete	Wandering	Got any dough?	Money	Supt. of Schools
Rita McCormick.....	Mac	Angel	I got none	Joking	Actress
Nelma Niemela.....	Nel	Bangs	Oh! Fudge!	Spraining ankle	Pianist
Vivan Lindstrom.....	Vive	Bobbed Locks	Oh! Bunk!	Talking to Joe	Movie Vamp
Amy Wilson.....	Amy	Puffs	I want to be sociable	Hair	Drummer
Mamie Feusl.....	Fuzzy	Blue Eyes	I'm peeved	Hiking	Nurse
Thelma Wittanen.....	Duke	Duke	Shucks!	Giggling	Stenographer
Sinclair Brown.....	Brownie	Dimples	Get down to business	Slang	Captain
Albert Garn.....	Abbie	Handsome	Argawan	Delivr'g love notes	Ladies' Man
Joseph Vezzetti.....	Joe	Jeff	Heck!	Making dates	Butler
John Halm.....	Johnny	Mutt	Leave it to me!	Holding hands	Losing his heart
Lola Gravrock.....	Pussy	Curls	? ? ? ? ?	Being speechless	Manicurist
Elizabeth Feusl.....	Liz	Goggles	How Sweet!	Skating	Social Worker

## Alumni

- 1911.—Frank Caraway is employed at Chichagof, Alaska.  
Agnes Museth is a stenographer for the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company at Treadwell.  
Mae Shuman, nee McCormick, resides at Chichagof.  
Alice Coughlin, nee Bach, is living in Douglas.
- 1913.—Olgat Anderson is in Seattle.  
Ilmi Aalto is attending the University of Washington at Seattle.
- 1914.—Leah Hopp is a stenographer at Seattle.  
Regene Miller is a bookkeeper at Bellingham, Wash.
- 1915.—Nora Museth is assistant postmaster in the Treadwell post-office.
- 1916.—Ruby Johnson is living with her parents at Lead, South Dakota.  
Esther Oliver is teaching school at Eska, Alaska.
- 1917.—Ula Beck is attending the University of Washington.  
Alice Bollinger is training to be a nurse at Portland, Ore.  
James Fitzmorris is attending the University of California.  
Onnie Markkanen is attending school at Berkeley, Calif.  
Arthur Olson is employed by the Juneau Hardware Co.
- 1918.—Virginia Laughlin is employed at the Juneau Music House.  
Elmer Jackson is employed by the Alaska Engineering Commission in the interior of Alaska.  
Alex Sey is employed in the assay office of the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Co. at Treadwell.  
Norma Ripin is attending the University of Washington.
- 1919.—Impi Aalto is teaching school at Tenakee, Alaska.  
Gertrude Helgesen, nee Johnson, resides at Treadwell.  
Verne Hannah is teaching school at Katalla, Alaska.  
Herman Gius is attending the U. of W. at Seattle.  
Etta Brown is an accountant at the B. M. Behrends Bank in Juneau.  
Elmer Palmbom is living at Kirkland, Wash.
- 1920.—Margaret Patterson resides in Douglas.  
Agnes Livie is employed in the long distance telephone exchange at Berkeley, California.  
Laina Aalto is taking a Normal course in the Juneau High School.

## Senior Class Day

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Class Day Exercises will be held in the Assembly Hall of the school house on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 11th. The Seniors have prepared the following program for the rest of the High School pupils and faculty:

Song, "America," .....	Assembly
Introduction .....	Mr. Mitchell
Class History .....	Martin Gallwas
Piano Solo .....	Esther Cashen
Class Will .....	Sinclair Brown
Mandolin Duet .....	Martin and Harold Gallwas
Class Prophecy .....	Elizabeth Feusi
Vacation Plans .....	Esther Cashen
Song, "Star Spangled Banner" .....	Assembly

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## Commencement Exercises

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The Commencement Exercises of Douglas High School are to be held at the Congregational Church, Friday, May 13th, at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend the following program:

Invocation .....	Rev. Rice
Salutatory .....	Martin Gallwas
Musical Selection .....	Mr. Nichols and Miss Stanfield
Oration, "Our Country" .....	Esther Cashen
Instrumental Solo .....	Miss Etta Brown
Oration, "Americanism" .....	Sinclair Brown
Graduation Song .....	.....
Valedictory .....	Elizabeth Feusi
Address .....	Mr. L. D. Henderson
Selection .....	School Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas .....	Mr. L. W. Kilburn
Benediction .....	Rev. Rice

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## BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

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The Baccalaureate Sermon for the class of '21 is to be held on the evening of May 8th at the Congregational Church. Rev. Rice, of the Holy Trinity Cathedral of Juneau, has been chosen by the boys and girls to deliver the address. The public is cordially invited to attend.

ELIZABETH FEUSI—'21.

## Vacation Plans

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- Mamie Feusi will stay in Douglas.  
William Manley will work on a boat.  
Sinclair Brown intends to be a "gob."  
Rita McCormick will stay in Douglas.  
Mary Vesoja expects to work in Juneau.  
Thelma Wiitanen will go to Chichagof.  
Augusta Wideman intends to visit Sitka.  
Arnie Vesoja will work in Tenakee Inlet.  
Nora Mattson expects to work near Tenakee.  
Rica Niemi will fatten up for winter studying.  
Una Crowe will spend the summer at Treadwell.  
Amy Wilson is waiting for something to turn up.  
Peter McEvoy wants to earn a fortune in his line.  
Selma Aalto is planning to work at some cannery.  
Leslie Cashen may work at the Alaska Juneau mine.  
Myrna Bland intends to visit her sister at Chichagof.  
Thomas Cashen expects to "bum" the summer away.  
Esther Cashen expects to spend her vacation in Douglas.  
Martin Gallwas wishes to go to the Interior and work.  
Alfred Hewitt expects to help run the Alaska Juneau.  
Albert Garn will retain his position as messenger boy.  
Martha Sey expects to spend part of the summer camping.  
George Valeson intends to be delivery boy for some store.  
Joe Vezzetti plans to go to Seattle and have a good time.  
John Halm wishes to work with a local mining company.  
Vivian Lindstrom expects to spend the summer at Chichagof.  
Kathleen McCormick expects to get a position on the Channel.  
Rangnar Kronquist will study the butcher trade this summer.  
Harold Gallwas will deliver groceries all summer for his father.  
Nelma Niemela will spend the summer working and enjoying herself.
- Clifford Anderson is planning to work on an oil boat en route to Frisco.
- Arthur Nelson may go on a surveying expedition to the interior of Alaska.
- Lola Gravrock intends to spend the summer hiking and camping at Perseverance.
- Elizabeth Feusi expects to have an "all around" good time and also work at the "Liberty."

## Exchanges

We have been pleased with all our "Exchanges." They have kept us in touch with other schools. It is very interesting to read through other High School papers and see how the life in their school differs from ours. We hope to hear from you all next year.

"The Panorama," Binghamton, N. Y.; "English High School Record," Boston, Mass.; "Who's Who," Battle Creek, Mich.; "The Echo," Kearney, Neb.; "The Comet," "The McKinley Trail" and "The Central Idea," Los Angeles, Calif.; "The Monitor," Weaver-ville, Calif.; "The Nugget," Baker, Oregon; "The Oak Leaf," Oak-ville, Wash.; "The North Central News," Spokane, Wash.; "Eh-Kah-Nam," Walla Walla, Wash.; "The Bucklonian," Buckley, Wash.; "The Wigwam," Yakima, Wash.; "The Ocean Breeze," Aberdeen, Wash.; "The Lincolnian," Tacoma, Wash.; "The Talis-man," (Ballard High School), "The Totem" (Lincoln High School) and "University of Washington Daily," Seattle, Wash.; "Ketchi-kan Chronicle," Ketchikan, Alaska.

## B. O. W. A.

Lots of pep,  
Lots of jazz,  
That's—  
What the B.O.W.A.  
Has.

The B. O. W. A. was organized by the Freshmen and Sophomore boys of Douglas High School, Feb. 8, 1921. Officers for the club were chosen as follows:

President .....	Joe Vezzetti
Vice President .....	Albert Garn
Secretary Treasurer .....	Arnie Vesoja
Faculty Adviser .....	Mr. Nichols

Colors were chosen as orange and green, and the motto decided on was: "Treat 'em Rough." A committee was appointed by the president to draw up by-laws, and the members of the committee were George Valeson, chairman, Mr. Nichols, John Halm and Rangnar Kronquist. The by-laws were agreed upon by all members, so they became laws of the club.

A party in honor of the Freshmen and Sophomore girls was given by the club on March 12 and proved to be a great success. The faculty was also invited and reported a good time.

A baseball team has been organized by the members and several games have been played in which the boys have all shown their "spunk."

ARNIE VESOJA.

## Calendar of School Term 1920-'21

- Sept.—1st Week.—School opens.  
" 2nd Week.—Class periods arranged; new student enters.  
" 3rd Week.—Student Body organized; new students enter.  
" 4th Week.—Girls' basketball team organized; moving pictures in Assembly.
- Oct.—1st Week.—Junior Red Cross enrollment; fire drill; first issue Gastineau Breeze.  
" 2nd Week.—Mr. Gurr addresses school; Orchestra started.  
" 3rd Week.—All classes organize; Mr. Nichols arrives.  
" 4th Week.—Roosevelt Memorial program; Hallowe'en party; fire drill.
- Nov.—1st Week.—"Good English week; second issue Gastineau Breeze.  
" 2nd Week.—Basketball games; Student Body meets.  
" 3rd Week.—Thanksgiving program; Mr. Rowley addresses School on "Alaskan Oil Fields."  
" 4th Week.—Two basketball games played.
- Dec.—1st Week.—Basketball game.  
" 2nd Week.—Basketball games.  
" 3rd Week.—Senior meeting; Christmas program; vacation.  
" 4th Week.—Basketball team goes to Wrangell; plays games.
- Jan.—1st Week.—Basketball game; Orchestra benefit card party.  
" 2nd Week.—New students enter; fourth issue "Breeze."  
" 3rd Week.—B. O. W. A. organizes.  
" 4th Week.—Program in Assembly.
- Feb.—1st Week.—Mr. Kilburn addresses assembly; fifth issue of Gastineau Breeze.  
" 2nd Week.—Valentine surprise party; moving pictures.  
" 3rd Week.—Patriotic programs; pictures taken for "Taku."  
" 4th Week.—National Week of Song; basketball dance and dinner.
- Mar.—1st Week.—New teacher arrives; sixth issue "Breeze."  
" 2nd Week.—Mr. Kilburn visits school; fire drill; B. O. W. A. party; Freshman meeting.  
" 3rd Week.—Two parties given.  
" 4th Week.—"Loud Sox Day;" Civics Class visit Museum.
- Apr.—1st Week.—Indoor track meet; movies.  
" 2nd Week.—Girls hike.  
" 3rd Week.—Student Body Meets; classes visit Legislature.  
" 4th Week.—Strenuous play practice.
- May 6—Senior Play; May 8—Baccalaureate Sermon; May 9 and 10—Senior Exams.; May 11—Class Day; May 12—High School Picnic; May 13—Commencement; May 16, 17 and 18—Exams; May 20—School closes.

## Among the Bread Earners of D. H. S.

The D. H. S. is very fortunate to have the three yachts, "Tish," "Shavings" and the "M. L. G." These little craft are very speedy and can cut the water at a mile a minute—that is, more or less.

The "Tish" is owned by Mr. William Manley, a young fisherman with a great record. Bill has made more money fishing with the "Tish" than is owned by the City of Douglas. Bill has great expectations from his little craft; indeed, he's afraid he may yet become a millionaire. There is not much danger, we hope, for we would surely hate to see Bill buy out "Rockerfeller."

The "Shavings" is the most reliable of the D. H. S. fleet; powered with a three-horse Gray motor. It already has broken all distance records and has taken more boys and girls out for a good time than the "Overland Express." It's a trim little craft painted green and is owned and operated by Arthur Nelson.

The "M. L. G." is a gasboat that has just been built by Sinclair Brown. It has a two-horse power Waterman motor, and talk of speed! It has "Miss Minneapolis" backed off the water. "Sinc." and his man "Friday" hope to get rich this summer chartering it to tourists. We wish him good luck and sincerely hope that the motor doesn't hoist the "Red" flag and start to kick at hard labor. We expect to have many a good time this summer at "Brownie's" expense.

These yacht owners are very reliable and they have the appearance of captains and engineers from the top of their hair to the bottom of their feet. They would rather run an engine or be fishing than sleeping or eating.

JOE VEZZETTI—'23.

## The Welcome of the Ship

One evening in June a vessel could be seen entering the Channel near the base of the "Three Sisters." The sun gilded the pathway up the narrow strip of water and the mountains rose high on both sides, golden and glowing in the last rays of the sinking sun. As the vessel came on, the sun sank lower and lower until it dipped behind the horizon and only the afterglow was reflected on the snow of the mountains. Slowly, silently, the sky, the water, then all things changed to a deep and deeper blue. Suddenly the lights of Thane broke the all-pervading blue and were reflected in the calm, deep waters of the Channel. They danced and twinkled and merrily beckoned a welcome to the approaching ship.

AUGUSTA WIDEMAN—'24.

AUTOGRAPHS

# The First Territorial Bank of Alaska

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**"It's Our Joy to Please"**

OUR DRUG DEPARTMENT is the pride of our store. Only standard drugs and chemicals are carried in stock for the prescriptions which are brought to us to fill. Whether you bring the order in yourself or send it in by a child, it will be filled with the greatest care.

## GUY'S DRUG STORE

DOUGLAS, ALASKA

The Cuts in this issue were made by the

## Seattle Engraving Co.

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS

PHOTO ENGRAVERS

917 Western Avenue

Seattle Wash.

## THE ALASKA GRILL

While in Juneau, eat at the Grill—Best meals in town.

Boys, after the dance or show, take your  
Girls down to the Grill for some good eats.

Patronize the Old Timers

FRONT STREET

TELEPHONE 64

THE QUALITY STORE

## Goldstein's Emporium

THE LARGEST  
DEPARTMENT STORE IN ALASKA

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear,  
Men's Clothing and Furnishings,  
Shoes, Furs and Groceries.

The most complete and up-  
to-date stocks of the North.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION

## BURFORD'S CORNER

FRONT STREET, JUNEAU

BILLIARD PARLORS

Our Cigars are electrically treated and  
always possess that rich aroma that  
makes them popular

## ELECTRICITY---

The Modern Housewife's Friend

WASH IRON AND COOK—SAVE TIME,  
MONEY AND ELBOW GREASE

Alaska Electric Light & Power Co.

Phone 6. Juneau, Alaska

15 ROOMS—NICELY FURNISHED

## THE HUNTER HOTEL

EMILIO UBERTI, Manager

TOBACCOS AND SOFT DRINKS

POOL AND BILLIARDS

Front Street, Opposite Ferry Way

DOUGLAS . . . . . ALASKA

PHONE 25

## BUTTE POOL ROOM

MIKE PUSICH, Proprietor

We carry the most complete  
line of Smokers' Sundries on  
the Island.

A large stock of "Juno" and  
other soft drinks always on  
hand.

FRONT STREET . . . . . DOUGLAS, ALASKA

Telephone 60

## The Alaska--Frank's Place

Men, when you want to spend an  
enjoyable evening, go to the

**ALASKAN SOFT DRINK PARLOR**

All kinds of Tobacco and Soft  
Drinks available

PHONE 34

DOUGLAS . . . . . ALASKA

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## STARTED RIGHT---

Twenty-two years ago the Douglas Island News  
was printing wedding announcements for the  
parents of some of the graduates of the Class of '21  
of the Douglas High School.—May we print yours?

We print anything. The "Taku" is a sample  
of our work.

## The Douglas Island News

"YOUR HOME PAPER."

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PATRONIZE THOSE  
WHO HAVE ADVERTISED  
IN THIS ANNUAL

## Our Town

**D**OUGLAS is a town of approximately 1,000 inhabitants, where five years ago there were over 3,000 —this decrease due to the cave-in of the Treadwell mines, and the general exodus of people from Alaska during the war. Thus Douglas can be considered as a "has been," but the people who reside here are the most optimistic, generous, kind-hearted, happy and sociable people to be found in any community.

Business is necessarily carried on in a small way, as are all classes of business in Alaska, but we are steadily recovering from a staggering blow, dealt by adverse conditions.

Alaska needs, and can accommodate, a great number of earnest workers, broad-minded and industrious, who can see good in their fellowmen, and help in the up-building of a country of great resources, but it is not a country for the drone, who would live on his wits.

We have no destitute families, no hungry children, and with our limited population, the schools of Douglas have an enrollment of over one hundred and seventy healthy, happy children, who receive the benefits of a school which is maintained at a high standard, and its graduates enter the universities on an equal level with the graduates of the High Schools of the Pacific Coast.

Alaska has cheerfully contributed her quota in every drive for war purposes; has contributed more per capita to the Red Cross than any state in the Union; has exceeded her quota in every relief and has, since the war, and is to the present day, purchasing more war savings, per capita, than any state in the Union. And Douglas has given of her share.

We cannot boast a busy metropolis, but we can boast of a healthy, prosperous people, living under conditions of home production, and reasonable living condition, and a place which many people, who were forced to leave by adverse conditions, are anxiously awaiting to return to when affairs will warrant.

