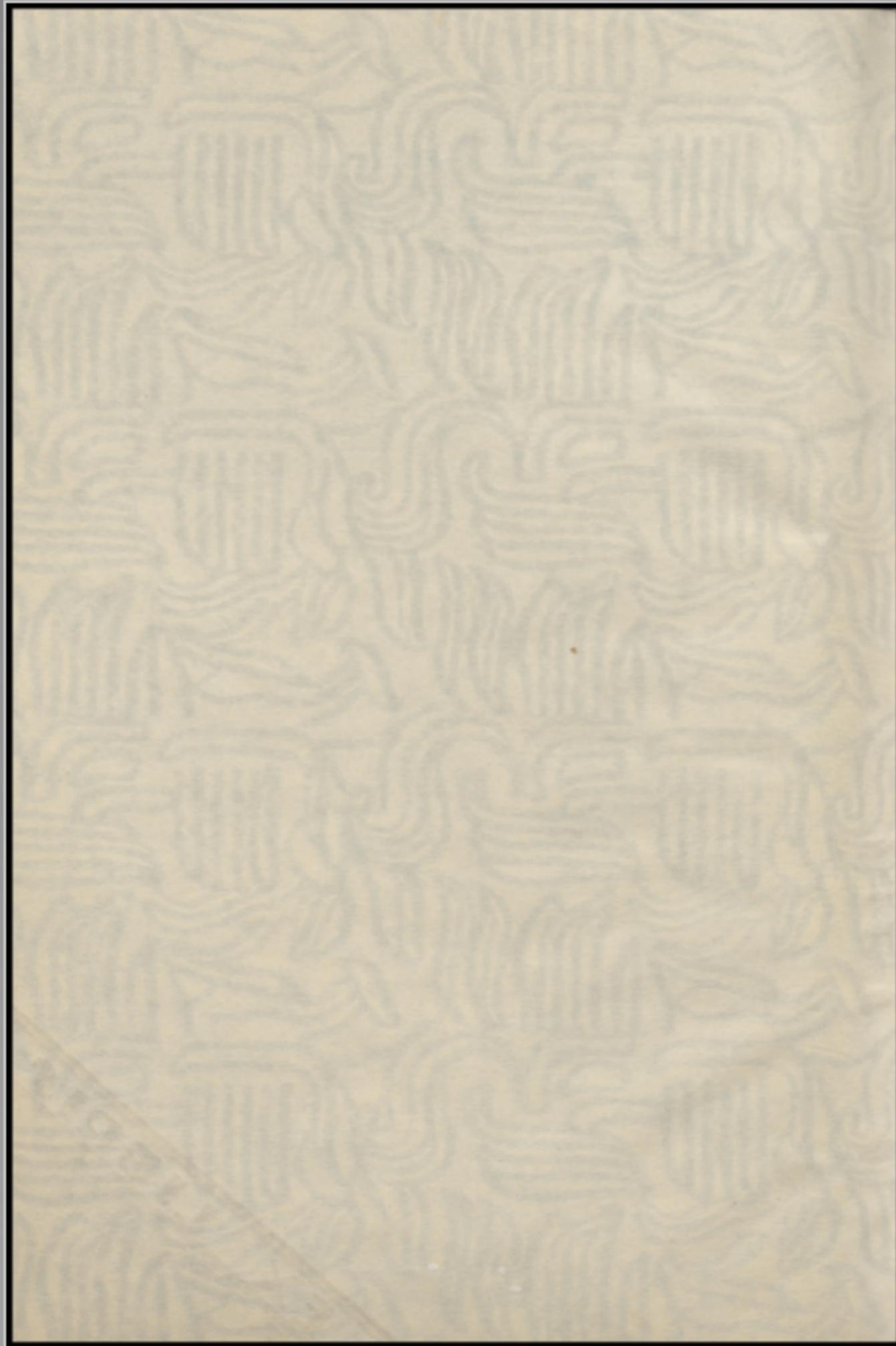
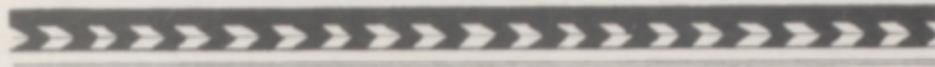


Juneau-Douglas City Museum



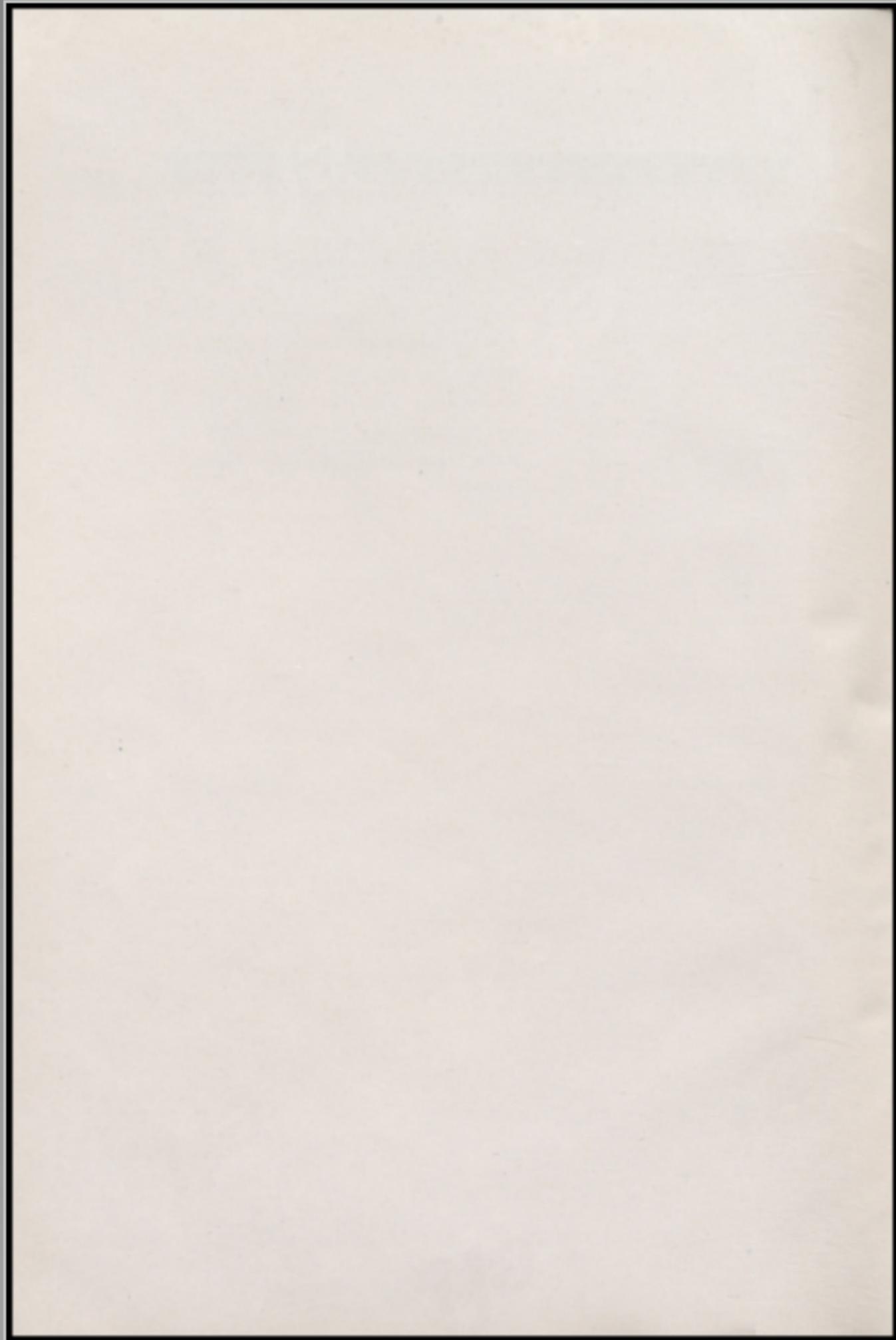






DEDICATION

*To Mr. W. K. Keller — who
for the past eight years has la-
bored unceasingly toward the
upbuilding and betterment of
our schools—we, the student
body, respectfully dedicate this
Totem.*



TOTEM



← 1931 →



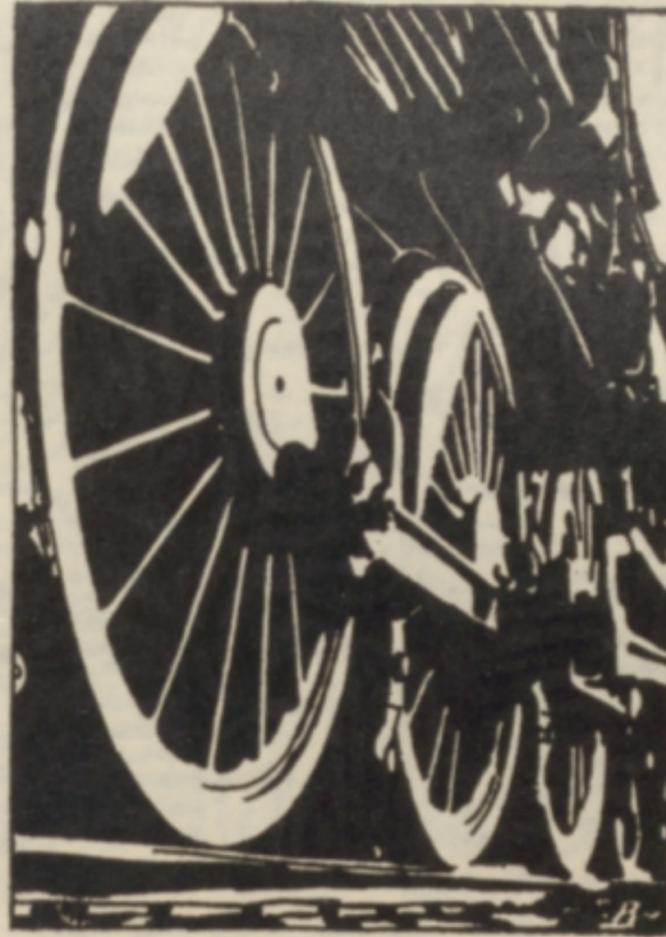
FOREWORD

In this 20th Century we find ourselves in the midst of a great movement of radical departures from the customs, ideals, and life of the 19th Century.

Today we are in the age of machines, we live in an atmosphere of automobiles, skyscrapers, aeroplanes, radios, jazz bands,—everything is in the process of change.

In the 26th annual Totem we have tried to convey to you the spirit of our age, expressed through the medium of the modern art of our times—the art of simplicity rather than that of intricate detail.

EDITOR.



ADMINISTRATION





Mr. Keller's Message

It is not a pleasant task to bid farewell to you after nearly eight years of work together. In leaving the Juneau schools to assume the work of a larger field, however, I am pleased that it is not necessary to do so, as your work and mine will bring us often into close contact and close relationship.

Our associations together have convinced me that you are interested with us in the progress of your school. I am convinced that we shall work together, now and after your graduation, to the end that we will have a better school; broader work within the school; better courses; better students; better teachers; greater things to offer to the students to come; keeping always in mind that high school education is a preparation for better living after your school days are over.

I ask of you this co-operation, and assure you of my unfailing interest in your welfare, and in the welfare of your school.

W. K. KELLER

[Page five]



MR. W. K. KELLER

Undoubtedly, the most important event in connection with high school history in the past year was the retirement February 15 of Mr. W. K. Keller as superintendent of Juneau public schools. He left the position to take the office of Territorial Commissioner of Education.

Mr. Keller was superintendent of Juneau public schools seven years and a half, having come here in 1923 from Fairbanks, where he had filled a similar position two years. During his administration, the Juneau high school made notable progress. He improved equipment, added to courses of study and introduced the latest approved methods of education. For instance, for the indirect system of lighting, he substituted the semi-direct system, with the result that eyesight defects of students declined 40 per cent. Home economic and laboratory supplies and facilities are the best in the Territory. During his incumbency, the present high school building costing \$114,000 was erected, and all the various equipment modernized at a cost of \$9,000.

Mr. Keller raised the standard of study so that in 1927, the Juneau high school was the first in the Territory to become an accredited member of the Northwest Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges, thus enabling its graduates to enter any college or university on the same terms as the graduates of accredited high schools in the States. Sixty-six per cent of Juneau high school graduates enter institutions of higher learning. During the past six years, not a single graduate of the local school failed in his course in a higher institution, and 21 per cent of such graduates were honor students in their university work. In the States, the average of high school students entering higher institutions of learning is 32 per cent, with only 10 per cent on honor rolls.

When Mr. Keller became superintendent, the enrollment in Juneau was 412, of which 322 were in the elementary school and 80 in the high school. Now, there are 465 in the elementary and 157 in the high school. The teaching force increased from 18 to 24 teachers.

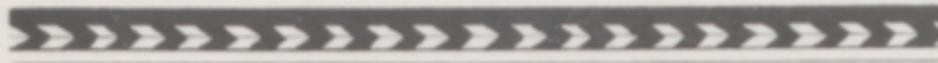
Notwithstanding growth and improvement, cost of operation decreased during Mr. Keller's superintendency. It formerly was \$118 per pupil per year. Now it is \$105, one of the lowest in the Territory.

Mr. Keller was born in Redmond, Washington. He was graduated from the high school at Kirkland, Washington. He attended the Washington State Normal School at Cheney, Washington; the University of Washington at Seattle, and the Washington State College at Pullman. He attended the Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, taking advanced work toward a degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Education. He holds Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees.

Before coming to Alaska, Mr. Keller had teaching experience in Washington, Idaho and Oregon. He assumed his duties as Alaska Commissioner of Education March 1. Fortunately, his ability and services are not lost entirely to the Juneau high school. From his work in the broader field, the institution here, like every other educational institution in the Territory, is sure to be affected to its advantage and thus will continue to benefit from his efforts.



R. S. RAVEN



MR. R. S. RAVEN

Juneau is fortunate in having Mr. R. S. Raven as Mr. W. K. Keller's successor as superintendent of the Juneau Public Schools.

After his graduation from high school in Monroe, Washington, Mr. Raven entered the Michigan State College located at Lansing, Michigan; later he entered the State College of Washington and was graduated with high honors. While here he was made a member of Phi Delta Kappa, honorary fraternity of high scholarships in education. Mr. Raven has done graduate work at the State College of Washington, and is now completing graduate work for a Master's Degree in Education at the University of Washington.

During the war he served as a lieutenant in the American forces and was overseas for a year and a half. While in the Argonne drive he was gassed.

After the war he was associated with the hardware business for five years, after which time he gave up his interests in this business to become principal of Selah High School at Selah, Washington.

Mr. Raven came to Juneau in 1927 to assume the position of principal of the Juneau High School, and teacher of science. While here he has been more than a teacher to his students; he has been a helpful advisor and a guide.

It has been said that every man should have a hobby—Mr. Raven's is music. He appreciates good music and has contributed his support to public musical affairs.

His work is held in high regard by the students and townspeople and Juneau will profit by his sincere efforts and ability.



M. L. MERRITT



R. E. ROBERTSON



GROVER C. WINN

Board of Administrators

R. E. ROBERTSON	<i>President</i>
G. C. WINN	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. L. MERRITT	<i>Clerk</i>

The Administrators for the Juneau Public Schools are representative men who have had the welfare and progress of the schools ever in mind. These men have given years of faithful service and it has been largely through their efforts that the public school system has made such rapid strides forward.

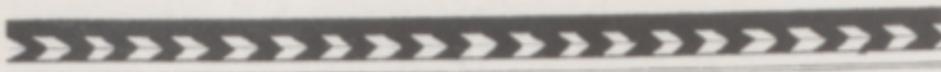
Mr. G. C. Winn, a graduate from the Juneau High School and now a lawyer, has the longest record of service. With the exception of one term Mr. Winn has served on the board for fifteen years, during which time he has seen the school systemized and accredited. Mr. M. L. Merritt of the Forestry Service has given eight years to the school while Mr. R. E. Robertson, also a lawyer, has served for seven years.

During their terms of office the new high school building was erected at a cost of \$114,000. The building is modern in all respects and is filling a long felt need. The course in instrumental music was enlarged and a full-time teacher secured. Art and vocal music were added and these departments have become not only popular, but necessary to the school. The Science department has been developed in the last four years until now four sciences are taught every year in a modern, well equipped laboratory. The Manual Training department has enlarged, new wood work equipment is being added constantly and a definite course in mechanical drawing has been created.

The enrollment has increased from 435 pupils in 1922 to 620 or more in 1931.

In 1927 the Juneau Public Schools became accredited with the Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools. This gives the Juneau schools an exceptionally high standard and places them on a par with all state city schools.

Juneau is fortunate in having three citizens who have shown their intense interest in the schools by their willingness to give their time and ability for school betterment.

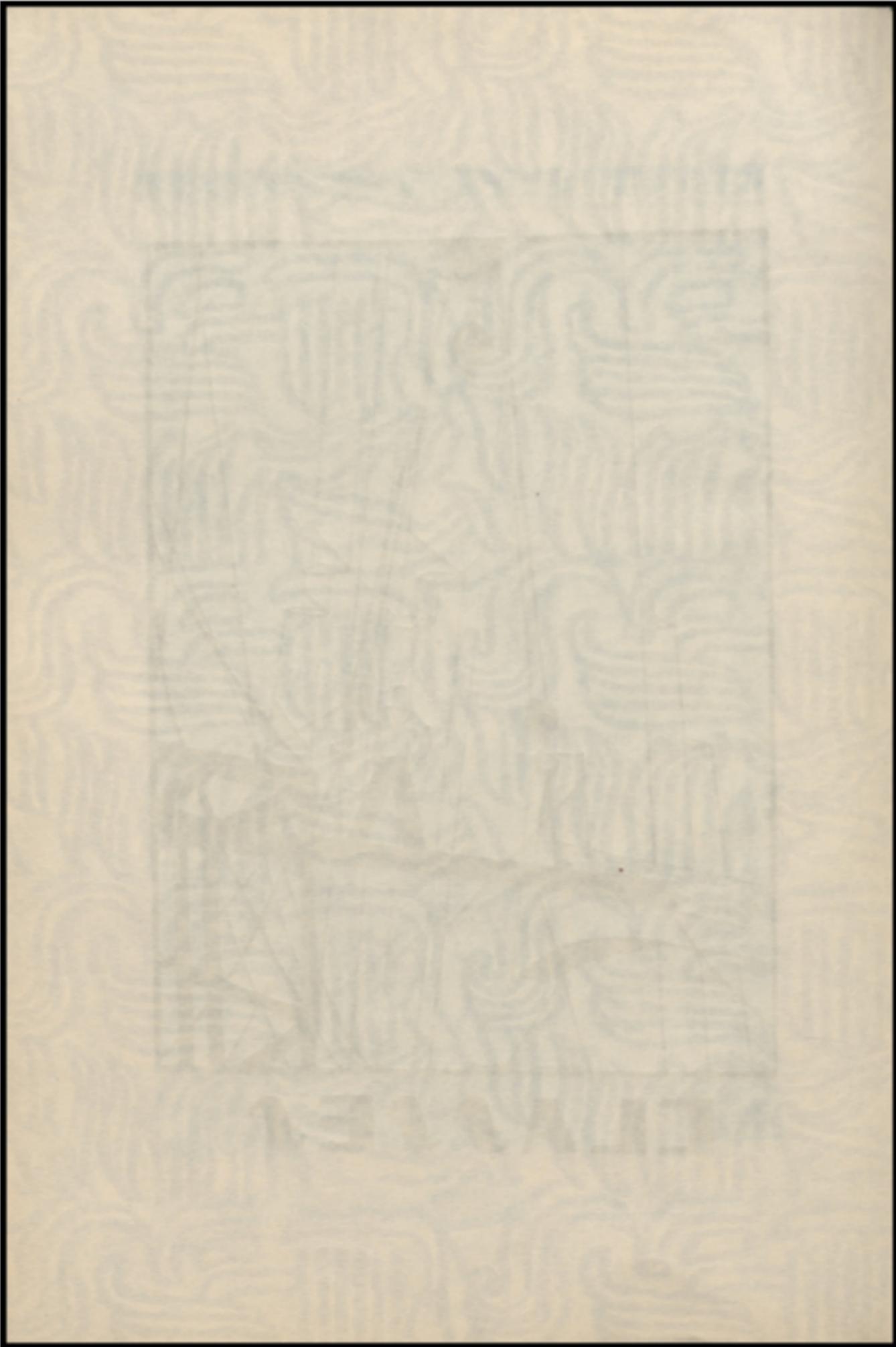


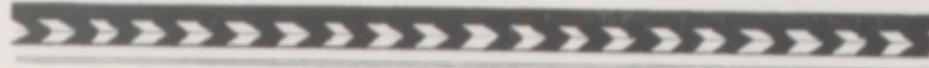
FACULTY

MARGARET A. YEAKY, DOROTHY ISRAEL, HELEN E. GRAY,
ENID M. BURNS, ALEXANDER S. DUNHAM, MAJORIE TILLOTSON,
DOROTHY FISHER, BLANCHE M. KELLY, MRS. LEO OSTERMAN



CLASSES





Senior Class

Four years ago a group of timid, long legged, over awed Freshmen entered J. H. S. They knew nothing of the traditions and ideals of the school, but they were eager and willing to learn. Some dropped from the ranks, new students entered our class from time to time, until now the largest class ever to graduate from Juneau High School will receive diplomas in June.

The class met in September and elected as its president, John Hellenthal; vice president, Dorothy Bakke; secretary, Bess Millard; treasurer, Betty Barragar, and advisor, Miss Helen Gray.

This year for their studies the Seniors have taken English VII. and VIII, the study of English Literature from its birth up to the present day; American History and Civics, the study of the history of our country and its form of government; Chemistry, the major subject of the scientific course; French III. and IV., which deals with that form of "parley-vous Francais?"; Trigonometry, the major subject in mathematics; Bookkeeping III. and IV., necessary to all students entering the business world, and Shorthand III. and IV., necessary to all secretaries. A few of the students enrolled in Manual Training III. and IV. and Home Economics III. and IV.

The class started out the scholastic year by giving the Freshmen a pleasant surprise in the form of an initiation. There is no doubt but that they were very much surprised. After the initiation, a public dance was given which proved to be a great social and financial success. In January the class gave a program for the Student Body. Mr. "Sandy" Smith was the speaker and he told the students many interesting things about Alaska. On March 27 the class gave their annual play in the Coliseum theatre. The play, "Loose Ankles," proved to be a big financial success. At present the class is looking forward to the Senior Ball and the sneak.

Of the thirty members of the class, three girls are on the girls' basketball team, four boys are on the boys' basketball team, nine are members of the Torch Honor Society, sixteen are members of the Glee Club, four are in the Girls' Sextette, five are in the Junior and Senior Orchestra combined, four in the High School Band, the presidents and secretaries of the Student Body and Torch Society are Seniors, and the Editor and Business Manager of the Totem are also Seniors.

The present Senior class entered high school in the fall of 1927. They have studied diligently through their four years of high school and now are ready to go into the world, some to seek more knowledge and others to work. Many of them are leaving high school with a sigh of regret and wish that they had at least one more year to go. A greater part of the class plan to attend college. A great number of the students are going either to Washington, Oregon or California to attend the various colleges in the States.

Class Colors.....	Blue and Gold
Class Flower.....	Lupin
Class Motto.....	"Paddle your own canoe"
President.....	John Hellenthal
Vice President.....	Dorothy Bakke
Secretary.....	Bess Millard
Treasurer.....	Betty Barragar
Advisor.....	Miss Helen Gray



CLASS OF '31



DOROTHY BAKKE
 Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 Operetta, 2.
 Christmas Festival, 1.
 Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
 Vice President Torch Society, 2.
 Treasurer, Class 2.
 Senior Play, 2, 4.
 Vice President, Class 4.

JOHN STEWART
 Senior Orchestra, 1, 2.
 Glee Club, 3, 4.
 Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
 Senior Play, 4.



ZALMAIN GROSS
 Secretary Class 3.
 V. President Student Body, 4.
 Track Meet, 2.
 Senior Play, 4.

BETTY BARRAGAR
 Basketball 1.
 Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
 Secretary Class 1.
 Treasurer Class 4.
 Secretary "J" Club, 2, 3.
 Senior Play, 2.
 Totem Staff, 2.
 Pres. "J" Club, 4.

LOREN SISSON
 Treasurer Class, 3.
 Torch Society, 3.
 Basketball, 3, 4.
 H. S. Band, 3, 4.
 President "J" Club, 4.
 "J" Club, 3, 4.
 Senior Play, 4.

SENNA PAUL
 Basketball, 1.
 Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 Operetta, 2.
 Christmas Festival, 1.
 Totem Staff, 2.

MARY VANDERLEEST
 Entered as Junior from St. Ann's
 Parochial School.
 Senior Orchestra, 3, 4.
 Junior Orchestra, 3.
 Violin Ensemble, 2, 4.
 Glee Club, 3, 4.
 Torch Society, 4.
 Sec.-Treas. Torch Society, 4.
 Tennis, 2.
 Totem Staff, 4.

WILLIAM SPARKS
 Yell Leader, 1, 2, 3.
 Vice President Class, 1.
 Operetta, 2.
 Quartette, 2, 3.
 Glee Club, 3, 4.





CLASS OF '31



WILLIAM RODENBERG
Entered as Junior from St. Ann's
Parochial School.
Senior Play, 4.
Basketball, 2, 4.
Glee Club, 4.
"J" Club, 2, 4.
Vice President "J" Club, 4.
Baseball, 2.

ALICE MERRITT
Senior Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Band, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Glee Club, 1, 2.
National High School Orchestra
and Band, 3.
Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
High School Play, 2.
Vice Pres. Torch Society, 4.
Tennis, 2, 3, 4.
Totem Staff, 4.
"J" Club.
Senior Play, 4.



MARY SIMPKINS
Glee Club, 3, 4.
Tennis, 2.
Senior Play, 4.

ELLIOTT ROBERTSON
Glee Club, 4.
High School Play, 3.
"J" Club, 3, 4.
Totem Staff, 4.
Operetta, 1.
Senior Play, 4.

JOHN HELLENTHAL
Entered from Loyola High, Los
Angeles, as Junior.
Glee Club, 3.
Tennis, 2.
"J" Club, 3, 4.
Torch Society, 4.
President Class, 4.
Totem Staff, 3.
High School Play, 3.
Editor Totem, 4.



LENA JACKSON
Basketball, 3, 4.
"J" Club, 3, 4.

JEANNETTE STEWART
Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4.
"J" Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
String Sextette, 1, 2.
Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
H. S. Operetta, 1, 2.
Totem Staff, 4.
Senior Orchestra, 1.



ROBERT HURLEY
President Class, 1.
Basketball, 3.
President Student Body, 4.
"J" Club, 4.
Officer of "J" Club, 4.



CLASS OF '31



MURIEL JARMAN
 Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 Operetta, 2.
 Junior Orchestra, 1.
 Torch Society, 2, 3, 4.
 President Torch Society, 4.
 Basketball, 2.
 "J" Club, 2, 3, 4.
 Yell Duke, 2.
 Secretary Class, 2.
 President Class, 2.
 High School Play, 1.
 Totem Staff, 4.
 Declamation, 3.
 Senior Play, 4.
 Secretary "J" Club, 4.

ELMER SWANSON
 Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
 Boys' Quartette, 2.
 Operetta, 2.
 Track, 2.

EDWARD RODENBERG
 Entered as Junior from St. Ann's
 Parochial School.
 Basketball, 4.
 Business Manager Totem, 4.

EDNA RIENDEAU
 J. H. S. Band, 3, 4.
 Senior Orchestra, 4.
 Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 Operetta, 2.
 Senior Play, 4.

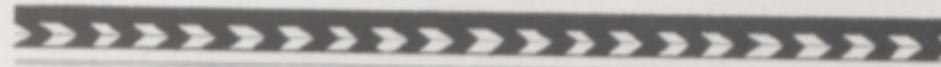
VERNA HURLEY
 J. H. S. Band, 3, 4.
 Senior Orchestra, 4.
 Glee Club, 2, 3.
 Operetta, 2.
 Senior Play, 2.
 Totem Staff, 1, 4.
 Senior Play, 4.

GRACE MEGGITT
 Glee Club, 4.

MARY GIOVANETTI
 Entered from St. Ann's Parochial
 School as Senior.
 Glee Club, 4.

SIGRID DAVIS
 Attended two years in Seattle.
 Glee Club, 1, 4.
 Operetta, 1.
 Christmas Festival, 1.





CLASS OF '31



BESS MILLARD

Entered as Junior from Stadium High, Tacoma.
Torch Society, 4.
Totem Staff, 3, 4.
Secretary Student Body, 4.
Secretary Class, 4.
Glee Club, 4.
Tennis, 2.
Senior Play, 4.

EDWARD LAURIE

Glee Club, 2.
Baseball, 2.
Operetta, 2.
Senior Play, 4.

EDWARD POWERS

Torch Society, 2.
Glee Club, 2, 4.
Vice President Class, 2.
Baseball, 2.
Tennis, 2.
Track, 2.
Senior Play, 4.

MAISIE ROGERS

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Operetta, 2.
"J" Club, 3, 4.
Basketball, 2, 3, 4.
Tennis, 2.
Junior Orchestra, 4.
Senior Play, 4.

Senior Class Prophecy

It was in the month of June 1951 that we received the sudden news that a delegation of famous people was going to stop at our roadhouse, Lupine Inn which was situated on the inter-national highway. We were kept busy all the rest of that week raising the prices on the menus, fixing up calorie diets for the unfortunate and finding many other important things that had to be done. In the midst of this rush we were attracted by a most dreadful noise in our back yard. We ran out—There in the middle of our cabbage patch was the funniest looking contraption you'd ever hope to see and in it sat two queer looking people. Their heads were twice as large as an ordinary head and their bodies were very slim. They kept staring at us as though we were old friends. All of a sudden they gave a piercing scream and came running up to us. "Why Gracie and Mary don't you know us?" cried one of them. We then recognized them as the two Johns of our class. They told us that they had spent most of their time running a taxi to Mars and it was the air up there that made their heads grow to such an enormous size. The reason for their being in our vicinity was engine trouble. We sat down to lunch and just as we were finishing several cars drew up before the gate. The delegation had arrived!

The people came trooping into the room. The head of the company walked up to us, hands extended. "Well, well, well, I'll be blest if it isn't a couple of our old class mates, Mary and Gracie!" he cried. We were much surprised to discover



that this large man with the Van Dyke beard was none other than the little Willie of our class. He turned and beckoned to a couple of men who were chatting at one of the small tables.

"Hey, you fellas, come on over here for a minute and meet our hostesses." The two men were none other than Zalmain Gross and Ed Laurie, they recognized us at once. We're sorry to say that for the first time in the ten years of our career we forgot all about our business and neglected our guests. But how could you blame us?

The Johns joined us and we sat down at one of the tables to talk. Ed had been spending most of his time in the divorce courts in Paris, Reno and such places while Zalmain had followed in the footsteps of Flo Ziegfeld and was one grand success.

"Say?" Willie asked suddenly. "Have you heard about Ed Powers' new invention?"

"No," we cried in unison.

"Well," replied Willie, "he has found a way to pipe all the hot air that is let loose at election time up to the North Pole." We were very much astonished at this because who would ever have thought for one moment that Ed had been bestowed with any inventive powers. Ed is now residing in Porto Rico.

Just then a large family car arrived on the scene. Out jumped a very well dressed woman followed by three small children. "Betty, Edna and Dorothy," she called to them. "Follow mother and don't forget your manners." Betty, Edna and Dorothy—my, those names sounded familiar, who in the world could this tall, slender woman be. She came closer. "Verna Hurley! Well, I'll be—" We had time to say nothing more as the crowd swarmed around her asking questions by the carload. It seems that Verna had been married to a very prosperous fisherman. They had been living in Valdez for the last ten years. She was now on her way home after spending a couple of months at the home of Edna and Loren who had been married only last winter. Yes, Loren was superintendent of light and heat in the White House at Washington, D. C. In the midst of this confusion Verna burst out—"Oh, do you know what I have with me? It is a book by Maisie Rogers, now Madame Maisie Trevaile, on 'How to Raise a Family on \$1,000 a Year.' Not like Maisie to write on thriftiness at all, is it? Oh, no! Well, she must have thought a lot about it because with a French husband she has probably had a hard time instilling in his mind the true value of money."

A few hours after the delegation had moved on a large passenger plane swooped down. A man weighing about three hundred pounds stepped out. In spite of the avoirdupois, we recognized Elliott of the class of '31. Elliott is supposed to pay the largest income tax in America. He massed his wealth by manufacturing Dr. Robertson's Bitters. One dose of these in the morning takes the place of three full meals. Elliott has traveled considerably. He told us that Dot Bakke is a speed cop in Gaudalajara. The only woman speed cop in Mexico. Well, more power to her.

While we were still talking, in rushed Bess, all excitement. Bess had been our head hasber for quite some time but we were thinking of firing her because she spent altogether too much of her time at Xenia's Night Club. Charles Whyte was redecorating the place for Xenia and that probably accounted for Bess's sudden interest. After Bess had regained her breath she told us that Betty Barragar had

stopped at the Night Club last night; she had come here on her vacation from Chicago where she was running a choice school for gangsters. We were also very surprised to hear that she had one of our old classmates for a chauffeur, Elmer Swanson.

"Oh, isn't it grand?" sighed Bess. "I don't feel a bit like working now."

"Well, I must say that is too bad but start washing those dishes, Miss. What do you suppose we pay you five dollars a week for? Oh, by the way, did you bring in The Empire?" we asked.

We had been getting The Alaska Daily Empire for some time and looked forward to it every night as it had grown to be quite a paper since the pulp mill was situated in Juneau and paper was cheap. We opened it and there in big, black letters was the following: "Frauline Fredericka Mary VanderLeest, famed parachute jumper about to take most daring leap of her career." We discovered on reading further that this leap was to be into the sea of matrimony where she expected to find Bob Hurley, our old S. B. President, floundering around.

We were all commenting on this startling news when a couple of blondes strolled in.

"Say," piped Elliott, "doesn't that one on the right look like our old classmate Sigrid Davis?" That's who it was, but who was that other attractive girl? That face was familiar, too. On glancing again we found it to be Mary Giovanetti. Look what the years had done to her. A blonde. Well, it was very becoming.

We were breathless, but the peak of our joy came when Bess answered our television telephone which had been ringing furiously for some time. There in a little dark mirror was the impatient face of Lena Jackson.

"Bess Millard, is that you?" she cried. "Well, I am calling up to make reservations for rooms and baths for the members of my circus. We will be there immediately. We had learned before that Lena was running a flea circus, and had a couple of our old classmates as side entertainment. Wouldn't it be nice to see Lena, and whoever it may be in her circus again?"

In less than ten minutes a huge, brightly colored aeroplane landed and out stepped Lena followed by a very smartly dressed young lady leading a Chow dog. That one must be Muriel, and the one with the flute, Alice.

"Oh, my deahs," drawled Muriel as she approached. "I say, it is jolly seeing you again. Oh, and have you heard the news? No, I can see that you haven't. Well, Jeannette Stewart is Alaska's new governor. Ripping, is it not? My, what a lovely place you have heah—and Bachelor Buttons for a centerpiece—jolly good taste, I must say—I'll bet the famous Whyte decorated for you."

"Hello, Mule," we said. "Those Bachelor Buttons came from Reyjavik, Iceland—you remember Arnold Hildre? Well, he sent them to us. He has a large farm in Reyjavik and sends them all over the world."

Alice, in the meantime, had settled down in one of the large lounging chairs with a magazine and a stick of gum.

"Hey! Listen, kids! Dr. Edward Rodenberg, famous beauty specialist, recommends Palm Olive soap to keep that school girl complexion. He's got his picture here, 'n'everything."

As we were all flocking around to see Eddie's picture the dinner bell rang. The dinner was a very merry one. After a hilarious evening we bid our adieus and vowed that in five years' time we would again meet at "Lupine Inn."



Senior Class Will

Since we, the members of the Class of 1931, are about to depart for the unknown, we do hereby subscribe the foregoing and ensuing instrument as our last will and testament, and being of sound mind and body, do hereby devise and bequeath the following:

SECTION 1.

Article 1.

Well aware that we have much as individuals, that it would be best to keep in school, we do personally bequeath the following:

I, Verna Hurley, as I intend to cultivate a new sense of humor, do leave my never-ending wit to Ernest Weschenfelder and request that he use it to best advantage, in English especially.

I, Muriel Jarman, do generously will to Thomas Redlingshafer, my English Ancestry, to prize and treasure as I have done.

I, William Rodenberg, regretfully will to Alvin Bloomquist, my ability to talk out loud in class and get away with it.

I, John Hellenthal, do hereby bequeath my ability to argue teachers out of long assignments, to David Tewkesbury, hoping that he will be as successful as I have been.

I, Dorothy Bakke, reluctantly, bequeath my art of appearing sophisticated even in the most compromising situations, to Gene Carlson, knowing it will well become her.

I, Lorren Sisson, so will my ability to keep my hair neat and always combed to Lloyd Jarman. I intend to return at some later date and see it in use.

I, Maisie Rogers, being exceedingly generous, do leave my Scotch accent to Aune Mack, with the hope that she cultivates it properly.

I, Senna Paul, unwilling to let my flirtatious-ness out of the family, do leave it to my sister Chede, and hope she is as successful with it as I have been.

I, Elliott Robertson, do leave to Fred Magill, my ability at giving extemporaneous speeches as I know he will cherish it.

I, Sigrid Davis, leave my love and art of dancing to Emma Uberti, and my highly cultivated French vocabulary to Vieno Lahikainen.

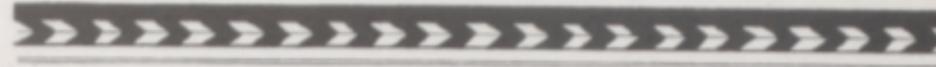
I, Edna Riendeau, leave my infectious giggle to Alpha Fruness, knowing that she will enjoy it as I have done.

I, John Stewart, do leave my rosy blush to Joyce Morris, because I have been told it would look well on a girl.

I, Lena Jackson, do leave my ability to get exempt to Roberta Bayers, for I am sure she will use it.

I, Edward Powers, leave my near man-of-the-world appearance to Richard Harris.

[Page eighteen]



I, Alice Merritt, do leave my flirty ways to Elizabeth Terhune.
I, Elmer Swanson, do leave my seat in the last row in English to Robert Simpson, and I hope he appreciates its exclusiveness and comfort.
I, Grace Meggitt, leave my ability of not being called on for days at a time to Lena Bardi. It is quite an art, so preserve it.
I, Mary Simpkins, leave my art of walking daintily and with tiny steps, to Hildred Whiteley.
I, Edward Laurie, leave my love of dancing to Latimer Gray, and hope he uses it as much as I have.
I, Zalmain Gross, leave my art of enticing wee Senior girls, to Olavi Kukkol, as I know he will treasure it.
I, Arnold Hildre, leave my mathematical mind to Joe Romunseth, with the hopes that it serves him well in trig. class.
I, Mary Giovanetti, leave my ability to talk in History class and still remain in my back seat, to Thelma Bodding, to be put to use next year.
I, Betty Barragar, leave my stenographic skill to Matilda Holst, and my charming personality to Tyra Baldwin.
I, Mary VanderLeest, leave my dash and vivacity to Elmer Powell.
I, Robert Hurley, leave my art of bluffing to Billy Nickish, as I have perfected this art and I hope he will use it to good advantage.
I, Bess Millard, leave my ability to entice young Freshmen, to Iona Messer, knowing it will amuse her.
I, Charles Whyte, do hereby bequeath my conduct in English to Lillian Peterson, and my blond, curly hair to Mary Schramen.

In witness thereof, we do here set our hands and affix the seal of the class, this sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

Signed,

(Seal)

SIGRID DAVIS
MARY GIOVANETTI

Farewell

*We're going away!
The thought of it is sad,
I think of all my friends,
The good times we've had.*

*For twelve long years we've labored,
And thought 'twould never end,
But now that it's all over
Wish we had a couple more to spend.*

*We're going now—don't look behind,
The train is roating on the track,
But before we leave let's give a rousing cheer,
For the Scarlet and the Black.*

—D. B., '31



Junior Class

Of the twenty-nine members in the Junior class nine are girls. Though the boys are in the majority they do not control the class as one might think.

The activities of the class have been few but those the class did have were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson entertained the class at a Hallowe'en party at their cabin on Eagle River road. The Junior Prom was given in the gymnasium March sixth and was successful, socially and financially.

The Junior boys won the Inter-class Basketball Tournament defeating the three other classes. Of these games, the last was the most interesting. In this game, the Juniors snatched the pennant from the Seniors by a single point. The Junior quintet was composed of Elmer Lindstrom, captain; Thomas Judson, Alvin Bloomquist, Billy Nikish and Elmer Powell.

The Junior girls' team was not as successful as the boys. They lost to the speedy Frosh team which made the latter unquestionable champions of the school. The girls' team was composed of Marie Meade, captain; Iona Messer, Tyra Baldwin, Lillian Peterson, Mary Schramen and Matilda Holst.

The boys of the Junior class who made their letters on the high school team were: Elmer Lindstrom, Alvin Bloomquist, James Johnson, Tom Redlingshafer, and Charles Whyte.

Of the girls in the class, Iona Messer and Marie Meade were the only ones to make positions on the high school squad.

At the first class meeting David Tewkesbury was elected president, Thomas Judson, vice-president and Elmer Powell secretary and treasurer. Miss Blanche Kelly advised the class. The class chose lavender and white as colors.

JUNIOR CLASS

Valentine Gartley, Alvin Bloomquist, Carl Hagerup, James Johnson, Elmer Lindstrom, Peter Melseth, Billy Nikish, Elmer Powell, Tom Redlingshafer, Francis Riendeau, Robert Simpson, Lawrence Springer, Edgar Tarr, David Tewkesbury, Thomas Judson, Ernest Weschenfelder, George Whyte, Henry Weir, Walter Holmquist, Charles Whyte, Ethel Bayers, Tyra Baldwin, Matilda Holst, Iona Messer, Lillian Peterson, Mary Schramen, Hildred Whiteley, Eileen Stanyar, Marie Meade.



Sophomore Class

The first event of the school year in which we participated was the Freshman Initiation. This was quite different from the initiations of past Freshman classes. By Mr. Raven's suggestion it was turned into a contest between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. There were a number of events, such as a wheel-barrow race, tug-of-war, blindfolded race, etc., each of which counted the winning side a certain number of points.

The next big event of our curriculum was a party, which was given in the high-school gym. It was to have been a Hallowe'en party, but was postponed until later on account of parties which were given by the other classes. In January we went to Auk Lake for a wienie roast.

The Sophomore class was first to give an original program for the entertainment of the Student Body. An old-time school was presided over by Billy Friend who showed great knowledge of pedagogy and an iron hand for discipline. Several groups of students, in clever and appropriate costumes, presented folk dances. Aune Mack, Esther Jackson and Billy Friend wrote the words for the act and much credit is due them for the success of the program.

The members of the class who are in the Honor Society are: Jean Faulkner, Alpha Furuness, Jeannette Hildre, Gordon Ingman, Roy Jackson, Olavi Kukkola, Aune Mack, Chede Paul, and Lorene Smith.

Our class officers are: Karl Alstead, president; Jeannette Hildre, vice-president, and Gordon Ingman, secretary-treasurer. Miss Marjorie Tillotson is the class advisor.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Evelyn Alstead, Karl Alstead, Lena Bardl, Roberta Bayers, Thelma Boddling, Clyde Bolyan, Jean Faulkner, William Friend, Alpha Furuness, John Geyer, Eleanor Gruber, Jeannette Hildre, Ray Hurley, Gordon Ingman, Esther Jackson, Roy Jackson, Ted Hunsbedt, Ben Mullen, Olavi Kukkola, Aune Mack, Frederick Magill, Joseph McLean, Osmond Mohn, Rosellen Monagle, Chede Paul, Margaret Robinson, Helen Rocovich, Jean Simpkins, Lorene Smith, Raymond Swanson, Emma Uberti, Doris Ulrich, Virginia Ulrich, Frank Foster.



Freshman Class

Every boy and girl looks forward to the time when he will be in High School. This fall a group of forty Freshmen entered J. H. S., one-third of whom have been together since their school careers started in Kindergarten with Miss Henry as teacher. During the history of the class it has had children from Czechoslovakia, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Canada and all parts of the United States and Alaska.

The first few weeks of worry were soon over when we learned that the Seniors were going to be kind to us. The initiation which we had anticipated with much trepidation proved to be a contest with the Sophomores. Their prowess defeated us.

Several Freshman girls are showing their skill in basketball and were successful on the all-school team. The Freshman girls won the interclass championship. The boys were defeated by the Juniors in the class game.

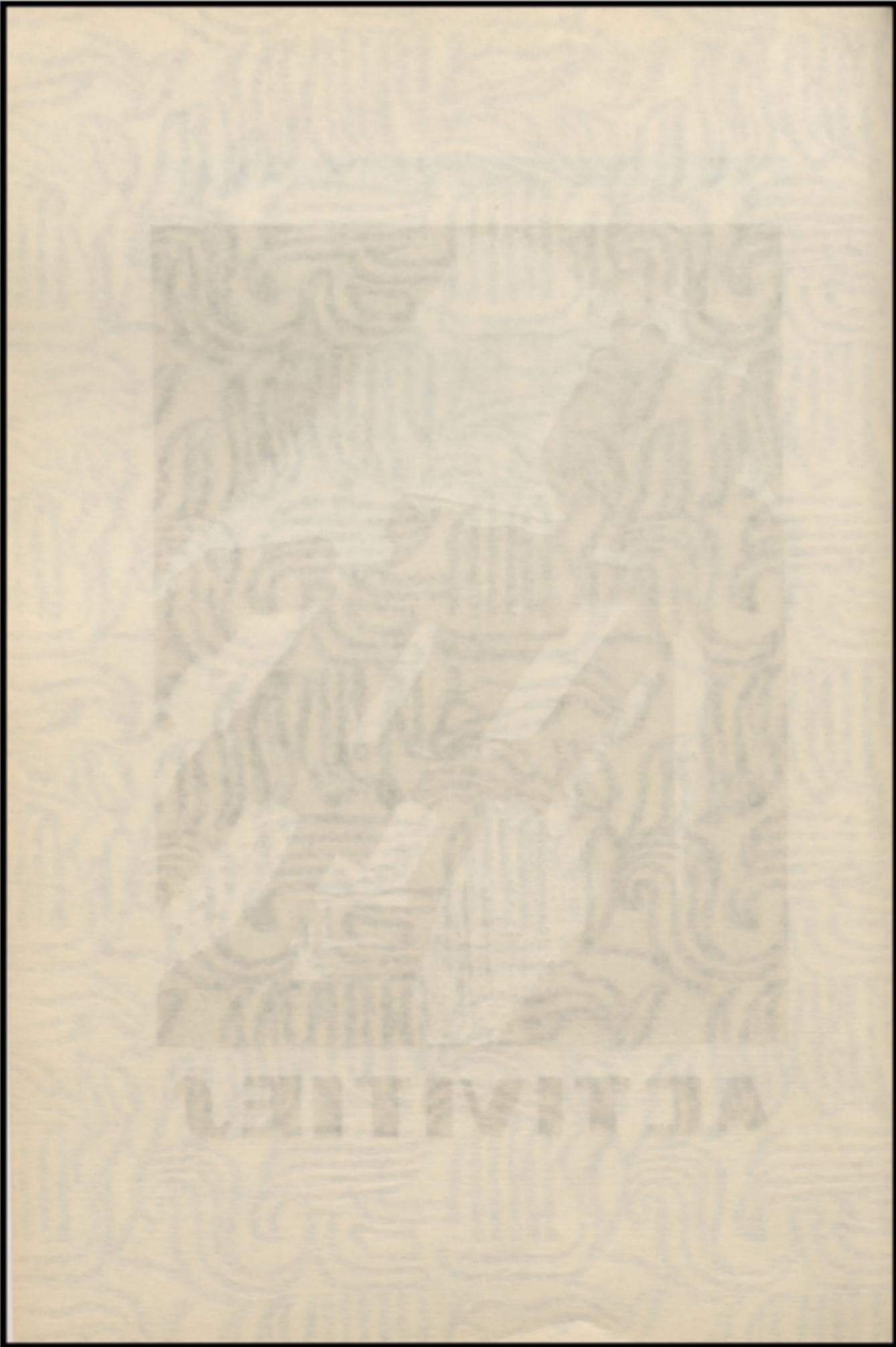
At our first meeting we elected Barbara Winn, president; Joseph Romunseth, vice-president; Duncan Robertson, secretary-treasurer; Lloyd Jarman, class representative, and Helen Magill and Paul Hanson yell leaders. After much discussion the class decided in favor of blue and cream for class colors. Miss Margaret Yeakey of the commercial department is our class advisor.

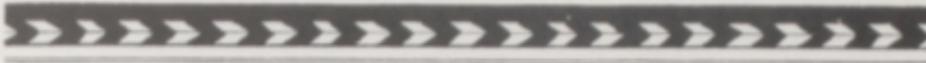
FRESHMAN CLASS

Eva Rocovich, Gene Carlson, Duncan Robertson, Theodore Kukkola, Paul Hansen, Allan Carlson, James Gray, Esther Neimi, James Cole, Vera Bayers, George Danner, Grace Nelson, Joseph Romunseth, Robert Rossiter, Barbara Winn, Wayne Olson, Elizabeth Terhune, Barbara Simpkins, Vieno Lahikainen, George Norton, Stewart Elliott, Helen Magill, Rhoda Minzgehr, Arthur Picken, Helen Torkelsen, Harold Sisson, Lloyd Jarman, Edward Schaefer, Lillian Anderson, Marie Bussinger, Earl Beistline, George Whyte, Robert Moeller, Joyce Morris, Dorothy Rutherford, Richard Harris, Fay Jewell, Margaret Hansen, Hilding Haglund, Wilfred Lund.



ACTIVITIES





MUSIC

Music is a major activity in our school, and our music department is one of which to be proud. There are in the Instrumental Section: The Senior Orchestra, The Junior Orchestra, The Band, and several smaller groups such as The Little Symphony and the String Ensemble. All of these organizations are under the supervision of Miss Dorothy Fisher.

In the vocal department are: The Girls' Glee Club, The Boys' Glee Club, and The Girls' Sextette, in all of which 46 students are enrolled. The High School Singers have shown an unusual ability to sing harmoniously under the capable direction of Mrs. Leo Osterman.

History of the Department

To set a definite date for the beginning of our musical department would be doing an injustice to the first teachers in Juneau schools who led opening exercises in their classes and encouraged their pupils to be interested in music.

From this small beginning music gradually increased in importance and in December, 1911, the first Juneau High School Band was organized. This was brought about through the influence of a student, Kenneth Osborn, who had played in the band of another school which he attended. He undertook the direction, and a cheap set of instruments was purchased for a band of sixteen members. In the fall of 1912 the Band had its first teacher, Mr. Lew Schell. Under his direction the band gave a concert netting \$75.25, and with the money purchased a better set of instruments.

The first orchestra was organized in 1917 under Prof. Sumpf. Grammar school pupils were encouraged to take up instruments, thus making sure of a future body. The total enrollment for its first year was twenty-two members.



The same year, 1917, a Girls' Chorus was organized under Prof. Handley Wells. The second year the chorus had eighteen members.

In 1920 the first real musicale was presented with the orchestra, the band and the chorus.

In 1922 a Junior Orchestra and a dance orchestra were added. Since that time all of these organizations have greatly improved and others have been added: The String Ensemble, and The Little Symphony.

Until 1929 music was only a minor activity, but in that year it was made possible for students in the department to earn two credits for a year's work in Instrumental Music as in other major subjects, and now nearly all the students avail themselves of this opportunity.

This year the combined music department and its organizations separately have given four concerts, played at basketball games, at Parent-Teacher Association meetings, at the Capitol dedication and at the Senior play.

We hope the music department will continue to improve in the future and to do its bit to make the lives of the students more complete and of greater breadth.

BAND

Clarinets—Harold Sisson, Barbara Winn, Edna Riendeau, Walter Scott, Earl Beistline.
Flute—Alice Merritt.
Saxophones—Wayne Olson, Kenneth Keller, Verna Hurley, Barbara Simpkins.
Trumpet—George Whyte.
Cornet—William Winn.
Trombones—Tom Redlingshafer, Roy Jackson, Loren Sisson.
Bass—Clyde Bolyan.
Drums—Ernest Weschenfelder, Arthur Picken.

ORCHESTRA

First Violins—Mary Schramen, Lillian Peterson, Marie Meade, Eleanor Gruber.
Second Violins—Mary VanderLeest, Hilding Haglund, Esther Jackson, Chede Paul, Thelma Boddling, Marie Bussinger.
Cello—Gene Carlson.
String Bass—Ray Hurley.
Flute—Alice Merritt.
Clarinets—Harold Sisson, Barbara Winn, Edna Riendeau.
Saxophones—Wayne Olson, Verna Hurley.
Trumpet—George Whyte.
Trombones—Tom Redlingshafer, Roy Jackson.
Drums—Ernest Weschenfelder, Arthur Picken.
Piano—Helen Torkelson.

GIRLS' SEXTETTE

Dorothy Bakke, Edna Riendeau, Muriel Jarman, Matilda Holst, Maisie Rogers, Neil Irvine.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Gene Carlson, Sigrid Davis, Mary Giovanetti, Margaret Hanson, Matilda Holst, Neil Irvine, Muriel Jarman, Fay Jewell, Helen Magill, Grace Meggitt, Beaz Millard, Ellen Mize, Joyce Morris, Hildred Whitely, Esther Niemi, Grace Nelson, Xenia Paul, Edna Riendeau, Margaret Robinson, Maizie Rogers, Dorothy Rutherford, Barbara Simpkins, Jean Simpkins, Mary Simpkins, Lorene Smith, Helen Torkelson, Virginia Ulrich, Mary VanderLoest.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Allen Carlson, James Cole, James Gray, Paul Hanson, Gordon Ingman, Lloyd Jarman, Olavi Kukkola, Fred Magill, Elmer Powell, Edward Powers, Tom Redlingshafer, Elliott Robertson, William Rodenberg, Elmer Swanson, Raymond Swanson, George Whyte, Joseph Romuneth.



PLAY CAST

Ann Harper	BESS MILLARD
Ethel Harper Houghton, her sister	MARY SIMPKINS
Jasper Houghton, her brother-in-law	LAWRENCE SPRINGER
Jessica Harper Lawton, her sister	DOROTHY BAKKE
Sarah Elling, her aunt	MAISIE ROGERS
Harvey Lawton, her brother-in-law	ELLIOTT ROBERTSON
Katherine Elling, her aunt	EDNA RIENDEAU
Major Brinsley Elling, her uncle	JOHN STEWART
Frances Drayton, her first cousin	VERNA HURLEY
Betty Brent, her fourth cousin	ALICE MERRITT
Agnes, her maid	MURIEL JARMAN
Andy Barton, hooper	WILLIAM RODENBERG
Terry Francis, hooper	EDWARD LAURIE
Linton Hawkins, hooper	LOREN SISSON
Gill Barry, their star boarder	EDWARD POWERS
S. O. S. Stokes, a reporter	ZALMAIN GROSS

TIME AND PLACE

ACT I.

Scene I.—Ann Harper's house, about noon.
Scene II.—The "hoofers'" apartment, 11:30 that evening.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Ann Harper's house, seven the next morning.
Scene II.—The "hoofers'" apartment, seven that evening.

ACT III.

Ann Harper's house, thirty minutes later.
Director—MRS. LEO OSTERMAN
Prompter—MARY VANDERLEENT
Business Manager—ZALMAIN GROSS
Wardrobe Mistress—VERNA HURLEY

"Loose Ankles"

The plot of the play is as follows:

Ann Harper is to fall heir to a fortune providing she marries a respectable man and causes no scandal. The husband is to be judged by her two aunts and a very close friend, the Major.

Ann, not wishing to marry, decides to advertise for a professional escort with whom to elope. Gill Barry, a down-hearted college boy, is sent to "clean up" the



Harper case by the three "hoofers" with whom he is staying. He goes to Ann's house, but falls in love with her. When Lenton Hawkins, one of the "hoofers" hears of the fortune at stake he makes a play for both the fortune and Ann and almost succeeds when his two partners look into the matter only to find that Ann's aunts are two of their most regular customers, and the aunts, rather than be embarrassed by the situation, decide that Gill is the one and only boy for Ann to marry.

* * * * *

Loose Ankles—And How Loose!

"Where are my lines? Where are my lines? Where . . . ?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, shut up! What do you think I am, the servant in the house . . . ?"

"Say, Anne, when you faint, please remember I'm no Atlas."

This is the general hue and cry behind the scenes as the super-play, the greatest home-talent production ever witnessed in these parts, swings into step.

"Laddez and gentle-men—you are about to see the first performance of the class play being given by the Senior Class of 1931, that famous all-laughing, all-dancing, colorful comedy—"Loose Ankles"—being presented in Juneau for the first time under the direction of Mrs. Leo Osterman!"

Let us return back-stage as the curtain rises on the first act.

"Shhh—everyone, shut up, will ya?"

"Well, I don't . . ."

"Hey, Betty, here's your cue, your cue. . ."

"Andy, have you seen my sock—who on earth took my sock?"

"Be quiet a minute, Terry, if you can? Your old sock's over in the corner with the ironing board."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Look at my face! Look at my face! I just know the paint will smear when I cry."

"Ethel, Jasper, Jessica, Harvey, Katherine, Sarah, Frances,—your cues—listen, there's the Major . . ."

"Hey, Stotes, how's she comin'?"

"Just fine, just fine, and here I am, always on the dot: S. O. S., that's me, and what . . ."

"Will you people keep away from that curtain, you can get enough time on the stage when it's time for your act."

"Hoofers! Hoofers, your act . . ."

"My sock, where is my sock? I thought you said . . ."

"Come on, come on . . ."

"You do know—you do know—you do know—Oh, heck, what's the use?"

"What's the matter with Gil, Anne?"

"Oh, he's trying to get that sentimental scene of ours—come on, Gil, you ought to use Linton for an example—you do know—that's it."

"Third act—cast for third act!"

Order was developing from chaos at last, and the nervous tension was not so taut as the last act went off with only half dozen or more promptings.

Curtain! Lights!

All over, the work, the worry which has been showing itself for the past few weeks of intensely strenuous rehearsals.

Bouquets—ah, yes—but I say, old thing, did I hear some vulgar person mention brickbats?

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The "J" Clubs

The "J" Club is a letter society for both boys and girls, formed by the students of Juneau High School, and in which only winners of an athletic or scholastic "J" can hold membership.

The Club first came into being in 1922 under the supervision of H. G. Hughes. Then it was just an athletic organization for boys. In 1924 the girls formed a club of their own. Since, both societies have expanded their membership requirements to include scholastic endeavor.

Members of casts for annual high school plays, editor and business manager of Totem, and winner in interschool athletic and scholastic contests are now awarded "J's."

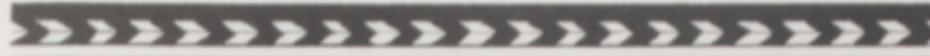
To distinguish the scholastic "J" from the athletic "J", the former is black with a scarlet border, while the latter is scarlet with a black border. These are the school colors.

The letters signify an intense interest in school activities and long hours of work. For example all basketball players must have played one-fourth of all championship games to win their "J." Training for these games covers nearly four months of hard work. Scholastic letters and those of other sports are almost as difficult to obtain.

The purpose of the society is principally to promote scholastic and athletic enterprise—in school life—besides encouraging good sportsmanship.

Although the boys' and girls' clubs are separate societies, the two clubs hold joint initiation of new members at an annual picnic usually given in May. This is always a gala event, and serves to bring the clubs together more than anything else.

The officers of the girls' club are, President, Betty Barragar; Vice-President, Marie Meade, and Secretary-Treasurer, Muriel Jarman.



The boys' club is headed by Loren Sisson, with William Rodenberg as Vice-President and Elliott Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer.

New members to whom letters will be awarded this year are: Margaret Hanson, Eva Rocovich, Gene Carlson, Barbara Winn, Rhoda Minzgohr, Helen Magill, Elmer Lindstrom, Arnold Hildre, Tom Redlingshafer, Alvin Bloomquist, Eddie Rodenberg and Charles Whyte.

"J" CLUB MEMBERS

Muriel Jarman, Marie Meade, Malsie Rogers, Esther Jackson, Alice Merritt, Lena Jackson, Iona Messer, Jeannette Stewart, Barbara Winn, Rhoda Minzgohr, Eva Rocovich, Gene Carlson, Margaret Hanson, Helen Magill, William Rodenberg, Robert Hurley Loren Sisson, John Hellenthal Elliott Robertson, Alvin Bloomquist, Elmer Lindstrom, Tom Redlingshafer, Arnold Hildre, Edward Rodenberg, Charles Whyte.

©40



MR. WHYTE

Who of us shall ever forget Mr. Whyte? In our kindergarten days we first got acquainted with him. When we were in the primaries we greeted him as our friend and we followed him about in hopeful anticipation—for often he allowed us to ring the bell.

Every morning Mr. Whyte may be seen surrounded by a group of admiring youngsters, anticipating perhaps, as we did, an opportunity to ring the same bell or to help raise the flags.

Long before our school day begins he tramps down the long halls to the boiler room and soon the buildings are warm and comfortable.

Twenty-eight days after school started in 1917 Mr. Whyte accepted the position as engineer in the Juneau Public Schools. In his fourteen years of service he has never once been late and with the exception of a few days which he spent in the hospital because of a boiler explosion, he has never been absent.

Mr. Whyte takes a great pride in the appearance of the buildings and much of Juneau High Schools' good name may be attributed to him.

—T. B., '32

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Torch Honor Society

The Torch Honor Society members represent the highest fifteen per cent of the students in the Juneau High School. This year there are twenty-one members in the organization consisting of nine Sophomores, three Juniors and nine Seniors. This is the largest Torch Society since it was started in 1927.

The Society met in the early part of the year and elected its officers. The meetings were made more interesting by having several talks presented to them. At our second meeting Mr. Dunham spoke on the school spirit at basketball games. Several of the members of the society spoke of the scholastic record of Juneau High School graduates. They are now contemplating a program to be given before the student body and also the annual dinner given them by the Home Economics department.

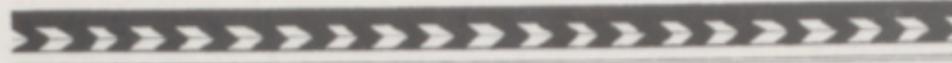
Members of the organization are:

Sophomores—Jean Puukner, Alpha Furunes, Jeanette Hildre, Gordon Ingman, Roy Jackson, Olavi Kukkola, Aune Mack, Chede Paul Lorene Smith.
Juniors—Lillian Peterson, Elmer Powell, Robert Simpson.
Seniors—Betty Barragar, Dorothy Bakke, John Hellenthal, Muriel Jarman, Alice Merritt, Bess Millard, Jeannette Stewart, John Stewart, Mary VanderLeest.
President, Muriel Jarman; Vice-President, Alice Merritt; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary VanderLeest; Advisor, Miss Tillotson.



Calendar --- 1930-31

- Sept. 6—School started today with a bang. No more sleep.
- Sept. 10—We shall have to settle down—Mr. Raven says so.
- Sept. 13—Very unlucky day—especially for Freshmen. There's mischief afoot and only the Seniors know just what it is.
- Sept. 24—Today the little "freshies" looked scared—why shouldn't they? After the big initiation a keen dance was given by the Seniors. No one hurt.
- Oct. 4—First S. B. meeting. Bob elected president—hurrah!
- Oct. 14—Seniors planned a weiner roast on account of all the good weather. Of course they didn't go—it rained!
- Oct. 31—Big Junior party at Auk Nu, Simpson's cabin out the road. Chief of Police Getchell very glad to get the Juniors out of town.
- Nov. 10—Count Tolstoi spoke on Russia. Very interesting.
- Nov. 11—No school. What a great thing the Armistice was!
- Nov. 15—Hot lunches will be served by the H. E. classes from now on, every noon. Ain't dat somethin'?
- Nov. 16—Captain Leshner and Major Merritt of the Salvation Army came up and played the concertina. Everyone sang.
- Nov. 17—Another talk today; Mr. Beck, who was with the Salisbury expedition to Africa. Thrills! Besides, we got out of several classes.
- Nov. 19—Basketball practice going strong.
- Nov. 23—Freshmen gave a party and didn't even tell us about it. Mean trick!
- Nov. 27—Thanksgiving! I am thankful for the turkey and the sleep.
- Dec. 2—Miss Martha Pohnert, otherwise Pung-cho-Jun, a missionary to China, told us of her interesting adventures in that country, this afternoon.
- Dec. 11—Our basketball boys left for Haines today. All the girls are so blue and lonesome.
- Dec. 14—And the boys lost. Whatsa matter?
- Dec. 17—Boys returned. Big relief for all. I hear that one of the big he-men cried himself to sleep every night up there.
- Dec. 19—Xmas vacation starts. Whoopee!
- Jan. 5—Vacation ends. Gee, it was great while it lasted.
- Jan. 6—Electric clock installed—it rings the bells and saves our teachers a lot of work.
- Jan. 9—Senior program after S. B. meeting. Sandy Smith, famous Arctic explorer and member of the Explorers' Club, gave us an interesting talk. Frances Tanner played two violin solos, accompanied by Miss Fisher. Miss Negoescu gave us two humorous readings.
- Jan. 9—First basketball game of the season.
- Jan. 18—Sophes had a party at Auk Lake. Nice warm day—brrr!
- Jan. 22—Semester exams—how we love them! Most everybody pulled through.



- Feb. 6—S. B. meeting and Johnny Hellenthal and Dave Tewkesbury had a debate on the question of holding S. B. elections in May or September. Dave won. We hold the elections in September.
- Feb. 12—Big Holiday! Dear old Lincoln!
- Feb. 14—Valentine's Day. Tonight we dedicate the new Calitol building.
- Feb. 17—Practice begins on the Senior play "Loose Ankles."
- Feb. 18—The American History class got to go to Court today. Renee got married today. Just one less sheepskin that J. H. S. will have to furnish.
- Feb. 23—Another holiday. Such generosity!
- Feb. 25—Kayhi basketball team arrived today. Thrills and heart-throbs for the Juneau girls.
- Feb. 26—The Mayor and minister of Metlakatla spoke to us today and invited us to call when in Metlakatla.
- Feb. 28—Kayhi team left—and just when we were getting acquainted.
- Mar. 3—Girls rushing around frantically buying Prom dresses. The Juniors are tearing up the school trying to decorate for the Prom.
- Mar. 6—At last the long awaited event! Voted the best Prom ever given. Big crowd.
- Mar. 6—Soph program. The Sophs displayed their terpsichorean talents. Swell!
- Mar. 14—Freshman party. Some Senior girls were invited to go and teach the boys to dance but they were impolite enough to decline.
- Mar. 17—So many people wore green sweaters, socks, dresses and ties today. Hurrah for the Irish! The Sophs had a skating party; regular shindig.
- Mar. 19—Major Marko came up and gave the French class a slick talk about Paris. He spoke in French and then in English. Tres interessante!
- Mar. 25—Last minute work on the Totem being done—it won't be long now!
- Apr. 15—The Totem will be out. Much autographing to be done.
- May 28—Final exams—something to look forward to.
- June 6—The Seniors are leaving us. Gee, isn't it sad! And Summer vacation will start. No school for three months. Hot coffee!

~

Senior Sneak

It is a little early to wonder what the nature of the Senior Sneak will be or what date will be set but judging from precedent, it will be a very jolly affair. It is customary for the entire Senior Class with their advisor to take French leave of their multitudinous studies and weighty affairs of state and spend the day frolicking out in the open, far from scholastic tribulations.

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TOTEM STAFF

Editor	JOHN HELLENTHAL
Assistant Editor	PETER MELSETH
Business Manager	EDWARD RODENBERG
Assistant Business Manager	TOM REDLINGSHAFER
Senior Class Editor	MURIEL JARMAN
Junior Class Editor	ROBERT SIMPSON
Sophomore Class Editor	JEAN FAULKNER
Freshman Class Editor	DUNCAN ROBERTSON
Humor Editor	DAVID TEWKESBURY
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Girls' Athletics	JEANNETTE STEWART
Music Editor	ALICE MERRITT
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Society Editor	VERNA HURLEY
Alumni Editor	MARY VANDERLEEST
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Photography	BESS MILLARD
Special Art Work	OLAVIE KUKKOLA
Special Art Work	GEORGE DANNER
Special Art Work	JEAN SIMPKINS
Special Art Work	MARY VANDERLEEST
Special Art Work	ELLIOTT ROBERTSON
Typist	LILLIAN PETERSON

HIGH SCHOOL AND OUR FUTURE

Outside of the first learning acquired in pre-school days, and in the first few years of our education probably the most important period of our lives is spent in High School. It is here that we receive the intellectual stimulus, and form the habits and associations that develop strong characters.

High School courses are but outlines of the real courses—of the careers each subject may represent—and are meant to be followed by advanced learning, both practical and technical, to fill the gaps in these frameworks. We may choose careers through knowledge gained *now*, but this knowledge must be developed further.

The habits and associations formed in High School are intended to be cultivated. If they are of the proper kind they will greatly aid us in attaining the highest measures of success.

Thus, High School is the foundation of our futures for everything given now is intended to start us on the path to our ambitions. Whatever we are to be greatly depends upon the stimulus we receive now. Therefore should not High School life be of the highest order, and given the strictest attention?

—EDITOR

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Changes

In 1906 the Juneau High School annual was first published and was called "The Totem." The name was chosen because the Totem pole is such a characteristic feature of Alaska.

Mary Frances Shepard was the first editor. Thomas Cole edited the book in 1909.

These early Totems were published by the Press of Alaska Daily Records, Juneau, Alaska, and sold for twenty-five cents a copy. They were published in the form of a small paper and later came out in magazine form much smaller than our 1931 Totem.

Burdette A. Winn edited the book in 1914 and from then until 1916 it showed little change.

In 1916 the annual showed a definite change. B. M. Behrends Company, whose ad has appeared in every issue of the Totem, changed their copy to an entire page. The Occidental Hotel advertised rooms from seventy-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents.

In 1917 the annual dropped "The" and became known as "Totem." In the write-ups of the 1917 Totem it is learned that a Manual Training Department was added to the curriculum, also to the gymnasium activities was added tennis which had just been introduced in Juneau. The Empire published the Totem in 1918.

The Lincoln High School of Seattle, Washington, had an annual called "The Totem."

The "J" Club was referred to as the "Big J" Club—and we hear of the Seward Society and the Jay Bird, a publication sponsored by the Clubs. In the older Totems often the Editorials, in large letters, was printed "We Thank You." The custom was dropped in 1924.

The Scarlet and Black is featured throughout these books and in reading them, it is interesting to note how certain school customs were followed from year to year until they became traditions.

Last year our Totem appeared in a new form. It was some two inches larger and broader and new art features were added.

—B. B., '31



The Totem

Alone you stand	I have been told
Mighty and silent,	That you relate history.
Your hideous faces	A mute reminder of other days.
Whisper a story.	To me you are unearthly
What are you?	Yet earthly with your painted faces
From a piece of wood	And ugly forms.
Of the forest.	I would that civilization leave you
Treated with the	So that your strange fascination
Skillful knife of the Indian	May continue to cast its
You become a symbol	Spell of mystery.
Of some great past—the totem.	

This poem was written last year by Claire Weller who is now at Fairbanks in College. It won a prize and honorable mention in the Fairbanks Parent-Teacher Association poetry contest.

Society

Freshman Initiation

Social activities for this year began, as is our custom, with the initiation of the Freshmen by the Seniors. This long-anticipated event took place in October this year. After the Freshmen had been put through their paces, before quite a large audience, the Seniors entertained with a very successful dance.

On January 30th the student body entertained the public with a dance following a basketball game. A large crowd attended and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Junior Prom

For the Juniors the prominent social venture of the year is the Junior Prom, which was held on March 6, in the high school gymnasium. Everything conspired to make this Prom a highly successful social affair. The Juniors devoted a good deal of artistic talent and manual labor to decorating the gym, and the final effect repaid them well for their efforts. The balcony and ceiling of the gymnasium were lowered considerably by the judicious use of alternating lavender and white streamers. The baskets at each side formed a base for more decoration, the pattern of which was repeated in a suspended ornament in the center of the floor. In one corner was a refreshment booth, also decorated with lavender and white streamers. The programs were white with gold and lavender printing and varicolored ribbons and pencils. They added a touch of formality to the evening.

The floor was in excellent condition and Earle Hunter's "Moonlight Serenaders" rendered some peppy dance music, and an enjoyable feature of which was two Schottisches. About four hundred invitations were issued from which a very pleasant group attended.

The Juniors are to be congratulated upon the social success of their Prom, particularly Peter Melseth as chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Francis Riendeau of Refreshments, Larry Springer of Invitations, and Iona Messer of the Decorations.

Sophs Entertain

Early in November the Sophomores gave a party in the high school gymnasium. Decorations carried out a Hallowe'en motif. Dancing and games were enjoyed until a late hour.

January 18, the members of the Sophomore class enjoyed an outing at Auk Lake.

On the evening of March 17, the Sophomore class again went to Auk Lake but this time skating was enjoyed. Various students offered the use of their cars and the weary revellers, after several hours of skating, eating and general merry-making were returned to their respective homes.

Freshman Parties

The Freshman class enjoyed an outing on November 22 at the home of Joyce Morris on Glacier Highway. Ernestine Wentworth kept the members of the class entertained by telling fortunes. Games and stunts added to the fun.

They entertained again with a party in the gym on Saturday, March 14. An orchestra was formed of class members which supplied music for dancing. Games and refreshments were also enjoyed.

—V. H., '31

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Literature

THE FEUD

They were having their first helping of desert when the front door banged and grandpa's deliberate steps were heard in the hall and on the stairway.

"Must have been some battle tonight," remarked Gerald.

"Yes, and we have to hear the news regarding tomorrow's campaign," replied his father, with an ironical expression.

Mrs. Benton merely smiled, waiting for her father's descending footsteps before rising and getting his supper from the oven.

"Well, who won tonight?" asked Gerald when his grandfather entered the kitchen.

"Won what?" replied the old man testily, sitting in his accustomed place.

He was a fine-looking old man, erect and well groomed.

"Never saw such a stubborn old fool as that man Jackson," he said, "but I have something ready that will floor him all right. Don't let me sleep later than eight o'clock tomorrow, Nancy, I got to be down there first."

"It's a wonder you don't take a breathing spell like boxers do between rounds so you can go at him better than ever," said Mrs. Benton.

"That would not work. While I was resting he would sneak up and hit me; there are no rules where he is concerned."

The feud between old man Hubbard and old man Jackson had been going on for ten years. The scene of their campaign was the town grocery store. The real cause had been forgotten but wordy battles were fought daily with casualties on both sides. In the summer they sat on the porch and in the winter inside, around the stove. The rest of the loungers followed the feud with great interest as it had reached a point where it was a tradition of the town.

And then old man Jackson's daughter Mary came home from the university. He was just as proud of her as old man Hubbard was of his grandson, Gerald.

Gerald Benton's first sensation on meeting her was one of surprise. She had a personality that set her apart from the other girls. So it was his aim at that time to have Mary smile a little more sweetly at him than at the other fellows, and it was not surprising that he added himself to her long list of admirers.

Numerous married couples said that it would be a good match; a large number of young men considered it a great mistake; and several young ladies thought it an awful shame. But the two who watched with greatest interest were old man Hubbard and old man Jackson.

The former had tried to reason with his grandson. "I see you're calling on that Jackson girl pretty often," he said. "I hope that you have no serious intentions."

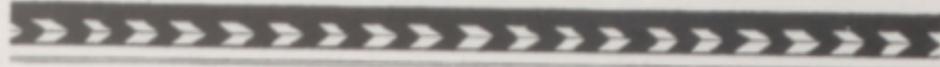
"Why not," asked Gerald shortly.

"Well, she is lovely and all that, but all the same she is that old fool's daughter."

"She is entirely too good for me," said Gerald.

Despite the opposition of the two old men the courtship continued until Gerald proposed. The first few days after this event the conversation of the two lovers was lacking in variety; concerning themselves, their future and their plans. And then they started to abolish all obstacles.

The absurd quarrel between their grand-parents must stop. And when Gerald came with the suggestion to his grandfather that he reconcile himself with his enemy.



he replied: "What, make peace with that old reprobate; why, my self respect could never stand up under the strain."

And Mary found her father just as adamant in his resolution.

The two belligerents found themselves attacked on all sides, so there was a sheepish reconciliation between the two. The old men took a childish pleasure in walking about arm in arm, conscious of the looks directed at them.

In the days that followed the excitement of the wedding seemed to have a bad effect on the bridegroom's grandfather. He seemed to show his age, he lost his habit of neatness and slept late in the day. He usually went out in the afternoon to talk to his friend Jackson. This particular afternoon he did not come for supper.

"Poor father," said Mrs. Benton, "he is getting worse every day. But he has not been this late for supper for a long time."

"We'll go ahead and eat," said Mr. Benton. "He will be along in a minute."

And in confirmation of his words the front door slammed and his footsteps were heard going up stairs and toward the bathroom. This was unusual because he had not bothered to wash for a long time.

Splashing water was heard and then came the sound of his cracked voice singing an old song. Steps were heard and a minute later grandpa entered. His tie was tied carefully and his clothes brushed.

"Well, dad," said his son-in-law, "how is everything today?"

"Fine," he said, "but I don't care if he is in the family. It don't make old man Jackson any less of a damn fool. He tried to tell me that monarchy was the best form of government. But I have a comeback that will floor him," and then he told Nancy not to let him sleep later than eight o'clock "because I don't want to have him get down there ahead of me."—By HENRY WEIR.



The Coming of Joe Juneau

On the banks of Gastineau Channel, many years ago,
A lonely prospector landed, as the sun was sinking low.
He surveyed the rugged country, with towering mountains old,
The crimson peaks seemed to beckon, he thought of his quest for gold.

And while he was lost in reveries, the dusk began to fall,
A wonderful springtime twilight, he heard a "hooter" call;
The charm of the Northland was weaving its spell around him fast,
He must rouse and build his fire, "how good to be here at last."

A simple meal was over, by waning embers' light,
On fragrant branches of spruce trees, he settled down for the night.
The stars shone high above him, they would watch, he need not fear,
There were trails to be broken tomorrow, they called for a pioneer.

As he was wrapped in slumbers, he dreamt of days to be:
He panned for gold in the valleys, and followed the streams to the sea.
In his dreamy visions he pictured, those same old glowing hills,
He fancied their untold treasures and heard the rumbling of mills.

But, he also visioned the dangers, the hardships, the cruel toil;
The disappointments and heart-breaks, when there was no yield from the soil.
Yet, when he hopelessly faltered, he always seemd to hear
That mystic call of the Northland, the call of the last frontier.

—G. L., '33

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Edgar Allan Poe

Edgar Allan Poe is a practical necessity in any well-filled library—in fact, he plays an important part in any library. For my part, I have never been able to find such pleasing versatility among the works of any other author. Mind that I say "pleasing" for other authors are versatile but not as successful so as Poe.

I'll grant that in connection with him, one's first thoughts are towards his stories—the morbid, gruesome offspring of his glorious imagination. These works are so different from the usual thing of that type that they remain quite clearly defined in a certain niche of the memory which will ever be sacred to Poe alone. These stories, and with some poems in a like strain, are eminently fitting for moods of depression, self-pity, or any time which calls for a good mystery story.

And then for lighter moods there are his poems. These are written with such beautiful phraseology and express such clear sentiments that they have a subtle charm which has never been gained by any other poet or even imitators of Poe. No one has ever displayed such exquisitely detailed word choice or phrasing.

So, you see, in a complete set of Edgar Allan Poe's works, one can find something to harmonize with every human mood and therein lies the blessing.

—V. H., '31

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Alfred Tennyson is undoubtedly one of England's greatest poets. His lyrics, melodious creations, many of which have been set to music, prove their merit by their popularity even today. The thoughts expressed are usually the offspring of intense emotion, but are expressed in a language and a style so simple that one can grasp the deeper meaning in one reading and need not spoil the beauty of the poem by having to take it apart to understand it.

He uses such fitting words that before one realizes it, the spirit which impelled him to write is soon transferred to the reader, and through this, one gains an understanding both of the man and the poem.

In most cases it is well to know something of the life of an author before reading his works because one may gain an insight to the emotions, environment and circumstances which may have prompted the poems. A thorough study of Tennyson's life makes one realize the deep grief which he felt for Arthur Hallam, and which is faintly or strongly mirrored in practically everything he wrote.

His poems are colorful, comprehensive, and beautiful, truly something of real value is left with the reader.

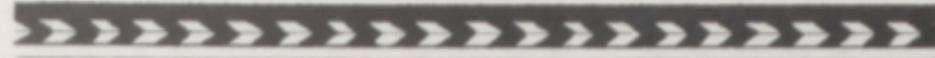
—V. H., '31

* * * * *

Deserted

*High on the trail
Through birches and willows
Through mud and water ruts
We came upon a deserted cabin,
Dank and old,
Clinging to the mountain side.*

—B. W., '34



On To Nome

A great amount of enthusiasm and excitement had been created in Dawson by the arrival of newspapers telling of the victories of Admiral Schley, in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War in 1898. This was in the winter of the year of the Klondike gold rush. The Yukon river was frozen over and road houses had been established every twenty-five or thirty miles for the convenience of the dog-team travelers going from Dawson to Nome.

Only first class mail was carried during the winter so Ed Jesson, a prospector, idle for the winter, and with friends in Nome, decided that he would take to them the newspapers telling of the victories of the Admiral. From the reports of the mail team, he learned that the trail was in nearly perfect condition, so instead of taking a dog team for the 1,700 odd miles between Dawson and Nome he decided upon a bicycle. This was not impossible due to the ice on the river and the fact that he had no bedding to carry as there were the numerous road houses for shelter.

As he rode down Forty Mile canyon, on glare ice and in a high wind, he fell and broke his handle bars. He replaced these by a makeshift pair of wood. The trail to Nome leaves the Yukon a short way below Ruby and cuts across the hills to Norton Sound. The Sound is frozen during the winter and the trail leads inshore on to Nome. When the ice freezes, it is smooth close to shore, but very rough off-shore, and when Jesson arrived at Nome he hit some of this rough ice, and as he was coasting very fast before a tail-wind, his bicycle was completely smashed to pieces, although he himself was unhurt.

Twenty-one days after Ed Jesson left Dawson, he arrived in Nome with his papers, although practically worn out due to constant reading by the members of the roadhouses along the way, were still readable.

—J. E. S., '31

* * * * *

England's New Poet Laureate

There seems to be some doubt as to who was the first poet laureate of England. Chaucer, Spenser, and other poets received marks of royal favor. However the first to hold office was "Rare Ben Jonson" who was rewarded yearly by Charles I. with a large cask of wine. Since then the laureateship has risen from positions of favor held by poets who brought no recognition to the office, to one of high honor.

The appointment by King George this summer of John Masefield as Poet Laureate of England to succeed the late Robert Bridges, has once again focused the attention of the literary world on one of England's finest poets.

Masefield's joining the procession of the Immortals, calls to mind the particulars of his life.

He was born June 1, 1878, in Ledbury, Herefordshire, in the West of England. Although the son of a lawyer he went to sea at an early age and became a wanderer for several years. Not only at sea but on land was his early life adventurous. Among his other occupations, he was a farm laborer and an employee in a carpet factory. At one time, in 1895 to be exact, he landed in New York, penniless, and became a bartender in a saloon. All these experiences in the lower strata of society were later to furnish him excellent materials for his works. In Yonkers, one Sunday afternoon, Masefield's real life was to begin when he first read Chaucer.

In the "Preface" he tells us that as a child he had written several small poems about ponies and Indians. He read a few good poems, chiefly in newspapers. Later,

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he got hold of works by Longfellow, Scott and Percy. But all in all, he read very little and wrote little until that day in Yonkers in 1896.

In Chaucer he found "a new world of wonder and delight;" he speaks of "a feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had suddenly entered upon it." He "had never realized, until then, what poetry could be."

In 1897, Masfield returned to England and began to learn the craft of writing, reading incessantly. He wrote constantly in prose and verse. The Royal Society of Literature awarded him the Edmond de Polignac prize for poetry in 1912. Then came the war. In 1914, Masfield wrote the greatest poem of that year, "August—1914." He went to places where the war raged and wrote a remarkable book on his personal experiences. In 1916 he made a lecture tour in America. Since that time he had had his home at Boar's Hill, near Oxford.

The results of his wanderings showed in his early works. "Salt-Water Ballads" and other nautical poems—were frank and often crude poems of sailors written in their own dialect and based on his memories of the sea. In these perhaps is found his best works.

It was not until he published "The Everlasting Mercy" in 1911, that he became famous. This was followed by his remarkable long narrative poems, "The Widow in the Bye Street," "Dauber" and "The Daffodil Fields." All of these works have that peculiar blend of physical exalting and exaltation that is so striking and so typical of Masfield.

It is not the story, not the series of external events however brilliantly told, that marks Masfield's power, but his power to look beneath the surface to the master impulse that determines character and fate. He has also written novels and his stories for boys are in a view to please young readers.

J. S., '31

* * * * *

The Most Annoying Person I Know

I have endured mosquitos so thick that I could not see the sun; I have lived where copperhead snakes come into the house. I have tried to drive mules; I have milked a kicking cow; I have been annoyed by a worthless dog. To keep away from a bear I have shinned up a tree, and I have had a whole hive of bees take me for a flower and we all got sore when the mistake was discovered. But of all the things that swim or fly or creep or run that take it into their heads to annoy boy-kind, there has never been anything half so pestiferous as a twelve year old boy in my neighborhood.

He is a good boy which only makes the matter worse, for if he were bad I could push him off the dock and go on about my business. He seems to think the world of me and tries to do everything I do. Too bad I do not appreciate all this hero worship.

His face is round and red, his eyes are big and brown and he has a high soprano voice which is definitely impressed upon me every holiday morning when I am trying to catch last week's sleep, with "C-l-y-d-e, O, Clyde, what ya gonna do today?" He hangs about the house imploring "my ma" to let him get some coal or carry out the ashes and sometimes he even washes dishes until I am ready to begin the day and then he camps on my trail and neither looks, words nor blows will drive him hence.

If the Genii of Aladdin's lamp were to give me three wishes I would take them all in one, which would be for that boy to transfer his affections to some hound pup.

—C. B., '33

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I se Regusted

"Station KOMO broadcasting. For the next fifteen minutes you will be entertained by Amos 'N' Andy."

Click! Click! I turned the dial to another station, and—

"Hello, Amos, well do you—"

Click! Click! Click! Another station, and—

"But, Andy, I se so regusted with—"

Click! Click! Click! Click! Another station, and still another, and everywhere "Amos 'N' Andy."

I turned the radio off with a bang and seized the new Movie Magazine. Perhaps I would find something more pleasing in it, but the first page was—Amos 'N' Andy in Check and Double Check.

I threw the book away and decided to take a nap 'till Amos 'N' Andy went off the air.

As soon as I laid my head on the pillow I heard the neighbors' radio blasting. "Amos, you listen to me—Madam Queen, etc.—" How could one un lax with that? Check 'n' Double Check!

—A. M., '33

* * * * *

The Capitol Speaks

Massive I stand, though apart
Not yet have I grown in contour
To land, sea and sky.
My marble pillars scream their newness,
Each brick cries to be seen.
Give me time to grow and age
Let me live with the rains and the snow
And turn my shoulder to the Taku
Until I become gray and old.
Then I shall not herald my presence
But will conform to the landscape.
My corridors send back hollow, empty sounds
And flaunt odors of drying paint
And newly heated wood.
My stairways and smoothly running
Elevators inspire formality.
Give me time to become worn,
Let my echoes be vibrant, active ones.
Let my walls be smoothed with the rain and wind
So that I'll no longer stand apart.

* * * * *

The Antics of a Brother

For fifteen years I have suffered from having a brother. As the years advance, instead of improving he has grown worse. When he was younger he used to tell all sorts of tales on me, which would have been very well if I only could have remembered some to tell on him. He soon out-grew that habit when he started going with girls. He knows better now.

But alas, as every rose must have its thorn, so must every broken habit pro-

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duce another one. Now every morning there is a race to see who will reach the bathroom first. If he does, I know I shall have to wait at least half an hour before I am allowed to glimpse myself in the mirror and see where it is necessary to wash on that particular day. He must wash his ears, neck and face, with particular attention given to the ears (he has a girl, you know), and then his hands. And last, but by all means not least, he must comb his hair. This requires very much thought and time—and plenty of time, too. Perhaps one hair will not stay down—another five minutes. If, in the meantime, I try to break in on him I have the pleasure of receiving a handful of water on my face.

Then another thing, the telephone bell rings—perhaps it is the best boy friend—down we go, two stairs at a time. He usually gets there first.

"Hello."

"Is Muriel there?"

"This is Muriel" (sotto voice). At this moment I pounce upon him and there is a grand struggle for five minutes. Finally I emerge victorious only to find the party has hung up—perhaps it was the shocking language—who knows?

Then there was the post office box—need I go into that? I am sure that there are other girls in high school who have suffered from mail box escapades as well as I have. Thanks to our new post office, that has all been changed. How I glory in the one and only key, which I alone possess.

Perhaps some day he will learn—I hardly think so, but I am praying and hoping—hoping that some day some innocent young girl will take him in hand and teach him the whys and wherefores of this thing called brotherly and sisterly love. Until then, I must suffer.

—M. J., '31

* * * * *

The "Lost Rocker" Claim

There are many stories told of the fabulous sums of gold that have been found once, and then the place of its origin lost to all men. Some of these tales, no doubt, are true while others were just the wanderings of a whiskey-soaked imagination.

The story of the "Lost Rocker" claim, however, is supposed to be true.

It happened near Petersburg, and the old-timer's stories of it, run somewhat like this:

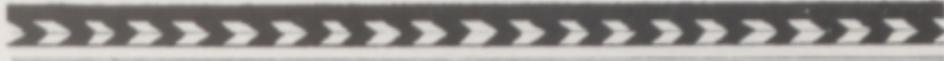
About thirty years ago a white man was found drifting out in Frederick Sound in a leaky Indian canoe. He was half-starved and in a very nearly crazed condition, but he had with him two full pokes of coarse red-yellow gold. He was taken to town and cared for and finally he told the story that he and two others had been mining by the margin of a half-moon lake, where they had built a dam of cedar, a crude old-style gold rocker, and a cabin out of stone. Returning to the camp one day, this man had found his two companions cruelly butchered, presumably by Indians.

He took the hidden gold that they had washed together, and fled across the mountains. He came at last on tide-water at a small Indian village, where, waiting for the dark, he took an old canoe, and drifted out—he knew not where or how. He never could be urged by any fear or favor to return, or to attempt to return, to the deserted cabin by that half-moon lake, where he had discovered his mutilated companions.

Since that time, men have ceaselessly searched the hills for the "Lost Rocker" claim and to this very day have never discovered it.

—B. W., '34

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An Autocrat of 1931

AUTOCRAT ON MINIATURE GOLF

(Due Apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes)

There is one pest, I said to our company one day, that is about to rival the English sparrow in the way of becoming a nuisance. And that, I thundered forth, is King Miniature Golf.

(There are several ardent players in our company and I meant to be tactless.)

Our friend, Mr. Hoover, would say: "We must form a committee and investigate the matter." Do I hear any objections? Oh, yes, I suppose miniature golf has its advantages but I can't name any offhand.

You say it has helped to beautify vacant lots? Possibly, but at the same time it has also helped to fill our insane asylums with those who are unable to get the correct stance or whose eyesight is not as good as it once was.

(I paused to let this terse remark take effect and could not help noticing that my landlady seemed a bit pale and nervous. She probably thought an argument would ensue which would result in the loss of a boarder.)

Ah, my friend, a brisk walk in the open would give you more relaxation than the eye strain and mental concentration you undoubtedly suffer while pursuing the ball. (I observed my landlady once again and thought better of the remarks I was about to make).

Well, friends, it's no use, there is always a fiend about and I'll either have to argue the subject out or finish the culprit with a well-aimed shot. As the game is still in its infancy there may come a change for the better but that change will have to be stupendous.

—J. H., '33

* * * * *

AUTOCRAT ON RADIOS

Did you hear the concert last night? And how was it? Ah, I suspected as much. I enjoyed it hugely, myself. Yes, Mrs. Carter? You mean to say that you did not hear it? How heedless we Americans are! Why, when we have the opportunity to hear the choicest music from Berlin, Paris, and other great musical cities, we twist the dials on the radio to "tune in" on the latest "jazz" crooner.

Radios! Great inventions, to be sure, but how we misuse them. Instead of listening to the news of the world, good speeches (which are very seldom nowadays), or good music (which is more seldom), we listen to a tin pan orchestra all but murdering the few pieces which they know.

We know not what wealth of instruction we are missing, when torturing ourselves with what is equivalent to all the boys in the neighborhood beating on tin pans. Wealth of instruction indeed! Lectures on the seven continents, fascinating in content, with all the details of journeys and tours over them, narrated; good music, taking us into other worlds, and rendered as only the most artistic of all musicians can render it! And we sit and listen to discords, or some clown telling, as it always seems, his very worst jokes. And that, my friends, is what we call radio.

—J. F., '33

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AUTOCRAT ON BOOK CLUBS

My friends, I hope you all enjoy reading, for English literature is one of the most precious possessions of intelligent men and women of the English speaking peoples of the world.

[Page forty-three]

As a child is to its mother, so is our literature to us. Would any loving intelligent mother entrust the care of her infant to a total stranger? Nine times out of ten the answer is emphatically, no.

What, then, shall we say of those mentally alert, English-speaking people who sit back in a chair, sign a check, and wait until the next book-of-the-month should arrive.

Until it should arrive, merely until it should arrive. They make no appreciable effort, merely the scrawling of a few words on a piece of paper, which at some convenient time they shove through a little slot, and wait.

When they have the whole world of books at their beck and call, they prefer to trust their enjoyment of literature into the hands of several unknown persons, whose names have never been mentioned to them.

When they do arrive, what then? Because they have paid for them, they must, as calmly as they scribbled their own signatures on the check, peruse these poor attempts or mimicking the gems of renowned authors, suffering all the while from boredom in its worst form, the boredom of bad literature. They are poor patrons of the language, indeed!

—J. F., '33

* * * * *

Alaska's Capitol Building

The completion of the Federal and Territorial Building at Juneau was the realization of what was once considered by some a far-fetched dream. The present occupancy is an outstanding example of the value of persistent and consistent effort on the part of those citizens who have been working for the betterment of Alaska for the past twenty years.

During the sixty-first session of Congress an act was passed authorizing the expenditure of \$40,000 for the purchase of a suitable site for the erection of a Post Office and Customs House building at Juneau.

The amount appropriated was not sufficient to acquire the only suitable property then available. Accordingly a number of public spirited citizens of Juneau undertook to augment the appropriation by funds subscribed locally and the ground now occupied was purchased for the government.

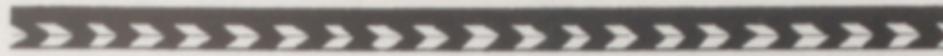
In 1912 an appropriation for the construction of the Federal building of \$180,000 was made by Congress; however, this amount was not considered sufficient and a series of surveys and investigations were made extending over a period of four years, at the end of which time in 1916 a further authorization was made by Congress bringing the total authorized to \$380,000 which at that time seemed to be a generous amount for the desired building and was considered a just reward for the years of patient struggle since the organization of the project.

Following this three years elapsed before the strenuous efforts of Alaska's Delegate and all other officials and citizens met with any degree of success until in 1919 when Congress placed the Juneau building the third on the list of public buildings. In 1923 Congress authorized the construction of our capitol building with an expenditure of \$750,000. In 1928 the Public Building Act carried this amount as an appropriation and the office of the supervising architect began its work on the plans and specifications which were finally completed and approved.

On September 19, 1929 Governor George A. Parks assisted by Collector of Customs John C. McBride formally broke the ground on the site where the building now stands.

The work of excavating and construction began immediately and though considerably hampered by adverse weather conditions the construction progressed accord-

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ing to the program outlined and on April 14, 1930, the corner stone was laid with a fitting ceremony. Rapidly the finishing work was completed and on February 1, 1931, the office of Collector of Customs John C. McBride, who is now custodian of the completed building, began moving and all the Federal and Territorial offices moved into their new quarters in rapid succession.

On February 14, the building was formally dedicated with appropriate exercises and addresses by Governor Parks and James Wickersham and other persons representing various parts of Alaska.

Every resident of Alaska can justly be proud of the new Federal and Territorial building and those citizens and neighbors who have given their untiring services in bringing about the completion of this modern six story, reinforced concrete and brick building with its finish of Alaskan marble and hemlock flooring.

—H. W., '32

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My Father's Old Sea Boat

One day I went down to the Pier
To have a look at my dad's old sea boat.
I saw the dim shadows of her
Hull as I neared her,
Saw the form of the Old Woman
Carved on the bow,
Saw the old port holes and remembered well
How in old days when open they were
And the salt sea sprayed me wet,
Remembered how her mast had
Weathered many a storm—
I left the dock, hurried home to the party
I had so rudely left to seek my dad's old ship.

—R. B., '33

* * * * *

Not My Fault

*Mother, it really wasn't my fault
It was the dog—
When I was coming down the stairs
He tripped me—
That's how I happened to fall
And break your Chinese vase:*

—T. B., '33

The Flame

*What is more beautiful than a flame
Of deep orange flecked with red—
One thing which man will never tame
Of which he cannot overcome his dread.*

—T. B., '33

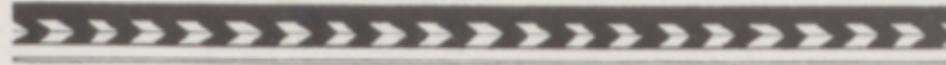
* * * * *

Caught in the Act!

The snow whirled and whipped incessantly around the dilapidated mansion. The wind howled dismally—peering through paneless windows—laughing eerily through its dim hallways.

A young girl, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, was standing in the ancient doorway. In her hand was a lamp whose lurid beams lightened her face in a sickly yellow glow. As the wind whirled about her it playfully lifted the ragged shawl which she tried to draw tighter and tighter about her thin arms.

[Page forty-five]



From the interior of the house a querulous, sneering voice sounded: "Come inside, you fool, there's a draft on my back."

Did the girl sigh or was it the wind?

On her face was a look of hate, contempt. Wearily she turned and entered the house, her lantern gruesomely lighting up the yellow stained walls.

Stealthily she crept into the dusty, evil-smelling room from whence had come the voice.

The unbroken silence seemed to speak in the language of people who had once killed the dim hallway with their laughter. The wind sounded, mocking, jeering!

In the room a meager fire cast its shadows around. An aged man, with a face, careworn and cunning and cruel, was slumped in an old armchair, in front of the fire.

He could not have heard the girl enter for his eyes were fixed on the flames as if hypnotized.

Looking closely one could see that the girl was concealing some object under her shawl—then the sound of a falling tree which seemed to shake the old house. The girl cowered behind the old man's chair—during the noise she had crossed the room.

Her eyes flashed—what was that she raised above the unconscious man's head? A dagger—gleaming and sparkling in the firelight. Slowly she lowered it, down, down, almost touching—now!

Suddenly—crash! Bang! A flash!

A voice cold and crisp rang out: "For the love of pete, your back's to the camera."

—M. R., '31

* * * * *

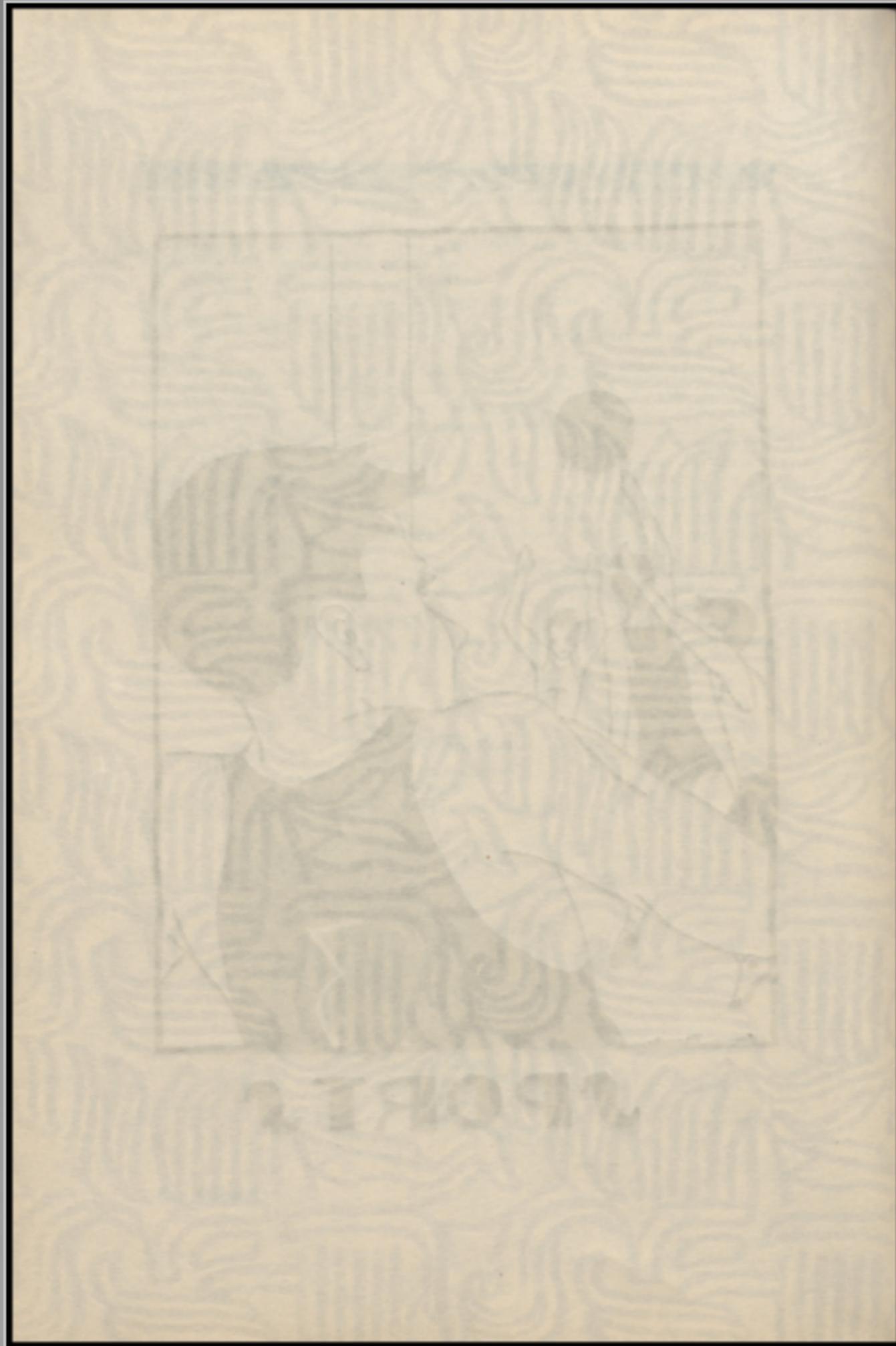
My Shadows

As I sit beside my
fireside
And watch the shadows
fall
I wonder if there really is—
Anything to them at all.
Sometimes big—sometimes
small—
They rise and leap and
dance and fall
This way and that I
peer and see
Shadows leering grastically.
And when the fire is
dim
And almost gone
My shadows creep away—
Before the coming of the
Dawn.

—M. R., '31



SPORTS



REPORT



Girls' Athletics

This year marked the beginning of a more extensive athletic program for the girls of Juneau High. Previously, physical education and basketball had been the only athletics offered them. With the completion of the new High School and the large, modernly equipped gymnasium, new sports were introduced.

Last year, indoor tennis was adopted by both boys and girls and the girls' physical education class tried out volley ball and indoor baseball. Now all these sports have been definitely added to the athletic program and in time may become as important as basketball. Douglas is also taking up these sports and perhaps at some future date there will be annual competitive games between the two schools even as there are now in basketball.

These annual basketball games with Douglas are becoming more exciting and interesting each year now that the game has been made speedier by new rules, and is better understood by the public.

Early in October, practice was begun by classes. Each class was coached separately on scheduled days by the P. E. instructor, Miss Enid Burns. Interclass games were played soon after turn-outs. The Freshmen challenged the Sophomores and won easily. A week later they played the Juniors. The latter team, although more experienced could not withstand the onslaught of the frisky yearlings. There the champions stopped—for the Seniors could not get enough players together for a team.

Soon after these games, all class teams began to practice together as a whole and steps were taken to form the High School team. Only five girls remained from last year's team. Marie Meade, center; Iona Messer, sub-guard; Mazie Rogers, center and guard; Lena Jackson, forward; Jeannette Stewart, guard and forward. There was abundant material in the Freshman class, however, and Coach Burns had



very little trouble in selecting her team. The first opponent that the High School took on was the Alumni—a team that was composed of many of our former stars. The opening game of the series of three was fast and hard-fought. The High School team, anxious to prove themselves worthy of their selection, played their best and won the game easily. Score: 24-12. In the second game, the Alumni determined to teach the "cubs" a lesson and in the strength of their resolution—won by three points. Score: 19-16. The third and last game was faster and there were many fouls called on both teams. The Alumni was handicapped by the loss of one of their forwards—Irene Burke, who had injured her ankle. The High School won this game. Score: 11-7.

On Friday evening, January 9, the first of the games with Douglas was played at the Douglas Natatorium. A large home crowd accompanied the team across the Channel. The game was marked by many fouls committed by both teams, and the ball rarely reached goal fields without a fight. Forwards of both teams had few opportunities to score. The game ended 15-12 in favor of Douglas. A week later in Juneau, the second game was played. Juneau girls put up a fine fight, and scores were about even the first half. When the final whistle blew, however, Juneau was two points behind. Score: 10-8. The third game was played January 23 at the Douglas Nat. The local team staged a comeback and gaining the lead early in the game kept it through the last quarter. Our team had squelched the Islanders by a score of 18-5. Now that Juneau had staved off almost certain defeat for the Channel championship, she was determined to go out for the laurel. On January 30, in the Juneau gym, the Scarlet and Black again won, but by a smaller margin. Score: 11-9. Only the poor shooting of Douglas forwards at the foul line saved us from losing the game. The fifth and last game of the series was the decisive one. Each team had two games to its credit. Both teams struggled hard for their points and there were but few baskets made. The Douglas guards were so effective that only one of the Juneau forwards—Lena Jackson—was only able to make a field goal during the entire game. All the other points made by the local team were scored from the foul line. When the final whistle blew, Douglas proved its more skillful prowess by winning the game by score of 9-5.

As in former years, the High School Band, under the direction of Miss Dorothy Fisher, added to the enjoyment of the games played at the local gym.

—J. S., '31

* * * * *

Huntine

A big flock of teal and about twenty widgeons
 Came flying towards us like a flock of tame pigeons.
 Ed said "better cock our guns" and acted as though
 He were shootin' Huns.
 So up we shot with our old flint locks
 And down dropped those ducks like a bunch of rocks.
 But what wouldn't make a fellow sore
 To have the ducks drop on the opposite shore.
 This duck hunting isn't all it seems.
 I'd rather shoot ducks in my dreams.

—F. M., '33



Boys' Basketball

If the interclass games had been an indication of our success in the basketball season Juneau should have taken her opponents to camp. Coach Dunham gave the boys a good two weeks of practice and technique work before the interclass series was begun. Forty boys turned out to fight for their class scores.

The Freshmen-Sophomores started the clashes with the Freshmen walking away with a 24 to 10 score. The Freshmen lost their place to the Juniors when the third year class ran up 40 points to the Greenies 3.

The final game of the series was played between the Juniors and Seniors. This game was a thriller, well worth watching as both teams were evenly matched. The Juniors won this peppy game by one point.

After the class games the All-Hi team was chosen and several preliminary tussels were staged before the boys packed their bags and left December 12, on the steamer Queen for Haines. Here a match was staged between the Hilltoppers and the Islanders from which Douglas emerged victorious by a 3 point score. The boys were not to be downed and gave Haines a good, hot game. As a result they brought home the bacon in the form of a 36 to 8 score.

The Channel tournament proved to be J. H. S.' downfall. Four games were played and though the boys fought their hardest they were unable to quell the snappy Douglas five. The Islanders succeeded in running their score up every time and were proclaimed the Channel Champs.

Last year's lettermen to play this year were W. Rodenberg and Sisson. New team members were Whyte, E. Rodenberg, Hildre, Lindstrom and Bloomquist.

Though the J. H. S. basketball season was not successful this year we have bright hopes for the next. Three lettermen, Bloomquist, Lindstrom and Redling-shafer will be in their old places and will make a combination which will be hard to beat. New material this year has shown promise and the Hilltoppers will be ready for battle next year with renewed efforts.



Tennis

Tennis was first introduced in the high school in 1919, but it was not until 1929 that an organized tournament was held. At this contest Bryan Harland won the boys' singles championship.

Last year the indoor tennis turnouts were held at the gym in the spring, following the close of the basketball season, and were enthusiastically attended. Medals were offered as rewards for both the boys' and girls' singles champions. Those who turned out were separated into two classes, a beginners' class and an advanced class. In the boys' division Mr. Raven and Mr. Dunham coached the advanced and beginning classes respectively, while Miss Fisher trained the girls' advanced class and Miss Burns the girls who had not had enough tennis to be classed as "advanced."

After weekly practices for over a month, early in May the tournament-play was started. In the final eliminations which were held on the courts of the Juneau Tennis Clubs, June Geyer and John Hellenthal emerged the victors in their respective divisions and were presented with their medals. The tennis season then closed.

This year the turnouts are being even more enthusiastically attended than those held last year, and we are promised a very close, exciting tournament in May. Perhaps an interschool contest with Douglas, where tennis is also popular, can be arranged this year.

* * * * *

Track

This year a popular attempt to reorganize track contests is being staged in the high school. A track has been prepared on the ball grounds and on every sunny day as well as on most of the cloudy ones, groups of athletes can be seen on the park practicing running, pole vaulting, shot putting, broad jumping and all the other events held in a track meet.

It is Mr. Dunham's intention to hold a series of interclass events in the near future and from the material presented in these contests to pick a team to represent our school. Douglas is also coaching a track team and all indications point toward an interschool track meet which will be held before school closes.

* * * * *

Taku

And the wild Taku, like a pent-up flood,
Swept loose from its mountain lair:
With a tremendous roar it shrieked and tore
At the pine and lonely fir.

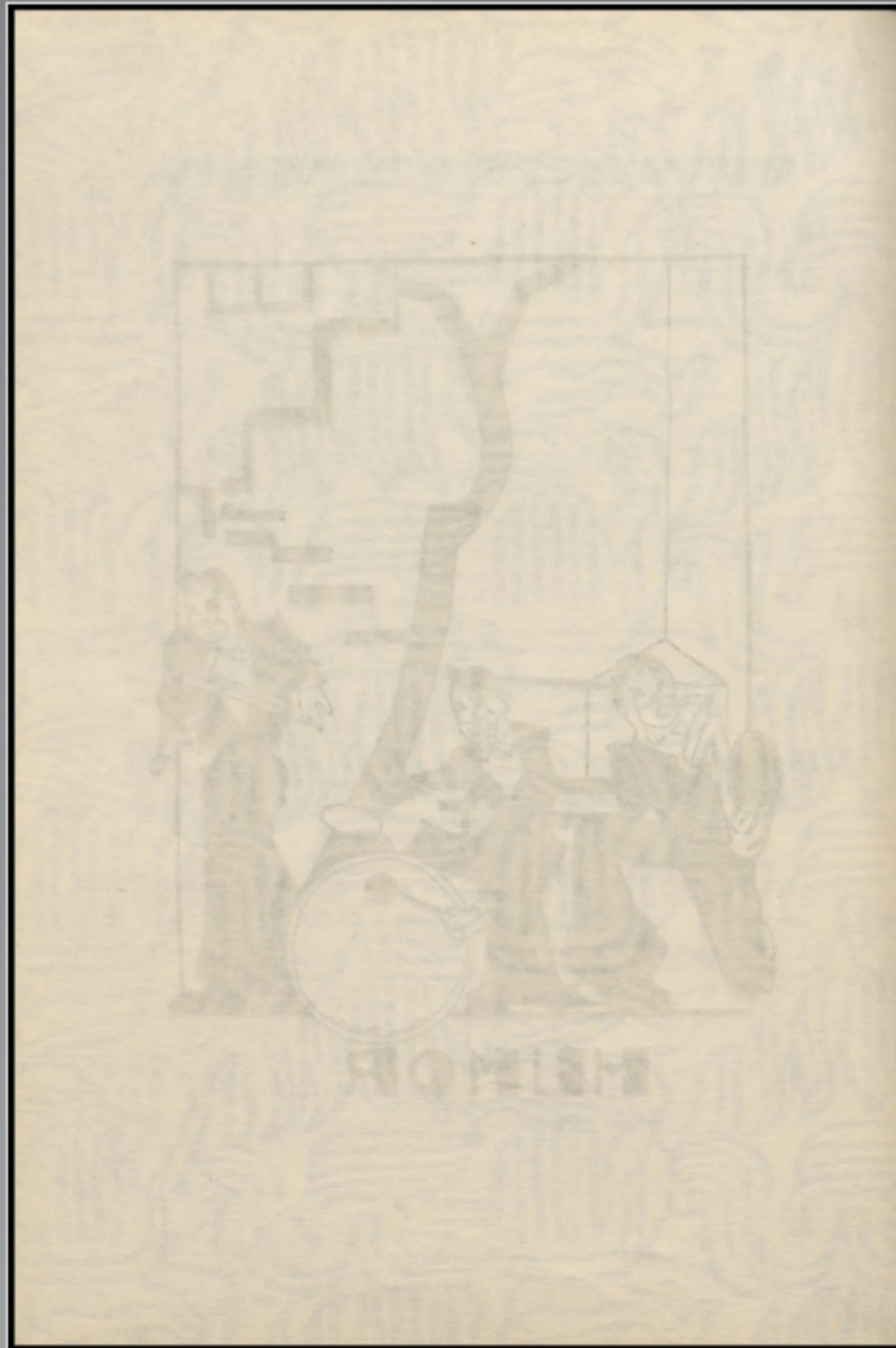
The seas dashed high as it passed them by:
And the fishing fleet rolled and swayed.
The ships crept in amid the din,
And their hulls were streaked with ice.

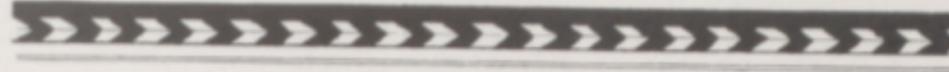
With a mighty blast it pulled and lashed,
And played with the mountain peaks.
Its wintry breath was cold as death
And stung like a frozen leash.

—W. F., '33



HUMOR





HUMOR

Fate

Life's a dream—
But it can't come true,
I've been in a daze,
Ever since I met you!

You're so sweet,
So modest and fair,
A perfect girl—
If you could only care!

But you're only a Pepsodent ad,
Showing that dazzling smile,
And I'm just an Arrow collar lad
Loving you all the while!
—D. B., '31

* * * * *

We've never been pointed out as model students. What care we? Noah Webster defines the word "model" as "a cheap imitation of the real thing."

* * * * *

"You know, Mr. Raven," said Grace Meggitt in Physics class the other day, "that mercury reminds me so much of quicksilver."

* * * * *

Verna Hurley: "He put his arm around me four times last night."

Betty Barragar: "Come, come, Verna! Do you expect me to believe that?"

Verna: "Wouldn't doubt an honest maiden's word?"

Betty: "All right. I'll take it back, but he certainly must have a long arm."

* * * * *

The girl who formerly read the titles of silent pictures aloud now sings the theme song with the heroine of the dialogue cinema.

* * * * *

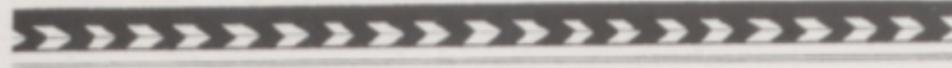
CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Robert Moller working—
David T. not arguing—
Eileen Stanyar voicing her opinion—
A sophisticated Frosh?

* * * * *

THINGS THE SENIORS WILL NEVER FORGET

1. Miss Kelly and her notebook.
2. Edna Riendeau and her giggles.
3. John Hellenthal's foolish questions.
4. Willy Rodenberg and Eddie Powers playing baseball up the first aisle.
5. John Stewart's blush.
6. Bob Hurley's habit of always being prepared.
7. Maisie and Muriel arguing about England and Scotland.
8. The "hoofers."



Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

William Rodenberg—Aw, go lay a brick!
 Edward Powers—Hangin' on a lamp post!
 Charles Whyte—It's an absolute dyed-in-the-wool proposition—
 Dorothy Bakke—When we go to Berkeley next year—
 Zalmain Gross—Now ya see, it's this way—
 Mary VanderLeest—Listen, darling—
 Betty Barragar—Good cow!
 Bess Millard—How precious!
 Maisie Rogers—Whist!
 Muriel Jarman—Now in England it's done this way—
 Alice Merritt—You dirty Scotchman!
 Grace Meggitt—Where's the whosit?
 Verna Hurley—Ye Gods! Let's do something.
 Bob Hurley—Ya know, my radio—
 Ed Laurie—How are ya, boy?
 Loren Sisson—How about the flame seat?
 Senna Paul—Have you your bookkeeping?
 Jeanette Stewart—Well, of all things!
 Elmer Swanson—Oh, I forgot the assignment.
 John Hellenthal—Now, when the Democrats were in power—
 Elliott Robertson—I should've given her rat poison!
 John Stewart—What are you doing here?
 Edward Rodenberg—(A strong, *silent* brute).
 Mary Simpkins—Oh! I think I'll explode!
 Edna Riendeau—Ain't dat sump'n'!
 Arnold Hildre—That car's got a piston slap—
 Sigrid Davis—Hot Dog!
 Lena Jackson—Oh, shoot!
 Mary Giovanetti—Well, what are you going to do about it?

—B. M., '31

* * * * *

Say, old man,	Sorry, old thing.
How's the chance,	Was the cold retort
Asked the callow youth	From the lad with a pipe—
In the dirty white pants,	Tobacco from Durham,
How's the chance to share	Plus-fours from Brevort,
With you	Sorry, old thing
Monday's assignment—	But it really won't do,
Didn't know it was due.	I'm your prof. for period two.

—E. N. I.

* * * * *

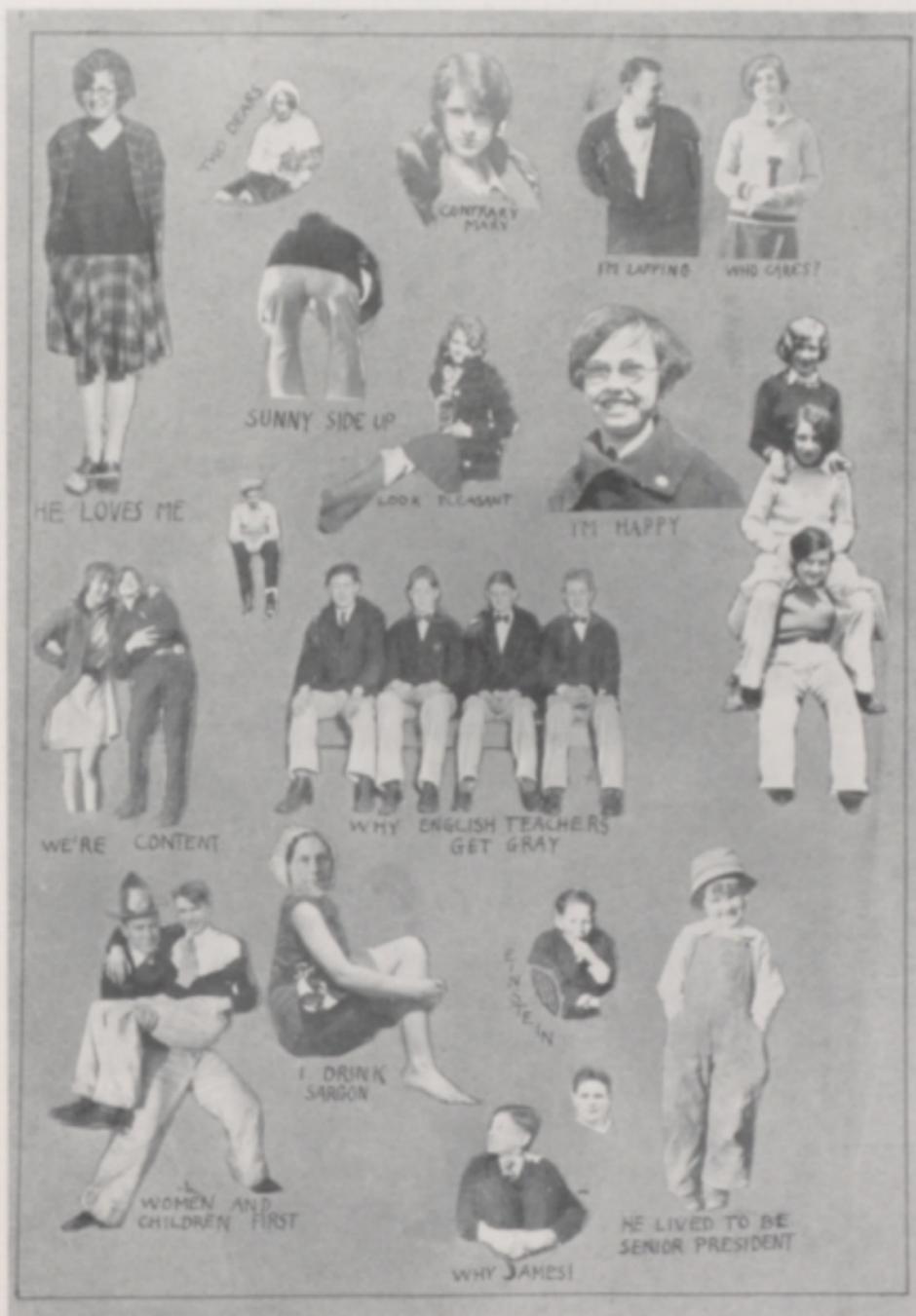
Miss Tillotson: "What is a polygon?"
 Henry Weir: "A dead parrot."

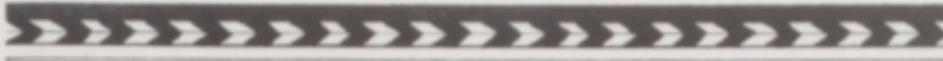
* * * * *

If you've heard that joke before, don't laugh.

* * * * *

Doesn't it make you sore after you've laughed heartily at a teacher's joke to be reprimanded severely, when you really only laughed at the ancient story to be polite.





SIX THINGS WE'D LIKE TO POSSESS

1. Bill Friend's features.
2. Elmer Lindstrom's basketball ability.
3. Dorothy Rutherford's personality.
4. Robert Simpson's grades.
5. Chuck Whyte's popularity with the Senioritas.
6. Gracie Meggitt's charm.

* * * * *

REPENTENCE

(A Ballad with a Moral)

'Twas midnight on the Channel Not a tug-boat was in sight, And we were stranded helplessly Just off the rock dump light.	"All is lost!" I murmured And she began to cry. I bravely tried to comfort her I was certain we would die.
The boat was tossing furiously Into the pounding gale, Then she appealed to me for help Of course I could not fail.	The helpless craft heaved and shook Then sank like a piece of lead, Because of the excitement I fell right out of bed.
I was quite excited, I completely lost my head, I could not start the boat again For the engine had gone dead.	As I lay there at my bedside Recovering from my dream, I uttered a vile and ugly curse In a shrill and high-pitched scream.

I cursed the Douglas school-girls
And the hours that they led,
Why had they led me wayward?
Then I climbed back into bed.

Thomas B. Judson, Jr., is the author of the foregoing verse. To look at him, one would not think he was endowed with such poetical ability.

* * * * *

Bob Hurley is the sort of fellow who would begin a continued story the day before his execution.

* * * * *

Miss Kelly asked Duncan Robertson in Latin class who Cicero was. "Mutt's Son," replied our gallant hero. Then he doubled up, gave a long sigh, and rolled out of reach.

* * * * *

The fact that gravity is the force which pulls all things downward should not be taught in General Science classes. That's just another excuse for a few dull Freshmen to offer for low grades.

* * * * *

There is no truth in the report that Mary Simpkins bought a brass cuspidor for her spitz dog. She says she doesn't own a dog.

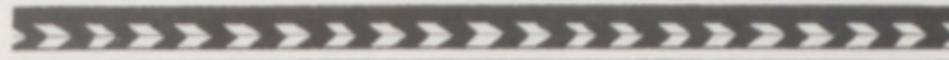
* * * * *

While Iona Messer was singing in the church choir her mouth locked when it was wide open. The doctor said she was a bit hymn-notic.

* * * * *

Loren Sisson: "Is your daughter popular?"
Mr. Paul: "Popular! Why, I can't park my car within three blocks of my own house."

[Page fifty-four]



WHAT'S THE USE

When we cease talking in the hall
Our department starts to fall.
We carry home our stack of books
And all we get is doubtful looks.
We try our best to be on time,
And get there just a minute after nine.
We study hard to pass a test,
And work on what we think is best.
But this we find, and sad it is,
We didn't study what's in the quiz.
So what's the use?

* * * * *

You didn't know there has been a genius in your midst for three years, did you, gentle reader? Miss Israel made the discovery in the English class when Mrs. Powell's boy, Elmer, composed the foregoing poem in response to a class assignment.

* * * * *

We had a good joke to put in this space, but we've forgotten it.

* * * * *

Eddie Laurie has learned something in his four years of high school that some men die without knowing. He has condensed his knowledge into the following poem:

You need not fear the regular vamp,
Who looks and acts the part.
It's the shy young thing
With downcast eyes,
Who pretends to swallow all your lies,
Who's going to smash your heart.

* * * * *

John D. Rockefeller's middle name is Davidson. We thought it was Dime.

* * * * *

How do aeroplanes get up so high?
I'd like to know what makes them fly—
Who'd have thought a thousand years ago,
That men would ride as flies the crow:
Or the old gray mare would be out of style,
That there'd be things much more worth while
Than riding in a cart and horse?
Or there would be such a man as Morse?
That scientists would go out to sea
And look at a fish's anatomy;
That men would jump down from the sky,
Ten thousand feet and never die—
But there's one sure thing that will always be—
Men will always die, on land or sea.
There's that one thing we can't suppress,
And that one thing is death—yes, DEATH!

This poem was written by Eileen Stanyar in response to a request for material for a Humor Section in this year-book. It's funny, isn't it?

* * * * *

We're signing off now. We can't be funny any longer.

TEWKES.

Our Seniors

Suppose one could watch the Seniors of past years pass in review, would it not be interesting? But in spite of the very small army they would make, each class has earned honor for our school and handed down the great enthusiasm and spirit of Juneau High to their successors.

The first class to graduate was the class of 1904, with two members. Several classes have had only two members, namely those of 1906, 1907, 1911 and 1904. As the years have passed the number has increased so rapidly that in 1928 a class of twenty was graduated. In 1931 a class of twenty-eight will receive diplomas.

We are proud of the high honors and records left for those following by the Senior companies, and the reports of their achievements in the battle of life are very gratifying.

Soon we will have to join their ranks, while others are coming to fill our places, but it is only with very great reluctance that we do and hope that we will leave as much enthusiasm and spirit to our followers that the past companies of Seniors have left to theirs.

—M. V., '31

©

Alumni

- 1904—
Ethel Ebner, Mrs. Kennedy, living in Berkeley, California.
Grover C. Winn, married, lawyer in Juneau, Alaska.
- 1905—
Crystal Snow, Mrs. Charles Jenne, living in Juneau, Alaska.
Frances Hammond, Mrs. Ross, living in Annapolis.
- 1906—
Edna Daw, married and lives in Portland, Oregon.
Edward Kennedy, drowned on May 20, 1909.
- 1908—
Brilliant Olds, Mrs. C. Carpenter, living in Juneau, Alaska.
Juanita Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, is in Ninilchik, Alaska.
Robert Cragg, is married, living in Seattle, Washington.
William Casey, is in Los Angeles, California, and is married.
Walter Ramseyer, is in Honolulu, Hawaii.
- 1909—
Blossom Craig, Mrs. Price, is in Portland, Oregon.
Thomas Cole, is married and lives in Seattle, Washington.
Charles Johnson, died in 1917.
David Christoe, is in Seattle, Wash.
Albert Rapp is near San Jose.
Cecelia McLaughlin, Mrs. Karl Theille, living in Juneau, Alaska.
Edward Christoe, is in Seattle, Washington.
Cecelia Tibbits, Mrs. Harried, lives in Tacoma, Washington.
- 1910—
Mina Sowerby, Mrs. S. T. Kelsey, Jr., residing in Africa.
- Oro Morgan, Mrs. Radcl, lives somewhere in New Jersey.
Helen Denny, Mrs. H. Osborne, is in South Pasadena, California.
Carrie George, Mrs. Bjorge, lives in Wrangell, Alaska.
Clement Riley, died in 1913.
- 1911—
Carl Brown, with the Northern Light Co., in Seattle, Washington.
Harry Harper, is in Minneapolis, Minn.
- 1912—
Frank Caraway, is in Seattle, Washington.
- 1913—
Peter Johnson, is in Lead, South Dakota.
Paul Carpenter, lives in Tacoma, Washington.
Charles Wortman, lives in Sitka, Alaska.
Leslie George, Mrs. Burkland, is in Astoria, Oregon.
Chester Tripp, flotation laboratory of International Smelter in Utah; home on vacation now.
Mamie Morgan, Mrs. King, is dead.
- 1914—
Thelma Ninnis, Mrs. Ladum.
Edward Beattie, at Long Beach, California.
Alma Sowerby, Mrs. Kenneth White, residing in Seattle, Washington.
George E. Nelson, electrical engineer, A. J. Gold Mining Co.
Charles Sabin, Juneau business man.
Nora Museth, Mrs. Williams, in Juneau, Alaska.
- 1915—
Burdette Winn, married, in San Francisco, California.
Ann McLaughlin, is teaching school at De Bois, Washington.



- Cyril Kashevaroff, is in San Francisco, California.
 Helmi Aho, Mrs. Bach, lives in Douglas, Alaska.
 Arnold Richards, is in Park City, Utah.
 Paul Thompson, is in Seattle, Washington.
- 1916—
 Hazel Jaeger, Mrs. Simpson Mackinnon, residing in Juneau.
 Mary Connors, Mrs. Mike Bavard, residing in Juneau.
 Waino Hendrickson, married, with Alaska Steam Laundry, Juneau.
 Gladys Tripp, Mrs. Valjean Austin, living in Lincoln, California.
 Luella Gilpatrick, Mrs. Clair, is in Juneau.
 Ruth Umstead, is at Redondo Beach, California.
 Eugene G. Nelson, mining engineer, A. J. Gold Mining Co.
 Susanne McLaughlin, Mrs. Eugene O'Neil, is in San Francisco, California.
 Margaret Dudley, is in Chicago, Illinois.
 Lily Korhonen, Mrs. Andrell, is in Juneau.
 Charles Skuse, Assayer for Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Co.
 Garnet Laughlin, Mrs. Lahr, is in Aberdeen, Washington.
 Helen Troy, Mrs. Robert Bender, living in Seattle, Washington.
 Simpson MacKinnon, married, living in Juneau.
- 1917—
 William Taschek, married, with Pacific Steamship Co., Seattle, Wash.
 Emma Sherman, Mrs. Troupe, in Vancouver, B. C.
 Dorothy Haley, Mrs. Pegues, living in Juneau.
 James McCloskey, married, living in Juneau.
 Lillian Collins, Mrs. Minard Mill, living in Juneau.
- 1918—
 Joseph Ackler, is in Seattle, Washington.
 Helen Smith, Mrs. Cass, living in Pasadena, California.
 Harold Koskey, died in 1917.
 Olive La Bounty, lives in Seattle, Washington.
 Wilbur Burford, married, living in Juneau.
 Frances Ptack, Mrs. Williams, is in Olympia, Washington.
 Roberta Caryell, is in Portland, Oregon.
 Madge Case, is in Seattle, Washington.
 Joseph McLaughlin, is in Spokane.
 Rena Ellingen, married, is in Pasadena, California.
 Rose McLaughlin.
 John Meier, is in Wharton, New Jersey.
 Elvira Wietanen, Mrs. Spain, is in Treadwell, Alaska.
- 1919—
 Belle Hood, Mrs. Wilbur Burford, living in Juneau.
 Mary Kashevaroff, Mrs. Jack Calvin, living in Carmel, California.
 Roy Torvinen, married, living in Tacoma, Washington.
 Mary Monagle, Mrs. E. P. Tweet, living in Teller, Alaska.
 Emma Perelle, Mrs. R. F. Grefe, is in Portland, Oregon.
 Dorothy Troy, Mrs. Harry Morgan, living in Honolulu, Hawaii.
- Nadine Saum, living to the westward.
 Gertrude Nelson, teaching in California.
 Harry Morgan, married Dorothy Troy, living in Honolulu, Hawaii.
- 1920—
 Victor Hewitt, is in Douglas, Alaska.
 Nadja Kashevaroff, Mrs. LeRoy Vestal, living in Juneau.
 Walstein Smith, Jr., living in Oakland, California.
 Sybil Campbell, Mrs. N. Sjursen, is in Ketchikan, Alaska.
 Harriet Sey, Mrs. Williams, Commissioner's Court, Juneau, Alaska.
 Vivian Sperling, Mrs. Torvinen.
 Donald Mackinnon, married, with Standard Oil Co., Juneau.
 Lella Ptack, Mrs. Lane, living in Juneau.
 Edna Miller, Mrs. Nelson.
 Joe George, in business with brothers, Juneau.
- 1921—
 Florence Casey, is in Snohomish, Washington.
 Charles Perelle, is in Seattle, Washington.
 Ben Burford, Chief engineer on the Kittiwaks, Seattle, Washington.
 Marian Summers, married, living in Seattle, Washington.
 James Bussey, Portland, Oregon.
 Honorah Kelly, Mrs. Archbold, living in Petersburg.
 Lance Hendrickson, Road Commission, Juneau.
 Ideal Hendrickson, Mrs. K. Wilder, living in Juneau.
 Kathleen Ward, married, living in Prince Rupert, B. C.
 Marie Goldstein, living with parents in Juneau.
 Laura McCloskey, in Vancouver, B. C.
- 1922—
 James McNaughton, U. of W. for four years. B. M. Behrends Bank in Juneau.
 Jessie Mock, is in Seattle, Washington.
 Hoo Shade, married, in McCarthy, Alaska.
 Stanley Jorgensen, dentist, Cordova, Alaska.
 Marguerite Bone, Mrs. Alfred B. Wilcox, Santa Barbara, California.
 Luella Smith.
 Lillian Oja, in San Pedro, California.
 Legia Kashevaroff, Mrs. J. Olson, living in Juneau, Alaska.
 Howard Case, in Astoria, Oregon.
 Irene Nelson, teaching in San Francisco, California.
 Venetia Pugh, U. of W. for four years. Government position, Juneau.
 Anita Garnick, working at Garnick's Grocery, Juneau.
 Marian Robertson, Mrs. Corkins.
- 1923—
 Jacob Britt, graduate of Annapolis, married.
 James Barragar, working at Alaska Electric Light and Power Company, Juneau.
 John Dunn, is in Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Harry Ellingen, Juneau.
 Teela Jorgensen, Mrs. White, is in Portland, Oregon.
 John Janikseis, is in Juneau.
 Eugene Kirk, Seattle.
 Daley Oja, married, living in San Pedro, California.
 Lillian Perelle, Mrs. J. H. Lorraine, is in Canada.
 Lillian Peterson.

Wayne Summers, is in Eastern Washington.
Eva Tripp, secretary to the Governor of Alaska.
Carol Webster, Mrs. Jorgensen, is in Juneau.

1924—
Jack Burford, married; agency for L. C. Smith typewriters, Juneau.
Harold Campen, employee of Standard Oil Co., Juneau.
Lavina Carter, Mrs. Smith, living in Juneau.
Alice Case, Mrs. Donald Mackinnon, living in Juneau.
Curtis Shattuck, now in business in this city with his father.
Jessie Crook, Portland, Oregon.
Leonard Holmquist, is in Juneau.
Fred Gould, dentist in Portland, Oregon.
Earle Hunter, Jr., married, working at First National Bank, Juneau.
Miriam McIbride, Court Librarian, Juneau.
Robert Norris, U. of W., in Seattle, Washington.
Dan Russell, Juneau, Alaska.
Virginia Shattuck, Home Economics Department, Post Intelligencer, Seattle, Washington.
Albert White, steel and iron plant, Springfield, Ill.

1925—
Raymond Bell.
Elsie Pademeister, Mrs. Peltman, is in California.
John Halm, is in Seattle, Washington.
Etolin Campen, teaching at Haines.
John Rundell, Seattle.
Virginia Metzgar, is in Seattle, Washington.
Frances Harland, is at the U. of Oregon, at Eugene.
Albert Orson, working on Ruth Alexander, Seattle to San Francisco.
Dora Lundstrom, Mrs. Ed Sweeney, Juneau, Alaska.
Arthur Peterson, Sitka, Alaska.
Ruth Krugness, Mrs. E. Blake, residing in Juneau.
George Sarvella, Forest Service, Ketchikan.
Clayton Polley, dentist in Oregon.

1926—
Mildred Warwick, Mrs. Baker, is in Idaho.
Edgar Garnick, Garnick's Grocery, Juneau.
Elizabeth Madsen, Mrs. Thompson.
Robert Mize, graduating from Alaska Agricultural College this year.

1927—
Gertrude Waltonen, Bureau of Public Roads, Juneau Alaska.
Grace Naghel, teaching in Seattle, Washington.
Alfred Lundstrom, at A. J. Gold Mining Co., Juneau.
Margaret Kiloh, with Alaska Game Commission, Juneau.
Margaret Peterson, is in Seattle.
Rachael Fisher, is in Seattle.
Alma Weil, is in Chicago, Illinois.
Edward Giovannetti, Santa Clara for two years, Post Office, Juneau.
Lillian Hayers, Mrs. H. L. Stabler, Juneau.
Mabel Sturrock, Saloom's Store, Juneau.
Elsie Baggen, graduate nurse in Seattle, Washington.
Edward Naghel, is at the U. of W., Seattle, Washington.

Evelyn Judson, Mrs. H. H. Hoffmann, Juneau.
David Ramsey, is in Juneau, Alaska.
Harold Brown, employed Standard Oil Company, Juneau.
Natalia Kashevaroff, Cornish School of Music, Seattle, Washington.
Jackson Rice, Juneau Drug Co., Juneau, Alaska.
James Connors, graduating from Santa Clara this year.
Edna Smith, with Road Commission, Juneau.

1928—
Iris Gray, Corvallis, Oregon, studying music.
Bernice Berggren, Mrs. W. E. Day, is Juneau, Alaska.
Arthur Burke, Juneau Bakery, Juneau.
Irene Burke, Forest Service, Juneau.
Hansena Campen, Juneau, Alaska.
Marvin Chase, Service Garage, Juneau.
Clarence Dunn, U. of W., Seattle, Washington.
Arthur Judson, George Bros., Juneau.
Milton Lagergren, scholarship, Colorado School of Mines.
Wilhelmina Larson, Mrs. Lon Garrison, Haines, Alaska.
Robert Livie, N. P. Dental College, Portland, Oregon.
Irene Lundstrom, working, Juneau.
Edward Madsen, Juneau.
Mildred Morrison, Public Survey, Juneau.
Henry Nielson, is at West Point.
Elizabeth Pullen, Corvallis for two years, now at University of Washington.
Benjamin Stewart, Alaska Agricultural College.
Judson Whittier, Reed College, Oregon.
Ramon Ollanueva, U. of Idaho.
Mildred Hooper, advertising department, Bon Marche, Seattle, Washington.

1929—
George Hall, University of Washington, Seattle.
W. G. Bryan Harland, Alaska Washington Airways, Seattle.
Carl William Jensen, Capitol Building, Juneau.
Einar Jackson, Juneau. Has been attending Alaska Agricultural College.
Gladys A. Naghel, is finishing at Pullman, Washington, this year.
Gardner B. Leighton, working, Juneau.
John W. Meggitt, scholarship, Alaska Agricultural College, Fairbanks.
James Orme, George Bros., Juneau.
Fred Orme, Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Co., Juneau.
William Norton, Alaska Electric Light and Power Co., Juneau.
Alexander Kiloh, Alaska Agricultural College, Fairbanks.
James Ramsey, Sanitary Grocery, Juneau.
Robert Waggoner, Parks College, Parkersville, Missouri.
Alexander Sturrock, Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Co., Juneau.

1930—
Frederick Barragar, Thomas Hardware Co., Juneau.
Harry Brandt, Alaska Agricultural College, Fairbanks.
Claire Welier, Alaska Agricultural College, Fairbanks.
Benjamin Messer, scholarship, Colorado School of Mines.
Viola Riendeau, Bellingham Normal.
Cecelia Larson, Cheney Normal.



James Whaley, University of Washington, Seattle.
Winnifred Carlson, Corvallis, in Juneau now.
Donald Williams, Butler Mauro Drug Co. College next year.
Earl Lagergren, Juneau. College next year.
Dagny Hagerup, working at Kann's Juneau.
Dick Radelet, B. M. Behrends Co., Juneau.
John Sarvella, Sitka. College next year.

Glen Reeder, mink farming near Juneau.
Henning Berggren, Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Co., Juneau.
Elsie Jensen, Hellenthal and Hellenthal, Juneau.
Edward Mize, Cable Office; taking post graduate course; college next year.
Albert Rhodes, Business College in San Francisco, California.
Amy Bates Messerschmidt, married to George Messerschmidt, Juneau.
Oscar Osborne, Sitka.



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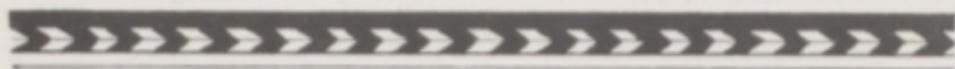
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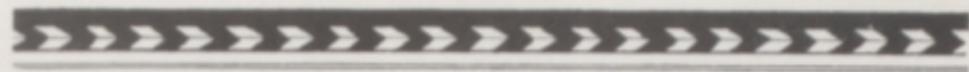
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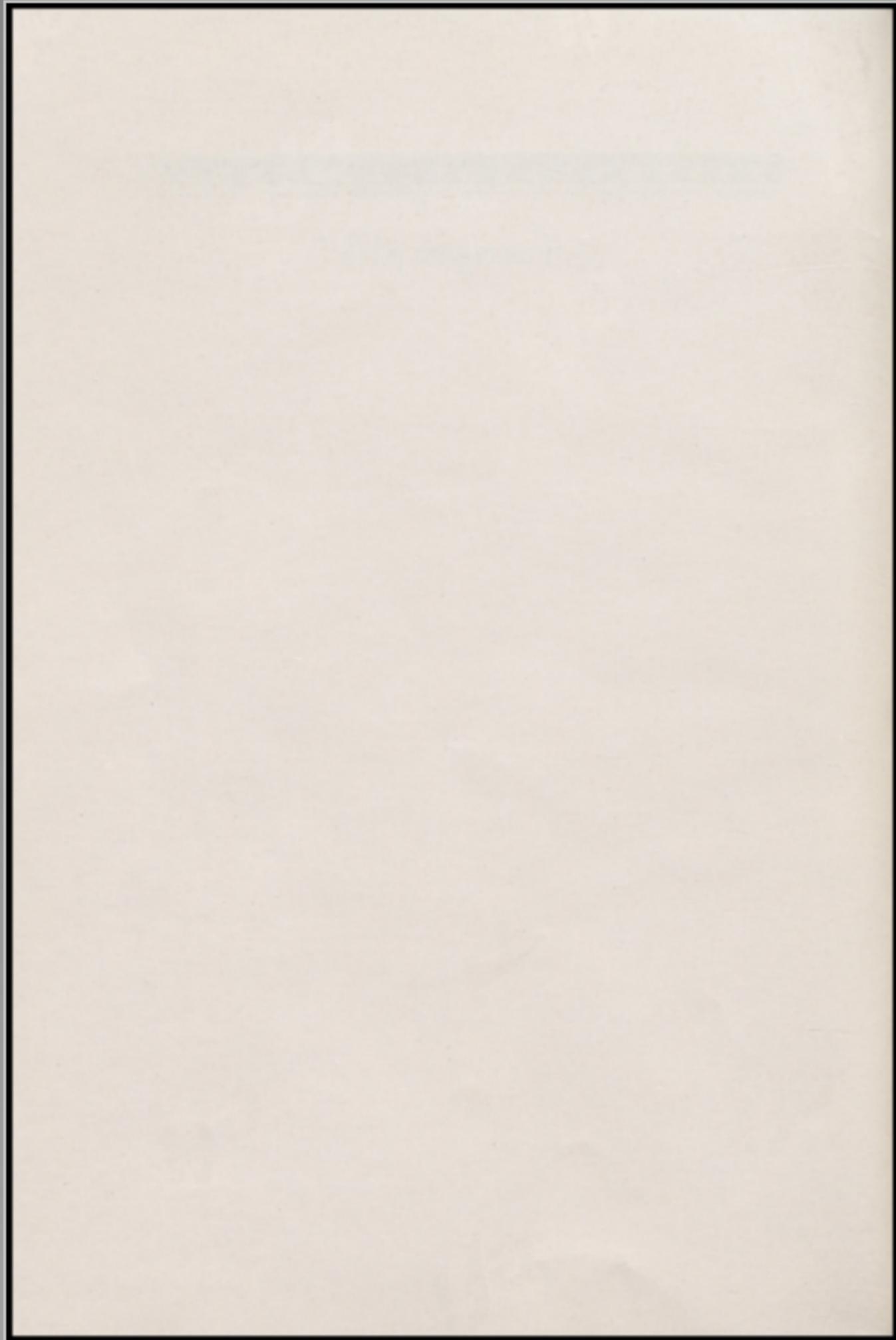
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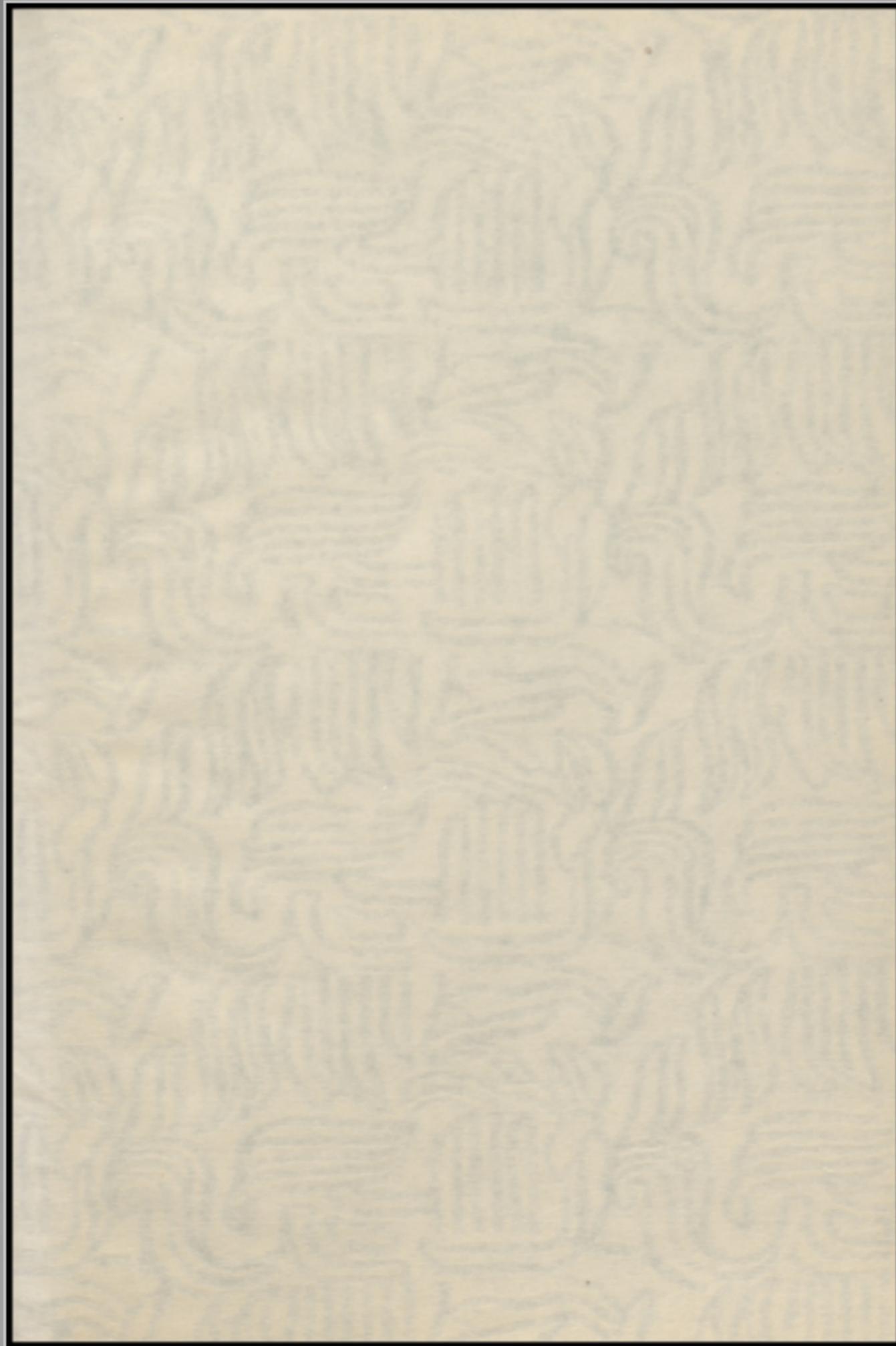


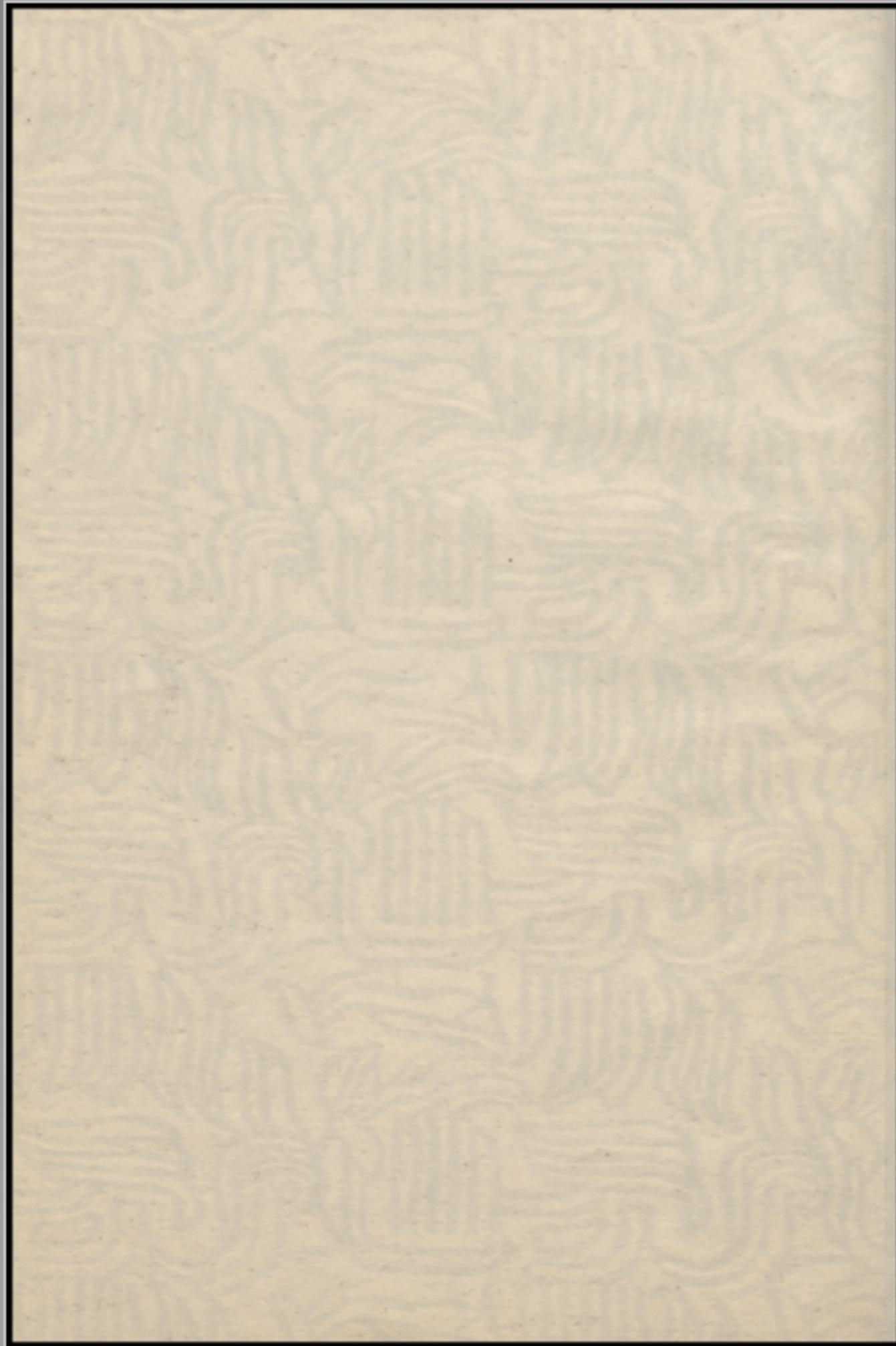
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