

KUEUIT

"THE NORTHERN LIGHTS"



DECEMBER

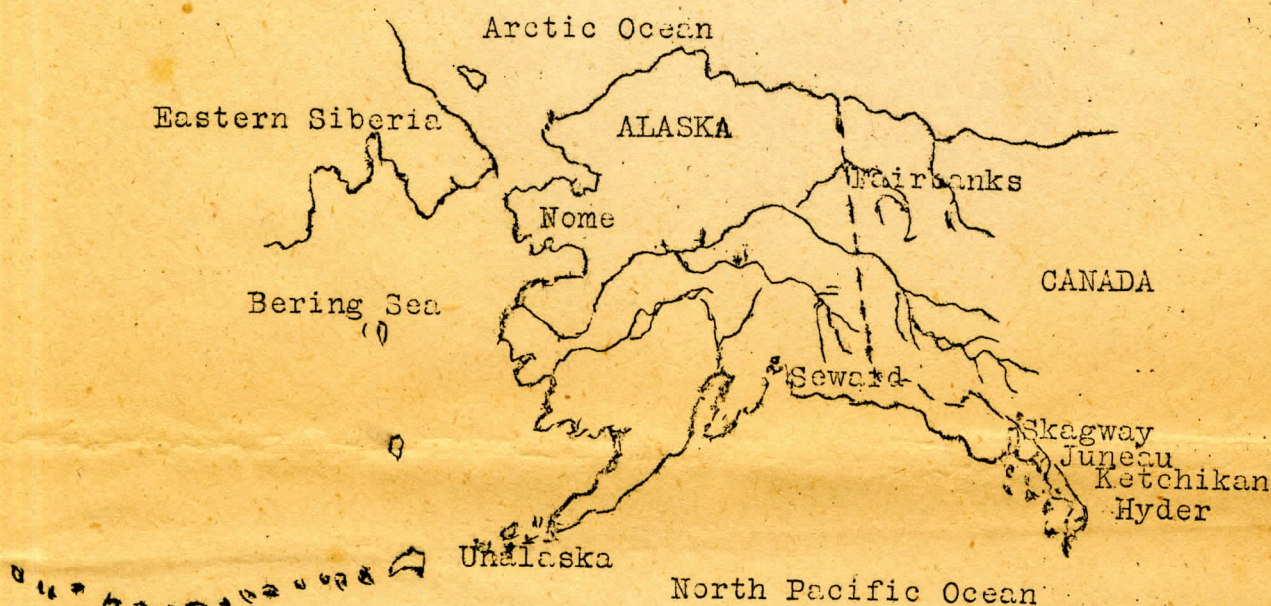
1929

Jesse Lee Home is a mission maintained by the Woman's Home
Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its bureau
secretary is Mrs. J.T. McQueen, Chehalis, Washington.

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Sketch Map of Alaska
Showing
Our Location



Subscription Price for Kueuit
\$1.00 a year

News Items.

Our General Science and second year English class teacher left Seward on November the thirty-first for Seattle to have her eyes fitted with proper eye glasses. Mr. King is taking her place as a Science teacher and Mrs. Hatten has her second year English class.

On the evening of the fourth of December. The sky to the north of Seward, Alaska was made beautiful by the Ku-cu-it or Northern Lights.

Prize Mump Patient.

Miss Stewart-"Now you're breakfast is ready sit up in your bed and put on your sweaters so you won't get chilled".

Steven Kristensen-(A little later) " Help, Help, my sweaters caught on my mumps and it won't go on or come off."

TIURUX

The Tacoma District of the Woman's Home Missionary Society sent to Jesse Lee Home ten cases of canned fruit. About 600 quarts. When it was unpacked every table and sink in the kitchen was covered with the pretty jars. Only two jars had been broken in shipping. The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the First church of Seattle. Also sent a very fine donation of fruit and supplies. We have never before had so many good things to eat.

To add to the many good things had on Thanksgiving Day there was candy after lunch- plenty for everyone.

The gift was especially enjoyable because it came from a good friend, Mrs. I.D. Jones of Cincinnati, who is a National Vice President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Mr. Hatten told us of how Mrs. Jones gave him the money to buy the candy and the girls asked Frances Walker to write a letter of thanks to Mrs. Jones for them. David Elinglock was to represent the boys.

Louis Sanguinetti has had an unusually severe case of mumps and was the first real patient in the new hospital as he was moved in with the furniture.

The new furnishings for the hospital rooms have been arriving on the last three boats and is now being placed in the new hospital quarters. Miss Stewart has already moved up into her new room. And is working hard to get everything in shape before the holidays.

English classes Write Plays.

For their December work the English classes made plays suitable to be given on Christmas Sunday. The plan was to give the play chosen by the classes.

The plays were all read and then a vote was taken. On the first ballot Harriet Lange, Charles Lange and Benny Benson all received the same number of votes proving that they all were very good. The next ballot Charles Lange's received the most votes, Harriet's next with Benny's third.

All the plays will be mimeographed and put into a little booklet. Charles will take the part of "Squeezit," the Miser in his play while the classes are now working on. Annie Colley has been chosen to take the part of "Mother Love".

Harriet's play appears in this issue of the Ku-cu-it and Benny's will be published in January.

Air Planes at Barrow,-- 1928
(Continued from November Kueuit)
Written by Dr. Newhall

A trader, named John Hegness, lives to the Eastward and, hearing about the lost men, he decided to look for them on his own hook. Eleven dogs were hitched up and with food and a sleeping bag on the sled he set forth over the dreary waste of arctic tundra. He came to the footprints of the two men, and one seemed to be walking with a stick. They were not Eskimo for they did not wear mutluks. By and by, he came to a deserted camp and found that a fire had been made and some evaporated potatoes cooked. He was on the right track. Along the trail he found an owl's nest with some eggs in it.

The shells of two were broken, and one was partly eaten. The trader said, "I guess one of them fellers does not like owl eggs for a diet, but I will take them along for they might be needed. Soon after this, he lost their trail and did not find it again. Later on he came to a place where he had cached some "stinking whale" for dog meat. Some one had taken some whale meat and had used some seal oil. He said, "Wal, I have lost track of them fellers but maybe I'm on the trail of the other one." On he went through the deep and slushy snow and it was indeed hard going, but he was feeding the dogs well to keep up their strength. A compass hung from his neck and from his belt was suspended a pair of field glasses with which he scanned the regions round about every little while. Now these regions bounded with polar bears, but what feared he, as he would not mind getting a few pelts and he was a good shot. Sitting at lunch at the hospital he told his story to the Doctor.

"I was looking through them glasses and saw, some two miles away, a heap on the snow that looked like a polar bear digging there. Polar bears look dark in the distance. I turned my dogs in the direction of that bear and traveled toward it. The bear seemed to stand up and look around, and then, lying down, it did not move again. He is asleep and will be an easy catch for me. When I got up to that heap it turned out to be a man, and although I hollered with all my might, he did not wake up. Then, I shook him vigorously several times and he turned his head to one side and buried his face in the snow. He could not see for he was snow blind, and the poor feller could not stand one ray of light."

"Who are you and what do you want?" said the man lying in the snow.

"I was coming this way and just run onto you, that's all", said the trader.

"Where are you going anyway?"

"I'm going to Barrow, if my dogs will get me there, but the trail is all shot to pieces."

"Is there any chance for me to bum a ride with you?"

"Wall, I've got some load and the going is pretty rough."

The airman said never a word but stood with his head hanging down.

The trader burst out laughing and said, "Cheer up, my friend, you're just the feller I've been looking for. You can't see, but just crawl onto that sled and into the sleeping bag and get warm while I light the primus stove and warm up some food. You look like as if you were about all in."

The man crawled into the bag and for a long time just chuckled and laughed for he was so glad that help had come. After eating some warm food he said, "The other day I found some nice meat in a deserted camp."

"Yes, I know about that, I found some feller had been eating my "stinking Whale" meat and had helped himself to seal oil; and so it was you was it?"

"Well, I suppose you will have a bill against me for that?"

"Now, we ain't ever agoin' to mention dog meat again to each other."

"I'll owe you considerable for helping me to get to Barrow."

"Not a cent! I might be glad to have some one help me some day."

On they mused day after day, and on the trail met two of the Eskimo teams, and together they went on to Barrow, where there was indeed rejoicing, for many a prayer had gone up that the men might be found.

Russell Merrill was brought to the hospital in seemingly better physical condition than the other men, for he had found more food, such as it was, and he preferred to eat it rather than starve on the tundra.

(Continued next page)

However, the snowblindness was severe, and it was necessary to keep the patient in a dark room. The eyes were painful at first, but they yielded readily to the treatment. The feet were swollen, lame, and frost-bitten; and he could not sleep. This in part from exhaustion, and because he was thinking of his wife and children at home. Fever developed, and this delayed recovery from the ordeal through which he had passed. Mr. Merrill was so patient, so uncomplaining, and so grateful for all that was done for him, that it was a pleasure to care for him.

One of the men with the Moving Picture Expedition was a professional athlete and acrobat. Over at the trading station he surprised a group of Eskimo by diving under a large table, and then by pre-arrangement the cook came into the room and gave the man a blow on the chest, whereupon he turned a somersault backwards and landed on his feet. The Eskimo like such things and the news spread about the village and in a short time there was a crowd of young men and boys down on the beach watching the many stunts which the man did, and then they would try to do them. They would pile up coal-oil boxes and then make a dive over them, but land in a heap on the sand. But they watched their instructor with eager eyes; and, for a long time to come, they will be doing somersaults, turning cartwheels, and standing on their heads. To them, the movie man was --- "Adegah."

It was on the Fourth of July that the last plane came to Barrow, and that was about all the celebration we had, except that it brought the letter mail, and there were some 300 letters for the Doctor. They had come to take the sick man home and he was glad. He was very weak, but the hospital nurse went with him to care for his needs. We were indeed sorry to have that nurse, Miss Morgan, leave us; but, as in one month more she would be leaving anyway on the first ship going south, it was a fine chance to travel that great distance in so short a time.

The plane had brought an extra pilot who would take home the plane that Mr. Merrill was too weak to manage. Quite a crowd of Eskimo gathered here and there. Down on the sandspit the planes were made ready. They were loaded, and the passengers taken aboard. The engines roared; the propellers spun swiftly around; a run along the beach was made with the speed of an express train; a hop off, and up, up, they went, and on and on the the wouthward where they became but two tiny specks in the sky; and then they disappeared from sight. All's well that ends well, and that trip was made in safety.

The airplanes have let up, mayhap, for the year 1928, but the moving picture people hope to return next Spring, and it may be that each year the planes will come to Barrow.

A.W. Newhall, M.D.
(deceased)

The History Class take an Examination on Mohammedanism.

One girl wrote this on the life of Mohammed:

Mohammed was born by a wealthy family in 569 or 570 or 571. He died in 632. He saw visions of angels and even said he went to Heaven but when he was just two years old he had fits which might have had something to do with the visions. He had his own wife and a few friends.

Other bright sayings of the History class.

You may see their Hegira today.

Mosque people used the Koran.

The Mosqued man became a leader.

There was a lot of Arabesqued at Mecca.

Moslems are smart people.

Allah was a moslem caliph.

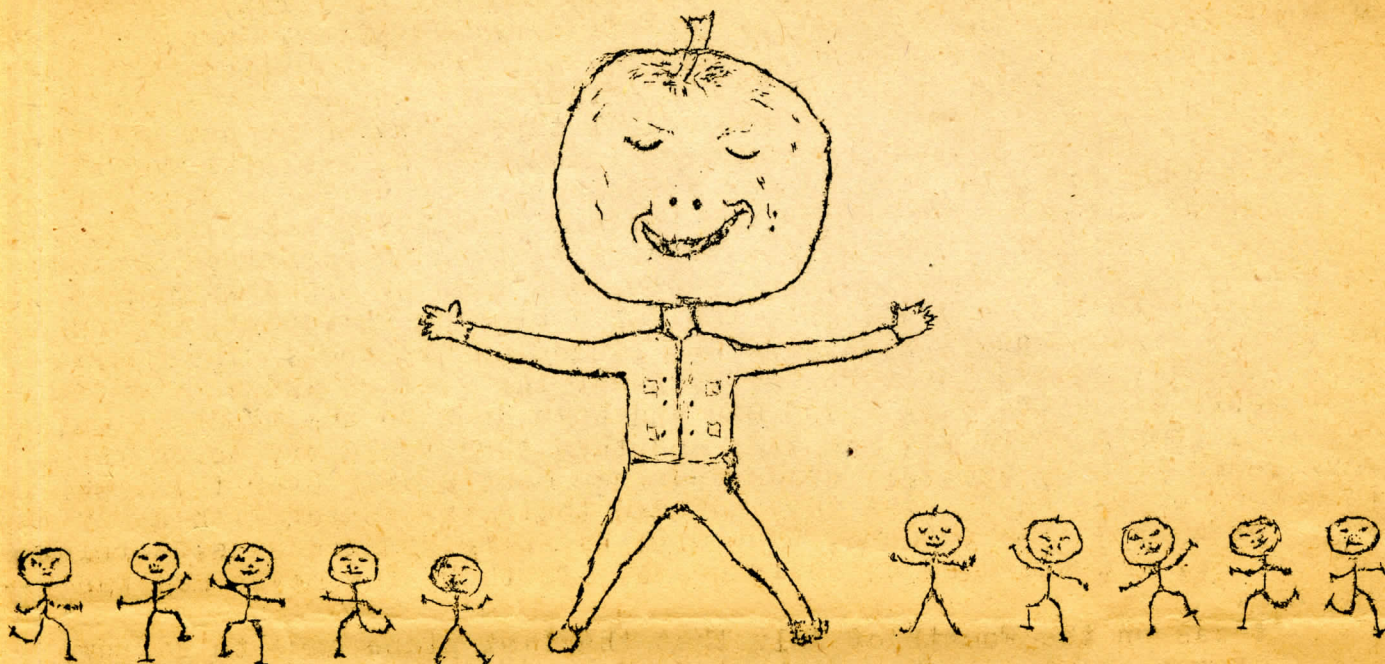
As soon as I finish this examination I'll go on a hegira for dinner.

Another day in History class.

Mrs. Hatten-"What were the words written on the wall at Belshazzus feast?"

Alec Conn-"Eena, mina, mina, mo."

Apples! Apples! Apples!



Jesse Lee, Here we Are.

Sing a song of apples,
Right from Yakima,
Cook 'em, bake 'em, stew 'em,
They're best when eaten raw.
When we've lots of apples,
It isn't hard to sing,
No finer food was ever
Set before a king.

The boys and girls at Jesse Lee,
Are always anxious for to see,
What will be for supper,
What will be for supper?
Brown bread and butter,
Always something good to chew,
And big red apples from Yakima too,
That's what we have for supper.

Nicky Doodle Heidel,
Didn't feel a but well,
His legs were getting skinny,
His cheeks were growing pale,
He didn't want to go to school,
And life was growing stale,
But God-liver oil and apples too,
Salmon Balæk and good beef stew,
Have rounded him out and made him well,
You ought to see our Nicky Heidel.

One, two,
What's new?
Three, four,
Apples, some more,
Five, six,
Jumble and mix,
Seven, eight,
They're all first rate,
Nine, ten,
Do it again.

Mery made a little pie,
It's crust was brown and fluffy,
The apples in the centre,
Made it nice and stuffy.

Apples cooked hot,
Apples served cold,
Apples any old way,
All you can hold.

Benny ate the little pie,
With its crust so brown and fluffy,
And all the apples in between,
Then he was nice and stuffy.

Hark, Hark, Bob and Zeke do bark,
The truck is coming from town,
With apples some more,
And parcels galore,
See the children all gather round

Ev and Frances both grew stout,
And what do you think it was all about,
They both eat apples night and day,,,
Now they want to give their pounds away.

A Fine Gift.

"The Philathea Sunday school class, first church, Yakima, Washington, made up of business and professional women and taught by Mrs. John G. Law, in cooperation with the local Women's Home Missionary Society, recently sent 600 boxes of apples, two barrels of canned fruit and seven sacks of onions to the Jesse Lee home at Seward, Alaska." --- Pacific Christian Advocate.

WITH THE GRADE SCHOOL.

Mr. Frances Groth,
Principal and teacher of the
Seventh and Eighth grades.

Mrs. Nellie Lien,
Teacher of Third and Fourth
grades.

Miss Dorothy Hill,
Teacher of Fifth and Sixth Grades.

Mrs. Leota Walters,
Teacher of First and Second
Grades.

Honor Roll.

Room I.

Helen Oskolkoff	86
Paul Bayou	85
Mary Peterson	86
Alec Wik	85

Room II.

Julia Carlson	91
Clara Carlson	90
Lourna Little	94
Minnie Eakan	93

Room III.

Ruth Williams	87
George Hughes	84
Mary Hughes	91
Ephriam Kalama k off	85

Room IV.

Laura Sanquinetti	89*
Helen Kristensen	89-
Rose Anderson	88
Sarah Tutia k off	86

Thanksgiving Program.

Reading-----	Thanksgiving-----	Mollie Lyons.
Two Songs-----		5th and 6th Grades.
Reading-----		Fred Lange.
Ten Turkeys-----		First Grade.
Reading-----	Thanksgiving Day-----	Nicholas Domiano.
Play-----	1620-----	2nd Grade.
Reading-----	November-----	Frank Sanquinetti.
Reading-----	Giving Thanks-----	Ethel Nymn.
Composition-----	Pilgrim Exiles-----	Lourna Little.
Reading-----	Thanksgiving Advice-----	Valentine Tutia k off.
Play-----		Seventh Grade.
Song-----	Come Thou Almighty King---	All/

This program was given by the grade school pupils on Wednesday, November 27.

Mumps!

The mumps are with us yet. Every little boy in C. Dormitory has had them now except Nicolai Tutia~~k~~off. The B. boys have nearly all succumbed also a number of A. boys. It is slowly going the rounds at Goode Hall. And the Nurses are kept busy, making soups, jello, custards and ice cream. Willie Kanyak hopes for the time when he may chew again.

THE CHRISTMAS FAITH.

Written by--
Harriet Lange.

Adapted from-"Abigail Wants
a Ring".by Dorothy Carman.

Characters;

Rev. Armstrong-----	Who has faith.
Mrs. Armstrong-----	His wife.
Stella-----	} His daughters.
Virginia-----	
Howard-----	} His sons.
George-----	
Harold-----	
Mr. Emerson-----	The District Supt.
Mrs. Robinson-----	} Ladies who pack the barrel.
Mrs. Smith-----	
Miss Pierce-----	
Mrs. Snyder-----	

Scene I, III, IV and V in the Minister's home.
Properties-- Simple furniture with desk, chairs and a table.
Have a homey atmosphere. Ordinary house clothes can be worn.

Scene II. Have this in the church, can be in front of the stage. Barrel in the center of platform. Women with old clothes and etc.

Scene I.

Children, father and mother are sitting round a table. Father has a pencil and paper making out a list.

Mother-"Father, it is time for us to send the list of our necessities to the missionary society."

Father-"Yes, we must get it off today. I do hope they send me an overcoat. I surely need one. Last year they sent two dozen neckties and the year before, two derby hats and some boiled, starched shirts. I have no use for such things, a man doesn't go around wearing those things nowadays. We can't hope for too much but I do hope we get some of the things we need."

Mother-"All right father, hand the list with your overcoat. Then I think the boys might have each a new suit. I have made suits for them when they were smaller but they are getting too large and Virginia needs a new dress. Then theres caps and mittens that would be nice. I haven't any more yarn to knit them mittens".

Father-"and what for you mother.?"

Mother-"I do not like to ask for anything I will make my bluse dress over really it will do very nicely."

Virginia-"I want my mother to have a new hat. All purple and goldy prettier than Msry Jones's mother has. I don't see why if you'd ask mother couldn't have some pretty clothes."

Howard-"Amen, me too and dad and allof us."

Mother-"Now children let's not set our hearts on getting too nice things. We have had many nice things sent to us and we should be thankful. What would you each like to have for yourselves."

Howard-"A good Boy Scout book."

George-"Do you think I might have some new mittens?"

Virginia-"I want a pair of shoes. Shiny p tent leather ones."

Harold-"I want a cap."

Father-"Little daughter what would you like? A ribbon for your hair or a new apron."

Stella-"I don't wear ribbons on my hair and I don't like aprons. They remind me of drying dishes. I know what I want. I've thought about it and prayed about it and I know I'll get it."

All-"What is it?"

Stella-"A gold ring. That's what I want. A real gold ring."

C u r t a i n.

Scene II.

(Four women sitting around a barrel with something in their hands)
Miss Pierce-(With an old fashioned worn out coat in her hand)"Well I don't see much good in them asking for so many things anyway... preacher and his family ought to get along well enough on what we send. I am going to sacrifice this faithful coat of mine, I've only worn it for fifteen years and it looks new as ever. I hope the minister's wife knows how to sew and then she could make it over for one of her children that needed a coat so badly."

Mrs. Snyder-(With a pile of nice things in her arm)"Here are some very useful things that I brought. I do hope they have a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Robinson-(With toys and popcorn popper)"And so do I. I brought some toys for the children and an excellent popcorn popper. I can remember when I was a child, how I just loved popcorn and especially on winter days."

Mrs. Smith-(With bundle of old clothes)"I've been cleaning out my attic and here's what I found. Some very good material here I know. Why my grandmother wore that frock. Isn't it a scream?"

Mrs. Robinson-"How interesting to know what your grandmother wore. Wouldn't you like to keep it as a family heirloom?"

Mrs. Smith-"Oh, no indeed we are moving to New York soon and who wants to lug a lot of old things along. They can just as well be sent to our missionary and his family. Perhaps his wife would like to wear it, I'm sure I wouldn't".(She laughs)

Mrs. Snyder-"They asked for some suits, if I can remember rightly. If you ladies will pardon me I'll run over home and get one of Robert's suits he has two and can give one away. I know he'll be glad to."(Goes)

Mrs. Robinson-"Oh, I wish I was a millionaire. If I were I'd send them the loveliest things imaginable and they would have a merry Christmas."

Miss Pierce-"If surely is a big word to some people."

Mrs. Snyder-(come in)"Here is the suit. Now, is that all that is going in?"

Others-"Yes".

Mrs. Robinson-"Now it's already to send to Rev. Armstrong and his family. Perhaps next Christmas we'll be able to pack a better box. I'm never satisfied with what we send."

Mrs. Smith-"Dear me. I don't see why. Seems to me like they'd be glad to get it."

Mrs. Robinson-"Would you be glad to get it?"

Mrs. Smith-"Oh, me why no but I'm not a preacher and he is. He is supposed to be consecrated to his work."

Mrs. Snyder-"Consecration. Does not the Lord require of us all?"

Miss Pierce-"Oh, let's not argue. Wonder what it will cost to send it? I wish it didn't cost so much seems like it always costs more to send it than its worth."

Mrs. Smith-"Hurry up and come over we'll have time for a game of Bridge".

C u r t a i n.

Scene III.

Mrs. Armstrong-"Now children let's tidy up the house a little. Your father will soon be here surely. It's a long cold drive and we want everything cosy and we'll open the missionary barrel."

Children-"Yes, yes, we know. Let's hurry."

Virginia-"I'll dust."

Stella-"I'll help Virginia dust."

Howard-"Mother, may we put a candle in the window so father will be sure to see it and hurry."

Mother-"Yes, that is a very good idea."

(Howard sets lighted candle on the window sill. Children are dusting and fixing books and etc.)

Mother-"Let us gather around and I will tell you something. You children must not be disappointed or unhappy because you are not going to have a lot of toys in the barrel. It is our clothes that are coming. So please be happy."

(Continued)

George-"Here comes father now."

(Door is opened and Mr. Armstrong enters with the barrel, places it on the floor)

Children-"Oh, goody, goody here's daddy. Now for the barrel."
(Father takes off coat and warms his hands)

Mother-"Wouldn't you all like some hot cocoa. I'm sure it will do you good". (Serves cocoa. They drink and put the cups of the table)

Father-"Now for the barrel. Look at this coat, imagine wearing it. And this dress. Perhaps you (to mother) can make some of these things over for the children you always was a good hand at sewing."
(Takes out all the things)

Stella-"Daddy isn't there anything else? A gold ring for instance".

Mother-(With finger on lips)"Hush". Here is a lovely pooper, now we can have popcorn balls for Christmas and look at these nice toys"

Stella-(Looking into the barrel)"Daddy there is my ring, I knew it would come. May I have it?"

Father-"Yes, you may but--"

Mother-"Let her have it maybe someone put it in for a little girl out here on the prairie."

C u r t a i n .

Scene IV.

Father and mother are seated, Knock is heard at the door. Father goes.

Jim-"Rev. Armstrong, I have a letter for you."

Father-"Thank you Jim. It must have been a awful trip coming up here."

Jim-"Yes, it was but I didn't mind doing it for you."

Father-"~~Well~~ I wish you a very merry Christmas".

Jim-"The same to you, sir. I think I'll be on my way now as I have some more letters to deliver."

Father-(Opens letter and reads aloud to his wife)"Listen to this."

Dear Sir,

When I was packing your Christmas barrel I must have dropped my ring in it. Please return it at once.

Yours truly,

Amelia Pierce.

Mother-"Oh, now shall we get it away from Stella. She has had her heart set on it for so long that it would about break her heart to give it up."

Father-"That is true. Please send her in and I'll explain the situation to her."

(Mother goes out, Father paces back and forth)

Father-"Oh, it breaks my heart to do this. Poor child she can't understand and neither can I. If I could give my family the Christmas they deserve. It is a time to try a man's faith."

Stella(Enters)"Yes, daddy."

Father-"Darling, daddy must tell you something that will be hard for you but I want you to be a big brave girl and still have faith even though you cannot understand. Let me read this letter to you.
(Reads the letter)This women accidentally dropped her ring into the barrel and we must return it."

Stella-"Then it is not mine."

Father-"No, dear. I'm sorry so sometimes I'll try to buy you a ring. Will you have faith in my promise, and give it up cheerfully. Remember God gave up his son on Christmas morning."

Stella-"All right daddy, send it back but it hurts inside to give it up."

Father-"Yes, little daughter I know all about a hurt in the heart but sometimes we must trust if all is for the best even though we cannot understand."

Stella-"Yes, that is right and I'll be happy for the sake of the Christ child and what it means."

(Child goes and mother comes)

Father-"Mary, Mary, I am a failure. I shouldn't have brought you out here. You left your friends and loved ones in the east. Here we've lived for fifteen years and we are so poor. I should be giving you and the children everything and at Christmas there is nothing for you. Worn out clothes from a missionary barrel and little Stella heart

Mother-"Father, now I don't want you to feel so. I love or work out here and the people are poor but I love them and we have each other and the children. They are so healthy and are such good children."

Father-"Mary, you are such comfort to me."

Mother-"As if you didn't help and care for me. If our trials are too hard to bear ourselves. Let us rely on the great Burden Bearer".
(They kneel in prayer)

C u r t a i n.
Scene V.

(Christmas morning).

Mother-"I hope they have a good sermon. I am sorry I could not go but Virginia has a cold and it might develop into pneumonia if we went out in the cold weather. I think I hear them coming now."

Children-"Mother, there was a stranger at church and he is coming home with father to dinner. He surely liked the sermon. We heard him tell father that he did."

Mother-"Take off your traps and warm yourselves by the fire."

(Father enters with supt)

Father-"Mary, do you remember who I have here."

Mother-"Well, if it isn't our old class mate, Donald Emerson."
What brings you to this part of the country?"

Mr. Emerson-"I ran away from my work. I had to find a minister for an important church in my district. When I couldn't find the right man, I just left and went to my old home in Madison, while there I visited with Amelia Pierce who told me of a certain missionary barrel and a gold ring that had to be returned. I thought of my old church and decided to visit him. I just arrive at church time and slipped into the back pew. And Mary, your Husband's sermon was the best I've heard in years. So fresh and inspiring. It must have come from a great faith and so I found the preacher for my church. Lady, you are moving next week. Henceforth you'll be packing missionary barrels not receiving them."

Mother-"How wonderful for father but I've loved my years here. The people have loved us. We have been happy and comfortable."

(Supt and father slip out unnoticed by anyone)

Stella-"And now we will have Christmas and I'll get my ring."

George-"We can have a swell Christmas next year I'll bet."

Mother-"Yes, but let's get ready for this Christmas and not think of the next one."

Harold-"Are we going to have Christmas now?"

Virginia-"And toys and candy."

Howard-"A nice big house to live in all the year round."

Mother-"Yes, we are going to have a lovely time."

(Father and supt enter with toys and packages and put them under the tree.

Supt. Emerson-"All these can wait until after dinner but this must be delivered at once. Come Stella hold out you finger. Here is your ring."

C u r t a i n.

The End.

League Party.

One Saturday night the Senior Epworth League had a kitchen party. The girls shelled peanuts while the boys popped corn. Mrs. Hatten made the candy for the balls and everyone had fun in making them. While we were eating our balls we talked over business concerning our league and Mrs. Hatten taught us a new song. We sang it until we knew it. It is like this-

Your task is calling you and mine is calling me,
Your task is calling you and mine is calling me,
Humble tho' the task may be, God makes it divine,
You go back to your task, and I'll go back to mine.

A Letter from Thoburn Hatten.

Eskridge, Kansas.
Nov. 1, 1929.

Howdy Charlie:

How are you? When I wrote Andy's letter it was snowing now it is raining. Eskridge is about the size of Seward maybe a little smaller. We have two policemen and cement streets, a railway and five or six churches. We are 30 miles from Topeka and Rev. and I go there once in awhile to shows. One night we went to the ten o'clock show, then waited until 12 o'clock and went to the midnight show. Topeka is quite a good sized town. They have a college there (Washburn) Every weeknight I'm in bed by 10 and Saturday nights I'm in bed by 11-11:30. There is a lot of farms here they all raise corn and Kaffin corn and put it silos and these silos don't have any tops.

We have a big High school about the size of the Seward school the new one Johnson built and a grade school about that size too. We have a big auditorium, a big gym. Showers and dressing rooms. I play a cornet in the Orchestra here. Dad bought me a keen Conn cornet.

We have a dandy music teacher at the school. We have a regular coach. He is short and chunky, kind of pigeon toed. He's shorter than me and weighs 170 or 80 lbs, he is a good tumbler, stands on his hands, and runs along on a mat and turns over just putting his head down on the mat is some of the things he does. He's as clean a coach as you can get, don't crab and he lives up to the rules. He works about 2 hours every night except Monday and Thursday. Because Monday we're stiff and Thursday we have a game on Friday. In the games I wrote in Andy's letter about us getting beat 24 to 6, one guard was knocked goofy and so was our tackle Peke Schutters, the heaviest man on the team. Our tackle was knocked out and when asked what 2 and 2 was said 11, none of those boys were hurt or goofy long but another guard got hit on the head and didn't know a thing until the end of the 4th quarter. Although he could sit on the bench. I play guard on defense tackle on offense. Reve's plays center, and Dwight is our best quarter back.

Your friend,
Thoburn Hatten.

PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS
in the
KUEUIT

MILLER'S BARBER SHOP

Ladies' Haircutting a Specialty
Shower Bath in Connection

Welcome to our store!

Urbach & Valade

Students' headquarters for
clothing and shoes

Seward's Style Center

LIBERTY THEATER

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