foreword. The Staff of the twelfth volume of "THE CARIBBEAN" wish to commemorate their happy and educational years spent at school.

May the Class of 1929 use this book in later years as a diary of their achievements and activities during this memorable period.
# "The Caribbean"
CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL  
CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE

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DEDICATION.

NOT only because of her unceasing efforts, her unflagging interests in us, her never failing energy in school activities, but because of her sincerity and friendship as well, we, the Staff, gratefully dedicate this, the twelfth volume of "THE CARIBBEAN" to

Miss Grace R. Hesse.
THE VALUE OF AN EDUCATION.

Do we ever stop to consider what an education will mean to us in later years? Most of us are not true to ourselves; we pass over the subject lightly.

There have been, and always will be, numberless articles written on this subject. Perhaps some of us have read them, but how many of us would stop to read an article about education? We make ourselves believe that we know all there is to know. In reality we are cheating ourselves.

If you could only picture in your mind the value of an education and its direct bearing on your life, your work, in fact, on your whole existence.

Imagine yourself with an education and then picture yourself without one. A person with an education can readily see the difference, but how can a person without one be expected to see the comparison between the two or the value of a thorough course of study along some line?

With an education, life is made much happier. You naturally develop a keen insight, sympathy and understanding of the affairs of the world that otherwise you might not have noticed nor appreciated. Life means more than just striving for wealth and power—it means a thorough enjoyment from everyday happenings, and this can only be attained by an education.

All of us have talents in one direction or another and the sooner we realize and develop these abilities in the highest degree, the sooner will success come to us.

If some knowledge of the various subjects is taught to the student, he will get a glimpse of the many fields in which he is eligible to qualify, and can experiment along different lines to see what he is best suited for. By these experiments he may choose his career, and with determination and an education to assist him, he will attain success.

Of course, education for the young student must not be above his power of comprehension until his mind can assimilate ideas of such an advanced nature. Then gradually show him or her the advantages in life and an education, and he will do the rest.

With this advice and these ideas in mind, the student can, as Sir Francis Bacon tells us, be old in hours and young in years.
Col. Harry Burgess, U. S. Army,
Governor, The Panama Canal.
Superintendent of Canal Zone Schools—Ben M. Williams.
Birthplace—Statesboro, Georgia.
Home Address—Greensboro, N. C.

EDUCATION.

Name of Secondary School—Statesboro High School.
Location of Secondary School—Statesboro, Georgia.
College or University—Mercer University.
Dates Attended—1911 to 1915.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.
College or University—Teacher’s College, Columbia University.
Dates Attended—1919.
Degrees Obtained—A. M.
College Fraternity—Kappa Delta Pi.
Date Entered Service of The Panama Canal—February 2, 1926.

Assistant Superintendent of Schools; Junior and Senior High Schools—V. H. Barker.
Birthplace—Missouri.
Home Address—Illinois.

EDUCATION.

Name of Secondary School—Lebanon High School.
Location of Secondary School—Lebanon, Mo.
College or University—N. E. Missouri State Teacher’s College.
Degrees Obtained—B. S.
College or University—Columbia University.
Degrees Obtained—A. M.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—September 7, 1927.
Our Principal—William A. Sawyers.
Birthplace—Westerly, Rhode Island.
Home Address—38 Summer St., Westerly, Rhode Island.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Westerly High School.
Location of Secondary School—Westerly, Rhode Island.
College or University—Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

Degrees Obtained—B. S.
College or University—Columbia University.
Dates Attended—1924–1925.
Degrees Obtained—M. A.

Fraternity—Phi Delta Kappa.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—September 7, 1927.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—The CARIBBEAN Staff.
Favorite Expression—“Now, where are the brains in this group?”
Tropical Scenes
Name of Teacher—Grace R. Hesse.
Birthplace—Miller, South Dakota.
Home Address—Shelbyville, Illinois.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Ann Arbor High School
Location of Secondary School—Ann Arbor, Michigan.
College or University—University of Michigan.
Dates Attended—1914-1917.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.
College or University—University of Michigan
Dates Attended—1923-1924.
Degrees Obtained—M. A.
College or University—National University of Mexico
Dates Attended—Summer 1921.
Sorority—Kappa Delta.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1926.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—English, Spanish.
Favorite Expression—“Alright, alright, who belongs to this?”

Name of Teacher—G. J. Benson.
Birthplace—St. Cloud, Minnesota.
Home Address—St. Cloud, Minnesota.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Technical High School.
Location of School—St. Cloud, Minnesota.
College or University—State Teachers’ College.
Degrees Obtained—Diploma.
College or University—Bradley Polytechnic Institute.
Dates Attended—1922-1924.
Degrees Obtained—B. S.
College or University—University of Minnesota.
Dates Attended—Summer Session, 1920.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1924.
Favorite Expression—“Stop your talking, Lydia.”
Name of Teacher—Amos C. Pence.
Birthplace—Marshall, Missouri.
Home Address—Marshall, Missouri.

EDUCATION.
Location of Secondary School—Marshall, Missouri.
College or University—Missouri Valley College.
Dates Attended—1924-1925.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.
College or University—Missouri Valley College.
Dates Attended—Summer 1924.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1928.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Geometry, Physics.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Junior Class.
Favorite Expression—“Show me. I’m from Missouri.”

Name of Teacher—Emily Russell.
Birthplace—Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
Home Address—1424 Olive St., Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Pine Bluff High School.
Location of Secondary School—Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
College or University—University of Arkansas.
Dates Attended—1920-1924.
Degrees Obtained—B. S., H. E.
Sorority—Phi Beta Phi.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1927.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Librarian.
Favorite Expression—“All right.”

Name of Teacher—Mary Elizabeth Moore.
(Vote! Most Popular Teacher.)
Birthplace—West Alexandria, Pennsylvania.
Home Address—West Alexandria, Pennsylvania.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Washington High School.
Location of Secondary School—Washington, Pennsylvania.
College or University—West Virginia University.
Dates Attended—1919-1923.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.
Sorority—Phi Beta Kappa, Kappa Kappa Gamma.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1925.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Latin, French, Spanish.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Sophomore.
Favorite Expression—“Now, get ready to write.”
THE CARIBBEAN.

Name of Teacher—Robert A. West.
Birthplace—Ashley, Pennsylvania.
Home Address—Ashley, Pennsylvania.

Education.
Name of Secondary School—Ashley High School.
Location of Secondary School—Ashley, Pennsylvania.
College or University—University of Pennsylvania.
Dates Attended—1921-1922.
College or University—Bucknell University.
Dates Attended—1922-1925.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.
College or University—Pennsylvania State College.
Dates Attended—1927-1928.
Fraternity—Kappa Sigma.

Personal.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1928.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Algebra, History.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Freshman Class,
Manager of Baseball Team.
Favorite Expression—"Wake up! wake up!"

Name of Teacher—Margaret E. Meyers.
Birthplace—Keokuk, Iowa.
Home Address—Keokuk, Iowa.

Education.
Name of Secondary School—Keokuk High School.
Location of Secondary School—Keokuk, Iowa.
College or University—University of Iowa.
Dates Attended—1921-1925.
Degrees Obtained—A. B.

Personal.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1928.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—English, music.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Debating Club.
Favorite Expression—"En-un-ci-ate clearly."

Name of Teacher—Margaret Renison.
Birthplace—Rensselaer, New York.
Home Address—Watertown, New York.

Education.
Name of Secondary School—Watertown High School.
Location of Secondary School—Watertown, New York.
College or University—Plattsburg State Normal School.
Dates Attended—1917-1919.
College or University—New York University.
Degrees Obtained—B. C. S.
Sorority—Delta Clio.

Personal.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—October 1, 1928.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Shorthand, typing, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping.
Sponsor for What Class or School Activity—Manager of funds.
Favorite Expression—"Where did you get your privileges?"
Name of Teacher—Victor E. Seiler.
Birthplace—Auburn, New York.
Home Address—Berkeley, California.

EDUCATION.
College or University—University of California.
Dates Attended—1923-1924-1925.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—May 18, 1926.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Director of Physical Activities.
Sponsor for what Class or School Activity—Athletics.
Favorite Expression—Use the berry.

Name of Teacher—Barbara Bailey.
Birthplace—Rib Lake, Wisconsin.
Home Address—Muskegon, Michigan.

EDUCATION.
Name of Secondary School—Recreation Training School.
Location of Secondary School—Chicago, Illinois.
College or University—Columbia University, New York.
Dates Attended—1925-1926.

PERSONAL.
Date Entering Service on Canal Zone—December 11, 1928.
Subjects Taught 1928-1929—Playground Directress.
Favorite Expression—Now, up in the States.
ROYAL R. HIGGASON.

“I am the Captain of my Soul I am the Master of my Fate.”

Nickname—Higgle.
Birthplace—Mart, Tex.
Date of Birth—June 25, 1911.
State’s Address—3911 Avenue J, Fort Worth, Tex.
Canal Zone Address—Box 467, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1924.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Fort Worth Grade School; Raton, N. M.; Washington, D. C.; Bluemont, Va.
College Expected to Enter—University of Texas.
Favorite Expression—The meeting will please come to order.
Chosen Vocation—Electrical Engineer.
Hobby—Sports.
Pastime—Athletics and sports.

ELIZABETH HACKETT.

“A tender heart; a will inflexible.”

Nickname—Sis.
Birthplace—Paraiso, C. Z.
Date of Birth—September 18, 1910.
State’s Address—257 Field St., Rochester, N. Y.
Canal Zone Address—Box 561, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1918.
Grade Entered—Second.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—No. 51, Rochester, N. Y.
College Expected to Enter—Nixon-Clay, Austin, Tex.
Favorite Expression—Sure, why not?
Hobby—Dancing.
Pastime—Having a good time.
THE CARIBBEAN.

ROSEMARY KEENE.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

Nickname—Rosie.
Birthplace—Colon Hospital, Colon, R. P.
Date of birth—February 25, 1911.
State's Address—Scranton, Pa.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1924.
Grade Entered—Eighth.
Favorite Expression—"Wot a life!"
Chosen Vocation—Private Secretary.
Hobby—Moving pictures.
Pastime—Going to baseball games.

JEAN WYLLIE.

"Simplicity and gentleness and honor And clean mirth."

Nickname—Jeanie.
Birthplace—Fort Dade, Fla.
Date of Birth—November 1, 1913.
Canal Zone Address—Fort de Lesseps.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—December, 1928.
Grade Entered—Senior Class.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Kenwood-Loring, Chicago; Sea Cliff High, Long Island, N. Y.
College Expected to Enter—Cornell.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Gee!
Chosen Vocation—Architecture.
Hobby—Tennis.
Pastime—Swimming.
ETHEL BARNETT.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Nickname—Barrie.
Birthplace—Boston, Mass.
Date of Birth—September 15, 1911.
State's Address—Boston, Mass.
Canal Zone Address—Box 6, Colon, R. P.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 1, 1917.
Grade Entered—First.
School Activities—Glee Club, '26, '27, '28; Chorus, '26, '27, '28; Secretary of Class, '26, '27; Secretary of Supper Club, '28; "Rip Van Winkle," '26; Supper Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; Carnival, '27, '28, '29; Athletic Association, '28; Literary Editor of THE CARIBBEAN, '29.
College Expected to Enter—Boston University.
Favorite Expression—Figure that out.
Chosen Vocation—Journalist.
Hobby—Talking.
Pastime—Going down town.

INEZ BARRY.

"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

Nickname—Barrymore.
Birthplace—Boonville, N. Y.
Date of Birth—December 6, 1912.
State’s Address—Whitesboro, N. Y.
Canal Zone Address—Box 1395, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 1, 1928.
Grade Entered—Senior.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Whitesboro High School.
School Activities—Supper Club, '29.
College Expected to Enter—Cornell.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Christmas!
Chosen Vocation—Teacher or Stenographer.
Hobby—Swimming.
Pastime—Dancing.

WOODFORD MARMON BABBITT.

"He steers his boat well."

Nickname—Woody.
Birthplace—Ketchikan, Alaska.
Date of Birth—May 23, 1909.
Canal Zone Address—Box 123, Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1925.
Grade Entered—Sophomore.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Public School, Juneau, Alaska.
Favorite Expression—Maybe——
Chosen Vocation—Banana man.
Hobby—Basketball.
Pastime—Any sport.
MARION A. BOOMER.

"As merry as the day is long."

Nickname—Mab.
Birthplace—Conneaut, Ohio.
Date of Birth—September 11, 1911.
State's Address—Adams, N. Y.
Canal Zone Address—Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 1, 1922.
Grade Entered—Fifth.
School Activities—President of Freshman Class; "Rip Van Winkle," '26; Glee Club, '26, '27, '28; Basketball, '26, '27; Baseball Captain, '27; Swimming, '27; Tennis, '29; Track, '29; Cheer Leader, '27, '28, '29; Girls' Athletic Editor, '29, Supper Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; Vice President, '28; "Kemps," '29; Carnival, '27, '28, '29.
College Expected to Enter—Syracuse University.
Favorite Expression—Wherc'll we go?
Chosen Vocation—Mathematician.
Hobby—Sax.
Pastime—Going to baseball games.

JACK R. PETTIT.

"His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth."

Nickname—Jake.
Birthplace—Canal Zone.
Date of Birth—July 12, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1924.
Grade Entered—Eighth Grade.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Croton High School.
School Activities—Baseball, Glee Club, Editor-in-Chief The Caribbean Staff.
Favorite Expression—Jake.
Chosen Vocation—Electrical Engineer.
Hobby—Baseball and swimming.
Pastime—Reading.

DOROTHY HEIM.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Nickname—Asutes.
Birthplace—Kentucky.
Date of Birth—July 3, 1912.
State's Address—Newark, Ohio.
Canal Zone Address—Box 1491, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—December, 1923.
Grade Entered—Seventh.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Hebron, Ohio; Newark, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio.
School Activities—Supper Club; Debating Club, '29.
College Expected to Enter—Business College, Ohio.
Favorite Expression—Caracho.
Chosen Vocation—Stenographer.
Hobby—Reading.
Pastime—Swimming.
GRETC H EN W I N N E P A L M.

"Not more learned, but imbued with a better kind of knowledge."

Nickname—Geg.
Birthplace—Tabernilla, C. Z.
Date of Birth—November 18, 1911.
State's Address—Schenectady, N. Y.
Canal Zone Address—Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1919.
Grade Entered—First Grade.
School Activities—"Rip Van Winkle"; Carnival, ’27, ’28, ’29;
Class Treasurer, ’26, ’27, ’28; Supper Club, ’26, ’27, ’28, ’29;
Chorus, ’26; Tennis, ’29; Senior Play.
College Expected to Enter—Mount Holyoke College, Mass.
Favorite Expression—Hector.
Chosen Vocation—Business position.
Hobby—Music.
Pastime—Reading.

PAUL HAYDEN.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Nickname—Slim.
Birthplace—New York.
Date of Birth—July 1, 1911.
State’s Address—96 Read St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Canal Zone Address—Box 64, Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1924.
Grade Entered—Eighth Grade.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Bridgeport Schools.
School Activities—Baseball, Swimming, Basketball, Track;
Business Manager of THE CARIBBEAN ’27, ’28, ’29;
Carnival.
College Expected to Enter—Bates.
Favorite Expression—Who'd a-thunk it?
Chosen Vocation—Business.
Hobby—Radio.
Pastime—Reading and baseball.

ROGER DEAKINS.

"I neither fear nor despise."

Nickname—Roger.
Birthplace—St. Joseph, Mo.
Date of Birth—August 26, 1911.
State’s Address—2121 Washington Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Canal Zone Address—Box 237, Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 4, 1925.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Lafayette School.
School Activities—Swimming, Basketball, Carnival.
Favorite Expression—I'll bite.
Chosen Vocation—Electrician.
Hobby—Music.
Pastime—Sleeping.
WILHELMINA KLEEFKENS.

"That indefinable thing called charm has she."

Nickname—Minnie.
Birthplace—Hoboken, N. J.
Date of Birth—August 7, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Box 1357, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1918.
Grade Entered—Second.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to Cristobal—Gatun.
Favorite Expression—Oh, for the love of Lill.
Chosen Vocation—Musician.
Hobby—Dancing.
Pastime—Reading and music.

ROY BEACH WALKER.

"He attains whatever he pursues."

Nickname—Fluffy.
Birthplace—South Bend, Ind.
Date of Birth—January 8, 1909.
State's Address—New Bedford, Mass.
Canal Zone Address—Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1925.
Grade Entered—Eighth.
School Activities—Glee Club, Assistant Business Manager, '27; "Rip Van Winkle;" Carnival.
Favorite Expression—And How!
Chosen Vocation—Electrical Engineering.
Hobby—Mechanics and machinery.
Pastime—Swimming and reading.

MARION KATHERINE LOWANDE.

"The Glory of a full capacious mind."

Nickname—Knital.
Birthplace—Bound Brook, N. J.
Date of Birth—March 20, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Box 515, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1917.
Grade Entered—First.
Favorite Expression—I still maintain—
Chosen Vocation—Stenographer.
Hobby—Arguing.
Pastime—Walking.
LEE KARIGER.

"A Mother Wit, and wise without the schools."

Nickname—Flee.
Birthplace—Honolulu, Hawaii.
Date of Birth—March 30, 1912.
Canal Zone Address—Box 224, Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1925.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
Favorite Expression—I'm gonna tell on you!
Chosen Vocation—Diesel Engineering.
Hobby—Mechanical machinery.
Pastime—Boating.

VITA VIVIAN LYEW.

"My heart is ever at your service."

Nickname—Kam May.
Birthplace—Port Limon, Costa Rica.
Date of Birth—April 12, 1910.
Canal Zone Address—Box 2, Colon, R. P.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1925.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Chinese School, Miss Crawford's Escuela Publica.
College Expected to Enter—Johns Hopkins University.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Heavens!
Chosen Vocation—Medical Doctor.
Hobby—Dancing.
Pastime—Reading.

MORRIS M. LUCE.

"The framer of his own fortune."

Nickname—Lukie.
Birthplace—Shawnee, Okla.
Date of Birth—November 20, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Box 292, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1917.
Grade Entered—First.
College Expected to Enter—Eastman School of Music
Favorite Expression—It don' sweetcha'!
Chosen Vocation—Musician.
Hobby—Music.
Pastime—Music.
MORTON WALTON HARLEN SOUTHRAD.

"A man of words and deeds."

Nickname—Plutocks.
Date of Birth—July 30, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 5, 1925.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
School Activities—Staff, '26; Art Editor of Caribbean, '29; "Rip Van Winkle," '26; Glee Club, '26 '27; Orchestra, '26; Track, '28; Basketball, '29; "Kempy," '29.
Favorite Expression—I don't know about that.
Chosen Vocation—Adventurer.
Hobby—Cartooning.
Pastime—Wandering.

MR 13835—4

ANITA ROSE RANKIN.

"For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

Nickname—Anita.
Birthplace—Ancon, C. Z.
Date of Birth—September 6, 1920.
Canal Zone Address—Box 574, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1926.
Grade Entered—Sophomore.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Honduras, Costa Rica, and New Orleans, La.
School Activities—Supper Club, Glee Club, "Rip Van Winkle," '26; Carnival, "Cupid Scores a Touchdown," '28; School Notes Editor of The Caribbean, '29.
Favorite Expression—If—Oh, Yeah!
Chosen Vocation—Private Secretary.
Hobby—Horseback riding.
Pastime—Reading and music.

MARGARET HAYES

"Here, there, and everywhere."

Nickname—Smuxie.
Birthplace—Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Birth—November 25, 1910.
State’s Address—923 Home Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Canal Zone Address—Box 202, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1916.
Grade Entered—First.
School Activities—Supper Club, Debating Club.
College Expected to Enter—Business College.
Favorite Expression—Cara-cho.
Chosen Vocation—Doctor.
Hobby—Swimming.
Pastime—Horseback riding.
SAM PATCHETT.

"Gentle in manner but vigorous in the deed."

Nickname—Patricia.
Birthplace—Washington, D. C.
Date of Birth—April 7, 1910.
State's Address—Washington, D. C.
Canal Zone Address—Cristobal.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—May 15, 1928.
Grade Entered—Junior.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—West Junior High, Hine Junior High.
School Activities—Soccer, '29.
Favorite Expression—Go fish.
Chosen Vocation—Apprentice.
Hobby—Making models.
Pastime—Loafing.

ADAIR LOUISE TAYLOR.

"From this one you may learn all."

Nickname—Taylor.
Birthplace—Colon, Panama.
Date of Birth—May 2, 1911.
State's Address—211 Woodill Heights, McKinney, Texas.
Canal Zone Address—Box 158, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1919.
Grade Entered—Third.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Public School No. 4, Albany, N. Y.
School Activities—Tennis; Supper Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; President of Supper Club, '29; Carnival, '27, '28, '29; Glee Club, '27, '28; Exchange Editor of THE CARIBBEAN, '29.
College Expected to Enter—University of Texas.
Favorite Expression—Horse Collar.
Chosen Vocation—Teacher.
Hobby—Dancing and tennis.
Pastime—Going places, seeing people, and doing things.

LOIS A. WILLIAMS.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Nickname—Mockey.
Birthplace—Las Cascadas, C. Z.
Date of Birth—August 12, 1911.
State's Address—708 West Spring St., New Albany, Ind.
Canal Zone Address—Box 1, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1921.
Grade Entered—Fifth.
School Activities—Supper Club, Debating Club, Glee Club.
Favorite Expression—Asures!
Hobby—Reading.
Pastime—Reading.
MILDRED JENNIE BATH.

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

Nickname—Bobs.
Birthplace—Ancon, C. Z.
Date of Birth—May 19, 1911.
State's Address—Norwalk, Conn.
Canal Zone Address—Box 224, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1917.
Grade Entered—First.
College Expected to Enter—Boston University.
Favorite Expression—Oh! Oh!
Chosen Vocation—Accountant.
Hobby—Dancing.
Pastime—Reading.

RANDOLPH ORBAUGH.

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Nickname—Randy.
Birthplace—Indianapolis, Ind.
Date of Birth—January 12, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—March 15, 1926.
Grade Entered—Sophomore.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C. Z.—Fayetteville High, Fayetteville, N. C.
School Activities—Carnival.
College Expected to Enter—University of North Carolina.
Favorite Expression—Iszatso.
Chosen Vocation—Mechanical Engineer.
Hobby—Reading.
Pastime—Movies.

PORFIRIO DE REUTER.

"With winged feet which lend a walking grade."

Nickname—Porfy.
Birthplace—New York.
Date of Birth—March 6, 1909.
Canal Zone Address—Box 505, Cristobal, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 1, 1921.
Grade Entered—Fourth.
School Activities—Soccer; Baseball; Track; Basketball; Bowling; "Rip Van Winkle," '26; Glee Club.
Favorite Expression—Jake.
Chosen Vocation—Draftsman.
Hobby—Athletics.
Pastime—Athletics.
CHARLES CRUM.

"A man of a sound and composed mind."

Nickname—Crum.
Birthplace—Cicero, Ind.
Date of Birth—July 4, 1910.
Canal Zone Address—Gatun, C. Z.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October, 1924.
Grade Entered—Freshman.
School Activities—Carnival.
College Expected to Enter—University of Indiana.
Favorite Expression—Well, I’ll be darning!
Chosen Vocation—Electrical Engineering.
Hobby—Electricity.
Pastime—Electricity.

PHOEBE O’DONNELL.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Nickname—Bama.
Date of Birth—February 2, 1911.
Canal Zone Address—Cristobal.
States Address—Mobile, Alabama.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—October 12, 1928.
Grade Entered—Senior.
Favorite Expression—I'd like to knock you in the ear.
Chosen Vocation—Nurse.
Hobby—Skating or dancing.
Pastime—Dancing.

THEODORE E. BRANDON.

"An honest man—the noblest work of God."

Nickname—The Minute Man.
Birthplace—Colon, Republic of Panama.
Date of Birth—June 29, 1910.
Canal Zone Address—Box 436, Cristobal.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—1919.
Grade Entered—Third Grade.
School Activities—Track, '27 '28 '29; Soccer, '29; Baseball, '29; Bowling, '28 '29; Acting President of Debating Club, '29; President of Class, '27; Debating Club Team, '29.
Favorite Expression—After me, you come first.
Chosen Vocation—Medicine.
Hobby—Collecting curiosities.
Pastime—Playing billiards.
ZOE WYLLIE.

"A nature sweet; a disposition pleasant."

Nickname—Zoe Wyllie.
Birthplace—Fort Hamilton, New York.
Date of Birth—February 23, 1912.
Canal Zone Address—Fort de Lesseps.
Date of Entering Cristobal School—December, 1928.
Grade Entered—Post Graduate.
Other Schools Attended Before Coming to C.Z.—Kenwood-Loring, Chicago. Sea Cliff High School, N. Y.
College Expected to Enter—Goucher College.
Favorite Expression—Now, I ask you—
Chosen Vocation—Journalism.
Hobby—Tennis and swimming.
Pastime.—Swimming.

BLANCA WALKER.

"The Mirror of all Courtesy"
PLACE: Cristobal High School.
TIME: In early June, 1929.
SCENE: Tourist is visiting schoolhouse.
CHARACTERS: Tourist.

Mr. Sawyers.
Students.

ATMOSHERE: Deep depression all around.

Tourist: "Why are the faculty and the students so sad?"

Mr. Sawyers: "Why, after June 21, we will lose the finest Senior class that ever graced this school. Do you wonder that we all are sad?"

Tourist: "But I don't understand—seniors leave every year. Why should you feel such a sense of loss when hordes of new freshmen will be rushing in?"

Mr. Sawyers: "Yes, but never has a more talented group been in our midst. It's a pleasure to teach such geniuses. I only regret that I have not been here since their first grade days. However, I have made it a point to educate myself on their history."

Tourist: "Tell me about them—I'm interested. They seem such paradoxes."

Mr. Sawyers: "In 1917, four of the present Seniors attended first grade in Cristobal School. Even then they showed signs of remarkable, if undeveloped, intelligence. Every year they became more learned, and they increased in number. When they became freshmen, they were joined by an equally intelligent group from Gatun. In school work, in athletics, in social activities alike, they proved their quality for four years. And now, that we are to lose them, I am almost tempted to resign."

Tourist: "But where do they come from? To what State does the credit belong?"

Mr. Sawyers: "They come from all over the United States—the cream of each State is among us, as well as that of Panama."

Tourist: "What do they look like? I want to know that I may henceforth determine genius by its appearance."

Mr. Sawyers: "Their appearance is marvelous. But no two look alike—large, small, short, tall, light, dark, they are, but the quality is present in all."

Tourist (becoming depressed): "I certainly marvel. And I understand your feelings now. I certainly sympathize with you."

Mr. Sawyers: "I appreciate it, but that can not help me. I know that for a time at least I shall be known as the man who 'never smiled again.' I am sorely tempted to flunk them so that the school and I may have the pleasure of their company at least another year, but I know that I should only be cheating the world. So I am resigned to losing them. But the heartache remains."

CURTAIN.
THE CARIBBEAN.

CLASS WILL.

We, the Seniors of 1929, having taken four years to reach this exalted position and who are now preparing to forsake these sacred portals, do with mutual consent draw up this, our last will and testament, with the hope that it will be duly read and carried out.

To the Freshmen we do leave the thrill of being Sophomores.

To the Sophomores we leave the penalty of being Juniors with the result of having to give a Junior-Senior banquet.

To the Juniors the Senior Class as a whole leave their ability to disagree in class meetings, to be added to the latters' already enormous tendency in that direction.

Morris Luce leaves his silence to William Newman with fervent hopes that he will make good use of it.

James Quinn leaves his smile in the custody of Celeste Clark.

Elizabeth Cunningham leaves her title to Elaine Blauvelt and her condescending manner to Scott Parsons.

Inez Barry leaves her soft voice to Virginia Stevenson.

Adair Taylor wills her cherished position in the office to Mavis Thirlwall.

Ethel Barnett leaves her ability to have an alibi always on hand to Rae Bliss.

Lee Kariger leaves his ever-ready smile to James Campbell.

Anita Rankin wills her love of dancing to Elsie Darley.

Teddy Brandon leaves his remarkable ability to be absent 4 days out of 5 to Francisco Wong.

Elizabeth Hackett leaves her love of Fords to Peggy Bretch.

Blanca Walker wills to Mabel Schulert her ability to get all her work done in the first 15 minutes in the morning.

Jack Pettit wills to Jack Maher his record of being hit in every baseball game.

Royal Higgyson wills to Fred Stewart the Book of Parliamentary Law, which is still in good condition.

Marion Boomer leaves to Helen Logan her ability to get to her destination in as short a time as possible.

Morton Southard leaves his power of arguing to Ralph Crum.

Vita Lyew leaves her untiring efforts in Supper Club to Marguerite Bush and her cheery manner to Caroline Napoleon.

Marion Lowande leaves Elise Doar her ability to make up her mind at a moments notice.

Rosemary Keene leaves her permanent seat in the library to Elsie Birkeland.

Lilybel Cox leaves her ceaseless activity to Elizabeth Raymond.

Margaret Hayes leaves her love of outdoor life to Alice Henter.

Lois Williams leaves her seat at the Sunday Matinee at the Strand to Evelyn Ganzmueller.

Mildred Bath leaves her record of never being asked to leave the room to Victor Melendez.

Roy Walker wills his curly hair to Walter Wickingstad knowing that it will be appreciated.

Roger Deakin leaves the welfare of the Student Government to Dick Sergeant.

Wilhelmina Kleefkins wills her love of good times and her good sportsmanship to Frances Days, this to be added to Frances' own great supply.

Zoe Wyllie wills her love of sports to Virginia Eberenz.

Sam Patchett wills his military bearing to John Whidden.

Gretchen Palm wills her literary ability to Pauline Herman because of her fine showing in the Short Story Contest.

Dorothy Heim leaves Eleanor Urwiler her ability to understand what Senior English is all about.

Paul Hayden wills his baseball glove to Arthur Mundberg.

Porfirio leaves to Rita Joyce his stature with the consolation that it will not be given in vain.

Randolph Orbaugh leaves to Della Raymond his gift of being seen and not heard.
Jean Wyllie leaves Estafania Wheeler the use of the swimming pool after class hours.

Woodford Babbitt leaves Tom Coley custodian of his seat in the back of the room.

Charles Crum leaves to Tom Conley his ready study on how the morning class meeting should be held.

And now having duly read and agreed upon all small details and sincerely hoping we have offended none of our worthy brethren, we do scrawl our X's and quietly pass out.

The Senior Class of 1929.
Witnesses: Old Ironsides.
Uncle Sam.
Big Ben.
I was breathless when I had reached Heaven at last
From a stiff climb up those Golden Stairs,
And there at the Gates was St. Peter himself,
Harrassed by hard work and great cares.

"Who are you, what are you, why are you here?"
He asked in a suspicious tone;
So I told him I'd once gone to Cristobal High—
(To see if that his interest had grown.)

So I asked if the others all resided there.

He said, "Sure," that they'd been there for years,
He said, too, they'd made Heaven a Heave'ni'er place—
Which was sweet, sweet music in my ears!

He summoned an angel who just flitted past,
I looked—looked again in surprise;
For who should it be, but Jack Pettit himself,
I hardly could believe my eyes!

He seemed that his work had been diving for pearls,
But he'd dived once too often, and so,
He'd arrived here in Heaven, and joined all of those
Who'd been first of our class to go.

He said Royal'd been killed in a wreck of a train
(A traveling salesman was he.)
And if death hadn't come to Marion Lowande,
The world's greatest singer would she be.

Lois had married, and was here with her husband,
Their joy now having a revival;
Adair, Minnie, and Margaret, all married too,
Were now waiting their husbands' arrival.

As radio announcer, Paul lived and died,
And Morton had been a great broker—
But his wife caused him many a marital woe
So he came up to Heav'n to provoke her.

Sam'd been a Shakespearian actor of note,
Rogers, a great financier,
Porfy, the greatest of all human flies
That ever had flown on the sphere.

Lilybel opened a dressmaking shop
But not for long; she soon married—
Then Sis took it over till she married, too,
But on earth neither one of them married.

Jack had to stop, he was all out of breath,
Besides, he was due at a date,

So he showed me the way to the Angel's Hotel
And I rushed, since it was getting late.

And who was hat-check girl, but Dorothy Heim.
She told me she'd been one on earth;
She said Inez had been a vaudeville star
In a song and dance act of great worth.

She'd have told me more, but a guest then arrived
So I went to my registration,
And who was the desk clerk, but Teddy Brandon,
Whose books are now read by a nation.

He said Mildred posed for magazine covers
And had wed a man of great wealth,
While Anita wed early, but didn't live long,
Nor did Blanca, who had quite poor health.

Roy and Lee died in a submarine race;
Elizabeth Cunningham, a teacher,
Vita had been a doctor of great skill,
And Morris Luce had been a preacher.

He stopped, then, as he had some duties to do,
And as he tended his next guest
I went up and slept, but next morning went out
To see if I could find the rest.

On the corner of Cherubim Street, I found Charles,
Woody, Randolph, and Jim, harmonizing!
This was practice, they said, for Community Night.
I found their vocal talents surprising.

Randolph had lecture-toured over the world;
Jimmie, a prize winning jockey;
Woody had starred in the Olympic games,
And Charles Crum had won fame in hockey.

They continued to sing, so I wandered off
And there, on a beautiful lawn—
Marion Boomer and Gretchen were playing tennis
While Jean and Rosemary looked on.

They hailed me, and I learned that Jean'd been a painter;
Gretchen, a most daring flyer;
Rosie, always in a fast auto race;
Marion'd wed a rich cleaner and dyer.

They told me they thought that I never would die,
Which was just what my relatives thought—
But I fooled 'em—and left them the department store
Which my own hard-earned money had bought.

St. Peter then came up and gave me a harp
Which I practised, heedless of intrusion;
But they warned me that Heaven's full of QUIET and PEACE
So I now practise in strict seclusion!
JUNIORS
What would happen to C. H. S. if the Class of ’30 agreed to agree?

---
or if---

Elsie Birkeland couldn’t tease the ivories.
Elaine Blauvelt forgot to bring her purp to school.
Rae Bliss stopped making whooppee.
Peggy Breth didn’t have such pretty curls.
Marguerite Bush hadn’t discovered the bed bugs.
James Campbell wore Paris Garters and had “Sox Appeal.”
Celeste Clark didn’t have banjo eyes.
Tom Coley didn’t have his Cicero.
Tom Conley was Fred Stewart’s twin brother.
Ralph Crum kept his feet under his own desk.
Elsie Darley should grow taller.
Frances Days didn’t know all the latest songs.
Elise Doar didn’t have that Southern drawl.
Virginia Eberenz came to school on time.
Evelyn Ganzmueller didn’t worry over her Physics.
Alice Henter hadn’t won the popularity contest.
Pauline Herman wasn’t a mermaid.
Rita Joyce was tongue-tied.
Helen Logan didn’t resemble Greta Garbo.
Jack Maher wasn’t our most handsome boy.
Victor Melendez didn’t dress so neatly.
Arthur Mundberg didn’t have a weakness for teasing the girls.
Caroline Napoleon was seen and heard.
William Newman ran out of wise cracks.
Scott Parsons couldn’t make a “sax” talk.
Della Raymond’s hands were tied while she tried to talk.
Elizabeth Raymond was unable to blush.
Mabel Schulert should bob her blond, silky tresses.
Dick Sergeant ever agreed with the majority of the class.
Virginia Stevenson wasn’t one of our faithful Juniors.
Fred Stewart forgot to say, “May I have your attention, please?”
Mavis Thirlwall got a “wind blown.”
Estafania Wheeler ever made a loud noise.
John Whidden moved more rapidly.
Walter Wikingstad didn’t have red hair.
Francisco Wong stopped paying his class dues promptly.
## THE CARIBBEAN.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll Call</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
<th>As Realized in 1950</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stella Arthur</td>
<td>A vamp</td>
<td>Second Pavlowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Bailey</td>
<td>Army general</td>
<td>Salvation Army drummer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florigel Barngrover</td>
<td>Good mother</td>
<td>A much divorced actress.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earnest Berger</td>
<td>General</td>
<td>General nuisance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Blauvelt</td>
<td>An artist</td>
<td>Spanish teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Bretch</td>
<td>Interior decorator</td>
<td>Human fly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Brough</td>
<td>Transcontinental bus line owner</td>
<td>Undertaker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Bundy</td>
<td>Famous lawyer</td>
<td>Village postmaster.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawford Campbell</td>
<td>Professor</td>
<td>A spiritualist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan Coffey</td>
<td>A tabloid reporter</td>
<td>Editor of Christian Science Review.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Conkling</td>
<td>Poet</td>
<td>Radio bedtime story teller.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Davis</td>
<td>School teacher</td>
<td>Cabaret girl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Drake</td>
<td>Army officer</td>
<td>Gob.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodman Drake</td>
<td>Navy officer</td>
<td>A stool pigeon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Duvall</td>
<td>Botanist</td>
<td>Settlement worker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell Elwell</td>
<td>Six-day bicycle rider</td>
<td>Inventor of perpetual motion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fabian Englander</td>
<td>An historian</td>
<td>A taxi driver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erle Ferguson</td>
<td>Architect</td>
<td>Tight rope walker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Fitzgerald</td>
<td>Domestic science teacher</td>
<td>Dressmaker of Darien.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Frisk</td>
<td>Librarian</td>
<td>Bookbinder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burton Hackett</td>
<td>A sculptor</td>
<td>Member of the Royal Mounted Police.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker Hanna</td>
<td>Hymn composer</td>
<td>Colon bomber.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Hanna</td>
<td>A trombonist in Whitman's Band</td>
<td>A tiler of the soil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Harmon</td>
<td>Arbitrator</td>
<td>A revolutionist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian House</td>
<td>A chorus girl</td>
<td>Sunday school teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percival Lyew</td>
<td>A mathematician</td>
<td>A circus clown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Marshall</td>
<td>Dean</td>
<td>Head of Watson's Institute.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenneth Maurer</td>
<td>Second Sheridan</td>
<td>A preacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eugenia McLain</td>
<td>Married lady</td>
<td>Old maid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Misrahi</td>
<td>Stenographer</td>
<td>Second Houdini.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Mitchell</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Woman hypnotist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Neely</td>
<td>Woman's Club leader</td>
<td>A governess in a family of eight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald Neil</td>
<td>Apache dancer</td>
<td>Heavyweight champion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Patterson</td>
<td>Stenographer</td>
<td>Zoologist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanca Pulgar</td>
<td>Physical Directress</td>
<td>Invalid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlos Rankin</td>
<td>Foreign Diplomat</td>
<td>Chief Politician of Wall Street.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Ryan</td>
<td>Language teacher</td>
<td>Joke Editor of <em>The Hang</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aloha Slocum</td>
<td>Social leader</td>
<td>Only woman forest ranger.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theo, Theobritisto</td>
<td>Banana checker</td>
<td>Wtd lecturer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Turner</td>
<td>Policeman</td>
<td>Jay walker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Wertz</td>
<td>Second Babe Ruth</td>
<td>Absent-minded professor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Wilkens</td>
<td>Aviator</td>
<td>Mining engineer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Will</td>
<td>A minister</td>
<td>An executioner at Sing Sing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Williams</td>
<td>Bug collector</td>
<td>Conducts research laboratory for extermination of the boll weevil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eugene Williams</td>
<td>Electrician</td>
<td>Handling &quot;live wires&quot; in a Broadway chorus.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE CARIBBEAN.

BEAUTY

SPOTS
### FRESHMAN CLASS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Epithet</th>
<th>Sobriquet</th>
<th>Hobby</th>
<th>Future</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edward Albin</td>
<td>&quot;Eddie&quot;</td>
<td>Gathering lunches</td>
<td>Plumber.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Albin</td>
<td>&quot;Jimmie&quot;</td>
<td>Being important</td>
<td>Thomas Edison, 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelma Albertton</td>
<td>&quot;Tillie&quot;</td>
<td>Being with Emma</td>
<td>Washwoman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genevieve Barry</td>
<td>&quot;Gen&quot;</td>
<td>Writing notes</td>
<td>Moomonette.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Bliss</td>
<td>&quot;Curly-top&quot;</td>
<td>Phoning</td>
<td>Female Beau Brummell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allene Dykens</td>
<td>&quot;Al&quot;</td>
<td>Being ambitious</td>
<td>Great musician.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Diers</td>
<td>&quot;Scotch&quot;</td>
<td>7-year-old</td>
<td>Bartender.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zola Dorson</td>
<td>&quot;Bumps&quot;</td>
<td>Royal</td>
<td>Flapper.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dona Eaton</td>
<td>&quot;Blondie&quot;</td>
<td>He's tall, dark, and handsome</td>
<td>Mary Pickford, 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Edson</td>
<td>&quot;Egg&quot;</td>
<td>Eating</td>
<td>Preacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Egolf</td>
<td>&quot;Viv&quot;</td>
<td>School</td>
<td>A &quot;King's taster.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivian Elmgren</td>
<td>&quot;Tony&quot;</td>
<td>Selling</td>
<td>School teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio Fernandez</td>
<td>&quot;Pest&quot;</td>
<td>Radio</td>
<td>&quot;Shippy.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Finland</td>
<td>&quot;Swede&quot;</td>
<td>Horseback riding</td>
<td>Horsegroom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albin Forsstrom</td>
<td>&quot;Frosty&quot;</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Farmer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Gomerly</td>
<td>&quot;Alec&quot;</td>
<td>Reading</td>
<td>Teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Griesinger</td>
<td>&quot;Germany&quot;</td>
<td>Sax</td>
<td>Wiedolph, 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma Hall</td>
<td>&quot;Goldie&quot;</td>
<td>Collecting stamps</td>
<td>Postmistress.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mildred Harmon</td>
<td>&quot;Millie&quot;</td>
<td>Laughing</td>
<td>Private secretary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Hahn</td>
<td>&quot;Mem&quot;</td>
<td>Howard</td>
<td>Old maid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verona Herman</td>
<td>&quot;Roney&quot;</td>
<td>Gossiping</td>
<td>Housewife.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatrice House</td>
<td>&quot;Bee-dee&quot;</td>
<td>Chewing gum</td>
<td>Movie actress.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jodie Lu Jones</td>
<td>&quot;Jo Jo&quot;</td>
<td>Playing &quot;Beloved&quot;</td>
<td>Pianist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Kariger</td>
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<td>Nell Wardlaw</td>
<td>&quot;Pete&quot;</td>
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Results of the Contest.

IMAGINATION.
Gretchen Palm, '29.

(This story was awarded Grand Prize in the Short Story Contest.)

Tony spoke thoughtfully:

"Well, Bibs, we're here at last, most prosaically seated upon the romantic, ancient, famed, celebrated, distinctive, renowned—"

"—flat-arch bridge of Panama," ended Bibs with a flourish.

Tony continued undisturbed.

"Bibsby, considering that I have followed you, the object of my adoration, into this terrible jungle, that I have been flea-bitten, and that I have been yanked out of a perilous stream twelve inches deep, I think it is only fair that you join me in singing, 'Be it ever so humble, there's no pl—"

"My, my, you're really longer winded than Cicero himself; I have no hope of your recovery now," Bibs interrupted. "Seriously, Tony, I'm here to write a local-color legend for my series of travel sketches."

"Man, that's easy, merely grease your top-story; the wheels will go 'round, then—"

"Can it! Let's see you tell a story about this bridge, if it's so all blamed easy!"

Tony laughed.

"O. K. with me. Sit on yon felled tree, Sir Bibs; take out thy mighty pencil and thy papyrus and prepare thyself for taking notes on my wondrous tale."

"The characters of this legend," began Tony, "are Don Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who, on an exploring spree in Panama, finds himself and his cavalcade detained by a simple, glad-hearted little brook, Flaine, the Lily Maid of Astalot, Houdini, Mr. Archimedes, the Greek math shark and, of course, many dashing cavaliers."

A brook stood in the way of the great Balboa. What? Would it change his route? Nay, never! "What ho, men, what have we here, a tinkling brook? Doughty retainers, measure yon stream." Don Balboa sniffed his snuff and tapped his foot impatiently, then, "What are thy calculations?"

A Spaniard spoke up: "The width is two lengths of myself plus four hands, sir. The depth is one foot and two thumbs' length, sir."

Balboa attempted to look wise; after pondering deeply he said, "How now, it is too insignificant a stream for me to walk through; twould sully my dignity to be carried on thy back like a meal-sack, and my horse catches cold too easily for him to carry me. Go, call Houdini; his mighty brain will solve our predicament."

After being duly received by his superior, Houdini meditated long upon the weighty question which was his to work. How to get across the stream? Suddenly he cried, "Gadzooks, I've got the answer, and how. Build a bridge."

The brilliance of the plan pleased Balboa so much that Houdini was immediately decorated with a certain gold medal, given to those of superior intellectual power.

This act was rudely dispelled when Elaine ran up to Balboa shrieking, "Vasco, my beloved, protect me! The jungle, it overwhelms me; it stifles me; it clasps me to its greedy heart; it—"

"Dearest heart, the terrors of thy brain surpass those of reality."

"But, but, I cling to thee, my knight; take me from here speedily; let us go to, go to——"

"Silence, maiden thy 'go to' smack too much of Shakespeare to please thy proud Spanish lover."

"Forsooth, if my love goeth unrequited, I shall bestow it elsewhere," Elaine replied coolly. Her eye lighted on Houdini. "Then honest Houdini will be my shield and protector, and not thou, O false Balboa."

Houdini grimaced that this superfluous, fair maiden should cast herself at his mercy. "Come on then, Snowdrop, your big boy will go hunting orchids for your petal lips to kiss. Come along, step lively, please."

Balboa was so bitter at Elaine's actions that he vowed that he would be a bachelor (of course he never kept his resolution).

Archimedes was then sent for and his opinion on the bridge sought.
“Oh Balboa, it is a difficult problem, but upon studying the hypothesis, I can delude the facts that the bridge will require 100,000 brick and a mortar made from three boxes of Elaine’s face-powder, coconut-juice and salt and pepper to taste.” Needless to say, Archimedes was given a blue ribbon with the words “Exceptional merit.”

The royal Ford was pulled up (the gasoline had all leaked out) and Senor Flanigan, the driver, dumped 100,001 brick upon the bank. The face-powder from Elaine’s suit-case, the coconut-juice obtained, and the pepper and salt taken from Archimedes, who had lately been computing the number of ants it would take to carry away 3,000,000,000 grains of pepper (not counting the ants that sneezed to death).

Construction was begun on both sides. In building the center of the bridge, four men stood in the stream with boards over their heads (so that the dripping mortar would not rumple their hair) and shaped the arch. The bridge was done!

“Bravo,” exclaimed Balboa, from the side-lines.

“Help,” cried the four men in the stream. Heavens! the arch had fallen and now lay flatly upon the boards which the gallant soldiers had just used for protection.

“Hold it!” shouted Balboa. “Stay there ’til the mortar dries; it’s a flat arch, but it’ll do, for the present.” (Balboa was unconsciously using the “mutilated” English of Houdini, it is sad to notice.)

Being magic, the mortar soon set. “Ready—my gallant soldiers? We will go; the shrew and her two friends may dig their own graves here, for all I care.”

With this the company crossed the bridge. Distressing cries were heard. “Elaine!” Houdini shouted, “Wait, take this little bundle of excess baggage with you; I don’t want her.” There was Archimedes, too, holding up his robes that he might not trip. But oh, what a fate awaited them. Three small stones treacherously reposed upon the bridge; Archimedes stumbled; Elaine tripped; Houdini turned a somersault; they fell—fell into the stream that was one foot and two thumbs’ length in depth—and—drowned.

“That is all, Bibs; I thank you for your kind attention. Did you take any notes?”

“ Heck, I forgot.”

“Murder, all that work for nothing? Heavens! I faint; I gasp for breath; the smelling salts, quick”—and mockingly Tony sank weakly to the ground.

Bibs laughed, “Ha, ha, go on and faint; you’ll get up soon enough; you’re lying on a red ants’ nest.”

HAVE YOU A HAWSER?

Charles Crum, ’29.

(This story was awarded the Senior Class Prize.)

I remember well, one trip I made on the Caribbean in 1929. The Caribbean was a converted sea-going suction dredge, used to transport cattle from Colombia to the Canal Zone. I did not dislike this boat greatly after I had become used to the cattle. There would be an occasional passenger to break the monotony.

On January 30, we were about 139 miles southwest of Cristobal. I was on duty that morning when, at 9.15, I picked up a call for help from the S. S. Xenus. I sent back my call letters and signified that I was ready. Her message came immediately. The Xenus had lost her rudder and was rolling helplessly in a rather rough sea. Her position was about fifty miles southwest of the Caribbean. I took the message to the “old man.” He gave orders to change course immediately. We exchanged messages steadily now, checking courses and bearings as our skippers worked them out on the charts. By 3.30 the Xenus was sighted off our starboard bow. From that time on, I have the messages exactly as I took them down, eight years ago. At 3.45, I received this message:

Have you a Hawser?

Cook.

As we had no heavy cable for towing, I sent back a negative answer. At 4.00 I received another.

We will give you a cable from the port bow, and tow easy on us.

Cook.

This cable was not long enough so the next message at 6.45 read thus:
I have another piece of the same kind of wire that I will give you. It is a little longer than the one you have hold of now.

By 9.00 o'clock the sea had roughened considerably. The captain became worried, so at 10 o'clock I relayed a message to Balboa asking for help. At 12.30 p.m. came this message:

Will send tug Gorgona immediately.

Port Captain.

At 9.20 the next morning I received this message:

Gorgona left at 4 a.m. Keep in touch with her by wireless. If you have to abandon tow, anchor vessel and inform Gorgona.

Port Captain.

The first message was picked up from the Gorgona at 10.15.

Gorgona 50 miles north of Cape Mala, 8 a.m., speed eleven knots. Keep me informed of your position.

Howard.

I sent our course to the Gorgona and at 10.55 received this message.

10.45, Gorgona lat. 7.48 N., long. 79.49 W., course S. S. E. mag. Will this course intercept yours?

Howard.

Her signals were now so loud that I did not need the captain to tell me that the relief ship was near and on the right course. After the captain had studied his chart I sent word that the Gorgona’s course was “O. K.” At 1.25 came the message that was to complete our rôle as rescuer.

You are in sight. Cast off your hawser when ready.

Howard.

We dropped our hawser, the Gorgona picked it up and we were free to proceed on our course.

THE GIRL WHO WAS—NOT.

Elsie Darley, ’30.

(This story was awarded the Junior Class Prize.)

Sailor Andrew Bones, of the U. S. warship Texas, anchored in Panama Bay, was sitting in a small, deserted plaza in Panama City. He was reading a magazine of adventure, hair-raising and impossible. Occasionally Andy would let the book fall, and would dreamily put himself in the place of the hero, a handsome, devil-may-care young man, whose sole duty seemed to be to rescue beautiful young ladies in dire need of rescuing.

Presently the sun grew so hot that Mr. Bones sighed, picked up his book, arose, and looked for a street down which to walk to the wharf. He espied a narrow, cool-looking alleyway that led in the right direction, and proceeded to walk down it, pondering the while on the deeds of his latest hero, who—

“Help—Socorr-rr-o-o—H-e-l-p!”

Andy came back to earth with a start. The cry had come from the second floor of a large white building on his left. Andrew Bones, that simple-minded soul, at once deduced that here, at last, was his chance to rescue a fair lady from, probably, the clutches of a bad man, or, most likely, from a mouse. Anyway, it would give him a chance to get acquainted with one of the pretty señoritas of the City, and she would be able to see how brave he was.

He stopped to plan out his mode of attack, (now what was it the hero did in “Fighting Blood?”) As it was impossible to climb to the window on account of the smooth walls, he would have to use the door and once inside, grabbing a poker—darn, they didn’t have the things in this country—a-a-well, whatever he first put hands on, he would creep upstairs and put up a heavenly fight. The rest was easy.

Gee, but suppose the guy had a revolver. That wouldn’t improve matters at all. Maybe he’d better wait for a more favorable adventure—

“Help! H-e-e-l-p!”

At this shrill scream, Andy’s chivalry got the better of him, and throwing caution to the winds, he dashed up the front steps. He saw the curtains of the window move. Gosh! Maybe the guy had accomplices on the lookout for interferers. But he must not get scared. He pushed his cap over one eye and gave a determined tug to his jumper. The door seemed locked at his first turn of the handle, but suddenly it opened, and he found himself face to face with a little, brown, withered old lady who beamed on him toothlessly and said,

“De Señor, he weesh to buy a parrot? I’ave a ver’ clever performing one. Come een, Señor, to see.”

But Andy was rapidly making his way down the street.
The tropical sun beat down on two boys sitting quietly in a small boat. Land was two miles to the north, but they had no means of reaching it for their motor had broken down, and they were drifting steadily.

"Well," said the older, "What are we going to do?"

"Don't ask me!" replied the other. "We've no oars. Guess we'll have to swim."

"What'cha think I am?" returned the other. "You must have forgotten that fin we saw half an hour ago."

Quiet again came over them, but it did not last long.

"Hoo-ray!" yelled Frank the younger, "We're drifting on to that small island!"

"Now ye're speaking," replied Arthur.

A few minutes later they were able to stand in the shallow water and drag their boat up on the sand.

The island was covered with coconut trees, and the boys made haste to satisfy their thirst.

"Let's try to fix the motor," suggested the younger.

"Naw," his companion replied, "Let's explore this place first."

"O. K."

The island was not large, but it was covered with tropical vegetation, and as they started inland they had to force their way through the bush.

On a small hill in the center of the island they discovered what appeared to be the ruins of an old castle.

"Maybe this is where the people of Old Panama hid their gold from Morgan," suggested the older, thinking of an old legend.

"Let's see if we can find a dungeon or something," said the other.

After searching the ruins for a while the younger called excitedly to his companion. In the center of the ruins he had found a small pit with a tunnel at the bottom. Both dropped into the pit and looked into the tunnel. It was lined with blocks of stone and only a little light entered from a hole in the ceiling.

They entered on hands and knees, but once inside, were able to stand up. Becoming quickly accustomed to the gloom, they advanced through the tunnel. About a hundred yards along the tunnel, a small room appeared on one side.

Upon entering it they saw two boxes in one corner and a table in the other. The large box was tackled by Frank, and after some struggling he managed to break the lock, and throwing back the lid he gave a sharp cry, which brought Arthur to his side.

There in the box was a grim skeleton with a knife in its mouth. There was nothing else in the box so they tried to pry open the smaller one, but try as they would, the lock would not budge. When they tried to lift it, they heard a metallic sound inside.

"Big Spanish dollars, by the thud," said Arthur.

"Yeah, guess we'll be rich for life now. Come on. Let's get it to the boat."

After tugging, pushing, and sweating they managed to get it to where the boat lay on the beach.

"Well, now to get the motor repaired."

"Sure, we've got the treasure but we've got to get it home."

After spending a good half-hour trying to find trouble, they found they had no gas.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Arthur. "We could have been started long ago."

"Yes," replied Frank, "It's lucky we brought that extra tank full."

Ten o'clock that night the "Cascade" ran up to the tying-place in Balboa, and two travel-weary and tired boys lifted a heavy box onto the platform.

"I'm going to open it as soon as I get at my tool box," said Arthur, "so let's hurry."

Almost exhausted, but excited, they arrived at Arthur's home, and dived into the tool box for a file.

Arthur's mother, father, and sister all came to see the opening of the treasure chest, so Arthur set to work with vigor.
The rusty iron soon gave way, and he threw the lid back. On the top was an oily piece of cloth, and with great excitement he lifted this.

Quiet reigned for a while, then Arthur’s father burst into a roar of laughter, and his mother did likewise. Frank looked foolishly at Arthur, and they shut the lid slowly.

They had brought home a box of musket balls which was left in the deserted castle.

It’s a peculiar thing, but they never went back to follow that mysterious tunnel to the end.

_days of yore._

A LEGEND.

Roger Deakin, '29.

Proud old Fort San Lorenzo lay majestically on her high bluff, guarding the entrance to the Chagres River. Within the fort was an air of sleepy indolence, for the “Dons” were never an energetic race. And indeed, what cause was there for vigilance? Above the fort floated the golden banner of Castile and was not Spain ruler of the seas, and master of life and death on this tortured, oppressed isthmus? It was true that strange sails had been sighted that afternoon at the mouth of the river but then, pirates were a cowardly breed and would never dare attack an armed fort.

A full moon shone down in the massive walls and straw-thatched huts. A man of the garrison was whispering to a girl seated on some stone steps. A sentry walked his round perfunctorily. The moat was full, the gates were strong. What had they to fear?

Farther down the coast and around the bend, to the west of the fort was another scene. Here men were cursing as they toiled to place a brass culverin upon a low, wheeled cart together with some shot and a keg of powder.

When this was accomplished a man stood forth. Evidently he was the leader. He gave his orders. The cannon with most of the men was to go to the fortress gate, while the rest going by small boat, were to scale the hill unseen and attack from the rear. With much labor the venture was started.

Just as the moon was going down and the fort was sinking into complete silence, the sleepy sentry heard a noise in front of the gate. Instantly he was wide awake, but it was too late, for at the same instant a cannon roared and the shot crashed through the gate, splintering a great piece from it.

Inside the fort all was confusion with everyone shouting, “Pirates!” Finally, a defense was organized and for a time it seemed as though the attackers would be beaten off.

One of the pirates, receiving an arrow almost through his body, pulled it out and wrapping a piece of his shirt around it, thrust it into his musket and fired it back before he died.

The arrow with its flaming burden fell on the roof of one of the thatched huts.

As the Spaniards were fighting fire within, and the force at the gate without, the reinforcements from the rear had little trouble entering. Two hours later Henry Morgan and his followers, untroubled by a single Spaniard, were feasting in the impregnable fortress of San Lorenzo, and preparing for their expedition across the isthmus to Panama City.

MORGAN’S ATTACK ON PANAMA CITY.


“Yes,” said the old traveler, “Morgan was a smart man. No one but a brave man could have forced fourteen hundred men to march through the jungles of Panama as he did. Of course he lost many men on the trip. Some were caught by wild animals, and some died of fever, but he lost more by starvation than in any other way. When he reached Panama City the terrified inhabitants sent out a herd of wild bulls. As the bulls came thundering across the plain the natives of Panama expected the pirates to turn and run, but the wily old pirate, Captain Morgan, would not retreat. He merely ordered his men to shoot the wild cattle, although they greatly outnumbered his men. After this the hungry pirates took a night off and feasted on the fresh meat which was so obligingly supplied by the polite inhabitants of Panama City.”
On a sunny afternoon in August, two boys were seated under an almond tree. Beside them was a medium-sized, black dog. His ears, snout, and tail were long, and in fact his general proportions denoted a hound of one sort or another. The owner, a boy of sixteen, preferred to believe that it was an offspring of a bloodhound. As flecks of sunshine fell through the leaves on its glossy coat, his eyes appraised it proudly.

“Do you know, Jack,” he said to his companion, “I really believe that Blackie descended from the pack of bloodhounds that Balboa took with him across the Isthmus.”

“I never heard about that,” answered Jack, “Tell me about it.”

The following is a summary of what the owner told to his friend:

Vasco de Nuèez Balboa was one of the many Spaniards who left Spain, came to the new world, and were changed into cruel-hearted, lawless men by the horrible conditions and the mad craving for gold.

On his first expedition, he gathered a force of about one hundred and ninety rough men and started across the Isthmus. He would set his bloodhounds after the natives to round them up, then subject them to all sorts of torture in an effort to make them tell where their cities of wealth were hidden. They would tell the truth, which was that they knew of none, and as a result, they were either torn to pieces by the bloodhounds, had their ears cut off, or put on the rack. One thing they did hint of; that was an immense ocean which was at the other side of the Isthmus. Balboa decided to find it, so he and his companions traveled across the country through marshy swamps, bitten by mosquitoes and all sorts of vermin found in tropical jungles. They discovered it, and acquired from the natives pearls of large size, and quite a bit of gold. They returned with exaggerated tales of the great ocean and the wealth along its coast.

The purpose of his second trip was to explore along the Pacific coast. With his bloodhounds, he gathered natives to carry provisions and parts of ships across the Isthmus. Through dense jungles, swamps, and stricken with fever, the natives struggled under their huge burdens. If they dropped with exhaustion or from fever, they were goaded on again by the fear of being torn to pieces by the hounds, tortured by sharp, steel rods, and hot irons, or left to die in the jungles. Many were left to die because they could not possibly go farther at any cost or punishment.

Through an enemy of his, one who was jealous of the sensation Balboa caused in Spain and the colonies, he was falsely charged with treason and beheaded in 1517.

“Boy, life must have been cruel and yet exciting in those days,” said Jack. “How do you figure that Blackie might have descended from one of those bloodhounds?”

“Oh, he was brought in from some village near Gatun, and he can follow animals and human beings very easily by smell. It’s good to think he is, anyway.”

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A LEGEND.

Elizabeth Raymond, ’30.

One day, many years ago, before Columbus discovered America, a San Blas Indian sought the witch-doctor of the village. When he found the witch-doctor he asked him if there was a way in which he could kill his rival without the rest of the Indians knowing about it. The witch-doctor told the Indian to return in a week and he would tell him a way in which he could secretly kill his rival.

When the week was up and the Indian returned, the witch-doctor said, “All week I have been trying to find a method that will achieve your purpose. The time is not favorable. Return next week and I will see if the spirits will tell me the method.”

The Indian left the abode of the witch-doctor impatient at the delay.

When the week was up the Indian again sought the witch-doctor who told him a method which would enable him to exterminate his rival.
Leaving the witch-doctor the Indian gathered together a number of small bamboo sticks and took them home. After examining the bamboo sticks he saw that there was not one which was in perfect condition.

Three weeks he spent in finding the required number of perfect bamboo sticks. Then he took a pure white hen's egg and with tar inscribed the name of his rival and a date two weeks distant on it.

Very carefully he made a raft out of the bamboo sticks and placed the egg in the middle. When the bamboo sticks and the egg were wired securely together he patiently waited for night to fall.

There was no moon. The Indian with great care transported his raft of bamboo sticks to his canoe. Under cover of the night he rowed a mile from shore. Then he set the little raft afloat with a great feeling that soon his rival would die.

The days slipped by slowly for the Indian, who began to wish that he had made the date of his rival's death sooner.

At last the long looked for day arrived. The Indian was curious to know how his rival would die. He was confident that the man would die! That afternoon a storm arose and the wind blew strongly. The Indian's rival was walking along the beach when a coconut tree blew over on him and instantly killed him.

All of the San Blas Indians believe this is true. Recently they have changed the idea a little and say that the person whose name is written on the egg will die when the raft washes ashore and the egg breaks.

One of these queer rafts was found in the water near the coaling station about a year ago. The egg was rescued and buried without breaking it. So there is one San Blas Indian more than there should be.
BLUE HEAVEN.
Adair Taylor, '29.

One evening I walked down Bolivar Street on my way home. When I was in the middle of the block I heard a Victrola, with a very raspy sound to it, playing "My Blue Heaven." Finally the music became so loud that I turned around and looked into the room, my curiosity getting the better of me.

The room, as it was called, should have rightfully been named a box, for it wasn't much larger. It was divided into two parts, the front part serving as the living room and the latter part as the bedroom. The only front porch they had was the sidewalk and their kitchen was an alley at the side of the house. A screen, dividing the two rooms, was covered with moving picture posters, making it a very colorful and picturesque affair. The bed, which could be seen very dimly, was covered with clean linen and a crocheted coverlet; the brass bed posts had a red ribbon around each one. In the "front room," there was a table upon which the Victrola was set, and by the Victrola a celluloid doll was keeping watch over a glass dog and cat and some moving picture programs. Under the table, on a shelf, a vase stood holding three or four crepe paper flowers.

The mother of the "box" sat on a chair in the "front room" holding the baby, and father sat across from her sans shirt and shoes. A lamp, hitched on the wall, furnished a very dim light for the scene. As I walked on down the street I thought to myself of the humble "Blue Heaven" I had just passed.

AN ANECDOTE.
Fabian Englander, '31.

On my way home one evening, I noticed the Bajan maid who took care of the kiddies next door walking rapidly up and down under the house, with a baby in her arms and crooning such a peculiar sounding tune that my curiosity was aroused. Making a pretense of examining some new plants that were just taking root, I managed to draw close enough without attracting her attention, to hear what she was singing.

Up and down, back and forth, her feet keeping time to some deggareel air, went that big, overgrown Chunk of Charcoal, singing over and over again, these words:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Chut-Mon.'"
During the final ceremony on the ninth night, the home of the dead is a scene of great gaiety. Tables and chairs are placed around the rooms of the house. A large crowd gathers; coffee is made, sandwiches prepared, and passed around. Liquor is also served. Numerous domino and card games are formed. The singing of this night is quite different from that of the first. It is loud and boisterous and sung in a tune quite lacking in reverence. In fact, during this whole final service, at least till midnight, there is nothing very reverent about the action of the assembly of people.

At midnight the singing is hushed for a few minutes. A few people offer prayers and the assembly joins in. Then again, the singing and card playing is started. This continues till dawn. At early morning they leave for home, some in small groups, others alone. Each acts in a very solemn manner. Before leaving the house, each of the guests goes to the family of the deceased, wishing each member a carefree and happy future life.

After this ninth day service, the departed is quite forgotten and is mentioned neither in the home nor among friends.

THE CHIRIQUI INDIANS.

William Harmon, '31.

In the desolate wilderness of Panaman jungle lands near the Costa Rican border, dwell the tribe of Chiriqui Indians. They are very peaceful, as a rule, and often work on the large plantations in Panama.

Many of these Indians file their teeth to sharp points, which they claim helps to preserve them for a long period of time. Looking at these Indians, with their filed teeth and green-painted faces, one might take them to be cannibals, but they are quite harmless.

The squaws wear a superfluous amount of peculiar beads and other ornaments typical of the Red race, while nearly every matured male of the tribe has a small necklace of crocodile teeth for "dress occasions." This is a token of bravery handed down through generations, in many cases. The crocodile also gives something besides its teeth in the form of "grasa de lagarto" (crocodile fat) which is used as a cure for rheumatism, sore throat, cuts, in fact for almost any human ailment.

The Chiriqui Indians are natural-born hunters, and the section of Panama in which they live is infested with game. Sometimes, when hunting, they wear feathers about their ankles as a protection against a poisonous snake. They claim the snake will strike at the feathers rather than the bare skin and in this way give them time to dodge further assaults.

These Indians live in miserable grass huts without a floor, except for the ground. The squaw has very little, if any, housework to do. Her daily duties consist of cooking meals for the family, fetching water from a near-by water source, washing in a chosen stream, and weaving cloth in primitive Indian fashion.

The Chiriqui Indians are, indeed, an interesting type of people to visit.

"EN MI PUEBLO"

Blanca Walker, '29.

"En mi pueblo," were the first words Susita used to say before starting a conversation, no matter what subject was being discussed.

"En mi pueblo we grow big, sweet and stringless mangoes which we call "de calidad" because they are of the best quality that can be found on the Isthmus. We also have a kind which is very, very small—no bigger than a dove's egg. These grow in bunches something like grapes only they are of reddish-yellow color instead of green or purple. We call these mangoes 'chancletas' meaning a flat slipper because the seed is almost flat. En mi pueblo there are many kinds of mangoes; some we call apple-mangoes because they are red and the pulp is very much like the apples; others we call peach-mangoes and others take the name of the fruit which they resemble most. En mi pueblo we have mangoes before any other section and long after their season is finished. The reason for this is that we have so many different kinds and each kind bears its fruit a little later than the other; this is why we have mangoes long after the other sections do not have even one for a sample. En mi pueblo we have sweet and juicy pineapples, stringless alligator pears, coconut palms which give the best coconut fruit I ever have tasted, and we have many other species of wild fruits that are so good that it is a pity to call them wild.
“The seas en mi pueblo are so clear and calm; from them we get delicious fish. We send fish to other places because we want others to taste what is good. The beaches en mi pueblo are so beautiful that every year people come to spend their vacation and to enjoy all the good things which we offer them here en mi pueblo.”

This way Susita can talk about her little pueblo which in reality is very pleasant and fruitful. In her town we may find, as she says, all sorts of things and we will surely find them of the best kind. Taboga, Susita’s town, is the most looked for summer resort.

THE CARNIVAL.

Florikel Barngeoz, ’31.

When Rome was young, it was the custom of the people to have a season of feast and holiday. This generally started a week before Ash Wednesday and lasted until midnight of Ash Wednesday. The people celebrated the carnival season with feasts and parades. During the six weeks of Lenten Season following Ash Wednesday, Sunday was held as a feast day.

Later in Spain carnival lasted only three days and their Lenten Season began on Ash Tuesday.

In Italy the carnival only lasted three riotous days.

In Panama there is a carnival each year which lasts four days before Ash Wednesday. Carnival may almost be compared with the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, the Fiesta of Los Angeles, or the Rose Carnival of Portland.

The natives save every penny they can possibly keep out of their poor earnings, so that they may have nice costumes. The streets are decorated with colored lights and signs and posters which are gaily painted. For days before the carnival, the small stores are supplied with confetti and serpentine, Pollera slippers, and the gay, gaudy materials of which the costumes are made.

About a week before Carnival the voting for queen is at its highest pitch. There is generally a queen representing each outstanding race, such as the Panaman, Chinese, and Negro. The Army and Navy very often have their queen also.

The day before Carnival the small children get dressed in their costumes. Clowns with painted, laughing faces, red and white devils carrying large forks made of cardboard parade the streets. Many more costumes, both original and comical, may be seen.

The first day of Carnival, everyone is ready and anxious to show his or her costume. About four o’clock the parade begins. The barbaric musical instruments of graters, cans with stones in them, and others are heard on every side. The voices of the Spanish, Panamans and Negroes, as they sing the carnival songs, are not unpleasant.

There are many truck loads of laughing people, parading up and down the main street. They throw confetti and serpentine at the crowds standing on the sidewalks watching the procession. A few tourists in caromattas enjoy the gaiety almost as much as the natives themselves, though perhaps not so boisterously.

After Carnival, the queens have their various dances which last late, or early, into the next morning.

The next day of Carnival is practically the same. King Momo, king of joy, is well represented in the faces of his subjects.

On the last day of Carnival everyone is out, as the big parade is held on that day. On either side, cars line the street, and the people joyously shout at every passer-by, whether they know them or not. The queen rides in a beautiful float, while pages announce her with the blast of their bugles. Her attendants follow in a truck behind her.

Gradually, as it becomes darker, the people drop out of the parade. But late the same night they appear again at the dances, ready for more fun.

The Carnival is over at last. Many are glad of the rest to come, others wish there were only more. But all classes look forward to the Carnival to be held next year.

THE BOOTBLACK.

Vita Lyra, ’29.

“Shine, Señor? I will polish up your shoes fine, and shine ’em bueno for you. Shine, Señor? I am bes’ bootblack in Panama, Señor. I hablo Inglis and Spanish, and my charge is only twenty cents plata. Shine, Señor? You ask my name? My name is José, Señor. Where is my mama? I have no mama, no papa. I jus’ live mos’ anyway I can. When it rains and business is poor I sleep on the parque banco, and ask Dios for better day mañana. I have no big loss. I do what please me. When I have plenty dinero I go to the cine. Every domingo I put on clean ropa and go to church. Yes, Señor, I like the Gringos ver’ much. Dem soldier muy bueno.
On pay day they get borracho but always they give poor muchacho tip. I like the sailors bes'. When I am hombre I am goin' to be one so that I will see the whole mundo. I am finis', Señor. To-day I earn un peso. Dat is suficiente for one day so I will put 'way my box, and go play with other muchachos. Muchas gracias, Señor.

**PANAMA MONKEYS.**

*Royal Higginson,* '29.

One of the most interesting things that a visitor to Panama can see is the various animals which are in the Republic, and in the Canal Zone. But of all the animals, the most amusing is the native monkey. There are many different kinds of monkeys such as the white faced, the red ring-tailed, the black faced, and the spider. I have at present a red ring-tailed monkey which I bought when it was only three months old. It was at that time so small and such a baby monkey that I had to feed him from five to six times a day. Of course, he could not be given food that would ordinarily be given to a full grown monkey, so I was forced to feed him on warm milk, bread crumbs, and all such food that is easily digested.

As soon as I got my monkey, I began to choose names that I could give him, but at last I selected the name of Jack, since that is the name given to most all the monkeys, of his type especially. A great deal of time was spent at first in endeavoring to make him tame enough to have around the house without the fear of his biting someone. It was some four months before this job was completed and by this time Jack knew his name as soon as any person called him. My next problem was that of finding what I could feed him in order to make him grow and be healthy. I soon found that a human being is not the only one that can get in the habit of being stubborn, because this monkey of mine was soon in the habit of refusing to eat if he was not given the things that he especially cared for. Sugar was the first thing that I found that this pet of mine liked exceptionally well. In fact, he would accept anything that was at all sweet. Fat meat was also another thing that Jack took an early liking for. By this time he has learned to eat whatever we give him and each day as we sit down to eat we give him a small bit of each of the foods that we have on the table and very seldom does he refuse any of them.

The habits of a monkey are so queer that a person can amuse himself at any time by just sitting down and watching the different things, such as tricks, that a monkey does. Jack has been taught, since I have had him, that as soon as he sees one of us eating something, he should hold both of his hands up in order to get some. When he does something that he knows is wrong, he immediately starts to run away, and as I get up to punish him he holds both of his hands over his head in order to escape punishment. Also, if he knows that he is going to be punished or whipped for some of his meanness, he starts to do all the tricks that he can possibly think of so that I will not whip him. When he is allowed to come into the house he walks around to see if there is anything new to his eye or if any changes have been made. But he has been taught that he is not to touch anything that is on the table or dresser. His greatest pleasure when he gets into the house is to go immediately to one of the floor pillows and make himself perfectly comfortable.

In general the animals of the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama are many in number and none of them is lacking is some form of entertainment or interest.

**THE SAN BLAS INDIANS.**

*Rodman Drake,* '31.

Of all the Panama Indians, the best known are the so-called San Blas. The San Blas Indians are a peaceful, semicivilized people who dwell upon the islands and the adjoining mainland of the San Blas Gulf. They are in constant communication with Panamanians and Americans and visit Colon regularly. There are trading posts on the San Blas islands and a large banana estate in the heart of the San Blas district.

The majority of the Indians speak English more clearly than Spanish. Many of these Indians have resided in New York and elsewhere in the United States. Some of the islands are model up-to-date settlements with straight, well-kept streets, clubs, societies, dance halls, schools, street lights and all other ideas of modern civilizations. The Indians also own
cars and frequently may be seen driving about the streets of Colon or Panama City.

The San Blas Indians are peculiar in their appearance, having dwarf-sized bodies and large, box-like heads.

The men dress in rough trousers, ready-made shirts, or more often shirts of San Blas make with tucks at shoulders and sleeves and chest, and for a head gear palm-leaf hats many sizes too small for them. The men also wear huge disk-shaped earrings of thin gold. The costumes of the women consist of loose blouses of brilliant cloth of all colors beautifully fashioned in elaborate designs. Often one may see all manner of odd patterns embodied in a design, Arabic and Roman numerals, letters of the alphabet, Chinese characters and even the design of a Corn Flake box copied letter by letter.

About their necks are draped dozens of strings of beads, shells, teeth, and coins. Huge gold disks are worn in the ears, a heavy gold nose ring of triangular shape hangs over the upper lip, and a brilliant red bandana handkerchief is draped over the head and shoulders.

Miss Anna Coope, an American missionary, was the first foreigner to be allowed to live in the San Blas country. She lived there for fourteen years teaching them to read and write, and helping them to learn better ways of living. She found them intelligent and capable of mastering the English language.

THE NEGRO IN PANAMA.

Carlos Rankin, '31.

There are approximately 55,000 negroes in Panama, and with a few exceptions, their customs and modes of living are the same. The negroes have very large families, and all are crowded into one room. A curtain of some sort divides the room in half; in the front, a few chairs are placed, while in the back there are a bed and several small hammocks. Usually in front of the houses, there are a few boxes with native fruits, candy, bread, sweet-peppers, and lemons, which are sold to the passers-by. The insanitary conditions which exist in the negro homes are one of the greatest evils of that race.

The main characteristic of the dress of the negro is his extravagance. The young men wear silk shirts, sometimes purple or green, with flannel pants, and Panama hats. All the women wear bright-colored dresses, and the older men, on special occasions, wear derby hats, long-tailed coats, and neat vests.

Rocks are their principal weapons and more than one fight between the white boys and the negro boys has ended with serious results.

Their careless attitude towards life is noticeable in each one. They are very independent, enjoy late hours, dances, and wild midnight jaunts more than anything else. There are very few men, if any, who try to save part of their earnings. Most of them believe in living the day out before thinking of the next. All negroes are fond of music; they are famous for their "jazz".

In their various religions, they are apparently sincere. Many of them go into fits during their vigorous devotions. They are unusually superstitious and have many different religions, some of which do not seem of a civilized order.

I have described only the majority of the negroes. There are some who are very trustworthy, clean, and ambitious. As to their dislike for the white people, it may be excused to a certain extent only, by the way the white men and women treat some of them. At times one may well sympathize with the negroes. Humor is not entirely lacking in them, if one cares to recognize it.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

Paul Hayden, '29.

Does an advertiser in The Caribbean gain or lose from a business point of view? Let us investigate the term "business point of view." In business the object is that for every dollar put out, one dollar plus interest should come back sooner or later—preferably sooner. If this object is not obtained it is poor business; in fact, we were told that it was not business.

There are, however, more ways than one in which an advertiser may be compensated. The Isthmus as a whole, is a small place and a whole is greater than any of its parts. We learned that in geometry. Therefore, an advertisement in The Caribbean would not necessarily cause the business man to work over time. That is a good feature, is it not?

Now, friends of The Caribbean, you who advertise, you who help us in our work and you
who buy, you are probably wondering just how the advertiser makes a good investment. It is simple. Just look around; you will observe quite readily that nearly every adult you see has a son or daughter or a relative who is in high school, will soon be in, or was in high school. These adults or parents love their children and because the children love the Annual and take great pride in it the parents also love it. One way to make friends with a person is to admire his children.

All this leads up to the point that The Caribbean needs the support of its advertisers. By inserting an "ad" the advertiser becomes the student’s friend. He indirectly becomes the parent’s friend. Therefore as the parents form two-thirds of the public down here, the business man gains the good will of his customers and that is worth something.

Several of our advertisers never expect to realize anything from their "ad" because of their not doing any local business. They are true friends indeed.

CHIRIQUI PRISON.
Arthur Mundberg, '30.

In the days of old, before the United States thought of building a canal in Panama, the Spanish descendants of old Spain ruled with a high hand in South America.

Colombia, the possessor of Panama for many years, let Panama rule itself to a certain extent. As long as high officials of Colombia and Panama received some money, they did not care how much the people of the poorer class suffered. Many died from disease, and some even died from starvation. Many were forced to steal for a living.

Those who were caught stealing were put in a prison built of thick, strong, cold stone. There were also some choice dungeons for the worst.

This prison is now only a “has been,” but still shows very plainly what the prisoners had to go through in the long years that they spent in the lonely cells.

A tourist visiting Panama is taken to Chiriqui Prison as a site of interest. Little does a tourist realize when he is walking on the promenade built on the roof of the dungeons of the Chiriqui Prison, the sufferings of the inhabitants that it contained in the years before.

After he has admired the beauty for several minutes, the guide takes him down to see the prison itself. Here are rooms of bare stone with heavy, steel doors. Of course there are no prisoners in the cells now, but there were once upon a time, and how well some remember. Just for the thrill of it, the tourist probably goes in one of the cells. He sees the balls and chains rusty from age and disuse, piled up in one corner. Once these were shiny from the continual rubbing of the skin of some prisoner. He may also see pictures and initials carved on the walls—carved by some poor man “framed” by a higher official, and doomed to serve a long term of years.

The guide most likely takes him up to the watch towers that were used by the guards to watch the prisoners as they walked around the prison ground, or sat staring emptily into space, dreaming of the freedom that they would be, perhaps, forever denied.

The tourist usually takes out his camera and snaps a few pictures of his companions standing in front of the little watch tower, naming it, “Chiriqui Prison,” little realizing how much the natives and inhabitants of Panama dreaded to hear that name in the days before the United States of America started to clean Panama of disease, and to help Panama form a republic to make it what it is to-day.

THE COCONUT PALM.
Morris Luce, '29.

In the whole broad belt of the tropical climates there is probably no tree quite as common as the coconut palm. One reason for this is that this species is so hardy; it thrives in climates variable both in rainfall and temperature. Peculiarly too, it seems to grow just as luxuriantly on the salt, rather arid seashore as it does in a fertile valley or even in a swamp. Then too, it makes an ideal domestic tree, being useful as well as decorative, and is used for both purposes by the inhabitants of the tropics.

The tree itself is very beautiful and unique in appearance. The trunk develops its full thickness of about eighteen or twenty inches within the first year of growth, but it takes about twenty years to attain its full height which in some cases is nearly a hundred feet, though it is usually sixty or seventy feet. The surface of this trunk
is ringed all the way up with alternate rough and smooth bands of four or five inches in width. The wood is the same beautiful brown color all the way through as it is on the surface, but is very porous and fibrous and consequently of no value commercially.

The frond or leaf is unique in that it is in reality a leaf and a branch at the same time. These fronds, eight or ten feet in length, are also made of a very fibrous material and are built on much the same plan as the human spinal column and ribs system. A long flexible “backbone” runs the full length of the leaf, the wider end, or butt, being set firmly against the bole of the trunk, and along each side of this central support all the way out to the tip long thin leaves are set perpendicularly to it. These leaves are green in color, between a foot and two feet in length, and are also built on a little central support of their own, much as a blade of long wild grass. There are twelve or fifteen of these fronds, all shooting out from the very top of the trunk. Two or three fronds will start growth straight up into the air out of the tip of the tree above all the rest of the fronds, but as the tree grows other ones shoot out above them until they are the lowest of the three or four levels of branches; they then cease to draw nourishment from the tree, die, and then drop off to the ground. It is the branches that make the rings on the trunk, the rough bands being where they once grew and the smooth ones representing the distance between the branches.

It is the development of the fruit itself that is most wonderful. This starts with a long green pod that comes out among the branches. This breaks open, disclosing thousands of little yellow kernels growing on a support of the same color. Only eight or ten of all these little kernels are destined to become coconuts; the rest of them drop off one by one, all the time growing in size, until there are finally only the several fully developed fruit left. If these are left alone, as they are in the jungle, they too, finally drop to the ground, and the milk in the shell hardens to a spongy consistency and roots sprout through the shell into the ground to start a new tree. The coconut palm always has several bunches of fruit on it in the various stages of development. Science has examined the milk of this fruit and it has been shown that it has as much food value as pure cow’s milk. The meat too, is very nourishing. Another valuable product is the heart of the tree, which is found in the very center of the bole. This has much the same consistency as garden cabbage, but is much sweeter.

Panama is truly proud of being represented by this tree in being called “the Land of the Coconut Palm.”

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**A TRIP TO PORTO BELLO.**

*Rodman Drake, ’31.*

Porto Bello is probably one of the most interesting places in Panama. It was at one time the metropolis of the New World. It is located about twenty miles east of the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal.

In order to get there, we left Fort Sherman by boat. We arrived at the beautiful little bay of Porto Bello, whose shores are covered with fruit trees and palm trees, with an uneventful trip. So attractive was this spot that Columbus called it Porto Bello (beautiful port).

We left our boat by means of small native canoes and arrived at the little village of Porto Bello. We walked up the main way, which at one time was a flourishing street, until we came to a graveyard. In this graveyard we saw some old tombs, but most of them were modern. We also saw many bones and skulls scattered around. These had been dug up. It is the custom of the inhabitants of Porto Bello to disinter the dead if the rent is not paid for the grave in use. Upon leaving the graveyard we went to an ancient cathedral. In this cathedral we saw some more old tombs, tomb with a wax mummy of their Christ in it, which they often carry around in Sunday services.

After leaving the cathedral we visited the ruins of Fort Porto Bello which was built by the early Spaniards and subsequently captured by Morgan. On leaving the Fort, we returned to our boat and later arrived at Fort Sherman with the idea in mind that we had spent a most interesting day.
THE Isthmus.

Mark Thirkell, '90.

A novel, interesting, and healthful vacation may be spent at the Isthmus of Panama at any season of the year. The climate, although tropical, is equable. It is always summer in Panama. The hottest day is about the temperature of a "hot spell" in the United States. Although the Isthmus has a reputation for being a rainy place, weather reports show that forty-seven per cent of the day-light hours are sunny on the Pacific side and fifty-two on the Atlantic side. The cloudy days lessen the heat. During the dry season, January, February, and March, there is scarcely any rain. In the other nine months statistics prove that rain falls on an average of forty minutes a day. The rainfall is made up of heavy and light showers which pass quickly and are usually followed by a burst of sunshine. There is seldom a day without breeze and the nights are invariably cool.

The Isthmus is healthful. If one observes the general rules of health, there need be no fear of unusual illness. Mosquitoes, the dreaded fever-carriers, have been exterminated by the drainage of swamps and the spraying of oil on breeding places. From the extensive screening of houses in the Canal Zone, one gets the idea that insects are prevalent, but this screening is merely a precautionary measure. In Panama City and Colon there are no screens. The greater part of the windows are just shaded by blinds, nevertheless you seldom see a mosquito or fly. The sanitary conditions of Panama and Colon, which are under the control of the Canal Zone authorities, are very good. There is a modern sewage system, brick paved streets, and pure water supply in both of these cities.

The greatest attraction offered by the Isthmus is, of course, the Canal, which has been said to be one of the world's greatest sights. There are several different angles from which one may view the Canal; namely, by passage through, by a rail trip across the Isthmus, and by auto trips to various points.

Next to the inspection of the Canal, a visit to the ruins of Old Panama is the "high spot" in a vacation on the Isthmus. These ruins which are seven miles by automobile from Balboa or Panama, are unlike any others in the world. They are the remains of a city that was destroyed by one attack of a desperate band of adventurers, Morgan's buccaneers. The city was rich, with a splendid cathedral, several smaller churches, shops, warehouses, and, probably, twenty thousand inhabitants. It was a station for transferring treasure from Peru to Spain. It was this treasure which lured Morgan and his men.

The old cathedral and the city hall are the most notable of the ruins. The jungle has covered much of the city, but by careful observation the walls of the monasteries and convents, the city market, the paved streets, and even Morgan's bridge may be seen. The Panaman Government has made some progress in clearing the ruins but there is still much to be done.

Although there is yet no highway entirely across the Isthmus, the roads in the Canal Zone, and at Panama and Colon are so good that many enjoyable rides may be had. The longest auto tour is into the country to the west of the Canal, which may be reached from the ferry at Pedro Miguel. There is a macadam road in the interior, passing through lovely scenes and several old towns, one hundred and seventy-five miles to Santiago.

There is also a great variety of diversions to be enjoyed. There is dancing at several hotels, besides at the numerous clubs frequented by Isthmian society. There is a first-class golf-course at Panama and an eighteen-hole course at Gatun, which can be compared to the best courses in the States.

Swimming, which is very popular, especially among the Americans, is a sport indulged in by people of all ages. There is a fine pool at the Balboa Clubhouse, and one connected with the Washington Hotel, in Colon. Surf bathing is available at Bella Vista, Panama, where an exclusive, beautiful club has recently been erected.

Other amusements include horse-racing, dog-racing, the weekly drawing of the National Lottery at the Bishop's Palace on Sunday mornings, and the great annual fiesta of the four days before Lent.

For newcomers and visitors there are other diversions, as a visit to the market on the beach at Panama, strolls in quaint old streets, evening concerts in city squares, visits to the odd Chinese and Hindu shops, and visits to the Canal Zone Clubhouses.

For the fisherman and hunter, Panama is an ideal spot. There is extensive duck shooting
and deer hunting. Fishing in Panama Bay proves to give good results. Crocodile and turtle hunting are unusual and interesting sports also found here.

On the Atlantic side at Gatun, the tarpon fishing is a great attraction to fishermen. For their convenience there is a Tarpon Club at the Spillway.

The City of Panama alone, is a source of interesting sights. At the seawall is Las Bovedas, a promenade built over the dungeons of an ancient prison. It is dedicated to the French Canal builders. Inside the wall the history of the Canal is told on stone tablets. Near this walk are the ruins of the Santo Domingo Church which was burned in 1737. It contains a flat arch of brick that is an architectural curiosity. Another old relic is the San José Church, or the Church of the Golden Altar, so named because of the gold altar within it. There is also the Cathedral and many handsome buildings including a National Theatre. Panama has also beautiful residential sections containing palatial homes. In all respects I think the Isthmus is an ideal place for a vacation or for a permanent residence.

INDIVIDUAL THRIFT.

Marion Neely, '31.

(Praize Essay in National City Bank Thrift Contest.)

Dinner over—studies done and kiddies in bed—now for an evening with the radio. However, as the soft music flooded the room, my mind wandered back over the past twenty years—to the first day of my new job; a messenger boy—and the coincidence of my employing two to-day. Now I thought of my chum, Tom Daley, how he lauded over me because he was from the inner office! But times changed and soon I was plodding up the ladder—clerk—head clerk—confidential secretary—and now—really one of the partners. How proud I was as year by year my savings increased, and now, I am enjoying the comfort of my home and my well-supported family. My thoughts rambled on. Soon I was aware of the entrance of a man. Before long Tom Daley told his story.

Success had missed him, according to his outlook. But one realized that his one lacking quality—that of thrift and economy—had remained undeveloped.

"What helped your success, most?" he asked.

"Thrift," I said, "or an economical management of my savings. The thrift of the Scotch, as we all know, is very highly developed. But it is, nevertheless, a fine example.

"The World War proved that even though the majority of the Americans did not practice thrift to a great extent, it could be readily developed. They realized that it was an admirable, as well as a necessary quality, to a happy, well-balanced life, and was well worth possessing.

"During the War economy was practiced in our country to the fullest extent, and its mark is to be felt to-day. School children are being taught the value of thrift. Why? Because early development will instill that quality in them, and guarantee a future free from cares and financial worries. Lectures are given on this now all-important problem; the budget plan, and the importance of starting savings accounts as soon as possible, are explained, taught and partially enforced in schools. People realize that if the government needs a budget system, that it is much more necessary for the individual to accustom himself to wise expenditure.

"Crippled and disabled youths returned from the War, unprepared, helpless, and dependent on their families. How many of them had heeded that adage 'Be Prepared,' and had realized that unforeseen and unavoidable misfortunes occur? We dislike to think of these things, it is true, and keep the thought away.

"Then we realize, too late, the value of thrift. 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained' has been proved true and we should apply it to our lives daily, by developing economy in both time and money, from the first. If not now, then, when? It is usually the person who is careful about how he spends his day and dollars, who succeeds and prospers. That is the secret of my success and

The men the world call lucky
Will tell you, one and all
That success comes not with wishing
But by constant thrift—that's all!"
A TRAGEDY.

Roy Walker, ’29.

Her name was Polly Prattle. When she first came into our family she was about the size of a new-born chick; little fuzzy green feathers were sticking out all over her body, as if she had been covered with glue and then thrown into a pile of feathers. Just above her little yellow eyes, she had a red topknot which she learned later to ruffle prettily when she was talking. This, then was our Polly who grew up to be a pet of the family.

When Polly Prattle was nine months old she learned her first lesson. We had a dog on our place called Gyp. Every noon I used to whistle for him and call him to his dinner. One day I whistled and was surprised to hear a clear answer from the porch where Polly had her perch. A few seconds and Polly was calling: “Here Gyp, here Gyp,” and was whistling in perfect imitation of myself. After that time until her death Polly never failed to call Gyp to dinner at the proper time.

As she grew older, Polly became more and more versed in the human vocabulary. She learned to say her own name, to call mother when she was hungry, and to call my name. Often we would take her out on the farm and let her ramble all about the place. She would mingle with chickens, climb up in the orange and star-apple trees and help herself to the fruit. Often we would find her in the corn loft and one time after an all day search we discovered her in the pig pen having dinner with the grunts. Always she would betray here whereabouts by chuckling: “Nice Polly, Pretty Polly,” and occasionally calling Gyp and my name which she would never fail to follow with a shrill whistle.

One day Polly could not be found. We searched here, there, high and low, but to no avail. Our first thought was that she had at last flown away and joined her friends who every evening flew homeward over the farm. Three days later I was cleaning out the corn bin beside the hen coup when I heard a low chuckling, “Here Polly.” I looked up into the tree nearby but could not see her, for I knew it was she, at once. Again I heard it. This time it seemed to issue from a barrel near the bin. I hurried to the barrel, which was an old tar container, and peered inside. Poor thing, there she was buried, all but her head, in the soft tar at the bottom of the barrel. She must have been walking around the edge, slipped and fallen into the barrel where she had sunk into the soft tar at the bottom. As soon as she saw me she chuckled my name and then called for mother. I dug her out of the tar, took her home, and mother and I endeavored to remove as much of the tar as possible. We used kerosene and gasoline and removed nearly all, but the tar had been on the feathers so long that most of them came off with it. She lived less than a week afterwards (how she lived that long I do not know), and we buried her in a little tin box on the farm. It was a long time before we got over her loss, for it had been so cheerful to hear her calling and whistling about the farm.

FRIENDS.

Gretchen W. Palm, ’29.

The “Ancon” and “Cristobal” mean more to Zonians than would be generally thought, for they are the means of connecting government employees with “home” and “home folks.” The ship’s names symbolize vacations, of which, I confess, there are many kinds. There’s touring in a Model T Ford, or camping in the “woods,” where bodily activity is found by killing mosquitoes, and mental exercise by worrying over all one’s unsightly, empty tin cans. Nevertheless, vacation starts on board ship, where universal Canal Zone friendliness prevails. Port Au Prince, Hairi, may be abominable, with its fine, white dust, its torrid, oppressive heat and its beggars, but, to say the least, it is a startling change from the two days’ scene of endless, choppy Caribbean water. The remaining five days stretch to New York is intensely pleasant with anticipation of the days before us—days of work or play, make them what we will.

There are boats and boats, but these two seem to hold an especially close place in our lives; like dependable friends to whom we instinctively turn when it is time to go a-voyaging.
S. S. Cristobal in Gaillard Cut, December 31, 1922.

Opening of the Panama Canal. S. S. Ancon passing through Culebra Cut (now Gaillard Cut) at Cucaracha Slide. Looking South between Gold Hill and Contractor's Hill, August 23, 1914.
Fernandez was on duty in this district for the first time. It was that section in which all the wealthy people lived. It was a dull section at this time of the year, for it was summer and the residents were spending money in some other part of the world. Yes, indeed, it was a very dull beat.

Fernandez was thinking of the wonderful dinner he could be enjoying now if he were only on his last beat. The people certainly had been nice to him there, and Señor Tomas had some good beer in his cellar.

Fernandez's musings were cut short by the appearance of a taxi in front of one of the most beautiful houses on the street. Fernandez had been told that it belonged to Don Torrens, a young bachelor. A tall, well-built young man alighted, paid his fare, and went up the stairs to the door of the house. After having some trouble opening the door he finally entered. In the back of the house an electrician's truck drew up, and a medium-sized man got out and went up the back steps. Fernandez moved on. Evidently the owner had returned from vacation and was having some repairs made.

Meanwhile, once inside, the tall man quickly divested himself of his overcoat, the inside of which revealed a complete set of burglar's tools. At the rear of the house the medium-sized man opened his electrician's case and drew from it tools similar to those of the tall young man. Both proceeded to go their ways, and both entered the library at the same time.

The tall young man was the first to regain his equilibrium, and with a refined voice asked the other what he might be doing in his house. The latter, with a puzzled look on his face, reciprocated with the same question. Immediately each began to convince the other that he was in the wrong house.

Before they were aware of it, another had entered the argument. This man had come upon them while they were arguing and was attempting to convince them with a revolver. The owner of this little plaything proceeded to order them to reach for the ceiling until he had called the police. They did so. No, not quite, for when the man turned to telephone, the tall man quickly brought one of his tools down on the other's head. He fell with a dull thud. The first two men immediately proceeded to evacuate.

It was autumn and a tall, well-built young man entered a restaurant. A few minutes later a medium-sized man entered. They sat at different tables. Opening their newspapers their attention was immediately attracted by the headlines.

Don Torrens, wealthy young bachelor, returned from a vacation in the Maine woods to find his house robbed of everything but the wall paper.

I need only add that a tall well-built man and a medium-sized man were evicted from a restaurant for using improper language.

WHY HOUSEKEEPERS GROW GRAY
IN PANAMA.
Adair L. Taylor, '29.

Scene: Kitchen in my home.
Characters: My mother and maid Tiny, who weighs 200 pounds.
Time: 2:40 p.m., about the year A.D. 1914.

Curtain rises on my mother giving Tiny directions on washing the kitchen floor.

Mother: "Tiny, take some good hot suds and water and scrub this floor."

Tiny: "Oh, yes, Mistress Taylor."

Curtain drops to show that twenty-five minutes have elapsed. Rises to show my mother talking to Tiny once more.

Mother: "Why, Tiny, you'll never get it cleaned unless you rub harder. Use some elbow grease."

Curtain falls a second time for twenty-five minutes, and rises to find Tiny asleep in a chair with floor half cleaned.

Mother (shaking Tiny): "Well, Tiny, do I have to sit here and watch you? Why aren't you cleaning this kitchen?"

Tiny: "Well, Mum, you see it was this way. I was jes' a sittin' here waitin' for de elbow grease and I done felled asleep."
I had spent a tiring day in Panama City, and I was looking forward to a peaceful two hours on the train before I should again take up weighty matters in Colon. The train was unusually crowded, but I was lucky enough to find an empty seat, with another facing it on which to place my feet. I had no sooner made myself comfortable, however, than a woman with a beautiful child came in and occupied the seat which I had cherished for my feet. I was slightly annoyed, but I realized that it was the only place she could find to sit, and besides she probably wouldn't bother me. So I dozed off commenting inwardly that I had never before seen such a beautiful child.

Suddenly my would-be slumbers were interrupted by a shrill cry from the youthful beauty (whose name it developed, was Randall), who was shouting, "I wanna sit over there," indicating my seat by the window. The mother tried to dissuade her son, but he would not listen to reason so I moved over to let the boy sit there. As soon as he was established, however, he proceeded to see how far he could lean out of the window. Complying with his mother's wish, I closed the window and the boy screamed lustily. So I had to open the window, and while he tried his best to fall out of it, I had to hold on to him in spite of the damaging kicks I received. His beauty began to fade in my eyes.

While Randall endangered his life and my peace of mind, his mother was regaling me with the history of her son's life, and all of his cute deeds and sayings, and the neighbors' affection for him. Vainly did I try to remove my belongings and self to a more healthy locality, but she, waxing more eloquent, and he, waxing more playful, held me there.

The child soon tired of the open window, so he demanded that it be shut. Dutifully I shut it, and nearly smothered from the heat that resulted. Randall's lack of amusement became so desperate that even my poor tie seemed to offer opportunities to him. I protested at donating my tie to his cause, but he was so violently insistent that I succumbed. He promptly mutilated it and then put it back on me, nearly choking me in the operation.

Following that, he found something extremely interesting in my hair, pulling out about ten hairs and analyzing them all. After rumpling my hair till my magnificent pompadour looked like a degenerated mop, he was quiet a moment.

The woman in back of me was remarking audibly to her husband, "My, what a cute little boy," and "Oh! isn't he adorable!" and "The little dear" at every new escapade in which the active Randall indulged. And I was seriously contemplating ending his pestilential existence when his voice rang out with, "Mamma, I wanna drink." His poor mother, it developed, was very tired, and did I mind getting a drink for Randall? Seeing inwardly I stumbled down the aisle and returned with the water. But Randall's thirst had abated, it seemed, so he amused himself by pouring most of the water down my neck.

I gave the boy one of my famous "dirty looks" but this didn't seem to affect him much, aside from inspiring him still further. I muttered something about a friend of mine in the next car wanting me and started to leave only to hear Randall yell, "Mamma, don't let the nice mango. Let him stay here and play with me." And since Randall's mother, interested as always, only in her son's welfare, begged me to stay, I stayed. Then Randall's mother decided that she wanted a drink so I obligingly got one for her. I got to her seat with it just as the train pulled into Monte Lirio with a jolt, and all the water was spilled on Randall. He immediately began a wail which drowned out even the train's whistle and it was only after two stations of pacification, the loan of my watch and sleeve garters, and the gift of two fifty-cent pieces (which I needed very much at the time), that he quieted down to his usual racket.

During the rest of the ride I was so miserable that nothing seemed to matter any more, so nothing Randall did agonized me—much. As the train pulled into Colon, Randall wanted to hang onto me, but I, pretending to see an aged uncle, dashed off. Nowadays, on trains, I surround myself with a crowd (strictly adult), and whisper audibly "What a cute little boy," if I see any one being hooked the way I was.
GOING TO THE DOGS.

Rosemary Keene, '29.

Scene.

At the Dog Races, Kennelworth.

Characters.

Fanny, daughter of the Skipper who wrecked the "Hesperus."

Hamlet, sorrowful Prince of Denmark.

Julius Caesar, big bull and egg man from Rome.

(SCENE I: Hamlet and Fanny are trying to sneak into the grandstand.)

Fanny (clutching Hamlet): "Duck! He approacheth."

Hamlet: "Now might we do it pat, now the gatekeeper has turned away."

(Hamlet and Fanny slip in unseen and grab a seat.)

Fanny: "Oh, Hamlet! I see a fleeting hound! Oh, say, what may that be?"

Hamlet: "My father's spirit in legs!"

Voice from behind: "Come on Lightning! Show some action!"

Hamlet (aside to Fanny): "He speaketh of lightning. Perchance a storm is arriving. (He puts up an umbrella.)

Julius Caesar: "Hey, you sap! This is the dog races and not an asylum. Go back to the keepers."

Fanny: "Oh, Hamlet! I see a flying hare! Oh, say, what may it be?"

Hamlet: "There is only one lock loose; here is a pin for you."

Julius Caesar (again): "Here comes Lightning! Come on Lightning!"

Hamlet (becoming excited): "'Tis a fast race. I incline toward the yellow streak."

Julius Caesar: "Hey! Where do you think you are? Get off my foot, or I'll knock you off!"

Hamlet (still more excited): "The amber one gains—onward hound, onward!"

Julius Caesar (giving Hamlet a blow): "I told you to get off my foot and I mean it."

Hamlet (returning the blow): "The time is out of joint; oh, blessed spite, that I was ever born to set it right."

Julius Caesar (becoming angry): "It will be more than 'time' that will be out of joint when I get through with you!"

Hamlet (losing consciousness): "I doubt some foul play."

Fanny: "Oh, Hamlet, the people leave their seats. Oh, say, what may it be?"

But Hamlet answered never a word: A knocked out Prince was he!!!

MANANA FEVER.

Adair L. Taylor, '29.

Scene: Doctor's office in Panama.

Characters: Doctor and patient.

Time: The most convenient.

Curtain rises to show Doctor and patient in the Doctor's office.

Patient: "Ooh, yooy, yooy, such a mi-lady I have got."

Doctor: "Why, my good man, what malady have you? You look healthy enough."

Patient: "Oh, jess, I look so, but I ain't—I got a machinery in me what don't work. No—not in my haid."

Doctor: "Just where does it pain; come let me examine you."

Patient: "No, no, no I don't need no telephone put on me. I ain't a party line fo' no one. But I tell you, I am not well. My own Doctah did told me so. He said I was goin' to die with no clothes and I wan't goin' to have no nice black coffin with silver trimmings, because—oh Lawd, have mercy 'pon I."

Doctor: "But come! Tell me what this affliction is that you have. I have lots of pills that will help you, I am sure."

Patient: "No suh—all de pills won't do me no good. Cause'n dis is eber lastin'. De uder Doctah done tol me I wouldn't have 'nouf strong to answer St. Peter."

Doctor: "Come, come away with this nonsense. What did he say you had."

Patient: "Well, suh, he did say it was common to people like I—he called it a mighty interes' in' name and for a time I was real proud 'bout it. Said it was "Mañana Fever."

Curtain.

Note. — Mañana means "to-morrow" in Spanish.
When I was a younger, I was led astray by those vile and cruel vagabonds known as Drug Store Cowboys. They taught me to drink. That drink preyed upon me until I now drink it straight (that is without water). You may wonder what kind of drink I mean so that you may try it. I will relate it; that drink is the deadly, oversweet, soda pop. You can get it in every store. Oh! Why can't we do away with it altogether? As Caesar said some twenty years ago, "Do not drink, for it is a waste." I now say it over. Take Napoleon's advice and steer clear of soda pop. The young man of to-day drinks soda pop until he gets so that he even bulges. Even our young girls, or mothers of to-morrow, drink it. They gurgle two or three glasses at a time and then they want more. Look at me, if you wish to see the effects of soda pop. As Patrick Henry said a few months ago, "Give me soda pop and you give me death." I should think that you would know better than to drink soda pop. What was the meaning of Brutus' coat of arms, "Mors et Destructo." I shall translate it as it is: "Drink more and be destroyed." In my closing I shall tell you in one proverb what to do to get rid of this habit. "If a soda pop is ruinous, try Coca-Cola." I thank you.

Sish is life! Those who are burn dumb are jist out of lock. Tha ithex get all thbra kes. Amd tha dumb omes,must jist kee on typing im spote of srained relaiotns at hone and partiotic rdport crzrs. I em SHackoed to my typewroter amd I cam do mot hing but lemint my sed fzte and agree wrirr Patreck Hejry im his immortel wjdrs: "Gebe me liverry, ot give me dezrh."

ON FIRE ALARMS.
Gretchen Palm, '29.

It warms us to think of fire alarms; they are exhilarating, to say the least. The effects of their shrillness in that home of learning, C. H. S., is so stupendous, that it actually jars you and me to sensibility. We believe in preparedness, so, few are the poor souls whose tragic physiognomies portray consternation in not being ready for this supreme moment of life when a tearful farewell is bade to beloved books in order to join the thundering herd scampering down the stairs. Pushed by a hundred students, you fall, but outside in the wide world a new
aspect of life soothes your wounded feelings. Relish that scandal; crack those jokes; hum that song; chew that gum; for this is merely a respite from life’s great work—a holiday—a golden opportunity. Back in study hall, reality drowns your former pleasant feelings. Why didn’t you hear her the first time? “Will the girl in the seventeenth seat of row three come to the front of the room and place her gum gently in the waste-paper basket?” The fall you received on the stairs really hurts now.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF C. H. S. HAS A CLASS MEETING.

Rosemary Keene, ’29.

The ability to hold a class meeting is really an art. For those who have not tried it—let them try it! The President rises in front of the room and after several dirty looks toward some loquacious students, he announces, “Will the Seniors please come to order.” It is not a request, it is a command. A few slightly interested Seniors glance up to see what it is all about, but the rest go on with their important work. The President continues, “We have to decide about the Graduation programs.” No response. He adds, “Is there any discussion about this?” Still no response. A student suddenly awakens to the fact that a class meeting is supposed to be going on. He raises his hand.

“Mr. President, I would like to know when we are going to decide about the Graduation programs. We have only two more months.”

The President looks as if he is going to collapse. “We were just discussing that,” he says in a slightly disgusted tone, “and if you were listening you would have heard.”

“And another thing,” continues the president (supposedly to the class, but seemingly to no one), “Who would you like to speak at Commencement?”

All continue working fast and furiously on some important work that has to be finished by the first period.

The same student raises his hand long enough from his work to ask, “Who is going to speak at the Commencement Exercises?”

“As I told you before, we were just discussing that,” says the president in a slightly more disgusted tone. “Now how many are in favor of having Mr. —— speak at the Commencement Exercises?”

A dead silence.

“Will you please raise your hands high in the air so that I can count them more easily?”

Not one hand appears.

“Well,” continues the president, “as none of you will tell me who you want to speak, Miss Hesse and I will decide who will speak and let you know later.”

One righteous student rises up in behalf of justice and says weakly, “I think that it is up to the class who will speak at the Commencement Exercises, and I think that the rest of the class will agree with me.”

The rest of the class goes on working studiously, and the former student sits down, thoroughly winded, and thinking that he has done his bit, goes back to work.

The president repeats again, “As there are no discussions or suggestions, Miss Hesse and I shall decide this matter. Is there any objection to this?”

Still dead silence.

The bell rings and the students dash madly out of the room for the various class rooms.

THE JUNIOR CLASS OF C. H. S. HAS A CLASS MEETING.

Arthur Mundberg, ’30.

The President of the class, better known as “Stew,” approaches the front of the room with large, manly, and noisy strides. A whispered word with Mr. Pence, the Junior Class advisor, and “Stew” emits a noisy “Can I have your attention, please?”

The members of the class refrain from their hilarities long enough to hear what “Stew” has to say.

He starts with, “I just received a letter from the ring company, and they say that they have to raise the prices of the rings fifty cents!”

Such a calamity is enough to make any person keep still for a while at least, but the Juniors are different; their whispers grow to a buzz, and then to a common, ordinary riot. The girls have the floor. Their voices are better trained for a continuous blabber; they keep it up until “Stew” makes himself heard above the noise by a loud “Shut up, will’ya?”
He then says, “Mr. Pence advises that we pay this extra charge without any question. Has anyone anything to say about that?”

“Yea, tell the company we'll pay it,” (comes from a male individual in the back of the room).

Then someone comes out with, “Take it out of the treasury.”

The girls then break loose with their loud-speakers and continue to broadcast until “Stew” again is able to stop the noise.

“How many are in favor of paying the extra fifty cents?” asks “Stew,” our class president.

When the hands are raised, “Stew” glances over the room at the up-raised hands, and with a look at Mr. Pence, says, “We'll pay.”

“Stew” again comes to the front of the room with a business air, but, only comes out with, “Anyone make a motion that the meeting be closed?”

“Aaw, sit down, what do ya think this is, Congress?” comes from all parts of the room, mainly from the manly Juniors, at which “Stew” meekly shuffles back to his seat, but with no less noise, ending a Junior Class meeting.

LIBRARY.

Gretchen Palm, '29.

I open the library
With unerring haste
For the joys of Algebra I must taste;
Two Seniors disturb
My swimming x squares,
Til I squelch them with terrible, unladylike glares.

A freshman rushes in—
A book-report he must make,
Could he “The Alamo” take.
I answer sweetly,
Unharried still am I,
And also suggest, “The Crisis” and “The Spy.”

Freshmen come thick and fast
Til I wish they would go;
“Where do the trade winds blow?”
“Is the crocodile a fish?”
“Is a coffee bush a tree?”
Are some of the questions asked of me

My mind grows dizzy
Their questions to reply,
“Where did Robert Louis Stevenson die?”
“Where is the drama?”
“Who wrote ’54-40 or Fight?’”
And “Who invented the electric light?”

The eloquent typewriters
With my Algebra continually vies,
That gladly I forsake it with long, drawn out sighs,
To take up my history
Stoically to learn—
That Washington the English once did burn.

A senior takes my pencil,
Another, my eraser needs,
With growing wrath (or quiet I plead.
The bell rings—
With fervor, thanks I give,
That through this hour again I did live.

ELEGIE.

Adair L. Taylor, '29.

(A struggling poetess tries imitating Gray's style with the following results.)

The school bell tolls the start of another day,
The teachers for another day reign supreme,
The scholars come plodding along the way
Leaving the world of play to those like me it seems.

Now fades the merry laugh from all our sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds
Save where a laggard whispers to left and right,
For what cares he if his books catch dust and mold?

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Did not at last become resigned,
To leaving the soft warmness of the “hay,”
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Now again, from yonder concrete-covered tower,
The bell rings twice with might and main
Warning those who from her sacred portals cower
That they will be late again.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Wisdom hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple prayers of the unsure.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the hot and bothered vale of life
They keep the noisy tenor of their way.
ON ERASING.
Rosemary Keene, '29.
(With apologies to Shakespeare and Hamlet.)

To erase, or not to erase—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in school to suffer
The furies and insults of an outraged teacher,
Or to take up an eraser against a sea of mistakes,
And by erasing end them. To obliterate—to erase—
Some more; and by obliterating to say we end
The "F's", and a thousand dirty looks
The student is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To obliterate—to erase—
To erase! Perchance to be caught! Ah, there's the rub;
For in that act of erasing, the looks which come
When we have just begun to erase
Would make us pause: that's the heck of it:
For who would bear the slams and scorn of students,
The insolence of teachers, and the spurns
That the patient worthy student takes
When he himself might a "100" make
With a mere eraser? Who'd these indignities bear,
To grunt and sweat over a darn typewriter,
But that the fear of someone after us—
The cold and icy glares from which
No student e'er recovers—scares us to death,
And makes us rather keep those mistakes we have
Than to erase and risk a teacher's wrath?
Thus teachers do make cowards of us all;
And thus the student's vow for a perfect paper
Is swept away by the pale face of another unfortunate student;
And students with great ideas of ambition and fame,
With this regard, they put the eraser down,
And lose the praise of teachers.

TO A BEDBUG.
Adair L. Taylor, '29.
(With apologies to William Shakespeare and Macbeth.)

Is this a bedbug which I see before me
His head toward my hand? Come, let me slap thee.
I have thee not, and yet I feel thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To our feelings as to our sight? or art thou but
A bedbug of C. H. S., a touching creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed chair?
I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I scratch.
Thou sendest me the way I was not going;
And such language thou makest me use.
The bedbugs put in action my five senses,
And I am given no rest: I see thee still
And in thy wake a foreign feeling follows
Which was not so before—such active things,
It is the biting business which informs
Thus to mine leg.
Now over C. H. S. bedbugs are dead, and the
Language we did use is now erased. Now students celebrate
The Flit Gun's offerings, and withered bites are now but
Scars of Time.
FRUITS OF PANAMA.

Practically all the fruits of Panama have a peculiar flavor and a person has to cultivate a taste for most of them.

The most popular of all the fruits of Panama is the banana. Throughout the Isthmus many native farmers are engaged in cultivating them. The banana is harvested every day, while green. Bananas contain a great deal of starch when green, but as they grow ripe the starch changes to sugar. As a rule, the banana fruit is five or six inches long and more than an inch in diameter; the pulp is soft and luscious, and seedless through long cultivation. It is eaten either cooked or raw.

The avocado, which is commonly known here in Panama as the “alligator-pear” is another familiar fruit. It is large, round, oval, oblong or pear-shaped, with either a green, yellowish-green or russet to deep purple, and sometimes black skin. Inside of the avocado is a firm yellowish-green pulpy flesh which is of high food value, especially in oils. It also has a single large black seed. The alligator pear has a very pleasant nutty flavor and hardly a trace of fiber in the flesh.

The mango is as well known over the whole tropical world as the apple is known in the temperate world. Unlike most fruits, the mango is good to eat in all stages of its growth. This fruit varies in size from that of an ordinary plum to five or six pounds in weight. In color, some of the mangoes are green when ripe, others deep yellow as an apricot, with yellow or orange flesh which is juicy, melting, rich, and luscious in the case of the best varieties. There are hundreds of varieties. Some are regarded as excellent in flavor, while in others the taste and odor is so strongly of turpentine, as to be inedible. It is claimed by those who have acquired the habit of eating the mango that “while there are those who may not like them because of their smell of turpentine, there are those who have come to like turpentine because it reminds them of the joy of eating mangoes.”

The papaya is related to the pumpkin and melons. It is something like a melon and it varies in size from three to thirty inches in length and up to twenty pounds in weight. The flesh is salmon-pink or yellow. There are several varieties of this fruit, some are sweet, others are insipid, some have excellent flavor and others have no flavor at all.

Panama has many other kinds of fruits, among which the lime, the orange, and the pineapple are the most common, but the banana, the avocado, the mango, and the papaya are the most commonly commercialized of all the fruits of the Isthmus of Panama.

THE HILLS OF COCO SOLO.
Elizabeth Hackett, '29.

Monday:
Slowly the majestic sun is rising over the densely wooded hills casting fantastic shadows on their foreground. All looks like a green velvety carpet. At last it has risen to its lofty height, shining down with intense heat.

Tuesday:
But how different those hills look this morning! They are hardly distinguishable against the grey, sullen sky. One would hardly consider them a thing of beauty but rather some imposing edifice, blotting out what lies behind them.

Wednesday:
This morning rain is pouring down almost obstructing that endless chain of hills from view. The sea is beating wildly against the shore, while the wind is noisily howling through the desolate appearing mass.

Thursday:
What a gorgeous sight those fascinating hills present this morning. A fine silvery drizzle is reflecting the sun’s warm radiance in wondrous colors. The tall, graceful palm trees sway rhythmically to the gentle breeze.

Friday:
All looks like a shimmering jade pool reflected in the dancing sea. I look, but all I can see is an endless chain of hills rolling into an infinite distance leaving me to wonder where.
"John's" Garden

An Orchid

Cacao

Papaya

Panamanian Vegetation

A Tropic Silhouette

Palm's & a Bit of Sea

Pineapples

A Mango Tree

Dwarf Coconut Tree

Coffee Berries

Bananas

Bananas - Ready for Loading

Photos by Lewis
THE CARIBBEAN FROM MY WINDOW.

Frank Drake, '31.

To-day the Caribbean is a marvel of beauty to behold. Its waters glisten like a mirror and not a ripple can be seen. Here and there I can see pelicans playing on the dark blue water.

This morning as I look out upon the Caribbean, the sun is just peeping over the horizon. Nearby the dark shadows of the night are beginning to disappear, while in the distance the flickering lights from the ships anchored in the bay look like many little jewels. The water is calm and beautiful, there being only an occasional ripple made by the wind.

To-day there are dark clouds overhead. The wind is blowing hard and great white-capped waves are breaking high against the breakwater. The furious sea is in an uproar. The ships in the bay bob up and down like little corks.

This morning is perfectly clear and I can see for miles over the Caribbean. Nearby the water is brown; in the distance however, the brown seems to turn to azure blue, which fades in the horizon. The sun is shining bright and the white caps glisten like diamonds.

To-day the sky is dull and the sea looks as if it is made of blue ink. The sky and the sea seem to meet nearby in a dark haze. The sea is boisterous and great waves continually break over Toro Point.

No sun ever shone brighter or seemed larger than the one that came up from beyond the Caribbean this morning. The whole sea is in an uproar; it is covered with foam and white caps as far as the eye can see.

This morning is perfectly clear and I can see for miles over the Caribbean. The great white-capped waves glisten in the early morning sun. The sea roars as though it was furious and many vessels in view seem to toss about as though they were mere toys.

THE SKY.

Walter Bundy, '31.

Wednesday.

The sky was partly covered with nebulous clouds, which were scudding across the sky like a fleet of fishing boats in a gale. Here and there through the haze, a group of stars could be seen peeping out from behind the small mass of water vapor, but the clouds would quickly close in, very much as a troop of Indians would ambush a wagon train. Although a gale was blowing overhead, the trees were motionless. Suddenly everything woke up, and the palms waving back and forth, made a sound of greeting to some invisible being who was passing by.

Thursday.

The sky was the color of black velvet with the stars appearing like diamonds on a jeweler’s tray. Orion, the mighty hunter, looked down upon the peaceful world, holding one arm upraised as if in amazement. A fleecy cloud ran playfully before the trade winds, across the zenith, and here and there a shooting star dashed through the firmament. On the horizon, a few slightly luminous clouds were resting, waiting for a breath of wind to set them in motion.

Friday.

The night was very quiet, and the moon looked like a great silver bowl, upheld by a mass of black clouds shaped like a hand. The sky was silvery near Luna, getting darker on the sides until it was almost black in the east. The black clouds were orange in the edges, making a wonderful frame for the moon.

Saturday.

This was a noisy night. The moon was still a silver crescent in the west, surrounded by a halo of many colors. Everything was alive, even Darius the Bull, standing in the sky under the hand of Orion, seemed happy. Clouds swirled closely around him, partly veiling his splendor. One large black cloud enveloped the moon for a moment, casting an ominous shadow upon the world.

Sunday.

Many clouds gyrated across the zenith, playfully assuming absurd and unusual forms. One cloud looked like an ocean wave with the spray dashing high in the air. Then it quickly changed, formed a shapeless mass, then took the form of a man. The clouds and all the stars in the firmament seemed to be guided by an unseen hand. Effortless and quietly the billowing clouds spun across the dark skies, the stars kept their vigil.
in the heavens, and all this was done noiselessly and perfectly.

Monday.

There was little to be seen in the sky except the usual stars and clouds always seen in the trade belt. The moon was shining with a faint tremulous light, surrounded by a golden halo. The wavy white clouds were slipping across the sky as ships pass through the night with billowing sails, outward bound to some mysterious port.

PANAMANIAN WATERFRONT.

Gretchen Palm, '29.

Trade winds, salty and saucy, are important factors in the enjoyment of Panamanian life. The one that I met face to face on the sea shore of Panama City was such that in spite of the torrid sun, I was persuaded by it to sit down on the gray sea wall there and to watch with avidity the scene before my American eyes. At the foot of the wall upon the muddy beach, left by the receding tide, lay a miscellaneous fleet of small, commercial craft.

Such tiny fishing boats! Well might they boast of their catch in the Pacific of the night previous—Spanish mackerel, jack, snapper, and even the colorful parrot-fish—some of which flopped helplessly in last efforts to escape the murderous machetes of the fishermen employed in cleaning them.

The natives themselves were happy—boldly impudent and volatile, friendly and sympathetic with their coworkers, and voluble with exaggerated stories of every day occurrences. The marine birds and buzzards were also pleased with life and its favors; with what ease they glided down to catch in mid-air the stray tidbits of fish their friends cast to them.

Over there a number of folk was collected about a young hopeful, who was expounding with Latin flourishes the amazing tale of the shark that "got away." With all sincerity the hearers listened to his description. "A lazy devil, senores, but mean! Wicked eyes! Gleaming teeth—they snapped for my flesh; his belly was white and lean; he was hungry for me, who was battling to kill him!" To believe or not to believe, that was the question.

What a chatter of tongues; I decided privately then and there that old women however little they have to talk about, can out-run anyone in haranguing about anything. And thus did these pestiferous, wizened women who had come to the beach to buy diminutive amounts of yams and charcoal. The latter, together with bananas, pineapples, guavas, sour oranges, and coconuts, were in constant demand, if one interpreted their vociferations such.

Children abounded, unkempt and dirty—but happy; they reveled in the smooth sensation of wriggling their brown feet in the moist mud, of throwing fish to the birds, of pelting unsuspecting playmates with yams and trying to catch one of the many disdainful pelicans that clumped and talked to themselves, apparently oblivious of everything else. I'm sure these urchins wished to know what the pelicans hid in their enormous shell-like beaks, (at least I did).

When I finally left, it was with the hope that these same scenes would often "flash upon the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," recalling the picturesqueness of that Panamanian seashore.
Poetry.

THE INDIAN BRAVE.

Walter Bandy, '32.

(This poem was awarded Grand Prize in the Poetry Contest.)

One time there lived an Indian brave
And very brave was he.
He lived three hundred years ago,
While Spain ruled the sea.

This brave, he fought and ate and fought,
And when he did not fight,
Then this brave slept and ate and slept
And drank with all his might.

This brave laid down and went to sleep,
And for forty days he lay.
He slept so long 'twas thought he died,
But up he rose one day.

PANAMA.

Helen Southard, '32.

In the tropical regions of Panama,
Among the ruins of old,
There Morgan, that bloody old pirate,
Looted the Spaniards for gold.

There Balboa discovered the Pacific
That surrounds the jungles so dense—
Where the malaria and the heat are terrific
And you walk as if in a trance.

And the Locks! How General Goethals
And his men so brave and bold,
Worked to connect transportation
Of the new world with the old.

And when again this brave did live
To eat, to drink, to fight,
He found that all the world had changed
To a new world over night.

He saw that Spain had stolen the land
And made the people slaves.
The once fair land of his was gone,
Destroyed by Spain's cruel knaves.

Did this young brave go moan and cry
And show that he was low?
He simply ate and drank some more
And back to sleep did go.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

Pauline Herman, '30.

(Honorable Mention.)

A gentle breeze
Swept through the trees;
The tropic sun,
Its work now done,
Sank down to rest.

It left a hint
Of a rosy tint
In the dark'ning sky,
Where with eerie cry
Birds sought their nest.

Then the moon appeared,
And the darkness cleared
In the splendor bright
Of the Queen of Night
Shining at her best.

RAIN.

Helen Logan, '30.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

See the misty rain come sweeping down the hills,
From the valley of the Chagres, down the hills,
The misty, silv'ry rain sweeps down the hills and o'er the plain,
While I hear the stilly stir announce the sweeping, pouring rain.

Oh, the misty veil comes still
Down the green and verdant hill
As I listen for the coming of the rain, rain, rain.
Of the rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain;
Of the rain,
Of the misty, silv'ry, sweeping, pouring rain

See the dancing, sparkling rain is drawing near,
It glimmers just before me, far, yet near.
Like Spring's glittering jeweled train, it comes toward me from the plain,
And I do not mind the gloom that comes with the sparkling rain.

Oh, the dancing rain is here!
All around me, far and near,
While I hail the calm and coolness of the rain, rain, rain.
Of the rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain;
Of the rain,
Of the dancing, sparkling, jeweled, glimmering rain.
80 THE CARIBBEAN.

THE CANARY MURDER CASE.
(With all apologies.)

Ethel L. Barnett, '29.

There were once five canaries who lived in one cage
A cage which was roomy and wicker,
They were beautiful songsters and beautiful birds
And never were they known to bicker.

They were gentle and loving and sweet-tempered birds;
They were happy and gleeful and gay;
And they lived e'er in peace with the world and themselves
In harmony from day to day.

They trusted all humans and loved everything
They knew not that the world is oft painful;
They just knew they were happy and loved and beloved—
They were never haughty or disdainful.

But one sad early morning the cage was found broken
With not a canary in sight—
And at first it was thought they had all flown away,
But they knew that this could not be right.

For they found in the cage a small group of feathers
They found, too, a few drops of blood;
And they found, too, some footprints made by the fiend
Who had obviously been through some mud,

But the mystery deepened; they saw no solution—
So they hired a world-famed detective.
And for weeks he did sleuth for clues and evidence
But in this he did not seem collective,

So they called Scotland Yard in, and they went to work.
To find the villain they resolved—
When they hunted the cage and they found bits of fur
They said, "Lo, a part of this is solved."

So they gathered the clues and they studied them well
Then they shocked the whole world with the words:
"We have found that the horrible fiend is a CAT!!!
Who has murdered and eaten the birds!!!"

They collected the cats who lived near that place
And the guilty one was soon found
For his feet matched exactly the footprints he'd made
And the law took its course: he was drowned.

And after his death his cruel relatives came—
To the judge in great wrath they then cried,
"You have taken nine lives for the murder of five—
Give us four birds to avenge he who died."

Then the judge pondered deeply and called Scotland Yard
And at last in deep tones did he say:
"Nine lives did kill five; so the law took all nine—
Long, long may justice hold its sway."

Then the bloodthirsty cats slunk away; they'd been foiled!
And the courtroom cheered loudly and long
And all the canaries, long silent and sad
Of one accord burst into song.

Still in that place all was mourning and sorrow
Until the vile cats all were banished.
Now five new canaries have one new steel cage
And all sorrow and mourning have vanished.

VIOLET ASTER.

Verona Herman, '32.

Long ago there lived a little girl
Whose name was Violet Aster;
Although the wind can travel fast
Her song could travel faster.

She lived not with aristocrats
But with the simple folks,
Who'd always sit and listen—
To her dreams and joys and hope.

One day as she was talking
To a little boy named Sam,
There came walking up the highway
An old, tired, and worn-out man.

"Good morning pretty maiden,
Do you happen to go my way?
If you do, I'd like your company
For I'm very tired today."

Violet readily consented
And she walked off with the man,
Leaving on the highway
A discontented Sam.

That night when all were seated
After supper on the lawn
There was no sound of song or mirth,
For Violet was gone.

Sam had told his story
And they'd paced the highway long
But not a glimpse of her they'd found,
For Violet was gone.

"Tis said that ever since that day
A little boy looks long
But never will he find her
For Violet is gone.
THE CARIBBEAN.

THE WRECK.

*Howard Keenan, '32.*

'Twas the good ship, President Adams,
And she went upon the rocks;
The tugboats from the harbor
Had to tow her to the docks.

The captain was asleep,
He should have been awake.
The mate tried to bring her in;
And then she met her fate.

He did not know of currents there;
That were so swift and strong;
He should have waked the captain
But he didn't and that was wrong.

The boat was going smoothly
When there came a sudden crash.
The captain jumped right out of bed,
And saw the awful smash.

The passengers came running out
As frightened as could be.
They soon calmed down when they saw the land,
They had thought they were out at sea.

Boats came from the harbor
To tow her to the docks.
But they couldn't even budge her
So they left her on the rocks.

Most of the people were serious,
The women they were mad—
The men didn't like it any too well
But the children only laughed.

The President Adams was soon fixed up,
And resumed her seaward way,
She probably won't hit another rock
For the old mate has gone away.

And now my tale is done, I hope
It's lesson you will take,
And never, never be asleep
When you should be awake.

THE RAMBLER'S SONG.

*Basil Frank, Ex '31.*

From the stormy seas of Good Hope
To the mines at Kimberley
To the vast, sun-scorched Sahara
And to the Arab slavery;

O'er well-worn paths; o'er those that lead
To riches, danger, quest,
I've steered my course and come thru safe,
I really think I'm bless'd.

I must confess I've travelled much
And seen and heard a lot,
But though that's true, I'm a-telling you
For me there's just one spot.

It's where the sun does always shine;
Where the balmy trade winds blow.
Why, man, you'd take one little look;
You'd go there then, I know.

The memories that it brings me,
Of all the years gone by;
With a "C. H. S." laid on my breast
I'd be happy, should I die.
School Activities.

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST.

The results of this year's Short Story Contest were as follows: Gretchen Palm, '29, won the Grand Prize, a five-dollar gold piece, with her story "Imagination;" Charles Crum's story, "Have you a Hawser?" won the Senior Class Prize. "The Girl Who Was Not," written by Elsie Darley, won the Junior Class Prize; and Robert Brough was awarded the Sophomore Class Prize for his story "Undiscovered Treasure." The winners of the class prizes each received an annual with their name on it in gold.

THE SENIOR PARTY.

The Senior Party, which took place at the Strangers Club on November 9, was rather a formal affair, as befitted newly acquired Senior dignity. However, this did not prevent it from being highly enjoyed.

It was essentially a dance (a fact which caused little sorrow). Two members of the Senior class, Anita Rankin and Roy Walker, captured the Prize Waltz. For entertainment Anita Rankin and Marion Boomer danced the Argentine Tango. Wilhelmina Kleeftens played a violin solo entitled "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time".

It was with regret that the gathering noted the approach of midnight and the end of the party.

THE JUNIOR PARTY.

The Juniors held their party at the Masonic Temple and everyone who attended was delightfully entertained by an orchestra and several solo dances. The Prize Fox Trot was won by Jack Maher and his partner, Margaret Bretch.

The party was highly enjoyed by everyone as was witnessed at the end of the party, when everyone seemed loath to leave.

The Juniors have proved themselves such good hosts and hostesses that the Seniors no longer fear the Junior-Senior Banquet.

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY.

A large group of C. H. S. merry-makers assembled at the Strangers Club to make "whoopie." And "whoopie" they made! And many hitherto skeptical students became admirers of the Sophomore Class.

To begin with, it was a tacky party and everyone felt at ease. And then, it was a good dance with a good orchestra. But the crowning triumph was the entertainment. The flower of many beauties in the Sophomore Class attired as flippant flappers comprised a talented chorus. The vocal and terpsichorean talent was surprising. Mary Bretch did a solo dance.

When the party ended, the customary "I had a wonderful time's" were undoubtedly genuine.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

The Freshman Class of C. H. S. held their annual party at the Hotel Washington. It was supposed to be a costume party and even though very few showed up in costumes, the party was a huge success.

Dona Eaton did a song and dance act that was very popular and Ursel Mock did an acrobatic stunt.

In all, the party was enjoyed by everyone, and may the class of '32 always give as entertaining parties as this one was.
Best Looking

Jack Maker
Mary Maker

Lilabel Cox
Lilabel Cox

Most Popular

Wittiest
Queen of
Carnival

Student
Alice Hunter

Tayman
THE DEBATING CLUB.

The Debating Club is a society which was formed at the beginning of the year under the supervision of Miss Emmons. Miss Emmons, however, was soon transferred to Balboa and her place in the Debating Club and in the faculty was taken by Miss Meyers.

The officers are Tom Conley, Theodore Brandon, and Alice Henter.

Although they have had many private debates, they only held one in public. In this they opposed the Why Club and were defeated. However, this year has only marked the beginning of a worthwhile society which, it is hoped, will continue to grow stronger and eventually become the pride of C. H. S.

C. H. S. CARNIVAL.

As in years gone by, a Carnival was held on the Fort de Lesseps grounds, on February 8, in order that funds might be obtained with which to publish THE CARIBBEAN. And, as in years gone by, a generous and enthusiastic public made this possible.

In mysterious tents were the side shows. A fishpond revealed that a larger majority of the population which attended were skillful fishermen. A wheel of chance rivaling that of Monte Carlo was very popular. The popularity contest aroused much enthusiasm throughout the entire evening, and closed with Miss Alice Henter as Queen of the Carnival.

The Big Show in the movie hall was a very clever musical revue, “The Pirate Ship” filled with pretty and talented girls. This made a great hit.

The refreshment booth needed no advertising. It was never forgotten.

In all, as in years gone by, this Carnival was very successful, thanks to Fort de Lesseps and to the public.
THE SENIOR PLAY.

"Kempy," a clever little three-act comedy of American home life, was the play presented by the Senior Class. Mr. Robert Noe, the very competent and skillful director showed his remarkably good judgment in casting, for the members all had the quality of entering into the spirit of the character which they were portraying, and acted with the ease and spontaneity which is so rarely seen in amateurs.

Dad Bence, the irritable, grumpy, aggressive but none the less kind father, was played by Woodford Babbitt, who showed great acting ability. Dad is a retired harness manufacturer whose ambition is to marry his perverse daughter, Kate, to a young millionaire. She, however, proves a great trial to him and his almost constant wrath causes much amusement.

Ma Bence, a sweet, gentle, but rather old-fashioned woman was played by Gretchen Palm. As this was a character part, it was rather hard, but Gretchen acted admirably. Ma spends her time trying to pacify Pa, whose upheavals are so numerous that pacification has become second nature to her.

Jane Bence Wade, well portrayed by Marion Boomer, is independent and conscious of her independence as the oldest and only married daughter in the family. She is rather intolerant and frequently irritates her father.

Ben Wade, cleverly acted by Morton Southard, is a small-town real estate agent, is breezy, self-important and very tactless. He is very talkative and undiplomatic, but well-meaning.

Lilybel Cox, as Kate Bence triumphed over a hard rôle. She is the rather haughty middle daughter who feels that she is very talented (though in what line she has yet to discover) and that she is misunderstood by very unsympathetic parents. She is in love with Duke Merrill but refuses to marry him because he is skeptical as to her talent.

Royal Higgason is very convincing in the part of Duke Merrill, a young but very worldly millionaire who, after two years away from her, is still in love with Kate. He appeals to Pa as an ideal son-in-law, but Kate rejects him because he has no faith in her.

Ruth Bence, excellently characterized by Elizabeth Hackett is the youngest daughter. She is very dramatic and has romantic ideas.

Lee Kariger was very fine in the rôle of Kempy James, a young plumber (really an architect) who is very determined, and who always gets what he wants. He is very boyish and impulsive, a contrast to the calm, thoughtful Duke who weighs his words.

Kempy James comes into the Bence home to fix a pipe and in the course of a few hours, finds himself married to Kate, who had had another quarrel with Duke and who wanted to show him that she could do without him. The marriage does not make anyone happy, the couple least of all, and after a hectic night in which Pa storms, Ma pacifies in vain, Duke argues, and Kempy asserts himself while the rest of the family are too completely overcome to enter the battlefield, they find that the marriage can be annulled and all ends happily.

"Kempy" was a very great success, due to the cleverness of the play, the splendid acting of the cast, and the incomparable direction and management of Mr. Robert Noe. Whether another Senior play can be better or even be equal to it is yet to be proved.
The first game of the series was played at the Colon diamond, February 2, 1929.

This was an interesting and well-played game, through the eight innings, being anybody's game, until that time. In the ninth Balboa broke loose and scored thirteen runs.

Balboa was as well represented in the stands as on the diamond. There was a continual storm of cheers from Balboa and Cristobal rooters.

The game started with Maurer of Cristobal facing Reese of Balboa. Both went fine until the seventh. In the ninth Pettit went in to relieve Maurer; he gave a base on balls, was hit for a single and a triple. He was replaced by Hayden who struck out the first batter, and then was hit for two homers and a single.

Bridgeńskiego relieved Reese of Balboa, and he survived the battle.

Morrison started for Balboa with a hit through third. Des Londes forced him at second and went to third on a passed ball. He hit through De Reuter, and Des Londes scored the first run of the game.

Cristobal High took the lead in the third inning. Higgason's weak grounder went through Des Londes' legs and Higgason stole second. De Reuter brought him home with a hit to deep right. Babbitt followed with a hit and stole second. De Reuter scored on a pass ball, and Pescod hit a safety to center, scoring Babbitt, altogether making three runs.

Reese's three-bagger to center with a man on, and an error, resulted in two runs for Balboa, tying the score. Cristobal went into the lead again when Maurer made first on Hele's error. He stole second and third and scored on a hard single to center by Pescod.

Balboa took the lead in the sixth inning and there they stayed. Reese homered with a man on and Quinn singled and went around on a succession of passed balls and a stolen base. Three more runs for Balboa. Cristobal came with one out Brandon walked, and De Reuter
Cristobal High School Defeats Balboa High School.

(Second Game.)

The second game of the series was played at Balboa, February 9, 1929. The game went to Cristobal High School, 6-5. This gave them the High School Championship for the first time in three years.

The game was fast and exciting from beginning to end and would have done credit to many ball teams of higher class.

Cristobal High started with three runs in the first inning. Balboa High put one over in the second and then took the lead in the fourth, scoring four runs. Cristobal scored one run in the fifth, and Balboa came back with one in their half. From the fifth to the ninth both teams played blanks. Cristobal scored her last run in the ninth with the bases full and two out. Whidden, pinch-hitting for Brandon, struck out to end the game.

Bridge's, Balboa's pitcher, was the star of the game. He allowed only five hits, no earned runs, and struck out eleven men, passing three.

Balboa hit hard, collecting eleven hits. Jones led with three singles in three official times to bat.

Cristobal played a much better game in the field than Balboa, making only three errors. W. Wink stag played the best game, but DeReuter made the outstanding play of the day when he grabbed Hele's liner with one hand. Maurer left the box in the fourth and was relieved by Pescod, who pitched excellent ball. If he had started, there might have been a different tune to sing.

With one out in the first for Cristobal, W. Wink stag got first on Wood's error, Pescod fanned, Wink stag stole second. Cristobal scored three runs on another error, a walk and DeReuter's triple. Morrison led with a hit for Balboa but they failed to score.

Cristobal went scoreless in the second, although Hayden walked to start the inning. Balboa made one run on Wood's walk, two errors by Maurer, and Jones hit.

Neither team scored in the third.

Cristobal went out in order in the fourth. Balboa made four runs on three hits, two walks, a sacrifice fly, and an error.

Both teams scored in the fifth. Cristobal made one run on two hits and an error. Balboa, on three hits and a walk, scored one run.

Cristobal went out in order in the sixth. Balboa got two hits and a walk, but failed to score because of foolish base running.

In the seventh both teams got men on bases but failed to score.

Cristobal went out in order again in the eighth. Jones led with a hit for Balboa, and went to third but Preston ended the inning with a fly to right.

In the first of the ninth Haggason hit to center. Hayden got on by another error by Quinn. Babbitt forced DeReuter, Maurer walked to fill the bases. Hayden scored on a passed ball, and Whidden, pinch-hitting for Brandon, ended the game with a strike out.

The box score:

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Score by innings.

Balboa....... 1 0 0 0 0 3 0 3 0 0 0 13-19
Cristobal..... 0 3 0 1 0 0 1 2 7

Summary: Two base hits—Wood, Jones. Three base hits—Reese, Pescod.


The box score:

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<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
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*Whidden hit for Brandon in the ninth.

Not much interest was taken in tennis this year in Cristobal High School, although the few boys that came out for this sport were very enthusiastic. Two tournaments were played with Balboa High School this year, Balboa coming out victorious by a large margin.

The first tournament was played at France Field, March 16, 1929. Colonel Fisher was kind enough to allow us to use the France Field courts, because of the poor condition of the Cristobal courts.

RESULTS.

T. Maduro (B. H. S.) defeated H. Mueller (C. H. S.) 6–0, 6–0. Mueller was outpointed throughout, but put up a good fight.

S. Dicks (B. H. S.) defeated F. Drake (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–0. Drake won the first game, but was outpointed in the remainder of the play.

W. Hele (B. H. S.) defeated D. Sergeant (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–0. Sergeant won the second game but was unable to take any more.

Taylor and Wainer (B. H. S.) defeated Mueller and Maher (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–0. Mueller lost heart after severe beating in singles; although Maher tried hard, they were defeated.

Dicks and Maduro (B. H. S.) defeated Harmon and Mundberg (C. H. S.) 6–2, 6–0. Harmon and Mundberg surprised the rest of the team, by making the best score of the day.

The second tournament played at Balboa, March 23, 1929, was a repetition of the first, Balboa winning every set. The score this time was not so one sided. Our team made a much better showing.

RESULTS.

T. Maduro (B. H. S.) defeated W. Wickingstad (C. H. S.) 6–3, 6–1.

S. Dick (B. H. S.) defeated F. Drake (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–1.

Wainer (B. H. S.) defeated H. Mueller (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–0.

Wainer and Taylor (B. H. S.) defeated Mueller and Harmon (C. H. S.) 6–2, 6–2.

Dick and Drew (B. H. S.) defeated Wickingstad and Drake (C. H. S.) 6–1, 6–3.
SOCCER.

To begin with, this is the first year soccer has been played in C. H. S. Although our team lost the series to Balboa, we feel greatly encouraged because this is Balboa’s second year at the game.

The soccer team was organized by Mr. V. E. Seiler, our coach. About two-thirds of the boys who went out for the team had never seen a game of soccer. Several of the others had played the game once or twice. Our captain, Thomas Pescod, was a veteran player and from him and Mr. Seiler our players gained a considerable knowledge of the game by the time the series with Balboa rolled around.

The first game with Balboa was played at the Radio Station, New Cristobal, on November 24, 1928. Balboa was fairly well represented and these rooters made noise enough for a crowd twice the size.

The game was called at two o’clock. We kicked off to Balboa and immediately a struggle began for possession of that swiftly moving sphere, which was continually changing sides. Balboa finally took possession of the ball and by their good passing and team work, they caged the first goal of the game, which was the last for the first half. At the end of the first half, De Reuter was substituted for Conklon.

Balboa kicked off at the start of the second half. Their forwards showed, in their speed and ability to handle the ball, that they knew something about the game of soccer. The field soon became a mud hole, for with the start of the second half a light drizzle began and increased in volume until the end of the game. Balboa fired shot after shot at our goal, only to have them stopped by Whidden, the goal keeper, or the two backs, Captain Pescod and Babbitt. It is said that if you are persistent enough you will attain your end, which Balboa finally did. With a series of fine passes they finally caged the second and last goal of the game.

After the kick-off, our forwards carried the game to Balboa. They threatened Balboa’s goal many times but were unsuccessful. Brandon, Conley, Stewart, and W. Wickingstad carried the ball right to the goal line several times only to lose it in fierce scrimmages, sometimes right between the goal posts.

The final score was 2-0 in Balboa’s favor.

Our goal keeper deserves mention for several of the other shots played the game favor of the game.

Considering our knowledge of the game by our team, Pescod was the star. With swift-moving sphere, which was continually hot sun, R. a struggle began for possession of that ball, and their good passing and ground-gaining ability. For our team, Pescod was the star. With the little assistance the other back, could offer, Balboa was held down far below what they expected.

Balboa’s team played fine soccer and, although they defeated us, they had to fight and fight hard for the goals they made.

The second game of the series was played at the Balboa Stadium, December 1, 1928, on a dry, hard field, and under a very hot sun.

Balboa again displayed their ability to play as a team by their fine passing. Our men showed brilliant work, but not as a team, only as individuals.

Mike Dew starred for Balboa, with a spectacular game and three of Balboa’s four goals to his credit. Vengochea, captain of the B. H. S. team, played a fine game, making the fourth goal for Balboa on a pretty penalty shot.

Tommy Pescod, our captain, was easily the best player on the field. He showed his ability to carry the ball by many charges into Balboa’s territory. Here he would lose the ball to their backs because of lack of support by his team mates.

The game was a see-saw affair from start to finish. The ball changed hands rapidly and continually. Just before the end of the first half Pescod scored the first goal of the past, on a penalty kick. This made the score 2-1 in Balboa’s favor, they having made two goals early in the half.

Balboa scored again in the beginning of the second half. A few minutes later the second and last goal was scored for Cristobal by De Reuter, after a series of fast passes. Near the end of the second half Balboa scored again, making the score 4-2. There it stayed the remainder of the game.

Our goal keeper deserves mention for many would be goals that he stopped, many of them very difficult stops.

CRISTOBAL.

Forwards.
C. F. W. Wickingstad
I. L. Tom Conley
L. W. Fred Stewart
I. R. Teddy Brandon
R. W. R. Wickingstad

Halfbacks.
C. P. De Reuter
L. H. Sam Patchett
R. H. James Quinn

Fullbacks.
L. B. Capt. T. Pescod
R. B. Woodford Babbitt

Goal.
John Whidden

BASKET BALL.

Our basket ball squad was very small this year, only about nine or ten possible players coming out. They practiced for two weeks under Mr. Seiler’s coaching and then played several practice games. The first game was played with Headquarters Battery, 2d Field Artillery, Gatun. This game went six periods, the Field Artillery coming out on the long end of a 16-24 score. The second game was played with “A” Battery. They won, 46-30. The following week the third game was played at Cristobal. We won this game, 46-28. The last practice game before we met Balboa High School was with “C” Co. of Fort Davis. We defeated them easily 58-4.

CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL versus BALBOA
HIGH SCHOOL.
(First Game.)

On May 4, 1929, Cristobal High School met Balboa High School at the Cristobal Playshed.

This was one of the best and fastest games ever played between the two schools.
Our team was rated as not having a chance with the strong Balboa combination. When the first whistle blew, Cristobal went right after Balboa. They had not expected anything like that and they seemed dazed. Cristobal soon worked this out of them, and then both teams went at it in earnest. The Babbitt-Pescod combination went to work and the points began to go up. Babbitt worked the ball down to Pescod under the basket and he very seldom missed a goal. If Balboa got the ball Blauvelt was always under the basket to spoil the shot. If Cristobal had had another guard like him, Balboa would not have won.

The greater part of Balboa’s playing was done by Hele and Des Londes. They showed fine passing ability and were able to land baskets. Balboa had a superior number of players thereby having a slight advantage.

At the half Balboa led 14-11.

The second half was a repetition of the first. Hele, Wood and Des Londes carried the attack for Balboa; Pescod and Hayden for Cristobal.

In the third quarter Cristobal took the lead and held it for many minutes. Balboa’s superior numbers and their fine team work began to tell. They recovered the lead at the end of the quarter, and went ahead a few points on their own. The last quarter was fast and furious, neither team being able to gain on the other, although each scored.

Score: Balboa High School ... 23
      Cristobal High School ... 15

LINEUP.

Balboa.

Des Londes, rf.  Romig, rf.
Hele, lf.        Quinn, lf.
W. Wood, c.     Key, rg.
Wainer, rg.     Jones, lg.

Babbitt, rf.
Pescod, lf.
Hayden, c.
Blauvelt, lg.
W. Wikingstad, re.  E. Conklin, rg.

CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL versus BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL.
(Second Game.)

During the week, after our first defeat by Balboa, we played two practice games. The first game was played with the post team from Camp Gatun. They defeated us 36-17. The second game was played at Fort Davis with “M” Co. They won 15-10.

On Saturday, May 11, 1929, Cristobal High School went to Balboa to play the second game of the high school series.

This was a very one-sided game in Balboa’s favor. Cristobal’s forwards were unable to penetrate Balboa’s defense, with the exception of a few times when they broke through. Toward the end of the game Cristobal’s men were tiring. Four of them played through the entire game, while Balboa was continually making substitutions, which were very necessary to stop Cristobal’s attack.

Wood and Hele battled for high point honors of the game, while Pescod of
Cristobal ran them up very close. Blauvelt of Cristobal again proved his ability as a guard by making many spectacular stops and spoiling many shots for Balboa. The loss of this game gave Balboa High School the basketball championship for the school year of 1928-29.

BALBOA.

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Cristobal.

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THE CARIBBEAN.

Swimming was not much of a success this year. Little interest was taken in this sport. Also, there was so much competition between swimming and other sports that many of those who were interested were unable to come out.

The annual swimming meet between Cristobal High School and Balboa High School was held at the Hotel Washington Pool, April 20, 1929. This turned out to be a walk-away for Balboa, as the score shows 50-9.

The outstanding feature of the meet was the breaking of the Canal Zone High School record for the 220-yard swim, by George Lowe, of Balboa. The time for the event was 2 minutes and 36 seconds.

Balboa took all the first places, while we took only two second places and three third places.

SWIMMING.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

50-yard Crawl.
2. B. Romig (B. H. S.).

220-yard Swim.

50-yard Breast Stroke.
2. G. Halloran (B. H. S.).

50-yard Back Stroke.

Fancy Diving.
1. H. Brewerton (B. H. S.).
3. C. Dockery (B. H. S.).

120-yard Relay.
Won by B. H. S. Time, 1 minute, 1 second.
Again our year was broken up by the leaving of Miss Alexander and the arrival of Miss Bailey. A little time was necessary for getting acquainted, but soon Miss Bailey was in the swing of things here, and several of the girls became interested in the various sports. Although Balboa has won the most of the honors in competition with us, the Cristobal High School girls who came out regularly for practice deserve great credit.

The first thing Miss Bailey did was to get up a tennis tournament, so as to see who should go to Balboa. Pauline Herman proved herself Champion of Cristobal. On March 16, Cristobal played against Balboa at the Balboa Courts. In the singles Pauline gave Louise Martin a good fight but lost by a score of 6-2, 6-3. In the doubles, Clarita and Cecilia Smith were victors over, first, Gretchen Palm and Marion Boomer by 6-1, and then over Gretchen and Jean Wyllie by 6-4.

Balboa is to be congratulated on the wonderful team work shown by the Smith sisters and the fast playing of Louise Martin.

The girl’s track meet was held the same day as the boys, April 13. Maybe it was on account of its being the 13th that Cristobal only had 5 points to Balboa’s 42. The five points were obtained in the baseball throw by Marion Boomer.

Ray Newhardt is to be congratulated upon her broad jump. She was within two feet of the world’s record.

The next and last event was swimming. This meet was held at the Washington Pool on April 20. Zoe Wyllie made the only point for Cristobal by getting 3d place in diving.

The following girls came out for sports this year:

**Tennis.**
Pauline Herman, Jean Wyllie, Gretchen Palm, Marion Boomer.

**Track.**
Pauline Herman, Virginia Stevenson, Betty Cunningham, Gladys Bliss, Rosemary Keene, Elsie Birkeland, Mary Bretch, Alice Gormanly, Marion Boomer.

**Swimming.**
Pauline Herman, Zoe Wyllie, Jean Wyllie, Marion Neely.
SCHOOL NOTES.

Anita Rankin, '20.


Oct. 2. Seniors and Juniors are presented with new home rooms—Seniors were a trifle disappointed, but are O. K. now.

Oct. 5. Election of class officers. Seniors start the ball a-rolling in elections.

Oct. 8. Supper Club begins, enrolling 60 members.

Oct. 11. Athletic Association meets, and election of officers takes place.

Oct. 15. Staff elections held in Assembly—full attendance.

Oct. 20. Student government introduced by Seniors and privileges announced.

Oct. 22. Staff meeting held to discuss matter of “Caribbean.”

Oct. 31. Day after Halloween, school bell minus clapper.

Nov. 1. Freshmen boys beat the Sophs in initiation.

Nov. 3. Panamanian National Holiday.

Nov. 6. Green suspenders inaugurated by Conley and Stewart.

Nov. 9. Senior party—best of the year.


B. H. S. vs C. H. S. in a soccer game. B. H. S. are victors. Debating Club introduced in C. H. S.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving Holiday. It was turkey.

Dec. 1. C. H. S. vs B. H. S. in a second soccer game. B. H. S. are again victors—too bad!

Dec. 3. C. H. S. mourns loss of one of her best teachers to B. H. S., but is introduced to Miss Meyers. Who will prove to be the better?

Dec. 9–11. Conference of Supper Club held in Cristobal Y. W. C. A.

Dec. 21. After parties in Home room, students leave merrily for Christmas holidays—which are reduced to one week.

Jan. 2. Some boys raided school—damaged much property—were caught. It’s just too bad.

Jan. 10. Nothing important for awhile.


Jan. 23. Mr. Williams addressed future Seniors—“You all need—”

Jan 25. A lecture by Mr. H. C. Hanks. Very interesting talk of the school for several days.


Feb. 5. Staff meeting held to decide Carnival matter.

Feb. 6–7–8. Mid-year exams—whew! !

Feb. 8. School Carnival—Oh my! Did we make good—and how—

Feb. 9. B. H. S. vs C. H. S. in baseball. B. H. S. were victors, but it was exciting for both of us.


Feb. 15. What a relief—that’s over with, but there still remains the verdict.


March 11. Senior play chosen and so is the cast. Mr. Noe to direct it.


March 29. Governor Arosemena’s cup lost by C. H. S. to de Lesseps.

April 1. Upper Classmen challenge Lower Classmen to a contest for the sale of “Caribbean” tickets—loser gives a party.
April 8. Senior girl reveals a solitaire on the fourth finger of left hand—guess who?
April 26. Freshman party—a character party held at the Washington Hotel—best of the year.
May 17. Senior play held at America—best of any held during all the C. H. S. years.

May 31. Senior play held in Balboa—went over big.
June 14. Diplomas arrived. Seniors can't see them—Ha! Ha!
June 16. Baccalaureate service held at Union Church. Was an impressive service—long to be remembered.
June 19. Commencement. The Seniors can't believe their eyes and ears. Juniors are ushers. Largest class ever graduated from C. H. S.

Dense jungle growth of the tropics.
The staff of the Caribbean try their best to make it a book which will be long remembered, and they are helped in their attempt by the many interesting exchanges from other schools.

We regret that our school has not yet come to the point where they are able to exchange with the papers that are sent but they appreciate them and enjoy reading them.

AS WE SEE THEM.

**The Purple Quill.** Ball High School, Galveston, Texas.
Your magazine is very well composed. We compliment you on winning a prize in journalism. Let us hear from you again.

**The Pai.** Ta'alpais Union High School, Sausalito, Calif.
Your cuts deserve special mention and your book is interesting, but we suggest an exchange department.

**The Nutshell.** Moorestown High School, Moorestown, N. J.
Your book is well arranged, but more literature would improve it. We also suggest an exchange department.

**The Student.** Holmes High School, Covington, Ky.
Congratulations on your magazine. “Our Geography” was quite original.

**The Beacon.** Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.
Your magazine is very good and you are to be complimented on your Literary Department.

**The Red and White.** Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.
You have an excellent magazine and your Literary Department is very interesting.

**The Chronicle.** Lyman Hall High School, Wallingford, Conn.
A book that is bound to come out on top. Excellent, and we would like to have you call again.

**The Senior.** Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.
Your editorials are good as is the general make-up of your book. Come again.

**The Authentic.** Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.
Your magazine was most entertaining and we enjoyed reading it. Exchange with us again.

**The Exponent.** Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.
A very complete magazine and we are glad to have you on our exchange list.

**The Echo.** Home Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.
We have only one regret and that was that this splendid magazine was not larger.

**The Reflector.** Weymouth High School, Weymouth, Mass.
Your Literary Department shows hard work as does the rest of your book, but where are your exchanges?

**The Whisp.** Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Del.
We rate your magazine as one of the best. Exchange with us again.

**The Bulletin.** Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
Very good magazine, but we think a few more stories and an exchange department would help.

**The Zonian.** Balboa High School, Balboa, Canal Zone.
Congratulations on your interesting annual, Balboa. We enjoyed reading it.

**The Acorn.** Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Texas.
A well-composed magazine with good material.

We acknowledge the following papers:
- The Hi-Newslette from Vandergrift, Penn.
- The Colgate Maroon from Colgate University, Hamilton, N. J.
- The Herald from Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.
- The West Wing from Mission High School, San Francisco, Calif.
- The Hebrewian from Hebron, Me.

AS THEY SEE US.

**The Caribbean.** Cristobal High School, Cristobal, C. Z.
We always like to increase our Exchange Department, and it is with pleasure that we read The Caribbean.

It is a fine, interesting annual.

**The Caribbean.** Cristobal High School, Cristobal, C. Z.
The Caribbean shows intensive work and preparation on the part of all contributing to the various departments. The book is well written and the illustrations are excellent. We extend to you our best wishes for great achievements in the year 1929.

**The Caribbean.** Cristobal High School, Cristobal, C. Z.
Yours is an excellent magazine on account of the unique cuts, beautiful scenes, and well-edited columns. We like especially the arrangements of the class photographs. Let us hear from you again.

**The Red and White, Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.**
LIKE the brook the Year Book of Cristobal High goes on forever. Every year an old group goes and a new one enters. The alumni never fail to take an interest in the book. This year's Senior Class will be the largest to be graduated from Cristobal High School.

1918.

LULA MAY PULLIG (Mrs. J. B.) Coman, Cristobal, C. Z.
MINOT COTTON, 81 John Street, New York City.
Susie Harrison, Ancon, C. Z.
CATHERINE WADE, 451 West 23d Street, New York City.
BURKE WELCH (address unknown).
MARY VERNER, Chapel Hill, N. C.

1919.

Alice Arlene Ball, 118 Maple Avenue, Tacoma Park, Md.
James Raymond, Cristobal, C. Z.
Dorothy Weir (Mrs. John) Montanye, Cristobal, C. Z.

KENNETH EDWARDS, Karlstromer Apts., Hopewell, Va.

"Your note received and pleased to hear from my old High School. I am working as an electrician in a large plant at Hopewell, Virginia. There are lots of old Canal Zone people working at this plant and we all get together once in a while. Once a year they give a Panama banquet. Last year there were thirty-four, but this year I know there will be more to attend as some have come here since. I would sure like to visit the school once more and may do so some day not far in the future. I remain a well-wisher of The Caribbean, and am enclosing money for this year's copy. I still have my first one of eleven years ago."
THE CARIBBEAN.

1920.

Lindale Davis (address unknown).
Jack B. Fields, care of Tela Railroad Engineering Dept., Tela, Honduras.
Kenneth Greene,oudersport, Pa.
Harlan Holmwood, Balboa, C. Z.
Alson Sears, Balboa, C. Z.
Kathryn Burgoon Stewart, Cristobal, C. Z.
Alice Stilson (Mrs.) Pincus, Balboa, C. Z.
Al. Doyle, 1964 Thirty-sixth Street, Sacramento, Calif.
Etha Bevington, Balboa Heights, C. Z.

1921.

Carl Duey, Box 95, Lemon City, Fla.
Kirby Ferguson, Cristobal, C. Z.
Alice Hunter (Mrs. L. A.) Hohn, Cristobal, C. Z.
Charles Henter, Coast Guard Cutter "Kimbal," Norfolk, Va.
Dr. Frank Raymond, care of Gorgas Hospital, Ancon, C. Z.

Eleanor Zimmerman, 120 Kingsley Avenue, Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.
"I am still residing on Staten Island and like it very much. I am still with the same concern. I began going to business with it four years ago the 13th of February. No doubt you will hear from my brother, Jordan, in Syracuse. My sincere wishes and good luck to the Class of 1929, and may they succeed in all they set out to do.
"Remember me to any of those who were in C. H. S. when I was there in 1921. I often think of Cristobal High School."

1922.

Marjorie Ball, 118 Maple Avenue, Tacoma Park, Md.
Ida Brown (Mrs. A. A.) Doyle, 1964 Thirty-sixth Street, Sacramento, Calif.
George Cartwright, 62 Birgen Court, Rutherford, N. J.
"Some day you will realize how gratifying it is to we graduates to receive your yearly request to tell you where we are and what we are doing.

MR 13835—13

“When the Class of ’22 was graduated the thought often came to me as to how the school could get along without us. That is not conceit; it only expresses the feeling that you will all some day experience. I am glad to know that The Caribbean is progressing yearly and I sincerely hope that all the other pleasant school features are existing and making your school life as happy as they made mine.

“Since I was graduated in 1926 from the Pennsylvania State College, I have been working with the New York Telephone Company. I am in the Engineering Department, located in Brooklyn, N. Y. I was married in 1927 to a girl from Balboa High School. I have a hard time trying to convince her that C. H. S. beats them all. I am always glad to see my friends from the Zone. When any of you come up here as you will some day, please telephone me on Main Official Extension 757, and give me all the high school news. My home is in Rutherford, N. J.

“Please give my regards to all in C. H. S.”

Paul Doyle, 24 State Street, care of Venezuela Gulf Oil Co., New York City.

Mary Glenn Fields, Balboa Heights, C. Z.
LeRoy Magnuson, Balboa, C. Z.

Jordan Zimmerman, 303 University Place, Syracuse, N. Y.

"I received your card this morning and dutifully answer as soon as I can. I always like to get my news in early.

“Well, here goes! I was graduated last year, January, and after looking over the field of forestry, I decided I’d stay in the book business. I am the assistant manager of the University Book Store at Syracuse now and am making enough money to be married, and will do just that in a month.

“I haven’t seen an annual for years, but I can remember the work we put in on ours. I’m going to get one this year as you’ll notice by the enclosed slip of paper. To The Caribbean of 1929 I extend best wishes for success, and await the copy with my name on it quite anxiously.

“Best wishes from a 1922 to a 1929 class.”
Mildred Stafford, 1101 Markham Street, Vicksburg, Miss.
Emma Townsend (Mrs. Robert) Noe, Box 1, Cristobal, C.Z.
Wesley Townsend, 1195 Ruby Street, Houghton, Mich.

1923.
Gerald Bliss, Cristobal, C. Z.
Ernest Euphrat, 3935 Burwood Avenue, South Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Louise Henter, Nurses’ Home, Sydenham Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
Edward May, Cristobal, C. Z.
Henry Moore, Box 212, Marshfield, Wis.
Emogene Nash (Mrs. E. S.) Van Benschoten, Balboa, C. Z.
Mattison Pullig (Mrs. J. D.) McCauley, Cristobal, C. Z.

1924.
Dorothy Abendroth (Mrs. A.) Flood, Cristobal, C. Z.
Florence Albert, 107 Beumont Avenue, West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.
Jose Arosemena, Colon, R. P.
Edith Colbourn Smith, 717 Colonial Avenue, Norfolk, Va.
Charlotte Housel (Mrs. R. W.) MacSparran, Cristobal, C. Z.
Morris Marchosky, Colon, R. P.
Inza Markham, 409 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
“‘My very best wishes to the class of ’29 and all the success in the world for THE CARIBBEAN.”
Irene McCourt (Mrs. George G.) Ethel, 17540 89th Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.
“I enjoy looking through the year book and seeing the names of the graduates that were children when I left the Isthmus. I can hardly realize that it is five years since our class of ’24 was graduated. My son, George, Jr., is now a year old and getting along fine.
“I will close for this time wishing the Class of ’29 the best of luck and am looking forward to a very successful annual.”

George Oakes, Fort Banks, Mass.
Chester Pike, 2148 Acton Street, Berkeley, Calif.
Andrew Smith (address unknown).
Ethel Sonneman, 98 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1925.
Helen Abendroth, Cristobal, C. Z.
Olga Arcia (Mrs. A. de) Leignadier, Colon, R. P.
William Cousins, 2623 Oakford Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dorothy Deibert, Fort Sill, Okla.
Ruth Duay (Mrs. Spencer) Lincoln, Cristobal, C. Z.
Katherine Fischer, 4309 Furley Avenue, Gardendale, Md.
Anniel Heim (Mrs. J. H.) Brenchick, Cristobal, C. Z.
Ruth Hopkins, Box 256, Ancon, C. Z.
Hubert Lee, 2211 Speadway, Austin, Texas.
Harriet Steenburg (address unknown).

1926.
Richard Beverley, Broad Run, Va.
Hildegarde Blythe, Landham-Bounce X-Ray Clinic, Atlanta, Ga.
William Clinchard, 229 N. 17th Street, Lincoln, Neb.
“I hope I’m not too late to wish to the Class of ’29 my sincere congratulations on their graduation and I’m also wishing success to the greatest year book ever produced, THE CARIBBEAN of ’29.”
William Coffey, Cristobal, C. Z.
Edna Duval, 4802 Greenlee Avenue, St. Bernard, Ohio.
Morris Eggleston, Columbia University, New York City.
Ray Fischer, 4309 Furley Avenue, Gardendale, Md.
Irene Hopkins (Mrs. L. W.) McIlvaine, Cristobal, C. Z.
“I was a student nurse at the Staten Island Hospital until I became Mrs. L. W. McIlvaine.
“I am anxious to see the 1929 Annual. Make it the best ever.”
HELENA M. DECKMAN, Box 28, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

"There's snow on the ground and the north wind's wintry blast can be heard outside. Suppose you all are enjoying real nice, warm sunshine. This is indeed quite a difference, from one extreme to the other, but I've enjoyed it all immensely.

"After two and a half years absence from school I am taking up a post-graduate course at the Mt. Clemens High School. I am taking a business course and like my work, if I may call it that, very much. I also like the High School.

"It surely seems good to be back at school again, and it doesn't seem as though I'm a day older and that I belong to the Alumni of dear Cristobal High, who my sincerest wishes go to. Best of luck to THE CARIBBEAN and the staff, and all of my fellow classmates who will next year be one of the Alumni and were but freshmen my first and last year in C. H. S."

JOHANNA KLEFFKINS (Mrs. R. O.) ANTICK, Box 1057, Cristobal, C. Z.

"My, how time does fly! You 'dignified Seniors' were 'green Freshies' in '26, but nevertheless I think you merit the honor of 'Seniors'.

"My best wishes to all of you and may THE CARIBBEAN be the best ever.

"What's the matter, Class of '26, why not correspond with some of your old classmates"?

DELLILAH MAY (Mrs. G. W.) PARKER, Gatun, C. Z.
LOLA MUNOZ, Panama City, R. P.
MILDRED NEELY, Cristobal, C. Z.
CARLOS PULGAR, Gatun, C. Z.
CLARICE STEENBURG, Langley Field, Va.
GAY R. TURNER, Neal Hall, Columbus University, Columbus, Ohio.
ELIZABETH WARREN, Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Fla.
CHRISTIAN WIRTZ, Cristobal, C. Z.

1927.

JOSEPH CORRIGAN, Cristobal, C. Z.
TERESA GALLAGHER, 863-57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
JAMES GRIDER, 416 Transylvania Park, Lexington, Ky.

EMILY BLEDSOE, 416 Transylvania Park, Lexington, Ky.

LAWRENCE C. CALLAWAY, JR., Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Mo.

"I hope you are successful on the Annual. Beat '27, if you can. That's pretty hard to do.

"Best wishes for success to the Class of '29. May it have the best luck ever."

LOUISE HEIM, Cristobal, C. Z.
CLARA A. MAY, Gatun, C. Z.
HELEN MONTGOMERY, 257 Park Avenue, Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.

JOHN G. NELSON, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.

DOROTHY SVENSSON, 15 Pleasant Street, West Roxbury, Mass.
"I'm just in the midst of term 'exams' at Simmons College and they're not easy, one bit. All I have time for, then, is to say 'hello' to everyone. I wish you people success in your annual and all your undertakings."

SUSIE J. TAYLOR, JR., 1814 West Avenue, Austin, Texas.
"I extend my heartiest regards to the Class of '29 and may their CARIBBEAN be the best yet."

JAMES VAN SCOTTER (address unknown).

HELEN VINEYARD, Box 374, Women's College, Newark, Del.

DOROTHY WERTZ, Box 259, Cristobal, C. Z.
"Where am I? The United Fruit Co., Cristobal Division, Cristobal, C. Z.
"What am I doing? Stenographic work and I just love it.
"Best wishes for the Class of '29 and their Class Play.
"Wherever you are, Class of '27, regards to all."

CHARLES WILL, Cristobal, C. Z.

EUPHEMIA M. WOOLNOUGH, 601 West 160th Street, Apt. 3-A, New York City.
"I do hope that this year's Annual is the best ever published and I wish all the Seniors of '29 the best of luck in the future. Wish I could be there for the graduation exercises. But we can't have everything we want."
1928.

John G. Klunk, Westfield, New Jersey.

Ethel K. Westman, 660 Clackamas Avenue, Portland, Oreg.

"I'm still taking high school work—I'm a post-graduate at Washington High in Portland, Oreg. I have been viewed with a great deal of curiosity because I happened to be from such a far-off place as Panama. "Next year I plan to enter a business college in Portland.

"I am still reading with interest the 'Cristobal High School Notes' published in the 'Star and Herald.' (You see, we can't be without that newspaper.)

"I send the staff of '29 my best wishes for a wonderful Caribbean, and I will anxiously be awaiting my copy."

Gladys E. Beers (Mrs. H. G.) Alrick, 207-3d Street, N. Moorhead, Minn.

"Best wishes to the Class of 1929 and I hope you all the best yet."

Emma E. Banks, (Mrs. A.) Blaisdell, Cristobal, C. Z.

Robert H. Axtell, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

"Best wishes to the Class of 1929. May they put out the best Caribbean ever."

Kathryn E. Lambert, 3451 S. Clarkson Street, Denver, Colo.

"I am glad to say I am progressing rapidly and soon hope to be out of the Sanitarium.

"I would be glad to hear from any and all of you.

"I wish you the best of luck on this year's Caribbean."

Theodore C. Henter, 120 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Evangeline Smith (Mrs. Walter) Payne, Box 1453, Cristobal, C. Z.

Arthur E. Rothenburg, Fort Randolph, C. Z.

Zonella L. Bliss, 22 East Loraine Street, Oberlin, Ohio.

"I wish the Class of '29 success on The Caribbean."

B. Edward Lowande, Cristobal, C. Z.

Lucia Salazar, 225 W. 14th Street, New York City.
HEARD AT DWYER'S.

Pager's voice: "Telephone! Somebody's calling the sax player."

Dwyer: "What are they calling him, now?"

Stew: "I really can't figure out what's wrong with my radio set. Maybe I need a new vacuum tube."

Mr. Sawyers: "Use you head, Fred, use your head."

Ralph: "What's the difference between Scott Parsons and Chubby Hackett?"

Tom: "I don't know. What?"

Ralph: "Why, there's no difference, they both're very tall—except Chub."

Miss Gustafson (at station to conductor): "Is this train ready for occupancy?"

Conductor: "No, Miss. This train goes to Gatun, Balboa, and Panama."

Rodman took his first cheque to the Chase Bank. The cashier asked him to endorse it, so he took up a pen and wrote on the back, "I heartily endorse this cheque."

Passerby: "Are you a little Bretch?"

Mary: "Say, Fresh, don't call me names!"

We could tell you a lot more jokes, but it's of no use, you'd only "laff" at them.

James: "I take aspirin to clear my head."

Jack: "Oh, I see. Sort of vacuum cleaner."

Roy (teaching Anita to drive the car): "The brake is something you put on in a hurry."

Anita: "Oh, I see, a sort of kimono."

Porfy: "What are you looking for?"

Stew: "A nickel."

Porfy: "When did you lose it?"

Stew: "Who said anything about losing anything? I'm just looking for one, that's all."

We hear that Robert Hanna is trying to join the Navy.

Englishman (visiting Zone, to Scott): "I say, ol' chappie, have you got a Fortunate Blow?"

Scott (perplexed): "What's that?"

Englishman: "I say, have you a Fortunate Blow? A cigarette?"

Scott: "Oh, I see, you mean a Lucky Strike!"

Miss Emmons (discussing book reports, to Dan): "Have you read Freckles?"

Dan C.: "No, mine are of brownish hue."

Margaret D.: "I fell down on my general average."

George W.: "Did it hurt much?"

Miss Hesse (to English class): "Tomorrow we shall take the life of Tennyson. Every one come prepared."

Scot: "Your dog's legs are too short."

Bill: "Short nothing. They all four reach the floor."
We, of the class of English XI, have a deep sympathy for poets. They are the only species with a language you can read but can't speak. We offer this as sufficient proof. One of our favorite poets writes, "The eyes are the windows of the soul." That sounds well in print, but can you imagine saying to a girl, "Darling, nothing could give me so much pleasure as gazing into your windows all night."

Miss Myers: "No, Edward, you must not say, 'I ain't again.' You should say, 'I am not going, you are not going, we are not going, they are not going.'"
Edward (very surprised): "Gee, ain't nobody goin'?"

Jack Pettit: "I say, Roger, I heard that the sultan of Turkey sleeps in a bed eight feet wide and twelve feet long."
Roger Deakin: "G'wan, that's a lotta bunk."

Royal (at desk of theater ticket agency): "Have you tickets for Ben Hur?"
Agent: "Sorry, sir, but Mr. Hur made no reservations."

Mr. Sawyers (during registration): "Name, please."
Freshman: "Whose?"

Miss Myers: "So you don't know what a sonnet is, or an ode, or a ballad?"
Bill Bailey: "No'm."
Miss Myers: "Well, then, do you know what a pun is?"
Bill Bailey: "Oh, yes! I like puns. Puns and coffee!"
Anita: "Say, Roy, I think a wheel is coming off."
Roy: "O. K. with me, Anita; I'm kinda tired of that out-of-gas gag myself."
Scott: "I didn't know you smoked a pipe."
Bill B.: "I'm not, I'm holding it for a plumber."

Royal (selling Caribbeans): "I'm very sorry to hear that your mistress is out. Don't forget to tell her that I called, will you?"

Mary: "Very few men would marry you."
Maude: "Very few would be enough."

Scott (to Burton): "Why, you little insect, you know what I'd like to do to you?"
Burton: "Yeh, I know. But ya can't—cause I've hidden the Flit."

Fred: "Where do you swim?"
Alice: "In the Spring."
Fred: "I didn't say WHEN, I said WHERE."

Mr. Sawyers (discussing radio, pro and con, with Fred): "Have you had static on your new radio?"
Fred S. (innocently): "Well, I've had Los Angeles and Cuba, and I'm sure I could get Static if I wanted to."

Kenneth M. (in restaurant): "Hey, there!"
Waiter: "Yessir, how will you have it?"

"Fitty" (to Grace, concerning French): "Say, Grace, do you parley-vous?"
Grace (preoccupied): "I don't know. If it's nice I do."

Miss Emmons (in English class, to Red Wicky): "Do you like Kipling?"
Wicky: "Why I—I—I don't know. How do you kipple?"

Guide (at ruins of Porto Bello): "Look at that half ruined castle. It might be at least 800 years old. Believe me, lady, they don't build such ancient castles nowadays."

Father: "My son, I'm afraid I'll never see you in Heaven."
Son: "Why? Whatcha been doing now, Pop?"

Scott desperately seized her and kissed her.
"You're terrible," Mary shouted.
"Well, that's the best I can do," was Scott's reply.

Mr. Sawyers (to Mr. Pence): "How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For 200 bands off that brand they give you a gramaphone."
Mr. Pence: "You don't say! If I smoked 200 of those cigars, I wouldn't want a gramaphone. I'd want a harp."
Mr. West (in History class): “What are you doing back there, learning anything?”
Walter: “Oh, no, just listening to you.”

Dan: “Is that Freshman dumb?”
Bill B.: “Is he? He thinks Culebra Cut is a new pipe tobacco.”

Freshman: “How big is a battleship?”
Sophomore: “What kind of a battleship?”
Freshman: “A big one.”
Sophomore: “How big?”

Jack Petit (entering the building excitedly): “Say, Mr. Sawyers, is Henry Ford here?”
Mr. Sawyers: “Why no, Jack.”
Jack: “‘Sfunny. His car’s outside.”

Mr. Pence (very excitedly, telephoning): “Hello, is this the fire department?”
Fire Department: “Yes, what do you want?”
Mr. Pence: “Please tell me where the nearest fire alarm box is. My laboratory is on fire and I must know immediately.”

Mr. Sawyers (in General Science): “We will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Randolph Wikingstad.”

Mary Maher (to James Campbell at class party): “Can you dance, Jimmy?”
James Campbell: “No, but I can hold you while you dance.”

Tom Conley (in restaurant): “Hey, guy, gimme a ham sandwich, and make it snappy.”
Walter (hollering to cook): “Ham sandwich and step on it.”

Alumnus: “You see, we’ve gone into truck farming.”
Fresh: “You can’t fool me. You don’t raise trucks; they come from a factory.

“No matter where I hide,” sighed the leopard, “I’m always spotted.”

Paul Hayden: “I give up! What is the best way to kill ants?”
James Quinn: “Hit your uncle’s wife on the head with a hammer.”

Mundy: “Did you hear about his teeth falling out while he was playing tennis?”
Dick: “No, did he lose the set?”

Harold, straying around Shimnie Beach on a picnic given by the DeMolays, came across a sign which read “Swimming 10 cents if you have a suit. Twenty-five cents if you haven’t.”

“Do you think the extra 15 cents,” he asked his followers, “is to pay for the fine?”

Dick (at a concert): “Watch that violin player.”
Mundy: “My, yes. Do you know what he’s doing?”
Dick: “Yeah, he’s playing one of Handel’s pieces.”
Mundy: “Gwan, he’s giving his bow a ride.”
Dick: “Gwan yourself, he’s only stringing his bow along.”

Chubby: “Will you have a peanut?”
Ray: “Thanks, I shall.”

Wicky: “Say, Fitty, why are you so fat?”
Fitty: “Just to show the skinny people how far my skin will stretch without busting.”

Mr. Pence (in Physics laboratory): “John, put your finger in that boiling mercury and see if it’s too hot to touch.”

A girl (meaningly, to Dick): “I just adore dark men.”
Dick: “Boy, you’d have a big time in Africa.”

Mr. West (in History class): “And then we have the early Romans coming over—say, Walter, wake that fellow up next to you. Walter: “Aw, wake him up yourself. You put him to sleep.”

Burton (after a hot argument): “Alright, I’ll toss you up for it.”
Scott: “G’wan, you couldn’t even lift me.”

“My dear, listen to this,” exclaimed the elderly English lady to her husband on their first visit to the Washington. She held the hotel menu almost at arm’s length and spoke in a tone of horror: “Baked Indian pudding. Can it be possible in a civilized country?”
TO MR. PENCE.

He is my teacher, I shall not want,
He maketh me to explain hard propositions
And exposeth my ignorance to the class;
He increaseth my sorrows;
He causeth me to draw difficult triangles, for
my class’s sake.
Yea, though I study till midnight I shall gain
no knowledge
For my propositions sorely bothereth me.
He prepareth a test for me in the presence of
mine classmates.
He giveth me a low mark.
Surely, distress and sadness shall follow me all
the days of my life,
And I shall remain in the geometry class forever.
—Donated by a student.

Mr. Pence (in Geometry class explaining problem): “And now if you watch the board closely
I’ll go through it again.”

Royal: “I can’t swim.”
Zola: “Why?”
Royal: “Because I’m not in the water!”

Miss Moore: “What’s the awful odor in this
room?”
Louise: “Someone’s lunch.”
Miss Moore: “No, it’s the rotten Caesar marks.”

Mr. West (to the barber): “Part my hair in
the middle please.”
Barber: “Sorry, Sir, I can’t, there is an odd
number!”

Samuel (at explosion of a shell): “Lawdy, Hell
done laid a egg!”

“I may be down, but I’m not out,” said Pettit,
as he slid safely home from third.

Miss Moore (in Spanish class talking of maps
of Spain to be handed in): “Edward, what’s the
matter with your map?”
Edward (feeling his face): “I don’t know.”

Mrs. Baker (in orchestra practice): “William, I
do not doubt but that your violin is slightly out
of tune.”

William (in disgust): “Yeah. I guess it’s
because somebody is always fiddling with it.”

Miss Moore (in Spanish class): “William New-
man, what in the world are you pounding for?”
William: “I’m just trying to sharpen my Ever-
sharp pencil.”

Miss Moore (in assembly, seeing Scott chewing
gum and with his feet out in the aisle): “Scott,
take that gum out of your mouth and put your
feet in.”

Bananas grow wild in many parts of the world
it is announced. Who can blame them?”

He: “I was born in Ancon Hospital.”
She: “Why? What was wrong with you?”

Van Seiler: “Hey, Tom, how do you account
for your remarkable ability for playing football?”
Tom Pescod: “Well, you see, it’s this way.
Ever since I was a baby it was just bawl, bawl,
bawl.”

Frosh: “Doesn’t horseback riding give you a
headache?”
Senior: “No, on the contrary.”

A Freshman and his hair are soon parted.

First she: “Mr. Sawyers bawled me out this
morning about my lipstick?”
Second she: “Gonna stop using it?”
First she: “No, gonna use stuff that doesn’t
come off.”

Mr. Sawyers: “Did you break that window with
that baseball?”
E. Albin: “Yes, but that’s alright.”
Mr. Sawyers: “Yes? Well look at it.”
E. Albin: “Gosh, it’s more serious than I
thought. It’s broken on both sides.”

Any He (at the ball game): “Yea! Whoopie!
Sock ‘em! Bust ‘em! Grind ‘em! Fight, Fight,
FIGHT! Kill ‘em! Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!
Any She (at the ball game): “Ye, team!
Fight, team! Oh, isn’t the visiting third baseman just too cute for
words?”

In early youth we are taught to “Love one
another.” Later we love one—and another.
DICKSTER'S WEBTIONARY.

1. A nice girl is one who walks in her sleep when she dreams of auto rides.
2. A perfect husband is one who even sandpapers the firewood to keep his wife from getting splinters in her fingers.
3. Modern dancing and golf are alike in one respect. Both interfere with what might be a good walk.
4. The trouble with a lot of hotel beds is that the sides are too near the middle.
5. Women are like automobiles—some are chummy roadsters and others are merely runabouts.
6. Sports are like shoes; the cheapest ones always squeak the loudest.
7. The height of consideration is the tough guy who takes off his brass knuckles before socking his wife on the jaw.
8. The modern maid says, "Take me or leave me!" And the modern man does both.

One of the high school girls was pardoned for stealing a bottle of milk, because it was the first thing she took in her life.

Speaking of Old Golds, we saw Roger smoking away and coughing like a machine gun. He explained he was on his second carload.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first, when the joke's your teacher's,
The last, when the joke's your own.

Fitty (in geometry class): "Would you mind explaining that over again, Mr. Pence? I don't know if I know all I know about it."

Mundy (at jewelers): "You told me this watch would keep time and it stopped yesterday at eight o'clock."
Casullo: "And what time does it say now?"
Mundy: "Why, eight o'clock, of course. It hasn't moved since."
Mr. Casullo: "Then it's keeping time, isn't it?"

Policeman: "Does your dog have licenses?"
Bill Bailey: "Yes, sir. He's just covered with them."

SOME MORE BOLONEY.

A hungry dog once wandered
Into a butcher's store;
The butcher threw some sausage
To the dog upon the floor.
The butcher said, "Now eat it,"
The dog said, "I decline,
For in that link of sausage is—
That Old Gal of Mine."

Anita: "I'm through with Roy."
Carlos: "How come, 'Nita?"
Anita: "I just heard him telling Lee that he tried out Ethyl in his Dodge last night."

Roy is learning magic by mail, and after the third lesson he turned his Dodge into a lamp-post.

A girl looks into a boy's eyes for love, but a boy looks around to see if the coast is clear.

Marion (at beginning of baseball season): "Do you have sweat shirts?"
J. V. Beercboudt: "No, but you might try the sweatshops"

Father: "Why were you kept in after school?"
Son: "I didn't know where the Azores were."
Father: "In the future just remember where you put things."

Jack: "Lotsa school girls don't wanna get married."
Peggy: "Howja know?"
Jack: "Asked 'em."

Jack: "I play all of the pieces that I know on the piano by ear."
Morris: "Yes, of course. But isn't it rather awkward?"

Royal (speaking of book reports): "Have you read Dumas?"
Marion: "No, but I didn't know that they were showing."

Tom Pescod: "Say, Fit, how do you like this new lighter."
Fit: "Pretty good. How many cigarettes do you get on a gallon?"
A MATHEMATICAL NIGHTMARE.

The secants flutter all about,
The blooming polygons are pink,
And spheres are on the wing.

Fierce propositions roam the woods,
With music sweet; bright hexagons
Are growing everywhere.

The octagon sits on her nest
To keep the quadrant safe,
And warm, until it hatches out
A quadrilateral waif.

When Fall is here, and love is warm;
Matriculations mate;
The quadrant to the sextant sings,
And rhombuses rotate.

Willy: "I just bought a nickel eraser."
Mike: "But I should think that a rubber one would be much better."

Elsie: "I'm a little hoarse."
Scott: "I knew you wasn't a lady."

Mr. Pence: "What's the difference between the North and South Pole?"
Jack: "All the difference in the world."

She: "Kiss me, Billy."
Father (entering): "Yes, billet-doux."
She: "What faux pas?"

Lee: "Say, Roy, you just ran over a cat."
Roy: "'Sall right. No felines hurt."

Miss Myers: "Define a goitre."
Donna: "It's an Adam's apple ambitious to become a watermelon."

A freshman asked us, "Why should we learn to read? They have talking moving pictures now."

He: "Our coach just got some new waterproof pants for the team."
She: "Oh, the big babies."

Porfy: "We gave the umpire fifty bucks to let us win that game."
Jean: "And still you lost?"
Porfy: "Yes—the umpire was crooked."

Employee: "Pardon me, my lad, but you haven't paid for your purchase. These articles aren't free."
Willie Dies: "Isn't this a gift shoppe?"

Lee: "How much gas have we got, Roy?"
Roy: "Gosh, Lee, it points to one-half, but whether the darn thing means half full or half empty, I don't know."

She was a Freshman, and her lips
Were tempting, fresh and ripe;
We reached a nice secluded spot.
To kiss her seemed alright.

So I smacked her on the lips—
Those lips without a flaw.
She came right back and smacked me too
But mine was on the jaw.

She (after the party): "Will you call me a jinney?"
He: "Nix, I never call people names."

Jack: "Not so bright, is he?"
Stew: "Naw, he thinks a short circuit is a hook-up used to tune in the wave stations."

I bought a goat to give me milk,
It really was quite silly—
I thought it's name was Nanny,
But it turned out to be Billy.

Gypsy: "I tella your fortune, mistah?"
Hanna: "How much?"
Gypsy: "Twenty-five cents."
Hanna: "Correct. Howja guess it?"

He looked her square between the eyes,
As her swan-like neck he stroked.
He knew that it was useless
But still he begged and coaxed.
But she did not move from where she sat,
It was useless of him to beg.
For she had done her duty once
And could not lay another egg.
A teacher was accused of sleeping on her watch.

"How could I sleep on my watch when it was at the pawnbroker's?" she triumphantly replied.

**Paul:** "The poor fish looks kinda musical."

**Roger:** "Perhaps a piano tuna."

The way these women dress, by heck!

Is certainly quite shocking.

They shove their compacts down their neck
And find them in their stocking.

**Aloha:** "What are you doing?"

**George:** "Keep quiet. I'm adding up figures in my head and every time I think of you, I add a zero."

The eternal triangle is usually caused by somebody not being on the square.

**Paul** (politely, on crowded train): "Is this seat engaged, Miss?"

**Young Miss** (coyly): "No, but I am."

**Mr. Sawyers** (sternly): "Sit down!"

**Scott** (impudently): "I won't do it!"

**Mr. Sawyers:** "Well stand up then, I will be obeyed."

**Rodman:** "Did you ever see an elephant's skin?"

**Eugene:** "Yes, I have."

**Rodman:** "Where?"

**Eugene:** "On an elephant!"

**Conductor** (on train): "Your fare."

**Sweet Young Thing:** "Oh, yes, I know it!"

**Mr. Pence** (in class): "If you had five dollars and I gave you five dollars more, what would you have?"

**Royal:** "A darn good time."

Mr. Pence once chalked on his notice board in school, "The Professor is unable to meet his classes to-morrow." A smart student removed the "c", leaving "lasses". When the professor returned, he noticed the new rendering. Equal to the occasion, the Professor (alias Amos Pence) quietly rubbed out the "I", and the notice read "The Professor is unable to meet his asses to-morrow."

**Overheard:** "You gave me the wrong paper, Barry. I will never ask you for another, Barry. Your sister, the elder Barry, would not have been such a goose, Barry. But you need not look so black, Barry, for I don't care a straw, Barry, and shan't re-ask you again till Xmas, Barry."

**Jack P.**: "What does Wicky have to stay in after school for?"

**Fitty:** "Miss Myers wants him to write some poetry."

**Jack:** "What does she think he is, a poet?"

**Roger:** "Have you got an extra cigarette for me?"

**Victor:** "Sure I got cigarettes to burn."

**Mundy:** "Why wasn't "Uncle Tom's Cabin" written by a man's hand?"

**Ralph:** "I don't know, why?"

**Mundy:** "Because it was written by Harriet Beecher's toe."

**Porfy:** "Wick, do you understand French?"

**Wick:** "Yes, if it's spoken in English."

**Steve:** "Where did you put my bass horn I just saw you with?"

**Russell:** "I lost it, Steve."

**Steve:** "Then I'll break every bone in your body with it if you don't find it."

**Mr. Greisenger:** "There will be a four-days' band rehearsal every evening this week except Sunday afternoon."

**Jack:** "Don't strike me. Is not one man as good as another?"

**Roger:** "Of course he is, and a great deal better."

**Butcher:** "Come, Bill, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

**Bill Bailey** (butcher's helper at "commy"): "All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Jones' leg."
Marion L.: “I wonder how old Miss Moore is.”
Mildred B.: “I don’t know, but some say she used to teach Caesar.”

Mundy: “Since you’re going to the States, are you going to buy a trunk?”
Dick: “What for?”
Mundy: “To put your clothes in.”
Dick: “And go naked? Not a bit of it.”

Tom Conley: “Let me and you and Ralph walk across the Isthmus to-day.”
Steve: “Aw, we couldn’t do it in a day. It’s more than 48 miles.”
Tom Conley: “That’s awright. That makes it only 16 miles apiece.”

WHY WORRY OVER EXAMS.

You have two alternatives—your teacher is either easy or hard. If he is easy, you have nothing to worry about; if he is hard, you have two alternatives—either you study hard or you bluff. If you study hard you don’t need to worry; if you bluff you have two alternatives—either your bluff works or it doesn’t. If it works, you don’t need to worry; if it doesn’t, you have two alternatives—either you are conditioned or you flunk. If you are conditioned, you don’t need to worry; if you flunk, you won’t have to worry any longer. Therefore, why worry?

Tourist (politely): “Am I half way to Gatun now?”
Donna: “Why, I don’t know. Where did you start from?”

Dick: “Man, I was fishing here all day and haven’t caught a thing. I guess it’s because my shrimp isn’t half trying.”

Miss Meyers: “Who was the first man, Tom?”
Tom Coley: “Washington, he was first in war, first in—.”
Miss Meyers: “No, No, Tom. Adam was the first man.”
Tom Coley: “Oh, if you’re talking of foreigners, I s’pose he was.”

Mike: “I can’t believe that story that Mr. Sawyers told about a man eating a wiener three feet long and six inches in diameter.”
Dike: “It sound like a lotta boloney to me.”

EXAMS.
Randolph Orbaugh, ’29.

(Before.)
“Oh Lord of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

(After.)
“The Lord of Hosts was with us not
For we forgot—for we forgot.”

What’s right (or wrong) with this picture?
THE CARIBBEAN.

AUTOGRAPH PAGE.

"Betty" Cunningham
Lilybel Cox
Kay Townshend
Zila Freeman
James Kendrew Albini 33
Alice Pommer 33
Joe Eelton 32
Frank Mc. Swag 32

Ed Albini, Black Pirate at your service.
Evelyn Tanzemuller
Helen Logan
Elaine Blauvelt '30
Construction.

Situation.—The Panama Canal connects the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the narrow Isthmus of Panama, where also the long Continental Divide, extending from Alaska to Magellan, dips to one of its lowest points. In ancient geologic periods there was a natural channel here, but later the land rose, and left the Isthmus as a barrier between the oceans. After centuries of erosion, with the formation of valleys on either side of the central ridge, the distance between shores at the place selected for the Canal was 34 miles. The lowest point on the Continental Divide was about 276 feet above sea level.

The route of the Canal, however, passed half a mile to the east of this point, the center line crossing the Divide at 312 feet above sea level. The lowest point in the saddle between Gold and Contractors Hills was 305 feet above sea level. The height of Gold Hill is 662 feet, that of Contractors Hill 410 feet.

Route of Canal.—The line of the Canal goes up the valley of the Chagres River on the Atlantic slope, passes through the ridge of the Continental Divide in the Gaillard Cut, and descends to the Pacific down the valley of the Rio Grande.

Following this route the Canal is 50.72 statute miles in length, the distance from shore line to shore line being 40.27 miles. The air-line distance from end to end of the Canal is 43.05 miles. The Atlantic entrance to the Canal is 33.52 statute miles north of and 27.02 miles west of the Pacific entrance.

The general plan of the Canal may be grasped quickly by reference to the map of the Canal Zone (see page 116) and the profile of the Canal on the following page.

Lakes and locks.—By building Gatun Dam across the valley of the Chagres, Gatun Lake was formed. It floods a great part of the valley and backs up against the Continental Divide. Its surface is 85 feet above the level of the sea at normal elevation, which made it possible to reduce by 85 feet the depth of the cutting necessary to make the channel between Gatun and Pedro Miguel, a distance of 31¼ miles.

The passage between the Atlantic Ocean and Gatun Lake is made by the 3 steps at Gatun Locks. On the Pacific side the passage between the summit level (Gatun Lake level) and the Pacific is made by means of Pedro Miguel Lock, Miraflores Lake, and Miraflores Locks. A set of 3 locks, to make the whole step at one time, would have been built on the Pacific side if it had been practicable to secure a site affording a firm rock foundation large enough to accommodate them.

Gatun Locks, including the approach walls, are 1 1/5 miles long; Pedro Miguel Lock, 5/6 of a mile; Miraflores Locks, slightly over 1 mile. Each of the twin chambers in every flight of locks has a usable length of 1,000 feet, and width of 110 feet and is about 70 feet deep. The Miraflores Locks have extra depth on account of the tidal variations in
the Pacific. The flights are duplicate or "double-barreled" and ships may be passed in opposite directions simultaneously.

Sections.—The sections between the Atlantic Ocean and Gatun Locks and the Pacific and Mirafloros Locks are at sea level. The Atlantic sea-level section is about 6 2/3 miles long. The length of channel within Gatun Lake from Gatun Locks to the north or Atlantic end of Gaillard (Culebra) Cut is 23 3/4 miles. The Cut is 8 miles long, extending from Gamboa to Pedro Miguel. The channel through Mirafloros Lake is a mile, and the length of the Pacific sea-level section is 8 miles.

Gatun Dam.—Gatun Dam is a long, low, broad ridge built across the valley of the Chagres where it passed through a gap, about 7 miles above the mouth of the river. It was built in 2 wings, extending from either side to an intermediate hill which rose near the center of the swampy stretch across the valley. The hill, being rock, was taken as the foundation for the concrete spillway. In building each wing, parallel ridges or "toes" of rock were dumped about half a mile apart, and the space between the ridges was filled with an impervious mixture of clay and sand. As the height increased the dumping of rock was carried inward, bringing the toes closer together; and gradually an artificial ridge was formed. The total amount of fill placed was approximately 23,000,000 cubic yards.

As completed, the two wings of Gatun Dam and the spillway have an aggregate length of 8,400 feet. Gatun Dam is nearly half a mile wide at the base, sloping gently to a width of 100 feet at the top. The top of the dam is 105 feet above sea level or 20 feet above the normal surface of the lake. The surface of the dam has been planted with grass and shrubbery and the two wings are the site of an 18-hole golf course.

Spillway.—To control the rise of the lake, Gatun Dam is provided with a spillway, through which excess water in the lake is wasted, flowing into the Atlantic through the old channel of the Chagres. The spillway dam, a structure of concrete, on which the 14 regulating gates are mounted, was built in the form of an arc of a circle and is 808 feet in length. The spillway discharge channel is 285 feet wide.

Hydroelectric station.—A hydroelectric station of 13,140 kilowatt capacity, with provision for future extension to 22,140 kilowatt capacity, has been erected at Gatun on the east bank of the
Note—Eleven gates only open.
spillway discharge channel and uses water from Gatun Lake for the generation of electricity. A high-voltage transmission line parallels the Panama Railroad across the Isthmus and distributes electric power to the various towns and locations for operation of locks, shops, water pumping stations, coaling stations, refrigerating plants and for various other industrial and general uses on the Canal Zone. A Diesel-electric generating station, located at Miraflores, is held in reserve.

**Gatun Lake:**—Gatun Lake has an area of 163.38 square miles with shore line of 1,100 miles, when its surface is at its normal elevation of 85 feet above sea level. It is the largest artificially formed lake in the world. The area of the watershed tributary to the lake is 1,320 square miles. The quantity of water in the lake at normal level is 183,136 million cubic feet, or 4,204,000 acre-feet.

**Miraflores Lake.—**Extends between Pedro Miguel Lock and Miraflores Locks, which are about a mile apart. Pedro Miguel Lock is at the Pacific end of the Cut (which is an artificial arm of Gatun Lake), and Miraflores Locks are at the inner end of the Pacific sea-level section. The normal surface elevation of Miraflores Lake is 54 feet above sea level, or 31 feet below the level of Gatun Lake and the Cut; its area is 1.60 square miles, its watershed 38.5 square miles, its capacity 878.5 million cubic feet. Gatun Lake has 102 times the area of Miraflores Lake and contains 208 times as much water.

Miraflores Lake has a spillway with 8 gates, similar to the 14 gates on the spillway of Gatun Lake.

**Width and depth of channel.—**The width of the Canal channel is 500 feet in the sea-level sections, from 500 to 1,000 feet in Gatun Lake, and not less than 300 feet in the Cut. It is 42 feet deep in the Atlantic sea-level section, from 85 to 45 feet deep in the lake section, including the Cut, and 45 feet deep at mean tide in the Pacific sea-level section.

**Tidal variations.—**The normal variation between high and low tide on the Atlantic side is about 1 foot; on the Pacific side it is about 12½ feet, with occasional ranges of 21 feet. The mean level of the Pacific at the Isthmus has been found to be about 8 inches higher than the mean level of the Atlantic. In the month of February the mean levels are the same; but throughout the rest of the year, on account of current, tidal, and wind influences the mean level of the Pacific ranges above that of the Atlantic; it is as much as 1 foot higher in October.

**Direction.—**Where the Canal is, the axis of the Isthmus runs from southwest to northeast. The Canal was built from northwest to southeast, almost at right angles to the strip of land, and the Pacific end of it is about 27 miles east of the Atlantic end.

**Aids to navigation.—**Both entrances to the Canal are protected by breakwaters. A thorough system of lights and buoys makes possible the use of the Canal at night as well as by day.

**Capacity.—**The Canal is capable of handling the largest ships in existence. The capacity of the present Canal the year around is estimated at approximately 48 ships of usual size per day or about 17,000 a year.

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The Panama Railroad extends between Colon and Panama on the eastern side of the Canal and is 47.61 miles long. A branch line extends from Colon to France Field (Army air station), Coco Solo (Naval base), and Fort Randolph, a distance of 5.59 miles. This line is now used for freight
service, without scheduled passenger service. The railroad as built in 1850-55 followed the course of the Chagres from Gatun to Gamboa, and was for the most part on the west side of the route of the Canal. With the building of the Canal it was necessary to relocate the railroad throughout practically its whole length.

The construction of the original railroad was done by an American company in the years of 1850 to 1855 under great difficulties; its completion antedated by 14 years the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in the United States. At that time gauges had not been standardized, and a width of 5 feet was adopted for the Panama Railroad. This gauge has been maintained since. The Railroad was an essential factor in the construction of the Canal, and is an important adjunct to its operation. It is equipped with 90-pound rails, rock-ballasted track, and automatic signals. It uses modern American rolling stock, including oil-burning locomotives.

FACILITIES FOR SHIPPING.

The completed Canal has been equipped not only for its own satisfactory operation but for assistance and supply to the ships traveling this way. It is an outpost of repair and supply in a section of the world otherwise not well equipped for the maintenance of modern vessels.

Coal, fuel oil, water.—The Canal has coaling plants of 700,000 tons combined capacity, which can load up to 1,500 tons an hour, as fast as the ships can receive the coal in their bunkers. The oil tanks, operated by oil companies as well as by the Canal, have storage for approximately 2,443,792 barrels of oil, including crude fuel oil, Diesel oil, and gasoline. The supply of pure water is practically unlimited. Most of it is drawn from Gatun Lake, filtered and purified and pumped to the towns and cities.

Stores, slaughterhouses, ice plants, hotels, etc.—In addition, the Government operates stores which handle all sorts of foodstuffs and supplies for the ships and their personnel. These supply 35,000 people on the Isthmus regularly, and have ample reserve stocks. Cold storage plants and a modern abattoir and packing-house are operated. Approximately 8,500 head of cattle, maintained on 42,000 acres of cleared pastures, are consumed annually. Two large ice plants supply the local demand and the ship trade. Thoroughly modern hotels, restaurants, hospitals, and laundries accommodate the traveling public as well as Government employees, including the Army and Navy forces stationed on the Isthmus.

Dry docks, repair shops, salvage equipment.—The repair facilities include a dry dock 1,000 feet long by 110 feet in width, with a depth over keel blocks at normal high tide of 43 feet, and a 300-foot dry dock for smaller vessels. The large dry dock is one of the largest in the world; it can receive any ship afloat. Extensive foundries and shops are operated in connection with the dry docks and have performed repair and manufacturing and construction work on a wide scale. Floating cranes, tug boats, and a salvage steamer assist in repair and salvage.

The Government has followed a policy of making the Canal route attractive as well as feasible and of coupling with it many features of assistance to shipping.

HISTORY.

Columbus.—Christopher Columbus visited the shores of Panama, on his fourth and last voyage, in 1502. He was then skirting the coast southward from Honduras to Venezuela, seeking "the secret of the strait" which should lead on to India. He turned into the beautiful harbor of Porto Bello, which he so named, and investigated the reaches of Limon Bay, now the Atlantic entrance of the Canal. Columbus died in the belief that he had reached Asia, and the hope of the secret strait persisted years after the discovery of the Pacific, in 1513, by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

Balboa.—Balboa crossed the Isthmus on a course about 100 miles to the southeast of the line of the Canal, and entered the Pacific in the Gulf of San Miguel, naming it that because he reached it on the day of St. Michael. Four hundred years later, almost to the day, on September 26, 1913, took place the first test operation of Gatun Locks.

Projects.—Following the discovery of the Pacific the search for the strait continued on both sides of the continent, resulting in the discovery of the Strait of Magellan (1520), but nothing closer to north latitudes. Leaders began then to talk of making a strait, and in 1529 Alvaro de Saavedra, a companion of Balboa in the discovery of the
Pacific and later one of Cortez's most persistent lieutenants in the search for the strait, prepared the first plans for a canal.

From that time it was an international hope; Spanish, French, British, and Americans through the centuries made surveys and developed projects. The project made an inescapable appeal to popular as well as commercial and naval imagination.

Construction.—The first actual work on the Canal was begun by the French on January 20,
1882, in excavation of Culebra Cut. This company operated until 1886. A reorganized company resumed operations in October, 1894, and continued work of varying extent until its rights and property were purchased by the United States under the authority of the Act of Congress of June 28, 1902. The American occupation of the Canal Zone began on May 4, 1904, and in the eleventh year after that the Canal was opened. The first ocean steamer passed through on August 3, 1914, and on August 15, 1914, the Canal was opened to commerce. The official and formal opening of the Canal was proclaimed by the President on July 12, 1920.

**Pirates and political disturbances.**—Features in the history of Panama, aside from those mentioned in connection with the Canal and the Panama Railroad, include the founding of the city of Panama (Old Panama) in 1519; the assaults on Nombre de Dios and Porto Bello by the British under Sir Francis Drake, in 1572; the capture of Porto Bello by buccaneers under Sir Henry Morgan, in 1668; and in 1671, the capture of Fort San Lorenzo, at the mouth of the Chagres River, by Morgan, who then crossed the Isthmus, going up the Chagres to Las Cruces and overland, and sacked the city of Panama; the founding of the present city of Panama, in 1673; the beginning of a Scotch colony on Calidonia Bay in 1698 by William Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England; the achievement of independence from Spain by Panama in the period from 1808 to 1821, under the leadership of Simón Bolívar, the Liberator; subsequent coalition with Colombia; various revolutions under the Colombian régime and the secession of November 3, 1903, by which the independence of Panama was established.

**Tolls and Revenues.**

**Rates.**—Tolls are levied on the net tonnage of the ships, which is the interior spaces which can be devoted to the carriage of cargo or passengers. The rate for laden ships is $1.20 per net ton, Panama Canal measurement, and the rate for ships in ballast, 72 cents per net ton; with the proviso that the amount collectible shall not exceed the equivalent of $1.25 per net ton as determined under the rules for registry in the United States, or be less than 75 cents per net ton on the same basis. Each “net ton” is 100 cubic feet or 2.83 cubic meters.

**Revenues and expenses.**—The investment in the Canal and its adjuncts is partly for National defense and partly commercial. For accounting purposes these items have been separated. The investment charged to National defense at the beginning of the fiscal year 1929 (stated in round figures) was $113,000,000 and that chargeable to commercial use $273,000,000. The latter figure may be considered the capital invested in the Canal in a commercial sense. The annual interest on this capital investment at 3 per cent (which is the rate on most of the bonds issued to cover Canal construction) would be $8,250,000. At 4 per cent it would be $11,000,000, and at 5 per cent, $13,750,000. The following figures of Canal expenses do not include such interest charge but do include a fixed annual charge of $350,000 for amortization of Canal fixed property having a life of 100 years and $6,535,000 covering depreciation at 2 per cent per annum on property having a life of less than 100 years, which together with interest at 3 per cent per year will provide for amortization of the investment or replacement of all items at the end of 100 years. In addition, the expenses include a further charge of approximately $750,000 per year for depreciation of Canal equipment.

For the first four years of operation the revenues were less than the actual expenses of operation, due largely to slides in Gaillard Cut. In the later years revenues have exceeded the cost of operation and maintenance. To June 30, 1928, the operating expenses for the Canal proper amounted to approximately $104,000,000, and the revenues to over $196,000,000, of which $193,018,936.71 was for tolls alone. In addition, the operating expenses of certain auxiliary business units amounted to over $159,500,000.

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*Steamer in Gaillard Cut, near Goold Hill.*
more, against business revenues of over $166,000,000. The excess of total earnings over total expenses at the beginning of the fiscal year 1929, stood at $98,915,439.82. But as previously explained, this figure does not include at least $8,250,000 annual interest on the commercial investment which must be taken into consideration in comparing the Canal with a commercial enterprise. For the 14-year period at simple interest this charge would now amount to $115,500,000, and applying the $98,900,000 operating surplus against this charge would still leave a deficit of $16,600,000, and at compound interest the deficit would be considerably more.

The total earnings of The Panama Canal during the fiscal year closed June 30, 1928, were $44,105,292.92, of which tolls amounted to $26,943,513.11. The corresponding expense of operation and maintenance including depreciation, but exclusive of interest on the commercial capitalization, was $25,143,728.63, leaving net revenues of $18,961,564.29, which is over twice the annual interest figure and leaves a surplus of approximately $10,700,000 to be applied to wipe out the deficit of previous years.

The greatest amount of tolls earned in any one month was $2,502,815.12, in January, 1929.

Cost of tolls per ton of cargo.—Tolls are not levied on the nature of the cargo carried, but on the capacity of the ship. The cost per ton of cargo for sending a ship through the Canal varies, accordingly, with the nature of the ship and the quantity carried; the lowest cost per ton has been 21.46 cents, on a cargo carrier heavily laden with iron ore, and from this figure it ranges upward. The average for bulk cargoes is approximately 65 cents per ton of 2,240 pounds.

Saving 3 2/3 to 6 days at sea pays toll.—If the cost of operating a ship be taken at 20 cents per net ton a day (and this, of course, varies greatly as among ships, depending on the vessel and the route over which she is operating), the cost of the tolls on laden ships is equivalent to about 6 days of operation at sea. On such an assumption, other considerations being equal, if a ship saves over 6 days in her voyage by using the Canal it is profitable to come this way. Translated into distance, a 10-knot ship, traveling 240 nautical miles a day, will gain by using the Canal if it shortens the distance by 1,440 miles. On the same basis, a ship in ballast can profit by using the Canal if it saves 3 2/3 days.

DISTANCES SAVED.

The reason for the Canal is the reduction it effects in distances at sea. The following are representative savings of distances through its use:

From New York.—Between New York and San Francisco the distance of 13,135 nautical miles by way of the Strait of Magellan has been reduced to 5,262 miles by the Canal; the saving is 7,873 miles, or three-fifths. From New York to Valparaiso the reduction by use of the Canal is 3,747 miles; to Callao 6,250 miles; to Guayaquil, 7,405 miles; to Wellington, N. Z., 2,822 miles; to Yokohama, 3,357 miles.

From Liverpool—From Liverpool to San Francisco the distance by the way of the Strait of Magellan, 13,502 miles, has been reduced to 7,836 miles by the Canal, a saving of 5,666 miles. The distance saved on the voyage to Valparaiso is 1,540 miles; to Callao, 4,043 miles; to Honolulu 4,403 miles; to Wellington, New Zealand, 1,366 miles.

The chart on the following page illustrates graphically some of the reductions of distances by the use of the Canal.

TRAFFIC TO JANUARY 1, 1929.

To January 1, 1929, tolls-paying traffic, through the Canal had aggregated 50,018 vessels.
of 281,843,525 gross registered tons, 218,869,099 Panama Canal net tons; tolls paid amounted to $206,670,023.06. For the five years ended December 31, 1928, such traffic averaged 5,501 vessels, $24,139,740.29 tolls, 27,136,716 tons of cargo per year. In these 5 years ships of 29 nationalities passed through the Canal; American ships were almost 47 per cent of the total, British slightly over 27 per cent. About 38 per cent of the cargo was in the United States intercoastal trade.

United States Government and other nontoll-paying vessels.—In addition to the commercial traffic noted above, to January 1, 1929, there had been 4,451 transits of vessels passing through the Canal without payment of tolls, exclusive of craft in the service of the Canal. These were principally United States Government vessels, but also include vessels owned by the Governments of Panama and Colombia, and vessels transiting the Canal solely for the purpose of dry-docking and undergoing repairs at Balboa shops.

Total transits through the Canal other than Canal floating equipment, numbered 54,469 to the end of business on December 31, 1928.

Organization.

Establishment.—The organization for the operation and maintenance of the Canal and the government of the Canal Zone, as at present constituted, was established by the President in conformity with the provision of the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912. Authority is vested in a Governor as head of the organization known as The Panama Canal. The Governor is also President of the Panama Railroad. The Panama Canal is an independent establishment in the Government service, directly under the President; but as a matter of executive arrangement, the Secretary of War represents the President in the administration of Canal affairs.

Organization on the Isthmus.—The organization on the Isthmus includes a number of departments and divisions in charge of the various activities, as follows:

Department of Operation and Maintenance, including the Marine Division, Mechanical Division, Dredging Division, Section of Lock Operation, Electrical Division, Division of Municipal Engineering, Fortifications Division, and several sections; the Supply Department, made up of the Quartermaster section, Subsistence section, Commissary Division, Cattle Industry and Plantations, and Hotel Washington; the Accounting Department; the Health Department; the Executive Department, and the Panama Railroad.

Offices in United States.—The Panama Canal has an office in Washington, D. C., and the Panama Railroad Company has an office at 24 State Street, New York.

Force.—The operation of the Canal and Railroad and their extensive adjuncts requires under present conditions a force of approximately 3,150 Americans known as "gold" employees and 12,500 "silver" or alien employees.

Special Information for Convenience of Visitors.

Railroad.—The Panama Railroad extends between Panama and Colon, with way stations at Mount Hope, Fort Davis, Gatun, Represo (flag), Monte Lírio, Frijoles, Darien, Gamboa, Obispo (flag), Summit, Pedro Miguel, Red Tank, Fort Clayton, Corozal, and Balboa. There are three regular daytime passenger trains each way every week day, leaving Colon at 7:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m., and 4:30 p. m., and Panama at 7:05 a. m., 12:20 p. m., and 4:35 p. m. On Sundays the noon train in each direction is omitted, trains leaving Colon at 9:20 a. m. and
THE CARIBBEAN.
4.00 p.m., and Panama at 7.05 a.m. and 6.15 p.m. The schedule is subject to change.

The time for crossing the Isthmus by train is 1 hour and 45 minutes. The distance is 48 miles. The fare is 5 cents a mile, first-class, or 2½ cents a mile, second-class; the one-way passage, Colon to Panama, or Panama to Colon, is $2.40, first-class; and $1.20 second class.

_Hotels._—The Hotel Washington in Colon (with 88 rooms) and the Hotel Tivoli (222 rooms) in Ancon, overlooking the city of Panama, are operated by the United States Government. They are operated on the European plan, with both _a la carte_ and _table d'hote_ restaurant service. Rates for rooms are: Per person, $4.00 to $12.00 per day at the Tivoli; $4.00 to $10.00 per day at the Washington.

There are several privately owned and operated hotels in the cities of Panama and Colon which are considered first-class.

_Restaurants._—In addition to the restaurants of the Washington and Tivoli Hotels, contractors operate restaurants, primarily for Government employees, in Cristobal, Pedro Miguel, Balboa, and Ancon, which are open to the public. These restaurants are open in general, from 5.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.; and that at Cristobal is open continuously.

There are various hotels, restaurants, and lunch rooms in the cities of Colon and Panama.

_Comicissaries._—The retail commissary stores in the various Canal Zone villages are solely for Government employees, and sales may not be made to the general public, except to those individuals to whom the privilege of purchasing there is extended on request of the Government of Panama.

_Currency._—United States paper and coin are the currency in the Canal Zone and the terminal cities, the Panaman currency having almost disappeared from circulation. Prices, however, may be quoted either in “gold” (United States currency) or “silver” in which the peso of Panama (worth half a dollar or half a “Balboa”) is the basis. “Silver” prices are exactly twice the equivalent gold prices; thus “a dollar silver” is equivalent to 50 cents in United States currency. Standard “Traveler’s checks” are cashed at the hotels and banks.

_Automobile and coach fares_ are established on a system of zones. The base fare for one adult passenger within any zone is 15 cents and 15 cents more for each additional zone entered. When more than one passenger is carried the additional charge for each extra passenger is 50 per cent of the charge for one passenger, provided that such additional charge is not less than 10 cents for each extra passenger. Between 12 midnight and 6 a.m., charges may be increased by 50 per cent.

At the Atlantic terminus the charge for one passenger from the pier to the railroad station is 15 cents; to the Hotel Washington, 30 cents. Between the railroad station and the Washington the base fare is 15 cents. At the Pacific end the charge for one passenger from the pier to the railroad station at Balboa is 15 cents; to the Hotel Tivoli, 30 cents. The base fare between the Tivoli and the railroad station in Panama or in Balboa is 15 cents.

Details of the charges, with maps showing the zones, and hourly rates are presented in a pamphlet which the operator of a passenger vehicle for hire is required to have with him.

_Street car fares._—The fare on the street car system of Panama is 5 cents within each fare zone. From Balboa to the city line is one zone; within the city proper is another; the third zone begins at the bull ring and comprises the remainder of the system.

_Communication._—A complete telephone system covers the Canal Zone and the cities of Panama and Colon. The All-America Cables have stations in Balboa, Cristobal, and Panama, and in all Panama Railroad stations. Radio stations handling commercial business are located at each end of the Canal; messages may be sent through Panama Railroad stations. Eleven United States post offices are operated in the Canal Zone, on the system of the United States Post Office Department and in close cooperation with it. United States postage stamps are not valid in Canal Zone or Panama post offices.

_Canal villages_, built in the Canal Zone near the terminals and locks, contain quarters for employees, and necessary public buildings. Each principal village has its community clubhouse, commissary store, school, churches, dispensary for medical service, restaurant, lodge halls, etc. All the industrial life is controlled by the Government, which has acquired the title to all land within the Zone. Prior to January 1, 1922,
only people connected with the operation and protection of the Canal were permitted to live in the Canal Zone. Since then areas have been licensed for agricultural purposes.

Army and Navy forces.—Army forces are stationed at both ends of the Canal—Fort Sherman, Fort Randolph, and Fort de Lesseps at the Atlantic end, and Fort Amador at the Pacific end—and at Fort Davis, near Gatun; Fort Clayton, near Mira Flores Locks; and Corozal. There is an aviation station at France Field and a naval air station and submarine base at Coco Solo, near Colon. Naval vessels are frequently in Canal waters, averaging about 45 a month.

Most of the posts, with the exception of the batteries may be visited.

Health conditions.—Sanitation and municipal engineering have made the cities of Panama and Colon and the Canal Zone towns as healthful for the traveler as the United States or Europe. The water supply is pure.

Weather on the Isthmus is continuous summer. The highest shade temperature recorded has been 98° Fahrenheit, the lowest 59°. January to April is the dry season, with very little rain. The rest of the year there is rainfall averaging about 40 minutes of the daylight time per day. Ten days in a month, as an average, have less than 1/100th of an inch of rainfall. The maximum rainfall recorded in 24 hours is 12.25 inches.

Hospitals.—The Panama Canal has modern hospitals in Colon and Ancon. There are modern private hospitals in Colon and Panama.

Amusements.—Motoring, swimming, boating, hunting, fishing, riding, dancing, golf, baseball, visiting the Canal and historic spots, the theater, horse racing, bull fighting, boxing, tennis and participation in the native fiestas are among the most usual diversions. The presence of large Army and Navy forces adds to the gaiety of social life.

Clubhouses.—The Panama Canal maintains clubhouses for its American employees at Cristobal and at Balboa near the docks and also at Ancon, Pedro Miguel, and Gatun. Travelers are welcomed at these clubhouses, and are invited to make use of the refreshment rooms, soda fountains, reading rooms, writing tables, and amusement facilities, such as bowling, billiards and pool, tennis, basket ball, volley ball, and moving pictures. Information is supplied, free telephone service is available, and money is changed; souvenirs, post cards, and camera supplies are sold, and developing and printing done. Fresh water swimming pools are operated in connection with the clubhouses at Balboa and Pedro Miguel. A boat house is also operated at Balboa, where fishing parties may be accommodated.

Language.—Spanish is the official language of Panama and visitors who use it find through it greater intimacy with the people of Panama; but English is well-nigh universal in the Canal Zone, is the predominant language in Colon, and readily understood and spoken by the majority of business people in Panama. In the hotels the staffs speak English and Spanish.

Steamship connections.—Lines of passenger vessels passing through the Canal or calling at its terminal ports afford direct connections for Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States, the Pacific coast of South America, Central America, and Mexico, Atlantic ports of the northern and eastern part of South America, many of the West Indies, various European countries, and Australia, New Zealand, and the Far East.
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