

Northern Light

Published by the Students of the Cordova High School

VOL. VI., NO. 1

CORDOVA, ALASKA, DECEMBER 8, 1928

PRICE TWENTY CENTS

The New Teachers

Leo W. Breuer, who is the superintendent of the Cordova schools for the present year, spent the past two years as superintendent of the Nome schools. He holds an A. B. degree in education from the University of Washington and is also a graduate of the Bellingham State Normal at Bellingham, Washington. Mr. O. G. McDonough, whom Mr. Breuer succeeded, is at present in California.

Conrad Ness, who now teaches mathematics, science, manual training and coaches the basketball team, went to school last year at the University of Washington of which he is a graduate. He is also a graduate of the Bellingham Normal and State School of Science. Mr. Ness played on the championship basketball team of North Dakota which won the conference championship for 1923.

Miss Leonaine Hill, who taught the second grade here two years ago, has returned to her same work after having spent the past year attending Washington State College at Pullman.

Back to School Night

On the evening of November 14, one could see a procession of grown-ups going in the direction of the schoolhouse. Upon entering one could hear class bells ringing and teachers talking. It was "Back To School Night," and most of the parents of the pupils of the school were in attendance. Five high school students

School Building Damaged by Storm

On the morning of November 4, Cordova was attacked by one of the most terrific windstorms it has experienced in a number of years. The public school building bore the brunt of the attack, and as a result there was no school on the two days following. The roof of the building, composed of heavy roofing paper, was torn completely off and went sailing down the street, breaking windows and pushing aside everything it encountered. Ventilators and eaves went skyward and settled to earth with a bang, and as luck would have it, no one was struck by the flying objects.

With the wind came rain, and the instant the roof went off the interior of the building began to get soaked. Not a room escaped a drenching, but as soon as it was discovered that the building was in bad shape, volunteers and some of the students came up and moved books, desks, typewriters

played the roles of ushers, directing the visitors to any room which they desired to visit.

There were ten-minute classes, and during that time the teachers explained the subjects in an interesting manner. Splendid displays of the work done by the pupils were made in some of the rooms. After an hour and thirty minutes of school, everybody was invited into the domestic science room where refreshments were served by the Parent-Teachers' Association.

and everything else that could be moved. After getting everything perishable into the old building, men immediately set to work putting on a new roof. Within five hours after the wind started a temporary roof was in place. Fires were started and holes drilled in the floor, in an attempt to get the water out of the rooms. On the following day all the loose plaster was knocked down and replaced by new, so that no one would be unfortunate enough to have plaster fall on his head.

On Tuesday morning a number of students went up to the building and joined in moving equipment back into place. All that couldn't be moved that day was returned to its proper place on Wednesday morning when school was again resumed. While the students received two days' vacation, all feel badly because their new building had to receive such treatment.

The affair was the first of its kind to be held in Cordova and was very well received, which was shown when a count was taken and it was found that there were about twenty persons in attendance.

There was a large attendance during most of the evening in the grade rooms, due perhaps, to the greater enrollment there. However, the high school took care of a good number also. The idea was to have the parents and all others who might be interested, come up and give the teach-

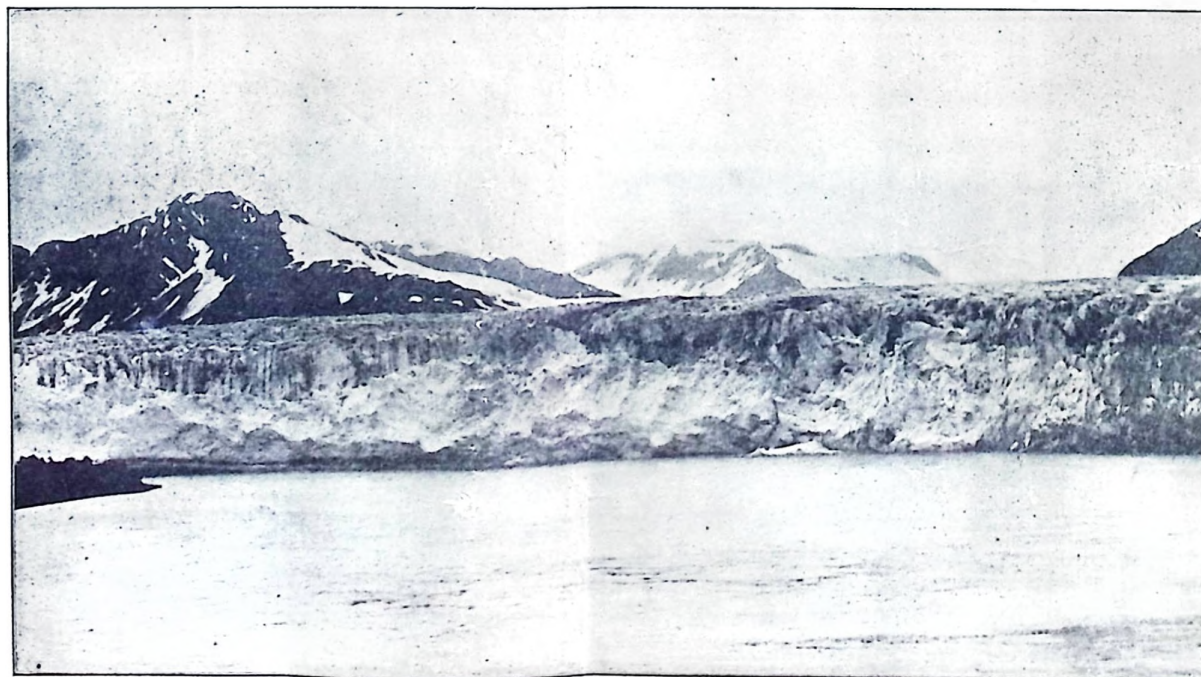
Dick Date Wins Radio

For days, weeks, even months, the big dance sponsored by the Cordova Tennis Club was a coming event, and one that was looked forward to by all; at this big affair a Brunswick radio worth \$250 was to be given to the person holding the lucky number. Chances were sold right and left, everybody had them, everybody coveted that radio, and everybody, too, thought he was going to win it.

The big night arrived; people poured into the hall from north, south, east and west, all coming to—win the radio.

Finally after hours of impatient waiting 1:30 a. m. arrived, the time set for the number to be plucked from the box. Harriet Laurie was appointed to pick the card containing the number. First she took out 13 chances and the names of their owners were announced and from these she drew three, the third being the winner of the radio, and who should this latter be, but Richard Date, a freshman in our own Cordova High School. Three cheers for Dick! He had only taken one chance and it was the lucky one, number 612.

ers the opportunity to show them just what is being done in the school, and to give them an idea of the purpose of the various subjects being taught. Many persons who didn't have a clear idea of some of the work went away with a better understanding and felt benefited by having been "back to school" for an evening.



Child's Glacier on the Copper River & Northwestern Railway

Less than 50 miles from Cordova's schoolhouse, this great river of "living ice," untold centuries old, provides a spectacle such as few persons in the world have witnessed. The gigantic glacier, a mile across the face, roaring and booming as the pent-up energy is unleashed, glistening fairy-like, or gleaming gnome-like in the sun or shadows, is visited and studied annually by many Cordova students, who thus see nature in one of her mighty, irresistible, but harmless moods.



NORTHERN LIGHT

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DECEMBER 8, 1928

TO THE FACULTY, WELCOME

As we gathered upon the school grounds on the first day of school, the faces of many old friends whom we were very glad to see, greeted us. Yet we missed several who had grown quite dear to us. Their places were taken by others whom we had not known before, but whom we have already learned to love.

Especially to the new members of our faculty do we wish to extend a welcome. We are sure that you have come to work with us and help us, and we offer our wholehearted cooperation in any project which you may undertake. You may find us a little gay at first but before long you will find that we really are quite dependable.

To you of the faculty who have been with us before, we wish to say that we are more than glad to have you again. You have helped us through hours of distress and shared our sorrows as well as our joys. We are glad to renew old ties and resume our work with you.

May the student body and faculty cooperate and make this the most successful year that Cordova High School has ever known.—Exchange.

THE "GIMME" STUDENT

"Look what she gave me!" "I knew I wouldn't get a half decent mark." "It's no use, I haven't got a drag." These remarks are so often made the day report cards come out. Are you a "gimme" student? Do you think your grades depend on how your teacher feels toward you?

Your report card is not a "gimme" card. Success or failure in school work depends largely upon the attention given in class and willingness to learn. An alert person may be sure of progress. On the other hand, a person who goes about his work absent-mindedly or who does not know what it is all about, loses all the good of his school work and allows it to become a drudgery.

Your report card shows what you have actually done. Let this be a warning! If you want your grades to be on top, dig right in and earn them by faithful and diligent work. Your future depends on what you are doing now. Do your best!
 L. L.

PULL TOGETHER

Teachers! Students! Come on, let's—let's what? Pull together! We must, absolutely, in order to make Cordova High the best school of all. "Pull together," two tiny words, but look what they mean—everything! Upholding the standards we have made, placing this school on an equality with other institutions of learning, and in general making the most of our education.

Of course the students must understand that the majority of the teachers are comparatively "new" to us and are not used to our ways of doing, are not "on to" our self-governing student body, our student council, et cetera. While, on the other hand, the teachers must realize that our ways, because original to them, are not wrong, and they must not try to introduce too many renovated ideas knowing that "the only useful reformer is he that never loses sight of the good in the thing to be reformed."

The instructors, of course, are doing their best, their very best, to educate us to make good citizens for this great country. Everything is in their work, their whole mind, every thought, even their very soul; it must be to obtain the best results. They wish to have a greater understanding of we students; they desire to learn our ways and to improve them. Above all, they want our learning to have a foundation that will never falter.

So from now on, let us remember these expressive words; let us show that they are not only words, but a symbol of a great thought, and starting today, let us make them our slogan, our banner, and "Pull Together."
 K. R.

OUR BOOKS

Books here, books there, small books, large books, middle-sized books, but all books, and all torn, mutilated books. This is largely the fault of the members of the classes where these books are used; surely, it's not through lack of care on the teachers' part. These books are necessary to the school, without them we would not be able to hold school, and therefore, we might just as well keep them as neat and new as possible.

There is no need to scrawl your name all over the covers, the pages, and the flyleaf. In all of them there are numbers which are enough to identify your book. Take, for instance, our typing books. They were new last year, now they are ready to be burned. This is due to the fact that the students haven't enough sense of responsibility to look after them. It is just as easy to walk across the room and put them in their place, instead of just throwing them in the general direction of the stand, and letting it go at that.

Books are lost and never found, not in all cases are they gone forever, but many times when they come back they are not in a condition to be used. Come on, students, let's take care of school property, since it is necessary in the course of our education.
 A. R. J.

OUR SCHOOL

We should try to remember that this building, our school, is practically new and should have good enough care so that it will look that way for several years more. One thing that we can be careful of is the walls. We can refrain from sitting in the windows, and if we do sit in them there is no reason why we should let our feet mark up the walls.

It adds so much to the appearance of the assembly and other rooms if we keep the floors free from small scraps of paper and other such aids to untidiness. It also helps a lot if we all will try to remember to shut our desks at night when we go home, and if we do so, it is not likely that we will lose any of our pencils and other things in our desks.

Everyone likes a clean and neat school, so let us keep ours that way. Then we will enjoy it ourselves and will be proud to show it to others.
 M. F.

Summer Vacations

During the summer many of the students of Cordova High worked at various companies about town. Charline Foley made use of her typing ability by aiding Archie Zober at the "Pantorium." Tony Johansen labored strenuously at the Cordova Mill. John Lydich assisted in building houses for Tom Scott. Philip O'Neill took care of the toping machines for the Shepard Point Cannery. Paul Bloedhorn and Bill Clemence worked at Unikwik and Northern Light Cannery, respectively. Bud Rosswog was with the Cordova Mill for awhile and finished up the season as "bell-hop" at the Windsor Hotel.

Millicent Clemence waited tables at the United Bakery. Jack Downing worked at the Northern Light Packing Company. Edward O'Neill delivered groceries for the O'Neill Company. Philip Lydick helped on the planing machine at the Cordova Mill. Mike White was with the Chikat Oil Company of Katalla. Richard Date drove the new Dodge for the Jones Laundry. Robert Pratt worked for the road commission at Chitina.

Cordova High wishes to congratulate these boys and girls for using their time so beneficially through this season.

Reverend Galey's Talk

On his way to Seward from Juneau, Reverend Galey offered to talk to the students while the boat was in port.

The theme of his talk centered about the "lives of great men." Throughout he gave examples of his idea of great men and said that all great men are not placed before people in books and newspapers. He stated the qualities which he considered necessary to the making of a great man.

An interesting point which he brought out was his division of a man's life into four periods. He said that man's destiny is controlled by his life during the period of fifteen to thirty. It is in this period that the body, soul, and mind are developed, habits formed and outlook on life gained. Those who fail late in life are those who did not get the proper start in the period from fifteen to thirty. He went on to say that it was necessary to keep up the drive or force through this period from thirty to fifty, when it is that man does his greatest things.

He summed up his remarks by reminding us that one's choice of work in life, as well as errors made in the age covered by high school years, go far in laying the foundation for later life.

SENIORS

It's a darn good thing there are only three of them

In Cordova High this year; They really think they are awfully bright

Or so it does appear.

Of course, when the rest of us Are seniors so very bright; We will think we are smart too— So I guess it's quite all right.

Classes Organized

Senior

The senior class is composed of but three members, all of which are boys. Philip O'Neill was elected president of the class, and owing to the small number of members he was designated to attend to the affairs of this class.

The senior pins have been selected and the order sent in. As yet no other plans have been made for class activities.

Junior

The junior class, although small in number, organized themselves and at their first meeting elected officers as follows: Charline Foley, president; Karl Rosswog, vice president, and Paul Bloedhorn, secretary.

Sophomore

The sophomores who still remain the enthusiastic twelve, had their first meeting in order to elect officers for the new term. The results were: Jack DeVille, president; Eleanor Hoover, vice president; Millicent Clemence, secretary, and Marian Foster, treasurer.

Freshman

The freshman class is now composed of twelve industrious members. At their first meeting the following officers were elected: Woodrow Johanson, president; Richard Date, vice president, and Lloyd Lynch, secretary-treasurer. This mighty twelve is fired with enthusiasm and plan to accomplish great things before they bid farewell to Cordova High.

Honor Roll

We are following the honor roll system again in high school this year. To be on the honor roll a pupil must have an average of A minus with no grade below B plus in his report card.

Those on the honor roll the first six weeks' period were: Geraldine O'Neill (sophomore) and Karl Rosswog (junior). Those on the honor roll the second six weeks were: Grace Dooley (freshman), Marian Foster (sophomore), and Karl Rosswog (junior).

Student Body

At the early part of the year a Student Body was called to order by acting chairman, Marian Foster.

After some spirited discussion the following officers were elected: John Lydick (senior), president; Karl Rosswog (junior), vice president; Eleanor Hoover (sophomore), secretary; Charline Foley (junior), treasurer.

A member was elected from each class to act on the student council, the following representatives being elected: Anton Johansen (senior), William Clemence (junior), Edward O'Neill (sophomore), and Edward Haltness (freshman). The student council acts as a representation of the student body in dealing out justice to such students who ignore the rules of this body.

Miss Daut: "Order! Order!"
Mike O'Neill: "Glass of milk and a piece of bread, please." (Of course he's a freshman.)

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Where Teachers Spent The Summer

Mr. Breuer, who spent last year as superintendent of schools in Nome, Alaska, remained there after the close of school until the latter part of June, employed on the water system. During the trip south, he made visits at Akutan and False Pass, arriving in Seattle in July. He spent the summer around Bellingham and Puget Sound region "just vacationing."

Miss Faucher spent the summer at her home in Tacoma, Washington. She also enjoyed a motor trip to California.

Miss Hill was in Portland the greater part of the summer. A few weeks before returning to Cordova she was the guest of friends in and about Aberdeen, Washington.

Miss Buchanan spent the summer at her home in Spokane, Washington.

Miss Daniels enjoyed her vacation at her home in Hoquiam, Washington.

Miss Johnstone, after arriving in Seattle, proceeded to California. From there she motored east to Michigan and back to California again before returning North.

Miss Brown was in Nampa and Boise, Idaho the greater part of the summer. Several weeks before sailing North she visited in Olympia and Tacoma, Washington.

Miss Daut spent the summer at her home in Seattle. She attended the summer session at the University of Washington.

Mr. Ness was employed in Seattle the past summer.

Miss Aalbu spent the summer at her home in Everett, Washington and was the guest of friends in and about Seattle.

Stop Me If You've Heard This One

One beautiful sunny day, you remember the one we had the third of November—well, that was it—I was meandering along the main drag headed for the old schoolhouse on the hill. I reached Times Square and I began to have a faint inkling that I was hearing something, how odd, how very odd! Well, I stuck to my course and started up the hill for my destination, when all of a sudden-like, I knew I heard something.

It, whatever it was, was increasing in volume and my ears don't lie (no, my lips do that). From the central window of the uppermost story of the school came noises—shrieks, terrified shrieks! I knew that to be the high school assembly so I hurried on, not even stopping to wave to Tommy Jack Nestor, who is always looking out of his front window.

I scrambled up the stairs; I don't usually do this, 'cause Mr. Breuer might ask me to come back and go up more quietly, if he catches me. I came to the top floor and oh, was I too late? Those shrieks had changed to groans, agonizing groans. I threw open the door, and lo,—was this the cause of my speedy flight up the hill? Well, I must say I was disappointed for all the melodrama that I had believed to be taking

place. For in the front of the room were no others than Jack DeVille, like a brazen bull; Charline Foley, with a voice like a chirping lark; Clarence Ecklund with his thundering bass; and Edna Shephard with her screeching soprano (she was trying to reach high "C").

And this quartet was singing to beat a royal flush and I don't mean probably, while Miss Daniels with an instructor's wand (at first glance I thought it to be a two by four), beat upon the desk,

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme."

(Pardon me Edgar Allen) and "Dennie" O'Neill tackled the helpless piano like a second Paderoskee. And they were singing "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," and it surely was "sweet." You should have heard it yourself.

And right now I want to say that they're allowed to do this every Tuesday and Thursday at one bell per sackly.

Frosh Initiation

On Friday evening, October 5, the freshmen were most cordially invited by the upper classmen to be at the schoolhouse at 8 o'clock. They were there ordered into the assembly room where they were kept under guard until summoned one by one to the library from whence came such cries as "help," "ouch," "leggo," "where's my shirt?" to the ears of those anxious ones yet to pass into that mysterious region. Hours later (to the freshmen), the remains were gathered together, which consisted of flour and water, green paint, glue, all kinds of paste and the sorry-looking freshies.

By this time the sophomores, juniors, and seniors were getting hungry so they turned to the domestic science room, where they found a supply of refreshments, and being kind hearted, shared it with the freshmen. Our sympathies are with the first year high school students, and if any one doubts it, just wait until next year.

Alumnae

Phyllis Downing, who was valedictorian of the class of 1928, has gone to Seattle where she is continuing her studies in the University of Washington. She is becoming a journalist.

Sadie Pratt, salutatorian of last year's graduating class, is now attending the Agricultural College at Fairbanks, Alaska. She is studying business administration.

Mary Scott, class historian, is enrolled in the liberal arts course at the University of Washington.

Naomi Robinson is working here in Cordova as a clerk in Dinneen's grocery store. For awhile she was taking post-graduate work in typing and shorthand here at school.

Betty Foster has remained in Cordova where she is employed by J. C. Leen.

George Dooley is delivering for the Davis-Phillips Grocery Company of Cordova.

Clinton Pinkus has been taking a post-graduate course at Cordova High School in typewriting.

EMPRESS THEATRE

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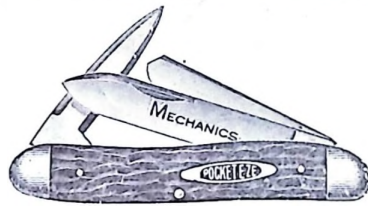
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Basketball News

Boys

The high school basketball practice started about a month ago. There are about a dozen turning out and from that number we should be able to get some good material for a high school team, under the supervision of Coach Ness. The Town team has also been turning out and we have had two practice games with them. We hope the Shops and Elks also have teams so that we will be able to have our regular Friday night game as we did last year. The letter men from last year are John Lydick, Paul Bloedhorn, Jack DeVille and Philip Lydick.

Teams have been picked from the upper classmen and the lower classmen and two games have been played between these teams on the last two Fridays. The junior-seniors defeated the freshmen-sophomores in both of them. In the first, the score was 20 to 12, and the second was 12 to 10. They were good scrimmages in which both teams demonstrated excellent passing ability, but they also showed that all the players need more practice at shooting baskets. The two teams plan to have more games together before the season is over. The line-ups for the teams were as follows:

First Game

Freshman-Sophomore Team

Jack Downing R. F.
Philip Lydick (6) L. F.
Jack DeVille (4) C.
Edward O'Neill R. G.
L'oyd Lynch (2) L. G.

Junior-Senior Team

Paul Bloedhorn (14) R. F.
Bud Rosswog (4) L. F.
Anton Johanson C.
John Lydick R. G.
William Clemence L. G.
Sub.: Philip O'Neill (2) for Johanson.

Second Game

Freshmen-Sophomore Team

Richard Date R. F.
Philip Lydick (4) L. F.
Jack DeVille (2) C.
Edward O'Neill (4) R. G.
Jack Downing L. G.

Junior-Senior Team

Paul Bloedhorn (2) R. F.
Anton Johanson L. F.
Bud Rosswog (8) C.
John Lydick (2) R. G.
William Clemence L. G.
Sub.: Bruce Thomas for Bloedhorn.

Girls

The girls' basketball team has been practicing during the last week and as the town women are planning on having a team we hope to have some good games. Eleanor Hoover was elected captain and the rest of the team are Marian Foster, Edna Shepard, Charline Foley, Gretchen De Leo and Grace Dooley. They defeated the Girl Scouts in a practice game with a score of 5 to 2.

No Foolin'

Mr. Breuer (discussion in basketball): "Oh, the women don't eat very much, so they can practice after dinner."

Mr. Ness: "Oh, don't they? Well, just take one of them out to the restaurant and watch them order."

P.-T. A. Notes

The Cordova Parent-Teachers' Association has a membership of 168 this year.

At the September meeting, the school was presented with 50 reference books for the school library. After the meeting the new members of the faculty were introduced and they, as well as those who returned to Cordova again this year, were welcomed. Punch and wafers were served.

The October meeting was held at the Elks' hall and an interesting program was given after a short business meeting. Announcement was made of the plans for "Back to School Night" to be held in connection with National Education Week. The association agreed to support the faculty in this effort to bring before the parents and all those interested, the work that is being done in the school. It also agreed to furnish refreshments at the close of the program.

At the same meeting the program included a short talk on the Sheldon-Jackson School at Sitka by the Rev. Mr. Condit. The first and second grades presented a Hallowe'en playlet and folk dances.

At the November meeting at the Elks' Hall, a short business meeting was held after which a program was given. Mrs. Anita Krewett sang several vocal solos; the fourth grade presented a health play in which seven pupils participated. A reading also was given by Janice Day. Dr. N. D. Hall gave an interesting talk on health in which he stressed proper diet and its importance in the maintenance of good health.

A Casualty

Talk about your "accidents," we sure have 'em down our way and I don't mean maybe. Well, I'll start from the beginning and confess all, absolutely all.

'Tother nite when the bunch turned out for basketball, a half dozen little brats, pardon me, I mean frosh, dropped in to glance over the squad and to annoy us in such ways as only freshmen can. We had a snazzie practice even tho there were many instances when Coach Ness had to threaten, kill, murder (anything to stop 'em), those first year students.

But frosh must be frosh and there's no stoppin' them, so in order to make their day complete one of their number, Clarence Eklund, leisurely picks up the ball, round and solid (far too solid), and in a most awful fashion slings that sphere at luckless J. V. Lydick, Jr., and puts him out for the count of 13 by Bill Clemence's counting, which is always accurate. When the sleeping one awoke he went home in a trance, not knowing where Clancy acquired that knockout blow which delays seniors. And right at the present moment I want to say that from now on the lanky Clarence will represent the Cordova High School in any more bouts that take place at the Elks' Hall. Thank you, and how!

Mr. Breuer: "And what will you be when you grow up, my son?"
Leo: "A man!"

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Going and Coming

Since high school has begun we have lost several of our scholars. Jane Scott, who would have been a freshman this year, sailed to Seattle where she entered Roosevelt High as a first year student. Georgina Harris enrolled in Cordova High for a few weeks but due to her parents leaving, she went to Seattle where she intends to make her home. Marjorie and Carol Leer, two of our upper class girls, entered Roosevelt High in Portland. Richard Halferty, a sophomore, went to Portland where he enrolled.

The loss of these students was somewhat made up by the enrollment of four new pupils here. John Johnson of Tacoma, became a member of this school and is in the first year class. Mike White of Katalla, entered Cordova High as a sophomore. Philip O'Neill did not return to Gonzaga College where he spent the last term but remained in Cordova and enrolled as a senior in the high school here. Bruce Thomas of Ketchikan, entered high school here as a junior.

Philosophy of a Prune

Even though I have the low name of "prune" and am considered only a cheap thing that people desire sometimes to eat, I have an uncontrollable desire to get stewed all of the time. Due to this irresistible want, I have been bothered with terrible wrinkles which in time make my mind wander on strange subjects that are almost quite impossible for a prune to write down in black and white.

Nevertheless, due to those most horrible wrinkles, my beauty is spoiled entirely. I am abused, and I am looked down upon in such a disgraceful manner that I, a small prune, am led to believe that the only solution is to get my "body" lifted. How strange it would seem. How beautiful I would be; smooth, soft skin. Then all of the ladies would say: "Oh, if I only had such beautiful skin, the skin I love to touch!"

I know if such a thing should happen. I, a helpless prune—this I must keep in mind—would be so proud and overwhelmed that I would swell up and burst.

ORIGINAL ODDITIES

Frosh

Say friends, you gotta see our frosh. No foolin', they sure are green. They're dumb—oh! so dumb! And to them we're gonna be mean.

They throw round juicy spitballs, The pretty damsels they try to spark; But 'tis Ness, the basketball coach, 'Tis he who makes them toe the mark.

Well, I guess we'll have to stand it, There's no way to stop this bosh; 'Cause you know, and I know That—frosh, will be frosh.

Jack Erussard (writing ads for "Northern Light"): "K. G. Robinson, Notrary Republic."

Exchange

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.—This paper is of a very good size but the order of it is rather poor. In place of having a neat humor column the jokes are scattered over the whole paper with no conception of regular arrangement.

The Wa-Hi Journal, Walla Walla, Wash.—We wish to compliment you on the news in your paper. It is arranged well and is of subject matter interesting not only to those of your school but any outsiders who might wish to read it.

Seward's Folly, Seward, Alaska.—We believe your grade notes to be the most interesting we have ever seen; they are arranged orderly and entertainingly. One thing we believe would improve your paper is an increase in jokes, which might add to its "pep."

The Shrapnel, Alton, Ill.—Your paper is one of the best on our exchange list. The editorials in it are of a No. 1 quality and the sport column is exceptional. We noted by your paper that much interest was taken in the election and were attracted by your straw vote.

The Volunteer, Concord, N. H.—We wish to praise you on your excellent joke column and the attractive way in which you have arranged your advertisements.

Tyee Wah Wa, Sumner, Washington.—The news in your paper is well written and artistically arranged. We noticed by your paper that the football game between Kent and Sumner decides who is the champion. We wish you luck.

The Grantonian, U. S. Grant High School, Portland, Oregon.—Your front page editorial in the October 24 issue adds effectiveness to your paper. Your "sports" on the back page are well arranged and the pictures here are good.

Everett High School Kodak, Everett, Washington.—We noted by your paper that Everett High was victorious in both football and debate. Your humor column, "The Merry Mixer," is very clever and contains some good "wise cracks."

Preparations for Xmas Program

The grade rooms are busy making preparations for the Christmas program which will be presented at the Empress Theater at 7 o'clock, Friday evening, December 21. Each room will contribute a part, consisting of about 15 or 20 minutes in which dialogues, songs, and short Christmas plays will be presented. Each room is planning a Christmas tree and party at school also.

Grade Notes

The following new pupils in the grades arrived recently: Johnny Bang in the fifth and sixth grade room; Selma Bang in the fourth grade, and Mabel Bang in the seventh and eighth grade room. We welcome them to our school and hope that they like Cordova.

We are all very sorry at the loss of Ben Jones, an eighth grade pupil. He is going to Anchorage.



HE'S PRETTY CUTE NOW!

What will he be like in 15 years or so, when he grows up? Every mother and every father wants fine children to be fine, successful men and women.

That's why we recommend a savings account here to grow as they grow. For education, opportunity are best assured in this good, old fashioned way. Come in and bring the boy or girl with you. We want to meet them.

First Bank of Cordova

The Concrete Bank

Resources over \$1,000,000

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Toys, Games, Books, Dolls, Schaeffer's and Parker's Fountain Pens, Desk Sets, Pen and Pencil Sets, Stationery, Stationery Sets, Sealing Wax Sets, Leather Writing Cases.

Cordova Drug Co.

Agents For the Royal Portable Typewriter

Good Watches — Good Habits

An accurate time piece is the one gift that is beautiful and indispensable. A fine watch encourages habits of promptness.



PAUL BLOEDHORN
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD

It seemed indeed so queer to me That we should wake one morn and find The schoolhouse roof upon the street. Of course that wind was indiscreet

But the students didn't mind.

Now you ask, why didn't they care? Why weren't they terribly made? Why didn't they rave and tear their hair? Why—to have two holidays, of course they were glad.

Yokes and Yingles by Yolly Yesters



Miss Daut: "Jack, what do you think about this?"

J. DeVille: "Absolutely."

Gretchen: "I don't see what happens to Mr. Lorry." (Character in the "Tale of Two Cities.")

Leo: "Here I am; what do you want?"

Miss Daut: "Jack, will you please sit down?"

Jack: "Oh, Miss Daut, I dropped this chair on my corn and now it's corn meal."

Kenny: "May I marry your daughter?"

Mr. Foster: "Did you see Mrs. Foster?"

Kenny: "No; but never-the-less I prefer your daughter."

Mr. Breuer: "The ex-czar of Russia was Nicholas."

Karl: "That's nothing, I'm penniless."

The freshmen had a great time during the noon hour, and from the way they licked their saucers, we think they like green things.

Charline to Phillip: "Oh, what beautiful flowers you brought me. I see there is still a little dew on them."

"It's the little things in life that tell," said Marian as she dragged her little brother out from under the sofa.

Maybe So

Phillip: "Love is like apple pie; a little crust and lots of applesauce."

Mr. Ness: "The climate's pretty damp in Cordova, isn't it?"

Mr. Breuer: "I should say so. It's so damp, they can't raise anything but umbrellas."

Miss Daut (trying to explain the meaning of the word "thief," to the freshmen): "If I were to put my hand in your pocket and take out a dime, what would I be?"

Lloyd: "A magician."

Deenie "I had a lovely nut sundae."

Grace: "Oh; Edward's calling to-night."

Mike (giving English book report, describing character): "And he was a healthy hill bread man."

A careful observer remarks that when cupid hits the mark he generally Mrs. it.

First Person: Where do you bathe?

Second Person: In the spring.

First Person: I didn't ask when, I asked where.

Mr. Ness (pointing ruler at Paul): "There's a big fool at the end of this stick."

Paul: "Yes, I know; but which end?"

Leave It To The Sophs

Senior Question: "Why is a baseball catcher like a dog?"

Soph Answer: "Because he always wears a muzzle, snaps at flies and chases fowls."

Mr. Breuer: "When I was your age, Bud, I could name all the presidents off by heart."

Bud: "Yeah—but there were only about ten to remember then."

Robert Pratt: "I have a dumb tooth in the back of my mouth, mother."

Mrs. Pratt: "That's not dumb. That's your wisdom tooth."

Buttonhook?

Mike (reading laboriously): "Where are you going?"

Miss Daut: "Now, Mike; read that again and look at the mark at the end of the sentence."

Mike (his face lighting up): "Where are you going, little buttonhook?"

Bruce: "Have you heard the new Swiss anthem?"

Richard: "Go ahead, yodel it."

Bruce: "Ain't Cheese Sweet?"

Wilbert: "Say, can a side walk?"

Woodrow: "No, but a tomato can."

Mr. Ness (explaining a difficult problem in geometry): "Now watch the board while I run through it again."

A friend of mine has a hunting dog—he calls it a Scotch terrier because it never gives up a scent.

Doctor: "Put out your tongue—more than that—all of it."

Frosh: "But doctor, I can't—it's fastened at the other end."

Miss Aalbu: "Why are you singing Awake My Soul?"

Edna: "Because my foot's asleep."

Soap Sayings

"May I read your Palmolive?"

"Not on your Lifebuoy."

"Then I am out of Lux."

Mike: "I always say that nothing is ever lost in politeness."

Pat: "What about a man's seat in a prizefight?"

Paul: "Gee, I'm sleepy."

Leo: "You ought to sleep well, you lie so easily."

Clinton: "I've had this car for a year and never had a wreck."

Anton: "You mean you've had this wreck for a year and never had a car."

Gretchen (reading in Latin class): "And he fortified his rear which was behind him."

George: "How about a date, Baby?"

Charline—"1492 is the only one I can remember."

Jones' Laundry

"WE TREAT 'EM WHITE"

Northern Meat Market

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FRESH AND CURED MEATS
AND FISH

TERMS CASH

Alaska Transfer Co.

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Transfer

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Spruce and Hemlock Lumber of All Kinds

We are prepared to give estimates and furnish material to suit your requirements.

JUST TYPISTS

Well boys, I want to tell you something funny—

This is good, be sure and get it all; 'Tis our typing class; gee, what a joke; Picture them when they hear the teacher's call.

Beginning, the longest, skinniest student of all,

Is who; why, it is Mike White, Looking like a woobly old crane, Man, ain't he a sight!

There are others, too, short and fat ones,

Like Marian Foster, oh, so cute, From the chair her short legs dangle; As a typist she doesn't suit.

But don't laugh, oh, no; not yet; When over the typewriter you are bent—

Take your picture with a camera, And then laugh to your heart's content.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS

At

THE CLUB BILLIARD HALL

W. A. TAYLOR

NAKA'S--

The Home of Good Eats

Jack: "Why do you always hold my hands when I start to tell you how much I think of you?"

Deenie: "To make sure you haven't got your fingers crossed."

English VII Class Notes

The junior-senior English class has produced some far-famed (in Cordova High) poets yet unheard of, or at least their abilities have not been placed before the public at the present date. By my genius as a news reporter I was able, after considerable arguing, et cetera, to pry the following poems from the clutching hands of the young literary marvels.

The first presented to your hungry eyes is a masterpiece of might by our senior, John Lydick,

Kennecott

Miner of the world!
City of fortune.
Camp of untamed men.
Miner, crusher, breaker of ore,
Destroyer of mountains, constructor of valleys,
Hog of the copper market;
Buyer of Utah, Bradoni and Bonanza.
Drilling, digging, dynamiting to the earth's core;
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling shaft on tunnel.
Out of this your coarse, vile laugh breaks against your rocky crags.
(After the manner of Carl Sandberg's "Chicago")

:- :- :-

The second is one of beauty, a thing sublime. The composer, is known to all by her passion for poetry, and if this statement doesn't bring her name to your mind, just remember the young lady with the "permanent wave." (She made me promise not to print her name, Anne Howe!):

Pattering Rain

The rain—pattering down upon hill and sea,
Reminds me, as I sit watching it,
Of the tears of the angels,
Falling upon the head of the sinner;
And the wind, faintly heard, is a sigh
Now and again, that seems to rack the soul
Of the heavens, and drives the tears deeper
Into the heart of the earth.

:- :- :-

And the next (will it bring tears to your eyes?), is by the genius, P. J. O'Neill. It contains passion, feeling, from the beginning to the last line. Can you not see the salty tears roll down my cheeks as I write this? Well, here goes:

Alaskan Nights and Memories
On one of those cold starry nights,
That only Alaskan can boast,
The United Bakery, ablaze with lights
From there came music soft and hushed.

I looked in at the door,
Old timers there, drifting to childhood once more,

As the musicians, extraordinare played,
As only lonely old men could play.

Art Pinkus showman,
And musician by temperament,
Max, an unknown man,
Memories, tears to his eyes, had brought.

They played ambling over the songs of yore,
Pity, pathos, joy, lonesomeness,
All in the songs they learned long before,
Songs that made my eyes brim with tears.

As they played they forgot,
Forgot this life, with its sorrows and cares,
And played songs that left you longing,
Longing for something you know not what.

Quietly they stopped—silence in all the place,
Someone sighed, a quiet sob from one old man,
Who was thinking of a mother alone some place,
No one spoke—hats were in hand.

Suddenly Art broke into a joyous song,
And played as a man who's ashamed of himself,
Played as one who has been dreaming too long.
(May this live in your heart forevermore.)

:- :- :-

The last one in this over-filled column is by our own Tony; yes, Anton Johansen. Within this verse is the very soul of the author. It is marvelous to the nth degree:

To Remember

When the songbirds are winging
And the whole world is singing,
Then I'll remember.

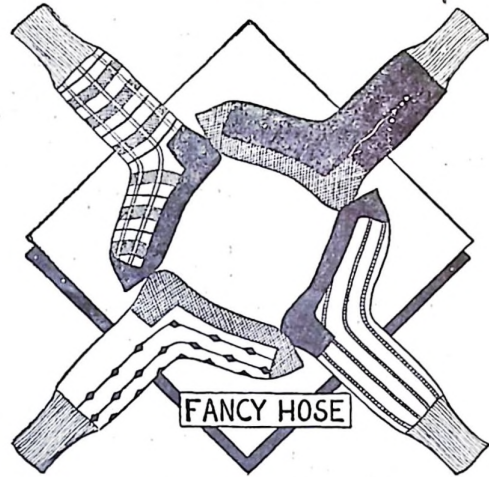
For as the shadows are falling
And the whipporwill's calling,
I can remember.

And at night, past the shades drawn
I know you have gone,
To remember.
(Is it not heart-rending?)

:- :- :-

Answer me truthfully, are these passionate poems not marvelous, sublime, astonishing beyond belief, masterpieces of literature, majestic, emotional, grand, things of grandeur, elevation, nobility, excellence, magnificence, and loftiness? Of course, they are, and now, friends, let's give these gifted artists the glad hand and a little encouragement. Yea, Yea, Hipparay! English Class VII!

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