

1925



THE  
ZONIAN



1925

## FOREWORD

The fresh green of our courtyard, the cool grandeur of our building, the spacious balconies with their refreshing breezes, the kindly help of our teachers, the gay students, the healthy bustle of our working hours, the ringing echoes of our laughter, the tender sweetness of our friendships— if this book has caught a glimmer of these things, then we, turning its pages in the long years to come, may find the old sweet memories of school days drifting back again; and you, our friends, who read this book, will live again with us the happy hours spent in old B. H. S.



# THE ZONIAN

Vol. XVI

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE, 1925

No. 1

PUBLISHED BY THE BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL



## Dedication.

*To Miss Grace Sherman*

who for three years has given us her untiring efforts and loving kindness, we, the Senior Class of 1925, do gratefully dedicate our annual, THE ZONIAN.

*The Senior Class, '25.*



BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL.

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### Zonian Staff



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### EDITORIALS

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

*Dorothy Eastman, '25.*

Long years ago, the inhabitants of a tiny village determined to build a cathedral. Since most of the villagers were very poor, they decided to build it with their own hands, each doing the thing for which he was best fitted. It was to be a beautiful building that would be an inspiration through all the centuries to come, for the building of which the simple villagers had both vision and courage.

There were some who were masons, skilled in their trade, who undertook the task of carving the huge pillars that were to uphold the roof. Others prepared the foundation stones. As much skill was necessary for the doing of this well as was needed for the carved pillars. One old man, skilled in the art of carving, spent the remaining years of his life in chiseling the delicate traceries which were to adorn the altar. Rich ores were brought out from the depths of the earth and melted, beaten out, and fashioned into vessels and wonderful lamps. Painters set to work on paintings depicting religious scenes, and spent their days in labor and their nights in prayer for inspiration for their work. The women spent many hours collecting rare dyes and rare textures, weaving the results of the combination together in intricate patterns to form the beautiful tapestries for the walls. It took a lifetime to make one of these tapestries. Those who could not labor gave money or encouraged the workers. All had some part in the building of the great church. Each gave the best that was in him according to the talent that he possessed.

Time passed; the old man engaged in carving the altar, died; but his son, following his trade, took up the task where his father left off; the same with the other workers on the huge edifice. Generation after generation passed, each giving their lives to the great undertaking, until at last there came a day when the people, with prayer and thanksgiving in their hearts, saw that the great building was finished; their labor was ended. How beautiful it was! How deep and lasting its foundation with every stone selected with care! How sturdy and grand the pillars on which the rays of the sun glanced off each morning! What intricate carvings covered the altar! How wonderful its tapestries of deep, warm colors, its paintings and its ornaments and lamps of precious metals! It was indeed beautiful; it was a thing to endure through the centuries. People came from far and near to worship, drawn by the very beauty of it.

Similarly, deep within each one of us, however poor our lives may seem, there lies some latent talent, some worthy gift that we may leave the world in passing. Scorn not your talent. It is worth a lifetime's effort to find it; it is worth a lifetime's effort to develop it and thus give the best that is in you, to life. Dream your dreams! Have your vision! See the purpose in your life! Build into this beautiful structure of life what you alone can give. It takes great daring and unquenchable courage. Yes, but you have them! Withold not your gift!

## WHAT IS YOUR GOAL?

*Florence Robinson, '25.*

Off to school, then to class, then to lunch. What a monotonous routine! It is so, but have we stopped to think that our best days are our school days? Do we consider that the habits we are forming now will undoubtedly stay with us for the rest of our lives? Do we realize that our character is in its making during our school days? All these seem trifles now, but what will they develop into? What man is there that has risen to any great height who has not a life and character worthy of careful observation on our part? There is none, and should we go deeper we shall find that all these men had a definite goal. What would our ships at sea do if they did not have a certain course? Our lives would be like ships without a course. It would be as though we were going around in a circle, each time becoming more and more bewildered.

We should choose our goal and put forth our best efforts to attain it. It has been said that the best way to keep young is to have some ambition yet to complete. This stimulates us, making us forget the time. It is the rich that are generally the most discontented. They have all that money can buy, everything their heart may demand. Then why are they discontented? The answer is that they have everything done for them; therefore time hangs heavy on their hands. They do not know what to do with it. They chase after artificial pleasure, forgetting that the greatest joys in life come from the simple, natural pleasures.

## SHIPS.

*Dorothy Eastman, '25.*

On life's wide sea  
We take a trip;  
'Tis ours to choose  
The kind of ship  
In which to take our voyage long.  
Take heed, you build your own ship  
strong.

Life's an ocean journey; a perilous journey, for many dangers beset the way; wandering icebergs, hidden shoals—all conspire to wreck the fair vessel in which all our hopes are centered. What is our destination? What do we hope to find at the end of our journey? The harbor of worth-while manhood

and womanhood. Build your boat strong that you may resist all the winds of life and reach the harbor safely.

There are some who spend time and money on beautiful wood for the bow and stern of their vessel. The outer appearance is the chief thing in their minds, so they buy such expensive woods for the fittings of the ship that cheap timber must be used for the beams and ribs of the boat. These boats are hardly ever heard of again after they sail, for they were not built to face the tempests.

Others, pleasure bent, spend their time in amusement and idleness while the timber warps in the sun until it is no longer fit for use. If their captains delay too long they can build no ship whatsoever, but must be content to cruise about on a rude raft, never daring to venture toward the far-off harbor because of the unseaworthiness of their craft.

But there are other captains who know the difficulty of the way to the harbor of worth-while manhood and womanhood, who realize the dangers of the reef and the false lights of wreckers along the shore; and these captains and builders form the beams and ribs of their boat of stoutest pine, that most enduring of woods. The boat is built with care, there are no moments of rest and idleness during which the elements can destroy the work already done. No; there is no rest until the ship is complete. Strong and sure of himself and the boat, the captain sails forth. How strange it is that his boat, on which no time was spent in making it beautiful, should seem far more beautiful than the useless boats built with rare woods from the Orient, the boats that fail to reach port. There is beauty in its strength, and almost grandeur in its simplicity. With his chart in hand, the captain sails the sea of life. He avoids its dangers and when, through some mischance, he sees an iceberg before him or feels the grasp of a sand bar, the strength of his ship enables him to come through the ordeal unchanged; and with sails flying he reaches his harbor at last.

Our characters are our ships; they are what we make them, seaworthy or unseaworthy. Build them strong; avoid evil that you may weather the storms of life. Do not carve and ornament your ship with the intricate fabrications of falsehood. While you carve, worms may be eating the ribs and boring holes in the bottom of your vessel.

Be honest, for honesty is the mast of pine, holding the sail which catches the wind and makes the voyage possible. Build the beams and ribs of Self-reliance and Dependability, qualities which are necessary to a good life. Keep your craft clean with Pure Thought and Clean Living. If decorations are necessary, ornament your ship with the carvings of "Good Deeds" and "Kindliness;" for these are a credit to the captain. Above all, anchor your ship in time of trouble with "Friendliness," calk the seams with "Temperance," and rivet the timbers together with "Thoughtfulness" and "Unselfishness;" and you will be sure to reach that harbor toward which we all are straining, the harbor of Wholesome Manhood and Womanhood.

So, on in your ship  
O'er the sea of life!  
Of the shoals and the reefs beware!  
There are lighthouses  
All along the way  
For the ship that is built with care.

## HABITS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

*Agnes McDade, '25.*

Education is a preparation for life. No matter what course we pursue, be it science, mathematics, business, or languages—whatever the course, it is to prepare us for life.

"The man makes the habits, and then the habits make the man." We have all heard this saying, and we all know what it means, but how many heed the hidden warning of the words?

It is in school that we form the lasting habits of life. We do our work well, neatly, carefully; or we do it slovenly, and in a haphazard way; and our manner of doing things in school sticks to us.

If we are careful of all our school work we will be careful of our work after school. Care, tidiness, neatness, accuracy, and speed are the leading qualities that insure success. By forming the habits of these qualifications in school, we prepare ourselves for inevitable success in life.

## WORKING A WAY OUT OF POVERTY.

*Frances Greene, '26.*

As Edward Bok says: Poverty is one of the best things in the world to experience, but not to stay in permanently. It seems a rather hopeless

task for a boy, born to poverty and want and lacking an education, to rise out of his environment to prosperity. It can be done, however; a fact that has been proved by countless thousands.

Ambition is the first requirement for such a change. An inner fire must urge one on. It may be for ourselves or someone else, but the incentive and the will to do must be there. One must overcome difficulties with an "I can," instead of submitting with a weak, "I can't," at the first sign of opposition.

The second requirement is persistence in perfecting any work one may do, and getting ready for more important work. It is not enough to do your work well; you must do it better than anyone else. Look for the opportunity of learning more. Prepare yourself to be able to take over the work of the man higher up, at a minute's notice.

The third requirement is education. In any big city there are always night schools to be attended. Put a good share of your leisure in study, for it will pay. Not only do you learn the rudiments of knowledge in school, but you learn the latest business methods. Read. Read all you can of any kind of paper, book, or magazine which has useful material in it. Try to get books that will improve your English, and observe what you read. Try to make friends of people that have an education or people that have knowledge which will be of use to you.

If a person honestly desires to better himself he can, despite impediments.

## THE STUDENT'S CREED.

*Leon Weiss, '25.*

I believe that education is the foundation of greatness, and that it results in the progress of Civilization and Humanity.

I believe that the school is the basis on which a nation's greatness, enterprise, and advancement is achieved.

I believe that the progress of the United States in the past few hundred years has been fostered, guarded, and developed by the persistent search for knowledge.

I believe that the ambition of Americans should be to acquire an excellent education.

I believe that knowledge is power, and that only with education can the building of a nation be perpetuated.



## Faculty.



BERNARD L. BOSS.  
*Principal.*

HELEN L. CURRIER.  
Minnesota.  
A. B., University of Minnesota.  
*Supervisor of Public School Music.*

MYRTLE A. DOLAN.  
Nebraska.  
Nebraska Wesleyan University.  
Gregg Normal School, Chicago, Illinois.  
*Commercial Subjects.*

LESTER S. FLINT.  
Massachusetts.  
B. S., Tufts College.  
*Mathematics.*

OLGA J. FROST.  
Canal Zone.  
A. B., Mount St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson.  
*Spanish and French.*

GARNET V. GROVER.  
Kansas.  
B. S., Kansas State Agricultural College.  
*Household Arts.*

NELLIE HOPKINS.  
South Dakota.  
A. B., State University of South Dakota.  
Post Graduate Work, Columbia University.  
*English and Latin.*

THOS. R. KING.  
Wisconsin.  
Beloit College, Wisconsin.  
Stout Institute, Wisconsin.  
University of Wisconsin, Wisconsin.  
*Supervisor, Industrial Arts.*

ULVA L. LAWS.  
Ohio.  
A. B., Wesleyan University.  
*Spanish.*

HELEN C. SANDFORD.  
New York.  
A. B., Syracuse University.  
Post Graduate Work, Columbia University.  
*English.*

GRACE L. SHERMAN.  
Ohio.  
A. B., Ohio University.  
Post Graduate Work, University of California.  
*History.*

VERNA STEEN.  
Minnesota.  
Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota.  
Rasmussen Business College, Minnesota.  
*Commercial Subjects.*

MYRTLE M. WHALEY.  
Washington.  
A. B., University of Washington.  
Post Graduate Work, Columbia University.  
*English and Commercial Subjects.*

MARGARET MARY WOOD.  
Vermont.  
B. Ped., University of Wyoming.  
B. S., University of Washington.  
A. M., Columbia University.

## SENIORS.

*President.*—DOROTHY EASTMAN.  
*Vice President.*—DOUGLAS CROSS.  
*Secretary.*—JAMES BURGOON.  
*Treasurer.*—JOHN TATOM.

*Class Advisor.*—MISS SHERMAN.

*Class Flower.*—Cosmos.

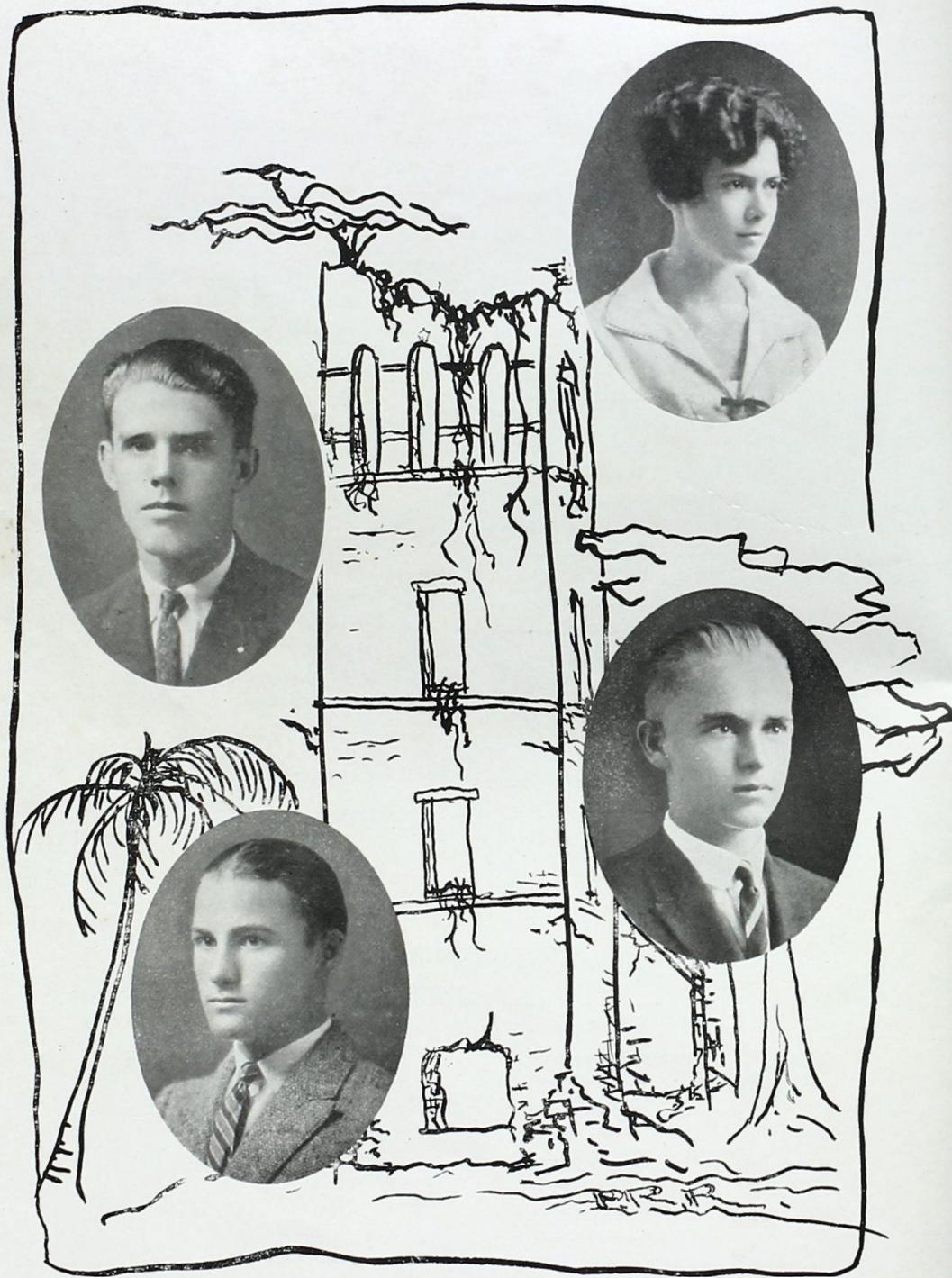
*Class Colors.*—Blue and yellow.

*Class Motto.*—Adelante, siempre adelante!

ALLEN, WILLIAM	LOCKEN, MARYON
AYERS, ELEANOR	MANLEY, ELIZABETH
BETZ, THERRESSA	MCDADE, AGNES
BRENEMAN, RUTH	OLIVER, ALICE
BROWN, KATHARINE	PEACE, MARY
BURGOON, JAMES	RIGBY, CAROL
CLEMENTS, RALPH	ROBINSON, FLORENCE
CROSS, DOUGLAS	SCHROYER, OLIVER
DE YOUNG, RENA	STANZIOLA, NICHOLAS
DURAN, PAUL	SULLIVAN, PAUL
EASTMAN, DOROTHY	TATOM, JOHN
FRANKLIN, LUCIE	TONNESON, FLORENCE
GERRANS, EARLE	TROWBRIDGE, EDITH
GRAFF, CONSTANCE	WAINIO, ETHEL
GREGORY, GEORGE	WEISS, LEON
GRIMISON, HELENE	WOODRUFF, JAMES
HAMMER, IDA RUTH	WOODRUFF, MARGARET
HARDEVELD, JACOB VAN	ZIDBECK, JULIA
KOCHER, LORETTA	

## SPECIALS.

ALEGRE, MERCEDES	GREENE, ESTHER
ATTAWAY, MRS. E. F.	HAMONS, OPAL
BANTON, MARGERY	MCGRATH, ELOUISE
BICKFORD, ANNA	REEDER, KATHLEEN
COOPER, ETHEL H.	ROBESON, ZELLA
DWYER, FRANCES	ROBINSON, VIRGINIA
DWYER, KATHLEEN	ROSENDALL, ELIZABETH
FISHER, ESTHER	SEIFERT, MRS. C. N.
FURR, PAUL	SUDRON, VERA
GARWOOD, KATHERINE	WHITLOCK, ANDREW
GOLDEN, MARJORIE	WRIGHT, LAWRENCE
GRANT, MRS. ISABEL R.	



DOROTHY EASTMAN.

California.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

- 1923-24-25—Class President.
- 1923—Editor of Sophomore Souvenir.
- 1924—Assistant Business Manager of ZONIAN.
- 1925—Editor of ZONIAN.
- 1924—Dramatic Club.
- 1923—Declamatory Contest.
- 1924-25—Glee Club and Orchestra.
- 1925—Senior Play.
- 1922-23-24-25—School Programs.

JOHN DOUGLAS CROSS.

Maryland.

"Silence is the perfect herald of joy;  
I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

- 1922-23—Stag Club.
- 1923—Basket ball.
- 1924—Class Vice President.
- 1924—Baseball.
- 1925—Class Vice President.
- 1925—Basket ball.

JAMES F. BURGOON.

Pennsylvania.

"The first of his own merit makes his own way."

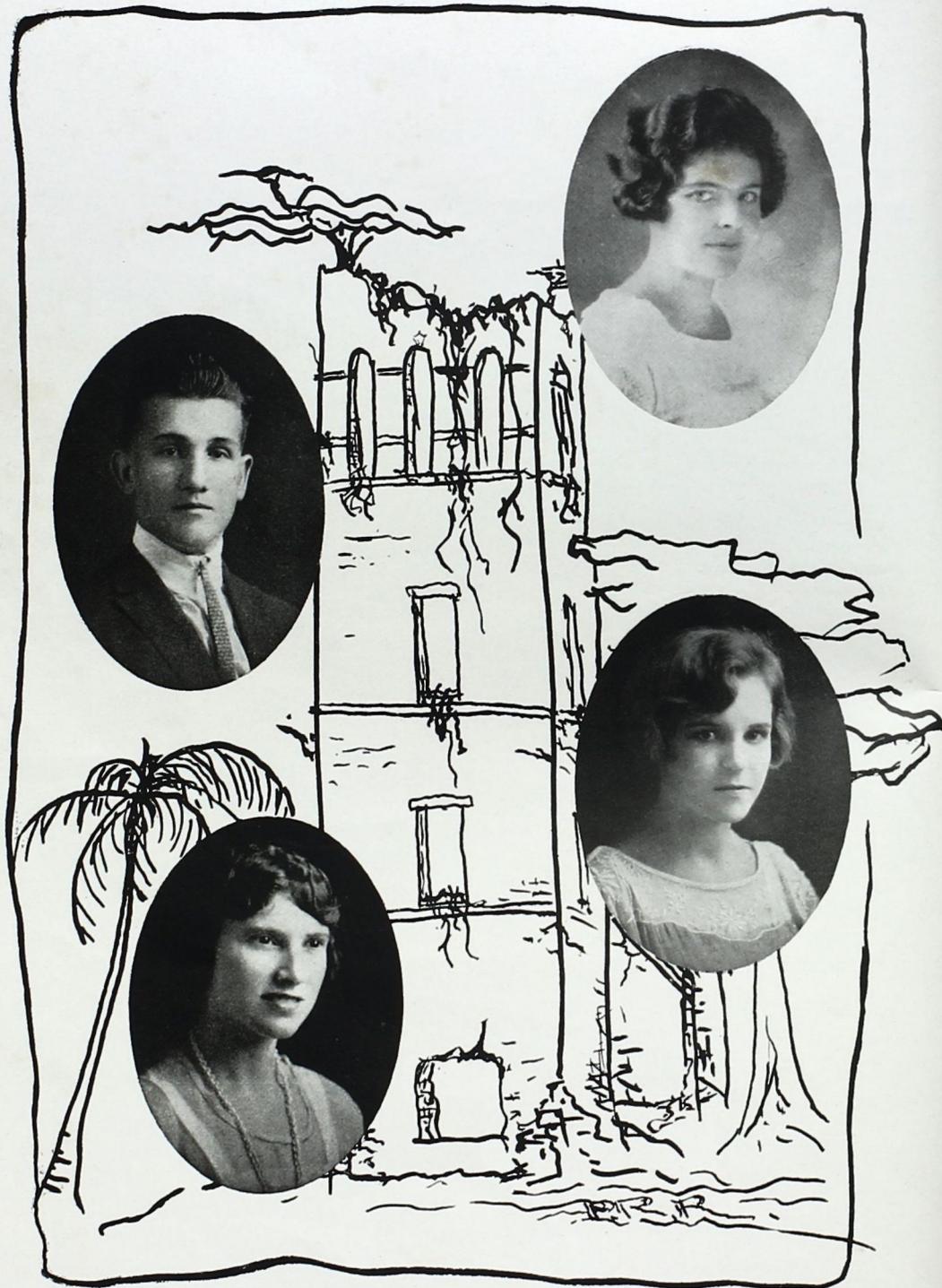
- 1922-23—Cristobal High School.
- 1924—Baseball and Basket ball.
- 1924—Swimming.
- 1925—Class Secretary.
- 1925—Track and Swimming.
- 1925—Baseball Manager and Baseball Team.
- 1925—Business Manager of ZONIAN.
- 1925—Captain of Basket ball team
- 1925—Play Committee.

JOHN FLETCHER TATOM.

Florida.

"A lion among the ladies is a most dreadful thing."

- 1922—Pensacola High School.
- 1923—"The Ghost Story."
- 1923—"The Glory of the World."
- 1923—Business Manager of Sophomore Souvenir.
- 1924—Class Secretary and Treasurer.
- 1925—Class Treasurer.
- 1925—Senior Play.



KATHARINE BROWN.

Connecticut.

"As the west winds, that passing cool and sweet  
O'er desert places, leaves them fields and flowers."

1922—Schenactady High School  
1923-24-25—Glee Club.  
1923—Musical Ten.  
1923—Dramatic Club.  
1925—Orchestra.

JACOB ARNOLD VAN HARDEVELD.

Nebraska.

"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more  
is none."

1922-23-24—Phoenix Union High School.  
1925—Gypsies.  
1925—ZONIAN Program.  
1925—Senior Play.

ANNA JULIA ZIDBECK.

New York.

"Within her tender eyes  
The heaven of April with its changing light."

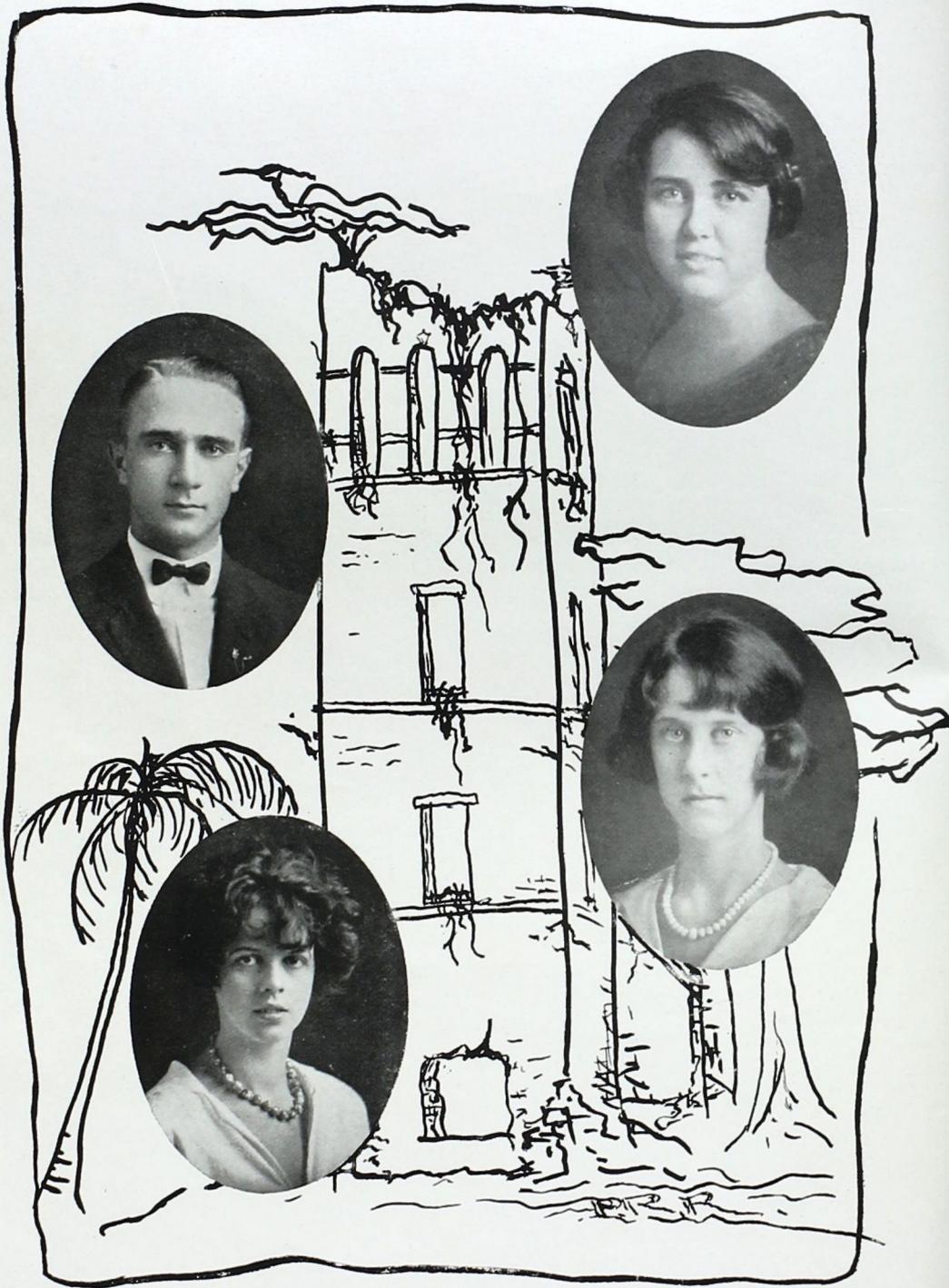
1922—Swimming.  
1922—Basket ball.

FLORENCE ROBINSON.

Pennsylvania.

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

1922—Freshman Play.  
1925—Supper Club.



AGNES McDADE.

New Jersey.

"Knowledge is power."

- 1922—"School Days."
- 1923—"The Glory of the World."
- 1923—"The Shamrock Minstrels."
- 1923—Society Editor of Sophomore Souvenir.
- 1923—Declamatory Contest.
- 1924—Exchange Editor of ZONIAN.
- 1925—Literary Editor of ZONIAN.
- 1925—Senior Play.
- 1925—Valedictorian.

A. EARLE GERRANS.

California.

"Give us some music."

- 1922—Orchestra.
- 1923—Orchestra.
- 1924—ZONIAN Program.
- 1924—Piano.
- 1924—Basket ball and Tennis.
- 1925—Piano.
- 1925—Baseball.

MARGARET STAFFORD WOODRUFF.

New York.

"Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,  
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend."

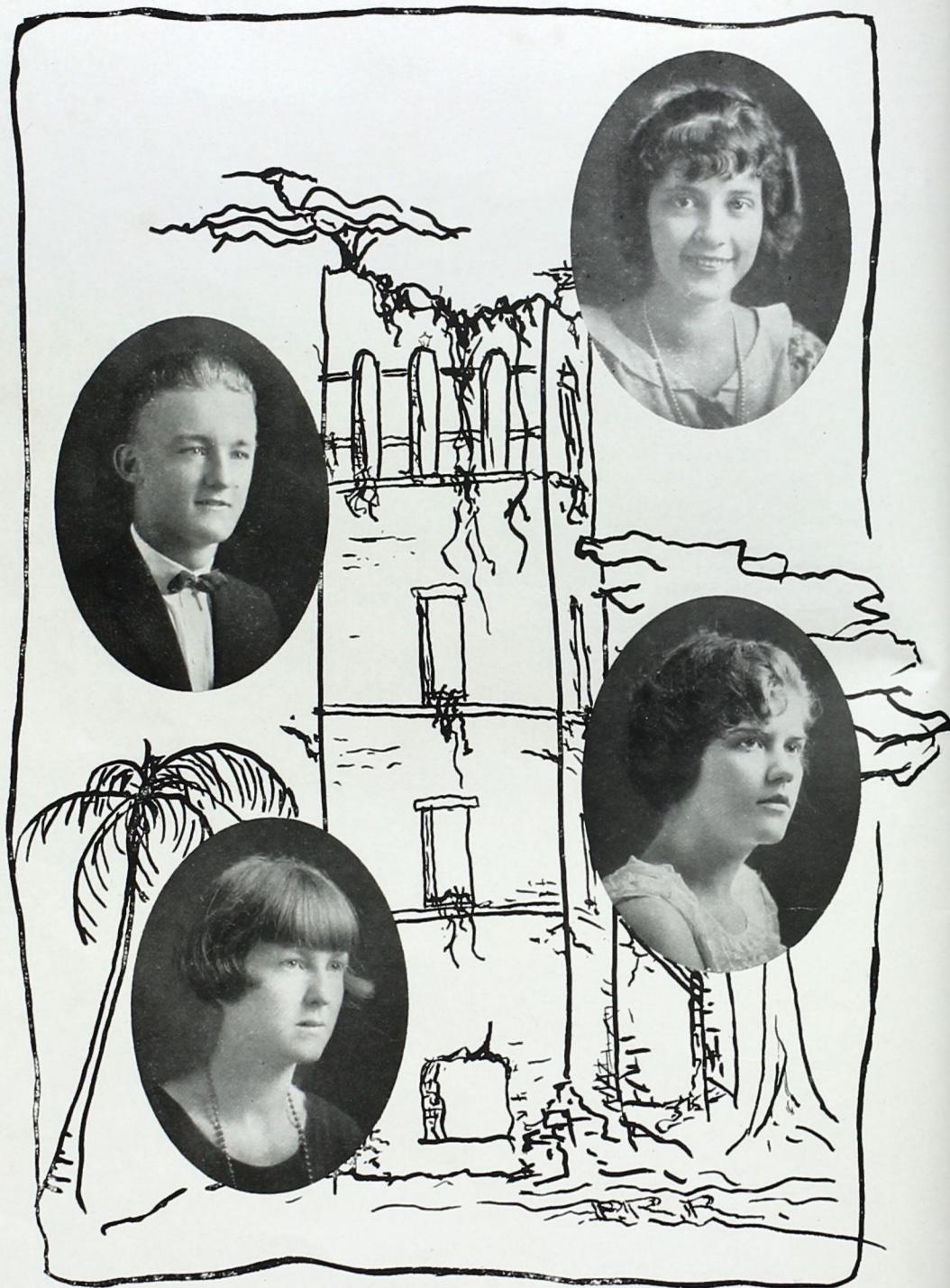
- 1922-23-24—Holton Arms School.
- 1925—ZONIAN Program.

LUCIE WRIGHT FRANKLIN.

Washington, D. C.

"For this is wisdom—to love—to live."

- 1922—Glee Club.
- 1923—"The Glory of the World."



RENA MARY DE YOUNG.

Texas.

"If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

- 1922-23-24—Glee Club.
- 1925—School Debate.
- 1925—Follies.
- 1925—Gypsy Chorus.
- 1925—Society Editor of the ZONIAN.

WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

New York.

"Ah—he sits high in all the people's hearts."

- 1922-23-24-25—Diving Championship.
- 1922-23-24-25—Track and Swimming.
- 1925—Baseball.
- 1924-25—ZONIAN Programs.
- 1925—Joke Editor.

LORETTA LOUISE KOCHER.

Kentucky.

"Golden hair—like sunlight streaming."

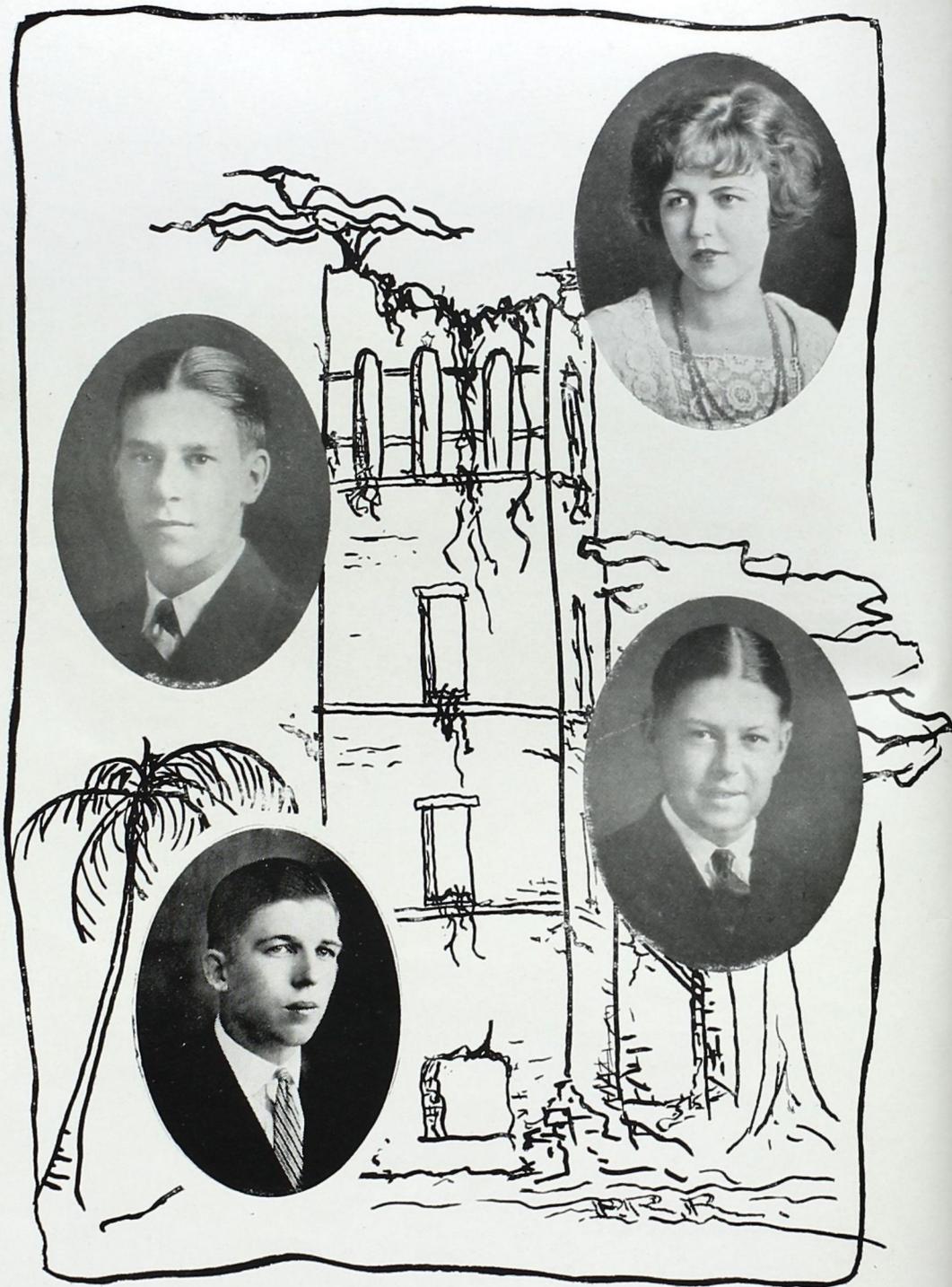
- 1922—Glee Club.
- 1923—Irish Program.
- 1923—Musical Ten.
- 1925—ZONIAN Program.

FLORENCE GERDA TONNESON.

New York.

"There's sleeping a'plenty in the grave."

- 1923-24-25—Basket ball.
- 1923—Glee Club.
- 1923—Track.
- 1924-25—Supper Club.
- 1924-25—Indoor Baseball and Bowling.
- 1924-25—Piano Selections.
- 1925—ZONIAN Program.



CONSTANCE ADELAIDE GRAFF.

Culebra, Canal Zone.

"You with your soft eyes darkly lashed and shaded—  
Your red lips like a living, laughing rose."

- 1922—Secretary of Freshman Class.
- 1922—School Belle.
- 1922-23—Glee Club.
- 1923—Class Songs.
- 1924—Junior Program.
- 1925—Directress of Follies.
- 1925—Gypsies.
- 1925—Senior Play.

JAMES WOODRUFF, JR.

Vermont.

"Laugh not too much."

- 1922-23-24—Alexander High School.
- 1925—ZONIAN Program.
- 1925—Tennis.
- 1925—Basket ball
- 1925—School Debate.
- 1925—Senior Play.

GEORGE D. GREGORY.

New York.

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more—  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore  
To one thing constant—never."

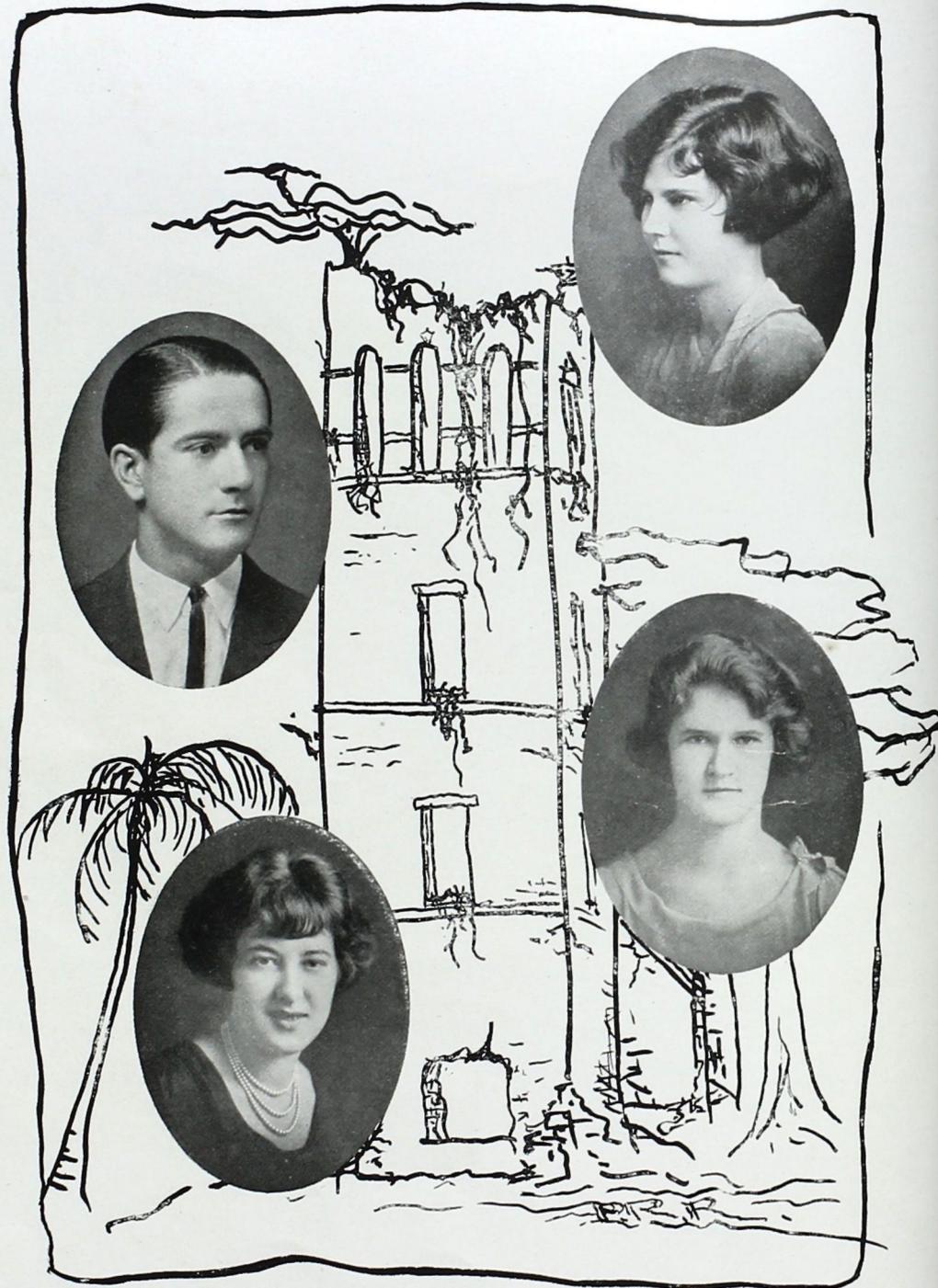
- 1922-23-24—Far Rockaway High School.
- 1925—Usher for Senior Play.

PAUL A. SULLIVAN.

New York.

"In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,  
Great always, without aiming to be great."

- 1922-23-24—Tennis.
- 1922-23-24-25—Basket ball, Baseball, and Track.
- 1922—Stag Club.
- 1925—Captain Baseball Team.
- 1925—Senior Play.
- 1925—Athletic Editor of the ZONIAN.
- 1925—School Debate.



MARYON PATRICIA LOCKEN.

New York.

"She looks as clear as morning roses,  
Newly washed with dew."

1922—Class President.  
1922—School Belle.  
1922—Tennis.  
1923—"The Ghost Story."  
1924—Society Editor of ZONIAN.  
1925—Follies.

PAUL DURAN M.

Barcelona, Spain.

"Why then, the world's my oyster,  
Which I with sword will open."

1923—"Legend of Sleepy Hollow."  
1923-24-25—Track.  
1923—"The Ghost Story."  
1923—"The Shamrock Minstrels."  
1924—Assistant Circulating Manager of ZONIAN.  
1923-24-25—Basket ball.  
1925—Circulation Manager of ZONIAN.  
1925—Senior Play.  
1925—Captain of Track Team.

ETHEL BEATRICE WAINO.

New Jersey.

"Her body was so slight it seems she could have floated in the  
sky—  
And with the angelic choir made a symphony."

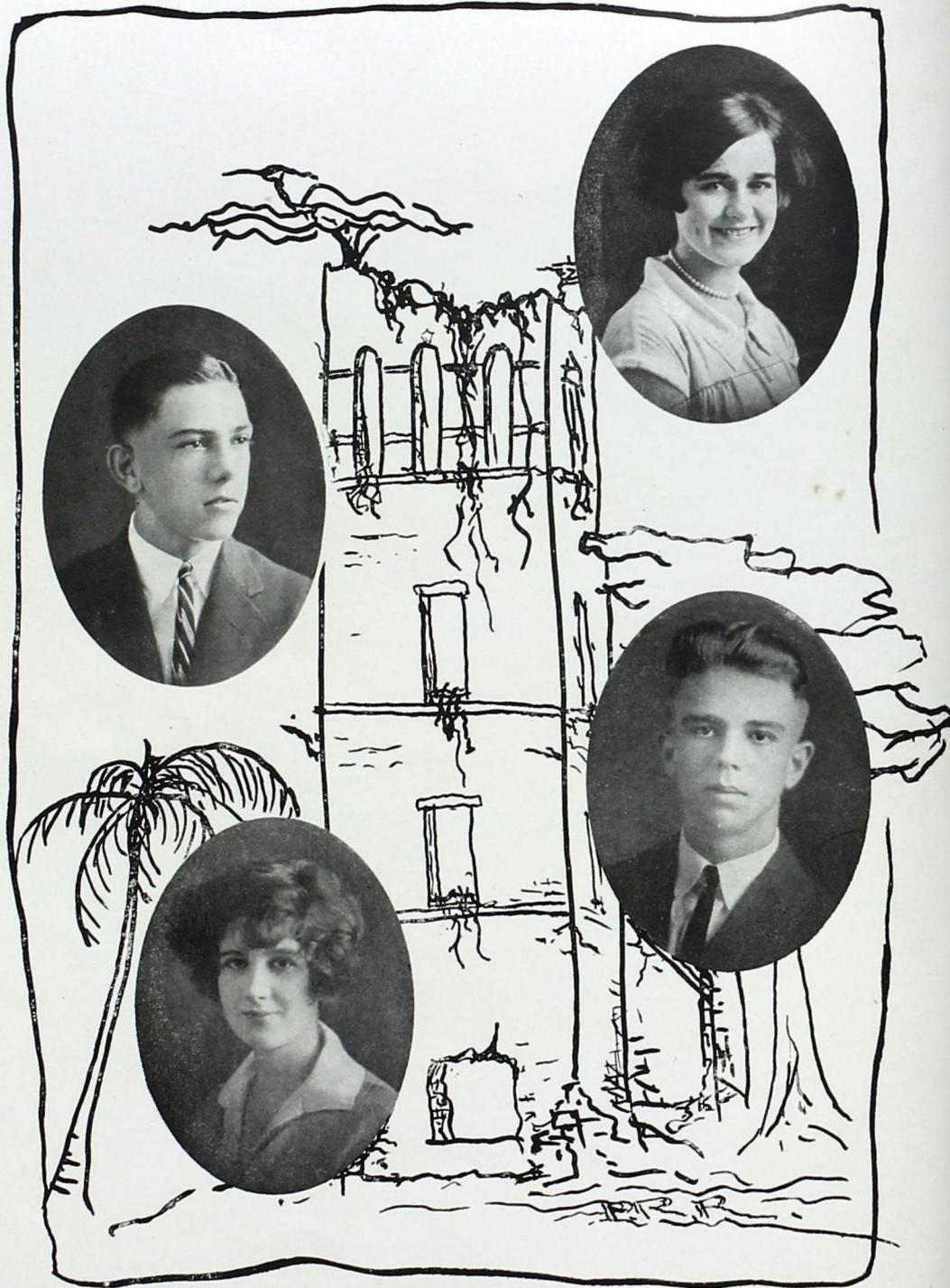
1924—Literary Editor of ZONIAN.  
1925—Alumni Editor of ZONIAN.  
1925—Salutatorian.

RUTH IRENE BRENNEMAN.

Pennsylvania.

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip."

1922-23—Saint Elizabeth's Academy.  
1924—Supper Club.  
1925—Supper Club.



HELENE SHAVER GRIMISON.

New Jersey.

"Look to the blowing rose about us;  
'So, laughing,' she says,  
'Into the world I go'."

1923—"The Glory of the World."  
1923—Irish Program.  
1923—School debate.  
1925—Follies.  
1925—Gypsies.  
1925—Senior Play.

FRANCES RALPH CLEMENTS.

Washington, D. C.

"My only books were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me."

1923-24-25—Basket ball.  
1923-24-25—Baseball.  
1922-23-24-25—Track.  
1924—Tennis.  
1925—Senior Play.

OLIVER EUGENE SCHROYER.

Pennsylvania.

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

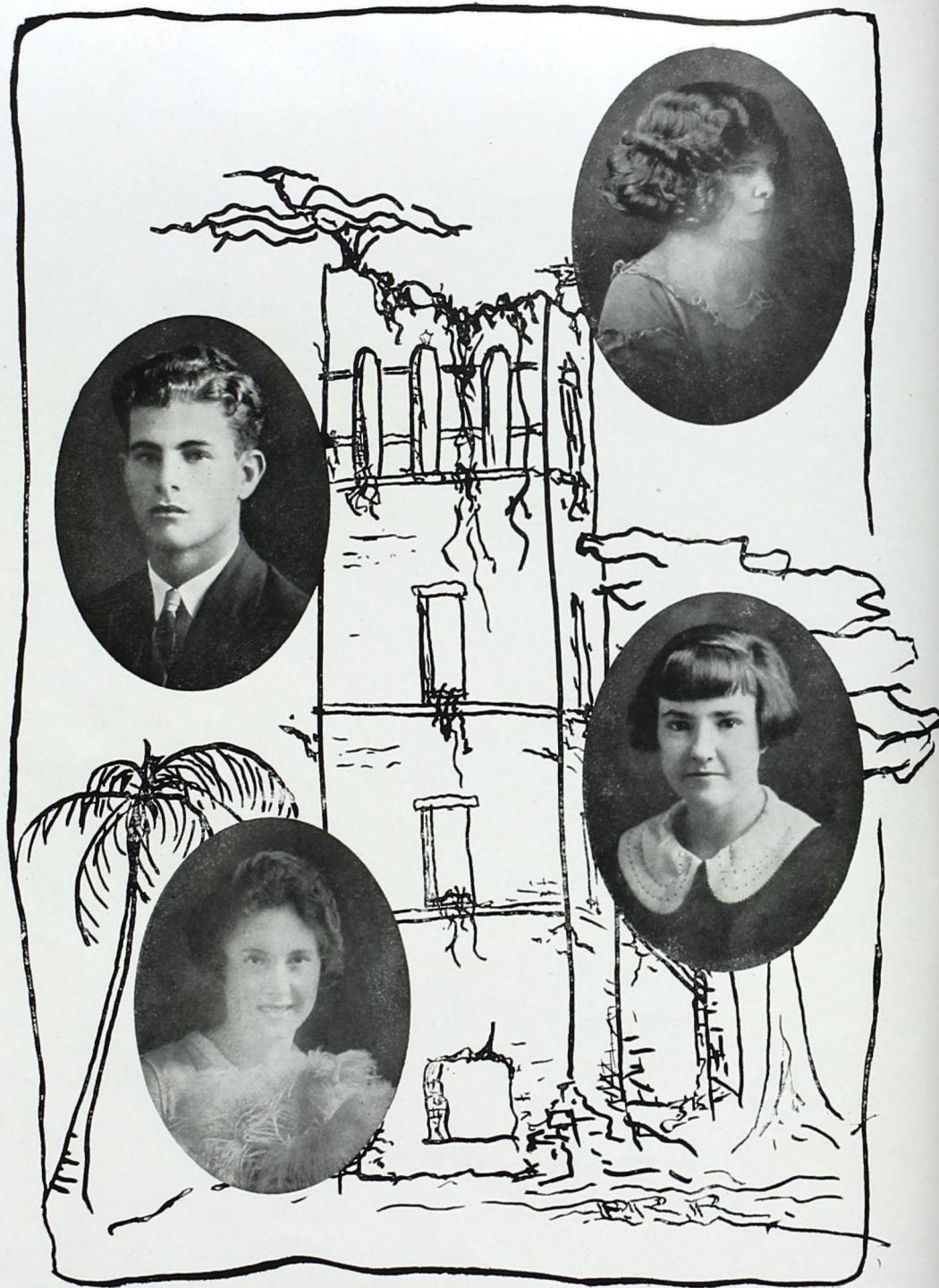
1923—Assistant Joke Editor of Sophomore Souvenir.

MARY JACQUELINE PEACE.

Washington, D. C.

"Oh, amber eyes—oh, golden eyes!  
Oh eyes so softly gay!  
Wherein swift fancies fall and rise  
Grow dark and fade away."

1922-23—Burnham School.  
1925—Follies.  
1925—Senior Play Committee.



ELEANOR ELIZABETH AYERS.

Alabama.

"Your hair is golden, as the tender tints of sunshine."

- 1922—"The Glory of the World," "The Shamrock Minstrels"  
Typist for Sophomore Souvenir.
- 1923—Musical Ten.
- 1923—Glee Club.
- 1925—Play Committee.
- 1925—ZONIAN Program.

NICHOLAS STANZIOLA S.

Panama.

"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow nature had  
written 'gentleman'."

- 1923-24-25—Baseball.

DOROTHY BROOKE.

Kansas.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

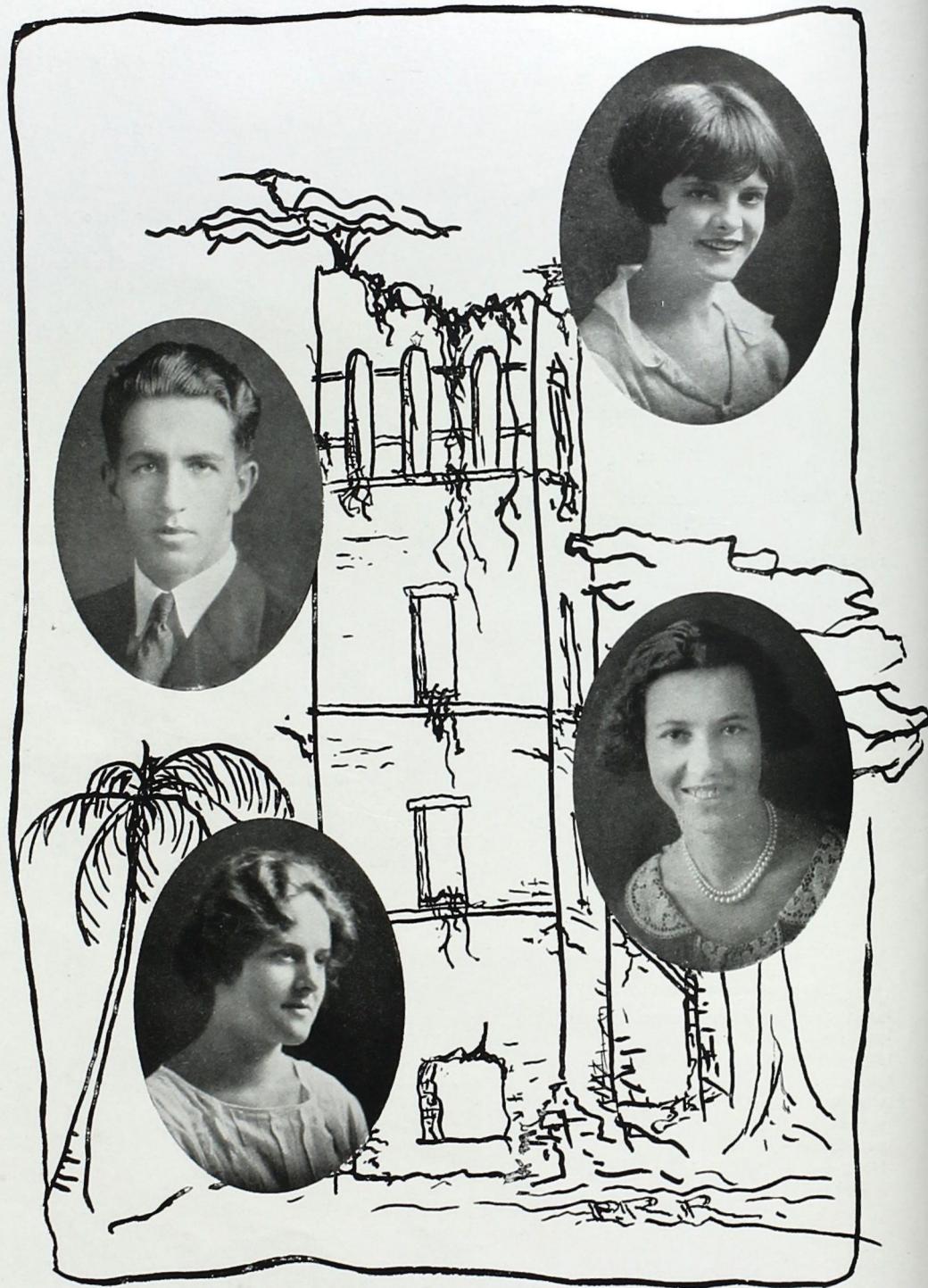
IDA RUTH HAMMER.

California.

"That caressing and exquisite grace ever  
present, which just a few women possess."

- 1922-23—Swimming.
- 1922-23-24—Declamatory Contest.
- 1922-23—Basket ball.
- 1923—Captain of Water Polo Team.
- 1923—Musical Ten.
- 1923—Art Editor of Sophomore Souvenir.
- 1924—Dramatic Club.
- 1925—Senior Play.
- 1922-23-24-25—School Programs.

- 1922-23-24—Glee Club.
- 1923-24-25—Assembly Pianist.
- 1924-25—Orchestra.
- 1923—Irish Minstrels.



EDITH ISAEELLE TROWBRIDGE.

Ancon, Canal Zone.

"On with the dance!  
Let joy be unconfined."

1922-23—Cristobal High School.  
1925—Follies of B. H. S.

LEON J. WEISS.

Texas.

"Leon's our salad: In him we see  
Oil, vingar, salt, and sugar agree."

1922—"School Days."  
1923—Class Vice President.  
1923—Joke Editor of Sophomore Souvenir.  
1923—"The Glory of the World."  
1923—"The Shamrock Minstrels."  
1923—Declamatory Contest.  
1924-25—ZONIAN Program.  
1925—Senior Play.

ALICE OLIVER.

Ohio.

"The sweetest thing on earth, a woman's tongue,  
A string which hath no discord."

1922-23—Cristobal High School.  
1924-25—Basket ball and Indoor Baseball.  
1924-25—Bowling.  
1924—Glee Club.  
1925—Athletic Editor of ZONIAN.  
1924-25—Supper Club.

THERRESSA ELMIRA BETZ.

South Dakota.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart  
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

1922—"The Glory of the World."  
1923—Declamatory Contest.  
1924—Supper Club.  
1925—Supper Club.

GRACE CAROL RIGBY.

Illinois.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent,  
Both doctor and sa:nt and heard great argument."

1922-23—Evanstowm High School.  
1924—Dramatic Club.

ROGUES' GALLERY.

Name.	Age.	Alias.	Description.	Identification.	Hang-out.	Crime—Chief Offense.	Sentence.
William Allen.	20	Willie.	His athletic appearance.	I'll fix it up!	At the pool.	Diving.	To be a surgeon.
Eleanor Ayers.	10	Nor-Nor.	Her smile.	Good night!	At the clubhouse.	Working.	To work in a business office.
Theresa Betz.	90	Tebby.	Her serious air.	Dearie!	At Annie's house.	Hurrying.	To do missionary work in China.
Ruth Breneman.	98	Ruffy.	Her Amazon-like build.	Gosh!	On a motorcycle.	Arguing.	To be a stenographer.
Katharine Brown.	13	Kay.	Her wavy hair.	For the love of cats!	On the links.	Golfing.	To be a musician.
James Burgoon.	1	Buster.	His laugh.	I know it!	At the gym.	Playing basket ball.	To be a professional basket ball player.
Ralph Clements.	1 1/2	Clem.	His height.	These girls!	At the gym.	Playing basket ball.	To be a professional basket ball player.
Douglas Cross.	2	Doug.	His smile.	Drop dead!	At Dot's house.	Eating.	To be an architect.
Rena de Young.	50	Dee.	Her curls.	My word!	At home.	Arousing envy by her curls.	To be a private secretary.
Paul Duran M.	5	Pau.	His sheik-like ways.	You mono!	At Ancon.	Talking about himself.	To be a torador.
Dorothy Eastman.	3	Dot.	Her executive ability.	Order, please!	At Kay's house.	Playing the violin.	To be a violinist.
Lucie Wright Franklin.	75	Lucie.	Her drawl.	Oh, for crying out loud!	At the Union Club.	Going home 7th period.	To have a wifely career.
Earle Gerrans.	4	Earle.	His laugh.	Good grief!	In the pool room.	Playing the piano.	To work in a dentist's office.
Constance Graff.	75	Connie.	Her beauty.	Heavens!	(She refuses to tell).	Dreaming.	To have her dreams come true.
George Gregory.	2	G. D.	His good complexion.	Yeah!	At Fort Amador.	Lying down in class.	To sell automobiles.
Helene Grimison.	7	Hel.	Her baby talk.	Hello!	In Dick's car.	Dancing.	To be a success.
Ida Ruth Hammer.	6	Pinkey.	Her dimple.	Really!	At the Century Club.	Acting in amateur theatricals.	To act on the legitimate stage.
Jacob Van Hardeveld.	80	Van.	His casual manner.	Blah!	At the garage.	Working.	To own a newspaper.
Loretta Kocher.	2	Cabo.	Her impetuosity.	Naow!	At the library.	Getting teased.	To be a school teacher.
Maryon Locken.	99	Pat.	Her personality.	Listen!	In an automobile.	Dancing.	To be what she is now (she won't tell).
Agnes McDade.	1	Irish.	Her giggle.	'Ray for the Irish!	In the typing room.	Getting in trouble.	To be a private secretary.
Alice Oliver.	10	Al.	Her height.	Oh, sugar!	In a green Paige.	Riding.	To be a stenographer.
Mary Peace.	87	Peaceful.	Her sweet nature.	But, Miss Hopkins,	At Quarry Heights.	Dancing.	To marry a millionaire.
Carol Rigby.	00	Carol.	Her wisdom.	I don't agree!	At home.	Reading.	To be a doctor.
Florence Robinson.	179	Flo.	Her amiability.	Now, Miss Sherman!	In the hospital grounds.	Coveting bobbed hair.	To be a costume designer.
Oliver Schroyer.	1	Susie.	His small stature.	I'm getting dumber!	At the clubhouse.	Answering in detail.	To be manager of the jockey club.
Nicholas Stanzola.	75	Nick.	His curly hair.	Gez, whiz!	At any ball game.	Walking.	To be a stable owner.
Paul Sullivan.	80	Sully.	His dignity.	That's straight goods!	At Pedro Miguel.	Visiting Emily.	To be a second Babe Ruth.
John Tatam.	8	Johnnie.	His amiability.	Honesty!	At the Corozal Post Exchange.	Chasing the girls.	To go to Annapolis.
Florence Tonneson.	11	Red.	Her red hair.	To-night I'm going!	(We won't tell).	Playing the piano.	To go to business college.
Edith Trowbridge.	9	Eddie.	Her shoulder.	Oh, dear!	At Toonerville.	Going out.	To be a nun.
Ethel Wainio.	55	Ethel.	Her brilliance.	You r darn tootin'!	In Chem. lab.	Studying.	To be a stenographer.
Leon Weiss.	17	Shaggy.	His dark skin.	But, gee, man!	On the <i>Rocheater</i> .	Listening in.	To be a radio engineer.
James Woodruff.	3	Jimmie.	His drawl.	For Pete's sake!	On Quarry Heights.	Playing tennis.	To go to Annapolis.
Margaret Woodruff.	10	Pedgie.	Her walk.	Est-ce que je sais?	In the back of the phone book.	Swimming.	To travel.
Julia Zidbeck.	60	Blondie.	Her iollity.			Running.	To be a stenographer.

TAKE COURAGE, FRESHIES!  
WE, THE AUGUST SENIORS, LOOKED LIKE THIS IN 1921.



WE SENIORS.  
*Rena De Young, '25.*

When Freshmen, we were like herded sheep  
The world seemed dark and dreary,  
All thought us green and half asleep  
And we at times grew weary.

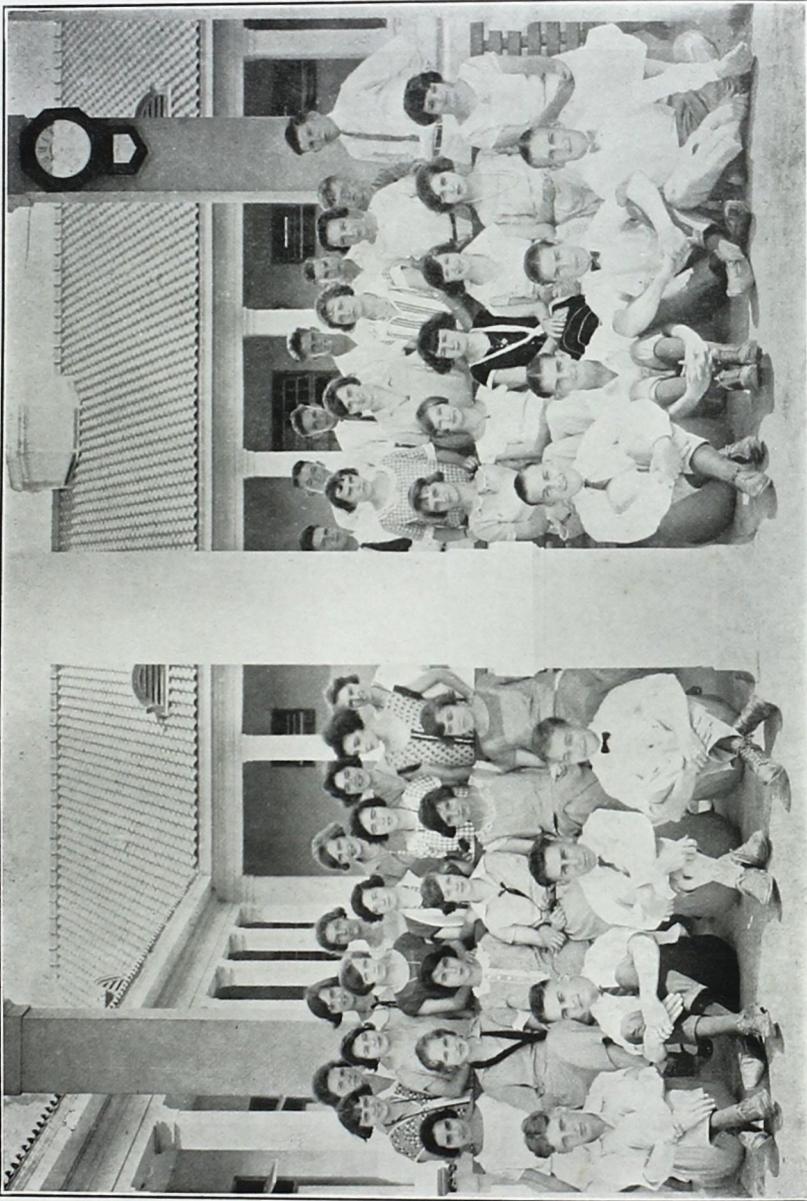
At last through hard and steady work,  
The goal we sought is now attained.  
As Seniors we have made our mark,  
And joy and gladness gained.

THE CLASS OF '25.  
*Ethel Wainio, '25.*

We shall not pass this way again,  
So before we say good-bye,  
We'll breathe a prayer, if not in vain,  
For the years that have slipped by.

We regret not any one of them,  
Nor anything we've done,  
And our memory will be a gem  
Of each and every one.

Our teachers and classmates all will share  
A place in our busy mind  
And we'll ever praise the school so dear,  
Which we shall have left behind.



Junior Class.

## JUNIORS.

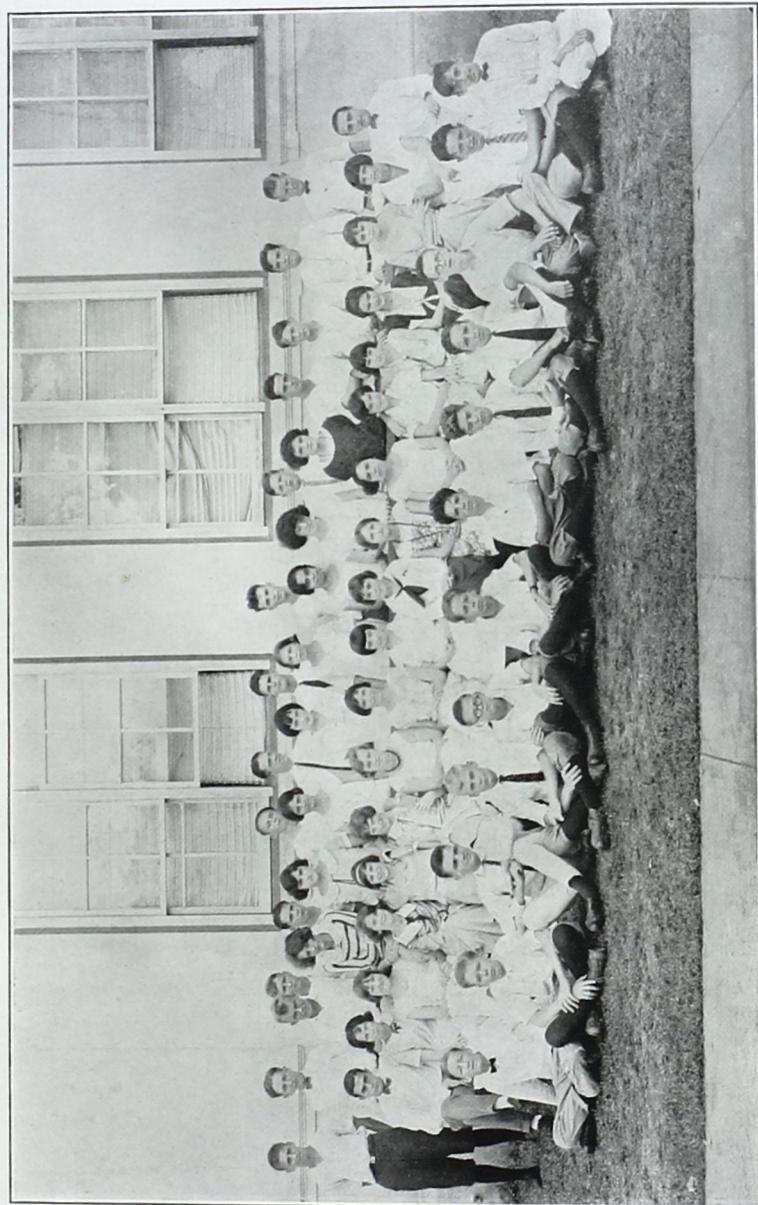
*President.*—RICHARD ENGELKE.

*Vice President.*—BYRNE HUTCHINGS.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*—HATTIE BELLE RADER.

*Class Advisor.*—MISS FROST.

ALLEN, HERBERT	KEENE, HELEN
BAXTER, NAENIA	KNAPP, ANNA
BOYD, MARGARET	LORING, ELOISE
BROWN, IRENE	LOWE, MARY JOE
CARR, AMOS	MC CONAGHY, MARY
CAMARA, CONSUELO	MCDADE, ANNIE
CLOUD, EUGENE	MILLER, KATHERINE
CONLEY, EMILIE	MURTAGH, FLORENCE
DONOVAN, ANDREW	NEWBOLD, STELLA
DRISCOLL, JAMES	NORTHROP, THOMAS
DYER, MARY	OLIVER, MILDRED
ENGELKE, RICHARD	PENTZ, EVERET
FLINT, PATRICIA	PERRY, JAMES
FORBES, ISABEL	PETERSON, FLORENCE
GARVEY, MAY	RADER, HATTIE BELLE
GILL, HARRIETTE	SLAVIN, MARIAN
HALLORAN, ALICE	STEGER, MARGARET
HUEBNER, OLIVE	TROWBRIDGE, CHARLES
HUTCHINGS, BYRNE	WEDWALT, WILLIAM
JENSON, RALPH	WHITAKER, CHARLOTTE



Sophomore Class.

## SOPHOMORES.

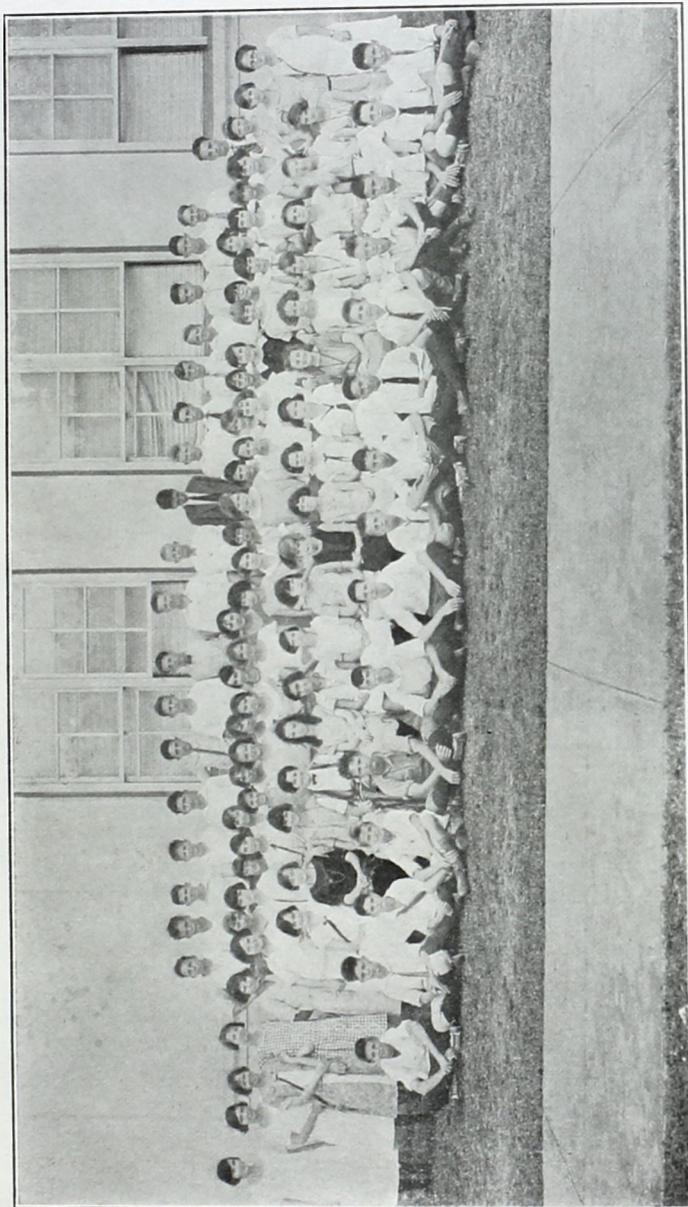
*President (First semester).*—FRED HOLZAPFEL.

*President (Second semester).*—LEON GREENE.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*—WILLIAM MENGES.

*Class Advisor.*—MISS HOPKINS.

AHLFONT, HAGAR	JEFFERS, LUCIE
ANASTACIADO, ELIAS	JOHNSON, AGNES
ARRIETO, CARLOTA	JOHNSON, RICHARD
BANAN, LESLIE	JOHNSON, RUTH
BETZ, BERT	JONES, RUSSEL
BRADY, FRED	KEENAN, PAUL
BROWN, ALBERT	KLEMMER, ANGELA
BROWN, FRANCES	KNABENSHUE, KARL
BRULAND, MARGARET	LEAR, DORA
BUTTERS, CHARLES	MEAD, GEORGE
CHEESEMAN, FORREST	MENGES, WILLIAM
CONGER, KATHERINE	MORRIS, DOROTHY
COOPER, HAL	OATMAN, CLYDE
DAILEY, EARLE	OLSEN, ALBERT
DANIELS, MARION	ORR, JUANITA
DIXON, ISABELLA	PETERSON, STANTON
DORAN, JAMES	PIERSON, BERNICE
DURAN, JOSEPH	ROBERTSON, HAL
ESSEX, ROBERT	SHERMAN, JOSEPHINE
FRASER, RUTH	SHERIDAN, JACK
FRENCH, ARCHIE	SPECHT, MARJORIE
FRENCH, JOHN	SUNDBURG, DOROTHY
GANNON, SINCLAIR	SUNDQUIST, KATHERINE
GRANBURY, ELIZABETH	TATOM, EUGENE
GREENE, LEON	TIERNEY, JOHN
GROUT, FLORA	TOMB, ELEANOR
HALLORAN, MIRIAM	TOMB, KATHERINE
HEALD, RANDOLPH	VAN SICLEN, WILLIAM
HELMERICKS, FRED	WATTS, DORA
HENDRICKSEY, RALPH	WILLOUGHBY, AGNES
HOPZOFEL, FRED	WOOD, ROBERT
JACK, BETTY	ZARAK, LUCAS
JAMES, POLLY	



Freshman Class.

## FRESHMEN.

*Girls' Club.*

*President.*—VIRGINIA EWING.  
*Vice President.*—RUTH HUEBNER.  
*Secretary.*—SARA DE LA PENA.  
*Treasurer.*—ELVA SMITH.  
*Class Advisor.*—MISS WHALEY.

*Boys' Club.*

*President.*—HARRY GRANBERRY.  
*Vice President.*—FRANK ARNOLD.  
*Secretary.*—CARLOS MILLER.  
*Treasurer.*—DEAN PLATTS.  
*Class Advisor.*—MR. FLINT.

AHLFONT, VERA	GRANBERRY, HARRY	NEWGORD, JULIUS
ALLEN, EVERET	GRIMISON, RICHARD	O'BRIEN, IDA
ALLEN, MARION	HACKETT, VERONICA	OHLSON, JOHN
ARNOLD, FRANK	HALLEN, BARBARA	PALACIO, CHARLES
AYERS, ZONA	HALLORAN, GEORGE	PALACIO, ROSE
BABBITT, WOODFORD	HARRISON, GERTRUDE	PETERMAN, OSCAR
BARDLESON, MARGARET	HARTON, ALYS	PIERCE, FRANKLIN
BLEAKLEY, GLADYS	HEARNE, LUCILLE	PLATTS, DEAN
BOYD, GRACE	HENDRICKSEN, HELEN	POOLE, THERESA
BRADNEY, ANNA	HIGGASON, ROYAL	POWELL, JOHN
BROWN, JOHN	HUEBNER, RUTH	PRESTON, HARRY
BUTLER, PHARES	JACKSON, ADA	PRICE, PEGGY
CAMARA, JOSEPHINE	JACKSON, CHARLES	PRICE, STELLA
CAMERON, JANICE	JANSEN, MARIE	REESE, BEN
CARR, ETHEL	JENSON, CHARLOTTE	REYNOLDS, HELEN
CLEMENT, VIRGINIA	JONES, NORBERT	RODGERS, CHARLES
CLISBEE, THATCHER	KEENAN, JANET	ROSDALL, LOUIS
COLLINS, ELISE	KEENE, EDWARD	SAPHIR, ANNA
COURVILLE, LYDIA	KERR, LOUISE	SCHMIDT, HERBERT
CRAIG, JULIA	KLUMPP, CHARLES	SLACK, HELEN
CROSS, FRANK	KLUMPP, DOROTHY	SMITH, ELVA
DARLINGTON, NORA	KNABENSHUE, MARY	SMITH, FLORES
DE CASTRO, JACK	KNIGHT, HENRY	STROBLE, FRED
DE LA PENA, SARAH	KOCHER, MILDRED	SUDRON, LUCY
DE PAREDES, RAUL	KOPKE, JACK	SUMNER, MARGARET
DOCKERY, WILBUR	LOWANDE, EDWARD	TAYLOR, EDGAR
DORAN, MARGARET	MADISON, ALLEN	THOMPSON, PAUL
DOWELL, GRACE	MAHONEY, CHARLES	TOLEDANO, SOLLY
EVANS, JANE	MANN, ALMA	TURNIPSEED, EUGENIA
EWING, VIRGINIA	MARSTRAND, ROBERT	VAN SICLEN, MATILDA
FALL, WILLIAM	MARTIN, BELLE	WARWICK, NEWTON
FARLEY, WILLIAM	MC CONAGHY, MARGARET	WESTMAN, ETHEL
FISHER, ETHEL	MCDADE, MARY	WHALER, ELSBETH
FLINT, SOPHIA	MCGUIGAN, GAYLE	WHITE, STEADMAN
FORBES, HELEN	MCKAY, JOE	WILLIS, MARION
GAE, MARCELLA	MCKEOWN, EMMA	WILSON, EMILY MAY
GARRET, JULIANA	MECKLE, THERESA	WOMACK, RUTH
GARRET, MILDRED	MIDDLETON, MARY	WOOD, WILLIAM
GELABERT, MARCOS	MILLER, CARLOS	YOUNG, FRANK
GOLDEN, LAURENCE	MORGAN, HELEN	ZETEK, ELLA



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF SENIORS, '25.



We, the Seniors of Balboa High School, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, being of sane mind and reason, and being about to pass from the life of school to the life beyond, do make and sign this LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, declaring null and void any other will or wills made by us. We appoint the Freshmen executors of this will and warn them to see that it is carried out in every detail.

To the faculty we leave our deep appreciation for all they have done for us, and the memory of the years they have spent with us.

To the Juniors we leave the right to be called "Seniors," and to occupy our places in the assembly and in classes.

To all the classes we leave the right to work for, and finally to earn, diplomas.

Possessing many individual gifts, we wish to bequeath them as follows:

To Richard Engelke, Dorothy Eastman leaves her position as Senior President. We know that Richard will fill this as well as Dorothy has, for both are capable.

Douglas Cross, being of an extremely generous nature, wishes to leave to Charles Jackson, a few feet of his magnificent height.

From the depths of his benevolent nature, James Burgoon leaves his undying love for athletics to Newton Warwick. (This must be cultivated by hard work, but it pays in the end.)

To Marian Slavin, Eleanor Ayers readily relinquishes her habit of coming to school with all her lessons prepared.

To many members of the lower classes, whose names it is deemed best not to mention, Theressa Betz leaves her quiet and unobtrusive bearing.

Not being able to appreciate to the fullest extent the trials and tribulations of a person with straight hair, Rena De Young has decided to leave to Anna Knapp her beautiful curls.

To Bert Betz, Ralph Clements desires to give his happy-go-lucky nature, and his habit of taking life as a joke.

Since he possesses great dramatic ability, Paul Duran wishes to bequeath this to the entire school, and he prays that the lower classmen make use of it.

After deep consideration and much weighing of different points, Paul Sullivan has decided to relinquish to Emilie Conley his good humor and cheerful countenance.

To all the gawky freshmen, James Woodruff leaves his very trim appearance.

To Agnes Willoughby, Margaret Woodruff gives her pep and her willingness to lend a helping hand.

Realizing the urgency of the occasion, Mary Peace has decided to relinquish to Eugenia Turnipseed her ability to have and to hold a girl chum.

Maryon Locken readily relinquishes to Ada Jackson all the qualities which tend to make her an all-around girl.

Lucie Wright Franklin bequeathes to Elizabeth Whaler her slender figure and the secrets of acquiring it.

Katharine Brown in view of the urgency of the occasion, leaves to Norbert Jones her quiet bearing and her habit of speaking only when she is spoken to.

To Lucy Sudron, Constance Graff leaves her queenly dignity.

Realizing the absolute necessity of the action, Agnes McDade leaves to Grace Dowell her skill in typing.

To Virginia Robinson, Ida Ruth Hammer leaves her ability to flirt successfully, as she will no longer have use for it.

After deep consideration, Loretta Kocher has determined to relinquish her hairpins to Naenia Baxter, charging her to keep them, and never give them up.

To Leslie Banan, Jacob van Hardeveld leaves his quiet and calm manner in an emergency.

Realizing how hard it must be for a short person to be seen in a crowd, Alice Oliver leaves to Marian Allen a few feet of her majestic height.

Knowing the danger into which lack of study can draw one, Nicholas Stanziola leaves to Joe McKay his studious habits.

From the depths of her profound nature, Florence Robinson wishes to bequeath to Catherine Miller her deep respect and regard for the faculty.

Realizing the trials and heartfelt depression of one who practices much, Earl Gerrans leaves his remarkable ability to play the piano to Fred Helmerichs.

We know that Sara de la Peña will appreciate the fact that Ruth Breneman kindly gives to her her total lack of formality.

Realizing the great benefits that a foreign language may hold, Julia Zidbeck relinquishes to Rose Palacio her knowledge of French.

To Lucie Jeffers, Ethel Wainio leaves her scholarly habits and the ability to keep her name off the "flunkers' list."

Not being able to understand why a person should keep a strict, stern face all the time, Helene Grimison leaves to Helen Hendricksen her cheery smile and beautiful dimples.

Seeing that Mary McConaghy is always in a hurry, and very quick, Carol Rigby wishes to give to Mary her slow and deliberate manner.

After much thought, Oliver Schroyer has decided to relinquish to Isabelle Dixon, his ability to talk and to use his hands while talking.

To Florence Peterson, Edith Trowbridge readily relinquishes her small figure.

Leon Weiss has decided to leave to James Perry his ability to bluff his way through school.

Knowing Hattie Belle Rader's need for his gift, John Tatom wishes to give to that young lady his Southern drawl.

Florence Tonneson readily relinquishes to Eloise Loring the ability to be an all-around athlete.

Understanding that hard work and close attention in class is never necessary, George Gregory leaves to Miriam Halloran his ability to loll and rest in class.

In witness whereof, the said Senior Class of 1925 have hereunder set our hand this first day of June.

[Seal].

THE SENIORS OF '25.



View of Balboa Prado with Administration Building in the distance.



## CLASS PROPHECY.

Dorothy Eastman, '25.



Droning in a sing-song tone some chant of the East, the shriveled little man in faded blue silk turban sat sifting sand tirelessly through his wrinkled yellow fingers. He was seated cross-legged on a tawdry Algerian carpet in the middle of a busy bazaar in India, and was clothed in the all-enveloping robe of dull blue girdled in orange, common to merchants of India. His chant rose and fell, growing in depth and then thinning out into shrill minor cadences; and as he sang, he rocked backward and forward, endlessly sifting the sand from the big brass bowl onto the carved wooden tray at his feet.

Against my will, I paused to watch him; and as my shadow fell across the sand at his feet, he stopped abruptly and raised his head. I was conscious of a thrill of dread; for his eyes, dull caverns burning with mystic fire, were so large that in contrast with the sunken cheeks and pale lips, they lent a touch of mysticism to the oriental. A moment he gazed almost fiercely while I inwardly trembled, and then he spoke in English, making the well-known language beautiful with the languorous, colorful accent of the East, "Your fortune, would you not like to have it told? See, I blow on this sand and it forms pictures, pictures portraying the future. You must have a lovely fortune; let me tell it." As he spoke, he patted the sand lovingly. Unwillingly I allowed him to bring out from the dusky interior of the little store behind him a carved stool and I sat down. As I seated myself he pulled his robes about him and gazed fixedly into my eyes for a moment. Then he began a weird chant; and as he chanted, he poured sand in little heaps in a wooden tray. Abruptly his chant ceased; and, curious in spite of myself, I leaned forward. He bent low over the tray and began to blow; little whirls of sand arose; and then as I watched I saw, in the middle of the tray, something begin to take form. At last he ceased blowing and the last grain of sand fell into place. There in the sand was sculptured in bas-relief a tiny violin. My dearest dreams were to be realized!

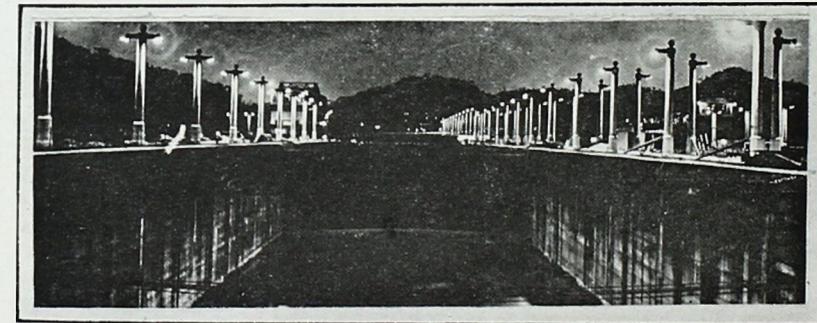
I rose to go, tossing the sunken-eyed man some copper coins; but he stayed me with one shriveled outstretched hand: "Stay, would you not like to know the future of some of your friends?" The idea appealed; I acknowledged it; and after some hesitation I sat down again, and told him that I would like to see the futures of the members of the class of '25 of Balboa High School, the class that had meant so much to me.

Again, he gazed into my eyes until he seemed to tap the sources of memory for my friends; then again sifting his sand, he began. Upon his request I named the first whose fortune I wished to see and thought of her while the sand shifted. "Agnes," I said, "let me see what will become of Agnes." Faster the sand whirled and faster, and then it was still. And there lay, what was it? A laurel crown. "Fame," cried the old man, "fame to you with the melodies you draw from your instrument and the laurel crown to your friend." Next the fortune of Douglas Cross was disclosed. At first, I was disappointed; all I could see was lots of little cone-like projections. "What is this?" I asked. "He will be rich, his money earned through oil, found by accident." After that, his psychic strength increasing, the prophecies came one after another; and as I looked into the future I saw each of my classmates employed in his profession. John Tatom and James Woodruff are officers on the U. S. S. *Rochester*, and George Gregory is a Major-General in the Army. Paul Sullivan, it appears, is a bishop, while Theresa Betz, supported by her church, is a missionary in Africa. Paul Duran, symbolized in the sand by a winged foot, is a famous runner. Likewise starring in athletics are Katharine Brown, woman's golf champion of the world; William Allen, world's champion diver; Ralph Clements, all-around athlete in the Olympics; and Florence Tonneson, said to know more about basket ball than anyone else in the world, coach of teams in the largest college in the States. Carol Rigby is spending her life traveling. She is writing articles for *Asia*. James Burgoon is to be our next Presi-

dent. Nicolas Stanziola is a lecturer on South America who is very much in demand at the present moment. Oliver Schroyer is one of Wall Street's shrewdest business men, and Ruth Breneman is his confidential secretary. Maryon Locken, it appears, is private secretary in a Spanish Legation in Washington. She has already made three trips abroad to refresh her Spanish. Mary Peace is leader of the smart set in New York and rumor has it that she is engaged to the son of one of the proudest families there. In the same set we find Loretta Kocher a prominent member. J. V. Hardeveld is a shrewd business man. Helene is a stenographer, but the signs have it that she will be married soon. To Eleanor Ayers, Ida Hammer, Julia Zidbeck, Ethel Wainio, Margaret Woodruff, and Edith Trowbridge, wedding rings were shown as symbolical of their future. Constance Graff is a society belle in Newport, although her last name is changed. Earl Gerrans is playing on Broadway when he isn't plying his trade of dentist.

Leon Weiss is an electrical engineer of great promise and is sure to be a success. Florence Robinson teaches English in Wellesley, and Alice Oliver is athletic instructress at New Haven Athletic School. Lucie Wright Franklin is noted for discoveries in the field of archeology, made during her trips around the world with her husband. Last, but not least, the little man showed me how my classmate Rena has had phenomenal success in business, rising from private secretary in an office to the secretary of the president.

It was finished. I had heard from all of my classmates; no one from my class was poor, unsuccessful, or a failure. I stood up, poured into the outstretched hand of the seller of fortunes a stream of copper coins, and departed. As I reached the corner, impelled by a thrill of wonder and dread, I glanced back. The little old man was still seated singing his shrill chant as he rocked backward and forward, tirelessly sifting the sand through his yellow fingers.



Miraflores Locks at night.



## CLASS HISTORY.

Constance A. Graff, '25.



## KNIGHTHOOD OF 1925.

The "Palace of Knowledge" was appallingly silent; not a sound disturbed its tranquil peace. King Bernard's "Knights of Freshmen" were holding council in the great hall. The monarch's voice echoed and re-echoed on the gray stone walls.

"Good knights, you are about to start out on a four years' journey in search of a great treasure called 'Diploma'. The way will be steep in places; at times you will lose courage and become despondent. But I will advise and urge you to carry on, for at the end of the trial you will find your great reward.

"In order to accomplish this feat with success you must also abide by the rules just read to you. For those who do not, there will be the shameful and distasteful mock of failure. You have chosen your leader, Sir Maryon of Locken, who is, I know, competent and well able to be your guide.

"So bravely forward, 'Soldiers of Work,' and may God be with you." As the king uttered these last words, he turned and left the room.

The day of the journey dawned bright and clear. The knights bade farewell and with their captain started forward. That night as they rested by the roadside, a band of robbers from "Upper Class Men" attacked them. The cruel invaders took their shining mantles and smeared their faces with grease, but Sir Maryon fought bravely and finally led his men to victory.

Some of the foes were captured and it was decided that they should be tried and convicted before a throng of people from the surrounding villages.

At the trial a heavy sentence was inflicted upon the evildoers whereat there was great feasting and rejoicing throughout the night. Such powers had the knights shown that Sir Booz, of the mighty Clubhouse, called for the trial to be repeated as an example to all who dwelt in the land of Balboa.

The next morning the "Crusaders" resumed their journey. During the course of time many tournaments were held, the greatest being in the last month of the first year. The "King of Tests" had offered rewards to those who would be able

to overthrow the strongest power in the kingdom—"Exams." Sir Maryon and his followers competed in the contest, and all but six were successful—so ended the first year.

After three months of joy in the "Castle of Fun" the group assembled to choose a new leader and make plans for the coming year. They had received their first badge of success thus becoming the "Knights of Sophomore." Sir Dorothy of Eastman received the great honor of being chosen their future commander-in-chief.

After a week of conference they made ready once more. As they neared a forest, a fortnight later, they came in sight of a dwelling. Being tired and weary, they entered to rest. There they gathered around the fire, and they sang ballads fitting their own words of valor and strength. As the hour of midnight approached, they heard strange noises; curiosity compelled them to look from the window. Below, in the cold moonlight, they saw witches, ghosts, fairies; ah, it was the hour and time for the "Spirits of Hallowe'en" to make merry! What joy! What freedom! Why not join them—for was not to-morrow another day of toil?

Month after month the gallant soldiers plodded onward. At the end of another eight moons they had but one event to accomplish. They must reach the summit of the "Hill of Ancon" before sunset. Upward, upward they climbed until full of fatigue but joyful, they come to the top; needless to say there was much feasting. They told legends, becoming so enchanted with them, that they scarcely noticed the people called "Scrubs" surrounding them.

As the moon began to wane, Sir Dorothy addressed his knights saying: "Good Knights of King Bernard, we have again come a year nearer to the end of our journey. You have accomplished much, so therefore we shall write down these events on a scroll always to be kept and remembered. It shall be known as the 'Sophomore Souvenir'; let us then gather together our material. The names of those who still remain in the conquest shall be inscribed upon the first page. We shall tell of our encounter with the 'Irish Minstrel'

and also of the Christmas fairy who helped us with the tournament bestowing upon us 'The Glory of the World.' This done you shall go and not return for three months more."

Time passed. An October day found our heroes proclaiming Sir Dorothy their leader for the remaining two years—for was he not successful, ambitious, and beyond reproach?

Before starting anew they gathered together as the "Knights of Juniors" and drank to the health of the future.

For a great length of time they went along. On a dull day in February, they passed through a town whose inhabitants were starving from want of food. The loyal knights fed the hungry crowd. They were praised for their noble action, and the "King of Money" gave to them the payment of "Funds" which they would need for future use. On they passed, helping the poor by holding fairs and creating much pleasure for those in great need. The "Emperor of Gaiety" heard of the famous men and commanded them to meet in his castle of Tivoli. There followed a great ball and then a banquet, the knights acting as hosts. So ended the third year.

The "Knights of Seniors" are now nearing the end of their journey. How glad they are and yet there is a feeling of sadness. In their Scroll are written the many events of the past, for the years have slipped by and they have carried on successfully. The few months that remain hold happiness and fame; and may other knights who follow have as pleasant reminders as these:

## The Year 1921-1922.

"Battle of Upper Classmen—Trial and Conviction."

## The Year 1922-1923.

"The Gathering of Hallowe'en Spirits."

"The Life of an Irish Minstrel told and re-told."

"Writing of Scroll, Sophomore Souvenir."  
"The Bestowal of the Glory of the World."  
"The Climbing of the Hill of Ancon."

## The Year 1923-1924.

"The Feast and First Gathering of the Knights of Juniors."  
"The Feeding of the Hungry."  
"The Fairs and Funds."  
"The Ball and Banquet in honor of knights called Seniors or the class of '24."

## The Year of 1924-1925.

"The Carrying on of the Scroll (with name changed to Zonian of Seniors)."  
"The Tournament of The Three Amazons."

As the knights looked over his list, Sir Dorothy with a sparkling light in his dark eyes said:

"Oh, Knights, beloved Crusaders of Bernard, you have but two months more before you will set out alone in quests all over the world. In the month of May, we will gather in the great Palace once more where you will be given great feast by the "Nobles of Under Classmen." You will soon receive the reward for which you have striven so hard. Be brave, for the end is nearly here and then—

May you go on through life successfully and from time to time may this song be heard on your lips:

"As the years go drifting by,  
Thoughts come back to me,  
Days in old Balboa High  
Happy as could be.  
But the memories are left  
And they're so dear to me,  
For all four years were  
Full of fun and pep,  
In Balboa High."





## THE QUEST OF A PIN.

Dorothy Eastman, '25.



Forth to the world went the heralds,  
Their clear-toned message hear,  
"Oh, ye knights and ye fair ladies,  
Come, by all ye may hold dear.

"Return to the huge stone courtroom  
Where oftimes ye have met,  
A matter of great importance;  
The minds of all doth fret.

"Return and that right quickly."  
The wandering heralds said;  
Thirty-three knights and ladies  
Followed where they led.

With awe into the courtroom  
They came both one and all;  
The cries of the crowd of nobles  
Resounded through the hall.

"O, calm yourselves, my ladies;  
Calm yourselves, ye men."  
The leader rapped for order  
He did it again and again.

"We meet this day," said the leader—  
"If ye haste 'twill not take long—  
We meet to choose an emblem  
Of the rank to which ye belong:

"The rank of the class of Seniors,  
The highest rank, they say,  
Which the common lad and maiden  
Attains, this time of day.

"Here ye see an emblem  
With bright gems circled 'round.  
If ye like not its dainty semblance,  
Another can be found.

"Here is one of onyx  
The stone that many wear.  
Speak, which are ye for?  
The two are passing fair.

"Ay, speak, ye knights and ladies,  
But speak ye one by one.  
Ay, ye good Sir Knight William  
By ye, the fights' begun."

Sir William stood right smartly,  
A man of wit and might,  
"I, for the pin of onyx, Sir,  
The stone as black as night."

"Ay," said the leader, "ay, laddie  
What hath ye now to tell?"  
"Sir," quoth fair lady Mary  
"I, also, like it well."

"'Tis good, and now that several  
Their wishes do explain  
If ye choose not sagely,  
Ye, alone, are to blame."

But then up rose a lady,  
Who said in manner grand,  
"Sir, indeed I fain would rather  
A ring to grace my hand."

Up sprang the great Sir Buster,  
"What think you, Lady Ruth,  
That knight as strong and bold as I  
Would want of rings, forsooth?"

Up sprang Sir John, the Jolly,  
Up sprang Sir Douglas True,  
And up sprang all the others,  
Ay, all the ladies too.

In vain the weary leader,  
To calm them did essay.  
He rapped 'til his scepter was Sundered.  
But they would have their say.

At length, spent and broken,  
He glanced at the dial in the sun;  
And knew 'twas the time for parting,  
E'en e'er the task was begun.

With a sigh he turned to those waiting,  
And quietly said his say,  
"Think of the emblem while working;  
Return a week from to-day.

"Go ye forth all ye knights and ladies;  
Gadzooks, seek where ye may  
The emblem that ye most cherish,  
But return a week from to-day."

And many a brow is furrowed  
As they, their search begin.  
May their trials soon be over,  
On this dreary quest of a pin.



## LITERARY

## THE MOONCALF.

Polly James, '27.

Short Story Contest—First place.

For hours he would stand and gaze at the moon until strange lights danced before his eyes and the wind rushed in his ears.

"Mooncalf! Mooncalf!" they would shout and jeer at him the next day when he would stumble heavy-eyed through the cobble-stone streets of the village. Sometimes they would stone him or throw mud at him from the puddles in the gutters, but he scarcely heard them or heeded their blows; his mind was speeding along the golden path of the moon which stretched in endless links over the water.

"Some day I shall climb it," he would whisper while his eyes shone with the fever of desire and his heart throbbed in anticipation.

All day long he worked with the apprentices mending pots and earthenware jars that had rough edges. His fingers strayed and his eyes stared into the wilderness of his dreamings—so Master Simon lashed the "Mooncalf" with the long leather straps of his whip.

"Imp of Satan! Mooncalf!" would accompany each cut across the poor boy's back whenever he pleaded for mercy. These things preyed upon his mind until he longed for the full moon that he might escape up the shining ladder that lay waiting for him on the surface of the water.

"Some day, soon," he murmured, and a jar slipped from his hand to the floor with a loud crash that died away in the merry chinkings of

the pieces as they danced across the room. Then the brutal lashing of the whip and the unsteady rumble of Master Simon's voice in his ears.

On dark, cloudy nights the "Mooncalf" would lie on the rocks on the shore of the bay and weave splendid dreams about the garden behind the moon.

"There will be countless flowers," he would cry, "Great milky lilies with silken petals; glorious roses as red as wine in the sunlight with the dancing reflections of the sunbeams; violets of a deep mysterious blue like the bottoms of mountain pools where the 'still waters run deep'; and a pansy for every thought. There will be palm trees with leaves of glossy green; and winding paths of the dust of pure white shells. It will be very still except for the silvery song of the poet bird that sings when the moon is full. And over all will shine the light of the moon that will change the flowers to fairies nodding in the breeze and glide over the palm leaves in ripples of wet silver.

So the nights went by and the moon waxed fuller and brighter while the whip of Master Simon grew more merciless, and large stones were thrown when before only pebbles had been pitched at him. So the tide grew higher and higher 'till it washed at the foot of the rocks on the shore of the bay and the moon ladder's bottom rung scintillated in the ripples on the sand.

Said Dame Gyer to Widow Strom: "Why does not Master Simon send the stupid child to the

asylum? For years he has taken care of him and every day the boy grows crazier. My own children tell me tales of how he lets the jars slip from his fingers and break to pieces on the floor. Even the heavy whip of Master Simon seems to do him no good."

"All that you say is true," replied the widow, "But Master Simon dares not send the child to the asylum. When but a tiny tot it was left in his room by its old father and Simon was so frightened by its queer ways that he believes it is a moonchild and that the devil will take vengeance on the man who harms it. He whips it because he holds that right over it, but to send it away might make trouble for him."

"Ay, perhaps you are right," sighed Dame Gyer, "I only wish that he would recover from his moon-struck ways. He's a nice looking boy except for his haunted eyes that stare as though they saw things us other folks don't know about."

"Perhaps they do, perhaps they do," murmured the widow, "Devils' imps may have strange powers and I never saw the beat of this boy."

Conversing thus, the two women walked on down to the square, for it was market day and there were some fine fish to be had at a moderate price if one knew the fishermen who sold them.

Then one night the moon rose full out of the water, dripping gold on the bay while its trail joined link by link with the waves until it reached the shore. The "Mooncalf" was waiting on the rocks, his mind burning with dreams, his body sore with the cuts and lashes of Master Simon's whip. He waited until the bottom rung of the

#### EL BARRIGÓN.

*Fred Helmerichs, '27.*

Short Story Contest—Third place.

Perhaps you have heard of El Barrigón, that largest of monkeys of South America. Standing about four feet high, with long arms, short legs, and a great pot-belly, he could be easily mistaken for a squat, hairy, pigmy. From the way he is built, he looks very slow, but even that agile denizen of the jungles, the spider-monkey, is prey for El Barrigón.

There are many Barrigónes, but he of whom I am going to write was the only one on the Rio Negro. Afraid of nothing, not even that terror of the jungles, the jaguar, El Barrigón was the

shining ladder sparkled in the eddies at his feet. His heart was pounding with excitement, his eyes glowed with the reflection of the moonbeams on the water, and his hands were cold and trembling like snowflakes in mid-air. He stretched out his arms and lifted one foot to place it on the path below him—then he stopped. A cold, inexplicable fear clutched his spirit and he stood shaking from an unknown terror. Instinct warned him of a foe that he neither knew nor understood, but he felt its menace.

"Why do you hesitate, little boy?" the dancing lights seemed to say, "Are there not wonderful sights to see behind the moon? Hasten, for soon it will be too late and I shall not come again for four whole weeks and it may be cloudy then."

"Oh, I will come," cried the boy, and hesitating no longer stepped on the dazzling rays of moon-gold that swam dizzily in the water.

There are secrets in the heart of the sea that men will never learn. Strange, ghostly shapes that glide to rest on the shell-covered floor of the ocean. The timbers of large wounded ships rot in deadly monotony at the bottom of the water. The fishes wonder why man can not stay in his own domain, the seahorses are disturbed in their play by falling bodies, the crabs and shellfish crawl disgruntled from their interrupted naps.

The tides rise and fall, the waves swell and die, the ripples rush and recede, and the moon waxes and wanes till the bottom rung of her ladder dances in the pools at the foot of the rocks on the shore of the bay.

king of the Rio Negro District. He had escaped so many times from traps that the natives claimed he bore a charmed life.

For four years El Barrigón had been the unbeaten master of the Rio Negro Region from its headwaters to where it joined that mighty river, the Amazon. Many times had he fought rivals for the supremacy of that district. Twice he had escaped death at the hands of the repeating rifles of the white men. Even now, there was healing on his shoulder a great wound, the result of his last brush with those same whites.

Twice in the last week El Barrigón had found traces in his territory of an intruder. Each time, however, the signs had been too old to give any idea of the size or the identity of the interloper. Both times El Barrigón had set out to track down this menace to his peace of mind, but each time he had lost the scent.

One day in his wanderings, El Barrigón came to the edge of a clearing. He had started to cross it, but had seen a shadowy form on the other side. Then, carried by a vagrant breeze, came the scent of that intruder of his domain. Instantly, with a roar of rage, El Barrigón started to cross the

#### STRANGE STORY OF ELIZABETH STAFFORDSHIRE.

*Catherine E. Conger, '27.*

Short Story Contest—Fourth Place.

Anne Marlowe and I were wandering through the house which she had just bought. It was an old English mansion in Staffordshire, and tradition said that there was a secret room somewhere. We were searching for it in a half-hearted way, when we came to a gloomy chamber which evidently had not been opened for years. We were about to explore it further and Anne was groping along the wall, when she said "Oh," in a startled voice, and suddenly sat down. I came nearer to see what was the matter and saw a gleam of light piercing through the darkness. Anne had stumbled against something and had caught at the wall to save herself from falling. In doing so she had touched a secret spring which revealed to us the object of our search—the hidden room!

We entered and found a small chamber furnished in the manner of centuries ago, with a little escritoire over in one corner. We opened it and Anne pulled out some documents. She glanced at them and then chose a parchment manuscript, faded, but still for the most part legible. Anne began to read it, stopping here and there to decipher a word. I will not attempt to give it in the exact form, for the old English is difficult to understand.

"I, Elizabeth Staffordshire, Countess of Staffordshire, do write this the story of my life in this year of Our Lord 1487. So many things have happened to me of late that I feel I must write them down.

"Last year, I, being in need of a sea voyage, did set sail with my sister in a merchant vessel, and

clearing. Just then he got a good view of his adversary which was smaller and less heavily built. This did not decrease El Barrigón's rage; in fact, it increased it. Growling and stiff-legged, he approached his enemy, but to his surprise, the other made no sign of preparation for battle, but seemed to be suing for peace. Gradually the hairs on the back of the neck of El Barrigón began to go down, and he began to whine conciliatingly as if to make friends. After a while they left, side by side. At last, El Barrigón had found a mate.

having gone through the Mediterranean Sea, landed at Messina. There I boarded a Genoese ship and sailed to Tana. Being seized with the wanderlust, I went by land to India, as I had a great desire to see that strange country whence come our jewels and spices. A ship was there, the captain of which had heard of islands to the east, where pearls more beautiful than any before seen were to be found. In consequence, he determined to go to these isles and my sister and I took passage on the vessel. On the way a great storm arose which lasted for many days and nights and finally, when we struck the land we were wrecked. I lost consciousness just as I felt sand beneath my feet, and on regaining my senses, I found myself the center of a circle of strange creatures, all staring at me in awe.

"I rose quickly and looked about me. On my right was the ocean, and I could see the wreckage of the ship floating. Great rocks were projecting here and there, but to my left was a small cove with a sandy beach upon which I had been cast. I glanced again at the creatures whom I now perceived to be human beings of the color of copper and who were clad in strange garments. They made a deep obeisance, and then motioned me to follow one who seemed to be the chief. Not knowing what else to do, I obeyed, and was brought to a kind of litter all covered with precious metals and jewels, and was invited to enter.

"Upon my doing this, the litter was raised and borne upon the shoulders of the natives to a city, where a great crowd gathered around. My es-

cort did not pause, however, until at length it came to a palace. There I was kindly received; indeed, I seemed to be worshipped.

"The women of the palace have taught me much of the language of the people, so that, although I am not greatly skilled in it, yet I can make my needs understood. And they have given me a name which means 'Shining One,' because, like a true Englishwoman, I am tall and my hair is red-gold.

"The country is called in the language of the people, 'Tavantinsuyu,' which means 'Four Quarters of the World.' The city in which I now am is called 'Cuzco,' and is the city of the ruler or Inca. He is supposed to be the child of the Sun and most of the nobility are called 'Children of the Sun' likewise, as they are his kinsmen. The Inca has asked me to come to an audience, so I must go now.

"At last I have discovered why I am so honored! The Inca made an obeisance as I entered the room, and then said he would explain why he had asked me to come.

"The people of my province wish to behold thee with their own eyes, oh Shining One. They have been so insistent that, though I feared lest I offend thee I was forced to ask thy permission.' He made another obeisance and waited silently, evidently expecting an answer.

"But why, oh king, should they wish to see me?"

"The Inca looked startled. 'Surely the Shining One jests. Surely the great goddess knows that her presence will confer much good on all who are near. Will not the sister of my glorious ancestor, the Sun, grant to my people the light of her countenance?"

"Since you wish it, oh king, I will do so for my brother's sake. I was about to leave ere my telltale face disclosed my secret, but the Inca started forward.

"If the Shining One will not be angry with her servant, may he ask her a question?"

"I assented and he continued after a slight hesitation. 'Why did not the Shining One know the language of the Incas? Do not the prayers in out tongue ascend to the sky and does not the Sun answer them?"

"Oh, as for that, I live in the Land of the Sky, as you know. There is a language of that coun-

try, and never having expected to visit Tavantinsuyu, I did not trouble to learn its tongue. When prayers ascend, as they touch the sky they are transformed into the language of the gods. Is my lord the Inca satisfied?"

"He nodded and I passed from the room and came speedily to mine own chamber, that I might write down this strange occurrence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tis a good five years since I have written in this chronical, for the burden of governing this country of Tavantinsuyu hath fallen on me, since all the people believe me to be a veritable source of wisdom. The Inca and his ministers have shown great respect for my opinion, and in all matters of importance they ask me first if I be pleased. And the thing doth not seem right to me, I have but to speak and it will be prohibited. The priests have exhibited awe of me also, and I have taken up my abode in the principal convent of the Virgins of the Sun, as their priestess.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have just discovered this manuscript which I began so bravely, and decided to finish it. In the year 1532, Pizarro, a Spanish gentleman, came to Tavantinsuyu, and, after a long struggle, conquered it. He hath been so kind as to send me to Spain on one of his ships, and from that country I can easily reach my dear England. But my sister died on that memorable night of the wreck, and whether my friends will be there, I know not. It hath been full 50 years since I last saw them, and I doubt not that many will be gone."

\* \* \* \* \*

Anne stopped, and I said: "Is that all?"

"No," she answered, "but this is in a different hand, and is more illegible. Oh, here it is:"

"Lady Staffordshire returned only to join her ancestors in the burial vault. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Anne and I immediately went to look up the records of Staffordshire county, and found that an Elizabeth Staffordshire had disappeared in her sixteenth year, together with her sister, and had returned alone a half century later to die in her old home.

"But why was the manuscript hidden in the secret room?" murmured Anne, half to herself.

"Yes, why?" I echoed.

Soon Anne turned up a record which said that during the Cromwellian Wars, an attack had been made upon Staffordshire Manor. After the battle it was discovered that a number of important documents had disappeared. It was believed that they had been placed in the secret room by a

gentleman, the only one who knew the secret of the chamber. The documents had never been recovered, as the gentleman was killed during the attack. Among these records was a manuscript which told the strange story of Elizabeth Staffordshire.

#### ON LEAVE FROM THE CEMETERY.

*Edith Trowbridge, '25.*

Short Story Contest—Fifth Place.

"Good Heavens, I never go any place any more. This darned burg gives me a pain. No place to go, nothing to see, and nothing to do. After the 6.30 train goes through, this place is a living cemetery," I complained to my mother.

"But Edith," she replied, "you're on the go all the time; you are never home at any rate."

"Yeah, I go to that plugged school all the time, and then when I do want a change of scenery at night, there's nothing to see," I grumbled.

The telephone bell put an end to our argument, and I rushed to answer it, for it might mean a date—oh, just anything to get out of Pedro Miguel.

"Hello," I bawled into the transmitter.

"Hello, hello, Edie," a feminine voice asked.

"Yeah, oh hello, Marge," I answered.

"What are you going to do this evening?" questioned Marge.

"Not a darn thing," I complained, "I was just telling mamma that this place is deader than a deaf and dumb asylum."

"Well, what do you say we go canoeing this evening?" suggested Marge.

"Sure, anything to break the monotony," I agreed.

"L'right then; I'll meet you at the boathouse at 7. Bye bye."

The receiver clicked in my ear.

I entered my room to get my sweater and knickers out of the trunk. I looked at my wrist-watch, and it was only 5 o'clock; so after a hurried call to my mother to wake me up at 6.30, I tumbled into bed.

"Oh, Edith, they are going to put out extras about going canoeing at night."

"S'all right, Mumsie."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gosh, bub, this water's sure cold, isn't it?" I queried between chattering teeth.

"Well, quit trailing your hands in it, you poor dub," responded Marge.

"Thank goodness, we're almost there anyway. I won't be sorry to see and feel a fire," I added congenially.

"From the way you're raving, you'd think we were approaching Iceland instead of the Coole," responded Marge in a rather disgusted tone.

We paddled in silence for almost 15 minutes when finally we came to the beginning of the Coole. There were innumerable stumps in the river, so we were obliged to go slow.

"Watch out there," screamed Marge, "we're going over a stump! Can't you see anything? One of those stumps will take out the bottom of this canoe, and then you'll wish you had looked."

"Well, I'm not an owl, if that's what you mean," I responded angrily. "How was I to know that stump was there? It wasn't sticking up so that I could see it."

"Oh, of course not," said Marge in a sarcastic voice. "They certainly should have traffic cops up here for your benefit, or at least a red flag on every stump."

I was about to retort when we went over another stump, but this time we did not fare so well, for the stump stuck in the middle of the canoe and we could neither go forward nor could we back up.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied. You've wrecked us for sure this time," grumbled Marge.

"Well, Good Heavens, if you think you can do any better, I'd be glad to move out and let you navigate the whole thing!" I hissed.

"Oh, sure you are, after you've wrecked the boat," Marge sneered.

"Well, now to get this thing straight, can you name the time I ever told you I was a licensed pilot? And anyway, who got up this darned old trip? Anybody with a grain of sense ought to

know better than to travel out at night on a lake when it's full of stumps," I grumbled.

"Speaking of grains of sense, I notice you weren't very grainy or brainy when I suggested this trip. But this fussing won't get us anywhere. Let's both jump forward and try to dislodge the old bus," suggested Marge.

After several futile attempts of jumping forward and then reversing, we found to our dismay, that the boat had not moved an inch. So we decided to take other measures.

"I know what," I cried, breaking the silence.

"Well, what is your cute suggestion now?" questioned Marge.

"Well, don't be so darned sarcastic," I responded, "but I was going to suggest that you take off your sweater and dive in and push us off the stump."

"Such nerve is unwarranted! You detestable thing," raved Marge. "Since you are the one that got us up here, you might at least be good enough to get us off!"

"Sure" I responded, "but you've crabbed so much about my being a bum pilot, that I thought

you might like to try your luck as a deepsea diver!"

"Yeah? Well, just think again, and this time think of something you can do yourself, to relieve the situation," grumbled Marge.

After much argument on both sides we decided that it would only be fair for both of us to dive in. Marge insisted that we both dive in at the same time, for she knew that I wouldn't go if she went first.

"One, two, three," I shouted, and there was a mighty splash. I struck with both my arms, to say nothing of my feet. I heard a voice shouting and a bell ringing! My time had come!

"Stop it, Edith," the strange voice kept saying, "I never saw such a rambunctious person in all my life. Quit kicking me like that; you told me to wake you!"

I opened my eyes to see my mother bending over me! Then it wasn't really so? Had I dreamed that abominable trip?

"Marge wants you on the 'phone, Edith," my father shouted.

"Tell her I've changed my mind about going canoeing," I replied.

### THE DREAM GIRL.

*Lucie Wright Franklin, '25.*

Short Story Contest—Seventh Place.

Two men sat before a fire one winter night in the last part of December. The room was spacious and comfortable looking with heavy rugs, hanging tapestries, big easy-chairs, and a grand piano at the farther end of the room; a tall floor lamp was the only light in the room beside the firelight, thus giving the two men a feeling of comfort and ease. A small table stood between them containing liqueur and cigarettes. The men were strangely silent, each occupied in his own thoughts. Finally one spoke; he was a black-haired, black-eyed, medium-sized man with a look of success and contentedness on his whole being.

"Berry, old man, doesn't it seem good to be together after five years? We spent our boyhood practically in the same house, and at Princeton we were always together. Tell me, old chap, how does it strike you?"

The other man was a strange contrast to the first; he was very tall, very broad, and a decided blonde; his face had a rather dissatisfied expression

and yet, even the most particular of women would have to admit that he was very good to look upon.

"Well, Frank, it does and it doesn't! Hold on! I mean it does because you are like a brother and pal to me; and it doesn't because you are such a good example of what I should have been, too, a business success. I've realized once or twice in the last two years just what a mess I have made of my life, but never so much as I do right now, sitting here in your study and seeing success on every side of you."

The other man was quiet, but he realized the truth of his friend's statement. Berry went on, after having lighted a cigar.

"You started in Wall Street, at the bottom, and to-day you have a seat, and you are making money. You have your diversions, you have a home, and you have a wife whom I hope to have the pleasure of meeting. You are happy; while I, when I left home hit the trail, went to the Argentine with the engineers, and have struck

every place in the world. I have enough money, I have a job, but I will never have a home."

Frank Johnson raised his eyes to his friend; he knew him well enough to guess that there was something else also, so he asked:

"And Berry, what about a wife?"

He seemed to have hit the nail on the head, for Berry gave a little start, and then laughed. He was more than handsome when he laughed, he was fascinating.

"Years haven't changed you any, old top, because there's where I am the biggest failure—shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes, go on."

"It was at Virginia Beach, about a year ago, but the main thing begins back fifteen years, rather it was started fifteen years—my dream girl. I remember when a boy—"

His voice grew lower as though he were merely talking to himself, so that the man opposite him leaned forward to catch the words. It seemed like college days to the latter, when his chum, Berry Longstreet, was kidded for writing music and being somewhat of a dreamer.

"I first thought of Her. She was to be very slender and tall; then after a few years I added some more to her. She must have dark blue eyes and auburn hair. Nowhere had I seen a woman with that perfect combination. During the flapper age, I decided that she must not drink or smoke. I wanted her to be clever, but lovable; I wanted her to be admired, but not pursued; well, I reckon I wanted her to be perfect, and she was!"

The voice stopped, and the two men sat there in silence. Then Berry continued:

"I was taking a vacation down near my home town, Norfolk. One afternoon I took pencil and paper, and started down the beach. I finally got to a spot where I could sketch the ocean waves,

and that gorgeous beach without disturbance. I had been there about an hour, and the sun was beginning to set when I looked up the beach and saw Her. She was on a big black horse which had been running, because the sweat poured from the animal; and her hair, her glorious red hair, had become loose, and fell over her shoulders; I knew before she got closer that she was my dream girl, and I sat there like a schoolboy hypnotized. I can not remember how we met, or who made the first remark, I was simply under the spell of her enchanting voice. As I repeat, she was all that I had dreamed about, and more too. We sat there on the beach and she told me about her life, just a little though, and I didn't ask for details. I only marveled. Well, the next day she went swimming with me, and I loved her—I'd loved her for fifteen years, so it seemed natural to me, to be with her. I was in Paradise for three days; we swam, rode and talked; we even danced in the evening under a gorgeous moon. And then she told me that she was going back to New York, and that she was married."

There was a long silence after the last sentence.

"Somehow I managed to live through it, but I shall never forget the hell I went through the night she left. I walked the beach all night. You see, she loved me, and I'd loved her all my life—we were made for each other. But she left, I never knew her name, and I've never seen her since."

The door opened and a tall, slender woman, dressed in Nile green, entered the room, just as Berry was finishing his story. Her hair piled high on her lovely head was auburn color, and the eyes that slowly went from man to man were of the deepest, darkest blue. Frank Johnson rose from his chair, saying:

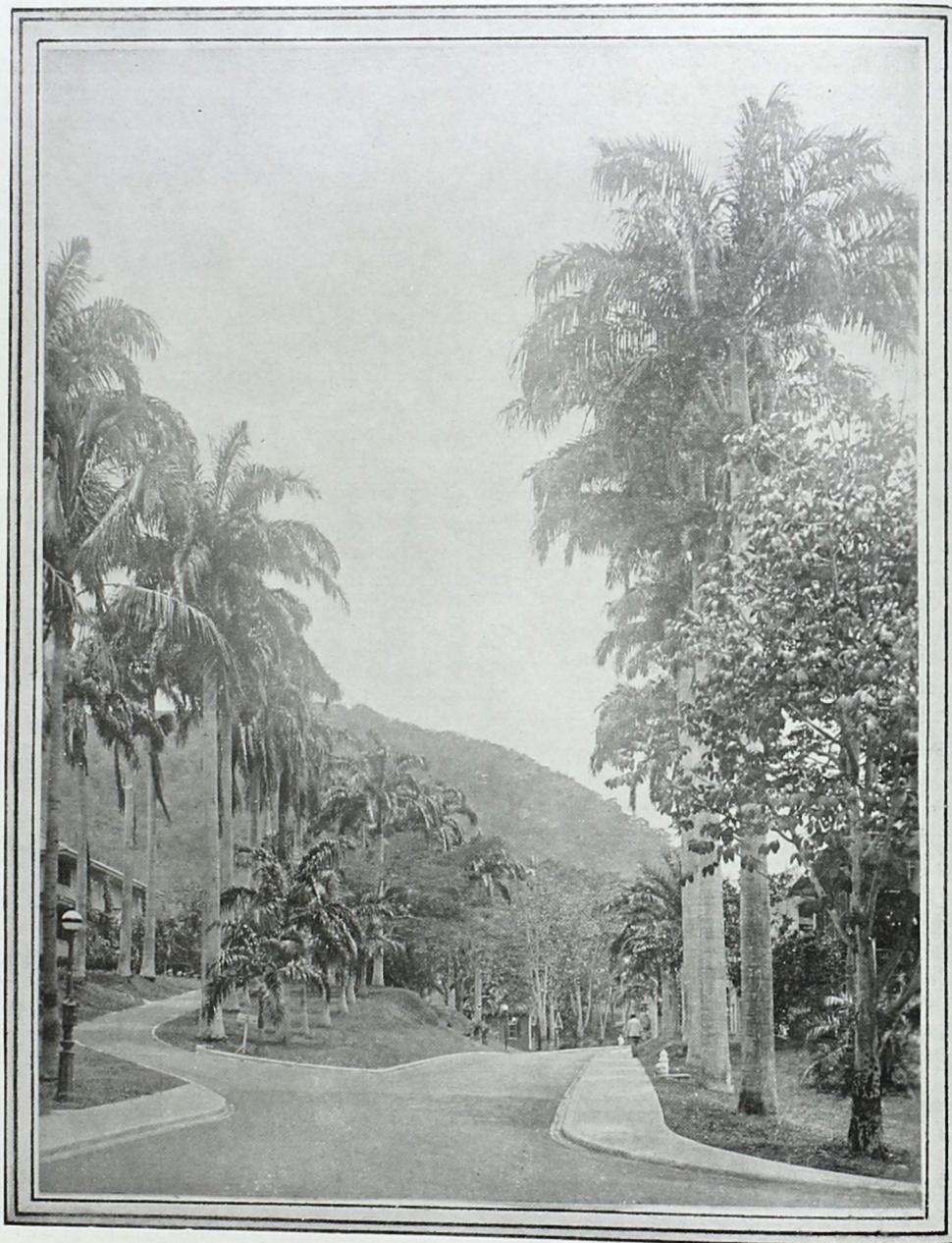
"Come, Natalie, I want you to meet my life-long friend. Berry, this is my wife."

### ON GRADUATION.

*Carol Rigby, '25.*

For what is so rare as the day in June  
When we leave B. H. S. to the mournful tune  
Of weeping and wailing? (But have no fears  
Our feeling of pride will dry our tears.)  
Yes! What is so rare? We have longed and yearned  
For this day of days. Then at last having learned  
Our English and Spanish and History and Civics,  
Our French and Geometry, Latin and Physics.

We'll walk condescendingly all down the aisle,  
Our sheepskin in hand, and toploftily smile  
On Sophomores and Juniors and parents and friends  
Who don't have the air our B. H. S. lends  
Her well-finished products—all polished by hand.  
So we soon will become a great power in the land.  
Yes, what is so rare as that day in June?  
Hip! hip! hooray! for it's coming soon!



STREET LEADING TO ANCON HOSPITAL.

## SALLY AND THE SILVER KING.

Dorothy Eastman, '25.

Every day for the last two weeks, on her way to the links, Sally Evans had stopped at the golf club to see the prizes for the coming tournament. This tournament was to be a unique one, the like of which had never been known before in the annals of golf history. It was to be a mixed doubles tournament; that is, a man and a woman would play together. At the end of 18 holes, the couple with the lowest score would win a box of "Silver King" golf balls, the finest balls to be had. Sally had made up her mind to enter the contest.

The day before the tournament, about to enter the club, she hesitated in the doorway, for, standing in front of the case in which the prizes were displayed, stood Jack Kent, a man who had somehow aroused her interest, although he had never given her a second glance. "So he is out for the prize, too," thought Sally, as she turned to leave. "Well, he'll get it, no doubt. The girl will be fortunate who plays with him." Jack Kent was her ideal. He was a fine manly chap, clean, wholesome and expert in all sports. He was a leader in his crowd; where he led, they followed. Sally had never been able to come up to his standards for a girl in sports, although she had tried.

When Jack had taken up swimming, so had everyone else and all had tried to become experts, Sally with the rest. Sally, however, although she became a fine long-distance swimmer, was forced to give up the races in which Jack delighted, due to her weak heart. Water polo, tennis, basket ball, skating, skiing, all in quick succession were taken up and dropped first by Sally and later, as the novelty wore off, by Jack. In none of these sports could Sally excel; but she had done her best.

At last the vacillating crowd turned to golf. Feeling that here at last was a game she could play, she took it up, soon mastering the form and acquiring a drive that was a credit to her, a mid-iron shot that was good for a clean 175 yards, a mashie shot that cleared the greatest obstacles, and a putt, far-famed for its length and accuracy.

The crowd regarded her with some trace of admiration; but Sally had heard Jack call it "fool's

luck," and she had heard him say, "It won't last; she has not the qualifications for a real sports-woman." Sally wondered if that was true; wondered if she could ever hope to do well in any sport. However, to-morrow was the tournament and she must show what she could do. Paired off with however bad a partner, she would play to win. Win what? Two things. The box of "Silver Kings" and the admiration of Jack. Being imaginative by nature, she lived in a land of story books; and so it was natural that she called this man, who was her ideal, by a fanciful name. She called him her Silver King, and it seemed fitting to her that the best golf balls in quality and endurance were called after the name she had given him. "Some people have everything," she thought as she left the clubhouse, "Jack is as fine a golfer as he is a swimmer and tennis player."

The match was scheduled for 8 o'clock and at a quarter to eight, Sally was on her way to the clubhouse. She passed Jack walking, and after some hesitation she stopped the car and waiting until he caught up with her, she offered him a lift. To her surprise, Jack accepted and they rode to the course together, arriving just as they were preparing to draw slips for partners. Sally got in line and soon received her folded slip. Without unfolding it, she passed it to the man in charge, and he, opening it, read in a loud, clear voice: "Kent to play with Miss Evans." Jack came forward quickly from the group of men with whom he had been talking. He bowed and shook hands with her, resolving, at the same time, that he would do his best to win, girl or no girl.

They went out to the first tee, where there was a crowd of people waiting to see the twosomes off. Sally, placing her ball on the tee, heard one of them say, "Poor fellow, he sure is handicapped." How was she to know that they were not referring to her? Nervously, she drove and hooked her ball way off to the left and down into the canyon. Jack groaned inwardly but said nothing. He teed up his ball. Her second shot, however, landed her on the green, where Jack was impatiently waiting. "Hard luck, Miss Evans," was his only

comment as she holed out in five. Still, she made it up on the next two holes. On the fourth hole Jack drove his ball into the ocean and his second ball into a sand bunker. Aside from that, there was nothing eventful in the first nine.

When they reached the tenth hole Jack was one in the lead. A crowd of people was there to hear how the game was going and Sally's heart leaped as she heard his jaunty reply to their queries, "The others haven't got a chance, we're out to win." With pars and first Jack winning a hole and then Sally winning a hole they reached the eighteenth. Sally drove first. Slowly she made her tee of compact sand and placed the ball on top; this was the great moment of her life. She drove; up and out went the ball, hissing through the air for a good 180 yards. Jack whistled his admiration and made a good drive too. Sally, getting ready for her second stroke felt his intense gaze and she topped the ball badly. Jack, in stony silence, made a shot that landed him just this side of the green. Sally walked to where her ball lay and whispered as she swung, "For the Silver King." She balanced herself, brushed a stray curl out of her face and bent over the ball. Down came the club all her strength behind it; straight it went, so fast that the eye could scarcely follow it. It bounced and rolled onto the green. As the ball stopped a few feet from the hole, Sally sighed in relief and then smiled at Jack's hearty laughter. Surely he could not think little of her if he laughed like that. Jack's approach shot was too hard and went beyond the pin. Disgusted, he shot for the hole again and landed a few feet from it. Sally putted in neatly and Jack followed. It was over!

#### OPHELIA.

*Constance Graff, '25.*

It was early morning; the sun rose bringing with it golden light—day. The birds in the tree-tops chirped their songs; how happy the world and her children appeared.

Not any happier, perhaps, than the beautiful maid who sat on the bank of a crystal lake, singing a quaint little chant of her love.

Ah—there—there—she saw him in the distance riding toward her on his white charger. Her blue eyes danced with joy; yes—it was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun rose; it was the beginning of another day; birds chirped and sang their happy songs. A maid sat on the shores of the crystal lake, but

Retrieving the balls from the hole he said, "Congratulations, Miss Evans, on a good game."

Laughing together, they walked back to the clubhouse where they found that there were two more couples still playing. Their score was better than all of those turned in up to them, so they felt they had a good chance to win. While they waited, they drank sodas and talked merrily. Time went quickly and one of the couples came only to learn that Sally and Jack had a score that beat theirs by two strokes. Breathlessly they waited for the last couple, and Sally found herself thinking that it didn't matter if they didn't win; she had won Jack's notice at least. Looking up, she surprised so warm a light of admiration in his eyes, that a deep flush spread over her face and neck and she lowered her eyes. The delightful yet embarrassing moment was spoiled by the entrance of the last couple, triumphantly waving their score cards as they came. Her eyes shining, Sally stood up. The two who had just came in were laughing as they repeated their score, but their faces fell as they saw Sally's face light up. "We've won," she called out. Jack had disappeared and Sally was vaguely disappointed but her disappointment vanished when she saw Jack return with the prize. "Sally," he said eagerly, "here's the prize! Don't you think it would be fun to use them together?" Sally, too happy to speak, shyly nodded. Claspings tightly the box of "Silver Kings," she foresaw many pleasant afternoons in the future, playing golf with him. She had won both the prize and the regard of her Silver King.

she did not sing. Her lips moved but no sound was uttered. She stood up, and as though following—following, sang a sad and broken-hearted strain. A mist veiled her blue eyes. To-day—no horse and rider approached.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night, the ever mysterious; the first star twinkled brightly but was dimmed by the silvery gleam of the moon. The lake lapped upon the edge of the shore. A night bird's shrill note broke the silence.

Far—far in the distance the melancholy note drifted—until still and silent a white flower, crushed and broken, floated over the crystal waves of the lake.

#### CLASS PINS.

*Loretta Kocher, '25.*

"Three twenty. Three twenty-two. Three twenty-four. Three hundred and twenty-four dollars. Whew! What a lot of money to pay for a bunch of little old class pins. Say, Dot, where shall I put this money? I wish mother was here, but we'll just have to grin and bear it."

Frances turned to a very attractive looking girl, about 17 years old. Dorothy never took anything seriously. She was studiously trying out some new jazz, and the noise was unbearable.

"Do keep still, Dot! Be serious for once."

"Let's make it a real romantic place. Gee, I wish you had a spooky old attic or something. I crave mystery. Let's hunt up some terribly secret place!"

"I know that it is foolish to be worried. For no robber would bother to steal such a measly little sum. I just feel queer. I am having a taste of responsibility for once, I guess."

They hunted around for a time and finally decided to put it in the dry closet, in a brief case of Frances' father's. Dot told all sorts of spooky stories, but found that Frances would not pay any attention to her.

After they did this, they went upstairs to study their lessons. They studied for a time and Dot discovered she was sleepy.

"Say, Fan, I'm awfully tired; let's go to bed."

"Well, all right, but I'm hungry. Let's go down and get some fruit cake."

They got some cake and then went upstairs with their minds full of imaginary robberies. They talked until they fell asleep. Then Frances heard a voice. But what a queer voice! Was it a voice, anyway? Surely it wasn't human.

"Catch me if you can," it said. And looking around, Fanny saw a great twenty-dollar bill standing upright. It had developed legs and—oh—all around it was every bill and piece of the precious pin money. They were running away.

"Oh, stop! Don't run away. I never did anything to you. Please! I am responsible for every cent of you! Oh, won't they ever stop?" wailed Frances.

Ah, they had stopped and the big bill was going to speak.

"You said this evening that such a measly sum of money was not worth stealing, so we are running away," it said.

"Do come back! Please come back! Come!"  
"Come where, Fanny? Are you dreaming or what? It is a good thing I am a friend of yours; I am not usually so mild on awaking. Come where?"

Frances knew now that it would never do to let Dot know that she had not been calling her, so she said:

"Come downstairs with me. I am still worried about that money."

They went downstairs half frightened to death, but the money was still safe.

"See, you are just a big fraidy cat! Let's go to sleep," yawned Dot.

So, hand in hand, they went upstairs again and went to sleep.

"Now," thought Frances subconsciously, "what are those queer little gold and black things? Bugs? My, there are about 36 of them. They surely do resemble our class pins. They have feet. They are moving. Why, they are class pins! Are they coming after me?"

"Yes, we are coming after you and we are class pins. You insulted us and we are all going to stick you hard."

At that, some of the pins turned as if to stick her. "Oh, don't. How did I ever insult you?"

"This evening you said that \$300 was too much to spend on a lot of old class pins. Just let me tell you, young lady," said the pin who was acting as spokesman, "that it is an honor to wear a class pin. It requires 12 years of hard labor to earn one, a clear conscience to wear one, and money to buy one." He turned around with a vicious look. "Oh, don't!" "Please stop sticking me."

"Who's sticking you, foolish? I was only pulling a hair from your head to see if you would wake up."

They talked until breakfast time and then Frances, looking very tired, said:

"Dot, you know I have a great respect for class pins."

"Uh-huh. Why?"

"Well you know it takes 12 years to earn one and it takes money to buy one. They are really something to be proud of."

"Well, of all the queer notions!"



## SNAPSHOTS.



## THE HIRED GIRL.

Marjorie Specht, '25.

Our cook is the funniest person imaginable. Her name is "Lillian," but she says it's "Lilly." Lilly comes every morning about seven o'clock and does her work well. She has many very odd ways and is so good-natured that she doesn't mind being corrected.

She has a peculiar habit of answering when spoken to. When she hears her name pronounced she stops whatever she is doing and, scratching the end of her nose, she repeats over and over: "Oh, yes Mum, yes Mum, yes Mum."

When there is any amount of food thrown in the garbage, and she is asked why she has thrown it away she answers: "Oh! well Mum, it never was any good. It looked suspicious to me in the first place, and seeing you didn't eat it when I put it on the table I knew it was suspicious."

She usually takes half of her meals home with her in a paper bag, saying she can't eat it all now, but it will fill in for company if she has any that night.

When a utensil can not be found, instead of asking if anyone has seen it, she takes every article off the shelves and then if it is not located, sits on the floor with the dishes around her and cries.

## THE PASSING CROWD.

Alice Oliver, '25.

As a person stands by any store in Panama and watches the crowd go by, he will see many different races of people.

First comes a huge overdressed woman who has been eyeing the sights of Panama through a gold lorgnette. Next are two stately Martinique women who are conversing in the French of their native tongue. They scornfully draw aside their voluminous skirts lest they touch the faded drab of the slouchy Jamaican. These Martiniques have a very picturesque costume. The stiffly-starched skirts of their gay gingham dresses are held up neatly over one arm, revealing a snowy petticoat equally as starched. Bright three-cornered kerchiefs are crossed over their ample bosoms, while quaintly tied turbans of vivid red and yellow add the finishing touches of these odd dresses.

Her method of drying the dishes was extraordinary when she first came. She called it fanning the dishes. Gathering together all the newspapers that were about, she started to fan, with every effort possible, over the dishes. Sometimes the wind produced was so strong that it blew some thin glasses off the draining board.

One day when she was doing the washing, I asked her to color an old house dress lavender. About two hours after this I looked out of the window and saw the line full of a very beautiful shade of lavender clothes flying about in the wind. She explained the situation by telling me that when she colored the dress, spots of the dye dropped on the other clothes, and as she thought they would look better all one color instead of spotted, she dyed those also.

When dinner is ready she pokes her head around the corner and says: "Do you all feel hungry?" This means that she is ready for us to eat.

The incident which impresses me most is the manner in which she says she is going home. After the work is finished and she is ready to leave, she comes into the room and exclaims: "I'm gone, Mum."

Next comes a group of tourists; the rather pompous man in immaculate white duck and pith helmet is vigorously mopping his dripping brow; the women in gay sport clothes with a smack of Fifth Avenue shops are diligently fanning themselves as they view their surroundings with amused interest.

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

An American girl comes hurrying along. Her fluffy hair is crowned with an organdie hat which matches her ruffled pink dress. With a whiff of heavy perfume she passes and is lost among the crowd.

## THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

Polly James, '25.

In the hotel where I live, there was, not long ago, a telephone operator who was undoubtedly the stupidest person I have ever known. No matter what number you called or what order you gave she invariably would get it wrong. If you asked for a number that was busy, she would never tell you so, but let you wait for the connection until you hung up the receiver in disgust. If you had a habit of sleeping in the early afternoon, from say, two o'clock until three, and consequently pleaded with her most tenderly not to call you during that time, not on any account whatever, most certainly she would ring your phone at about two-thirty to inform you with an amazing docility that such and such wished to speak to you. You, of course, would swear, and even condemn her to all kinds of torturing agony in the afterlife, but you would be too kind-hearted to report her to the manager.

Once, perhaps, in the late afternoon, you would encounter a strange desire to have a chicken sandwich to eat while reading Michael Arlen or Tolstoi.

You would go to your phone and in the sweetest and clearest voice at your command, humbly beg the telephone operator to be so kind as to communicate your strange desire to a waiter, which she would promise most faithfully to do. You would heave a sigh of relief, return to your book, and anticipate with infinite pleasure, the coming sandwich. With great alacrity you would hasten to open your door for the waiter when he arrived, only to discover that he had brought you an enormous chicken salad and would proffer you a check for you to sign your name and approval to the sum of eighty cents. You would be furious, of course, and only after great difficulty would you convince the head waiter that it was a mistake on the part of the telephone girl. Several days later you would wonder at the strong, efficient voice that responded briskly to your lifting up the receiver of your phone. Finally, you would feel inclined to go to church on the approaching Sunday to praise the Lord for his kindness in removing so hopeless a person from your impatient vicinity.

## ON RECEIVING AN F IN SPANISH.

Carol Rigby, '25.

Last night in the darkness I lay on my bed  
I was sad, I was mad, and a great weight of lead  
Seemed to lie on my breast. I lay there and thought  
Of my awful report card. I wondered if aught  
Could retrieve that sad F. My spirits were low—  
As low as my marks. I let myself go  
And cried for a moment. Why *did* I take Spanish!  
I could have had typing, or—Stop! I must banish  
Such thoughts from my head. What's begun I must end.  
Though I break in the doing, I never shall bend!  
(These thoughts are my daddy's, but though they're not mine

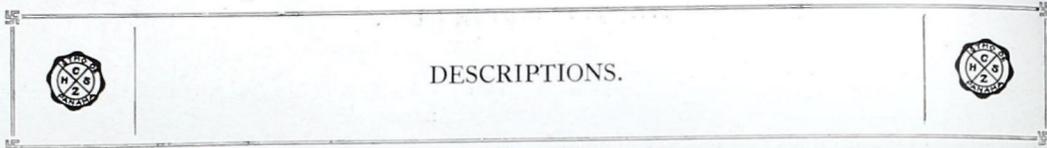
I simply must use them. I think they sound fine—  
So poetical too.) Then my thoughts wandered back  
To the hours just past. 'Twas a subject—alack!—  
Too painful to dwell on. But if you insist—  
I am very unselfish—I'll tell you. Now list  
To my tale and be warned. I begin—Oh! my soul  
Sing the grand and magnificent war and the roll  
Of high words in our home when my marks were made  
plain—  
But no! 'Tis a too sad and sorrowful strain.

## AN ALPHABET.

Ida Ruth Hammer, '25.

A is for Allen, and Ayers, and all;  
B is for Betz, Brown, Burgoon of baseball;  
Breneman next, with Clements, and Cross.  
D is Duran; of tango he's boss;  
Then Dorothy comes; our president true,  
Grimson, Graff, and Gregory, too;  
Gerrans and Hammer and Hardeveld next,  
And some at the head of contests are fixed;  
Kocher's a name that's not often found,  
Locken's a girl who's admired all around;  
Manley, McDade—What a wonderful pair!

Oliver, Peace, will get their true share;  
Rigby and Robinson—they sure will do—  
Stanziola and Shroyer and Sullivan too;  
Tonneson, Tatom, and Trowbridge are best,  
The Woodruffs and Wright, and Weiss make the rest.  
There are three who have not been spoken of yet:  
Wainio, Young, and Zidbeck. You bet  
We are surely some class when we started out right,  
Which is always the case! Be assured we don't fight!  
We are true to our class, and our High School so dear,  
And our love will grow greater with each coming year.


 DESCRIPTIONS.

## A MEXICAN CITY.

*Patricia Flint, '26.*

In the high Sierras of Mexico the air of late August had a decidedly nipping quality; although the birds still called to one another across the arroyas, and the small animal life of the underbrush went on busily.

Jaurez was like most Mexican cities; and as we passed down the dusty little street, the itinerant shoemaker, cutting and sewing away under a big Madronia tree beside the Refugio trail, grumbled a few unintelligible words and drew his *serape* close about his thin shoulders. But the little urchins played about him joyously, active and untiring in the cold, brisk air with its delicious odors of pine and bay.

Farther down the street a fruit vender selling oranges, apples, pomegranates, and *aguacates* about which flies and insects swarmed. Many urchins were playing about his two-wheeled

cart watching stealthily for an opportunity to take some of the fruit.

All along the street, women squatted in front of their adobe houses working ground corn and water in order to make their daily meal of *tortillas*. Now and then one of these spoke to us, nodding and smiling.

Merchants of little shops came running out chattering Spanish, most of which we hardly understood. Of course we stopped and looked at their wares, and to our surprise found many beautiful pieces of Indian pottery for a peso or perhaps even less.

As the sun drew toward its height, the people moved indoors. The street vender disappeared and everything became perfectly quiet except for the bark of a dog now and then and the continual tap, tap, tap of the shoemaker's hammer.

## KOLI KOLI PASS.

*Andrew Donovan, '26.*

The evening wind whistles through Koli Koli Pass. It sings through the long, blue valley and stirs up fine clouds of colored dust, which, like a cloth of gold *perdah*, add beauty and mystery.

Stones roll from the path and fall into the gulch, sending up ghostly sounds that echo about the crags.

The path grows steep and tortuous and the grey green grass is dry and crunches under foot.

From the top al Wianai is visible, a wonderful view of mountains and lowlands, water and sky.

A path of orange red clay winds down to the cane lands below. In the distance stretches the sea, the jewel of the universe, and its turquoise waves are capped with crystal. A tall palm bends in the breeze and from a small thatched hut issues a thin, eddying stream of pearly gray smoke.

Slowly the sun sinks, casting golden shadows on the sea; and a rosy aftermath is all that remains.

It is night in Koli Koli Pass.

## CARNIVAL.

*Constance Graff, '25.*

The lights, the confetti, the serpentines, the music—all blazed forth in the spirit of the glorious Carnival.

There are no sad hearts to-night, there are no broken dreams, there are no troubles; everything is forgotten in this great humdrum of gaiety.

People—thronging of people—crowded the pave-

ments. Cars—masses of cars—blocked the streets. The jangle of voices chanting quaint strains of music drifted above the din and noise.

Clowns danced, Romeos made love, Pierrots frolicked, Pierettes blushed behind fans. All played for a moment in the whirl of life.

## A WALKING TREE.

*Katherine Sundquist, '27.*

The walking tree that I saw was in Habana, Cuba. It belonged to a very wealthy woman, who had quite a large villa. The tree was situated in one part of her extensive grounds, along side of a road.

The walking tree undoubtedly is something very rarely seen. It appears at first sight to be merely a vine-covered tree. All the foliage is at the top of the tree.

This tree, as is indicated by its name, walks, but only toward the sun. It moves very slowly, only about six feet in ten years. This tree has already walked into the middle of the road twice,

and each time was carefully moved back by skilled gardeners.

The process the tree goes through in walking is very like ours in a way. The tree has no roots as other trees. Something similar to a vine comes down from the top of the tree and gets hold in the ground. Some of these uncommon roots are always growing and after so many of these have become attached to the earth a corresponding number break off in the back and go to form the trunk of the tree. In this manner (so like our own way of walking by putting one foot forward and drawing up the rear foot) the tree walks on, ever to the east.

## AWAKENING.

*Andrew Donovan, '26.*

A torii of dull red lacquer timbers gleamed through the opaque blue haze. Then appeared the temple walls of caladon green mottled in places with haricot red and russet. The only sounds to be heard were the faint rubbing of branches in the temple courtyard and the shrill cry of the rice-cake vender which came muffled through the fog. In the marshes below the bulrushes talked together in a harsh, rasping voice. A light breeze stirred the fog about the summit of the mount and disclosed a peak of royal purple, draped in ermine against a sky streaked with orange. The torii gleamed with a new radiance as the sun shone on its gold and red timbers and the golden dragons which chased their tails.

In the temple yard the early owlet, paulownia, nodded over the fish pond and the ancient carp swam sluggishly about. The breeze stirred the patchouli and blew its exotic perfume over the hills while a wandering minstrel trudged slowly and wearily from a grove of mystic laurel, singing, in a weary dusty voice, an age-old song of the people.

Across from the temple a housewife pushed back the paper screens; and the maid, girded with a flaming ahi of orange silk, clattered about with her wooden clogs on the stones of the courtyard. Presently the temple gong sounded a dull sonorous note and the day was fully begun.

## THE TEMPLE OF THE FOUR SACRED DAYS.

*Andrew Donovan, '26.*

The Temple of the Four Sacred Days rests in the shadow of Lu Ki. It is built on a small promontory of land, washed by the emerald waves of the Japan Sea. The temple court in the shadows of the mountain, is dark and musty; and the sacred crysanthemums are stilted and pale. The great door of black and gold lacquer, depicting the life of Ali-Buddha from his birth until his entrance into Nirvana, swings to and fro in the wind, with a rasping noise.

A gong sounds, softly at first, and then increasing in speed and volume, until it becomes a steady vibrating sound; then the speed slackens, and with a low, hollow moan, it ceases. The great hall is in almost total darkness, save where some light comes in through a clear story window, and

lights up a corner of a screen of blue and faded coral, or casts golden squares on the floor. Buddha is seated on a stand of carved stone, and on his face is a smile of commiseration and his hands are raised in benediction. The gilt from the ceiling beams lies scattered on the red floor, and the golden brocade curtains hang listlessly. A mouse with his lean white face, looking like a malignant spirit, peers around the base of a pillar, and his keen eyes sparkle in the gloom.

In the corner, kneels a pilgrim in prayer, an aged, stupid old man. His act of devotion in the tottering temple is more than a compensation for all the splendor it has lost; for the ocean may wear away the foundations, but it can not wear away an all-sustaining faith.



## GUESS WHO?



A boy comes shambling into the classroom. His gait is slow and he seems to be very unconcerned about the conditions around him.

This young man is a blonde, although his eyebrows are very dark and are usually in a state of agitation, especially when he moves the crown of his head and wiggles his ears. Perhaps that is one of "Walter Camp's Daily Dozen"; but I haven't noticed that it is very beneficial to the mind. Another characteristic is his keen perception of jokes; but he usually keeps a straight face and evinces much surprise that his classmates should laugh so boisterously. When everyone has quieted down, a few loud guffaws will be heard; and we know at last he has seen the joke and is contributing his appreciation.

A particular aversion of this young man is long assignments; as yet he has not been able to see the value of them.

I have forgotten to tell you of this man's marked ability to play the piano. He is very talented and some day, no doubt, he will rival Paderewski.

—*Helene Grimison, '25.*

Indeed she is very popular in Balboa High School and when one becomes acquainted with her he can easily tell the reason why.

Always energetic, ambitious, optimistic, and friendly with all—such is her nature. No other has shown so much interest in "backing up" the

class; and whenever she plans to do something, she is on the alert to see that it is successfully carried out.

I don't think she ever goes to a class with an unprepared lesson, and she is always ready to take her part in the recitations. She is especially talented in giving oral recitations of any kind, for she speaks with ease, she talks only about topics that would interest the average person, and she uses a simple yet fluent vocabulary.

Without her personal description, don't you know who she is?

—*Ethel Wainio, '25.*

I hear someone prance upon the stairs. Everyone whispers just one word. I look out into the hall and there I see a medium-sized boy. His skin is olive, his eyes are black, and his jet black hair is vaselined down so heavily that not one hair is out of place. This boy's clothes are immaculately clean and he is very well dressed. He has on the latest kind of tie, the latest style shaped trousers, and the latest style of belt. Everyone greets this boy with just one word; at this word his whole face lights up and he starts bragging about a trivial affair he has had a hand in; or else he tells of how intelligent he is. Everyone knows that he does this only to be amusing, so he is readily forgiven. Then just one word is said. Can you guess what it is? "Sheik!"

—*Edith Trowbridge, '25.*

## WHO'S WHO IN B. H. S.

The most popular girl—Helene Grimison.  
The most popular boy—James Burgoon.  
The most athletic girl—Mary Joe Lowe.  
The most athletic boy—Ralph Clements.  
The most admired girl—Constance Graff.  
The most admired boy—Elias Anastaciado.  
The wittiest girl—Dorothy Eastman.  
The wittiest boy—Joe Duran.  
The best all-around girl—Helene Grimison.  
The best all-around boy—James Burgoon.  
The school baby—Hattie Belle Rader.  
The most stylish girl—Naenia Baxter.  
The most stylish boy—Paul Duran.  
The school beauty, girl—Constance Graff.  
The school beauty, boy—John Tatom.  
The brightest girl—Agnes McDade.  
The brightest boy—James Perry.

The best dancer, girl—Constance Graff.  
The best dancer, boy—Elias Anastaciado.  
The school musician, girl—Helen Morgan.  
The school musician, boy—Earle Gerrans.  
The quietest girl—Isabel Dixon.  
The quietest boy—James Perry.  
The shortest girl—Marion Allen.  
The shortest boy—Charles Jackson.  
The tallest girl—Alice Oliver.  
The tallest boy—Ralph Clements.  
The fattest girl—Elsbeth Whaler.  
The fattest boy—Paul Keenan.  
The most studious girl—Dorothy Eastman.  
The most studious boy—James Perry.  
The teacher's pet, girl—Hattie Belle Rader.  
The teacher's pet, boy—Andrew Donovan.

## UN RECUERDO.

*Ida Ruth Hammer, '25.*

Era nuestra primera noche en la isla de Pacheca, situada aproximadamente treintiocho millas al sur-oeste del puerto de Balboa. Dormimos esa noche en la playa abierta, bajo las palmas. Una hoguera en la arena delante de nosotros iluminaba indistintamente una parte del grande y oscuro mar y dejaba distinguir el matorral que bordaba la playa detrás de nosotros. El canto incesante de los insectos en el matorral y el sonido de las olas tumbándose contra los peñascos, sosegáronme tranquilamente a un sueño de descanso completo.

Las estrellas aún titilaban cuando abrí los ojos al amanecer, y desde el oeste la luna derramaba

sobre el mar y la isla sus rayos hermosos. Sin levantarme, contemplaba la belleza de la naturaleza, mientras una tras otra desaparecían las estrellas ante los rayos carmesíes del este, heraldos hermosos que proclamaban silenciosamente la llegada del Rey Sol. El resplandor de la luna palideció ante la hermosura del sol, a medida que los quejidos de los animales en el oscuro matorral cesaban con el dulce canto matutinal de los pájaros. El mundo despertó bajo los suaves rayos del benéfico donador de luz y calor, y Dios nos había dado otro día.

## LA PUESTA DEL SOL.

*Ethel Wainio, '25.*

Sintiéndome más ambiciosa de lo usual, determiné dar un paseo sola por el bosque no lejos de mi casa. Mientras andaba, admiraba las flores silvestres de varios colores y recogí un ramillete de ellas. Los árboles grandes, cuyas ramas ondeaban esbeltamente en la brisa, me parecían gigantes.

De repente la puesta del sol me llamó la atención y yo permanecí atónita ante tanta belleza de la naturaleza. El cielo estaba azul pálido,

teñido aquí y allá de un tinte rosado. Hacia el oriente, se podía ver flotar nubecitas de oro que parecían peinar suavemente, de vez en cuando, las cimas de las montañas. El sol echaba rayos que chispeaban como brillantes sobre el arroyuelo al pie de un cerro. Poco a poco, la grande forma dorada desapareció detrás de las montañas y su gloria resplandeciente se apagaba en el crepúsculo a medida que me dirigía a casa.

## SKLOION.

(After Swinburne).

*Carol Rigby, '25.*

Let us lazily languish our lives away.  
Let us lyrically loaf and lightly love.  
The wine of life beats high in our veins;  
Must we study and serve and slave each day?  
The wine of life beats high, and above  
Shines the moon. Let us merrily drown our pains.

## A PROTEST.

*Carol Rigby, '25.*

Writing a poem is awfully hard work:  
You must toil, you must drudge in the darksomest mirk;  
Your brain you must rack, a fit subject to find;  
And then write it up. What a task! My poor mind  
I fear, will give out ere the fool thing is done.  
I'm the sorrowf'lest person that's under the sun.

## ROOM 52.

*Mildred Oliver, '26.*

In the old Balboa High School  
In the year of '25,  
Among the rooms upon the third floor,  
First of all comes 52.  
There Miss Frost stands at the blackboard,  
Tries in vain to teach us Spanish,  
Tries to teach us old verb endings,  
But we all look blank before her.  
And in "Lecturas Faciles,"—  
I have fear the name's misleading,  
For it is not one bit easy,—  
We quake as we recite them.  
Then those hard old Spanish letters  
That are taught in "Humphrey's Prose,"

We all wish that we could write them,  
Write them this way, write them that way,  
Write them anyway, or no way.  
And on Fridays, day of terrors,  
When the chart is opened for us,  
We all sit there, sometimes speaking,  
Mostly answering "Yo no se."  
Then Miss Frost will glower at us,  
And we wish to shrink and vanish  
'Til the buzzer rings. Then how thankful,  
We all feel that we're living,  
Still to follow the path of learning,  
"En la sala cincuentidos."

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Charles Butters, '26.

A TWO-ACT DRAMA OF THE COLONIAL DAYS.

*Time.*—1620 or 1622, in the days when, as Donald Ogden Stewart says, "Religion was still taken seriously by a great many people."

*Scene.*—Plymouth.

*Dramatis Personae:*

Priscilla Kennecott..... John Alden  
Miles Standish..... Mrs. Brewster, Priscilla's Aunt

## ACT I.

Mrs. Brewster's New England Home.

(As the curtain rises, Mrs. Brewster is seated at her spinning wheel. A step sounds outside the door; then a clanking sword is heard. A knock, Mrs. Brewster goes to the door smiling, and opens it.)

Mrs. Brewster: "Why, how do you do, Captain Standish. Come right in. I haven't seen you for days and days!"

(Enter Captain Miles Standish, wearing a militant mustache and a goatee à la Atlanta Colonel. He appears nervous.)

Captain Standish: "Good evening, Mrs. Brewster. I—er—that is—I thought I would call to see how you are progressing with the altar cloth."

Mrs. Brewster: "Why, quite well, Captain, I assure you. I was just working in the picture of the Madonna when you called."

Captain Standish: "Well, Mrs. Brewster, don't let me interrupt you in the Lord's work. Go right ahead. I'll entertain myself with the melodeon."

(Miles seats himself at the instrument, and Mrs. Brewster returns to her work. A pause, while Miles plays a simple selection from the hymn book.)

Miles (turning to Mrs. Brewster): "Miss Priscilla isn't home, is she?"

Mrs. Brewster: "Why, I don't think so, Captain. However, she might be, for I can hardly keep track of her since she has had her hair bobbed and taken to rouge and lip stick."

Miles: "She's a lovely girl—a perfectly lovely girl, isn't she?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, of course. Though she has a few faults; but they will soon be ironed out if she marries the right man."

Miles: "Why, er—do you think Priscilla is thinking of getting married?"

Mrs. B.: "I hope not, at least not to the kind she's going around with now. But one can never tell about these modern girls. They aren't like girls were when I was young (with a sigh). I notice she's been primping up a good deal lately, and that's a bad sign. Of course, we must expect her to marry sometime; but I constantly pray that she will marry some man with experience—for instance, an older man, like yourself."

Miles (joyfully): "Why, now Mrs. Brewster, do you think that such a sweet, innocent little creature as Priscilla could care for—"

A voice in the next room: "AUNTIE!"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, dear." (To Miles) "That must be Priscilla now."

Voice: "Where'n the dickens did you put my vanity case?"

Mrs. B.: "In the dresser, dear. I do hope you aren't going out with any of those boys to-night."

(Enter Priscilla, 18, radiant as Aurora, beautiful as Aphrodite.)

Priscilla: "I'll have you understand, Auntie Brewster, that I'm going to keep on using rouge and lip stick and Houbigant's perfume and powder in spite of your objections. If you'd done it when you were a girl, you wouldn't have remained an old m—. Excuse me, dear, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

(Miles twiddles his thumbs, looking apologetic for being a witness to a domestic quarrel. Finally Priscilla notices him.)

Priscilla: "Hello, Miles. You here? Haven't got a shave yet, either. I've told you a thousand times I can't abide whiskers."

Miles: "Well—er—no, Priscilla. All the men in our family have worn whiskers, and I just can't give them up. They're sort of family heirlooms, you know."

Priscilla: "Yes, I know. You'd be homesick without 'em."

(A pause)

Priscilla: "Scalp any Indians to-day?"

Miles: "Why, no, Miss Priscilla."

Priscilla: "Next time you go Indian hunting I want you to take me along. I'd love to shoot one."

(Miles looks nervous, fidgets a while; then takes his leave.)

## ACT II.

EVENING, SAME PLACE.

(Priscilla sitting before the fireplace. A knock at the door.)

Priscilla: "Come in."

(Enter John Alden.)

Priscilla: "Hello, John. I've been wondering why you didn't come to see me."

John: "Good evening, Priscilla. Well, you see Old Whiskers keeps me busy writing love letters for him. Get that one I wrote to you for him to-day?"

Priscilla (laughing): "Yes. Wasn't it a scream?"

John: "He sent me over to-night, too."

Priscilla: "I must say that's flattering to me. What does Old Ironsides want this time?"

John: "He wants me to ask you to marry him. Really, he's an awfully good egg."

Priscilla: "Yes, I know. Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun. Whenever I want to go out with a nice, tender, little cake-eater like yourself, Auntie Brewster says I'm not dry behind the ears yet; but she would have me marry THAT (meaning Miles) to-morrow if I would."

John: "But Priscilla, Miles would make you a good husband. Look, he has social position in London, he has ample wealth, he has—"

Priscilla: "A verdant crop of whiskers. Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(They kiss several times.)

CURTAIN.

## SNATCHES FROM A DIARY.

Lucie Jeffers, '27.

December 3. I hate to miss any school! It gives one so much work to make up. I'll never be absent three weeks again unless I'm really so ill I can't stand. The only thing that I expect to pass is geometry—and I don't get any credit for that!

The letter I got from Mary to-day was welcome, but it makes me surer than ever that boarding school isn't the place for her. She's henna'd her hair now. What next!

Mother and I went out to the islands to get Dad this afternoon. While we were going out it was clear, but coming back—Heavens! It rained so that we could hardly see. Dad had to park under a shed out at Amador. We were there over an hour, before it stopped raining. Fortunately, I had a book, so I didn't mind very much.

December 4. It was pouring as usual when I awoke this morning. I thought the dry season had come, but I find I was mistaken.

We had a class meeting this morning. Twenty-five cents a month was decided on as the amount

for the dues. That's not at all bad, but it's too near Christmas to pay those for October and November this month!

Speaking of Christmas, Miss Hopkins wants us to have an entertainment the day before the vacation begins. She wants us to have a play and singing. I must say it would be fun for the participants, but how will the singing sound to the poor audience?

Yesterday they weighed and measured the girls. I've become a quarter of an inch shorter since last year, and lost 10 pounds. The loss in weight is all right but this shrinking in height is something new.

I broke the mirror in my compact to-day. I broke nine last year. That makes seventy years bad luck! I might as well die, if that's true!

To-morrow comes the Senior Entertainment. I think I'll go to see it, but I might as well wait until then to decide, for after all, to-morrow is another day, and who knows what may happen?

## ETERNITY.

Carol Rigby, '25.

Last night I lay looking at the sky.  
It looked as if made of deep blue velvet;  
And the stars, pin pricks, through which the light shone  
From where?



## THE BIRD OF KILLIGWORTH

Charles Butters, '26.

*(Adapted from Longfellow's version.)*

NOTE—This is an abbreviated metrical version of Longfellow's elaborate poem, which many busy pupils find too cumbersome to read. It is hoped that a brief version of this kind, while losing nothing of the nobility of the thought, will carry an appeal to this class of pupils who have no time for the complex rhymes and rhythm of the masters, yet who require a grade in English.

In Killigworth the birds did hold  
High carnival in accents bold.  
They ate the grain and killed the corn,  
And plundered fields both night and morn.  
The citizens of this small town  
En masse resolved the birds to down.  
In council argued back and forth—  
These mighty men of Killigworth.  
The squire so proud, the deacon high,  
And e'en the pilot of the sky.  
One man alone his voice did raise  
In warning 'gainst this killing craze:  
The teacher in the school close by.  
He loved a student—winsome, shy,  
As other profs have likewise done;  
Tho cupid's wiles they ought to shun.  
His sweetie had a tender heart,  
And from the birds was loath to part.

She urged him to defend the birds—  
But laughter only met his words;  
So bing! the guns went, bing! bang! bing!—  
No birds were left their songs to sing.

Now came a host of grubs and worms,  
Nor would they heed the caustic terms  
Of farmers stirred to righteous wrath  
Because they left so drear a path.  
The farmers could not liquidate  
Their debts—so much the beetles ate.

They now agreed they were mistaken  
By birds and crops to be forsaken;  
So when another spring came round  
They caught all birds that could be found  
In foreign parts—there were none local—  
To drive the team they hired a yokel,  
Who brought the songsters down the street—  
And loudly cheered the town's elite.

Meantime his suit had prospered well,  
And on this day, as they still tell,  
The teacher took his bride away  
As, I suppose, the queen of May.

## OUR ALPHABET.

Loretta Kocher, '25.

Listen, my children, and I will tell  
Of an English Class I liked so well

'Twas in nineteen hundred and twenty-five  
And every pupil was "alive."

First came Edith so cute and small,  
Then Ethel Wainio who surpassed all.

Leon was next, a radio fan,  
Then came Jimmie "Our Coolidge man."

Then Margaret who never shows she's bored,  
And Lucie who always drives a Ford.

Florence is next—yes, Robinson, her name,  
Then Oliver who will some day win fame.

Marion is pretty—as all Irish are;  
Paul is a renowned basket ball star.

John is a boy that has curly locks.  
Florence T., a girl who wears rolled socks.

Helene Grimison has bewitching eyes;  
Ida Ruth, you know, is very wise.

Van, sailor stories delights to write;  
Agnes, we'd heard, sings songs at night.

Alice is liked by all—you bet;  
Rena stands for La Follette.

Earl's a jazz king and critic, he,  
And Connie Graff writes poetry.

George is shy and will never speak,  
But Ralph, he is a regular sheik.

Fond of Costa Rica is Buster Burgoon,  
And Dottie B. likes a moon.

Eleanore is the civics shark.  
Ruth is ready for a lark.

And now I've mentioned all but three,  
Miss Hopkins our teacher, Dorothy, and me.



## THE SENIOR PLAY.

Rena De Young, '25.



The Class of '25 made a most successful debut at the Balboa Clubhouse, March 20, 1925, in "The Amazons," a clever play of English setting. The characters, listed in order of their appearance, were as follows:

Youatt (a servant).....John Tatom  
Reverend Roger Minchin.....Paul Sullivan  
Miriam, Marchioness of Castlejordan.....Miss Dorothy Eastman  
Wilhelmena Belturbet.....Miss Constance Graff  
Thomasin Belturbet.....Miss Ida Ruth Hammer  
Noeline Belturbet.....Miss Helene Grimison  
Sergeant Shuter.....Miss Agnes McDade  
Andre, Count De Grival.....Paul Duran, M.  
Galfred, Earl of Tweenwayes.....James Woodruff  
Barrington, Viscount Litterly.....Jacob Van Hardeveld  
Fitton (a gamekeeper).....Leon Weiss  
Orts (a poacher).....Ralph Clements

Acts I and II are laid in the Tangle of Overcote Park.  
Act III takes place in the gymnasium of Overcote Hall.

## ACT I.

The drama was a mixture of romance and stirring events. Reverend Minchin comes to Overcote Hall to remonstrate with Lady Castlejordan about her three daughters, who are known as the "Amazons," because she has brought them up to act as boys. They are all strong, athletic girls. While Mr. Minchin and Lady Castlejordan are conversing, Lady Wilhelmena Belturbet enters. She is dressed for fishing, and shocks Mr. Minchin beyond measure. Lady Noeline returns from a several weeks' stay in London. While in London, Noeline lost her ring, and she is much worried about it. Lady Thomasin helps to shock Mr. Minchin both by her dress and by her actions.

Three young men, Andre de Grival, Lord Tweenwayes, and Lord Litterly come to Overcote Park to see the three young ladies, with whom they have fallen in love. They plan to conceal themselves in the park until the ladies appear.

## ACT II.

Here Fitton takes the girls to hunt, and they come upon the young men. Quite naturally, the hunting ends, and the girls devote themselves to the men for the rest of the time. While they are

separated from the girls, a poacher enters the grounds and fights with two of the men. Lord Litterly catches him, and sends him off the grounds. Lord Tweenwayes and Andre De Grival give Fitton money, so that he will tell Lady Thomasin and Lady Wilhelmina that they saved him and were very brave. Lord Litterly asks Noeline to tattoo an "N" on his arm. She does not want to, but finally consents. Later she finds out that Lord Litterly assisted her in London. He returns her lost ring.

## ACT III.

Lord Tweenwayes and Andre De Grival have been invited to the Hall, and Lord Litterly has picked up the invitation and has followed them. They arrive in the girl's gymnasium and hide in the cupboard. The girls enter and start their exercises. Shuter, the girl's companion, goes into the cupboard and reveals the men. Lord Litterly recognizes Shuter as his old nurse's daughter, and he talks her into permitting them to stay. Lady Castlejordan enters and is greatly shocked at the dancing and drinking going on. Finally, she becomes reconciled and asks the men to stay and dine with them.

Misses Helene Grimison, Ida Ruth Hammer, and Constance Graff, as the three charming daughters of Lady Castlejordan, played their parts with ease and naturalness. Jacob Van Hardeveld, as Lord Litterly, a very gallant young English gentleman, and a cousin to the young ladies, showed himself a perfect lover in wooing the fair Noeline. Paul Sullivan, as the minister, took his part exceptionally well. Dorothy Eastman, in the role of Lady Castlejordan, the strict mother of the young girls, showed marked ability. Dorothy has been in many plays, but we think she excelled in this one. Agnes McDade, as Sergeant Shuter, acted her part to perfection. It was something unusual to see Agnes so serious and precise. Leon Weiss, as the gamekeeper, acted very cleverly. Ralph Clements, as Orts, the poacher, was very funny.

We didn't know Ralph had such an operatic voice. John Tatom, as Youatt, the servant, even though he had a very minor part, was very good.

But Paul Duran, as Andre De Grival, was one of the grand triumphs of the evening. He was every inch of the Frenchman, even to his bewitching mustache. He was a very good Romeo and tried to prove to Wilhelmena and Lady Castle-jordan that, although he was French by birth—he was a true Englishman. In doing this, great

difficulties befell him—but finally he succeeds. The other great triumph of the evening was James Woodruff, as the Earl of Tweenwayes, an English friend of Andre De Grival. He caused much amusement by his continually telling of his ancestry and reciting poetry. He played his part so well that it made one forget it was only acting.

To Miss Frances Harrington, who had the entire responsibility of coaching and producing the play is due its unrivaled success.

#### THE TALE OF A HAT.

*Carol Rigby, '25.*

Last week, down into the city,  
To the great and teeming city,  
Panama, our pride, our sorrow,  
Went I gayly, all unknowing  
The strange fate that lay before me.  
For a hat I went so gayly,  
For a hat of dew and sunlight,  
For the hat I long had dreamed of.  
Went I first then into Nina's;  
Thought I, she the skillful-fingered,  
She, the artist, she, the lover  
Of sweet hats and fragile dresses,  
She will have the hat I dream of.  
Sought I long, but sought I vainly.  
Up and down the streets I wandered  
Like a lost soul, seeking Heaven.  
Asked I of the passing women,  
Of the bustling, hustling women  
Where to find the hat I dreamed of,  
The fay hat of dew and sunlight.  
Long I asked, and long I sought it,  
Sought it up and down the city,

Sought in highways, sought in byways,  
Sought still sought, my hat, the dreamed-of.  
After days of weary searching  
Stood I on the corner sadly,  
Musing on the corner sadly.  
Then I heard a strain of music,  
Sweet, sad, music, all unearthly,  
And down the sun ray streaming,  
Gleaming, came my hat, my dream one,  
My fay hat of dew and sunlight.  
Just a moment, then 'twas vanished.  
Though I stood then in the city,  
In a street within the city,  
Yet my soul was in the heavens,  
In the high and glorious heavens.  
Know I now that ne'er I'll find my  
Faery hat of dew and sunlight,  
But I've seen my lovely vision.  
'Tis but few, to whom 'tis granted  
Vision of their hope, their ideal,  
Here on earth to see their ideal.

#### DREAMS.

*Constance Graff, '25.*

I'd like to be a poet  
And write of flowers and things,  
To have my verse remembered  
By princes, queens, and kings.

To wander through the woodland,  
And over hill and glade  
To dream and sing and ponder,  
Of thoughts that never fade.

To climb to a mountain's summit,  
To watch the lakes below,  
To feel the breath of autumn,  
See the first of a winter's snow.

To build great castles in the air,  
To live in the crest of the moon,  
To watch the stars twinkling brightly,  
To hear the shrill cry of the "loon."

But nay—I must stop my wishing,  
And wanting and dreaming in vain,  
And go on with the duties before me  
If life's highest goal I'd attain.



#### SCANDAL SHEET.



#### CAUSE OF PAUL SULLIVAN'S ZERO MARK DISCOVERED.

Mystery Solved by unrelenting Efforts of Emilie Conley.

The appearance of a prominent Senior's name on the failure list recently aroused a furore. The culprit, Paul Sullivan, readily admitted that it was the result of a zero grade in English, but refused to divulge the motive. It has lately been discovered by Emilie Conley that it was caused by failure to turn in poetry assignment.

"My poetry is for another purpose," stated the accused. —*Carol Rigby, '25.*

#### PROMINENT HIGH SCHOOL BOY NEARLY KILLED WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

May Be Disfigured For Life.

Senior of Balboa High School suffers torture from tight ring.

Wednesday night at ten o'clock, Mr. John Tatom was nearly killed due to the stopping of the circulation of the blood.

"By mistake," says Mr. Tatom, "I put the ring on and then to my dismay found I could not get it off." Upon perceiving that the ring would not come off and seeing the increasing swelling in his little finger, he shouted for help. His two brothers arriving on the scene, endeavored to pull the ring off but it did not move. His mother then was called. She, fearing that tragedy would be the result of this apparently harmless incident, placed the finger in ice water. But although the finger was nearly frozen in their efforts to make it shrink, the ring would not come off.

Now thoroughly terrified, for Mr. Tatom was growing very weak with suffering, his mother sent a hurry call for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he found Mr. Tatom fainting with the pain. After examining the finger, he quickly called for a cake of soap. Carefully applying coats of soap on the injured member, he at length succeeded in removing the offending article. The patient be-

gan at once to recover. All the patient could say when asked how it happened was "I put it on by mistake." Just what he meant has not been decided yet by the relatives of patient.

The patient has now partially recovered his strength, although it is yet too soon to ascertain the extent of the damage. His mother fears that his little finger will be disfigured for life. Although very worried about this, the friends and relatives hope for the best as time only will tell.

—*Dorothy Eastman, '25.*

#### B. H. S. STUDENTS ARRESTED FOR BREACH OF PEACE.

Ralph Clements and James Burgoon Find Mango Stealing Unprofitable.

B. H. S. students were horrified to learn of the arrest of Ralph Clements and James Burgoon, popular Seniors, for mango stealing. The robbery took place in Mr. Gerrans' yard at 6.15 p.m. yesterday. The boys tried to dislodge the mangoes by throwing stones, some of which alighted on the roof of the house, arousing Mr. Gerrans. Sallying forth, he caught the culprits and detained them until the police arrived, ignoring the pleas of his son Earle. Burgoon and Clements were lodged in the Balboa jail but were soon bailed on a popular subscription raised by Oliver Schroyer. When the case came up in court, Judge Blackburn dismissed the boys with a reprimand.

—*Carol Rigby, '25.*

#### CAKE BAKING CAUSES GIRL TO BOB HAIR.

Loretta Kocher Burns Hair in Lighting Oven. Hair Must go!

The nonappearance of Loretta Kocher at school yesterday was explained this morning when she appeared with bobbed hair. Loretta states that while attempting to light the gas oven she caused an explosion which singed her hair. The accident has proved a blessing in disguise, for it won her father's consent to bob her hair.

—*Carol Rigby '25.*

## THIS YOUNGER GENERATION.

Alice Halloran, '26.

Should you ask me, whence these flappers,  
Whence these vamps and flappers, this age,  
Whence this change in youths and maidens,  
Whence this dancing, flitting, flirting,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
From long ages without pleasure,  
From long years of dreary labor,  
From long times of ceaseless pleasing.

Many years have we been silent;  
Now we rise for now we triumph,  
With the past we're ne'er contented,  
E'er our heads are bent and hoary  
Shall our ways be well repented.  
Of our ways the old grow weary,  
Independent and creative,  
In our very dress and action.  
Living in a fast age are we  
Not like yesterday's creation.

To be natural and pleasing  
In each word and deed and action,  
That is all we ask of fortune,  
That is all we ask of people.  
We are flighty in our manner,  
Says the older generation,  
In this reign of all cosmetics,  
In this age of syncopation.

So if what we do be folly  
We alone will have to answer,  
But remember in so doing  
We are History repeated.

So good-bye to all hard labor,  
Let us live our life in pleasure,  
With no time to lose or squander  
On deep thoughts of man and time.

## IF I WERE SANDMAN.

Loretta Kocher, '25.

I've often thought and wondered too,  
If I were sandman, just what I'd do.  
I'd have a great large bag of dreams  
Filled with all that is and seems.  
To those who were young and immature  
I'd give dreams of all the things most pure,  
Of toys, and drums, and that sort of thing,  
And heavenly angels who love to sing.

To boys, who green things liked to eat,  
And considered mangoes a special treat,  
I'd give the very best dreams I had,  
For they need something to make them glad.

To those who were wicked and full of greed  
I'd give the sort of dreams they need,  
I'd fill their sleep with nightmares cruel  
And let them see they're the devil's tool.  
I would make them mend their satanic ways,  
Or I'd haunt their lives the rest of my days.

To the ancient invalid, worn and sad,  
I would give my dreams to make him glad,  
And fill him with visions of times to be  
When he his departed ones should see.

To the people so generous and so true  
Always helping me and you,  
Never bothering with their trouble,  
Treating life as a wholesome bubble;  
To such as these enough can't be given,  
Truly their reward will be in Heaven.

To the lover many dreams would I give,  
For without dreams, can a lover live?  
All his hopes are vaguest dreams,  
Nothing to him is what it seems.

But do you know what I believe  
And I think you'll find it true?  
The sandman does the very same things  
That I have written to you.

## THE SENIORS OF '25.

Loretta Kocher, '25.

The class of twenty-five is fine,  
The very best in all the line.  
Of boys and girls we are thirty-five,  
Everyone "peppy" and alive  
Ready to strive and do our best  
For the class that is better than the rest,

Always ready for some fun,  
After our daily work is done.  
But soon from school we will depart  
With willing hand and anxious heart,  
We vow our very best to do  
As young Americans—tried and true.



## SOCIETY

Rena De Young, '25.

## A DEBATE.

On November 4, a triangular debate was given in the Assembly Hall by a few chosen members of the Senior Class.

The proposition of the debate was: Resolved, that La Follette, Davis, Coolidge, should be President of the United States of America. The debaters were: Paul Sullivan and Rena De Young, Dorothy Eastman and Ida Ruth Hammer, James Woodruff and Helene Grimison. The students, as judges, rendered the following decision: La Follette, 94 votes; Davis, 63 votes; and Coolidge, 55 votes.

The debate was very interesting and each debater showed himself very capable.

## ZONIAN BENEFIT.

A ZONIAN benefit program was held at the Y. W. C. A. during the last week in November. It was a tremendous success, both financially and socially.

Mrs. R. C. Hardman deserves a great deal of praise for her very clever interpretation of "The Merchant of Venice," and also for donating her services to the Balboa High School. We take this means to express our sincere thanks for her cooperation with us.

The B. H. S. Male Chorus, under the direction of Miss Currier, was greatly applauded, and was obliged to give several encores.

## PROGRAM

1. Desert Dream..... *Biermann*  
MRS. A. R. BROWN'S ORCHESTRA.
2. Reading—"The Merchant of Venice," Act 1, Scenes 1, 2, and 3.  
MRS. R. C. HARDMAN.
3. There's Music in the Air..... *Friendship*  
B. H. S. MALE CHORUS  
Directed by MISS CURRIER.
4. "Merchant of Venice,"..... Synopsis of Second Act, and Scenes 1, 2 and 3, Act 3.  
MRS. R. C. HARDMAN.
5. Violin Solo, "Norwegian Dance"..... *Dilda*  
MISS CORNELIA VAN HARDEVELD  
Accompanied by MISS MARIE HUNSECKER.
6. Vocal Solo..... *Selected*  
MRS. R. L. DWELLE  
MRS. EASTMAN at the piano.
7. "Merchant of Venice"..... Act 4, Scenes 1 and 2  
MRS. R. C. HARDMAN.
8. Piano Solo—"Choeur et Danse de Lutins"..... *Th. Dubois*  
MISS HELEN MORGAN.
9. "Merchant of Venice"..... Act 5  
MRS. R. C. HARDMAN.
10. Orchestra—"Valse-Bluette"..... *Drigo-Auer*  
MRS. A. R. BROWN'S ORCHESTRA.

**GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING VISITS B. H. S.**

General Pershing came to the high school on December 1 and gave a very interesting talk. He will always be very highly esteemed by the girls of B. H. S.; particularly because of his flattering compliments in regard to their beauty.

This is General Pershing's second visit to the Canal. We sincerely hope we shall be honored again with his presence in the near future.

**B. H. S. BENEFIT PROGRAM.**

The B. H. S. gave a big show on December 5. It was said to be the best of its kind ever put on at the Balboa Clubhouse.

The three feature numbers of the program were: The B. H. S. Follies; the One-Act Play; and The Den of the Gypsies. All will live in the memory of the fortunate persons who saw them.

Mr. B. L. Boss, our principal, is to be congratulated on his very clever advertising campaign. Miss Sherman, the Senior Class Advisor, should be especially congratulated for her direction of the play, and for the help she contributed to the show in general.

Owing to the great success of the program, it was repeated at the Y. M. C. A., and was greeted for the second time with a crowded house.

**BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT, BALBOA CLUBHOUSE.**

Friday evening, December 5, 1924, at 8:15 p. m. PROGRAM.

1. Apple Blossoms—*La Morsaria*.....B. H. S. Orchestra
2. What Mothers-in-law Can Do.....One-Act Play
3. Humor..... Joe Blow
4. Specialty..... Elizabeth Granberry
5. There's Music in the Air—*Friendship*.....B. H. S. Male Chorus
6. Thompson the Egyptian..... Jacob Van Hardeveld
7. Tumbling..... B. H. S. Acrobats
8. Hawaiian Duet..... Jensen and Van Hardeveld
9. Follies of the B. H. S..... Girls' Chorus
10. Zampa—Coaxing the Piano..... Earle Gerrans
11. Sword Dance..... Gertrude Harrison
12. Violin Solo..... Cornelia Van Hardeveld
13. Radio Messages from all over the World..... Radio
14. The Den of the Gypsies..... Dorothy Eastman and Chorus
15. Movies—It's a Joy..... Snub Pollard

**A SURPRISE PARTY.**

Mr. Boss, with the aid of Miss Grover, the Domestic Science teacher, and her pupils, gave a most delightful surprise party at the Domestic Science Building for the participants of the show, in honor of their success. All had a most enjoyable time and greatly appreciated the thoughtfulness of Mr. Boss.



Follies of the B. H. S.

**CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.**

The Sophomore Class put on a very clever Christmas Program at the Y. W. C. A. on December 19, under the supervision of Miss Hopkins. Only the students and the faculty were invited.

The contestants were Joseph Duran, who recited "Toussaint L'Ouverture" by Wendell Phillips; Thomas Northrop, "Sparticus to the Galdiators;" Ralph Jensen, "The New South" by Henry W. Grady; Leon Greene, "A Message to Garcia" by Elbert Hubbard; and Hal Cooper,



The Den of the Gypsies.

**THE PROGRAM.**

1. Violin Solo..... Virginia Robinson  
Accompanied by IDA RUTH HAMMER
2. Piano Solo..... Wm. Rogers
3. One-Act Play..... Sophomores
4. Boys' Chorus..... B. H. S. Freshmen  
Directed by MISS CURRIER
5. Girls' Chorus..... Members of B. H. S.  
Directed by MISS CURRIER
6. Flute Solo..... Jack De Castro  
Accompanied by LESLIE BANAN
7. B. H. S. Orchestra.....  
Under the direction of MISS CURRIER

April 3, at 2 o'clock, in the auditorium of the Balboa High School, the annual Declamatory Contest under the direction of Miss Whaley and Miss Hopkins, was held.

The program was opened by the Girl's Glee Club, which sang two very pleasing numbers: "In the Time of Roses" and "A Cradle Song."

"The Blue and the Gray" by Henry Cabot Lodge. First, second, and third places were awarded to Thomas Northrop, Joseph Duran, and Leon Greene. The judges were Mrs. E. F. Attaway, Mrs. A. R. Brown, and Mrs. Wendall Green.

The program was closed by the Boy's Glee Club, which sang "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "We Meet Again To-night, Boys."

**SOPHOMORE PICNIC.**

The Sophomores had a most enjoyable picnic on Ancon Hill, during the month of March. They sang and danced to the music of ukeleles. The usual picnic luncheon was enjoyed.

Miss Hopkins and Miss Laws were the chaperones.

**GIRLS' FRESHMAN PARTY.**

The Girls' Freshman Club had a very enjoyable evening at the Y. W. C. A. on March 27. A

little entertainment was presented. Margaret Sumner gave an oriental dance. Sissy Ayers gave a very artistic toe dance. Charlotte Jensen played a charming violin solo. A little one-act impromptu play was given. Delicious refreshments were served. The hours were from 6 to 8.30. Everyone had a wonderful time.

### CARNIVAL.

During the carnival season of 1925, the Seniors and Juniors hired a truck and took in the carnival from 4 o'clock till 8 o'clock p. m.

All were dressed in costume and went up and down the main streets singing the native and school songs. Everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost. Mr. Boss, Miss Hopkins, and Mrs. Daniels were chaperones.

From 8 o'clock 'till 10 o'clock, the Freshmen and Sophomores engaged the truck. It was perfectly terrible to allow those youngsters to stay out so late. The teachers should have known better.

### SENIOR'S ANNUAL CLIMB.

It seems that every Senior Class has had a moonlight picnic on Ancon Hill. So quite naturally, we had to keep up the old custom.

On Friday, February 6, at 6 o'clock p. m., the Seniors and a few invited Juniors were assembling at the dear old Balboa High School, and in a little while, started out on the climb. It was a difficult ascent, but the Seniors are used to these picnics, so at 7 o'clock, or maybe a little past 7, they reached the top. After a short rest, the boys made a camp fire, and then began the roasting of "weenies" and marshmallows. They sang the school and modern songs, and in general had a wonderful time. At 10.30 they slowly descended the hill, singing, and all feeling they had had a delightful outing.

The party was chaperoned by the Misses Sherman, Hopkins, and Laws.

### SHORT STORY CONTEST.

Every year a short story contest is held in the Balboa High School.

All the stories of the winners of this year's contest can not be printed in the ZONIAN, due to the lack of space.

The winners of the contest this year were as follows:

1. Polly James, "The Mooncalf."
2. Patricia Flint, "Una Gente Perdida."
3. Fred Helmericks, "El Barrigón."
4. Catherine Conger, "The Strange Story of Elizabeth Staffordshire."
5. Edith Trowbridge, "On Leave from the Cemetery."
6. Charles Butters, "A Retributive Romance."
7. Lucie W. Franklin, "The Dream Girl."

### OTHER SOCIAL EVENTS LOOKED FORWARD TO:

1. Junior and Senior Dance.
2. Class Night.
3. Junior-Senior Banquet.
4. Baccalaureate Sermon.
5. Commencement.

### LUNCHEON GIVEN BY DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS.

On Friday, May 1, 1925, a luncheon was served by the Domestic Science Class to eight invited teachers of Balboa High School. Miss Grover supervised the cooking. The guests were seated at two tables decorated with red bougainvillea and were served by student waitresses.

The menu was: Fruit cup, meat loaf, creamed potatoes, peas, vegetable salad, iced tea, olives, floating island and coconut puffs. The guests were Mr. Boss, Miss Hopkins, Miss Sherman, Miss Woods, Miss Whaley, Miss Laws, Miss Steen, and Miss Grover.

### JUNIOR PROGRAM.

The Juniors showed themselves to be just as capable as the Seniors in putting on a good program. It was given on May 8, at the Balboa Clubhouse, and to an exceptionally large audience.

The hit of the evening was Miss Violet Stroop, in a very clever eccentric song and dance. She was encored four times. The High School is to be congratulated on having such unusually talented students.

Mr. Boss arranged for the specialities. Miss Currier directed the musical numbers; and Miss Hopkins, the drama and the sketch.

### BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT. BALBOA CLUBHOUSE.

Friday, May 8, 1925, 8.15 p. m.

#### PROGRAM.

1. Pizzicato Polka, *Sleeping Rose*..... B. H. S. Orchestra
2. "Trysting place," by Booth Tarkington.... One-act Play  
JAMES DRISCOLL..... Launcelot Briggs  
PATRICIA FLINT..... Mrs. Curtis  
MARY McCONAGHY..... Jessie Briggs  
RALPH JENSEN..... Rupert Smith  
FRANCES GREENE..... Mrs. Briggs  
RICHARD ENGELKE..... Mr. Ingoldsby
3. Sunset Sketches, *Mountain Laurel*.... B. H. S. Orchestra
4. Dare-Devil Thrills..... B. H. S. Acrobats
5. Songs..... B. H. S. Male Chorus
6. El Tango de la Muerte..... Argentine Tango  
Miss Constance Graff Mr. Elias Anastaciado
7. Flute solo, Drigo's *Serenade* and minuet in A.....  
Jack de Castro
8. A Modern Priscilla..... Sketch by Charles Butters  
WILLIAM WEDWALT..... Captain Smith  
IRENE BROWN..... Miss Brewster  
ELOISE LORING..... Priscilla  
THOMAS NORTHROP..... John Alden
9. Songs..... B. H. S. Male Chorus
10. A Bernarr MacFadden Specialty..... B. H. S. Acrobats
11. Violin Solo..... Virginia Whitlock
12. Spanish Chorus..... Girl's Chorus
13. Secret of the Cut-Step-Canter..... Violet Stroop
14. Poco Presto from Hickville..... Constance Graff and Troop

### SOPHOMORE LUNCHEON.

On April 23, the Sophomores gave a luncheon at the Domestic Science Building. It was served in perfect taste by the students of Miss Grover.

After the luncheon, the pupils came back to the High School and danced to the jazzy music of the school orchestra until twelve-thirty o'clock.

### JUNIOR PROGRAM REPEATED AT AMADOR.

At Amador on May 15, the Junior Class repeated the program that they had given at the Balboa Clubhouse.

The show was a big success and over a thousand people were present. Everyone said that it was the best entertainment that had ever been given at Amador.

### SOPHOMORE OUTING.

On Saturday, May 23, Captain Tomb and the Sophomore Class acted as hosts to more than fifty students of B. H. S. The day's outing was held

at Moro Island. The tide was good, the sun was not too hot, and the swimmers spent a glorious day in the Pacific. For those who did not swim, our thoughtful hosts provided a victrola for dancing. Several mothers went along too, and it was they who served "hot dogs" and ice cream. Rah, for Captain Tomb, Miss Hopkins, the Sophomores and the Chaperones.

—Loretta Kocher, '25.

### BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL SUPPER CLUB.

On November, 12, 1924, the Supper Club met for the first time since 1923. All new officers were elected: Alice Oliver, President; Hattie Belle Rader, Vice President; Florence Tonneson, Secretary; Florence Murtagh, Treasurer.

On December 10, 1924, a meeting was held in which preparations were made for Conference, after which meetings in January and February were held for the same purpose.

On March 13, 1924, the whole Balboa Supper Club journeyed to Cristobal to take part in the Fourth Annual Vocational Conference. As soon as we arrived at the Cristobal Y. W. C. A. we registered, and then we went into the gymnasium room where a short program was put on. Miss Healy presided. Ruth Hopkins gave a speech of welcome and Hattie Belle Rader gave a response. The Conference song was sung by Helen Vineyard. As the emblem of the Conference was the four-leaf clover, Miss Jeans told us about the stem. After a short and enjoyable program, refreshments were served. As the hour was beginning to tell us it was about time to go to bed, we adjourned until the next morning.

Everybody was called at 7 o'clock, and at 7.30 we were on the New Cristobal Beach, either enjoying a salt swim or a morning sun bath. At 9.30 o'clock we were back at the Y. W. C. A. After roll call we were called to devotion where Agnes Johnson spoke on Business; Mercedes Jordan, Medicine; Ethel Barnett, Teaching; Zonabel DeMuth, Nursing; Belle Martin, Social Service; Florence Peterson, Physical Training; Gay Turner, Law; Florence Tonneson, Home-making; Edna Duvall, Miscellaneous.

Saturday noon we were all prepared for the stunt luncheon. Dorothy Eastman was the chief jester.

Saturday night the Fellowship Banquet was held. The topic was Love. As this was the last Conference the Seniors of both High Schools would be able to attend, Miss Dodds gave each Senior girl a beautiful red rose.

Sunday morning, March 15, everybody went to the Union Church. After the service the girls went to dinner with the hostesses. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, vesper service was held at the Y. W. C. A. at which Miss Jones presided. At 4.00 we girls from Balboa took the train for home.



#### MEMORIES.

*Charles Butters, '26.*

"For boyhood is a summer sun,  
Whose waning is the dreariest one.  
For all we live to know is known,  
And all we seek to keep hath flown."

I wonder, as the years go by,  
Mid shifting scenes of field and sky,  
If dreams of youth must also die.

If there is power in dreams of youth,  
If hope can point the way to truth,  
Then dreams of you won't be in vain—  
Devotion's sun will never wane.

I fear not for my love for you—  
'Tis constant as the purple hue  
That glorifies the parting day,  
Or lingers in the misty spray  
Of old Niagara's roaring flood.

But you, my Love, when duty calls  
And carves your name on marble walls—  
Will you forget the pleasant hours  
We've spent in genial tropic bowers—  
Your friendship fade like drooping bud?

Saturday, May 9, 1925, the daughters entertained the mothers at a tea. A short program was put on in which Juanita Orr gave a piano selection, and readings were given by Hattie Belle Rader and Theresa Betz; ending the program Dorothy Eastman and Mildred Oliver played a violin duet.

At our last meeting we planned the activities for the summer which will consist largely of work for the people in Panama.

—*Alice Oliver, '25.*



#### ALUMNI

*Ethel Wainio, '25.*

Year after year it becomes more difficult to obtain information as to the whereabouts of our Alumni. They pass through the doors of Balboa High and disappear into the world at large. We want to keep in touch with every one of them and wish that they would send us a few words of advice as each year draws to a close.

Mrs. Jessie Daniels MacFarland, first high school teacher on the Canal Zone, dropped in upon us for a short stay. Representatives from classes 1912-1921 held a banquet at the Hotel Tivoli, March 16, in her honor.

It was a most joyous reunion and one that will not soon be forgotten by those present. They were: Mrs. Jessie Daniels MacFarland, Miss Alice Alexander, Miss Olga Frost, Mrs. Ruth Hackenburg Dwelle, Mrs. Corinne Browning Feeney, Mrs. Dorothy Magnuson Hamlin, Mrs. Catherine Hinton Sawyer, Miss Elizabeth Ash, Miss Gabriel Butler, Miss Sara Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warner, Mr. Lewis Moore, Mrs. Norinne Hall Kaufer, Mrs. Stella Cody Sullivan, Mrs. Julia Neilson Hartman, Miss Cornelia Van Hardeveld, Miss Maria Hunsecker, Mrs. Clara Wood Neville, Ensing H. Roberts Carson, U. S. S. *Den-*

*ver*, Miss Dorothy Browning, Mrs. Dorothy Westburg Fitzpatrick, Mr. Francis X. Kerr, Mrs. Ruth Farrell Burmester, Miss Virginia Winquist, Mr. Lyle Womack, Mrs. Edith Engelke, Mr. Fowler Banton, Mrs. Frances Westburg Barr, and Miss Agnes Kuller.

#### MARRIAGES.

Miss Mary Hearne, '24, and Mr. Richard Moore were married at the Balboa Heights Baptist Church, August 18, 1924. After a honeymoon spent in the United States, they returned to Balboa where they now have their home.

Miss Agnes Gardiner '22, was married to Mr. John Glancy, November 12, 1924, and at present they are living at Colon Beach.

1924.

Elizabeth Norfleet is now taking up a secretarial course in the Commercial High at Baltimore, Md. Abner Silverman has returned to Atlanta, Georgia, and is now attending the Georgia School of Technology.

Floride Edwards is doing clerical work in New York City and is living in Jersey City, N. J.

Marvin Banton is doing assistant engineering work for road building in Penonome, Rep. de P.

Ruth Bickford has entered the Hospital of the Good Samaritan in Los Angeles, Calif., and is diligently studying to become a nurse.

Reports have been received that Louis Allen is doing excellent work in Oberlin College, Ohio.

Philip Thornton, Phyllis Milliken, Mattie Lee Brown, Robert Engelke, Andrew Whitlock, Alton White, and Gwendolyn Barden are employed in various places on the Canal Zone.

1923.

Robert Norfleet and Dudley Sansbury are continuing their studies at the Georgia School of Technology where George Wainio will join them next term.

Arlee Greene will be graduated this June from the Normal School of Gymnastics at New Haven, Conn. She will then be prepared to follow her career as a physical directress.

Thelma Babbitt is likewise taking a course in physical training in Newark, N. J.

James Shuber is getting along "swimmingly" at Annapolis and it has been rumored that he will be here toward the end of June.

Isabelle Milloy is taking up a two year's secretarial course at the School of Practical Arts and Letters in Boston, Mass.

Horace Clark is also doing splendidly in his studies at the University of Washington.

Netta Hearne is attending the University of Alabama, where she is studying to become a secretary.



Anita Sergeant has gone to Habana, Cuba, to visit some of her relatives.

Angel Peña is very much interested in his work as school teacher in Aguadulce, Rep. de P.

Esther Greene has remained at home with her parents.

George Wainio, Heien Huber, Anna Van Sieten, Anita Wood, Florence Luckey, Olena Hutchings, and Wayne Banton are all employed here.

1922.

José Grau's knowledge of French and Spanish has obtained for him a position as traveling agent in Canada.

Edith Foster is now a school teacher in Norristown, Pa.

Anita Albin is still studying music at a conservatory in New York City.

Nina Ridenour has already attained the goal of a Junior in Radcliffe College, Mass.

Harold Cahalin and Beryl Ilgen are both located in New York City, N. Y.

Cecelia Twomey is studying at St. John's College, Md.

The remainder of the class are employed on the Canal Zone, namely: Margaret Montgomery, Thomas Doran, Viola Bewley, Irene Stewart, Georgia Fransen, William Sergeant, Marjorie Gerrans, Catherine Luckey, and Ellen Roberts.



## EXCHANGES.

Richard W. Engelke, '26.



Here's a welcome to all our exchanges,  
May you continue to come each year;  
For though we're thousands of miles apart,  
Your magazines draw us more near.

Above us the palm trees are swaying—  
We live in our tropical land;  
For you perhaps is the snowdrift,  
Or mighty stretches of sand.

But as we turn over your pages  
We feel with a thrill of pride  
That for us all is the same endeavor  
And in spirit we all are allied.

Come then, annual exchanges,  
Join with us in a rousing cheer.  
Help us in critical comments  
And come back again next year.

*The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Kentucky*—Commencement number is very clever. The cover is neat, and the cartoons are good. Why not have a section for jokes?

*The High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, New York*—Your types of stories are very good. We like the arrangement of the School and Class notes.

*The Argus, Gardner, Massachusetts*—You have an excellent magazine but why not add a few cuts?

*Panarama, Binghamton, New York*—Your book is well balanced. It has a very neat cover, clever stories, and a good athletic department. Your school is very much alive.

*Imagaga, Puente High School, Puente, California*—We wish to compliment you on your splendid annual. The pictures and snaps are fine. Your book is well balanced.

*The Columbian, Columbia, South Carolina*—Your material is skillfully written. We like your book very much.

*The Comet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin*—Your literary department is certainly a fine one. Your poems are excellent.

*The Caribbean, Cristobal, Canal Zone*—Cristobal High, we always welcome your annual. The literary department is very good. There is every evidence of strong school spirit.

*The Key, Battle Creek, Michigan*—Your cuts are clever. Your stories and editorials are excellent.

*The Vindex, Elmira, New York*—Your paper is good and we like it very much. We wish you would send your annual.

*The Nor'easter, Kansas City, Missouri*—Your cuts are clever and the material is good. Why not add a few more jokes?

*The Russ, San Diego, California*—Your paper is excellent. The material in it shows hard work; we would, however, like to exchange annuals.

*The Oracle, Englewood, New Jersey*—Your book is worthy of praise, we like it very much.

*La Revista, La Salle, Panama*—Los articulos de la Revista son muy interesantes. Queremos cambiar siempre.

*The Taj, Harrisonburg, Virginia*—Your literary department is a very good one. The magazine is well balanced.

*The Pantherett, Fort Worth, Texas*—Your school must have keen enthusiasm for athletics.

*The Purple Quill, Galveston, Texas*—Your stories and poems are very good.

*The Mirror, Huntington, New York*—Your magazine is a pleasure to read because of your original ideas.

*The Criterion, Patterson, New Jersey*—Your athletics and literary departments are very good. A few more cuts would improve the annual.

## MY PONY.

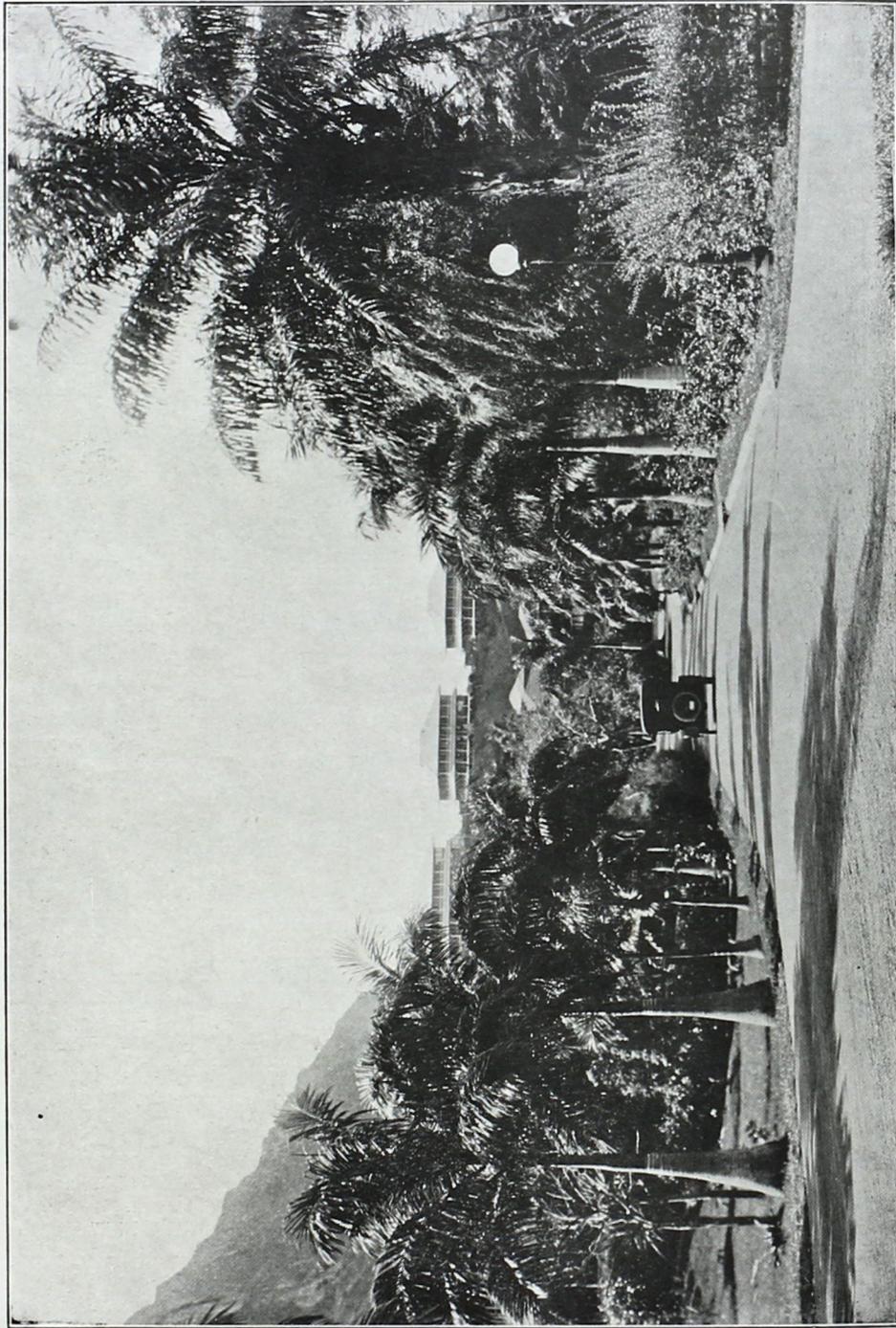
John Tatom, '25.

I've been to the depths; that's where I've been;  
And my morals have been retarded,  
For I've committed a downright sin.  
Now with looks of scorn I'm regarded.

And what is this, Oh Heavenly Muse,  
That earns me stares so stony?  
To many of you it will be no news,  
But I'll tell you: 'Tis a "pony."

The smart ones do not need this trick,  
We dumb ones have used it much.  
'Tis the worst invention of "Old Nick"  
To get us all in "Dutch."

I used a "pony" just yesterday;  
My handsome teacher saw it then.  
Ten days at home they'll make me stay  
But I'll use my "pony" again.



Balboa.

SPANISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

By Dorothy Eastman, '25.

1	2		3	4		5	6	7		8	9
10			11			12		13			14
		15			16			17	18		
19	20							21			22
23					24						25
		26		27				28		29	
		30					31				
32						33					34
35	36		37		38			39			40
41		42						43		44	
		45			46			47			
48	49		50	51				52			53
54							55				

HORIZONTAL

- |                                |  |   |
|--------------------------------|--|---|
| 1. Promesa, fianza             | 21. Carga pesada                         | 43. Bogar                               |
| 5. Vestido de hombre           | 23. Objeto comp. (pron)                  | 45. Contraccion de prep. y articulo     |
| 10. Objeto complemento (pron)  | 24. Participo pasado de alejarse         | 46. Un metal                            |
| 11. Terminacion del imperfecto | 25. Terminacion para infinitivo          | 47. Abreviatura para, a saber, en latin |
| 13. Objeto complemento (pron)  | 30. Acercarse, avanzar                   | 48. Preposicion                         |
| 14. Articulo indefinitivo      | 31. Estacas                              | 50. Objeto comp. (pron)                 |
| 15. Objeto complemento (pron)  | 35. Contraccion de prep. y articulo def. | 52. Preposicion                         |
| 16. Turno, tiempo              | 38. Imperativo de avanzar                | 53. Objeto comp. (pron)                 |
| 17. Significa negacion         | 40. Articulo definitivo                  | 54. El tentaculo de un insecto          |
| 19. Fresco, novel              | 41. Cortar arboles                       | 55. Molestan                            |

VERTICAL

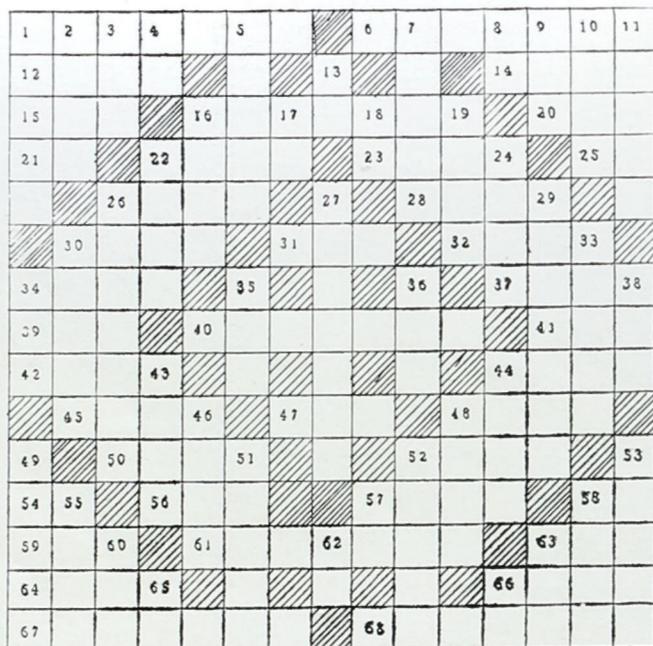
- |  |  |                                     |
|--|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Iguales, nivelados                    | 20. Abreviatura en ingles de una grande nacion | 37. Presente del subj. de encontrar |
| 2. Un prefijo que significa muy          | 22. El deletreo de la letra "b"                | 39. Region, monarquia               |
| 3. Se ve en el invierno                  | 26. Existir                                    | 40. Articulo def.                   |
| 4. Presente de regalar                   | 27. Falto de                                   | 42. Nota musical                    |
| 6. Contraccion de preposicion y articulo | 28. Semejante                                  | 44. Obj. comp. (pron)               |
| 7. Fraile                                | 29. Regalo                                     | 49. Preposicion                     |
| 8. Adjetivo posevivo                     | 32. Part. pasado de pegar                      | 51. Preposicion                     |
| 9. La ancla                              | 33. Un color                                   | 52. Preposicion                     |
| 12. Un color                             | 34. Utensilio para freir                       | 53. Nota de musica                  |
| 15. Objeto comp. (pron)                  | 36. Articulo def.                              |                                     |
| 18. Terminacion del preterito            |  |                                     |



A typical coast scene.

## FRENCH CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

By Patricia Flint, '25.



## HORIZONTAL

1. Fameux
6. Nommer
12. Sottises (Sing.)
14. Le participe passé du verbe "taper"
15. Un petit poème
20. Un adjectif démonstratif
21. Une conjonction
22. Une planète dans le système solaire
23. Ou l'on se couche
25. Le mot latin pour "et"
26. Epoux
28. Un adverbe
30. Un parent

31. Une des saisons
32. La répétition d'un son
34. Ce dont un oiseau se sert pour voler
37. Un poisson
39. Le mot latin pour un pronom possessif (ablatif)
40. Le poison que M. Hermann donna à Hadgi-Stavros
41. Action ou art de lancer
42. Le mot anglais pour "la fin" (plu.)
44. Animée
45. Un pronom possessif (masculin)
47. Une grande étendue d'eau

48. Flétri
50. Formé en épi
52. Le contraire de propre (P. P.)
54. Une partie de l'anatomie
56. Trois fois (lat.)
57. Une petite étendue d'eau (plu.)
58. Le deuxième ton musical de l'échelle
59. Action de rire
61. Souliers des moines
63. Malheur ou tort
64. Choisie
66. Secours
67. Danse (plu.)
68. Mettre à l'étable

## VERTICAL

1. Le participe passé du verbe "caler" (pl.)
2. Récréation
3. Pronom disjonctif (troisième personne)
4. Une partie du verbe "être"
5. Joint
7. Il châtia
8. Une conjonction
9. Une petite étendue d'eau
10. Une arme.
11. Cendre
13. Une partie du verbe anglais "être"
16. Vicaire
17. Id est (ab.)
18. Pronom personnel
19. Un des verbes les plus ordinaires en français

22. Un dieu domestique
24. Une partie d'une charrue
26. Un air
27. Une grande ville de Grèce
29. Un personnage dans l'histoire du Roi Des Montagnes
30. Un adjectif possessif (plu.)
33. Une fruit qui pousse abondamment en Espagne et en Grèce
34. Esprit
35. Prairie
36. Une certaine espèce de grain
38. Epoque
43. Un chiffre
44. Vallées
46. Contredits
48. Le visage
49. Peuple de l'Afrique du Nord

51. Vif, gai
52. Salutation
53. Mélanger
55. Fosse pour conserver les grains
57. Article défini
58. Un endroit pour mouiller les navires
60. Le mot latin pour "son ou le sien" (pl)
62. Une préposition
63. Un grand nombre dont on ne se sert que dans les dates
65. La terminaison de la première conjugaison
66. Le mot latin pour "de ou dehors"

## BOYS' ATHLETICS.

Paul Sullivan, '25.

## TRACK.

On March 7, 1925, the annual track and field meet of Canal Zone High Schools was held at Oury Field, Fort Davis. Balboa High School won the meet quite easily, defeating Cristobal High School by 32 points.

Unlike last year, the Balboa athletes manifested very much interest in this meet, as it was their intention to avenge themselves for last year's defeat. Suffice to say, that our trackmen secured first place in every event, including the relay race.

The results of the meet follows:

## TRACK EVENTS.

## 50-yard Dash.

1. (B. H. S.) Sullivan, time not recorded.
2. (C. H. S.) Eggleston.
3. (C. H. S.) Cousins.

## 100-yard Dash.

1. (B. H. S.) Sullivan, time not recorded.
2. (B. H. S.) Duran.
3. (C. H. S.) Lucas.

## 220-yard Dash.

1. (B. H. S.) Sullivan, time not recorded.
2. (B. H. S.) Duran.
3. (C. H. S.) Lucas.

## 440-yard Dash.

1. (B. H. S.) Duran, time, 60 seconds.
2. (C. H. S.) McIntyre.
3. (B. H. S.) Burgoon.

## FIELD EVENTS.

## Running High Jump.

1. (B. H. S.) Clements, height, 5 feet 4 inches.
2. (C. H. S.) Eggleston.
3. (B. H. S.) Greene.

## Running Broad Jump.

1. (B. H. S.) Sullivan, distance, 17 feet 1 inch.
2. (C. H. S.) Eggleston.
3. (B. H. S.) Hutchings.

## 12-pound Shot-Put.

1. (B. H. S.) Clements, distance, 31 feet 10 inches.
2. (C. H. S.) Grider.
3. (B. H. S.) Burgoon.

## 880-yard Relay Race.

1. (B. H. S.) Paul Sullivan, Byrne Hutchings, James Burgoon, Paul Duran.

Total Score:

1. Balboa High School—50.
2. Cristobal High School—18.

## BASEBALL.

## FIRST GAME.

The first game of the 1925 interscholastic baseball series was played in Colon, between Balboa High School and Cristobal High School, January 24, on the new Colon Baseball diamond.

The Balboa team arrived in Colon on the Saturday chosen, to find a deluge of "Gold Coast" rain awaiting them, necessitating a postponement of the game until the afternoon; and then they played on a very muddy and rocky field, which helped

to slow up the Balboa team considerably. Regardless of this, however, a most interesting game ensued. A seven-inning game was agreed upon by the two captains; but as the score stood at two all in that inning, a nine-inning game was necessary before the game finally terminated in favor of Balboa. The final score was four to three.

Burgoon and McIntyre, the opposing pitchers, did very well, both being touched for few hits, and securing many strike-outs. Lowande and Hutchings of Balboa were the sluggers of the day, getting

two hits apiece. McIntyre and Ordway of Cristobal also hit well, McIntyre getting three and Ordway two. To Lowande goes the credit of winning the fame for Balboa. His timely hit in the last half of the ninth scored Wedwaldt with the winning run.

Box score:

Balboa High School.					Cristobal High School.				
Players	A.B.	R.	H.	E.	Players	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Hutchings, 3b	5	0	2	0	Will, 2b	4	0	1	1
Sullivan, ss	5	1	1	0	Coffey, ss	4	1	1	1
Clements, 1b	4	1	1	1	Grider, 1b	2	0	0	1
Stanziola, c	4	0	1	0	Klunk, c	4	0	0	2
Burgoon, p	3	1	0	0	McIntyre, p	4	2	3	1
Knabenshue, cf	4	0	1	0	Ordway, 3b	3	0	2	1
Wedwaldt, lf	4	1	1	0	Eggleston, cf	4	0	0	1
Lowande, 2b	4	0	2	0	Pulgar, rf	3	0	0	0
Rosendall, rf	4	0	0	0	Wirtz, rf	3	0	0	0
					Coffey, rf	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	4	9	1	Totals	32	3	7	8

Score by innings:

Cristobal High School	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	3
Balboa High School	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	4

Umpire—Solomon; Scorer—Moore.

SECOND GAME.

The Balboa High School baseball nine again defeated Cristobal High in the second and final game of the high school series by the one-sided score of 14 to 4. The game was played on the Balboa Twilight Field, on January 31, and by this victory Balboa retains the baseball championship of Canal Zone High Schools.

The game lacked excitement as Balboa High completely outclassed Cristobal High on the field and at the bat. Burgoon and McIntyre were again assigned to pitch. Cristobal was able to gather only four bingles off Burgoon's delivery in their nine innings. McIntyre was hit freely during the four innings he pitched. Singles by Hutchings and Clements, and a pair of homers by Gerrans and Sullivan in the fourth, proved too much for McIntyre, and was consequently relieved by Klunk,

who did not however, succeed in stopping the Balboa hitting melee, he being touched for six hits and five more runs. Balboa High hit for a total of 13 hits and 14 runs. Clements and Hutchings received the hitting honors, Clements hitting two singles and two doubles in his five times at bat, and Hutchings getting three hits out of five trips to the plate.

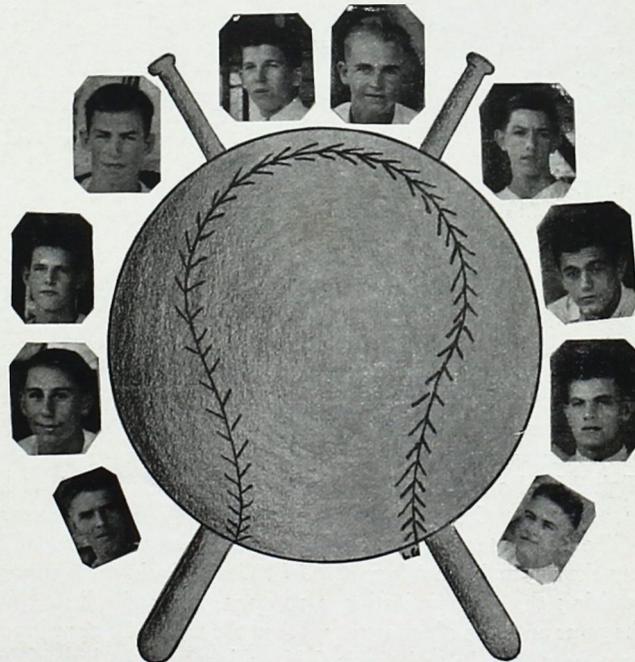
Box score:

Cristobal High School.					Balboa High School.				
Players	A.B.	R.	H.	E.	Players	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Will, 2b	4	0	0	1	Hutchings, 3b	5	3	3	1
Coffey, ss	5	0	1	2	Sullivan, ss	4	2	2	0
Brown, 3b, c	3	1	0	1	Anastacia-do, 2b	4	1	0	0
Klunk, c, p	4	0	0	1	Clements, 1b	5	3	4	3
McIntyre, p, c	4	1	2	1	Stanziola, c	4	2	1	0
Ordway, 1b	3	1	0	2	Burgoon, p	5	0	0	0
Grider, lf, rf	4	0	0	1	Gerrans, cf	5	2	2	1
Eggleston, cf	4	0	1	0	Wedwaldt, lf	4	0	0	0
Lucas, rf, lf	2	1	0	0	Lowande, rf	4	1	1	0
Sonneman, lf	0	0	0	0	Rosendall, rf	1	0	0	0
					Brady, lf	1	0	0	0
Totals	33	4	4	8	Totals	42	14	13	5

Score by innings:

Cristobal High School	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	4
Balboa High School	2	0	1	6	3	2	0	0	x	14

Umpire—Bleakley; Scorer—Moore.



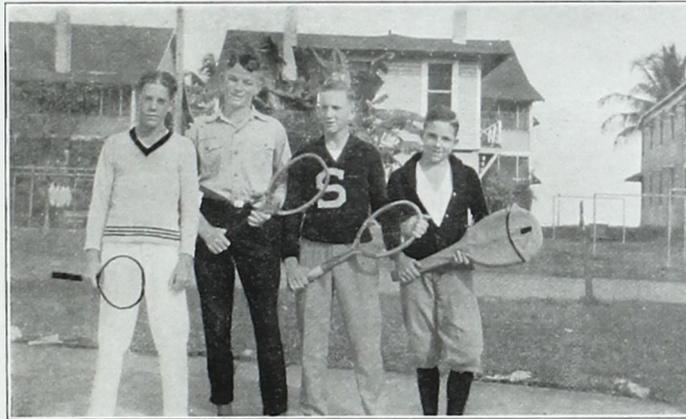
## TENNIS.

Due to the large number of net men desiring to represent Balboa "Hi" in the annual match with Cristobal, this year, an elimination tournament was necessary, whereby the four delegates might be chosen.

After many close and interesting sets on the Balboa courts, James Woodruff, Frank Arnold, Charles Butters, and Ralph Jensen were declared the final victors.

## INTERSCHOLASTIC TOURNAMENT.

Our Tildens and Johnsons were not so fortunate however in their match with Cristobal High School. By Cristobal winning the two sets of singles and Balboa only the doubles, the tournament went to Cristobal.



## BASKET BALL.

As the ZONIAN goes to press so soon after the basket ball season officially opens, it is impossible to give a full account of the squad's work, but with the termination of the baseball and track session in March, Balboa "Hi" launched itself into this most popular of all sports with vim and the determination of developing a fast and aggressive team.

The season officially opened on April 30, 1925, when B. H. S. took the heavy Fort Clayton team into camp, defeating them 51 to 17.

The second game played on May 5, saw the B. H. S. team winning from the 10th Signal Corps of Corozal by a 23 to 9 score. The improved playing of the team in this game was marked.

The playing of Fred Sonneman of the winning school was outstanding. He is adept at tennis and plays with ease. Frank Arnold, of Balboa, played well, as did Charles Butters and James Woodruff in the doubles victory.

## SINGLES.

Fred Sonneman (C. H. S.) defeated James Woodruff (B. H. S.), 6-4, 6-4.

John Ordway (C. H. S.) defeated Frank Arnold (B. H. S.), 0-6, 6-0, 9-7.

## DOUBLES.

Charles Butters-James Woodruff (B. H. S.) defeated F. Sonneman-Eggleston (C. H. S.), 6-4, 6-3.

Following is the list of games played to date, showing Balboa High with the winning score in each game: -

B. H. S. 51—Fort Clayton 17.

B. H. S. 23—10th Signal Corps 9.

B. H. S. 28—C. H. S. 18.

B. H. S. 66—Reg. Hdq. Fort Amador 9.

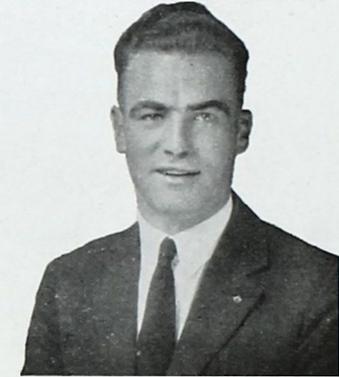
## INTERCLASS GAMES.

As a preliminary spurt, the classes were brought together to vie for interclass honors. A dual combination of the Junior-Freshman classes was necessary in order that keener competition might result.

In the first game of the series the Sophs defeated the Junior-Freshman team, 24 to 14. The second game saw the elimination of the Junior-Freshman team from the series, since they were decisively beaten by the Seniors, 36 to 7.

The championship game between the Seniors and Sophs was a very fast and close one throughout.

At no time were the two teams separated by more than a few points. The teamwork of the Sophs was good; and the shooting, fairly accurate. The



Mr. Bogda.

Seniors fought hard in the last quarter to overcome the lead, but the final whistle put an end to their hopes. The final score was 34 to 20.

## AQUATICS.

## BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL VS. CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL.

In one of the best swimming meets ever held on the Zone between the respective high schools, Balboa defeated Cristobal at the Hotel Washington Swimming Pool, on February 14, by the score of 42-25, thus winning the annual high school aquatic championship.

Byrne Hutchings, of Balboa High School, was the highest individual point winner with 13 1/5 points, Jack Klunk, of Cristobal High, giving him a fine race for honors, he having 13. The Balboa High School relay team, generally known as "The Four Horsemen," easily captured the 120-yard relay race.

Following is a summary of the events:

## 50-yard Swim.

1. Klunk, Cristobal.
2. Hutchings, Balboa.
3. Golden, Balboa.

## 50-yard Back-Stroke Swim.

1. Hutchings, Balboa.
2. Klunk, Cristobal.
3. Granberry, Balboa.

## 100-yard Swim.

1. Klunk, Cristobal.
2. Golden, Balboa.
3. Granberry, Balboa.

## 50-yard Breast-Stroke Swim.

1. Allen, Balboa.
2. Hutchings, Balboa.
3. Coffey, Cristobal.

## 220-yard Swim.

1. Helmerick, Balboa.
2. Engelke, Balboa.
3. Coffey, Cristobal.

## Plunge.

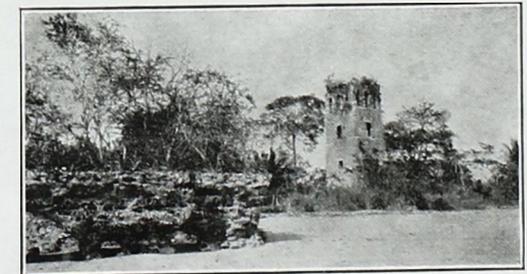
1. Coffey, Cristobal.
2. Knight, Balboa.
3. Taylor, Cristobal.

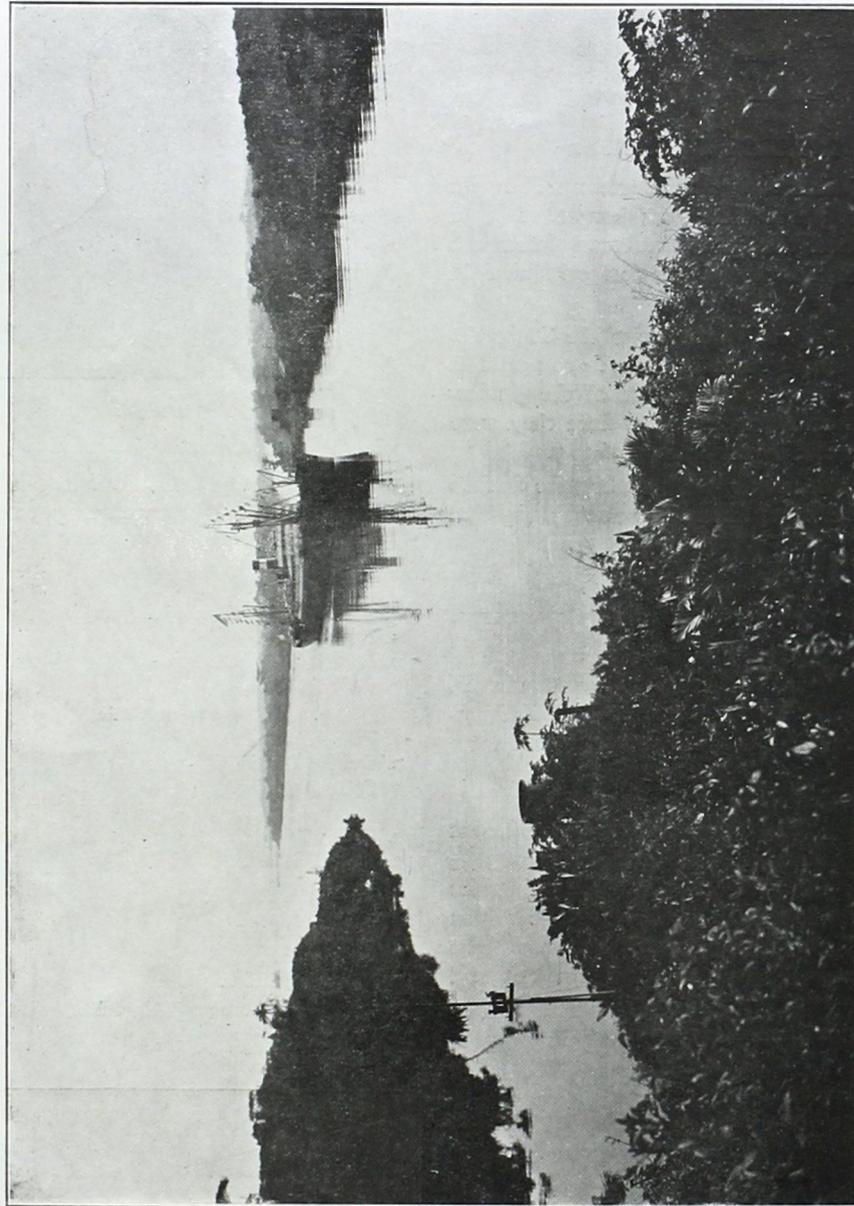
## Fancy Diving.

1. Coffey, Cristobal.
2. Allen, Balboa.
3. Hutchings, Balboa.

## 120-yard Relay Swim.

1. Balboa High School.
2. Cristobal High School.

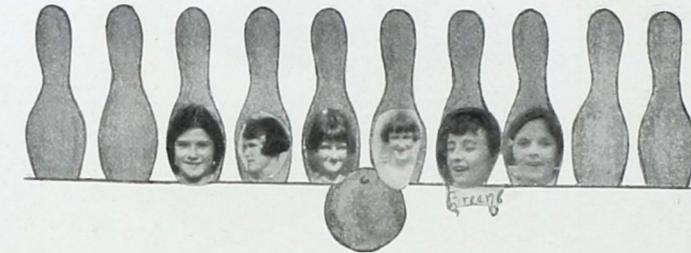




S.S. Cristobal on first Ocean-to-Ocean Test Voyage through Canal, Crossing French Diversion August 3, 1914.

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Alice Oliver, '25.



### BOWLING.

Of course we want it known that although our interscholastic games did not start until February seventh, we were not idle.

We played the Cristobal Working Girls for the championship in bowling. Three games out of five decided the championship. The first two games might just as well be called practice. Balboa High School girls won them both, but the Cristobal Working Girls showed very good sportsmanship. The third game was played in Cristobal, Saturday night, January tenth. Our girls lost but returned to Balboa in fine spirits. The Cristobal girls surely had good luck. It seems that even if the ball went down the gutter some pins were knocked down.

A long time elapsed between the third and fourth game. On April eighth the Balboa girls journeyed

to Cristobal to play the last game. Again they were victorious. The Cristobal Working Girls were the finest of sports and we all want them to know that we enjoyed every game in the series.

Those bowling for the Cristobal Working Girls team were:

Irene Hopkins, Captain	Anna Veysse
Teresa Gallagher	Cecilia Cope
Florence Phillips	Ethel Ellis, sub.
Erma Phillips	Mildred Brown, sub.

Those bowling for the Balboa High School team were:

Gladys Bleakley, Captain	Flores Smith, sub.
Ruth Johnson	Dolly Klumpp, sub.
Florence Tonneson	Violet Stroop, sub.
Florence Murtagh	Matilda Van Sicklen, sub.
Alice Oliver	

### BASKET BALL.

Basket ball for 1925 started out by a dozen or more of us girls reporting for practice to Miss Hanna, our new and able coach. We were all sure of winning the series for this year, as we had a good deal of practice during the summer, and we knew that our coach and captain were the two best on the Isthmus. Another factor is, all the girls were working together and showed a great deal of school spirit.

February 7, 1925, the Cristobal team came over to our side to play the first game. We were rather nervous as this was our first game against C. H. S. for this year, and their girls looked so determined

to win, but we also set ourselves to win at all hazards.

The first whistle finally blew and the two teams took their place on the floor. After the first quarter some changes were made in the Cristobal team, as Balboa was well ahead. The game continued until the third quarter; then Alice Oliver, center for Balboa, was taken out and Florence Tonneson took her place with Dolly Klumpp as side center. The fourth quarter another change was made and Alice Oliver with Gladys Bleakley as side center went back into the game.

The two teams played a fast and clean game, and the pass work on our team was to be commended. The game ended with our side victorious.

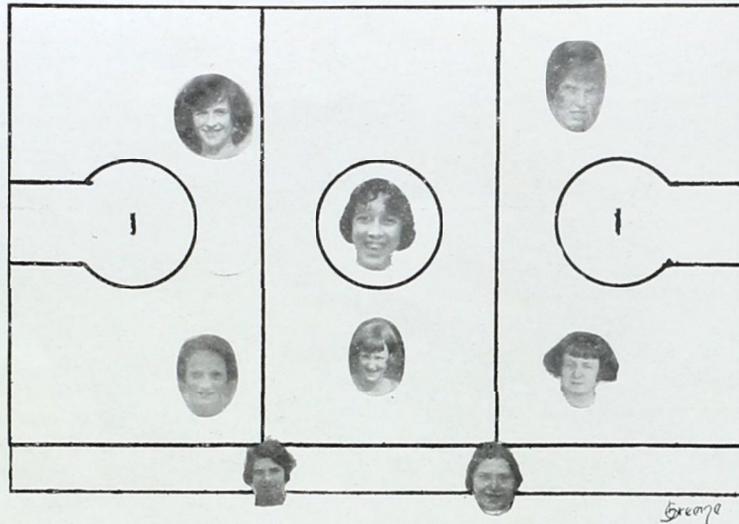
The line-up for the two teams was as follows:

CRISTOBAL.

- Dorothy Deibert.....F
- Dorothy Sheply.....F
- Ruth Duey.....G
- Rae Fischer.....G
- Dorothy Svenson.....C
- Helen Abendroth.....C
- Marion Barrett.....S
- Raechel Keyes.....S

BALBOA.

- Florench Murtagh.....F
- Mary Joe Lowe.....F
- Mary McConaghy.....G
- Marie Jansen.....G
- Alice Oliver.....C
- Florence Tonneson.....C
- Dolly Klumpp.....S
- Gladys Bleakley.....S
- Ruth Johnson.....S
- Agnes Willoughby.....S



The following week we journeyed to Cristobal to play the second game of the series. We were all in good spirits and in high hopes of winning. When we arrived at the New Cristobal playshed, we learned that some of their players could not play on account of their grades, and that Dorothy Deibert had returned to the States.

The game proceeded, however, and the Cristobal girls showed a good fighting spirit against such odds. Our guards did such good work that not one field goal was made, and the few points they made were on foul shots. Some changes were made in both teams at different times but on the

whole the game went along smoothly without any trouble or disputes. Again we went home with the wonderful feeling one gets after being victorious.

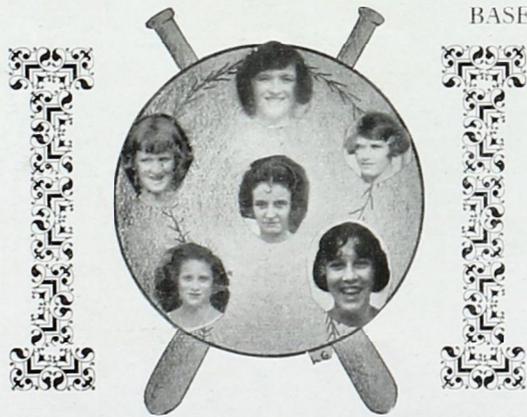
The third game was played on our floor after the noon train arrived from Cristobal. A bunch of rooters turned out to see the game and this seemed to inspire each player to do her best. What resulted was a fast and "snappy" game which was enjoyed by all. No changes were made in the teams and Balboa again won.

In addition I want to say in behalf of the players on our team which played against C. H. S., that we enjoyed every game. Every member of the Cristobal team showed fine school spirit, an attribute to be commended and of more importance than winning a game.

BASEBALL.

The indoor baseball team of Balboa High School has not done as much as they had planned. The team that played last year set the standard and this year's team is going to uphold them. The standing team is:

- Alice Oliver.
- Florence Tonneson.
- Florence Murtagh
- Mary McConaghy.
- Ruth Johnson.
- Gladys Bleakley.
- Dolly Klumpp.



TENNIS.

The interschool tennis match began in Cristobal. The team was composed of Ruth Duey, who played singles, and Helen Abendroth and Geneva Booth, who played doubles.

Owing to the excessive heat only two sets were played on the first day. Cristobal won one set in both singles and doubles and Balboa the same, thus tying the score.

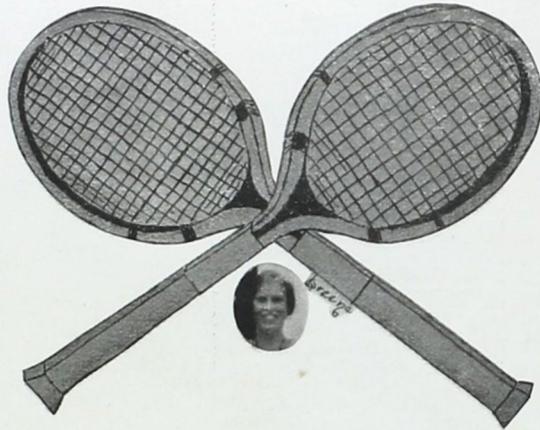
Three weeks later the Balboa tennis team with Alma Mann and Margaret Price playing doubles, and Belle Martin, singles, again went to Cristobal, where Balboa won the doubles and lost the singles.

This ended the tennis tournament for the school year.

Excellent sportsmanship was shown on both sides. Miss Mathee and Miss Hanna were score-keepers and they both have excellent ability in doing this and many other things which have

helped us to keep the school spirit which we are very proud of.

Next year the match will be played in Balboa.



SOLUTION OF THE SPANISH CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

(See page 77.)

ROMPECABEZA.

SOLUCION.

HORIZONTAL.

- |           |           |            |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. prenda | 21. ajobo | 43. remar  |
| 5. camisa | 23. os    | 45. al     |
| 10. le    | 24. ido   | 46. oro    |
| 11. ia    | 25. er    | 47. ie     |
| 13. lo    | 30. venir | 48. de     |
| 14. un    | 31. palos | 50. le     |
| 15. le    | 35. al    | 52. en     |
| 16. vez   | 38. ven   | 53. le     |
| 17. ni    | 40. la    | 54. antena |
| 19. nuevo | 41. talar | 55. enojan |

VERTICAL.

- |           |            |           |
|-----------|------------|-----------|
| 1. planos | 18. io     | 36. la    |
| 2. re     | 20. U. S.  | 37. halle |
| 3. nieve  | 22. be     | 39. reino |
| 4. da     | 26. ser    | 40. la    |
| 6. al     | 27. sin    | 42. la    |
| 7. mouje  | 28. tal    | 44. me    |
| 8. su     | 29. don    | 49. en    |
| 9. ancora | 32. bañida | 51. cu    |
| 12. verde | 33. negro  | 52. en    |
| 15. le    | 34. sarten | 53. la    |

SOLUTION OF THE FRENCH CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

(See page 78.)

HORIZONTAL.

- |             |             |              |
|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Celebre  | 30. Mere    | 50. Epie     |
| 6. Appeler  | 31. Ete     | 52. Sali     |
| 12. Abus    | 32. Echo    | 54. Os       |
| 14. Tape    | 34. Aile    | 56. Ter      |
| 15. Lai     | 37. Sole    | 57. Lacs     |
| 16. Cuisine | 39. Meo     | 58. Re       |
| 20. Ces     | 40. Arsenic | 59. Ris      |
| 21. Et      | 41. Tir     | 61. Sandale  |
| 22. Lune    | 42. Euds    | 63. Mal      |
| 23. Lits    | 44. Vive    | 64. Elue     |
| 25. Et      | 45. Sien    | 66. Arde     |
| 26. Mari    | 47. Mer     | 67. Sairees  |
| 28. Trop    | 48. Fanc    | 68. Etablier |

VERTICAL.

- |           |             |           |
|-----------|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Cales  | 19. Etre    | 46. Nies  |
| 2. Ebat   | 22. Lare    | 48. Face  |
| 3. Lui    | 24. Socs    | 49. Mores |
| 4. Es     | 26. Melodie | 51. Erate |
| 5. Reuni  | 27. Athenes | 52. Salut |
| 7. Punit  | 29. Photini | 53. Meier |
| 8. Et     | 30. Miens   | 55. Sido  |
| 9. Lac    | 33. Olive   | 57. La    |
| 10. Epee  | 34. Ame     | 58. Rade  |
| 11. Reste | 35. Pre     | 60. Sui   |
| 13. Is    | 36. Riz     | 62. De    |
| 16. Cure  | 38. Ere     | 63. Mil.  |
| 17. le    | 43. Sept    | 65. Er    |
| 18. Il    | 44. Vals    | 66. Ab    |

AN EPITAPH.

One day as I rode in my pretty flivver,  
At a speed sufficient to shake my liver,  
I didn't see the flagman wave;  
Now daisies grow upon my grave.

—Weiss, '25.



VICTORS SUPREME.

Mary Joe Lowe, '26.



In our old Balboa High  
The athletic colors fly,  
For we have won the honors of the Zone.

We're so full of fun and pep  
You can see it in our step,  
And we hold the hard-earned colors for our own.

To be able to attain  
This envied high-school fame  
Meant zealous work at nighttime, if you please.

That's why we're all so proud  
As we stand with head unbowed  
And see our colors flying in the breeze.

In basket ball we win  
Because our boys, so full of vim,  
Can outplay their opponents every time.

Nor are the girls found slow,  
For we're sure you all must know  
The way they shoot a basket is sub-lime.

Those on the baseball team  
In honors reign supreme;  
Their place among the others rank so high.

The indoor baseball girls  
Can make that old ball whirl  
As if it were the lightning in the sky.

Next our jumpers come.  
Believe me, it is fun



RASTUS' PHILOSOPHY.

De sunflower ain't de daisy, and de melon  
ain't de rose;  
Why is de all so crazy to be somfin else dat  
grows?  
Jess stick to de place you're planted, and do  
de best you knows,  
Be de sunflower or de daisy, de melon or de  
rose.  
Don't be what yo' ain't, jess yo' be what yo' is,  
If you am not what yo' are, den you is not  
what yo' is.

To see them clear nine feet and keep their  
poise.

The tennis teams are great:  
I can tell you sure as fate  
They play a game the sporting world enjoys.

Our good old High track bunch  
Are made of faith and punch  
Which helps them to contest without a doubt.

They run as fast as deer  
And show no sign of fear;  
For them the very mountains seem to shout.

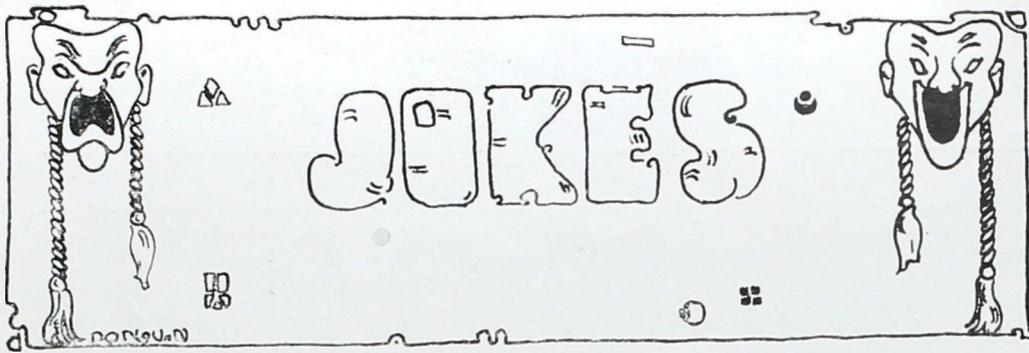
Everyone must wish  
To see our human fish  
Who are known in all the countries of the sphere,

Oh! see how they can swim,  
Their bodies neat and trim  
Cut through the water like a flash-  
ing spear.

These reasons you may see  
Are why we so proud may be  
Of the athletic colors in the sky.

At last our work is done  
And all the honors won;  
So to our envied school we say  
good-bye.

—Machinists' Journal.



## MY DOG ROVER.

I had a dog and his name was Rover.  
He slept all day in a bed of clover.  
His eyes were pink and his nose was red.  
For breakfast he ate brass tacks and lead.  
Square were his ears which flapped in the breeze.  
He breathed with a gasping, rasping wheeze.  
He walked on three legs; for of four there was one  
That wasn't, and isn't, nor will be, by gum!  
He had no teeth, and of hair he was spared.  
Stubbed was his tail which wagged when it dared.  
And this is what happened to him one day:  
A friendly cat came passing his way;  
He walked up to her—at first he felt shy;  
They became more congenial as the minutes went by—  
But kitty caught Rover when he was off his guard;  
Now Rover is resting in the quiet graveyard.  
—Constance A. Graff, '25.

## OVERHEARD IN THE CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Miss Wood.—“This gas is deadly poison; what steps would you take if it should escape?”  
Patricia.—“Long ones.”  
Miss Wood.—“This glass is porous glass.”  
Van (awakening).—“Make it two.”  
Miss Wood.—“Now, James, under what combinations is gold most quickly released?”  
James (after pondering a moment).—“Oh, I know, it's marriage.”

## HEARD IN THE ENGLISH CLASS.

Miss Hopkins (explaining the use of a hyphen).—“Give an example of a hyphen now.”  
Bright Freshie.—“Bird-cage.”  
Miss Hopkins.—“Why do we put the hyphen in bird-cage?”  
Freshie.—“For the bird to sit on.”  
Sergeant to negro guard.—“If anybody moves, you shoot.”  
Negro Guard.—“Yes sah, yes sah, but if anybody shoots, ah move.”

## THE STORM.

’Twas a dark and stormy night;  
The waves rolled high upon the sea,  
But the sailor didn't care  
Because he sat beneath a tree.  
—James Woodruff, '25.

## THE BRUTE.

Irate Lady (to neighbor in subway).—“Sir, your glass eye has broken my hatpin!”

## A SILENCER.

Greenhorn.—“Do people fall off those cliffs very often?”  
Old Timer.—“Only once.”

## NERVE ALIVE.

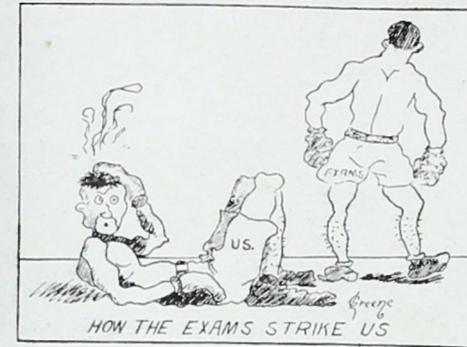
Patient.—“Just charge this job, doc. I'll pay you sometime.”  
Fifth Avenue Dentist.—“I thought I had killed your nerve, but I guess not.”

## BY MARRIAGE ONLY.

A sporting goods dealer was driving with his wife one Sunday afternoon, when his car passed a farmer boy riding a donkey. As the automobile passed, the donkey turned his head toward it and brayed.

“Relative of yours?” the dealer inquired of his wife.

“Yes,” she returned sweetly, “but only by marriage.”



## FIRST-HAND INFORMATION.

Little Jimmy (to new caller).—“Can't you talk, mister; really can't you talk?”  
New Caller.—“Certainly, my boy. Why do you ask?”  
Little Jimmy (disappointed).—“Why, sister said you were too dumb for words.”

## THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

A teacher in one of the city schools called an incorrigible lad to her desk, and, grasping him firmly, said:  
“Young man, the devil certainly has hold of you.”  
“Guess yer right, mum.”

## THE RESERVE FORCE.

The Booster.—“Why do you prefer married men in the office?”  
“If a man isn't doing good work I can send for his wife.”

Helen.—“Conny never goes to a beauty parlor.”  
Mary.—“No, she's a self-made girl.”

Johnnie was always disobeying his mother by going swimming, and his excuse was he couldn't resist the temptation. His mother then said to Johnnie: “Whenever you are tempted to go swimming just say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ and then you will be able to resist.”

The following day Johnnie came home with his hair wet and his mother questioned him. Johnnie replied: “Well, mother, I said ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ and he got behind me and shoved me in.”

Father.—“Helen, I got a letter from your teacher to-day.”

Helen.—“That's all right, dad; I won't tell mother.”

Professor (rapping on desk).—“Order, gentlemen, order.”

Stud. (just awakening).—“Ham sandwich and a cup of coffee.”

Katharine B.—“Johnny, now tell me what would happen if you broke one of the Ten Commandments?”

Johnny T.—“Then there'd be nine.”

## IN ALGEBRA CLASS.

Helen.—“Clyde, shall I remove my parentheses or take off my brackets?”

Clyde.—“It's immaterial to me, but don't you think it's er—er rather a public place?”

(Then he wondered why she said he had no brains.)





The Sophs stood on the railroad track;  
The train was coming fast;  
The Sophs got off the railroad track  
And let the train go past.

The Seniors stood on the railroad track;  
The train was coming fast;  
The train got off the railroad track  
And let the Seniors pass.

*Mr. Boss.*—"Did they hold you up at the Canadian border?"

*Rip.*—"No, they had to carry me."

*Northrop.*—"What is the height of laziness?"

*Madison.*—"A man who renders his services to the florist to help pack the flowers from a century plant."

*Paul* (over telephone).—"Are you the woman who washes?"

*Emily.*—"NO, of course not."

*Paul.*—"You dirty thing."

*She.*—"It has been said that men get bald because of the constant brain work."

*He.*—"Yes, I have heard that is the same reason why women can't grow beards."

Lesson on Slavery:

*Miss Sherman.*—"What was the 'Underground railroad?'"

*Ralph.*—"A tunnel in the north."

*Miss Whaley.*—"Douglas, where is the capital of the United States?"

*Douglas.*—"Mostly at Wall Street."

*Little Boy.*—"Mother, why is Daddy so bald-headed?"

*Mother.*—"It's because he thinks so much, dearest."

*Little Boy.*—"Is that why you have so much, Mother?"

*Mother.*—"JIMMY!"

ON ME.  
(In physics)

*Allen.*—"Mr. Boss, will you tell me what is meant by a foolproof motor?"

*Mr. Boss.*—"Sure, Willie, that is the kind of a motor that *you* can use without getting hurt."

*Boss.*—"What is used as a conductor of electricity?"

*Jimmy.*—"Why—er——"

*Boss.*—"Correct. What is the unit of power in electricity?"

*Jimmy.*—"The what, sir?"

*Boss.*—"Correct; be seated."

RADIO.

Mr. King has a three-tube radio set,  
It's the greatest problem he ever met.  
The static is working overtime,  
The songs and verses never rhyme,  
Yet, with it King is in his prime  
He is always hanging on the line.

—Van, '25.

A SONG.

I like to sing of the ocean blue—  
It's the only ocean I ever knew—  
It tosses me up and throws me round  
And turns my digestion upside down.  
But still I sing of the ocean blue,  
For it's the only ocean I ever knew.

—Van, '25.

"Now, Dorothy, do you know what becomes of bad little girls?"

"Yes'm, they have dates every night when they grow up."

"I saw a sign in a hardware store to-day: 'Cast iron sinks.'"

As though everyone wasn't wise to that.

*Johnny.*—"And, dear Lord, please make Alaska one of the United States."

*Mother.*—"Why do you pray for that, Johnny?"

*Johnny.*—"Cause that's what I put on my geography test."

Who led General Grant's Army?

"Do you know the difference between capital and labor?"

"No."

"Well, if I loaned you twenty-five cents, that would be capital. If I tried to get it back, that would be labor."

*Question.*—"If an English teacher is a bookworm, what is a geometry teacher?"

*Answer.*—"An angworm."

*Miss Sanford.*—"You know I like to swim in ocean water, but I am afraid of the sharks."

*Mr. King.*—"At your age? Don't flatter yourself."

Most things go to the buyer; but coal goes to the cellar.

#### TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

Maryon Locken..... "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"  
Helene Grimison..... "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."  
Dorothy Eastman..... "My Little Gypsy Sweetheart."  
John Tatom..... "Dapper Dan."  
Loretta Kocher..... "Sweet Little You."  
Rena De Young..... "Pretty Baby."  
Julia Zidbeck..... "Too Tired."  
Edith Trowbridge..... "Oh, You Little Son-of-a-Gun!"  
Ralph Clements..... "Why Should I Weep Over One Sweetie?"  
Douglas Cross..... "Wait 'Til You See Me With My Sweetie."  
Lucie Franklin..... "Mamma Goes Where Papa Goes."  
Katharine Brown..... "Give Me Your Smile."  
Ethel Wainio..... "Tea for Two."  
Constance Graff..... "Wonderful One."  
Paul Duran..... "Spain."  
Theresa Betz..... "Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me."  
Leon Weiss..... "Where's My Sweetie Hiding?"  
Earle Gerrans..... "When He Plays Jazz."  
Agnes McDade..... "Peg O' My Heart."  
Carol Rigby..... "Sweet Hortense."  
Margaret Woodruff..... "Rose of Picardy."  
Jimmy Woodruff..... "Why Did I Kiss That Girl?"  
Willy Allen..... "Agravin' Papa."  
Mary Peace..... "I Don't Want to Get Married—I'm Having Too Much Fun."

Jacob VanHardeveld..... "Smiles."  
Jimmy Burgoon..... "Last Night on the Back Porch."  
Florence Robinson..... "Smilin' Thru."  
Ruth Breneman..... "Red Hot Mama."  
Ida Ruth Hammer..... "My Man."  
Florence Tonneson..... "That Red-Head Girl."  
Alice Oliver..... "Yoo Hoo."  
Paul Sullivan..... "Baby Blue Eyes."  
George Gregory..... "Lazy."  
Oliver Schroyer..... "You Tell Her—I Stutter."  
Eleanor Ayers..... "Sweet Lady."  
Nicholas Stanziola..... "So This Is Venice."

*Little boy.*—"Mamma, are sheep the dumbest of animals?"

*His mother* (absentmindedly).—"Yes, my lamb."

That boy Clements, is the guy  
That, of pretty girls, is slightly shy.

Susie Schroyer, you know that sheik,  
Has a brand new one, every week.

Buster Burgoon, one of those light-haired boys  
Plays with them all, as though they were toys.

James Woodruff, of them all the little pet  
Is after one, but hasn't her yet.

And *me*, well, well, I'm not so fine;  
I shoot all, save *one*, an awful line.

—Earl Gerrans, '25.



*Miss Sanford.*—"Oliver, you may leave the room."

*Oliver.*—"Yes ma'am, I didn't intend to take it with me."

*Dentist.*—"What do you want the tooth filled with?"

*Boy.*—"Chocolate."

*1st.*—"Why did you ask me to hold this plant?"

*2d.*—"I wanted to find out if it was poison ivy."

## MAGAZINES PERSONIFIED.

Whiz Bang.....	John Tatom
Popular Mechanics.....	Van Hardeveld
Success.....	Agnes McDade
Physical Culture.....	Alice Oliver
Beauty.....	Connie Graff
Adventure.....	James Woodruff
Life.....	Helene Grimison
Panama Times.....	Ida R. Hammer
Vanity Fair.....	Maryon Locken
Better Housewife.....	Ruth Breneman
Romance.....	Lucie Franklin
Needlecraft.....	Florence Robinson
Feist Songs.....	Earl Gerrans
Baseball.....	Nicholas Stanziola
Police Gazette.....	Paul Sullivan
Elite.....	Mary Peace
Modern Priscilla.....	Rena De Young
Motorist.....	Douglas Cross
Dance Lovers.....	Ralph Clements
The Student.....	Dorothy Eastman
Saucy Stories.....	George Gregory
Etude.....	Florence Tonneson
Fore!!.....	Katharine Brown
Bookman.....	Loretta Kocher
Fun.....	Paul Duran
Modern Poetry.....	Ethel Wainio
Business.....	James Burgoon
Snappy Stories.....	Julia Zidbeck
Delineator.....	Theressa Betz
Everybody's.....	William Allen
Radio.....	Leon Weiss
American.....	Oliver Schroyer
Flapper.....	Edith Trowbridge
Sport.....	Margaret Woodruff
Good Housekeeping.....	Eleanor Ayers

## IN CLASS.

*Gerrans.*—"Mr. Boss, will you tell me how big a sea has to be in order to be an ocean?"

*Mr. Boss* (very angry).—"Not a person in this room will be given liberty this afternoon."

*Voice.*—"Give me liberty or give me death."

*Mr. Boss.*—"Who said that?"

*Voice.*—"Patrick Henry."

*Teacher* (in general science).—"A transparent object is one that you can see through. Now tell me something that is transparent."

*Answer* (freshman).—"A doughnut."

*Mr. Flint.*—"Do you know that every time you draw your breath someone dies?"

*Richard.*—"Well, I'm sorry but I can't help it. If I quit breathing I'll die too."

*She.*—"You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"

*He.*—"No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

*She.*—"Have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

*He.*—"No, how do you get them to listen?"

Experience is what you get when you are looking for something else.

*Teacher.*—"Who was that who laughed out loud?"

*Fresh.*—"I did, but I didn't mean to."

*Teacher.*—"You didn't mean to do it?"

*Fresh.*—"No sir, I laughed in my sleep."

*Herbert.*—"I'm the fastest man on earth."

*Leon.*—"How's that?"

*Herbert.*—"Time flies, doesn't it?"

*Leon.*—"So they say."

*Herbert.*—"Well, I beat time."

There once was a senior quite spry  
Who studied—at least he would try—  
And the things that he knew  
When at last he got through,  
Were a credit to Balboa High. —*Van, '25.*

*Prof.*—"What insect lives on the least food?"

*Bright pupil.*—"The moth; it eats holes."

The day has come, ah, yes, it has,  
To school we all must go;  
Ah me, I'm not prepared for class,  
I'm likewise very slow.  
Miss Hopkins comes into the room,  
And gee, she's really cross;  
Miss Frost is teaching in this school  
And likewise Mr. Boss.  
Ah me! Ah my! I wish I could  
Absorb what all they knew;  
But my poor head is racked and torn,  
I'm also feeling blue,  
For when my mind should set to work,  
And learn the things it should,  
My head turns like a whirligig  
And feels too much like wood. —*Van, '25.*



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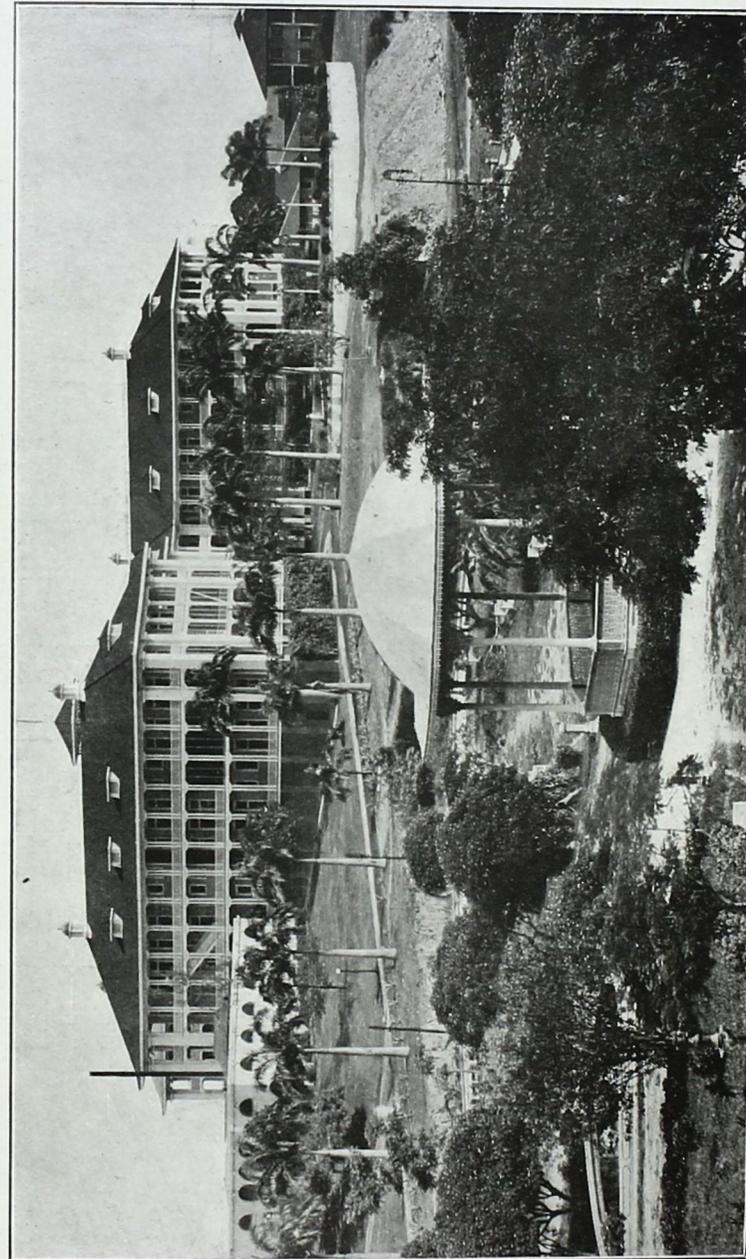
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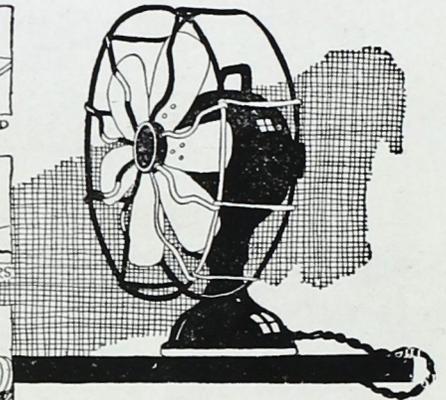
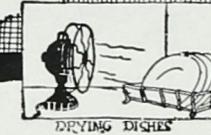
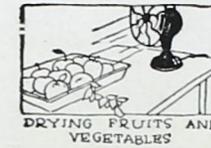
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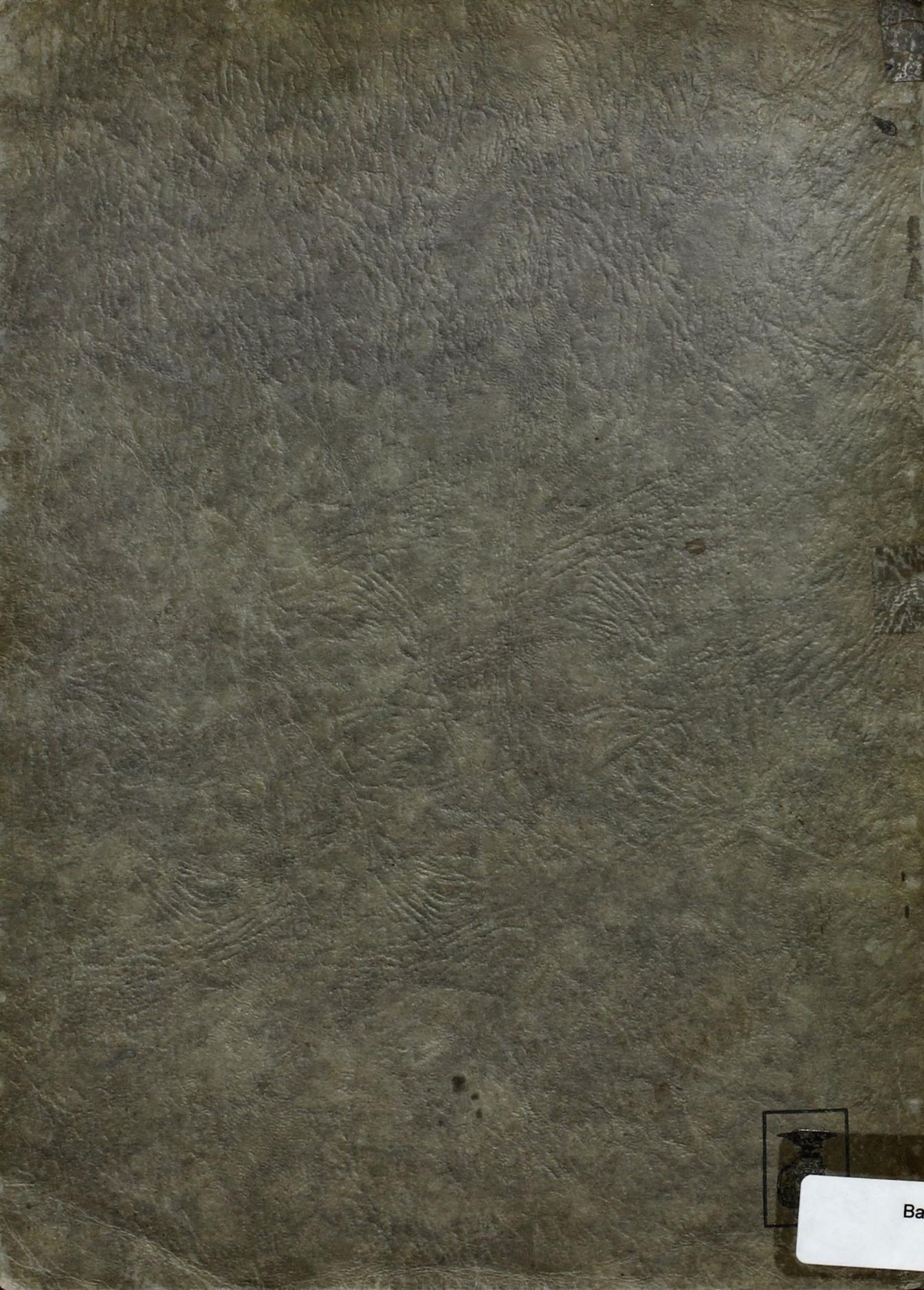
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