Atlantic Entrance to Canal and Gatun Locks.
Showing sea level and the lake, 164 square miles in area, 83 feet above sea level.

Miraflores Lake on the Pacific Side of the Canal.
Another artificial lake, 1.5 square miles in area, 51 feet above sea level.

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Beneath the palms on Caribbean's shore,
Scarce nine degrees from the equator's line,
Where trade winds blow, and tropic sun doth shine
With sultry heat, and where, in the days of yore,
Adventurous Spanish gallants did explore
And fall a prey to Morgan’s bold design,
Where now the Stars and Stripes wave as the sign
That we have oped to Orient ports the door,
There stands a spacious building which doth hold
A band of people who do strive to learn
That which will lead them upward in life's way.
Desire—that we the best may e'er uphold,
That we may live and learn as well as earn.

CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL
Teaches day by day.

—1922.
DEDICATION.

Not because, as our Principal, she has done so much to make our school life more interesting and worth while;
Not because she has made our social life so much more pleasant;
Not because, as our Advisor, she has worked so hard to make this yearbook a success;
Nor because she has so willingly devoted her own time and strength to its production;
But because she is our "loved," our "honored, much-respected Friend,"
We, the students of Cristobal High School, affectionately dedicate this fifth volume of The Caribbean to

MISS J. ISABELLA DODDS.
Suppose we begin our sermon with a few illustrations for which the following slogan will supply our text:

- Bite off more than you can chew;
- Then chew it.
- Plan for more than you can do;
- Then do it.
- Hitch your wagon to a star;
- Keep your seat, and there you are.

The turmoil of passing classes subsided. In the classes, recitations began. All were quiet in the assembly room excepting Willie who shuffled to the sharpener, sharpened his pencil, and tested the point several times. He settled in his seat, but was up on the thought of an announcement he should write on the blackboard. He wasted time putting unnecessary artistic touches to his almost unreadable fancy letters. He was about to sit down and get busy when he found a Literary Digest, in which he scanned the pictures and read many advertisements. He laid the magazine aside to prepare his necessary class report, but a shudder ran through him when he found he had but three minutes to get his material from the encyclopedia from which it takes so long to bring out information in proper form. As a result, Willie felt ashamed for having delayed his whole class.

The next day he came to school determined to stick by a slogan he had read the previous evening. The first period classes had passed as usual and Willie was in the assembly room taking notes from an outside source, when suddenly he thought of a basket-ball victory about which he should tell Johnny, but, as the slogan, which appears in our first paragraphs, flashed through his mind, he set aside his basket-ball dream and finished his assignment in time to assure himself of an excellent report.

As Jimmie tripped into the first freshman class of the year, tardy, he drew a laugh from his fellow students. This inspired him to act the clown the rest of his high school career. It is true he had passing marks, but he lacked the beneficial learning he should have gained from his four years' work. His diploma without the foundation of knowledge was almost worthless in seeking employment.

Henry had a clear voice but his debates were uninteresting because he read them. The captain of the debating team was absent and Henry was the one chosen to speak in his place. He tried at first to resign. His doubt turned into determination when he finished reading the same slogan which we have already quoted, and he was soon busy gathering material for his side of the subject. On the day of the debate he was nervous but gritted his teeth, took his place before the assembly, and delivered a talk which convinced even his opponents that his stand on the subject was the correct one.

Every fellow on the basket-ball team feels better over a hard-fought defeat than an easily-won victory, when they have done what they felt was more than they could do. When the boys of C. H. S. basket-ball team accepted the challenge of the U. S. S. Denver heavies, they planned for more than they thought they could do, they did it, and as a result, brought another victory to their school.

In activities held at the school during the year, many who at first remained silent and unknown seized their opportunity to chew a little more than their share in helping with assembly programs and parties, boosting athletic contests, cooperation with the faculty, and faithfulness to
their lessons—all of which go to make up true school spirit. This type of student has hitched his wagon to a star and rides over the hard knocks of school with ease.

Boys and girls, in these days of accomplishment, look to the things that have already advanced civilization. They see the modern steamboat, railroad train, and airplane. Now since wireless is so keenly perfected, they sit back and say, "There's nothing left to be done."

If these same people had lived before Whitney, Bell, or the Wright brothers made their inventions successful they would have said the same thing. It is not fair to one's self, and I may say it is cowardly, to hold one's self down and not plan for more than one thinks one can do, and then do it. In school or elsewhere wake up your enthusiasm. You are as good as the best if you want to be.

Plan for more than you can do;
Then do it.
You will reap the benefit for whatever you do.
Hitch your wagon to a star;
Keep your seat, and there you are.

IN PANAMA.

Marjorie Ball, '22.

Low sighs the whispering palm
In Panama.
Cool trade winds blow.
The tropic moon
Large,
Luminous,
Lights dark rippling waters.
In the distance—
The jungle
Dense.

Dank;
Over all, quiet reigns
Save for gentle lapping of waves upon the sands.
Now, a boat with oars dipping,
Soft strumming of guitar,
Voices singing;
The boat passes.
Silence again
In Panama.

OLD PANAMA.

Louise Hexter, '23.

A ruined church tower standing lonely by the sea,
Flecks of sunlight on gray, mouldering walls,
Rusty piles of cannon,
Dim traces of a highway,
A decaying, weed-covered bridge—
Relics of former glory—
Old Panama.

Courtiers, cavaliers, adventurers, gold-seekers—
Pioneers to the crossroads of the world.
Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro—
Seeking fabled riches.
Treasure-laden Spanish galleons riding at anchor in the bay.
Flower of Spanish chivalry,
Graceful, languard señoritas,
Flash of dark eyes behind lace mantillas,
Sounds of soft laughter,
Tinkle of guitars,
Old Panama.

Slowly the sun sinks, dyeing the bay with crimson.
At ringing of vespers bells,
The faithful pray;
Tremulous prayer of the old priest
Dies softly away.
Evening breezes croon in the palms;
Night mounts her throne.
Old Panama.

Flashes of musket-fire cut the blackness of the night.
Cries of wounded fill the air,
Death rides abroad;
The sky burns crimson as the flames leap upward.
Madre de Dios! Salvanos!
Morgan has come!
Old Panama.
Hattie Lee Hornbeck  J. Isabella Dodds  S. Mabel Beeching

OUR FACULTY

Mabel J. Barnhouse  Henry G. Bacon  Adela F. Bakewell
Joy, it is, indeed, to know her

In school and out, for she is such a sociable, friendly sort of person. We admire her greatly for there seems to be nothing she can not do. We enjoy her classes for, with her as teacher, even Latin seems less dull and tedious. Her readings are another of her accomplishments and a source of delight to us. Much of her spare time is given over to the Caribbea and other school activities. We doubt if we could go on without her daily word of cheer and encouragement, for she is the mainstay and support of Cristobal High.

Hattie Lee Hornbeck, B. A., M. A.
Waxahachie, Tex.
Trinity University.
Columbia University.

English, History.

Her brains, we find, are not affected by her size, for, though she is very tiny, she seems to have an infinite amount of knowledge. Our education has been largely developed by her, especially in English and United States history. She has the ability, not only to teach, but also to make her recitations interesting by the narration of personal experiences and by recounting the dramas and stories which she seems so easily to remember. Attractive she is, and dainty. Kinfolk and Texas are among her chief interests.

Mabel Beeching, A. B.
Hutchinson, Kans.
Kansas State Normal School.

Geometry, Physics, Algebra.

Maybe she doesn't know all about algebra and physics. But she has kept it from us if she doesn't enjoying a joke, she isn't afraid to laugh with us and at us. Being fond of outdoor exercise, she plays tennis every morning. Then too, she can swim, and often goes hiking. Taking all in all, no one can say she isn't a good sport.

Mabel Jean Barnhouse, A. B.
Watsonville, Cal.
Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

Spanish.

Many are the friends of this kindly and agreeable person whom we boast as our Spanish teacher. Even tho' she specializes in Spanish she also likes Bible teaching. She is an interesting speaker with a rather friendly, pleasing voice. She never loses her patience over our mistakes, and is always willing to help us with our difficulties in Spanish grammar, and even in other puzzling subjects.
Appropriate, indeed, is the name of our new Domestic Science teacher, for no one can Excel her in this art. We all Like her very well And that is not only because She Bakewell, but also because she is so Amiable and pleasant. She Knows just how to make parties interesting and Exciting, as we learned from our experience With the Sophs on St. Patrick’s day. She is the idol of Every Sophomore, and we hope that she has Learned to Like us well enough to come back next year.

FACULTY—SENIOR GET TOGETHER

One of the most enjoyable events of the school year took place on the evening of June 1, when our principal, Miss J. Isabella Dodds, gave a dinner in honor of the Seniors of ’22, having also as her guests the faculty. The dining room of the Household Arts Department rang as in previous times with laughter and merriment. Promptly at 6.30 o’clock dinner was announced and the happy crowd marched in and grouped themselves about a wonderfully decorated table. A color scheme of green and gold (the Senior colors) was used and was carried out even to the dainty little nut cups and clever combination place and menu cards.

All soon discovered that the dinner itself proved every bit as delicious as it sounded, a real credit to the domestic science classes who prepared and served it, and to Miss Bakewell under whose direction the work was done.

Throughout the entire meal a buzz-buzz of delightful conversation took place upon subjects to which only Seniors with their store full of knowledge could possibly do justice—graduation, college, The Caribbean, and various bits of importance. Toastmistress of the evening was Miss J. I. Dodds, who delivered a toast to the Seniors, who responded showing their appreciation to Miss Dodds and the faculty.

Thus passed the evening as all tropical evenings do. As the guests departed they rated Miss Dodds one of the best and most entertaining principals Cristobal High School has ever had.

MENU

CHICKEN A LA EMMA

MARY POTATOES FROM THE FIELD
MAGGIE STRING BEANS
BROWN BUNS

JELLY, PICKLES, AND BUTTER FROM CARTWRIGHT TO TABLE

PACO SALAD
SALTED WAFERS

WESLEY’S TOWN SENDS ICE CREAM FOR
MARJORIES GOLD CAKE

RIVER JORDAN COFFEE

MINTS
FORE WORDE.

Wher the canalle from the Gatun lokkes
Meets Limon Bay neer the Chrystoball dokkes,
Stand cetyes two, Chrystoball and Colonn;
From these and from Gatun our school is drawn.
Of alle its fame there is not tymne to tel,
Nor on its plezures nedeth now to dwell;
We turn from tales of al the other classes
To Senyor folkes—five ladys and eek five lasses.

Bifel that in Oktober onn a day:
Inn English class, they turned from work to playe
At vrs in Chaucer’s styl; they thought to teech,
By imitation of his waiz in speech
And thought, to others and themselves what they
Must lerne about this man of ancient day.
Al worked together—using wel the text
To “do” the two outside the class—and next
Ech chose a classmate whom he would describe;
And then, with many a joke and jest and gibe—
And groans a few—, was this new task begunne,
Which follows now as “twaz when done.

PAUL C. DOYLE
Class President, ’21, ’22.
Editor-in-Chief, ’22.
President Athletic Organization, ’22.
Assistant Editor, ’21.

There is a Senior boy y cleped Doyle,
Who is quite right according to friend Hoyle.
His sandy hair, that careless doth hang down,
Doth partly cover eyen of milde brown.
Though he is very wee as all can see,
From dawn till night he’s busy as a bee.
In all this life no taske does he shirk,
And faith, is well known for his worthy work.
And ech in sports also you’ll see his name,
Through these he has well earned honor and fame.
Long will he be remembered by the class—
Of ’22—that will so shortly pass,
—Weley Townsend.

GEORGE CARTWRIGHT
Assistant Business Manager, ’21.
Class Vice President, ’22.

A boy there is; of Gatun town is he,
Ful semely sraithe and fair as men can see;
Of seventeen year of age is he, I trow,
Of height he has some more, I gesse, to grow.

Fair hair has he that waves upon his head.
In basketball he surely is not dead.
Of clothes he has good taste and dresses well;
His thoughts are clear, his voice rings like a bell.
He dances fairly; good is his approach
To folk; by many he’s y cleped “Roach”.
But this is not the name that will reach height
In future years; that name is George Cartwright.
—Jordan Zimmermann.

MARY FIELDS
Class Secretary, ’22.
School Notes Editor, ’21.
Basket Ball, ’20.

She is a tall and dark complexioned girl;
Brown eyes she has, and hair of kinky curl.
From northern trip returned she in September,
And northern days she joyeth to remember.
On Caribbean staff she ranks ful hyc
And all her school work’s done without a sye.
She likes to play at tennis, dance and bowl,
And in all these she can high honors hold.
She loves to go to see a baseball game,
And with her rooting always brings us fame.
And to our class of 1922
She’s always loyal, faithful, good and trew.
—Ida Brown.

MARJORIE BALL
Class Treasurer, ’22.
Alumni Editor, ’22.
Basket Ball, ’20.

There is in school, a bright young Senior girl,
Quite short and slim, whose golden locks do curl
In soft, sweet waves about her oval face;
Her eyes are somewhat gray, and somewhat green
Although she is not jealous, neither mean.
Of this maid’s disposition we will say
She lively is, and merry all the day;
She dances gayly, for she loves this well;
And of her manner let me tell you this,
Her voice and actions sweet, are ne’er amiss.
This maid, who has been cleped Marjorie,
Well liked by all the teachers here, is she;
By them no more than by the Senior class
Who long have known this bright young Senior lass.
—Emma Townsend.
LE ROY MAGNUSON.
Business Manager, '22.
Basket Ball, '22.
Baseball, '22.
Swimming, '22.
Ther iz a tal and slender Senior boy
Whom some clep Baldy, others name Leroy.
His hair is brown; it hides his eye grey
Carefree he is and happy nighte and daye;
He loves to sing, and also to beat time.
By buying chewing gum with every dime,
He keeps supplied with that which breaks the riwle
So firmly maad by teachers of the school.
“The Chandler” hight his faithful auto steed
In which he loves to “birt the road” with speed.
He dances wel with proud high stepping gate,
In scool athletics he is upp to date.
On studying is not set ful moche his leste,
To keep Cristoba High Scool in the lead,
She cares not much for daunce or fancy ball;
She’s always ready when ther is the need,
She merris and always ful of fun.
Tho somdel plump, she is extremely fair,
On studyin g is not set ful moch e his le s te,
To keep Cristobal High Scool in the lead,
She cares not much for daunce or fancy ball;
She’s always ready when ther is the need,
She merris and always ful of fun.
She’s always ready when ther is the need.
She seweth well and also cocketh too.
A goodly wif, I trow, she’d make for’er.
She’s cleped Emma, for so named is she.
A good fellow there is in C. H. S.;
A better lad I trowe can not be guessed.
His eyes are brown; forsooth they match his hair.
Where e’re he’s needed always he’ll be there.
He plays at basket ball, because he’s tall,
The part of center, and covers all the hall,
A-passing, dribbling, shooting as he goes,
And always makes the basket for which he throws.
Not o’ word speaks he more than there is need;
Of dances, frolics, and such she takes n o heed.
A better built boy I trowe, there’s nowhere none.
We find this lad is cleped Zimmerman.
—George Cartwright.

EMMA TOWNSEND.
School Notes Editor, '22.
Basket Ball, '21, '22.
A girl ther is and that a jolly one;
She merris and always ful of fun.
Tho somdel plump, she is extremely fair,
With eyes blue and light and curly hair.
She cares not much for daunce or fancy ball;
All outdoor sports she loveth most of all.
In basket ball and swimming she delights;
We know in every game she always fights
To keep Cristobal High School in the lead.
She’s always ready when ther is the need.
She seweth well and also cocketh too.
A goodly wif, I trowe, she’d make for you.
An all round sport this girl is found to be.
We call her Emma, for so named is she.
—Marjorie Ball.

IDA BROWN.
Basket Ball, '20, '21, '22.
Dramatics.
A girl there is full small and very fair
With eyes of blue and very curly hair;
In basketball and swimming she shows might,
And dancing finds she to her heart’s delight.
The same sweet girl at school and in the home,
Full well she talks of times that she did roam.
For two long years she traveled every morn
To Balboa school, but now she does adjourn
to C. H. S. and we are glad to have
A Senior lass so true. You may her know
As Ida Brown, she’s “Snibs” to us I trow.
—Mary Fields.

MILDRED STAFFORD.
Exchange Editor, ’21.
Basket Ball, ’21.
Among the Senior class, there is a girl,
Whose locks of gold are bobbed thikke, and curl
About her face; forsooth it is petite.
Altho that she is languid, she is sweet.
Of manner. Mail arrivals find her gay.
If letters come from him so far away.
I trowe she loveth daintee clothes to war
That suit her wel and make her look ful fayre.
For dancing and for bowling has she knack;
But as for basketball she seems to lacke.
In pep. Not moch she speaks when in a party.
But what she says receives a welcome heart.
In fact she’s liked by all both far and near;
She’s cleped Mylred by those who know her here.
—1922.

WESLEY TOWNSEND.
Joke Editor, '22.
Basket Ball, '21, '22.
Baseball, '21, '22.
Swimming, '20, '22.
I tell you of a worthy Senior boy,
The huskiest of this class so full of joy,
His face is red, and bright, and rather plump;
For sports we find him always on the jump,
In height tho he can reach but to the average
Full military, straight is his carriage.
No pleasure finds he in the dance’s whirl—
Methinks perhaps the reason is a girl!
Full well he likes to ride a gentle horse,
But never walks he—eek a small golf course.
Quiet is he when it is time to be—
But talking all the other time is he.
He scolds himself in language goodly strong;
Ner will he lead to start of any wrong.
But sum him up and take him as a whole,
A warm place in our hearts sure he doth hold.
—Paul C. Doyle.

JORDAN ZIMMERMANN.
Assistant Circulation Manager, '22.
Basket Ball, '21, '22.
Baseball, '21, '22.
Swimming, '22.
A good fellow there is in C. H. S.;
A better lad I trowe can not be guessed.
His eyes are brown; forsooth they match his hair.
Where e’re he’s needed always he’ll be there.
He plays at basket ball, because he’s tall,
The part of center, and covers all the hall,
A-passing, dribbling, shooting as he goes,
And always makes the basket for which he throws.
Not o’ word speaks he more than there is need;
Of dances, frolics, and such he takes no heed.
A better built boy I trowe, there’s nowhere none.
We find this lad is cleped Zimmerman.
—George Cartwright.

AFTER WORDE.
And now you know the class of ’22,
Juste who they ar and what they think and do;
Though we hav written breffely and in haste
We hope you’ve found thees peeple to your taste.
Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

All persons having business before this Honorable Court will attend to the reading of the last will and testament of the Class of ’22 of Cristobal High School.

To all whom it may concern, Greetings. —Bowing to the inscrutable march of time, decreeing that the Class of 1922, of the Cristobal High School, must within the next thirty days depart from the sacred precincts of their beloved domicile, they, having accumulated a wealthy store of knowledge, happiness, and many other good things treasured in memory’s vault, following tradition, desiring to leave a share of their worldly possessions to others less fortunate in things material, hereby, sanely and legally, make this, their last will and testament:

1. To Gerald D. Bliss is given the key to all windows, not only that he may freely and deeply partake of our purest air, but that a handy place be provided for rapidly disposing of raffle tickets in case a large and satisfied student body insists upon riding his bicycle.

2. A private office, carrying a typewriter with two attached telephones, is bestowed upon Leo Eberenz, with which goes our title of manager, in the hope that Leo will manage to tell the same story over both phones.

3. To Julene Granger goes George’s algebra formula, “How to Show Correct Answers to Miss Beeching.” To protect from the sun, we also leave to her a covered swimming pool which will not interfere with a red and pretty complexion but will prevent those horrid and painful blisters.

4. The library door is to be placed under the exclusive control of Louise Henter that she may hold private conversations in the Senior sanctuary without being disturbed by the faculty. To her, as well, we impart Emma’s cleverness in smiling with her eyes.

5. Since Edward May was President of the hopeful Juniors, we confer upon him Wesley Townsend’s aptitude for wandering around the assembly room and his rosy and vigorous health. Further, we leave to him a capacity for a few G’s, as E’s look too Ez on Senior cards.

6. To Henry Moore, the Junior politician, we grant Leroy’s dexterity in supporting the opposite side of the question. Also, he has our permission to use Zim’s Ford-Arrow that he may attend staff meetings that are not held in that far-off corner, Fort Randolph.

7. Emogene Nash is to have Mary’s youthfulness and health. To her is left also Ida’s cleverness in getting the thing (?) she’s after.

8. To Alex Linczer we present Jordan’s recipe for reaching the height of six feet, together with “Clarence’s” glasses for studying it. Alex looks so uncomfortable that we surrender to him the seat of honor with cushions and a special easy chair during class recitations.

9. As a help to Eddie Solomon, we furnish him with a “scrap” book in which he may record his experiences. That his footwork may be enlivened we bestow upon him Leroy’s light and graceful dancing ability. To his enemies we give “Clarence’s” liver.

10. Mattie Pullig is cut off with nothing but our best wishes, for she is already possessed of health, happiness, cheerfulness, kindness, helpfulness, ability, friends, and everything that a girls requires to make her sought after.

11. We endow Ernst Euphrat with Magnuson’s time, so that he may attend social gatherings, practice his piano piece, and cure toothaches.

It may not be polite to grant any one person the honors that are due the Senior class as a whole so we now dispense to the Junior class the Senior pen owned by no one but used by all the Seniors. The higher degree of intelligence in high school
is marked by the seating arrangement; the brightest sit in the back seats. Being of superior knowledge, we vacate our back seats to the less intelligent Juniors hoping they may acquire almost as much brains as the present Senior class did. That the Juniors may feel a little superior to their under-class men we leave to them our phantom privileges.

To the Sophomore class we give the power to hold their members until they sit on the platform for their diplomas. We also give them permission to keep on with their usual pep.

The Freshmen have our permission to keep on going. We also leave to them the art of trimming them close. We give them free use of the shower bath that they may reduce the high spirit of the “first day” freshie. They may sit a few seats farther back so that the shining heads of the incoming babies will not hurt their eyes.

Last, we leave to the faculty our best wishes that they may send out from C. H. S. other Senior classes almost as bright as ourselves. We leave thanks to them for keeping the silly underclass men quiet that we might study in peace. We express our appreciation for the patient way in which they dealt with us, using their spare time in helping us.

Having done justice to the faculty and all who follow us, we wish to express our sorrow for leaving them. We have all been good chums and we hope that the C. H. S. spirit may continue as high as it has been in the past. We leave our best wishes in C. H. S. for all its members.

THE LAUNCHING OF OUR SHIP.
George Cartwright, ’22.

With the help of a noted engineer and ten good workmen, the keel Organization of the good ship Senior, was laid early in October, 1921. Many large trees were cut, but few were sound enough to use for the ribs, Privileges. After these were securely fastened with spikes of Good Advice, they were covered with many firm boards called Rules, which, when finished, made a good waterproof hull of Discipline. Next, a good ten-cylinder engine, Energy, was put in place and arranged to drive a large propeller of three blades, Good Work, Cooperation, and School Spirit. The hull was covered with a well-laid deck of School Work, upon which were erected a foremast of Mid-Year Exams and an aft mast of Final Exams, the successful climbing of which denoted the ability of the sailors. A large funnel through which the refuse, Bad Work, Laziness, and Carelessness soon found way of escape, was also erected on the deck. And last, a beautiful bridge of Honor was built, a little to the rear of the foremast. After the installation of a Dodds rudder, and a splendid painting depicting Social Activities, the good ship Senior left the docks of Vacation and started on a nine months’ tour, the first stop to be Graduation Harbor.
ADDED TONNAGE FOR AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE.

The following vessels, transiting the High School Canal at Cristobal, Canal Zone, during the fiscal year 1921-1922, have passed most successfully examination by the Board of Local Inspectors, and have received commissions qualifying them to navigate on any ocean.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of vessel. (Pupil)</th>
<th>Owners. (Parents.)</th>
<th>Nationality. (Place of birth)</th>
<th>Arrived at port. (Arrived on Ismus.)</th>
<th>Entered Canal. (Entered school.)</th>
<th>Cleared for sea. (Graduated.)</th>
<th>Cargo. (Characteristics.)</th>
<th>Destination. (Ambition.)</th>
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</thead>
</table>

GROUNDING OF A WHALE AT CRISTOBAL.

A whale which swam in from the Caribbean through the gap between the breakwaters grounded in shallow waters south of the Cristobal coal plant, in the evening of November 17. It was unable to extricate itself and remained there, with the top of its head and most of its back showing above water.

A group of Canal employees undertook to salvage the animal. On the morning of November 19 they killed it by machine gun fire directed from a launch and towed it with a tug to pier 6, with the idea of lifting it onto flat cars and hoisting it into the abattoir at the Hope for rendering. A 75-ton locomotive crane was unable to lift the whale from the water, and after continued efforts the salvage was abandoned, as the animal was not a sperm whale and was decomposing.

In the morning of November 21 the tug Porta Bella towed the whale about 12 miles beyond the breakwaters and the carcass was bombarded by a Navy aeroplane. Two 160-pound bombs were dropped from a height of 1,000 feet. The first struck the tail and tore a large hole in the carcass, and the second fell opposite the head about 15 feet to one side.

Hundreds of people went out in launches and canoes to see the monster while alive, and other hundreds went to see it alongside pier 6. Exact measurements were not taken, but the head was estimated to be approximately 120 feet in length and to weigh 125 tons. It was a female, of the kind known as flat humpback and is said by men of whaling experience to have been unusually large.
Outer star, upper left.—Edward May (President).  Upper right.—Miss Hornback (Advisor).  Center left.—Gerald Bliss (Vice-President).  Center right.—Alex Lintner.  Lower left.—Juline Granger.  Lower right.—Louise Heeter.  Inner star, upper center.—Emogene Nash (Secretary).  Upper left.—Henry Moore.  Upper right.—Ernest Euphrat.  Lower left.—Emilio Solomon.  Lower right.—Leo Ebenez.  Bottom center.—Mattie Pullig.
Joseph, making his usual round on Saturday morning, had come to the Junior section. He bent wearily over to pick up a paper under one of the desks, and found on it the name, Edward May, and a big red “E.” “Chuck mon! Des here Junior children ham too big to mess hup de floo dis way, fe hevery time hi comes hin dis place, dey ave a gret big bunch ah paper hon de floo, han hi haint wishin’ to do dis ting hatal.

“Hevery time hi pick hup ha piece ho paper wid de name Heddie May hon hit, hit halways ave ha big whred “hE” han hit. Hevery whun of de children hin him class like him plenty well foh he is de President, hand he has whose plenty medals fe running.

“Han you know dis boy, Bud Bliss, dat halways ride a bike hall de time? Miss Barnhouse halways his complainin’ bout dis boy, fe him never wishin’ to come to class when hit ham de time. He ham always makin’ mischief wid hall de teachers.”

Joseph’s monologue was interrupted here by the falling of a book from a crowded desk. As he stooped to pick it up, he grumbled, “Dis boy, Henry Moore, him never keeps him desk straight hat al. Hevery time hi come hin here, ha book ham fallin’ hout him desk hand makin’ ha lotta noise, han sometin’ mor’ fe hi to pic’ hup. Mistah Enery ham just come to dis school dis year, and they make he de exchange heditor hof de Caribein Staf’ and wid dis title, him keeps hi jumping hal de time, fe hevery time hi turn haround he wishin’ for me to run to the post office wid more mail.

“Hand dis boy Hernef Heufhrat! Well, dis boy make hi so surprised, fe whone da’ hi walked into de hassembly hal’ hafter school, hand dis boy ham playin’ “Darktown Strutters’ Ball” hon de piano so well. Dis boy hallways stay late an’ study, hand hi wreally tink him’s going be ha dentist like him brudder-in-law.

“Dat Marté ham de Hulu Hulu girl, han when de C. H. S. have dair country fair, she am de best one in de play. She ham collectin’ hal de pitcher fe de hannual.

“Emilio Solomon ham de big knock-hout king hof de school. Habout two months ago he was, gowin’ catch ha big fight, but him catch a blood poisonin’ in him han; so him can’t fight fe ha long time. Dis ham wreally sad, cause hi ham wreally wishin’ to see him fight.

“Dis heah Leo, he am have ha big head for business when it come to fixin’ fe a play or some-thin’ like dat, but when hit comes to going to classes he haint like dis hatal; he would rather run ha errand fe de teacher heny da.

“Alex ham de barber when all de boys come from de height grade to be freshmen. He cut hoff all de boys’ hair, den he leave hit hon de floo’ an dis make plenty mo’ work for me. Dis boy ham use hup hall de colored chalk dat hi put around, cause him halways circulatin’ round makin’ signs on de board to make people know dat him de circulatin’ manager.

“Dat Miss Juline, hi haint know what she goin’ be when she grows up fe de other da’ hi hear she practisin’ in de Junior play, an den hi hear she playin’ de piano, hen hi ham sure she is heeder goin’ be ha gret hactres hor ha gret musician.

“And dat Miss Lula, Lawd, me son, de hothers da’ hi hear some talkin’ hin de school room hen hi really tink it was ha Dutch lady, but hi come hin an’ fin’ dat it was Miss Lula. I hear dat she sho’ du make a good jump center on de Gatun basket ball team too.

“Miss Emogene sho’ ham de good tennis player fe every mornin’ when hi his goin’ down fe de mail hi see she hout playin’, han de other da’ hi hear she singin’ han hi ham sure she am goin’ be ha singer.

“Hevery whun of dem Junior girls haf ha good learnin’; in fac’ dis ham de good class fe true,” muttered Joseph as he picked up his brooms and slouched out of the room.
King Leccoagauloisgallic of Mars, who delighted in his great armies, was one day inspecting a new training field when he and his attendants were startled by a threatening rumbling that resembled much the thunder that so often reverberates through the heavens. Allegorniac, the astronomer, came flying over the field, "Hail, mighty king, and pardon this intrusion, but I have just made a terrible discovery. One of our neighboring planets, the World, has been torn asunder by some unknown hand and hurled throughout the universe. A part of it is now rushing comet-like in this direction."

The rumbling increased and, upon looking up, the king and his court became so frightened that they fled far from the spot. Mars trembled with the shock when the huge segment from the World crashed on the training field. The spectators stood dazed a few minutes; then, gaining courage, they stealthily crept up to the strange object. Great was their astonishment to see before them a large, ruined white building with the following words, hardly distinguishable, inscribed upon it, "Cristobal School."

While rummaging, Allegorniac came upon a huge leather-bound book lettered, "History of the Class of 1924," which he studied diligently for many days after. Finally, he drew up the following conclusions from this wonder book and reported thus to the king:

"Your majesty, it seems as if this is a history of some organization that must have been in this ruined school building at this early date. It would seem that they developed through several stages, to the first of which the name Freshmen was given. Even in this early stage they displayed an unusual amount of ability and school spirit. They were very studious and always willing to help that part of this building which they call 'High'—'Cristobal High,' to which they seem to have been exceedingly loyal.

"From the first period into the second, designated Sophomore, they retained this spirit under the supervision of an able advisor—Miss Bakewell, and a group of class officers. "Then your honor, they next tell about their activities during this Sophomore term. These were many and varied; such as debates, dramatizations, holiday program, picnics, parties, and athletics.

"Athletics has been given special mention, for in this the Sophomores played their part nobly and well, considering their lack of material. "After this, they go on to say that the boys showed good sportsmanship in the boys' interclass basketball games, and at least spoiled the Juniors' chance of being the 'champions'—whatever that may mean. "The girls too, must have taken part in athletics on this planet because the book says here that they also showed good 'basket-ball spirit,' for most of them played on both the class and high school teams.

"These Sophomores seem to have been very proud of one of the girl members of their class, Loretta Rush—the star athlete of the school, they call her. "And king, there seem to have been two other years in which this class was always ready to do its part in anything that was to be done, but this Sophomore year stands out as one of the most interesting."
Left, top row.—Hyacinth Eden, Morris Marchosky, Andrew Smith, Alan Wallace, William Bridges.

Left, middle row.—Carlos Pulgar, James Burgoon, Delilah May, Alice Oliver, Helen Abendroth.

Left, bottom row.—Frank Fields, Olga Areia, Olga Linzer, Betty Fritz-William, Hubert Lee.

Right, top row.—Frances Poole, Ruth Hopkins (President), Ruth Dyer, John Coffey, Lloyd Peterson.

Right, middle row.—Virginia Tucker, Richard Fisher, William Cousins, Oswald Mendes, Dorothy Tufts.

Right, bottom row.—Christine Wirtz, Julius Solomon, Mildred Stiles, Edith Trowbridge, Virginia Patten.

Center—Helen Jukes (ex-President).
THE CARIBBEAN.

FRESHMEN—ALPHABETICALLY SPEAKING.

A is for Ashton who to Balboa did go;
   And for Arcia and Abendroth who'll stay here we know.

B is for Bridges—then too for Burgoon;
   By their bright indications, they'll be great men soon.

C is for Coffey, Cousins, and Campbell,
   And also for Collins who from us did ramble.

D's for our Duesy with gold in her curls;
   And for Dutiful Daughters—that's all of us girls!

E is for Eden whom all of us know,
   And also for marks which we're gladdest to show.

F is for Fisher, Fitz-William, and Fields,
   And for marks which surely no card of ours yields.

G's for Gatun whose folks come on the bus;
   And also for Gover who's gone far from us.

H is for Hopkins, our president dear,
   Whose nature is full of sunshine and cheer.

I is for Interest which we all try to show,
   For we know that, without it, our wisdom won't grow.

J is for Jukes, our president who married;
   We wish that among us she longer had tarried.

K is for Kiddishness which we know we'll outgrow,
   And also for Knockers whom we don't care to know.

L's for Layton and Lengel and Linzer and Lee;
   The first two among us no longer we see.

M's for Marchosky and Mendes and May,
   Who'll all be great people before they are gray.

N is for Negligent, Naughtly, and Noise,
   Surely quite inappropriate to our girls and boys.

O is for Oliver, the girl with the pep,
   Who as basket ball captain has made us a rep.

P stands for Patten, Poole, Peterson, Pulgar,
   All of whom find it easy "Español estudiar."

Q is for Quizzes which none fully enjoy,
   And also for Questions which our minds do employ.

R's for Rainy season when umbrellas we carry,
   And for Rain which will catch us—as sure as we tarry.

S is for Solomon, for Smith, and for Scott,
   And for Stewart, and Stiles—Oh my! What a lot!

T is for Trowbridge, Tufts, Tucker, and Tuley,
   Four basket-ball girls—and all good ones—truly!

U's for Unanimous which we hope to remain,
   And for that Understanding we're striving to gain.

V's for Vitality, Vigor, and Vim
   Which the mañana fever will cause to grow slim.

W's for Wirtz, and also for Wallace;
   The latter has proved in our swimming a solace.

X stands for unknown as all good Freshmen know;
   May we face it serenely whatever it show.

Y is for the Years which before us still lie;
   And also for Youthful which we'll be till we die.

Z is for Zeal which we have now we know;
   And also for Zest we hope always to show.
As the Alumni of Cristobal High School gradually increase in number, they continue to show the same pride and loyalty for their old school and the same joy in remembering the past. The old days are summed up in a little poem written by a member of the Class of 1920, Kenneth Green.

"One year and better," did you say?
Why, friend, 'twas only yesterday.
There's Minot in his place of yore,
Pete Clarity right beside the door.
There's Catherine, Susie, Lula, Bourke,
All engaged in yearbook work.
Dorothy, James, and Arlene Ball,
And Kenneth Edwards, good friends all.
There's Alson Sears, and handsome Harl,
Kirby, Alice, Frank, and Carl,
Mud and Mildred, she is new,
Townsend, Roach, and LeRoy too.
There's Emma, Mary, Jane, and Paul,
Doris, Chester, and Marjorie Ball.
Good friends, I greet you all to-day
Just as I did yesterday.

1918.

Cristobal, C. Z.

Being in the first class to be graduated from Cristobal High, I can appreciate how much you have advanced since the class of '18 passed out. I admire your school spirit above everything. I think your athletics and the effort you are making to publish a magazine worthy of our school help greatly in keeping up the enthusiasm. So, accept my best wishes for The Caribbean, Cristobal High School, and the class of '22.

Lula Mae Coman (nee Pullig).

Berkeley, Cal.

I am now a Junior at the University of California. Next September I expect to enter Columbia University to take up work in its College of Journalism. The Caribbean last year was great, and I am sure this year's will be better. I certainly wish the editors and contributors all the success in the world.

Catherine Teese Waid.

Denver, Colo.

I took a year and a half in the Colorado School of Mines at Golden and dropped out in 1920. I got hold of an old transit and went up into Wyoming and, calling myself a civil engineer, started locating homesteaders on their claims.

It was up in the Big Horn Mountain and at times I was over 25 miles from a railroad. There were lots of deer, elk, antelope and such game. It is a great country! Last fall I decided I had better get back into school again, so I entered Denver University. I am taking a course in chemical engineering, and expect to finish at the Colorado Mines after I get through here.

I want to tell you how good it made me feel to find my name still on the mailing list of The Caribbean.

Leland Bourke Welch.

Cristobal, C. Z.

I'm glad to know that such progress is being made with the school annual. It is getting better every year and I'm so glad of that, because the first annual was put out when my class was the senior class, back in '18. Since that year I've
watched the book improve and with it the school spirit. As for myself, I've maintained a policy of watchful waiting, you might say, but am leaving for the States on the nineteenth of May and do not expect to return.

MINOT COTTON.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

I am teaching Spanish and French in a high school in North Carolina. Hard work, but I like it. Best wishes for THE CARIBBEAN.

MARY ELIZABETH VERNER.

Susie Harrison, after completing a secretarial course, returned to the Zone and is now living in Cristobal.

1919.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I am working for the Vonder Khulen Electric Company, which is one of the oldest in Los Angeles, and I like it very well. The only regret I had in leaving the Zone was that I could not bring it with me.

KENNETH EDWARDS.

BOSTON, MASS.

I am a junior in Simmons College where I am taking a secretarial course. I wish you success with the annual.

ALICE ARLENE BALL.

Dorothy Anna Montanye (nee Weir) is residing in Pittston, Pa. We hope that some day John Montanye, Jr., may return to the Zone to be a classmate of Jimmy Coman, Jr.

James Gerard Raymone is residing in Colon. He is working on the Advance.

1920.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I am at present working for the American Teachers' Agency and find my work interesting, but am contemplating entering the University of California in the fall. I am in love with California, but still have a warm spot in my heart for dear old Cristobal High.

ETHA BEVINGTON.

BERKELEY, CAL.

I am still studying at the University of California and expect to go into business when I complete my studies. Best wishes for a better CARIBBEAN than ever before.

HARLAN W. HOLMWOOD.

CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

As an apprentice printer, I am very busy making the 1922 issue of THE CARIBBEAN. The "printing bug" has cutaneously performed on me, and, while I entertain no thought of abandoning my desire to answer the "call of the air," yet, with the aid of knowledge slowly infused into my green-gray matter by that Principal of Principals, Miss K. I. Davis, with the help of the printers around me, and by sedulous application, I will first try to make myself a printer worthy of the name.

With best wishes for the annual and three rousing cheers for the class of 1920.

ALBERT DOYLE.

Coudersport, Pa.

I am out on a farm in Pennsylvania about a million miles from nowhere. Best wishes for the success of the annual and the happiness of the graduating class.

KENNETH GREENE.

Alice Stilson is residing with her parents in Colon.

Alson Sears is still attending Berkeley College in California.

BOSTON, MASS.

Best wishes for the success of the class of 1922.

If there are any of its members who are thinking of entering the dental profession, I advise serious contemplation, because "All that glitters is not gold." The course is now five years and it means a steady grind from start to finish or those who start will never finish.

As a greeting to my classmates, I should like to mention that all morning we have been having a big snow storm which causes Harlan Holmwood's poem "The Call of Panama," to make a very strong appeal to me. Also "Hello, Class of '20, when do we eat?"

I wish the editorial staff the best success in every line. I should like also to hear from all my old friends on the Canal Zone.

LINDALE DAVIES.
Katherine Burgoon, now Mrs. Stewart, is still with us in Colon.

J. B. Fields, Jr., is studying mechanical engineering in Rice Institute, Texas.

Lillian Cotton recently changed her name to Van Wagner and is now living in New Cristobal. 1921.

Syracuse, N. Y.

I am taking a pre-med course in Syracuse University and have so far been successful in my studies. I am pledged in the Gamma Eta Gamma Fraternity, and am residing in their chapter house. There is nothing like fraternity life or spirit.

I have heard of the fine school spirit this year and I only hope that it will aid you in publishing the best CARIBBEAN yet. Remember, "A word to the wise is unnecessary; it is only the foolish who need to be told."

Frank Raymond.

State College, Pa.

I am taking a course in Mechanical Engineering at Pennsylvania State College. I wish that this CARIBBEAN may be bigger and better than ever.

Carl Deye.

Gatun.

George Cartwright, '22.

Ships pass north and ships pass south
Through Gatun.
Few birds overhead,
Among them buzzards with outspread wings.
Lighthouses, scattered here and there,
Safely guide the ships from lake and ocean.
Lake, but not ocean, touches shores
In Gatun.
Thick jungle borders.
Coconut palms bedeck the streets;
Royal palms as well we see.
Whistles of departing ships
Seem to mark the hours.
From ocean seven miles away
Comes the wind. It loosens fruits from their high nest.
The wind sways palms,
Bends deep grass,
Is the feature of the dry season,
Helps cayucos sail home.
The locks, an engineering feature,
Join the separated Americas,
Lower ships to sea level,
Mix waters salt and fresh,
And make the town important.

Fort Randolph, C. Z.

I have just recently moved to Randolph but like it very much. I want to say that the students of Cristobal High School were very kind to me when I entered last year, a complete stranger.

I sincerely hope that this year's annual will be a big success.

Eleanor Zimmermann.

Columbus, Miss.

I am studying at the Mississippi State College for women. I am enjoying my work immensely, but get lonesome for my old Isthmian friends.

Kirby Ferguson.

Charles Henter has been staying at Hampton Roads, Va., but is planning on taking up an electrical course next year.

Alice Hunter has been filing in the American Foreign Banking Corporation, but expects to leave us next year to enter Simmons College in Boston.
Who knows what may follow, when we, in our boyhood, pledge ourselves to do things, which even at the time of greatest interest, seem impossible?

When I was in high school in the Canal Zone, my friend, Wesley Townsend, and I discovered two things upon which we agreed: First, that marriage has been the means of ruining many good men; therefore we determined to stay away from any such entanglements; second, that civilization, like a ripe guava, looks fair enough on the surface, but inside is eaten by worms. As a result of these bits of sophistry, we declared our intention of spending our lives in exploring far from human kind.

Little did we dream how nearly some of our plans would become reality. Two years ago I was graduated from Johns Hopkins College of Medicine. My interest in South America being strong, I settled in Buenos Aires and succeeded in building up a good practice.

One night just as I returned from a professional call, there was a loud rapping at the door. In response to my call, who should rush in but Townsend. His greeting was characteristic.

"Why don't you live in a decent joint, Sparkawosky? I had an awful time to find this hole. I got your address from your folks and then I nearly had to walk myself to death to find your shack."

I managed to pacify him by sharing the good dinner which my cook had prepared.

After dinner he continued "I'm hooked up with a bunch of butterfly-chasing old fossils from the National Geographic Society. They want to go to the Chaco and interview the Indians. We need a doctor. How about it? Will you go?"

"Will I go?" I fairly yelled. "I will, you know. When do we start? Tell me the plans."

"Well, keep your shirt on, will you? You can't start to-night! The object is to locate a new bunch of quebracho trees. The old ones are about used up. The scientific guys expect to stay until we have located the trees."

"What are quebracho trees, anyway?" I asked; "I have been here two years and I never heard of the things. Are they good to eat?"

"That's just like you. Always wanting something to eat. Tannin is extracted from the trees and used in tanning leather," he explained.

We sat and talked over our plans until quite late. I don't believe I slept a bit that night. Would that week never pass? Think of it! Seven whole days! Of course there was plenty to do. We had to lay in a stock of provisions, guns, ammunition and the like. Most of this was done by the men of the Society, however.

At last the day arrived and we boarded a river steamer bound for Formosa. For hours we were out of sight of land in a turbid muddy sea. Then we reached the river's mouth and started on our four-day trip. The next morning we made our first stop at Rosario, the second largest city of Argentina. All during the following day, small floating islands drifted by on the sluggish current. These islands were seething with the glistening bodies of water snakes and occasionally we saw a wild pig marooned. The next morning we passed the partially civilized territory of Chaco, and reached Formosa late in the evening. Formosa is a typical old Spanish town with a population of about three thousand.

We spent two days in hiring dugouts and Indians to paddle them. The crew was a villain-
uous-looking lot. Short, flat-nosed, with long, snaky, black hair—in a word, they were typical Indians of the Guaraní blood. I noticed, however, that the guide held aloof from them. Then I saw that he was of an entirely different type. He was a tall, stalwart, clean-cut.

"Here," I thought, "is a fellow to depend on."

At last, with all our baggage stowed away, we started on our voyage up the Pilcomayo, a long uncharted river which forms the boundary between Argentina and Bolivia. All day we paddled between thick jungles matted with "Illianas" and tree ferns. Gaudy birds flew screaming from tree to tree, and lazy alligators basked in the sunshine.

Toward evening we paddled up a side stream and made camp in a small clearing.

In the morning we sent out a small party to look for quebracho trees. When they returned after being gone most of the morning, they reported that they had found several white quebracho trees, which yield an important drug, and some red ones. They also reported that they had discovered tracks, Indian tracks! We immediately broke camp and proceeded cautiously because, not long before, a garrison of soldiers near Formosa had been massacred. All day long our men grumbled among themselves and now and then I caught them looking at us malignantly and whispering together. Fearing an ambush, we did not stop for lunch but pushed steadily on, eating some cold roast pig as we went.

In the evening, however, we were forced to stop for the night. We selected a spot on a slight rise of ground and after a cold supper, for we dared not light a fire, we posted guards and turned in.

What was our terror when in the morning we found that all of our men, except the guide, had deserted, taking with them everything that they could carry. After taking inventory of our remaining stores, which consisted of one dugout, three .30, .30 rifles, two .45 caliber revolvers, and a case of canned goods, we sat down to hold a council of war. There were six of us, Townsend, José, the guide, the three men of the Geographic Society, and I. Five of us were in favor of going on, while one man wanted to turn back. The majority ruling, we divided up our firearms and started on once more. We completely won the devotion of José by treating him as an equal rather than as a hired servant. He refused to accept a rifle, however, preferring his native machete, with which he was an adept.

Toward noon, we approached a sharp bend in the river. Here we paddled along with double caution but it availed us nothing. The river was swarming with dugouts manned by Indians hideously painted and tattooed. Evidently their sentinels had seen us the first night and had sent a warning ahead. We "backed water" quickly and attempted to turn around but they were too quick for us.

"Well, if this isn't a nice mess! Who ever told us that we were explorers anyway?" Townsend demanded, as the Indians started to tow us shoreward.

None of us was able to think of any brilliant plan; so we let the Indians take us to shore. Here we were roughly hauled from our canoe and put into an evil-smelling, vermin-infested hut. These inhabitants violently contested our right to share their abode with them. Presently an old hag hobbled in with several well-filled calabashes of baked yams, breadfruit, roast goat meat, and milk.

She scrutinized us closely and then, going up to one of the scientists, she pinched him several times. Nodding her head and muttering to herself, she took a large part of the food and placed it in front of him, indicating by signs that he was to eat all of it. Poor Townsend was the picture of despair.

"Well, I'm darned," he exclaimed, "here I thought I would get a square meal for a change. Then she comes along and gives most of it to the other fellow. I'd like to know the great idea."

We were all greatly mystified, but our mystification increased when we received a summons to come before the chief. We were led to a large hut in the center of the village, through the low door, and into a long room hung about with skins of animals, human skulls, and native weapons. At the far end was a raised platform upon which the chief sat on a throne of skulls. At his side stood a tall, stalwart, clean-cut fellow, who was a pure Bolivian. It was José, our guide. We looked at one another in surprise! What was he doing here? Had he turned traitor?

We advanced up the long room to the foot of the dais and stopped. The chief, an evil-looking
fellow wearing only a breech-clout, necklace of bones, and a feather headdress, was furious when we refused to kneel to him. Using José as an interpreter, he boomed forth, “What do the white dogs in the country of the Chacos? Do you not know the penalty?”

We stated our business as clearly and as calmly as possible but it did not seem to allay his suspicions of us. Calling a guard, he had us bound and taken back to our hut.

As evening drew on, we were surprised at the number of cooking fires. One was kindled before each hut and a pot of water put on.

“Say, fellows, I would be willing to bet that these devils are cannibals,” I affirmed.

“Well, we’ll soon find out,” said Townsend grimly. And it was not long before we did find out!

As soon as it was dark we were dragged, still bound, to an open space in the center of the village where five posts had been set in the ground. Each of us being bound to a post, we waited apprehensively for the performance to begin. The villagers lost no chance to pelt us with stones or whatever was at hand.

Shortly the tom-toms began to beat—throbbing notes that made one’s senses dull. Soon these sounds ceased as if by magic and the chief stalked over to his raised seat, together with José. At a given signal, a huge brute stepped from the crowd and went over to the scientist who had eaten our dinner. He executed a wild dance to the music of the tom-toms and then, taking some instrument from a pouch at his belt, he loosened one of the captive’s arms and started to work. One by one he slowly ripped out the finger nails of his helpless victim, who fainted twice but was revived immediately. Then when he had wearied of plucking the beard from his face, hair by hair, he tore off his shirt and drew a burning brand across the bare flesh. The scientist was sagging loosely in his bonds, his lusterless eyes glazed, his mouth swinging open.

How we tugged at our bonds! But it was no use. We realized that we should have to see it through without assisting our associate.

With a wild shout, the brute whipped a dagger from his belt and drove it to the heart of our friend. There was a rush of villagers as each drew his knife and strove to get some part of the victim’s anatomy. It was sickening. Men rushed from the crowd spattered with blood and carrying a piece of leg, arm, or other delicacy. Then followed a great feast of dog and human flesh, together with many kinds of vegetables. The men ate until their wives had to carry them home.

Finally when only a few old men were left sleeping on the ground, we saw, by the fitful light of the fire, José creeping toward us with a knife gleaming in his hand. What was he up to now? Had he come to finish us? We hoped so. Anything would be better than the torture we were undergoing. But he quickly cut our bonds and then sat down till the numbness had left our arms and legs. Silently he motioned us to follow him. At the water’s edge our own canoe was drawn up, loaded with our guns and provisions. We took our places and silently slipped down the stream.

When we had gone some distance José explained to us that he knew the Chaco dialect and he thought that by posing as our enemy, he might help us to escape. He finished with: “The Senors did not think me a traitor?”

“José, old boy, you had me stumped for awhile,” admitted Townsend. We all assured José that we trusted him fully.

“Poor devil,” said Townsend, referring to the murdered scientist. “The best we can do is to go back there some day and avenge him.”

Gloom hung over us like a pall as we thought of our companion. We shook it off, and by hard paddling, we reached Formosa in two days. Four more days and we reached Buenos Aires and home.
DEAR MARY:

In this letter I have something really interesting to write about. Last Sunday we took a most delightful trip to Porto Bello (beautiful port), a little town about 20 miles down the coast, in which are the historic ruins of an old Spanish fort, cathedrals, and other interesting buildings, which were the pride of the town before the pirate Morgan sacked it, leaving little but ruins of what had been one of the richest cities on the Caribbean.

As we left Cristobal behind us, the water was gray; the sky, dark and sullen; but later the sun came out and shone so radiantly that we knew we should have a beautiful day for our trip. My spirits rose as we set out to sea against the cool wind. The Cara, leaving a pathway of foam and spray, cut swiftly through the clear blue water. We passed a couple of diminutive sailboats, reeling like drunken men, their white sails glistening in the sun. Along the coast we could see, beyond a stretch of white beach, tiny thatched huts nestling under stately palm trees; behind these, rose hazy purple mountains.

At last we arrived at Porto Bello, and it certainly was rightly named, for I lost any qualms of seasickness that I had had, in contemplation of the exquisite scenery. The bay, which is almost landlocked, is really the most picturesque I have ever seen, and, in fact, has the reputation of being the most beautiful natural harbor on the Caribbean. On the left side lie the crumbling ruins of an old fortification, while on the right the main fort glooms above the sparkling blue water like some sullen sentinel, its gray walls forming a strange contrast to the pink and blue of the red-roofed huts which flaunt themselves at the foot of the jungle-covered mountains like those of a toy village. Nearby, a group of native boys were swimming about in the cool water, diving and splashing like young seals, their agile bronze bodies glistening in the sun. How oblivious they were of the fact that fathoms beneath them lay the bones, and perhaps a tarnished sword—all that was left of the once dauntless old sea dog, Drake!

Finally, after much maneuvering, under the interested eyes of a group of ragged half-naked natives, all of whom were offering advice (which we could not understand), we tied up to a rickety little wharf.

After having a delicious lunch on board the Cara, we simply could not wait any longer to start, our heads were so full of tales of pirates, pieces of eight, and treasure trove. We had a difficult time getting into the little town, first jumping over a small stream then squeezing in between two huts, before we finally stepped onto a narrow, dirty, little old cobbled street. What a contrast to the busy prosperous city of years ago is this squalid little town—nothing to be seen on the streets but a few scrappy old hens and a mangy dog worrying a clean bone! As we picked our way down the streets, natives peered out curiously. Finally we came to the governor's mansion. What a magnificent old pile it must have been with its gray walls rising majestically! As I entered the old ruin, I could almost imagine that before me, in the cool shadows, strode a proud and haughty Don, clad in rich velvets, his sword clanking at his side, his
dark eyes flashing under his swarthy brow; while strolling beside him was a languid slender Señora, in sweeping Spanish brocades, a lace mantilla veiling her lustrous eyes and sleek black hair topped by a tall carved comb. The story goes that the governor and his wife lost their lives when the building was burned. With a sigh for these ill-fated ones, I reluctantly left the shadows of the past for the glaring sunshine of the present.

Outside, we saw two barelegged, scantily dressed little girls husking wild rice in a wooden cylindrical vessel, with long awkward pestles; how primitive this seemed in comparison with the modern method of preparing rice!

Half hidden by creeping jungle vines lies the old cathedral, the Spanish style of architecture still evident in the tall spires, arches, and ornate carving. The centuries rolled away; the air was heavy with incense; above the notes of the deep-voiced organ rose the droning monotone of the old priest, and the murmured responses of the kneeling Spaniards. With a leap I spanned the years to the present, rudely aroused from my reverie by the incongruity of the grunting and rooting of scranny razor-backed hogs where once Spanish chivalry and beauty had knelt in prayer. I felt a shudder of distaste at this sacrilege.

At last we came to the fort, which thrilled me most of all, for I could conjure up scenes of bloody battles and of swarthy, bearded, red-sashed pirates, their knives gleaming between their white teeth, creeping up the hill to the fort. As we descended into the dirty old dungeons (now the home of slimy lizards) and saw the light fade away into darkness, I wondered for how many suffering prisoners this had been their last glimpse of the sun. Some of the old rusty cannon, once so powerful and now just a heap of useless iron, are still lying around. I was fascinated by the quaint, gray sentry boxes overhanging the bay, and, as I peered through the narrow slit, in my imagination I experienced the awful terror of that lone guard who through this same aperture had seen that first strange English ship appear.

The sun became so hot that we were forced to return to the Cara. Of course daddy had to have a souvenir; so he bought two big rusty cannon balls from an old native, and how they did argue and haggle over the price! Finally, however, it was settled satisfactorily, and we left the beautiful bay behind us, the sun casting a mellow glow over the rippling water and the fast receding village. We arrived home at about seven o'clock, tired, but feeling that the trip has been well worth while. Truly your friend, Betty.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN.

Jordan Zimmermann, '22.

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

In plain English these words of Polonius mean do not quarrel needlessly but, if forced to, make sure that your adversary knows that he has no easy task. Some people go through life watching for the chance to start an argument over some trivial point. The only thing this sort of person accomplishes is an unpleasant reputation for himself. There is a natural tendency to shun a person who argues over nothing. Of course there are some who seemingly are always in an argument but they soon reveal the fact that they are only doing it as a joke. The one I am talking about is the chronic quarreler. He is not satisfied about school life, social life, industrial life, government. Nothing is done right. He never stops to consider the opposite side of a question.

A person who goes along from day to day seemingly always the same, quiet and reserved, observes much more than the person who blusters and quarrels. Why? Because he can study a point more thoroughly and can see both sides; whereas one who quarrels must necessarily take one of the two sides or there can be nothing to argue on. It takes a long time to arouse a quiet man to action but when he is finally awakened it is time to beware. The points he brings up are clinching in their force. He overwhelms the blusterer by the speed and versatililty of his attack.

So far I have presented points for verbal quarrels. But if the argument should turn to fist cuffs, here also the quiet man will hold the advantage. He will be cool and conserve his strength while the other will be hot-headed and impetuous, wanting to be victorious in a short time.
THE DERELICT'S STORY.

Kenneth Parker, 24.

It was on a wind-swept coral isle of the South Seas that I met Jack Hart. He was a great hulk of a man, gray, worn and dissipated; in a word, a typical derelict of the seas. His huge frame, clothed in rags, bore evidence of having once possessed great strength; his features were strong and regular though half concealed beneath a heavy, matted beard. Hart was wont to sit on a rock, for hours at a time, gazing seaward with head erect and eyes flashing. He aroused my interest greatly. I wondered a good deal about this lonely creature.

We were both in this out-of-the-way place for the same reason, business—I being engaged in my usual occupation of gathering a cargo of copra for the company's vessel; he being occupied with the task of eking out a livelihood, doing nothing.

We were drawn together finally because of loneliness and the fact that we were the only white men on the island. One day when more or less under the seductive influence of whisky and soda, he waxed communicative and told me his story. I can not tell the tale in Hart's own words, but the memory of it all haunts me yet. I can still hear his voice, now shaken with hoarse sobs, now bitter as he railed against an unjust fate.

He was a son of a fisherman and thus came to know and love the sea. In his youth he had run away from home to try the roving, adventurous life of a sailor. Wild and strange had been his experiences. I shudder now as I think of them. Through his own efforts, he had finally become master of a fine trading schooner, the Mary Evans, plying between the East Indies and America.

After spending many years on the deep, he had suddenly been confronted with a serious problem—one which almost baffled the hard old captain. His widowed sister, dying, had implored him to take her 10 year-old son. What should he do with him? He couldn't take him to sea with him, for a trading schooner is no place to rear a young-ster, nor could he leave him in a private school, as he had promised the dying mother that the child should not be separated from him.

The captain loved his sister's boy from the moment that he set eyes on him. After a hard struggle within himself he decided to give up his command at the end of one more voyage. He had started to leave the child at a home for sailors' children, but the piteous cries of the motherless child beseeching him not to leave him alone were too much for Hart; so he took Billy with him on that fated voyage.

The trip gave all indications of being a record one. He easily secured a valuable cargo from which he expected rich premiums. Then at Brunei, North Borneo, he obtained, through what he thought was luck, an enormous orang-outang and a gigantic leopard, the largest he had ever seen. If he got them to America alive, they would mean a fortune for him. He could buy a comfortable home for Billy and himself within sight and sound of his beloved sea.

Pulling out of Brunei Bay, the Mary Evans ran into a stiff breeze off the coast. The barometer fell with alarming rapidity. "All hands make snug," was the order. The hatches were battened down, a storm sail raised and all emergency preparations made. In a moment the typhoon was upon them. The waves beat against the vessel, their blows forcing her to tremble from stem to stern. The Mary Evans was making bad weather of it. For hours she wallowed and drifted, without steerage, rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea.

Hart, feverishly rushing about, was suddenly frozen in his tracks by a desperate scream followed a moment later by an awful, guttural cry which curdled the blood in his veins.

The skipper, numb with horror at what he might find, made a rush for below, flung open the door of the sail room and saw there on the floor before him, crumpled up in a pitiful little heap, his boy, literally torn to pieces! He knelt beside him; then a snarl and the booming grumble of the
ape made him leap for the door. But too late! The draft had already slammed it shut; he could not hope to reach it before the orang-outang.

In a moment he caught up a heavy oar which lay on the deck, vaulted up into the cage of the tiger, drew his revolver, and emptied it into the breast of the charging beast. It still came on. Hart raised the oar and smashed it to pieces over the monster's head. The brute, dazed by the blow and the shots, fell back, turned a somersault, and was at him again. The man flung the now useless oar from him, grasped his knife—and waited. The orang-outang, not being possessed of the strength to leap up at him, began clambering up. The crashing roar of the tiger vibrated through the air. A quick sickening rip—and the ape sank to the deck with his whole breast laid open by the cat, which had struck through the bars.

The next moment the ship shook and trembled as if the bottom were being torn away. She had run into a reef! Duty stood foremost in the captain's mind. He could not even wait to gather Billy up into his arms for a last farewell. Other lives threatened; he rushed to the upper deck.

With terrible shudders passing through her, and her beams groaning and snapping under heavy pressure, the Mary Evans in a few minutes slipped off the fateful reef and went down. Hours later, Hart, clinging to a spar and at the point of exhaustion, was finally washed ashore a few miles north of the village of Gaya.

From that time on, life had been a nightmare to him. He had lost everything that he held dear; not a spark of ambition remained. For years now he had wandered from island to island, working only when he was forced to by circumstances, begging from chance white traders and even from the natives.

As Hart finished the pitiful story, and reached with trembling fingers for the siphon—there somehow recurred to my mind a phrase of Irving's which I had learned as a schoolboy:

"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune but great minds rise above it."

THE SEA FROM OUR SCHOOL.

George Cartwright, '22.

As I peer from within the assembly room, through a window and an allotted space made narrow by a house on either side, I see in the farthest distance, a line as straight and parallel to the earth's surface, as any geometrician has ever drawn. Man may discover and man may invent, but though he travel the world over, he would never reach this apparent edge of the world, the intersection of the sky and sea, otherwise known as the horizon. Some smoke appears as if someone on an unseen isle had used his last hope for rescue, but almost immediately, there appear on either side, two large projections, which with the smoke, rise steadily until it is apparent that they are supported by a sturdy base; as time passes, I distinguish it to be only a harmless ship on its ocean voyage. Seemingly a short distance from the horizon, a long stretch of rocks, known as the breakwater, projects boldly out of the water. Although it is an ugly structure, at times when the sea is angry, and billows toss madly, it presents a beautiful sight; for when these waves dash against it on the opposite side, they are torn to pieces and rise in the form of chalk-white foam many feet higher than their oppressor, appearing here and there at intervals, the full length of the great wall.

The foreground of this scene is the domain of Father Neptune, to-day an angry, raging, fury-stricken monster, tossing its waves here and there, inciting fear in the hearts of owners and pilots of small unseaworthy vessels; to-morrow as calm and smooth as a highly polished mirror; now carrying over its surface, wild ferocious trade winds, which scatter baseless objects from place to place, and keep tall palms swaying back and forth in response to their force; then again ruffled by a cool, sweet-smelling sea breeze, which moves gently over this vast, widespread, body of dark, blue-green water. Then as the little waves that have succeeded in escaping that destructive prodigy, the breakwater, roll determinedly up the rough nature-carved beach, each trying to outdo the last, they die, only to be followed by numerous companions.
The blistering rays of the hot afternoon stream mercilessly through the iron bars of the station on a motley crowd of people pressing toward the afternoon train for the trip across the Isthmus. All is bustle and confusion.

I stand apart, interested in the scene before me. My eyes are directed toward the parlor car entrance where a timid baggage man is striving to convince a jargoning Jamaican woman that she is not at the second class entrance, while the negress firmly stands her ground, refusing to be convinced. A huge, overdressed woman, who has been eyeing the affair through a gold lorgnette, adds her voice to the weaker one of the baggage man, and finally, convinced by this combined effort, the negress retreats to her own entrance, muttering to herself. As she takes her place in line, two stately Martinique women, who have been conversing in the French of their native isle, scornfully draw aside their voluminous skirts lest they touch the faded drab one of the slouchy Jamaican.

I am strongly impressed by the picturesque costume of these Martiniques. The stiffly starched skirts of their gay gingham dresses are held up neatly over one arm, revealing snowy petticoats equally as stiff. Bright three-cornered kerchiefs are crossed over their ample bosoms, while quaintly tied turbans of vivid red and yellow add the finishing touch to these unique costumes.

A group of three tourists interests me; the rather pompous man in immaculate white duck and pith helmet (which is no longer worn by resident Americans, as they have become accustomed to the heat) is vigorously mopping his dripping brow; the women in gay sport clothes which smack of Fifth Avenue shops are diligently fanning themselves as they view their surroundings with amused interest.

An elegantly dressed Panamanian lady, tall and dark, passes me, chatting vivaciously in musical Spanish to her dapper wax-mustached husband. With them is a dark-eyed pensive señorita, whom I take to be their daughter, as she bears a striking resemblance to both. Lagging behind them, are the two small sons of the family, giggling over the funny sheet of an American newspaper.

Here and there is a sprinkling of Army and Navy officers in spotless "whites," with their fashionable wives, making their way toward the parlor car entrance.

Through the second class entrance surge people from all corners of the world. In addition to the usual collection of Jamaicans and Martiniques, are Chinese dressed in American clothes and devoid of queues, and swarthy East Indians of small stature, their straight black hair covered with small round fezes of black velvet embroidered in gleaming gold threads.

I turn my attention to the first class entrance where a short, dark, old Panamanian, his stiff white beard contrasting with the swarthiness of his skin, takes his place sedately in line. Behind him towers a sunburned pink-faced Englishman. At the end of the line a proud mother is engaged in the difficult task of keeping her flock of five children near her. She cranes her neck, anxiously watching to see that the train doesn't leave without her; at this juncture one of her infants strays away and stands beside the sedate gentleman. The child drops his lollypop and reaches out his dirty, sticky little hands to the man's white trousers to balance himself, while picking it up.

"Caramba," the man mutters—but very softly, for he is a Panamanian gentleman and doesn't utter oaths in the unrestrained manner of our American men. The mother rescues her child just as he takes out his lime-flavored lollypop to stick out a very green tongue at his enemy.

As the line thins through the gate, an American girl comes hurrying along. With a whiff of heavy perfume, she sallies by me. Her too fluffy yellow hair is crowned with an organdie hat which matches her beruffled pink dress. Under her
arm is a magazine bearing the title, "Elite Styles."

A red-faced American sailor, proudly bearing the latest number of the "Police Gazette" under his arm, comes rushing up, his white cap pushed far back on his tousled hair, the bottom of his trousers flapping as he runs.

The last of the line passes through the gate; the gateman, who is also conductor, pushes his cap far back on his head and sighs audibly, as he wipes his forehead and starts toward the train. Just then the sound of boyish voices is heard at the entrance of the station, and several sturdily built lads come flying through the gates, nearly knocking over a Jamaican woman’s tray of peanuts. She mumbles something about rude American boys, and turns to her companion to discourse in true Jamaican fashion on the subject of rude children.

Some boys outside of the gates shout something about bringing home the bacon, skinning Balboa, etc. All but two are already on, and, as they turn to answer, the train starts; the boys jump to the steps and the train is off.

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February’s races were over and training for June races began. All the jockey school students reassembled at the training course, namely, Cristobal High School.

Determination, a jockey of seventeen, had lost in his last race with his stubborn steed Algebra, but decided he would spend a little extra time preparing Algebra for the next big race. Another jockey called Fun entered the stable with a horse whom he named Physics. This horse was well built and had the making of a first rater for the main event in June.

Each day the horses were trained to take part in the tryouts, called quizzes, at the end of each week. To become a first rater or honor student their horses had to make the required distance, a semester’s work, within a certain time of “G.”

Horses lined up at the start for the weekly quiz, but a vacant space was noted and jockey Carelessness was marked absent.

Cheat, with his horse History, was already on his way around the track of test when the shout was heard, “They’re off.”

Determination urged on Algebra whose hoofs were throwing the dirt of temptation aside. He passed Fun, who by this time had drawn a laugh from all the spectators of fellow students by running his horse backwards down the trail of clown. The tryout neared the end with Cheat still in the lead. Although Determination urged Algebra still more and crossed the finish line within the required time G, Cheat had already crossed it with a better time, E. Then came Fun riding in on dancing Physics at a speed of F, far below the required time.

Each day in preparation for the June races, Determination brushed up Algebra who shone in his daily workouts. Carelessness missed his daily exercises by attending matinees, so leaving his horse English in the stable. Cheat often attended the matinee with Carelessness and would get a lad nicknamed Fish to clean his horse History and give him notes on what he had done. Fun would always have a laughing group to see his horse Physics perform, running sideways into the fence of wrong lessons.

Only a month before the June races of final exams, Fun was called to the office of the race track manager, Principal, who told Fun he must become serious or else he would be barred from the oncoming races. This interview struck Fun with a jolt and he decided to become serious, and immediately, although it was rather late, he brushed up Physics and daily galloped him down the track of study.

The day before the final event came. It was the only time that Carelessness grew aware that he had not prepared English for the big race to be held the next day. He went to the stables to give English a thorough rubbing down of cramming-up liniment. Determination had kept Algebra fit all through the training season called last semester
SERIOUSNESS still worked over Physics even during sponges of books were taken from the jockeys. and he was enjoying a swim of recreation, while Algebra refreshed himself in the pasture of rest. Seriousness still worked over Physics even during the night, which made Physics quite exhausted. Cheat had only one worry, he had shod History with unfair answers and was worrying how he could take a short cut through the field of concealed outline.

The eventful day had come and all dampened sponges of books were taken from the jockeys.

A questionnaire was handed each of them as they lined up at the starting point.

"They're off," came the shout, but already Cheat had a leap of an unprepared answer. Determination got a bad start but was pulling away from Seriousness and Carelessness, but Algebra began to puff and slow up when he came to the first bend called simultaneous equations. As he saw Cheat far in the lead he reached to his jockey cap where he had a damp sponge of type forms worked out. He looked to the rear and saw Seriousness and Carelessness plowing fairly around the bend of formulas and Shakespeare's Hamlet. He dropped his hand and urged Algebra on square-ly. A quick refreshing shower of renewed memory came and Determination began to pick up speed and gain on Cheat. History was beginning to fail Cheat as he was slowing down and slipping on the wet home stretch of thought questions, due to History's new shoes of unfair answers.

Physics and English came plugging along with Physics somewhat in the lead. They both leaped by Cheat on the home stretch, eager to reach the finish line of qualification for advanced series of new subjects. Cheat was humiliated and as a last resort took from his pocket sand of outlined campaigns and dropped it on the track before History to keep him from slipping. But the track manager Principal discovered the sand and immediately disqualified Cheat and tore up his questionnaire of examination papers.

Thundered shouts rose from the spectators as Determination finished fair and square with Algebra who leaped across the tape of advanced standing with "E," a much faster time than was required. Quite a cheer was given Seriousness as Physics galloped across the finish within the required time "P." Not very far behind him Carelessness finished, panting heavily. His time was the lowest possible passing, "P."

Cheat was the only one who didn't finish, as he left the race through the gate of shame. Although all others were given a chance for the next races of new subjects Cheat was expelled from the course.

SUNSET AT THE CHAGRES.

Emma Townsend, '22.

A long stretch of white beach, winding along the royal-tinted waters in graceful curves, first catches the eye. The darkening jungle with its deepening shadows, outlined by a row of rugged coconut palms, is quiet, save for the slight rustling of leaves, caused by the gentle blowing of the cool evening breeze. Small waves slap gently on the soft, sandy beach, tired after their day's work of pounding themselves noisily and unceasingly upon the shore in towering, white-capped waves.

The sun, a glowing red ball, sinks slowly into the gold-rimmed horizon. The sky, a beautiful background of reds, pinks, deepening lavenders, golds—dyed beyond artist's skill, gives the necessary color to nature's picture. Everything is rosy. Even the small waves are pink-tipped. No life is seen, except von boatman in his skiff disappearing around the point and the restless gull seeking his nest for the night. "Nature's flowerpot," to the west, stands out as a proud sentinel guarding the entrance, and to the east, Fort Lorenzo, on a high rocky cliff, outlined against the sky, looking out across the sea, and seeming to tell its story of pirates and "seadogs," marks the boundaries of our quiet, peaceful little world.

What a picture for an artist's pen, this little spot, far removed from the noise of the bustling cities, calm, peaceful, secluded, giving time for rest and thought, quiet and contentment.

A BEND IN THE LOWER CHAGRES.

"The sun shines bright, and the meadows are in bloom," but the parakeets are squawking all the day.
“Let’s go, Joe,” says Eddie. “It’s a quarter after.”

It is a bright Monday morning with everyone present and cheerful. We start with a rattle and the driver toots his horn for Ben Turpin, the street sweeper, to move his limousine so our chariot can pass. After considerable shimmying, we make the top of the hill, pass on the left the Old Maids’ rendezvous and several official houses; on the right, the palatial residences of Mr. Bridges and Mr. Sowley; and again on the left, the fire station with the bomberos shining the brass on the engine.

Then we stop at the Henter farm. As Lulu is getting on we can look down into the fertile peninsula below. This is called Mud Point, probably named after Lulu’s brother “Mud.” Here we see several goats running about and wonder which one is Lulu’s. Carlos says the small one is hers, as it is easy to get.

As we coast down Aristocrat Avenue something seems to be amiss. The driver stops our valiant vehicle and, upon inspection, finds the rear mud guard on the left side is rubbing on the tire. Further investigation reveals the reason—Mattie and Emma are both on the same side; Mattie shifts, and we are again on our way.

Coming into New Gatun, we see the famous cubist castle designed by Boob McNutt. As we top the hill which we have been ascending, we meet John, the Chinaman, struggling under his load of vegetables. He greets us with his cheery smile and draws “Hello good mornin.” Descending the hill, we come to High Street, which is the riddle of the ride as we all wonder what they would call a street if it were one to which you go up hill.

As we bump over the railroad at the bottom of the hill, we see to the right, in the distance, the Agua Clara filtration plant. With the keeper’s home above it on the hill overlooking the reservoir, it reminds one of a farm. Directly in front of us, is the largest cleaning-up place in town, the post laundry, and, directly behind it, is the place where the Army mule skinner’s reign and reign in all their glory—the Army stables.

Entering Fort Davis, we stop for Juline and Warner. Passing the athletic field, we see the ball team out practicing and runners covering the track. As we drive out on the Bolivar Highway, we have dense jungle on either hand in strong contrast to the modern concrete buildings of the fort which we have just left. Passing between two rock walls which remind one of Culebra Cut, we see a Jamaican walking to Colon and taking his breakfast en route, in the form of a stick of sugar cane.

Wesley, who has been riding on the step, now changes places with George, as a longer stay in the
sun might cause him to become freckled! Charlie, however, would rather stand there as he hopes to be a conductor when he gets big. Warner is intently watching the road for a skin, and every time we run over a snake, he skims back to skin it. The girls are too busy copying one another's algebra and Spanish to engage in any diversion.

We approach the Mindi dairy which belongs to the Government and supplies the Atlantic side with fresh milk. Adjoining the dairy are large pastures in which we see the Holstein and Guernsey cows which the Government has imported from the States. The road which passes through the farm connects the Bolivar Highway with the old Gatun-Cristobal road which runs to the east of the dairy.

As we cross the bridge over a small stream, we see a Silver City jitney reposing in the ditch with three wheels tired and the fourth knocked off. Passing a two-wheeled cart loaded with charcoal and bananas and drawn by a small native pony not much bigger than a large dog, with a drowsing Bajan topping the load, we see just ahead a black cylindrical object which, if we were on a ship, we should think a mine, but which, on closer inspection, proves to be only a boiler for melting tar to fill the cracks in the concrete road.

Running beside the river, we see a dark knotty object, slowly gliding through the water among the bushes. Warner thinks it will be a fine skin if he can only get it; so, asking the driver to stop, he jumps off, but by this time our friend Monsieur Snap Alligator has left for a more healthful place.

One of the familiar characters of this trip is the negro, pushing his three-wheeled cart loaded with grass, who stops to blow his whistle at every car that passes him.

Traveling at the terrific speed of eighteen miles per hour, we soon arrive at the crossing of the Bolivar Highway, Margarita Road, and the old road between Gatun and Colon. Stopping the chariot for the Hanson boys from Brazos Brook, the Cristobal reservoir, we are again on our way with the comfort of a Pullman and the speed of a hearse. Then we pass Governor Arcia's farm which supplies Colon with milk. We see also on the left the government oil-pumping station, which is supplied from the various companies' tanks on the surrounding hills and from which the government distributes the oil to ships at so much per barrel. We pass Mount Hope filtration plant and pumping station from which Cristobal and Colon are supplied with pure water, and approach a place with a grave aspect—a place where people are dying to go—Mount Hope Cemetery.

On the left is a large gasoline tank, which we tell strangers is the pagoda of the Chinese consul. Below it is the printing plant—made famous by THE CARIBBEAN—which makes money—not counterfeit, but commissary books. Behind this, are the Cristobal shops and the dry dock which was made by the French and enlarged by the Americans. Here we see all kinds of craft. Adjoining this is the site of the old coaling plant which is a mere shovelful in comparison with the present one which we see to the left in the distance. This is the place which added to the fame of the Atlantic side when a whale ran aground on the flats near the plant. On our right is the up-to-date cold storage plant built and maintained from commissary profits. After driving through Silver City which consists of quarters built by the government for its silver (colored) employees in Cristobal-Colon we enter Colon, which is next to the largest city in Panama. Here we see Chinese, Japanese, San Blas Indians, French, and English negroes, and East Indians.

In the market, as we pass, we see this collection buying fish and beef on which, with a little rice and yams, they live. We pass the government building, with its iron-railed balconies, in which is one of the largest libraries in Colon. We bump over the street car tracks but see no cars as one administration put in the tracks and another will put in the cars. On our left, as we leave Colon (it only takes ten minutes with our terrific speed) we see the Hotel Washington with its high walls and palm trees, and, on the right, picturesque Christ Church by-the-Sea.

We run along the beach and see the breakwater in the distance, turn the corner by the hospital, and climb from the chariot, up the steps of knowledge, and into our seats, to spend another happy day as pupils of Cristobal High School.
A MUSICAL EVENING.

George Ball, '24.

"All articles for The Caribbean must be in tomorrow without fail," said Miss Dodds, our principal. I squirmed—mine wasn't even started. I had lived in the tropics long enough to become infected with the malana fever; hence my motto was 'Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow;' but to-day was my last to-morrow; so I would have to summon my muse that night.

After supper I tried to settle down to work, but the wires must have been crossed, for the muse which presides over music answered my invocation, and I found myself inspired to produce harmony rather than literature. Therefore I got out my newly acquired mandolin, tuned it to the best of my ability, and started to play the first stand only piece of my repertoire, 'Home, Sweet Home.' I had not made more than two or three discords when my sister rushed from her room spluttering forth a "How in the world can I be expected to study such a hard subject as physics with this awful racket going on? You stop it this minute! Mamma, make Georgie stop that noise!"

I was so busy hunting for a flat that her outburst did not move me. After much fingering and fumbling, I succeeded in finding it, only to lose it again, for my mother had been moved by my sister's appeal and together they were too much for me.

"Some 'sweet home' this is," I muttered, as I put away my books and reached for my pad.

At the combination of musical and family discord, my muse had faded away. Now I would get down to business. I chewed my pencil for a while; then the inspiration came. I started in on a blood and thunder masterpiece. My villain succeeded in locking my hero in a deep, dark cellar. As I was revolving ways and means for his escape, my sister suddenly either finished her lessons or abandoned them, for she began banging "Dardenella" on the piano. Much to my relief, she was immediately suppressed by my mother, who reminded her that I was studying. So I went on laboring with my hero.

After much digging with nails and case knives, he managed to make his escape. He had no sooner done this than the Edison next door started playing the aria from "Boheme." It was a favorite of mine; so I decided to let my hero breathe the fresh air while I listened.

"I am sure that is Galli Curci," said my mother. "No, Farrar," said my sister.

Then they entered into a dispute that was settled only by the old player upstairs, which drowned out, with the strains of the aged "Margie," the voices of my mother and sister, as well as that of the famous singer (whoever she was).

The epidemic spread quicker than measles. The people across the street started playing the "Wang Wang Blues" on their rattly Victrola. The battle was fast and furious, but soon "Margie" died a natural death, and the "Wang Wang Blues" wanged on triumphantly for a few measures. Finally there was silence.

I returned to my hero. He had had enough fresh air now; so he was ready for some excitement. He immediately met the villain, and there followed a terrible struggle, from which my attention was turned to another struggle across the way, between little Mary Jones and her new violin. First there were twenty minutes of squeaking up and down the scale. Then she brutally and cruelly butchered "Humoresque." The last notes were painfully dying away when, from off in the distance, came the sounds of the fife and drum corps of the Panamanian Boy Scouts. When they had passed out of hearing, I returned with renewed vigor to help my hero, whom I had left fighting the burly villain. They must be exhausted now; so I let them rest. Neither they nor I could rest long, for from down the street came the wailing notes of a saxophone. It was Clarence, the leading actor in the Senior play, doing acrobatics on his saxophone while practicing his role. I immediately killed both my hero and villain and went to bed in despair.
My story takes place in Slaterville, a little one-horse town situated in the lower part of Florida on the Caloosahatchee River. It is just one of those quiet little villages which boast of a main street where all the business houses of the town are located, and where the town folks don’t care about to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself. In the mountains surrounding the little village, excellent trout fishing and hunting are to be found, and often through the winter months tired business men and statesmen pass through on their way into the mountains for a few weeks rest from the turmoil of business and politics.

One of the stock characters of the place was Silas Blackburn, known around town as Silas, the sleuth. He had formerly driven the delivery wagon for Perkins’ General Store, always cherishing within his bosom, however, the ambition to become a second Sherlock Holmes. So, against the wishes of his parents he quit his job and began sending for literature on how to become a detective. He established his office in the back of his father’s grain store, and hung out his sign to let the public know that Slaterville boasted of a private detective.

Everybody had laughed at him, and his father had told him to quit this foolishness, as Mr. Samuel needed a good clerk in his new hardware store and here was Si’s chance to get a good job. But nothing could persuade Si from his present occupation and, when jokingly asked how business was, he would often reply: “You just wait, I’ll show you all some day.”

He didn’t have long to wait. About 3 miles out of Slaterville in the near-by hills was a large sulphur mine. The paymaster of the mine had been on his way there with the monthly pay roll, when three armed bandits in a high-powered motor car had held him up and had made a clean get-away with $10,000 of the company’s money. Telephones were got to working and all roads that lead out of Slaterville were watched. A large reward was offered by the company for the capture of the bandits. The paymaster had been so dazed that all he could remember was that the car driven was a high-powered McFarlan and had three occupants. About three days after the robbery, it was believed that the bandits must still be in the vicinity of Slaterville, or had made their escape into the hills, as all roads and railroads had been watched carefully, and no one answering to their description had gotten through.

Si’s heart leaped high; his chance had come at last. Now he would show those scoffers! Daily he disappeared into the hills, returning late at night. One night he returned later than usual, bespattered with mud, and wearing a look of serious purpose. His father again approached him on the subject of a job.

“Si,” he said, “Mr. Samuel is still holding that position open for you, and you can go to work as soon as you quit this—”

“Pap, I don’t care nothin’ ‘bout no job; I’ve got somethin’ real important up my sleeve, and don’t want to be bothered.”

He really had something up his sleeve. He had found about three miles out of town on the edge of a small lake near a seldom-used road, a McFarlan car covered with mud. It answered to the description of that given by the paymaster. Also, a little way off, he found a campers’ tent with three occupants, and, after making these discoveries, he had made his way home, deciding to wait until the next day to investigate more fully, for one of the instructions of his literature was to proceed slowly and cautiously. Setting out next morning with his rifle and dog on the pretense of hunting, he made his way in the direction of the campers he had discovered the day before. When he reached the spot, he made a careful detour of the camp and approached it from the lake shore to keep the men from suspecting that he had trailed them. Stealing close to the side of the tent, he laid his ear against it. Cold chills played up and down his spine at what he heard.

“Well, that was a pretty good haul we made,” said one.

“It sure was,” said another. “And we ought to make two or three more like it before we go back to the city.”
"The fellows up in the city thought we were fools coming way down here, but just wait till we get back and tell them our luck," Si heard a third person say.

This was enough evidence to convince his detective mind that he had at last landed the bandits, and done it single handed at that. They had spoken of a haul; so he thought they must have the loot with them. The men inside the tent began to move around; so he carefully crept back into the woods. Making his way back to town with all possible haste, he headed for the sheriff's office.

A half hour later Si, covered with mud from head to foot, his hat missing, his hair disheveled, came running into the sheriff's office.

"Why all the hurry, Si? What's the excitement?" exclaimed the sheriff.

"If I take you to the hiding place of those bandits that robbed the Harrington Sulphur Mine's pay roll, do I get the reward?" he burst forth, after getting his breath.

"Why, of course you do, Si," grinned the sheriff, for he thought it was some big joke.

"Well, then, get a large posse together, for these men may make a desperate fight; then follow me," he said to the astonished sheriff.

The sheriff, almost convinced by Si, hastened to gather a posse, and soon they were headed for the hills. This was Si's great moment as he galloped up the main street with the posse and the sheriff behind him. Folks would laugh at him? Well, he'd just show them. As he passed his father's grain store, that astonished gentleman came out on the sidewalk and yelled after him, "Where be ye going, Si, that job that——," but that was all Si heard.

After a half hour's ride, they began to near the bandit's hiding place.

"You had better have your posse surround the tent, while you and I go forward and demand their surrender," said Si to the sheriff, for he was determined to be in at the killing. After the sheriff had stationed his men, he and Si started toward the entrance of the tent, Si fairly swaggering.

While the sheriff held his gun in readiness, Si loudly rapped on the tent and yelled, "We've got you dead to rights; so you might just as well come forward and give yourselves up."

A rather short individual stepped forth from the tent, followed by two other men. After glaring around at the posse, the sheriff flaunting his badge, and Si, the short fellow demanded, "What's all this farce? Can't a fellow spend a quiet couple of weeks fishing without a lot of dummy sheriffs coming up here and spoiling it for him? I ought to have the whole bunch of you——"

But that was as far as he got, for the sheriff, as if awakening from a dream, loudly exclaimed, "My Gosh! It's the Governor of the State and his——"

But that was all Si heard, for in the next instant he was on his horse bound for home leaving the sheriff to explain matters. Galloping into town as fast as his horse's legs would carry him, he rode straight for his father's store, and dismounting, went inside. Walking up to his father, he said soberly: "Pap, what about that new job you was talking about?"

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**A YOUNGER BROTHER.**

*Marjorie Ball, '22.*

With lordly mien and boldly blustering air,
He loudly boasts that he can never know
Of any fear, but still, 'tis strange, will show
A bashful blushing face when maidens fair
Are near. Such trilling things as unkept hair
And dingy grimy hands are far too low
To trouble his more lofty mind, although
He dons his clothes precisely and with care.
His joy in life is far too plainly heard;
And appetite by far too plainly seen;
But 'neath all this, is helpfulness to mother,
With friendly thoughts behind his careless word.
And, after all, who is thief who could mean
The same to you as does your little brother?

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**BOBBED HAIR.**

*Ida Brown, '22.*

Oh! Here is to the girl who bobs her hair——
Her hair of brown, chestnut, or golden hue
Her curly, flying locks of fashion new
Have caught my wondering heart within her snare.
So gay and yet so artless is her air
Enhanced by roguish eyes of brown or blue.
But, with it all, I know her heart is true
Though she with largeless free her favors share.
Let's pledge a toast to her—the modern girl——
That she may keep her happiness and joy.
That beauties like sweet petals may unfurl.
From heart now light as that of barefoot boy,
Until she blooms into perfected life——
Emerging capable, a staid good wife.
Mr. Jones never knew how the book agent got past the guard in his outer office, for he had given strict orders that no salesmen were to be ushered into his sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Jones hated salesmen, particularly that brand of wind blowers, as he called them, the book agents. He hated them with all the hatred of a Wall Street cynic; so it spoke worlds for the persuasive powers of the book agent, that Jones found himself dazedly staring at a highly colored copy of the "Early Pilgrim Fathers." It had all been done so quickly and glibly that he remembered was handing over $5. He now looked at the book again and cursed feebly, not because of the money spent, but because he had been bested.

By the time Mr. Jones reached his suburban home that evening, he had completely forgotten the unpleasant episode with the book agent, in the anticipation of a good dinner and a quiet evening with his wife.

Two hours later, Jones, in slippers and comfortable smoking jacket, pulled his easy chair before the fire and settled down with his newspaper and his pipe. He looked across at the pretty dark head of his wife, bent over her sewing, and a great feeling of peace and contentment came over him.

"Oh, John!" Mrs. Jones, throwing aside her sewing, ran over to perch on the arm of Mr. Jones's chair. "I've got something to tell you—a book agent came to-day; oh, he was the nicest, most courteous man, he would have convinced even you—and I know how you hate book agents—that you couldn't be without this book."

Mr. Jones stiffened perceptibly.

"Yes, it was only $6 and tells about the Pilgrim Fathers, John; you know my ancestors came over in the Mayflower and I almost cried when I read about that first hard winter. It will be a wonderful book to hand down to our children."

"Ancestors and Mayflower be hanged!" growled Jones.

"Why, John, what's the matter, you're positively cross; it's really quite an educational—"


Just then Mrs. Jones looked out of the window and whom should she see hurrying through the fast-gathering dusk in the direction of the station but the same book agent!

"Look, John! Quick! Is that your man?"

"Yes! Blast him!"

"Run and catch him and make him take one of these old 'Pilgrim Fathers' back."

"But, I am not dressed, and my boots are off."

Just then Mr. Smith, a next door neighbor, drove past in a carriage. Jones frantically pounded on the window pane in such a manner that the startled horses were brought up with a jerk.

"Hey, Smith, run down to the station, will you, and catch that book agent you see standing there."

Mr. Smith reached the station just as the conductor said "All aboard."

"Book Agent!" he yelled, just as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book Agent! hold on a minute, Mr. Jones wants to see you."

"Jones? Jones wants to see me?" repeated the puzzled-looking book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants. He wants to buy one of my books, but I'll miss my train if I go back to sell it to him."

"Oh, if that's all he wants I'll buy it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Seven dollars for the 'Early Pilgrim Fathers,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book through the window.

Just then Mr. Jones arrived at the station puffing and blowing, like a diminutive model of the engine just pulling out. As he saw the train leaving, he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Smith, "Just got it; that's all."

"Got what?"

"Got the book—'Early Pilgrim Fathers' and paid—"

"By the great horn spoon," muttered Mr. Jones, as he fainted right in the middle of the street.
"Having a good time, John?" asked Harry.

"Oh! Glorious," replied John. "But have you seen Minnie around here? I have been looking for her for the last half hour. I have an idea that she dolled up as the French Jane."

"Your're right," said Harry, chuckling guiltily. "She has been looking for you also."

"Well, thanks for the info., I'll be O. K. for the rest of the evening. Have a good time, and go home at a respectable hour. So long," and John started for Minnie.

He had very little trouble in finding her for she had been sitting all evening in the same place, which was very uncommon for Minnie. She was generally here, there, and everywhere.

"Hello, Min! I've been looking for you till my eyes are sore. Harry just put me wise now."

"Good evening, John," she replied. "Having a good time?"

"Sure thing! Something happen? You have been quieter than usual."

"No, I'm just taking life easy. How do you like my new costume?"

"Fine and dandy. Nobody would know who it was. Why I was even fooled myself until Harry told me. I bumped into about ten teachers while trying to find you, and was just about to tell them what I thought about them, when I discovered who they were. They give me a pain; I've never been any place where they weren't. I'm disgusted with the whole crowd. You ought to see the report they handed me this morning."

"I did happen to see it, and I don't see what you expect. That is about as well as you do or ever did."

"Huh! I'm glad you think so," sarcastically replied John. "If I don't deserve more than a 'P' in Physics, and a 'G' in English, I'll eat my shirt; and what did you think of that red 'F' in Algebra?"

"Well, a good thing for you to do would be to work a little more, and get what you think you deserve. Why blame the teachers?"

"Say, who do you think you are? You talk as if you thought you were a teacher. I suppose you got all 'E's,' didn't you?"

"No, I didn't get all 'E's,' but you don't hear me grousing about what I did get, do you?"

"All these teachers have their pets around here, and I'm one of them, but I'm the pet nut. They all pick on me. It's John, John, John, all day long. One of these days I'm going to change my name. That Miss Beeching thinks I'm an Algebra shark, but somehow or other I can't bite and then I get blamed for it. Miss Dodds bawls me out for not knowing that this too solid flesh would melt. Just because her brain sopped up all this Shakespeare stuff, she thinks mine is going to do the same. Then there is Miss Hornbeak, who tries to tell me all this junk about Columbus and the other inventors, and because I don't know what happened a thousand years ago, I get 'P,' and if Ba——" but here he stopped for he heard the whistle of the floor manager.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we ask you all to unmask now and go into the next room for refreshments."

John, obeying orders with the others, unmasked at once, but he neglected following further directions, for upon turning to offer Minnie his arm, he discovered that with the removal of her mask she had revealed—Miss Hornbeak. John, without even excusing himself, darted out of the door and ran for home.
11.45: Oh, I'm tired; "Lightnin'" was a good show but it was so long. I'm glad Harry did go to the movies. He'll get a few more hours sleep than we, anyway.

Goodnight, mother and dad. Don't forget to call me early to go swimming.

11.50: (Guess I'll go kiss Harry good night.)
Mother! Harry isn't home yet! No! Where do you suppose he is? (Mother's voice sounds rather shaky; I wonder if she is scared and is just cheering me up.)

You think he went riding with Aunt Kate? Oh, all right, good night.

11.55: (H'm! I wonder if he did go riding. Well, mother and dad don't seem to be worrying over him. Guess I'll go to bed too.)

2.00: What's that, dad? Harry isn't home yet! I'll be right down! No, indeed, I won't go back to bed; I'll sit down here and talk to mother. First you're going to the hospital to see if he has been hurt? Oh, yes, and then you'd better go to the police station and report him missing.

2.30: There, mother, don't worry. He's all right. There! There! Am I worried? Oh, no! Not very, anyway.

2.40: Yes, I'll call Aunt Kate to see if they did take him for a ride.

Two three five, central. Yes, please.

Hello, Aunt Kate? Yes, this is she. Have you seen anything of Harry this evening? No? Well, he isn't home yet, and we thought maybe he was over at your house. All right then, we'll let you know when we find him. Good bye.

2.50: (Oh, my, what if he has been kidnaped? Yes, I was just reading to-day about a little boy's being kidnaped. Maybe they think we are rich and are holding him for ransom.)

No, mother, I don't see them yet, but please don't worry. He'll be coming soon.

2.55: Oh, dear! what if has been run over! There is so much traffic and he isn't used to it all. Oh, what if I never see him again!

Why was I so mean to him! Last night I made him take me to the movies, and this morning I fussed with him because he wouldn't go to the store for me, and to-night I made him do the dishes when I knew he had been fishing all day and was tired, and"

Oh, mother, please don't say that! Of course he'll come home soon.

(Yes— I surely have treated him abominably. He often does little favors for me, and to tell the truth he is really a lot better than other girls' brothers, and all the girls are always saying how polite he is and what pretty hair he has and—)

Oh mother, here comes papa now and Harry is with him!

3.00: Where have you been, you darling! (throwing arms around him and kissing him). Honey, I'll never, never treat you mean again! I was so scared. Were you lost or hurt or kidnaped or—?

What! You were listening to the wireless concert in the pavilion and fell asleep! Asleep! Oh, you lazy little pest! Here we have been worrying and losing sleep, and I was thinking how mean I had treated you—and to think you were asleep all the time.

You're sorry! Well, what good does that do? It doesn't make up for the sleep I lost. Yes, and to-morrow, young man, you'll help with the dishes and go to the post office for me and take me to the movies and—well I'll tell you the rest in the morning. Good night, mother and dad, and—good night, you—you rascal.
Everyone was cruel to him. His sister wouldn’t return his library book for him, and there was 20 cents due on it already; his English teacher had threatened that if he didn’t soon hand in his theme on one of Franklin’s proverbs, she would give him material enough to write a book on the subject, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other;” and now his mother had made him take the new minister’s son (he was straight from a school in England) fishing with him when he had thought he would have a whole day away from everyone—a day just to go wandering with no one but his dog. He bet he knew where a pair of wild ducks had their nest and there was a peach of a place where he could set a trap for a possum and——.

He hated the new boy—his name, Percival, the way he combed his hair, parted carefully in the middle, the way his ribbed stockings were rolled at the top, and especially the way he talked. His “right-o, old chap” made him sick.

They reached the creek at last, while all the time Jack maintained a discreet silence—a silence which remained unbroken until, just as a huge speckled trout was about to make a meal of Jack’s bait and hook, the new boy whispered excitedly, “I say, how jolly pretty!” And when he threw a rock in “to see how it would swim,” Jack threw down his line.

“For——,” but he got no further. In his anger he had stepped too near the bank and he felt himself going down——down. Suddenly something hit him and he tried to count some bright, orange stars spinning around in a purple sea. Then he was being pulled——pulled——.

When he regained consciousness, he could not see. Something was wrapped around his eyes, but he could hear someone that sounded like his father telling a story about someone (he didn’t get the name) who had fallen in the creek and had been saved by a boy who looked as if he hadn’t the strength of a girl. Suddenly he understood and, smiling a bit, he said, “‘A slip of the foot is better than a slip of the tongue,’ Franklin—Experience.” And they put another ice bag on his supposedly delirious head.

THE SECRET.

Marjorie Ball, '22.

One Saturday morning when I was in the midst of my baking, the door flew open and in rushed one of my neighbors breathless with excitement.

“Oh! My dear!” she gasped. “I’ve just heard the most interesting piece of news. I simply couldn’t wait to tell you.”

“Well, what is it?” I asked, rather annoyed because she had disturbed me.

She beamed and then looked mysterious. “Really, I don’t know whether I ought to tell you or not. You see, Mrs. Smith told Mrs. Brown and told her not to tell, but Mrs. Brown just can’t stand Mrs. Smith because the Smiths have a Cadillac and Mr. Brown only has a Ford, so she told Mrs. Jones just for spite, and Mrs. Jones told me.”

“How interesting!” I murmured absently.

“Yes, you see that’s how it was and Mrs. Jones never would forgive me if she found out I told you. You must never mention it to anyone.”

Just then the order man came in, and I had to excuse myself for a moment, but it made no difference to her for she kept on talking steadily while I gave my order.

“Well, if I tell you, you must promise never to tell. I suppose I ought not to, Mrs. Jones will just kill me. Well, I will anyway. You see, it was this way—— Oh, dear! There is my husband coming now, and I haven’t even started his dinner. I’ll tell you to-morrow.”

With that she tore out through the door as suddenly as she had come in. So she never told me her secret, but I have always had a very strong suspicion that I knew it for I was the one who had told Mrs. Smith.
"Oh, go on and do it, Betty," urged Mildred.
"But I can't!"
"Yes, you can! See, it's not very deep."
I peered down, down, down before I finally saw the bottom. Oh, how stony it was! So deep! If I should get to the bottom and somehow never come up—oh, but it would be too terrible!
"Oh, I can't, Mildred."
"Yes, you can! Now, go on!"
"Well—I'll try." I'd show her that I could do it as well as she could!
I leaned far over, farther—farther. I felt myself slipping. A cold shiver ran up my spine. I felt like those hair advertisements going—going—but not quite gone, for with one effort I caught myself.
"Oh," I gasped in relief.
If I had dived in, I'd be down in that cold green water now.

"Well, what did you do that for? You were going over beautifully. I'm not going to stand here any longer waiting for you to do what you never will!"
"Oh, Mildred, I'm going to do it right away," I asserted heroically.
"Now, lean far over and just fall in," were my directions.
I bent far over, over. Oh! Now I was going for sure. My ears were ringing. But the next thing I knew I was clinging to the ladder spouting water like a young whale. Gasping between breaths I groaned, "Never again," for I had hit flat as a pancake.

COGITATIONS OF A COCHERO.

Gladys Lowande, '24.

Hi, der, cap, ya hain't wish ha coach? Take ya to da 'otel, cap. No, no coach!
Run, me son, Napoleon, haroun' dis corner quick fe hyar come da humane lady dat stop hus dis mornin'. Da humane sasciety ham alwayz busybodyin' haroun'. First one ham say, "Coach man, take dat pore tin hoss bak to da stable han make 'im 'ave ha good feed." Han den, "Hain't ya hashame fe drivin' ha hoss wid ha sore hon 'im bak?" Han den da nex' one say, "Hi hain't gwan ride wid ya hatall if ya ham beat dat hoss dat way.
Hit ham hall very well fe dese white folks to blong to da Protection hoF Cruelty to nanimals but dey haint hunderstan' hosses hatall. Ya jus' hafta beat dem hall da time when de his balky, eh, Napoleon? Dis hoss ham tin han him ribs stick hout but dat haint noting, cause I'se tin ma-sef. Lawd, Sa, no one wishin' to ride wen hit ham dry season so how she tink hi gwan catch money to buy food fe ma hoss? But rainy season comin' soon han heverybody wish ha ride han den hi get lots ha money fe da feed fe you, Napoleon.
Han, me son, wat ya gwan do wen ha man pass ya ha spiggoty nickel fe ha fi' cent? Han wen hi don't wish to take hit, 'im get hangry han call ha pliecan.
Hi done guess dat dis hyar nigga hain't da h'only one wat catch bad luck. One huf dem ladies dat hi done took to da bank dis mornin' ham say she jus' finish give ten dollars to da Colon Free Clinic han den 'er little bay go han loss ha bran' new commissary book han she no 'ave the money to get hanother.
My! Dose wimen hain't got no sense habout da way dey gwan talk habout der frien's. Tha nex' one ham say, "Hi wonder where dis Missus Jones ham catchin' hall da money fe buy shew new clothes." Han dey talk somethin' scandalas habout Missus Desmond wats 'usband went hup hand lef' she. Hi wonder where she 'usband go?
Get hup der, Napoleon. Der hother day ha gal wat hi drive to da pool ham tell 'er frien', "Hi hain't gwan dance wid Fred no more 'cause 'im h'always dance wid dis hyar Catherine hall da time han hi haint care hatall."
Wat's dat hi 'ear, ha whistle? Hi, Napoleon, make hit fas to da dock, I'se gwan catch ha passenger from da Panama Railroad boat.
A Résumé of the Country Fair.

Alex Linzer, '23; George Ball, '24; Warner Boxer, '24;
Florence Albert, '24; Virginia Tucker, '25.

The voting contest was right across the hall from that, so I managed to get in there two or three times. They were voting for a high school girl to ride on their float in the carnival in Colon. Helen Jukes and Virginia Tucker left the other candidates behind early in the evening and then you should have seen the money fly! I ached when I thought what a lot of good it would have done if only it could have been invested at the hot dog counter. Why the voters would just plunk down one bill after another—fives, tens, and even a twenty. Finally though, the chap that was supporting Helen Jukes won out. He must be a winner any way for they say he has already won his candidate.—Isn’t the candy done?

“Well, then I went downstairs and the first door I came to advertised the Siamese Twins. I went in with the crowd and they—or should I say she?—gave us a dance, and a song with a ukulele accompaniment. Somehow the golden hair of this attraction reminded me of Marjorie Ball and Ruth Duey.—Say, I’m done, somebody else can tell the rest. I’m going to keep my eye on that candy. Tony, your tongue needs exercise.”

“All right! It’s hard though to tell it as it seemed. I had just paid my admission, bought my quarter’s worth of tickets from Mr. Ball, and was rushing down the hall to find a place to go when Emilio Solomon, disguised as a ferocious sleuth, nabbed me and took me to the kangaroo court where Mr. Aanstoos, the judge, fined me fifty cents for speeding. I hung around a while and watched the victims coming in. Mr. Linzer seemed to be captain of the police force for he ably supervised Emilio. Justice surely is not blind for they saw many crimes that I didn’t.

“After escaping the court, I went upstairs, and the sign, ‘Ginless Gladys,’ met my eye. I finally gained admittance to this show and, upon paying my nickel ticket, was told that I might have it back with five others if I could make her smile. After cracking some wise jokes that would have made the sphinx laugh, I subsided. She hadn’t laughed, but I caught a masculine twinkle in that blue eye.

“Now that we’ve finished dinner, let’s all go out on the front porch, turn on the fan, and talk.—Mary, you brought your chafing dish, didn’t you? All right then, you bring it down and I’ll ask mother to get the things ready for us to make some candy.—Excuse me for a few minutes, folks.—Jimmie, you go up and bring down the chafing dish for Mary.”

“Hey, do you feel any better after eating all that turkey ‘n everything? I think that if I eat any more I’ll croak.—Hey, you two up there, are you ever coming down? Well, hurry then. Come on out here and set the chafing dish on the table, Jimmie.—Alice, you’re going to make the candy, aren’t you? You’re so good at it!”

“Oh! say, that’s great! Mother’s bringing the things in. Someone start a story or something now. Oh! I know! You folks that were at the Cristobal High School Country Fair the other night take turns at telling what you did and saw. We’ll go right around the circle.—Jimmie, you were there, weren’t you?”

“Yes, I was there, and certainly had a good time. I saw so much that I don’t think I can tell you all that I did see. The things that I remember most are the edible things since that is what I’m usually most interested in.—If you’re very careful, Alice, your fudge may turn out to be almost as good as some of the candy Ida Brown was selling at the country fair. Ow! I’ll be good.—’s a fact though folks; their candy was certainly good and from the amount they had I’ll say all their friends must have been making it for them! There were all kinds and they went faster than hot cakes.

“Speaking of hot things, did you get any of those hot dogs from Leo Eberenz? I spent most of my time and money at that counter until they were all gone—the hot dogs were I mean. I suppose I ate most of them—good fat, hot frankfurters, coated with mustard and folded in a roll. Boy! they were good.
“Just as I was leaving ‘Grinless Gladys’—I think it should have been ‘Giggleless George’—I heard a clarion voice announcing that the next program was ready in the assembly room. Somewhere I heard a whisper, ‘Hula Hu—.’ That was sufficient. I jostled and pushed through the crowd and finally managed to get standing space in the back of the room. All at once Alex Linczer stepped from behind the curtains which had been stretched across the front of the room and announced that Morris Luce, a fifth grade child, would play a selection on the piano. That boy will be a second Paderewski or Beethoven some day if he keeps on.

“I turned to say something to my neighbor about how well the boy had done, and when I turned to the front again, lo and behold! The curtains had been drawn aside to show a scene in Hawaii. The act was called, ‘Underneath Hawaiian Skies.’ There sure was some Hula-hulaing and singing. Virginia Tucker, Edna Campbell, Juline Granger, Mattie Pullig, and Charlotte House were the Hula girls while Gerald Bliss, Henry Moore, and Alex Linczer were the Hula men.

These, with Emogene and Jordan Zimmermann as tourists, brought down the house. Next some of Miss Faulkner’s pupils sang some two-part songs and say! They were good!

“Next thing we knew, Alex serenely announced that this program was over and the next would begin in a few minutes with an entire change. I waited (at a charge of fifteen cents) until it started again. The first number this time was some music by the high school orchestra under the direction of Miss Currier. It was announced that this was their first public appearance but I could hardly believe that, for they certainly played well and made a big hit with the crowd. Right after them came the boys’ glee club and judging by their encores I’d say that they and Miss Currier were fully appreciated. After that came the movie, ‘Stage-struck Floradora.’ With Leroy Magnuson as the irate papa, Louise Henter as the fond mamma, Buster Fields as the irrepresible young brother, and Ernst Euphrat as a movie manager, Helen Jukes in the title rôle had backing enough for any star. We thought Velvia Elizabeth Miller’s pretty glowworm dance was to be the last number but there were some jolly Scotch codgers there from some boat and they insisted on Edna Campbell’s dancing the Highland fling. She did it, and did it well too, though I’ll bet it was the first time a Highland fling was danced in a Hula Hula costume. What about the candy? Ah! Almost cold! I’m moving over nearer that pan. Your turn next, Jane.”

“As soon as I got through that enormous crowd, jammed both inside and outside the door, I went to the 5-and-10-cent store to get a bottle of soda. Harold Boyd also sold me a couple of alligator eggs which I didn’t want. After quenching my thirst, I went upstairs where I saw Lloyd Peterson and Hubert Lee dispensing ice cream as fast as they could dig it out. I bought a whopping big ice cream cone for ten cents. Wandering away from that booth with my ice cream cone in one hand and the alligator’s eggs in the other, I stood in the middle of the hall, undecided as to where I should go.—Give me a piece of that candy. Needn’t think you’re going to get away with it all.—Let’s see, where was I? Oh, yes, I remember I was in the middle of the hall—well, as I was standing there, somebody came running...
down the hall, bumped into me, and ran on, leaving me counting the stars while the alligator eggs had gone one way and the cone another, and 'they fell to earth, I knew not where.'

"Being rather dazed by the blow, I looked around and saw an open door; so I decided to go in there and recuperate. I stepped inside and found myself in the Japanese tea room of which I had heard so much. The room was lit by Japanese lanterns and looked so dim and restful. I decided to stay a while; and so ordered a cup of tea and sat down on one of the numerous cushions. Tea and crackers were served here by dainty maidens clad in the manner of Japanese geisha girls. I met some of my friends in this booth, for Irene McCourt was in charge of it and, as helpers, she had Eunice Mendes, Betty Fitz-William, and Olga Arcia. Tilda Howard presided over the teapot and gave out the tea to the willing servitors.—Now, look here, I get about one piece of that candy a month, do you expect me to tell my experiences at the country fair on that little bit? Give me a couple of pieces. U—m—m. That's good. I'll give you credit, Alice, you sure can make good candy.

"I left the tea room and as I started down the hall again I met Mary who enticed me into the Scandinavian booth. We sat down at one of the tables and looked about while we were waiting for our coffee. Even in this warm country to go into that booth made one chilly. There were evergreen trees and mountains painted on the wall; snow was also there. Mysterious words, which I took to be Norwegian, were placarded on the walls advertising the wares of this booth—or so I guessed anyway. Emma Townsend and her helpers, Inza Markham, Gladys Ford, Olga Linezer, Anna Colberg, Louise Henter, and Hyacinth Eden, were kept busy serving coffee and cake to the crowd in their room. I went into a few more places but I'm tired and I'll let somebody else tell about those. Besides, I want some more of that good candy."

"There's the dish, help yourself. What about you, Harry?"

"Well, did any of you see the Labyrinth? After I saw Napoleon's teeth, some concealed blood, and somebody-or-other's liver, I made my getaway. I didn't know that Mattie and Ethel could be so bloodthirsty. They made quite a bit of money at it anyway.

"I heard everybody talking about the fortune teller, so I hunted her up. She dominated one corner of the Japanese tea room. The first thing she told me was that I didn't have my Spanish assignment for the next day. Miss Barnhouse is a good fortune teller, but she is painfully frank.

"Say! Tish Anna, the Tight Rope Walker, was a scream! Buster Burgess should go on the stage as a female impersonator. Even his friends failed to recognize him. I was one of the many who watched this performer nimbly walk a rope stretched tightly across the floor.

"I saw Wesley, one of the dignified Seniors, red in the face from much vocal exertion, standing in front of the nigger baby booth, so I went in there to try my skill. Wesley's booth was very popu-
lar with the men. I managed to win enough candy to satisfy my wants.—Oh, that reminds me, is our candy all gone?"

"Good night, I never saw such a hungry bunch. Go slow on that candy. I haven’t had any yet. Mary, what did you do?"

"What about Matchless Medusa? Did you see her? Well, that was clever. If you wait a minute I’ll tell you what she was like. She was Andy Smith! He had a couple of sheets over an umbrella and, surmounting it, a false face surrounded by a sun bonnet. According to the manipulation of the umbrella, she would be real fat one minute, and as thin as a toothpick the next.

"The three-ring circus was funny. You had to climb under tables and over chairs, and walk rails—and then the three-ring circus was three doughnuts hanging on the wall. To hear the manager, Girdon Rudd, rave about it though, you’d think that you were sure to see nothing less than Barnum and Bailey’s at the end of the trip.

"Eddie Solomon had some apparatus for testing strength and ability to blow hard. I guess he didn’t find anyone to beat him at either one though. I’d sure hate to have that boy hit me."

"There was another strong man too—that perfectly huge little Christian Wirtz."

"Aw get out! Christian Works. Who ever heard of anyone named Christian Works?"

"I didn’t say—"

"Cut it out, you folks, just look what time it is. Almost one o’clock and we have to get up at six o’clock in the morning and go for a swim. The last one up gets thrown in the pool, bed and all. Goodnight everybody."

**ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.**

*Ida Brown, ’22.*

In his own opinion Henry was the best swimmer, the most graceful runner, and the bravest boy in school. He had boasted many times about the night his father’s barn had caught fire, and but for him the horses would have burned to death. He had told many thrilling stories about his adventures and experiences in the jungles with wild and ferocious animals.

One day the Senior Class went on a picnic. After lunch Helen, one of the cleverest girls of the class, said that she would like to walk through the woods and wanted to know who would go with her. Henry volunteered, saying he was fond of walking also. They were strolling along when suddenly Helen let out one loud cry.

"Oh! Henry, lo—look at the b—bear!"

Henry took one look and then ran for all he was worth. He reached the picnic grounds panting and out of breath and, when asked where Helen was, he said, "Oh, I was racing with her. She’ll be coming soon."

A few minutes later Helen returned. Going straight over to Henry she said, "Oh! Henry, it is too bad you ran so fast because on taking a second look I found it to be only a—a cow!"

Of course many questions, exclamations, and shouts arose from the crowd but Henry, for once, was silent.

**A TELEPHONE.**

*George Cartwright, ’22.*

A mouthpiece, covered wires, receiver, bell,
And batteries—how simple, yet how great—
A world-wide instrument in little weight—
The work of Alexander Graham Bell,
Whose genius the world will ever tell.
With far-stretched wires, it carries unseen freight,
And to the world doth constantly relate
News of import to great, and small as well.

And thus the telephone, of world renown,
Stands on my desk and, if its summons come,
I answer, knowing not if foe or friend
May call from near-by home or far-off town,
Or if it brings me sorrow great, or some
Good news. Its urgeful call I must attend.
After much scurrying about for dress suits, boiled shirts, evening dresses, tailored suits, winter coats, etc., and after much sawing, hammering, painting of scenery, borrowing of Persian rugs, gay silk pillows, and shaded lamps, in the effort to convert a dingy stage into a luxurious suburban home, Booth Tarkington’s four-act comedy, “Clarence,” is produced at the America Theatre on May 26 by the Cristobal High School Seniors under the able supervision of Miss Dods.

LeRoy Magnuson is excellent in the rôle of Clarence, the young entomologist, who, after his discharge from the Army, seeks employment in New York, and, because of his ability to drive mules without swearing, is given a position as a sort of high class handy man in the Wheeler home. He repairs the hot water system, he tunes the piano with the chauffeur’s tools, and he tutors Bobby in math., at which he is a “wiz.” He is approached for advice on the straightening out of domestic tangles, because he has “been in the Army and all that,” and he performs acrobatics on the saxophone, which proves most successful in restoring harmony, when a domestic crash seems imminent. We are intensely interested in him from the minute he enters Mr. Wheeler’s office, a sallow soldier, who sags to one side because of his liver, until, with his reappointment as chief entomologist in the Sturtevant Biological Laboratories, he triumphantly departs with Violet, his bride-to-be, leaving peace and contentment in the hearts of all but little Cora, who “hates engaged men.”

Marjorie Ball as the youthful and attractive governess, Violet Pinney, who is employed to look after Cora Wheeler, is especially charming in this rôle, and, in her difficult position in the Wheeler household, arouses our sympathy.

The part of Mrs. Wheeler, the superficial, inefficient stepmother, jealous of the governess and suspicious of the necessary conferences held with Mr. Wheeler to discuss the children’s welfare, is ably portrayed by Mary Fields.

Too much cannot be said of the admirable acting of Paul Doyle as Bobby Wheeler, the budding adolescent fired from his third school for “rolling the bones.” Paul is so typical that we all recognize some Bobby Wheeler, who has just waked up to the fact that he ought to wash his neck and not “go around looking like a scarecrow” any more. His anxiety over having kissed Della, the housemaid, in the presence of “her young man,” is so real that we feel with him a sense of relief when he hears her call Clarence “an angel” and realize that after using “endearments” on another man, she can’t “dogmatize” him any more. He is so earnest in his love for Violet, which “brings out all the most spiritual things” in him, that we are really moved by his last little tribute, “Violet—I’ll go help—carry out your baggage.”

Not unlike the original Cora, Helen Hayes, in personal appearance, Ida Brown proves an adorable Cora. As the sweet, self-willed little flapper, who fights and quarrels with Bobby, who meets with parental interference in her affair with the grass widower, Hubert Stem, and who finally adores Clarence, she charms us from the minute she enters her father’s office to be disciplined until she sinks on the steps after Clarence’s departure with a pathetic “Oh! Clarence,” for of course she will never love again.

Emma Townsend shows much versatility as an actress in the able way in which she portrays the dignified Mrs. Martyn, Mr. Wheeler’s confidential secretary, as well as the rôle of Della, the Irish housemaid, whose smile is so intriguing we can’t blame Bobby or anybody else for wanting to kiss her.
Dinwiddie, the austere butler, who forgets his dignity only once, and then because entranced by the magic strains of Clarence's saxophone, is well done by Jordan Zimmermann.

George Cartwright, as Mr. Wheeler, "head of a big business and head of an unhappy rowing family," is splendid. He shows remarkable histrionic ability in that he completely submerges his own personality into that of the unfortunate gentleman.

Wesley Townsend shows just how excellent an actor he is by his praiseworthy portrayal of the odious Mr. Stem.

Despite the splendid work done by the Seniors in the play, it would have been almost impossible to produce it, had it not been for the hearty support given by the friends of the Cristobal High School. The Seniors are especially indebted to Mr. J. B. Fields, Mr. W. W. Johns, and Mr. Al Hutchings for the artistic scenery; to the Colon Electric Light Company for the loan of a handsome shade; and to the Bureau of Clubs and Playgrounds for the loan of furniture.

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**TABOGA.**

*Emma Townsend, '22.*

Surrounded by deep crystal waters—
An isle of pirates bold, relics, romances,
Sweet memories, and old Spanish dances—
Is Taboga.
Old paths, trodden by bare feet,
Shaded by tropical evergreens,
Wind lazily along a fringe of beach
Washed clean by gentle lapping of the whispering waves,
At Taboga.
Rough trails climb determinedly
Up deep-jungled mountains of historic fame;
Beds of odorous pineapple entice tired tourists;
Swaying palms hail weary wanderers;
Low-dipping pelicans,
In quest of flying fish,
Startle listless boatmen,
At Taboga.
Roses—pink, red, creamy,
Send out their fragrance, sweet and rare;

Tumble-down shacks full of children,
Line cobblestone streets.
Men and women,
Tired,
Slowly,
Work at their daily tasks
In Taboga.
At the vesper hour,
Men light fresh cigarillos,
Women don mantillas,
And all make their way to the age-old cathedral,
To bow in reverent worship.
You cross, on sloping hill telling of worthy life
Of some old faithful priest,
Touched by the sun, low sinking in the west,
Seems to pronounce its quiet benediction
On calm, peaceful,
Taboga.
THE CARIBBEAN.

SEASONS.

Jordan Zimmermann, '22.

New life is seen in Spring when snows melt
In New York.
Sweet perfume fills the air
As trees and flowers blossom into brilliant colors
In New York.
Lovers stray along quiet roads;
New vigor fills old bodies;
Baseball, tennis, and golf claim the active
In New York.
The beaches are gaily colored
By the holiday crowds
Of New York.
The Summer sun has driven many
To leave the city's heat.
Coney Island and Rockaway Beach
Draw their multitudes by their glitter.
The unfortunates who stay are stifled.
The paint on tenement houses blisters and peels.
The subway with its damp air
Offers a refuge from the withering heat
Of New York.

When Autumn comes, the farmers
Gather in their crops
In New York.
School children straggle to unwelcome tasks;
The trees have taken gorgeous hues.
The nights are turning cold.
All the children are rejoicing.
The reason? Autumn means
That snow will soon be on the ground
In New York.
The holiday spirit is in the air
In New York.
Throngsto gather in the cities
To obtain remembrances for friends.
Children dance before the windows
At the miracles unfolded before them
In New York.
And as the eventful day dawns
A great peace settles
Over New York.

HAITI.

Mary Fields, '22.

The hot sun shines over the filthy streets
In Haiti.
Naked and gibbering negroes
Sail in tiny boats
Around the ships at anchor,
Yelling to the passengers
To throw them money.
Their shiny, bronze bodies glisten in the sun
As they dive into the water
To retrieve the coins flung down to them.

In the open market,
With its sickening smells,
Ugly and wrinkled old women
Squat 'neath awnings of burlap—
Their fruit and food
Lying on the ground beside them,
Swarming with flies.

Women
In red and yellow dresses,
Wearing large hats,
Their shoes seeming to dangle on their toes,
Ride on small donkeys
To market.
Other women
Sit in the streets
Sorting coffee,
Their feet in the midst of it.

The stores
Display their goods
By hanging them on lines suspended o'er the sidewalks—
Baskets, gay calicoes, patchwork dresses,
And more baskets.

A noisy clatter!
A queer contraption passes.
What a street car!
It bumps slowly along the street.

The old cathedral,
Quaint and fascinating,
Overlooks the throngs in the market place.
Inside, still and peaceful,
Several people kneel in prayer.

The President's palace
Of white, blinding concrete
Stands alone,
Surrounded by barren grounds.

High up on the hill
The Mountain House
Is encircled by large and shady trees
Through whose boughs blow cool and restful breezes.

Sweet strains of music issue forth;
How restful,
Compared to the glaring streets and docks!

The sun goes down;
The sky alight with crimson and gold
Glorifies the peaceful harbor.
Cool breezes blow,
Everything is quiet,
Haiti is at rest.
Boys' Glee Club

Miss H. Currier

The Orchestra

High School Chorus

Girls' Glee Club
Last year Cristobal High School was neglected as far as music was concerned, but this year we have made up for that fallow period by a goodly increase in enthusiasm and ability under the gentle husbandry of Miss Helen Currier, our directress.

Miss Currier came to the Zone from Minnesota, and either the climate or her nature is evidently productive of energy for we understand that she even asked to have high school work this year. She is so much of a lady, so appreciative of our few good points, and so kindly blind to our bad ones that we are glad to have had the opportunity of working with her.

Only about a dozen of the students in the high school have not been enrolled in the chorus and of those enrolled only one (aside from those who have left school) has dropped out. The last of the year has been devoted to work on a cantata "The Legend of Nacoochee."

The Girls' Glee Club had a goodly enrollment considering the fact that practice came when many of the high school girls were in class. They have never appeared in public but have laid the foundation for better chorus work this year and a splendid Girls' Glee Club next year.

The Boys' Glee Club sang only once in public—at the country fair. But they did have some jolly practices, all too short, and did some very good work.

Emma Townsend's remarkable piano playing was fully appreciated and helped to make Miss Currier's work easier.

This year, for the second time in the history of our school, an orchestra was organized. After no end of trouble, some of the less bashful of the students were persuaded to bring their instruments, and under the able leadership of Miss Currier, they launched on their musical career. They made their first public appearance at the country fair.

The personnel of the orchestra is as follows:

**VIOLINS.**
- James Brustmeyer, 7th grade.
- Virginia Coy, 8th grade.
- Morris Marchosky, 9th grade.
- Mildred Oliver, 8th grade.
- Grace Dowell, 7th grade.

**CORNET.**
- Richard Hall, 10th grade.

**MANDOLIN.**
- Warner Bowers, 10th grade.

**PIANO.**
- Mildred Stiles, 9th grade.

**EYES.**

*Jordan Zimmermann, '22.*

Of many hues are eyes, some blue, some gray,
Some brown, some green; in many there is shown
A smiling joy; in some, a clear soft tone.
In some few eyes, a light of breaking day
Clears up all storms and puts a smiling ray
Upon each face; of such as these 'tis known
That history has been made. When taps is blown
These same kind eyes have filled and not been gay.
All these and many more I want to meet.
I like to look into an eye so clear
That character is imaged there. The quest
Goes on; each man seeks for the one to greet
Some day—the thought of which is always near.
Please answer this, Which do you think the best?
FOREWORD.

Things have taken place this year in the athletics of Cristobal High School that have never been tried before. Athletics have been backed and boosted to the sky. An athletic association has been formed with president, secretary, and a council composed of one member from each class. The benefits of such an organization have already been shown, and it will be safe to say, I believe, that in the future, the athletics of Cristobal High School will rival those of any high school in existence. The organization is striving to broaden class competition, make athletic schedules, give honor letters for athletic work, and promote interest in athletics. We hope that the students of coming years will regard this organization as a necessity for proper athletic work, and will strive to improve upon the foundation made by the students of 1922.

BASKET BALL.

Basket ball has always topped the "Athletic Activities" ladder of Cristobal High School, and this year it has successfully climbed higher by two steps, one in the form of "Inter-class Series," the other, "All Star Series."

Shortly after school opened, an inter-class series was arranged, which proved to be very exciting and well worth the efforts of our coach, Mr. Hughes. Class spirit, friendly rivalry, and a good sportsmanlike spirit were aroused. The teams were evenly matched, except for the Sophomores, who for lack of boys found it hard to keep up with the others. But we must take our hats off to our brother Sophs, who showed their pep, class spirit, and sportsmanship, and finally managed to beat the Juniors one game. The Seniors, after many a hard fought, hair-raising game, came through with the high honors of 1000 per cent.

The competing teams and their line ups were:

**SENIORS.**
- Doyle, F. (Capt.)
- Cartwright, F.
- Zimmermann, C.
- Townsend, G.
- Magnuson, G.

**JUNIORS.**
- May, F.
- Bliss, F. (Capt.)
- Linczer, F.
- Solomon, C.
- Moore, G.
- Eberenz, G.

**SOPHOMORES.**
- Rudd, F.
- Parker, F.
- Ashton, C. (Capt.)
- Hall, G.
- Peterson, G.

**FRESHMEN.**
- Burgoon, F.
- Solomon, F. (Capt.)
- Walsh, C.
- Cousins, G.
- Pulgar, G.

**RESULTS OF INTER-CLASS SERIES.**

<table>
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<th>Lost</th>
<th>Per cent</th>
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<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.166</td>
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</table>

Nothing more was done in the line of basket ball until some underclassman happened to realize that the Seniors claimed the championship, and, hoping to dethrone them, spread his sentiment, and it was not long before a series of three games was arranged between the All Stars of the school and the Seniors. But their efforts were in vain for the
Seniors had just as strongly resolved to keep their throne and at the same time gain higher honors, and so only 2 of the 3 games were played, for the Seniors proved superior and took both games.

**Seniors, 20–23.**

Doyle, F.
Cartwright, F.
Zimmermann, C.
Townsend, G.
Magnuson, G.

**All Stars, 4–9.**

Walsh, G.
Eberenz, G.
Solomon, C.
Bliss, F.
Moore, F.

A terrible mishap took place in the second game of this series when Magnuson, one of the Seniors’ star guards, caged the first basket of his basketball career. The All Stars were so stupefied over this feat that the excellent guarding of Solomon had little effect.

Instead of playing the third game of this series, the Seniors challenged the Lincoln Five, and from them suffered their first and only defeat of the year. The game was fast and well played, but there were a number of fouls on each side, which marred the fast, snappy pass work of each team.

**Seniors, 18.**

P. Doyle, F.
Cartwright, F.
Zimmermann, C.
Townsend, G.
Magnuson, G.

**Lincoln Five, 23.**

Raynond, G.
Eberenz, G.
Greening, C.
A. Doyle, F.
Bliss, F.

On Saturday, February 18, the Balboa High School came over and played the first game of the annual high school series. There were 10 heads held high when the first whistle blew, but when the last was blown the 5 belonging to Balboa began to droop, for Cristobal had inflicted a defeat upon them, by the tight score of 23 to 22.

On the following Saturday, we returned the compliment and journeyed to the silver side to play Balboa, the second game of the series. Here we suffered defeat to the tune of 21 to 16. This left the series standing with 1 game apiece, as it still stands, for, through no fault of ours, the deciding game has never been played.

Another game played by our team was that of C. H. S. 22. Co. F. of Fort Davis, in which the high school managed to exhibit their usual speed and good pass work and to defeat their opponents by the score of 14 to 13. The last game of the year was that with the sailors of the U.S. cruiser Denier, and although our team looked like pigmies up against these heavy-set, broad-shouldered giants, they proved that size is not everything in life, for they played one of the fastest games of the year and came out once more with laurels, with the score of 21 to 16.

**Cristobal High School.**

P. Doyle, F.
Cartwright, F.
Zimmermann, C.
Townsend, G.
Magnuson, G.

**Balboa High School.**

A. Doyle, F.
Bliss, F.

**Tennis.**

Tennis activities did not start until late in the year, but when they did Cristobal High School found that they had some coming champions. The season opened Thursday, December 1, when the Juniors challenged and defeated the faculty by the scores of (6–2) (6–0) (5–7).

**Juniors.**

Alex Linzer.
Gerald Bliss.

**Faculty.**

Miss Beeching.
Mr. Bacon.

Nothing more was done until April when Balboa accepted our challenge and came over to experience the ability of our champs. Cristobal High School took the doubles by the scores of (6–0) (6–0). There was only one round of doubles played, the contestants being:

**Cristobal High School.**

A. Linzer.
G. Bliss.

**Balboa High School.**

M. Banton.
W. Sergeant.
Balboa managed to capture 1 round of singles, when Sergeant defeated Doyle, by the score of (6-3) (4-6) (7-5). However, this was their only victory of the day. Bliss of Cristobal High School defeated M. Banton of Balboa High School by the score of (6-0) (6-1). Linczer of Cristobal defeated McBride of Balboa by the score of (5-7) (6-2) (7-5), and to complete this triumphant day, Rudd of Cristobal defeated W. Banton by the score of (6-3) (6-2).

Soon after these matches, the Juniors stepped into limelight and issued challenges to all the other classes. Every class accepted and in turn suffered defeat at the hands of Bliss and Linczer, the Junior victors. They first tackled the innocent Freshmen and defeated them by the score of (6-o) (6-0). Then came the Sophs and they likewise were defeated by the score of (6-2) (6-2) (6-3) and last the Seniors were taken to the field and defeated by the score of (6-2) (6-1). Next they thought they might as well make a clean job of it while they were at it and played the All-Stars of the school, but they were no better than the other common herd and were defeated by the scores of (6-1) (6-1).


competing teams.
Seniors ...................................... Doyle and Magnuson
Juniors .................................. Linczer and Bliss
Sophomores ................................ Rudd and Parker
Freshmen .................................. Fisher and Fields
All-Stars ................................... Doyle and Rudd

track.
The great opportunity of developing this branch of athletics has slipped by this year because of no reason except that most of our time has been spent in making a firm foundation for the other branches. We shall leave this opportunity to coming years. Good luck to you!

Swimming.
On April 2, an inter-class swimming meet was held, and here's where the high school took off their hats to the Freshies. The score was well nigh tied for the first three events, but after this the Freshies took the lead for the remainder of the meet, and won, with the Sophs second, the Seniors third, and the Juniors fourth.

inter-class swimming meet.
(Boys.)
60-yard Dash.
1 Paul Doyle (Class '22).
2 Alan Wallace (Class '25).
3 Jack Coffey (Class '25).
90-yard Dash.
1 Paul Doyle (Class '22).
2 Jack Coffey (Class '25).
3 Alan Wallace (Class '25).

Hotel Washington Swimming Pool.
Daily, here gather Cristobal school pupils—high, grammar, and grade—for a plunge or brush in the cooling and buoyant salt water. Fancy dives and every known stroke are taught by competent physical directors. All children, boys and girls, swim, and many are highly proficient.

250-yard Relay. Won by Freshmen.
Team—Fields, Fisher, Wallace, and Coffey.
Plunge.
1 Jack Coffey (Class '25).
2 Paul Doyle (Class '22).
3 Gerald Bliss (Class '23).

Fancy Diving.
1 Gerald Bliss (Class '23).
2 Paul Doyle (Class '22).
3 Wesley Townsend (Class '22).

points scored.
Freshmen .................................. 34
Sophomores ................................ 24
Seniors ................................... 17
Juniors .................................... 6
Bring on ye swimmers

Girl's Relay Team

Boy's Relay Team
Although many of our students have participated and won many events in outside meets, we have not had the chance this year to show our ability as a high school team, with other teams on the Zone. Although we have issued challenges to Balboa High School boys, and the Naval Air Station, they have not as yet been accepted, and as there is no pleasure in beating ourselves, further progress in swimming activities was abandoned.

Alan Wallace, another freshie, earned third place in the 50-yard back stroke race for seniors. In this race he competed against champions. He holds the junior championship record of the Isthmus for 60 yards, time, 37 seconds. He has passed beyond the age of a junior and retires from that class undefeated. He was a member of the A. S. W. S. C. relay team who on this day defeated the champion Canal Zone Athletic Association team. Alan is also a strong link in the C. H. S. relay team. He is on the A. S. W. S. C., and C. H. S. water polo team.

Frank Fields is the fastest swimmer (any stroke), and has the prettiest form of any boy on the Isthmus under 14 years. We are proud to have him in our school. He is a member of the winning junior relay team of the A. S. W. S. C.

Gerald Bliss will benefit this school next year with his good form in fancy diving.

Paul Doyle, one of our Seniors, and all around athlete, holds the Isthmian championship in fancy diving, and held first place in the Memorial Day meet. He is a member of the A. S. W. S. C. relay, medley relay (side stroke), and water polo team, and captain of the C. H. S. swimming team which claims some of the best swimmers in Panama. The school boasts a fast water polo and relay team.

James Burgoon has shown some hidden swimming talent, but we discovered it and we will watch for some junior records to be broken.

On Memorial Day the Atlantic Side Water Sports Club, which numbers many of our high school students as members, journeyed to Balboa and the boys and girls from old Cristobal won the 50-yard dash for boys under 15, the special boys' relay and the fancy diving contest, while a grammar school girl, Miss Adelaide Lambert, won the 50-yard ladies' championship and the ladies' back stroke races.

John Coffey, a freshie, won the 50-yard freestyle race for juniors. John is the fastest swimmer on the Isthmus under 16 years. His pretty form in the crawl stroke displays the ease with which he swims. We look to see Coffey a world's champion some day. John is anchor man on the Junior relay team that has never been defeated in its long list of races. He is the fast lead-off man for the C. H. S. relay team. Coffey is also a fast forward on the water polo team.

**BASEBALL.**

Baseball has not been as prominent a sport this year as might have been expected, other activities crowding it out, but we did put a team in the field with Jordan Zimmermann as captain, winning 3 of the 5 games played.

The first game of the season was played against our Isthmian rivals, B. H. S., on the Mount Hope diamond, with short notice, during our basket-ball series. Zim's arm was working well in the game but, due to lack of practice, many unpardonable errors were made by teammates. However, we
managed to keep the score within 1 run of the Balboa High boys. The score ended B. H. S., 4; C. H. S., 3.

Captain Zimmermann took his team out for practice and, after a week of it, journeyed 47 miles across the Isthmus to the stadium at Balboa (within sight of the Balboa High School) and took his place on the mound determined to wipe out the last defeat which was given to his nine by B. H. S. The B. H. S. boys seemed to lose all their pep in their practice before the game, while C. H. S. boys showed unusual liveliness at all times. Zim, our southpaw pitcher, deserves all kinds of credit for his steady pitching, as does his support. The game ended C. H. S., 8; B. H. S., 5. The series stood tie and the last game was never played due to the fact that some of Balboa's best men left their line-up.

On Saturday, February 11, we met defeat at the hands of an Army team on the Mount Hope diamond. Both teams played good ball, but the soldiers proved to be the heavier hitters and, although a couple of double plays were made by us, our opponents took home the big end of the score, 4–2.

On Saturday, February 25, Manager Reach of the American Legion came forth with a strong nine eager for a victory, but left the field a sadly disappointed man, as we won, 2–1.

During the week we crossed bats with the soldiers from Fort De Lesseps, and, with Doyle pitching, we administered a defeat to them. During this game Magnuson drove in two runs with his 3-bagger to left field.

Many of our players were attached to local teams during the season, and all appeared to rank high in baseball skill.

**LINE-UP.**

- J. Zimmermann, pitcher (capt.)
- G. Bliss, catcher.
- J. Solomon, 1st base.
- Moore, 2d base.
- Magnuson, 3d base.
- E. Solomon, 2d base.
- P. Doyle, shortstop.
- Eberenz, 2d base.
- Mendez, right field.
- Walsh, center field.
- Townsend, left field.
- Alex Lincer, left field.
- Gorden Rudd, left field.

**A 90-YARD DASH.**

Close and exciting position of all contestants at the 40-yard mark. The 90-yard was covered in 54 seconds.

**THE MILE-A-MINUTE SLIDE.**

Popular with young and old, not to mention bathing suit manufacturers.

**GIRLS’ ATHLETICS.**

*Louise Henter, '23.*

**FOREWORD.**

Girls’ activities have been badly crippled this year, and it has only been by very faithful work and a loyal spirit on the part of a few girls that anything at all has been done. It is hoped that next year, with a more favorable beginning, the girls will at once undertake to start their athletic work, and to carry it throughout the whole year with true Cristobal High School spirit.

Until late in the year there was no regular directress for Cristobal girls’ work. For the first 8 weeks Mrs. Baxter coached the girls in swimming. Later Miss Floyd, physical directress at the Y. W. C. A., took the girls for gymnastics and basketball. At last, however, in February, a regular physical training directress, Miss Lindsay, arrived and began work in earnest. The work of the Gatun girls was superintended by Mr. Baker, physical director at Gatun.

In order to overcome some of the difficulties concerning athletics there was formed, on October 26, 1921, an athletic association with Louise Henter as president and Gladys Lowande, secretary. At this time a schedule of activities totaling 90 points for one-half credit was submitted by the Bureau of Clubs and Playgrounds. Seven Gatun girls and 12 Cristobal girls began work for this credit. It was decided to organize class basketball teams but, as there were not enough girls in
either the Junior or Senior class to make a team, these two classes were combined. Afterwards the different classes met and elected captains.

Freshmen ........................................ Ruth Duey
Sophomores ....................................... Loretta Rush
(Senior—Juniors with Charlotte House)
Senior—Juniors .................................. Emma Townsend

BASKET BALL.

The first and last inter-class game was played in February at the Y. W. C. A., Miss Floyd acting as referee. Owing to the absence of one of the girls on whom the Sophomores were depending, a Freshman was chosen to play in her stead. The Freshmen presumably hold the championship, for they won this one and only game, and neither of the other two class teams has tried to dispute the title.

Loretta Rush, our star athlete, left for the States on April 7, 1922. Before moving to Cristobal she was one of the best players on the Gatun basket ball team. Since then, her time had been taken up with swimming, in which she has been very successful. Before leaving, however, she wished to try her hand at basket ball again; so 2 games were played in her honor. In the first, a rollicking rough-and-tumble, at Gatun on April 1, Gatun was victorious with a score of 11 to 1 and in the second, on April 6, at the Army and Navy Y at Cristobal, Gatun was again victorious with the score 17 to 4.

On April 17, the Gatun girls’ basket-ball team played their “Daddies.” The game was scheduled to begin at 7 o’clock but the expectant crowd was kept waiting for almost three-quarters of an hour. Finally the “Daddies” made a triumphant entry, each one being introduced to the spectators. One glance at their industrious jaws sufficed to answer the question as to the why the Y had run out of gum that night. Many of the men berated themselves on not having noticed before how striking an appearance a lace ruffle can give a pair of khaki trousers and what an effective basket-ball uniform may be created with cretonne bloomers and short full skirt. After the uproar had somewhat died down, the referee finally pried the whistle to his mouth, through the long white hair that flowed in unnatural waves from under a boudoir cap, and the game began. Credit should certainly be given to the forwards of the “Daddies” team for their ability to climb ladders. The score was finally conceded to be 11-10 in favor of the girls.

Homer Baker, physical director at Gatun, is planning to take a team of girls to the States. To obtain money for this, a series of basket-ball games between the Atlantic and Pacific sides has been arranged. Cristobal and Gatun girls have combined to make an Atlantic side team.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Where played</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Winner</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 5</td>
<td>Gatun</td>
<td>11-3</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 6</td>
<td>Balboa</td>
<td>1-0</td>
<td>Pacific</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 12</td>
<td>Pedro Miguel</td>
<td>0-0</td>
<td>Tie</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 13</td>
<td>Camp at Gatun</td>
<td>9-3</td>
<td>Pacific</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 19</td>
<td>Fort Clayton</td>
<td>7-4</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 20</td>
<td>Fort Davis</td>
<td>5-3</td>
<td>Atlantic</td>
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TENNIS.

Tennis hold an important place in sports this year with practice every Wednesday at either the New Cristobal playshed or Radio court. A series of championship games between Balboa and Cristobal High School was arranged. The first was played on April 29. Olga Linczer played Anita Sergeant winning one love set and a second set (6-3). Helen Abendroth lost to Marion Lockart in a game which was a decided credit to Helen in her good judgment in placing the ball. Edna Campbell played Olene Hutching, Edna winning one love set and a second set (7-6).

On May 6, a return set of doubles was played at Balboa. Olga Linczer and Edna Campbell represented Cristobal and lost to Dorothy Brooks and Ellen Roberts (5-7) (8-10). Two more games must be played.

HIKING.

A hike of 16 miles was required to gain four points. For this reason 2 hikes were made, one to Gatun, a distance of 9 miles and other to Mindi Farm.

SWIMMING.

Swimming has always been important in our school athletics and we are proud to be able to say that many of the best swimmers on the Atlantic side, and indeed on the Zone, are members of Cristobal High School.
The first meet of the school year was held at the Washington Pool on Thanksgiving Day, for the Atlantic side alone. For high school girls the following places were made:

**30-YARD DASH.**
1. Edna Campbell.
2. Loretta Rush.
3. Ruth Duey.

**60-YARD DASH.**
1. Loretta Rush.
2. Edna Campbell.
3. Ruth Duey.

In the meet on January 2, two third places, in fancy diving and the 60-yard dash were made by Loretta Rush.

On the Washington’s Birthday Isthmian meet although the girls worked hard, only a few points were made:

**60-YARD DASH.—GIRLS UNDER 16.**
3. Loretta Rush.

**60-YARD DASH.—LADIES.**
2. Loretta Rush.
3. Edna Campbell.

The most exciting event was the relay won by the Atlantic Side Water Sports Club. The swimmers were Loretta Rush, Edna Campbell, Gladys Lowande, and Adelaide Lambert.

For variety a swimming meet was held at Gatun on March 7, in which Loretta Rush made second place in the 50-yard dash special.

The Junior aquatic meet for the Atlantic side alone, held on Easter, was the most amusing meet of the year. The management of this meet was handed over almost entirely to the high school members of the Water Sports Club and they certainly did well.

On March 12, in an all-Isthmian meet the Cristobal relay team won first place establishing a pool record for ladies in the fast time of 1 minute 18 3/5 seconds, and Loretta Rush made third place in the 60-yard dash.

The inter-class meet, on April 3, was one of the most interesting and important events of the school year. Only the Freshmen and Sophomore classes were represented by girls in this meet.

**60-YARD DASH.**
1. Loretta Rush. (Sophomore.)
2. Edna Campbell. (Freshman.)
3. Ruth Duey. (Freshman.)

**30-YARD DASH.**
1. Loretta Rush. (Sophomore.)
2. Edna Campbell. (Freshman.)
3. Ruth Duey. (Freshman.)

**PLUNGE.**
1. Loretta Rush. (Sophomore.)
2. Edna Campbell. (Freshman.)
3. Gladys Lowande. (Sophomore.)

**120-YARD RELAY.**
1. Sophomores. (Loretta Rush-Gladys Lowande.)
2. Freshman. (Edna Campbell-Ruth Duey.)

**DIVING.**
1. Ruth Duey. (Freshman.)
2. Loretta Rush. (Sophomore.)

A foolish frog, one sunny day,
While splashing around in a playful way,
Observed a man
With a red tin can,
And manners most suspicious,
"I think I know," remarked the frog,
"A safer place than on this log,
"For when a man
"Comes with a can,
His object is malicious."

Thus far the foolish frog was wise,
But, had he better used his eyes,
He would have seen,
Close by, a lean
Old 'gator—his nose just showing.
Kersplash—the 'gator took one bite.
The moral I need scarce recite:
Before you leap
Just take a peep,
And see where you are going.
The Sophs Love Basketball

Training for the Meet

WATER POLO KNIGHTS
The Exchange Department of The Caribbean should be, and is, exceptionally interesting to the student body of Cristobal High School.

The pupils of this school come from many different parts of the United States and are always glad to find out what the schools from which they came are doing. This year, however, our exchanges have not cooperated with us as we hoped they would. We miss many of our old friends.

The Mirror. Norwood High School, Norwood, Ohio.

We liked the story entitled, "The Quarterback," Your poets add much interest with their clever lines. The "Kick Department" was read and re-read with much amusement.


Through your very snappy and newsy book, we infer that you have a lively school. Great credit is due the author of "Yellow Bill Barrett." Your book review was well written. But surely your graduates think enough of their school to occupy more space in their department.


The Round-Up is brimful of news and humor. The story entitled "To Horse" in the February 23 number was very interesting. "Who's Who" also came in for no small bit of interest. Your comment on The Caribbean was gratefully accepted.


In the Record we found a very attractive and interesting magazine. The headings for the various departments are fine. "Confessions of a Bean Eater" was very good. Your exchange department could be enlarged. Why not keep the advertisements off the covers as they tend to cheapen your otherwise fine book?

The Stadium. Townsend Harris Hall High School, C.C., New York, N.Y.

The exchange department was found missing in the Stadium. In spite of this fault, you have managed to produce a weekly that would put to rout many monthlies.


The Spectator is an exceptionally good-looking book. But why not tell us the name of your school? We had to scour the whole book before we found from whence
it came. Your school must abound in poets. Your business manager is to be complimented on the goodly amount of advertising matter. The exchanges were well written.

The Trinitonian. Trinity U., Waxahachie, Tex.

The Trinitonian is a good paper. We should like to see your monthly or annual.


There is surely no space wasted in your paper. We failed to find a single advertisement, all of which goes to show that the student body backs its school paper.

The Curtis Monthly. Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.

The Monthly abounds in good material. In the March number we became greatly excited over the mystery story, "Masks," and the conclusion in the April number was all that we could ask. Why not arrange your ads neatly in the back of the book only?

Amaranth. Nazareth Academy, Kentucky.

Your cuts and sketches are fine and the cover is exceedingly attractive. Seeing that you exchange with other schools why not have an exchange department and let others know what you think of them?


The editorials in the Review are well written as is your other material. Would not collecting your stories and poems and forming a literary department separate from the other departments make your book more satisfactory?


The stories in the Herald were good, but alas for the rest of your book! You mixed it up so with the ads! We were reading your exchange notes when we suddenly became entangled with bath robes, kimonos, shirtwaists, petticoats, furs, etc. A better arrangement of the advertisements would go a long way in making your book what it should be.

The Quill. Staten Island Academy, Staten Island, N. Y.

Taking all in all the Quill is a good magazine. A bigger exchange department would help a good deal.


The Torch is very compact and neat. A few cuts and headings, however, would be an improvement.

The Gleaner. Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

Your book is both humorous and interesting. "The Wooing of Hazeline" is just the thing. How about borrowing the fire department? The locals are well written; "The Tattler" came in for a good bit of comment.

Revista La Salle. Colegio de la Salle, Panama R. de P.

El placer que nos de la tectura de su publicación se debe en gran parte a los artículos excelentes sobre topicos vivos, como "La Fiebre Malaria en Panamá" y "Costumbres de los Indios de Veraugas." Los "Ecos Mundiales" son también buenos. Los chistes nos divierten mucho. Que tengan Ustedes siempre buen éxito!

GATES CLOSED AT SPILLWAY.

But for the musical drone of the hydroelectric station, all is as quiet and serene as a Sabbath morn.

Revi/Escolar de Puerto Rico. San Juan, Porto Rico.

Tenemos un solo ejemplar de su Revista Mensual. Los artículos son muy practicos e interesantes.

The Academy Journal. Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

The cover of the Journal is the beginning of a good book. Did your artists forget that there was an inside to it? A few cartoons and headings would be a decided advantage. "Is there a little Fairy in your—" school that would inspire so imaginative a story as "Why Babies Sleep in Cabbages?"

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

The Caribbean has traveled far. Owners have carried it to Maine, to Florida, and to California. It has been sent as a gift or souvenir to Washington, Kansas, and Texas. Personal comments have been numerous and so kindly in their nature that we have been encouraged to make
THE CARIBBEAN.

every issue the best possible. One copy of our annual was found in a New York subway by two men who were in Curtis High School of New York last year. They wrote us a good letter about it—but their address, alas! is lost.

The Caribbean.

One of our best exchanges. The Caribbean is a splendid magazine. The articles of local interest are especially good and the school notes are well arranged. The stories and snapshots are excellent. As loyal “Zonites” we are certainly proud of our “sister paper,” The Caribbean.

The Zonian.

Christmas morn at New Cristobal.
All bundled up in our winter clothes.

The Caribbean.

The annual issue of your paper is well planned and the editors deserve much credit. The athletic department is especially interesting.

The Mirror.

The Caribbean.

The cuts and comments of the various classes are most interesting. Your literary department is excellent. We enjoyed “A Trip Through the Panama Canal.” Your athletics seem to be “tip-top” in spite of the size of your school.

The Round-Up.

THE CARIBBEAN.

You publish an immensely interesting magazine. The article on the Canal was very instructive. Thank you for your comment.

The Eltirian.

THE CARIBBEAN.

Hello, Caribbean! Glad to welcome you into our fold of exchanges. You certainly are fine! Plenty of good stories and jokes, and a wonderful abundance of cuts are what make you so interesting. All your notes and editorials are well written. From your pictures we judge there are no more than about sixty in the whole school. It certainly is wonderful that such a few can get out such a good paper as yours. Do not forget us when your next issue comes out.

Curtis Monthly.

THE CARIBBEAN.

(The author of this clever and original exchange article has imagined that in her absence from her room an enthusiastic but unwise friend has gone through all her exchange heap, taking what she considered the best in each magazine and leaving a note of comment on what had seemed especially good. We feel flattered that all that was left to identify us was a bit of cover.)

I happened to see a piece of purple cover and recognized it at once as “The Caribbean,” from Cristobal, C. Z. The note was quite lengthy. “I think these pictures of the Canal and locks, pictures of the town are wonderful. I often wondered what the Canal and Zone were like, didn’t you?”

The Junta.

We welcome these comments, the only ones we received, and only regret that we have not had more.

A PROMISING YOUNG MAN.

Paul C. Doyle, ’22.

“How many want music books?” asked Miss Dodds of the assembly, “they cost $1.06.”

“I do, I do!” exclaimed Johnny, with an eager grin.

Books were sent for. They arrived and were distributed, but the money for them came in slowly. Finally, among the last of them to pay was Johnny.

“Will someone volunteer to make the report on ‘wages’ for to-morrow?” asked the economics teacher.

“I will, I will,” volunteered Johnny.

The time came for the report to be made but John had failed to prepare it.

“Has some one a book entitled, ‘Shakespeare’s Lost,’ that he could bring to school?” asked the English teacher.

“I have, I have,” answered Johnny eagerly.

The teacher glanced about the class, then looking straight through Johnny, inquired, “Has anyone else a copy?”
Transport "Northern Pacific" (burned at sea) Transiting Gaillard Cut.

Severing the mountain chain and separating the Americas was one of the many difficult problems confronting Goethals and the builders of the Panama Canal. This monster vessel is steaming 35 feet above sea level in a 40-foot channel cut from 300 to 1,000 feet wide for a distance of about 9 miles.
THE CARIBBEAN.

School Notes

Emma Townsend, '22.

1921.

OCTOBER.

4. Back to old C. H. S. where we find that Joseph must have spent the summer cleaning up for us. Larger enrollment than last year, in spite of the absence of many old schoolmates. Miss Bakewell present to fill the only faculty vacancy, that of Modern History and Domestic Science.

5. Everybody goes to half-period classes in the morning, so as to get books and assignments for half-period classes in the afternoon.

12. Hazing today. The freshmen boys do not seem to appreciate the torsorial ability of the upper classmen, for they make for barber shops immediately after school. The parade of girls, with dresses reversed and hair carefully braided, seems to give the rest of us more pleasure than it does them, but they are all good sports.

26. Why are the Seniors wearing green and gold eyeshades? Because the light coming from the bald-headed row is too strong for their eyes.

31. C. H. S. entertains distinguished visitors from the Land of the Rising Sun. One of them voices the greetings of his country and promises to carry news of C. H. S. to his own land. O-O-ooh!! Ghosts! Seniors goblins capture underclassmen at their Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER.

1. After two years in Balboa High School, Ida joins our Senior class. Welcome back, Ida.

2. C. H. S. Girls' Athletic Club organized.

9. First meeting of above-mentioned association.

10. About sixty of us subscribe for the Literary Digest.

17. Members of the Junior Class are wearing blue and gold arm bands. Miss Neef, welfare worker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, gives the Social Problems class an informal talk on her work.

18. First annual visiting day in C. H. S. Parents and friends attend classes. In the assembly period the Juniors' play "The First Thanksgiving Dinner" is followed by a dramatization by the Seniors on the subject "Does An Education Pay?" Program closes with a piano duet by Charlotte House and Ruth Duey.

At 3:30 a meeting of parents and teachers leads to the formation of a Cristobal High School Parent-Teacher Association. After this, the Domestic Science class serves light refreshments.
First game of boys’ inter-class series in basket ball.

21. Scene from “Les Miserables” acted before the assembly:

Jean Val Jean .................................. Dr. Hubbard.
The Bishop ....................................... Mrs. Hearne.
The Bishop’s sister ............................. Miss Dodds.
Policeman ....................................... Mrs. Marcus.

23. School contributes $3.50 to the Belleau Wood Memorial.

Sophomore Class poverty party. Fearful and wonderful are the costumes!

24. Literary Digest Club formed in U. S. History class:

President ...................................... George Cartwright.
Secretary ....................................... Wesley Townsend.

3. Final game of boys’ inter-class basket-ball league. Seniors finished with 1000 per cent.

6. Pep meeting—a soap box and some noise.

7. Are the Seniors really anxious to recite? No, they just want to show their new class rings.

Red Cross Society organized.


Mary Fields, President.
Louise Henter, Vice President.
Ruth Hopkins, Secretary.
Emma Townsend, Treasurer.

12. Opening of “Better America” week. Mr. Fisher gives a very impressive talk on “American Ideals.”

13. All-high-school patriotic program. For the Seniors, Emma Townsend reads Lane’s “Makers of the Flag,” and each Senior gives one point as to the etiquette of the flag. For the Juniors, Edward May reads Drake’s “Our Flag.” For the Sophomores Edna Campbell, Florence Albert, and Jane Hall give an original play, “The History of the Flag.” Each Freshman gives one fact about the history of the flag and the whole class recites Lincoln’s “Gettysburg Address.”

14. Better Language day. Miss Dodds reads several selections about speech. Each student writes a creed concerning the use of the English language.

Juniors are hosts to the high school students and faculty at a unique affair in the form of a beach party and marshmallow roast. Can you ever forget those stunts—the Junior tragedy with Emilio as the dainty little Cinderella and Alex as the dashing stalwart prince; the Seniors’ dramatization of Mother Goose rhymes; several songs, accompanied by ukeleles, sung by members of the Sophomore class. The program is fittingly closed with the selection by Mr. Bacon and his Freshmen, in their silent Jazz orchestra. Marshmallows, pop, yells, games, jokes, and jollity! Hurrah for the Juniors!

15. Naturalization day. In an original play, Jordan Zimmermann as a judge, explains the ideals of America to an immigrant, Alex Linczer, whose character is later vouched for by George Cartwright and Gerald Bliss.

16. Last day of “Better America” week. Wesley Townsend and Ida Brown debate against Henry Moore and Emma Townsend, on “Immigration.” Following this, Emilio Solomon, as an immigrant, with the help of an able interpreter, Alex Linczer, and a judge, Edward May, gathers information on how to become naturalized. Miss Horneak reads “The Lie,” to the assembly.

23. Assembly period stunts. Seniors give an original sketch in child dialect and dress. The Juniors are represented in a negro sketch by Henry Moore, Leo Eberenz, Emilio Solomon, and Alex Linczer. For the Sophomores, Edna Campbell and Loretta Rush dance. Some of the Sophomores act out O. Henry’s story, “The Gift of the Magi.” Ruth Ducey plays a piano solo for the Freshmen.

School closes for the Christmas vacation.

From December 23 to January 9, Jordan moves. As usual people go swimming on Christmas day. Because of an epidemic of smallpox in Boquete the Boy Scouts are prevented from taking their
trip there. Santa Claus comes. The faculty, Miss Barnhouse excepted, goes to Costa Rica.

1922.

**JANUARY.**


16. Mrs. Churchill addresses the assembly on the subject, “The Voice.” She illustrates with several recitations.

21. The Freshmen entertain us. Even the fact that the chicken dinner turns out to be a dinner for chickens, rather than of chickens, does not spoil our good time. Games, Mutt and Jeff, movies; all funny. But Santa Claus is a bit partial.

20. Members of C.H.S. present a Mock Disarmament Conference at the Parent-Teacher’s meeting. Geo. Cartwright, as Secretary Hughes, does creditable work, as do all the others.

**FEBRUARY.**

21. C. H. S. gives its annual country fair. Was it a success? Ask any of those who were present.


27. Queen Helen attended by her maids, Mildred Stiles, Ruth Duey, Olga Linczer, and Betty Fitz-William, represents C. H. S. on its float in the Colon carnival parade.


**MARCH.**

17. From the time we found the daintily written invitations on our desks, our expectations for the Sophomore party have been high and we are not disappointed. They meet us at the door, promptly at eight, and after leading us blindly to kiss the barney stone, they set us free to enjoy the evening, and we do. The games are good, the decorations better, and those green and white refreshments best. The evening is somewhat marred for the Juniors by the fact that they have forgotten their toothpick.

27. Miss Barnhouse talks to the Economics class on the salmon industry in Washington.

29. Seniors bid good-by to one of their class mates, Mildred Stafford. Good luck to you, Mildred!

Doctor Guild speaks to the assembly on “Our Aim in Life.”

**APRIL.**

1. Gatun girls defeat Cristobal girls in basketball.

4. Mr. Alexander addresses the assembly on “Standards in Life.”

Miss Currier lectures on “The Symphony.”

6. C. H. S. defeats “F” Co. of Fort Davis in basketball.

7. One of C. H. S.’s best students, athletes, and friends sails for the States. Don’t forget us, Loretta.


17. Loads of fun at Gatun. Girls play their daddies an “exhibition” game of basketball.

**MAY.**

7. George Cartwright wins the prize for the best essay on “The Church and the Community.”

9. Chaplain Stull keeps us laughing when he talks to us on “Your Purpose in the World”—but we remember all he says.

10. Mr. Judd gives an interesting and instructive talk to the Economics class on “Roads in Panama.”

16. Junior class of C. H. S. presents “The Zone Police” and “Mrs. Oakley’s Telephone” at Fort De Lesseps. Well given and well liked.
21. Papers of Marjorie Ball, Edward May, and Emma Townsend sent to Balboa to compete in "Good Roads" contest.
29. Gatun clubhouse shows "Clarence."
31. News comes of Esther Witt's winning in the "Good Roads" contest. Congratulations, Esther. Also, congratulations to Balboa High School on having won Esther at the beginning of this year.

JUNE.

1. Miss Dodds entertains the Faculty and Seniors at a very delightful dinner. The green and gold decorations and favors were original and very attractive.

2. Last of the material for The CARIBBEAN goes to the printers.
8. "Clarence" appears at the Balboa clubhouse.
12. The Junior-Senior Banquet is held at the Hotel Washington.
16. Final meeting of Supper Club with Senior girls as honor guests.
18. Baccalaureate sermon at the Cristobal Union Church.
21. Gatun parents are hosts to parent-teacher association and guests, at final meeting of the year.
24. The class of 1922 become Alumni.
30. End of the great and glorious school year, '21-'22.

She's the garden spot of the Union—
Is Tennessee.
Cut with wooded, rugged hills
Smothered with honeysuckle and arbutus;
Dotted with white monuments—
Memorials to the Blue and Gray
Who fought for honor and right
In Tennessee.
Oh! The wide sluggish rivers,
Where plies the old "side wheeler";

TENNESSEE.

Wesley Townsend, '22.

Here, fields of billowing corn;
There, plantations of wide-leaved tobacco;
Grapes in purple cluster;
Coming of apples and peaches
Heralded by the droning of the June bug;
Houses always open;
Friend or enemy,
Here's our hand
In Tennessee.

Coconut Palm Tree.
As useful as they are beautiful.
Balboa's Coaling Pier, Dry Docks, and Monster Marine Repair Shops.

In the dry dock can be seen three ocean-going steamers undergoing repair at the same time. No vessel yet built is too large to enter this dock, and the marine shops are equipped to repair (or even build) a steamer from bow to stern and from keel to wireless towers. Modern machinery, ample supplies, and skilled workmen await the ship in distress, sending it forth, again seaworthy, in record time.
May.—“How many senses are there?”
Miss Hornbeak.—“Six.”
May.—“How’s that? I only have five.”
Miss Hornbeak.—“I know it. The one lacking is common sense.”

Bliss.—“Ma, Miss Dodds gave me a three-day vacation, for being the only one able to answer her question.”
His mother.—Well, I’ll see about that—but what was the question?”
Bliss.—“Who put the tack in Doyle’s seat?”

Miss Dodds.—“How is it, Gerald, that you are always late?”
Bliss.—“It’s like this. You keep telling me not to watch the clock in classes, so now I’m in the habit of not watching it at home.”

Baldy, to Miss Dodds.—“May I go home? I don’t feel well.”
Miss Dodds.—“Yes, you may.”
Doyle.—“Wait for me outside; I wanna see the game too.”

“Your father must have been an athlete.”
“Why?”
“Because he raised a dumb-bell.”

Cousins.—“What have we got for supper tonight?”
Mother.—“What you haven’t got.”
Cousins.—“What is it, sardines?”
Mother.—“No, brains.”

Miss Dodds.—“Wesley, what is a budget?”
Wesley.—“Well, it’s a method of worrying before you spend instead of after.”

Miss Beeching.—“A transparent object is one you can see through. Name something that is transparent.”
Zim.—“A doughnut.”

Teacher.—“Frank, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI.”
Frank.—“Mary.”
Teacher.—“Who followed Mary, Girdon?”
Girdon (absent-mindedly).—“Her little lamb.”

In Physics class.
Miss Beeching.—“The pressure of bodies at rest is called force—give an example.”
Baldy.—“The police force.”

Zim.—“You know, Baldy is so lazy that he gets up at 5 in the morning so that he has longer to loaf.”

“Not so much noise, Alex.”
“It’s important, Miss Dodds.”
“Remember, the machine that rattles the most does not do the best work.”
“Suppose it’s a Ford?”

Fields.—“I hope this rain keeps up through the night.”
Wallace.—“Why? It will spoil the marshmallow roast.”
Fields.—“No, it won’t; if it keeps up it can’t come down.”

Burgoo.—“Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?”
Father.—“Sure, nothing easier.”
Burgoo.—“Well, please close your eyes and sign my report card,”
Carlos.—“Please don’t put my F’s down in red.”
Teacher.—“Why?”
Carlos.—“Because my dad is like a bull. He gets mad whenever he sees red.”

“I know a boy who takes up Spanish, Italian, French, English, and German.”
“How does he find time to study?”
“Oh, he doesn’t study; he runs the elevator at the Hotel Washington.”

Rudd.—“How many men are there in a quartette?”
Lee.—“Quartette comes from the Latin word meaning quarter, so there must be 25.”

Roach.—“Pass me the ink.”
Miss Hornbeak (reproachfully).—“If what, George?”
Roach.—“If you can reach it.”

Mr. Hughes was giving instructions in diving.
This particular lesson was on the swallow dive.
“Now, Julius,” said Mr. Hughes, “you take a turn.”
Julius made a hopeless attempt and created an alarming splash.
“That’s not a swallow dive,” said Mr. Hughes, sympathetically.
“Ain’t it?” gurgled Julius. “Why, I thought I’d swallowed half the pool!”

Making out period schedule.

Wirtz.—“What place shall we put down for Mechanical Drawing?”
Miss Dodds.—“Put down M. T. Building.”
Wallace.—“You’re right, only a bunch of dumb-bells have their class there.”

Miss Beeching, to Leo in Physics.
“What is a vacuum, Leo?”
“I’ve got it in my head, but I can’t explain it.”

Miss Beeching, to Moore in Advanced Algebra class.
“If you would read over this textbook, your lessons would be half done.”
“All right, give me two textbooks.”

At Halloween party.
Bridges.—“Hey, Doyle, do you want two pieces of cake?”
Doyle.—“Sure.”
Bridges.—“Well, cut your piece in half.”

“Death still loves a shining mark,”
The New York newspapers do say;
And print in letters large and dark,
“A champion bootblack died to-day.”

Doyle (suspiciously, in restaurant, as waiter brings piece of apple pie).—“What state did those apples come from?
Waiter.—“You ought to know, you’ve been in the States.
Doyle.—“But I didn’t make the pies.
Waiter.—“Well, I didn’t make the apples.

Miss Dodds (in Assembly).—“John Coffey, settle!”
Miss Hornbeak.—“Don’t stir.”
Miss Barnhouse.—“Is that clear?”

Said Juline.—“Here’s my first batch of biscuit. Just wait. From the oven I’ll whiscuit.”
How poor Juline cried,
When Bliss cruelly replied,
“Let them burn. To eat them—well! I shouldn’t riscuit.”

Heard during music period.—Basses, please come in on time, you’ve been behind the piano all day.

NAMEFUL QUESTIONS.

A sad one—
Does George Ball?
No, but Edward May.

Sunburn?
Is John Coffey colored?
Yes, and Ida Brown.

Where ignorance is—?
Has Gerald Bliss?
Yes, but Henry Moore.

Sports—
Is Fisher catcher?
No, but Frank Fields.

Whoa, Henry!
Why is Mattie Pulling Gladys Ford?
Why doesn’t Kenneth Parker?

Culinary department.
Does Adela Bakewell?
Yes, and I’ve seen Henry Bacon.
WHY NOT THIS WAY?

Inse? A man once in Mr.
      Had a terrible pc.
The doctors pronounced it rheumaties;
      Now he gets down the le.
      With the use of ace,
      And has had to give up acrobatics.
      —J. Z., '22.

Heighty-teighty:
      There was once a man of great height
      Who attempted to blow out the leight;
      But, alas! It was gas!
      So he had to pass
      To a realm that is queight out of seight.
      —J. Z., '22.

Did it Blr?
      There was once a spright'y young Mr.
      Who had a good-looking sr;
      One night in the dark,
      They met in the park—
      An awful mistake!—for he kr.
      —J. Z., '22.

The Awful Huay:
      There once sat a pair on a quay
      And peacefully gazed at the suay;
      But, when he "up and kissed her,"
      She said to him, "Mister,
      Now don't get familiar with muay."
      —P. D., '22.

Fate is Unkignd.
      Poor Johnny did not see this sign,
      "Please drive to the left of this sign,"
      But he heard a great crash—
      Saw his car go to smash!
      Now he's working to pay off the sign.
      —M. B., '22.

Tioux Trioux!
      There once was a brave, an old Sioux,
      Who had a bad case of the floux;
      His bones they did clatter,
      His teeth they did chatter,
      And a cure for it nobody kniox.
      —W. T., '22.

Eau dear! Jeau didn’t have enough Deau!
      A girl once had a new beau
      Who thought that she loved him, seau
      A ring he bought her,
      And thought he’d caught her,
      But when he proposed, she said, "Neau."
      —E. T., '22.

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NOTICE

Additional copies of this School Annual, mailed to any address in the United States, may be had by addressing "Paul C. Doyle, The Caribbean, Cristobal, Canal Zone," and inclosing the cost, 75 cents.
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Every year The Caribbean staff inserts in its book a word of thanks to those who have made the book a possibility. Every year this gratitude has been merited, but never, we feel sure, has any staff owed greater debt to its friends than does this one of '21-'22. Moreover, we are just as sure that no staff has felt more of a sense of responsibility to its friends and sponsors—a responsibility which has been almost an obligation to make good.

Our book is finished; what is done is done. We send it forth, imperfect though we feel it to be, to carry its message of Cristobal High School and Cristobal High School spirit to friends far and near.

To those friends we extend our thanks for their interest in and support of our activities—evidenced in so many ways.

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