

# Conquistador



1940

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Senior College

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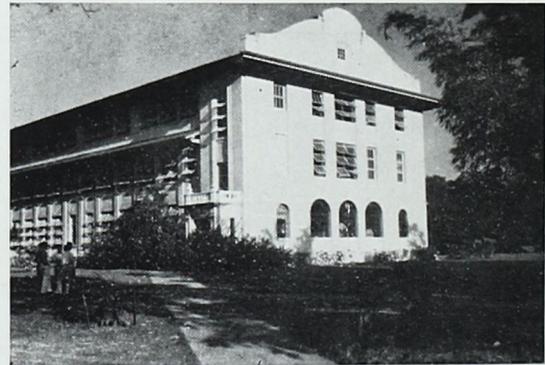
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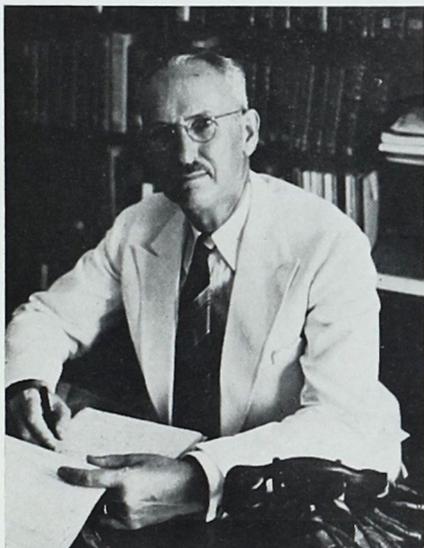
THE  
CONQUISTADOR

1940

Volume V



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION  
of the  
CANAL ZONE JUNIOR COLLEGE



MR. BEN M. WILLIAMS,  
*Superintendent of the Canal  
Zone Schools.*



DR. FRED W. HOSLER,  
*Dean of the Canal Zone  
Junior College.*



DR. GEORGE HOWARD,  
*Assistant to the Superintendent*

## FACULTY

BEN M. WILLIAMS, Superintendent of Canal Zone Schools.  
 LAWRENCE JOHNSON, Assistant Superintendent.  
 GEORGE HOWARD, Assistant to the Superintendent.  
 FRED W. HOSLER, Dean of the Canal Zone Junior College.  
 HELEN C. BAKER, Instructor in Music.  
 FLOYD BUCKLEY, Instructor in Physical Sciences.  
 CHALMERS S. CARSON, Instructor in Romance Languages.  
 ROGER W. COLLINGE, Instructor in English.  
 HERBERT CROWLEY, Instructor in Physical Education.  
 MAX C. FRANKLIN, Instructor in Metal Shop Practice.  
 H. J. GRIESER, Instructor in Swimming.  
 ROGER C. HACKETT, Instructor in Social Sciences.  
 LOUISE HANNA, Instructor in Physical Education.  
 GEORGE O. LEE, Instructor in Biological Sciences.  
 G. C. LOCKRIDGE, Instructor in Physical Education.  
 JAMES A. LYONS, Instructor in Commercial Subjects.  
 JAMES S. McNAIR, Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering.  
 DOROTHY MOODY, Instructor in English, Dean of Women.  
 HERVEY P. PRENTISS, Librarian.  
 DOROTHA RECTOR, Instructor in Physical Education.  
 PERRY L. STARBUCK, Instructor in Commercial Subjects.



FACULTY, left to right, back row: Mr. Grieser, Dr. Howard, Dr. Prentiss, Mr. Starbuck, Mr. McNair, Mr. Carson, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Collinge. Front row: Mr. Lyons, Mr. Buckley, Mrs. Baker, Dr. Hosler, Miss Moody, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Lee.



Confucius say: "Students say 'history' bunk, but think his story (or her story) WONDERFUL."

Teacher say: "When student makes up his bunk, he sometimes has to lie OUT of it."

R. C. H.



O come with me to the jungles 'round  
Where the orchids of which you sing abound;  
And in our Panamanian rills and nooks,  
We'll enjoy together things not found in books.

G. O. L.



These few words express my appreciation of the **Conquistador**. Perhaps my sentiments are best expressed by a paraphrase of an old Andalusian proverb which reads: "Who has not seen the **Conquistador** has seen nothing."

C. S. C.



Sing! cries the crowd, but my voice I must hide;  
Or, I sing in the shower—where none can deride.  
No Tibbett, McNair, nor Eddy am I;  
Greet the dawn with a yawn (but no song)  
is my cry!

J. A. L.

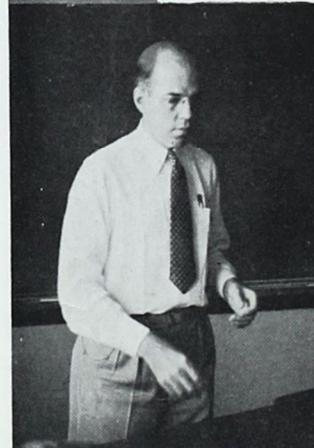


Hurrah for 1940!  
For the panda at the Fair;  
For Mister Charles McCarthy,  
Wisecracking on the air.

For Pinocchio the puppet,  
And all his drollery;  
For Master Kung Confucius,  
And his philosophy.

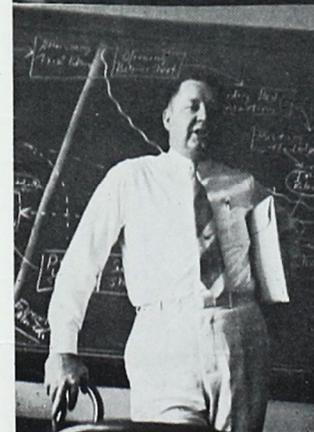
Hurrah for all that's funny!  
Though half the world be wrong,  
For the Class of 1940,  
May life **remain** — a song!

D. B. M.



I'm not a poet, I'm not a seer,  
I'm not so sure I'm an engineer;  
But what's the difference the whole day long,  
If life is merry and full of song?

J. S. M.



Life maybe is a continuous **song**  
To those who can always **B-sharp**,  
But to **B-natural**, one of the throng,  
Leaves little on which I can **harp**.

I can **harp** on **rhythm** in typewriting class  
And urge the **staccato**-like touch.  
In **Business Org.** class, I stress **mode** of the mass  
And the **staff** form of management much.

In **Accounting** they learn of the handling of "**Do**"  
And a knowledge of **notes** they acquire.  
The office girls always **pitch** in, and I know  
The stencils are used by the "**choir**."

My **Law** class is law on a very small **scale**,  
But a step toward the **bar** for a that.  
My work is the **key** to my music in life,  
And I hope that I'll never **B-flat**.

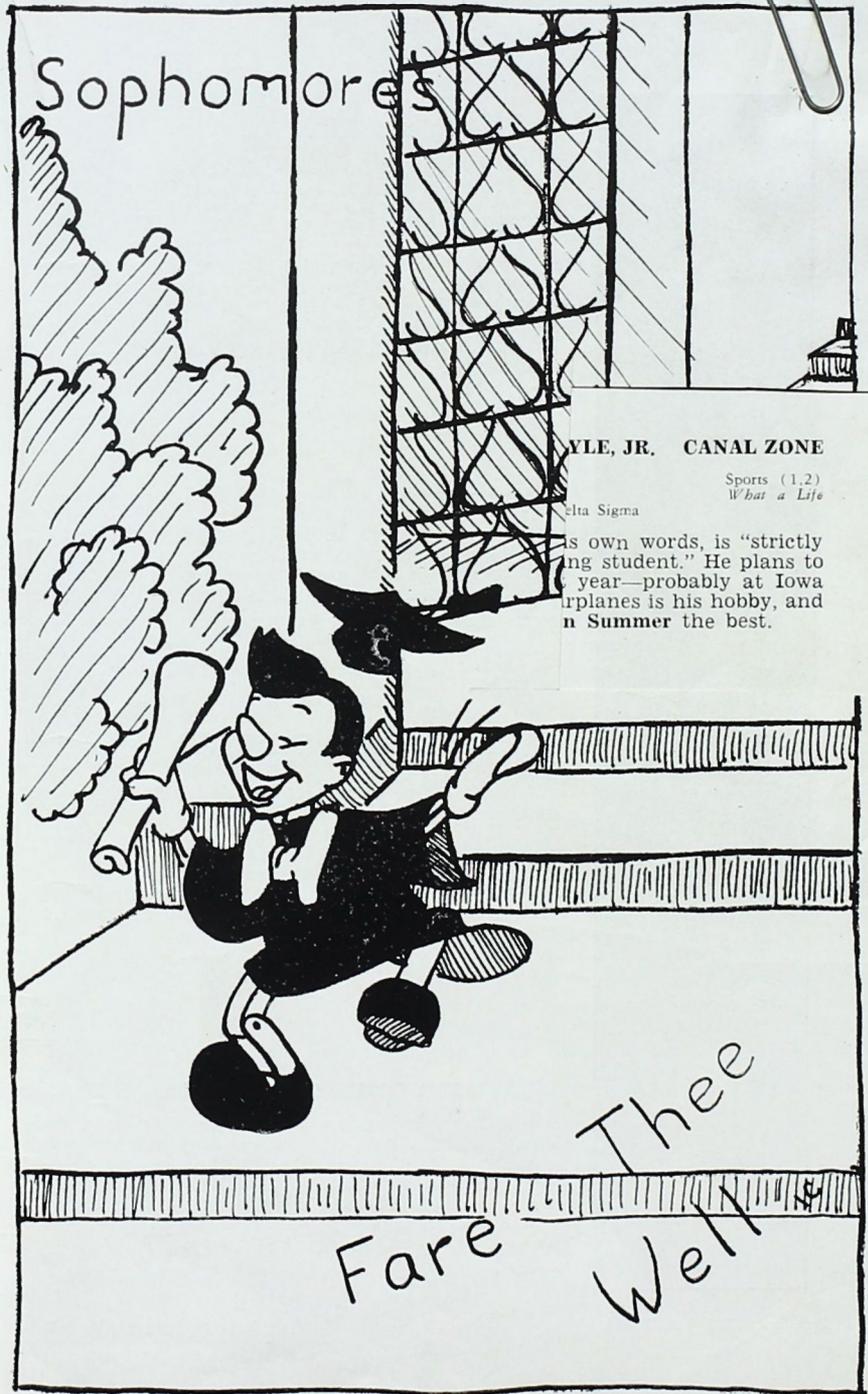
P. L. S.



The Canal Zone Junior College



The Canal Zone Junior College



Sophomores

STAYLE, JR. CANAL ZONE

Sports (1,2)  
What a Life

Delta Sigma

In his own words, is "strictly a hard-working student." He plans to stay in the Canal Zone for the next year—probably at Iowa State University. His hobby is flying model airplanes and he is a member of the Delta Sigma chapter. He is the best in the Summer.

Fare Thee Well

**KATHERINE ELAINE ADAMS****IDAHO**

Secretary of Student Association (2)  
Editor of *Tropical Collegian* (2)  
Treasurer of Kappa Delta Sigma (2)

*Big Hearted Herbert*  
Sans Pareil

*What a Life*  
Glee Club (1)

Kitty is a commercial student. As editor of the **Tropical Collegian** she accepts with tinkling laughter the standard joke about the frequent late appearance of this magazine. Her hobby is collecting pennies, and she hopes for a job after graduation.

**JAMES BASTION****GEORGIA**

Jim came to C. Z. Tech in 1939, and immediately made himself outstanding on the football teams. He took a special course in J. C., and next year plans to go to Randolph Field, Texas.

**JAMES WILLIAM BUNKER****COLON**

Bunk is one of our air-minded boys who one of these years will probably be disturbing classes in CZJC by flying as low as possible over the building. At present Bunk is taking an engineering course. One of his hobbies is collecting coins. These certainly ought to come in handy some day. In Bunk's estimation **The Blue Danube** is tops.

**MARY JANE COMLEY****CANAL ZONE**

M'Jane is taking a secretarial course in Junior College. She collects pennies just to keep up her accounting ability. Besides saving pennies she likes to swim, play golf, and dance. "**My Prayer**," says M'Jane, "is to work next year."

**BERYL COOKE****INDIANA**

Editor-in-chief of *Conquistador* (2)  
Vice-president of Sans Pareil (2)

Sans Pareil (1,2)  
Natural Science Society (1)

I. R. C. (2)

Glee Club (1)  
French Award (1)

Cookie has been extolling the wonders of Cornell University all year long, so we hope that she isn't disappointed when she gets there. This student assistant saved her money—for a while. Then she bought a camera and became one of the many CZJC camera enthusiasts.

**FRANCIS BERNARD COYLE, JR.****CANAL ZONE**

President of Engineers' Club (2)  
*Big Hearted Herbert*

Kappa Delta Sigma

Sports (1,2)  
*What a Life*

"Wang," to quote his own words, is "strictly and purely an engineering student." He plans to continue in school next year—probably at Iowa State. Building model airplanes is his hobby, and he likes the song **Indian Summer** the best.

**PETER ENDER****PANAMA**

Pete is one of "those dorm boys" who hail from Cristobal. He is taking engineering in the J. C., and his plans for next year are indefinite.

**WILLIAM RICHARD FRENCH****CANAL ZONE**

Kappa Delta Sigma  
I. R. C. (1,2)

Ping-pong (1,2)

*What a Life*  
Tennis (1)

Frenchy calls himself a special student. Whether he means he is a special student, or is taking a special course, we don't know. He says he harbors a desire to be a "Ginger Ted," and he will probably go to the University of Chile next year. We hate to admit it, but his favorite song is **The Beer Barrel Polka**.



**ANIBAL JORGE GALINDO COLON**

Kappa Epsilon (1,2) Sports (1,2) Sans Pareil

"Eraser" Galindo, our ping-pong champion, also excels in basketball, being known as the "cleanest and best" player in the college. Next year he expects to attend Tulane University, where he will probably continue his throwing of erasers. "Eraser's" heart takes on wings when he hears **La Paloma**.



**THERESA GABRIELLE GOULET CANAL ZONE**

I. R. C. Secretary (1), Vice-president (2)  
Secretary of Sophomore Class  
Natural Science Society (1,2) Sports (1,2)  
Tropical Collegian (1,2) Conquistador (1,2)  
Kappa Epsilon (1)

"Surely, I'll do it," says Ter, and do it she will. She was one of the most willing and efficient of the J. C. commercial students, and we know that her plans for employment with the canal will not be **Over the Rainbow**.



**SHIRLEY YVONNE GROSSMAN NEW YORK**

Secretary of Sans Pareil (2) Las Codornices  
Juan Segura Kappa Epsilon (1,2) What a Life  
Conquistador (2) Tropical Collegian (1)

"A very amateur camera fiend" are Shirley's own words describing herself. "Mona," as her friends call her, is also interested in dramatics. Next year she will perhaps continue college in the States—where she will **Learn How to Lose**.



**HARLAND VANCE HOWARD CANAL ZONE**

President of Natural Science Society (2)  
Kappa Delta Sigma Student Assistant (1,2)  
Engineers' Club (1,2) Sports (1,2)

Vance is the fellow who could usually be found in the chemistry or physics lab., doing work for Mr. Buckley, whom he assisted for two years. **I Love You Truly** is the song he sings to engineering, some phase of which he will study next year at Cornell University.



**WILLIAM GEORGE JOHNSTON CANAL ZONE**

Football (1,2) Basketball (1,2)  
Kappa Delta Sigma What a Life, stage crew

Willie, or Tiger, as he is called by his friends, is another engineer. For a hobby he collects stamps. After graduation he plans to work.



**AGNES ELIZABETH McCAW NEW YORK**

President of Sans Pareil (2) Conquistador (1,2)  
Sans Pareil (1,2) What a Life  
Mock Democratic Convention Kappa Delta Sigma  
Natural Science Society (2)

Betty is one of our Liberal Arts, students and she intends to pursue her studies at Iowa State College next year. Horseback riding, swimming and dancing are her hobbies and Schubert's **Serenade** is the song she likes best.



**ROBERT R. MCCOY PENNSYLVANIA**

Business Manager of Conquistador (2)  
Treasurer of I. R. C. (2) I. R. C. (1,2)  
Natural Science Society (1,2) Student Assistant (2)  
Sports (1,2) President of Kappa Delta Sigma  
Secretary-Treasurer of Engineers' Club (2)

Mac is honest enough to admit that his favorite hobby is sleeping, but he also likes dancing and photography. An engineering student with executive ability, Bob will go far.



**BURTON HENION MEAD CANAL ZONE**

Happy-Go-Lucky The Post-script  
What a Life, stage crew Engineers' Club (1,2)

Perhaps it is the r.p.m. of **The Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish** that has caught the engineering heart of Mose, and makes it his favorite song; perhaps not. Besides engineering, Mose goes in for gardening, movies, and swimming. This time next year he will probably be a Canal Zone apprentice.



**MARGARET MAE MEIGS** **FLORIDA**

*Tropical Collegian* (1,2) *Conquistador* (2)  
 Kappa Delta Sigma Assembly Committee (2)  
 Glee Club (1,2) *Flickers and Flashes* (2) I. R. C. (2)

Meigsie, or Marg, has become the synonym for energy in the Junior College. Heading for a job, Meigsie still has time to take part in almost every school activity and to pursue her hobbies of photography and listening to Jack Leonard's records. His **Blue Orchids** is the song she likes best.



**DONALD VERNON MITCHELL** **NEW YORK**

Vice-president of Student Association (1) *What a Life*  
 President of Sophomore Class *Big Hearted Herbert* Kappa Delta Sigma  
 Sports (1,2)

Mitch is an engineering student who is trying to give the impression that he works by saying he has no hobbies. He intends to continue college next year. **Sly Mongoose** is his choice of songs.



**RITA JANE MOHR** **NEW YORK**

Kappa Epsilon (1,2) Pre-Medic Club (1) Sans Pareil (1,2)

Rita is one of the few pre-med girls in the Junior College. Her main activity outside of college is horseback riding. Next year she will continue her study of medicine at the Cornell Medical Center.



**WALTER EDWARD MULLER** **CANAL ZONE**

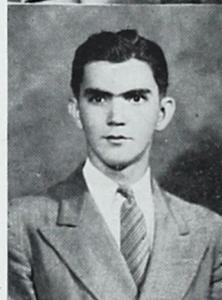
Sports (1,2) Engineers' Club (1,2)

Walter considers himself very lucky indeed because he has an appointment to the Naval Academy, but we know it was hard work, not luck, that got it for him. Fishing is Walter's hobby and he spends most of his time on it. He does not name his favorite song, but of course we know it is not **Three Little Fishes**.



**ELDERMAE ANTOINETTE PACETTI** **SOUTH CAROLINA**

Eldermae came from Immaculate Heart College to join our student body as a Liberal Arts student. She likes to collect stamps and books, and to listen to **The Blue Danube**. To us her name suggests "The Bridal Chorus" from **Lohengrin**.



**TOMAS PAREDES** **PANAMA**

*Las Codornices* Glee Club (1,2) *Juan Segura*  
 Treasurer of Student Association (2)  
 President of Kappa Epsilon (2)

Tommy must like a change now and then, for when he finishes his commercial course he intends to work a while, and then go back to his studies. Photography, reading, and drawing are Tommy's hobbies and **No Más (No More)** is his favorite song.



**DAMIAN CARLES y PERALTA** **PANAMA**

Kappa Epsilon (1,2) Sans Pareil (2)  
*Juan Segura* Glee Club

Although he has included in it chemistry and biology and perhaps will study medicine after he leaves the Junior College, **Damián** calls the course he takes Liberal Arts. We would wager that one source of the endless efficiency and patience **Damián** has is his pastime of listening to classical music and of playing the piano and organ. One of his favorite pieces is **Noche Tropical**.



**MARGARET MARY POLATTY** **SOUTH CAROLINA**

Sans Pareil (1,2) Kappa Delta Sigma *Conquistador* (2)  
 Natural Science Society (2) Student Assistant (2)

Precedent smashed to the rainy season mud when Margaret's appointment as assistant to Mr. Buckley was made known—and an able assistant she is. Margaret goes in for dancing, horseback riding, and swimming, as well as chemistry. Next year she will go to Duke University.



**MARY VIRGINIA RIDGE** **CANAL ZONE**

Sports (1,2) Ping-pong *Big Hearted Herbert*

Virginia is another commercial student who "hopes to get a job." Dancing, sports, and oddly enough, working, are her hobbies. Anyone with that much enthusiasm for work is sure to be a success. Among songs, she prefers **Bluebirds in the Moonlight**.



**JULIO R. VALDES** **PANAMA**

*Las Codornices* *Juan Segura*  
Kappa Epsilon Baske:ball

Julito is taking a commercial course and has high hopes of a job next year. His hobbies are driving, sports, flirting, and dancing, especially to his favorite piece, **Tu Eres El Centro**.



**CARL ALFRED WANKE** **CANAL ZONE**

**I Didn't Know What Time It Was** is Carl's choice among songs; it sounds more like the favorite song of those who just cannot make that 8 o'clock class. In CZJC Wanke took a commercial course, in preparation for stenographic work for the canal.



**PAUL EDWARD WELCH** **CANAL ZONE**

President of I. R. C. (2) Treasurer of I. R. C. (1)  
Engineers' Club (2) Kappa Delta Sigma (2)  
Stage Manager of *What a Life*

Paul, sometimes known as Pablo, is one of that large group of students known as the Engineers. He is always willing to help in any way possible. Being president of the I. R. C., Paul helped considerably with the Mock Democratic Convention. Photography seems to hold Paul's interest when he cannot hear **Stardust**.



**CHESTER BOLTON WINE** **FLORIDA**

President of Student Association (2)  
Engineers' Club (1,2) Kappa Delta Sigma  
Sports (1,2) *Tropical Collegian* (1) *What a Life*

C. B. must intend to be busy next year, for he hopes to attend school and also hold a job. Sailing is Chester's hobby and **Stardust** his preference among songs.

JUDGMENT DAY

By Shirley Grossman

Crowded was the courtroom.  
Jury and judge were there;  
The class of 1940  
Sat meekly, pair by pair.

Their plea, alack, was guilty.  
They'd erred without a doubt;  
But thought they'd be acquitted,  
That fate would help them out.

But luck, alas, was lacking;  
The jury, sorely biased.  
It was the faculty itself  
That there was met to try us.

Out for blood was Buckley;  
"Revenge!" cried Mr. Hackett;  
Dr. Howard sat and glowered;  
He'd sworn to smash our racket!

Mrs. Baker smiled to see  
Each guilty face of shame;  
Lyons (Jim) grinned cynically;  
Miss Moody's eyes were flame.

Mr. McNair did his share;  
They all knew well their parts;  
Pity softened no one there.  
Each year they've harder hearts!

Mr. Lee looked up with glee;  
Judge Hosler smote the table.  
"The D. A. now will read the charge,  
And their lawyers plead, if able!"

Attorney Starbuck cleared his throat,  
Read out each name and crime.  
Public enemies number one were  
D. M., and C. B. Wine!

Three there were upon the list,  
Whose crime was capturing A's,  
By killing quizzes, quelling books:  
Pacetti, Cooke, Paredes.

"Silence is gold," the D. A. says,  
"But hoarders make me frown.  
Upon these grounds I do accuse,  
Bunker, Martinez, Brown.

"Such is the pain inflicted,  
By Adams, Ridge, McCaw,  
Upon the manly J. C. hearts,  
That they are simply raw.

"Unseemly are gaiety and mirth  
While rage besets us here,  
So we shall have to banish hence,  
Mohr's jokes, and Meigsie's cheer.

"Latin Don Juans their voices raise,  
To maidens at the window,  
Then run away, when Pop appears:  
Carles, Valdés, Galindo!

"If good things come in packets small,  
Why, then I clearly see  
That circumstances are against  
Carol Lee, Polatty, Comley.

"Romeos these, who love and leave'm,  
And parade in costumes swanky.  
Honeyed their words, their glances suave!  
Messrs. MacMurray and Wanke!

"Punish these punsters, punishing words:  
Messrs. French, Asa B., and F. Coyle;  
Double meanings from innocent words they wring!  
It's not according to Hoyle!

"The junior Einsteins that numbers enslave,  
In this country of freedom and joy,  
Juggling figures and theories as though they were games,  
Are Johnston, Muller, McCoy.

"Betty Bartlett, the field biology girl,  
Trapping innocent insects and bats;  
Theresa Goulet, irresistible girl,  
Always ready to help brother-rats.

"Caldwell and Ender, wonderful linguists,  
Bastion, the strong football hero.  
Welch, the ping-pong tournament whiz,  
Mead, the engineer *caballero*.

"Miss Shirley Grossman, for writing this,  
Is the final one I shall call."  
Thus spake the attorney and smugly sat down,  
For he had indicted them all.

The judge arose and likewise the court.  
The defendants trembled with fright.  
"Jury, retire, and bring back your verdict,  
By five o'clock this very night!"

'Twas one o'clock when the jury retired.  
Nothing our fear could allay.  
We wistfully wished that while yet there was time,  
We had polished an apple each day.

Then slowly but surely filing into the room,  
Came the jury to bring us the news.  
We could read on their faces a story of doom,  
And we knew we'd be singing the blues.

The foreman arose in the form of Miss Moody,  
Speaking with marvelous diction.  
"We find the accused guilty of all accusations."  
Then we knew truth was stranger than fiction.

Said the judge, "The sentence is life in the world;  
Hard labor each day till you die."  
We sang "I wish I had wings like an angel,  
Out of that prison I'd fly!"

# Freshmen

Whistle  
While  
You  
Work





FRESHMEN, left to right, back row: Thomas Bender, Paul Barnard, Howard Bunger, Dorsey Price, Donald Dargue, Wallace Dyer, Francis Rundell, John Montanye, Carlos Rodriguez, Rubén Carles, Willard Pollard, Middle row: Philip Erbe, Jane McCaw, Juanita Taylor, Mary Louise Traeger, Marjorie Bunger, Dorothy Irish, James Wood, Jeanne Bonwell, Virginia Kreuger, Marion Orr, Patricia Getman, Juanita Rosson, Margo Mackenzie, Bert Shelton. Front row: Susanne Marshall, Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Mr. Starbuck, Beverly Comley, Roy Phillips, Elva Bauman, James Ridge, Claire Quinn, Janet Nesbitt, Betty Larkin, Garland Avera.



FRESHMEN, left to right, back row: Thomas Bender, Paul Barnard, Howard Bunger, Dorsey Price, Donald Dargue, Wallace Dyer, Francis Rundell, John Montanye, Carlos Rodriguez, Ruben Carles, Willard Pollard, Middle row: Philip Erbe, Jane McCaw, Juanita Taylor, Mary Louise Traeger, Marjorie Bunger, Dorothy Irish, James Wood, Jeanne Bonwell, Virginia Kreuger, Marion Orr, Patricia Getman, Juanita Rossion, Margo Mackenzie, Bert Shelton, Front row: Susanne Marshall, Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Mr. Starbuck, Beverly Comley, Roy Phillips, Elva Bauman, James Ridger, Claire Quinn, Janet Nesbitt, Betty Larkin, Garland Avera.

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The freshman class activities started with the first and only meeting of the class, in September. Headed by such brilliant and versatile persons as Roy Phillips, president, Bert Shelton, vice-president, Beverly Comley, secretary, Elva Nancy Kelly Bauman, treasurer, and Mr. Starbuck, sponsor, the class formulated great and noble plans for the coming year's activities. Because of the splendid cooperation between the freshman officers and the freshman assembly committee, these plans were carried out with the utmost success. Yes, Freshmen, who will forget those stirring lectures by such renowned speakers as Mr. Hackett, Dr. Moody, Dr. Eugene? The officers, with the support of the class, inveigled these speakers into talking to us, assuring them of large audiences. So frequent were these lectures that, after much more inveigling, the officers prevailed upon the Division of Schools to incorporate them into a regular class, called "Orientation." Roll call was never taken, for anyone would rather lose his right leg than miss his weekly inspiration. Cutting this class was unheard-of.

October heralded the beginning of "Hell Week." And what a beginning! A few gullible boys wore make-up, but quickly removed it when they observed how brave their brother freshmen were. We must give credit to the mighty sophomore girls for enforcing their none-too-strict rules on the freshmen girls. The soph-a-males did catch one freshie, Tommy Symington, and the amount of lipstick and rouge administered would have been enough to cover the faces of all the freshmen. In return for this act of violence the sophs gave a dance in honor of the freshmen at the Ancon Masonic Temple. All able to attend after the suicide game Friday afternoon were present, nursing their wounds. The elimination dance was won by Beverly Comley and Joe Snyder, who received prizes of a doll and a two-bit slide rule respectively, plus permission to recite the Preamble of the United States Constitution.

Yes, freshmen, who will forget those little incidents that happened during the year? Who will forget *Glow Little Glowworm*, ably performed by those dancing devils, Criste and Wells? Who will forget the roar of the airplane motors overhead: a long and a short for Betty Larkin, two shorts (a pair) for Garland Avera? Remember Mr. McNair flattening out when two airplanes dived toward the math room?

Yes, we haven't the number of students that many colleges have; we don't have the spacious campuses that many tradition-laden colleges have; we don't have as many pretty girls or star athletes as do larger colleges; but we do have the 1939-40 freshman class. That in itself is enough for any college. We are all sure that our freshman class will be famous sometime. Just watch us!!

## ODE TO THE FRESHMEN

By Marion Orr

The freshmen in C. Z. J. C.  
Are neither prim nor proper.  
Their aim in life seems to be  
To join in fun and laughter.  
For instance, have you ever seen  
The college jitterbugs?  
What red-haired freshman spends his time  
In cutting capers down the line?

And then there are those ping-pong champs,  
Pimento, Mead, and Nesbitt.  
Bet's accuracy in making shots  
Which sizzle o'er the net  
Is equaled only by the speed  
With which Jan' sends them back.  
And often can be heard the sound  
Of a small bouncing ball,  
Which tells that some rare genius  
Is playing in the hall.

But there are times when oh! alas!  
We freshmen, too, must study.  
We drag out books and pencils,  
Find many things to say;  
But by the time we've settled down  
Our thoughts have ebbed away.  
Well, anyway, we tell ourselves  
I never meant to write.  
An author I could never be.  
My style is a fright.

Our C. C. course we tackle next,  
With grim determination.  
Across the campus we have strolled,  
To see if Hayes is still enrolled  
Among the books that line the shelves  
Of our estimable library.  
"Oh, no!" our blond-haired Ruthie says;  
"You should have come before."  
We only smile and walk away.  
So much for C. C. for today!

These days will soon be over,  
For June is near at hand.  
Next year we'll be in clover  
The mightiest in the land.  
No more will we be neophytes;  
Sophomores we'll be.  
To the freshmen we'll be shining lights,  
And we'll have no more C. C.!

## Activities





Members of the STUDENT ASSOCIATION, left to right, back row: Paul Welch, James Bunker, Roy Phillips, Walter Muller, Dorsey Price, Donald Dargue, Wallace Dyer, Francis Rundell, Francis Coyle, Robert McCoy, Thomas Bender, Asa Bullock, Donald Mitchell. Middle row: Damián Carles, Beryl Cooke, Philip Erbe, Claire Quinn, James Ridge, Dorothy Irish, James Wood, Jeanne Bonwell, Louis Caldwell, Mary Louis Traeger, Carl Wanke, Janet Nesbitt, Willard Pollard, Theresa Goulet. Front row: Vance Howard, Juanita Taylor, Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Tomás Paredes, Bert Shelton, Chester Wine, Mr. Lyons, Katherine Adams, Mary Jane Comley, Margaret Meigs, Margaret Polatty.



Members of the STUDENT ASSOCIATION, left to right, back row: Paul Welch, James Bunker, Roy Phillips, Walter Muller, Dorsey Price, Donald Dargue, Wallace Dyer, Francis Rundell, Francis Coyle, Robert McCoy, Thomas Bender, Asa Bullock, Donald Mitchell, Middle row: Damian Carles, Beryl Cooke, Philip Erbe, Claire Quinn, James Ridge, Dorothy Irish, James Wood, Jeanne Bonwell, Louis Caldwell, Mary Louis Traeger, Carl Wanke, Janet Nesbitt, Willard Pollard, Theresa Goulet, Vance Howard, Juanita Taylor, Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Tomás Paredes, Bert Shelton, Chester Wine, Mr. Lyons, Katherine Adams, Mary Jane Comley, Margaret Meigs, Margaret Polberry.

## THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Canal Zone Junior College Student Association for 1939-40 was held on September 26. The meeting was called to order by Chester Wine, who had been elected president at the close of the preceding year. During this meeting the other officers were elected as follows: Bert Shelton, vice-president; Katherine Adams, secretary; and Tomás Paredes, treasurer. Mr. Lyons was elected adviser. During this first meeting it was decided to have two student representatives from each class. Beatrice Cotton and Francis Coyle were elected from the sophomore class, and Mary Louise Traeger and James Wood from the freshman class.

A Student Association constitution was drawn up by the officers and was duly adopted.

The first week of October was the age-old "Hell Week." On Friday of that week a reception was given by the faculty in the music room of the Junior College so that students and instructors might become better acquainted. After the reception a dance was held at the Masonic Temple.

A formal Christmas dance was given at the Tivoli Hotel on the Friday before the holidays, to start off the coming vacation.

In return for a share of the proceeds, to be used in financing the *Conquistador*, which is published by the Student Association, association members assisted Kappa Delta Sigma in the production of the play *What a Life*.

The activities of the year were brought to a close by a gala banquet and dance held June 8, at the Union Club.





STUDENT ASSISTANTS, left to right, back row: John Montanye, Robert McCoy. Center: Vance Howard. Front row: Beryl Cooke, Margaret Polatty.

### "BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES"

Every morning, trudging up the stairs, come the frowning five, yawning a tune friends have interpreted as *Ho-hum, ho-hum, it's up to work we come*. Onlookers realize that what they see before them is the Amalgamated Association of the Fraternal Brotherhood and Benevolent Order of Canal Zone Junior College Student Assistants.

For the first time in its two years' existence, the A. A. O. F. B. B. O. O. C. Z. J. C. S. A. has among its members the bane of the engineers—in fact, it has two of them—girls. As yet the only member of the organization fighting off retirement on the grounds of age is Vance Howard. Vance is the shadow Mr. Buckley sees during rainy season. Also assisting in the physics and chemistry department is Margaret Polatty, one of the banes, who is the shadow Vance sees.

John Montanye maintains a favored place in the hearts of biology students, especially L. A. ones, by fishing in alcohol for the long grey earthworms and spotted frogs that they so loathe to touch. In other words, it is he who assists in the biology department.

Freshmen who do not understand Engineering Math I and sophomores who prefer to keep their ignorance of calculus a student secret, seek aid from Bob McCoy, math assistant. He might easily be called the "keeper of the keys," for his great rattling chain of keys is the envy of every member of the A. A. O. F. etc.

The English assistantship, a newly created position this year, is filled by Beryl Cooke. Everyone else says hello to greetings. Instead, in answer to such questions as "Are our tests ready?" "Do you think the examination will be hard?" she answers, "Yes," "No," or "I don't know!"

This year when the instructors said, "Oh, give us the man who sings at his work," they got more than they bargained for—two girls and "ho-hum, ho-hum, it's up to slee—work we come."



Staff of CONQUISTADOR, left to right, standing: Louis Caldwell, William French, John Siler, James Ridge, Robert McCoy. Seated: Miss Moody, Theresa Goulet, Margaret Polatty, Elizabeth McCaw, Shirley Grossman, Margaret Meigs, Beryl Cooke, Susanne Marshall, Irene Chan, Doris Chan.

### The Conquistador

Editor-in-chief .....	Beryl Cooke
Assistant Editor .....	Margaret Polatty
Business Manager .....	Robert McCoy
Feature Editor .....	Margaret Meigs
Sports Editor .....	James Ridge
Illustrator .....	Irene Chan
Make-up staff .....	Francis Rundell, Burton Mead, William French, Francis Criste.
Typists .....	Marion Orr, Ruby Kent, Theresa Goulet, Do- lores Pimento, Doris Chan, Louis Caldwell.
Photographers .....	Margaret Meigs, John Siler, Robert McCoy.
Contributors .....	Benjamin Putchkoff, Francis Rundell, Shirley Grossman, Lemuel Presley, Marion Orr, Su- sanne Marshall, Theresa Goulet, William French, Elizabeth McCaw.
Faculty Adviser .....	Miss Moody

Acknowledgment: To Mr. A. W. French, the *Conquistador* is indebted for pictures of the play, *What a Life*.



Staff of TROPICAL COLLEGIAN, left to right: James Ridge, Mr. Starbuck, Katherine Adams, Beverly Comley, Marion Orr, Margaret Meigs, Carlos Rodriguez, Elva Bauman, Mr. Hackett.

### The Tropical Collegian

(THE JUNIOR COLLEGE MONTHLY MAGAZINE)

Editor-in-Chief .....	Katherine Adams
Assistant Editors .....	Beverly Comley, James Ridge
News Editor .....	Marion Orr
Science Editor .....	Carlos Rodriguez
Girls' Sports Editor .....	Elva Bauman
Boys' Sports Editor .....	James Ridge
Feature Editor .....	Beverly Comley
Art Editor .....	Helen Dryden
Columnist .....	Margaret Meigs
Business Manager .....	William French
Assistant Business Managers .....	Lemuel Presley, William Harness
Contributors .....	Dorsey Price, Theresa Goulet
Faculty Advisers .....	R. C. Hackett, P. L. Starbuck



Staff of FLICKERS AND FLASHES, seated: Ruby Kent, Marguerite Moore, Theresa Goulet, Katherine Adams, Marion Orr, Mary Jane Comley, Virginia Krueger, Louis C. d'well. Standing: Dolores Pimento, Margaret Meigs, Ellen Mead, Mr. Starbuck.

### *Flickers and Flashes*

In addition to their many other duties, students who are taking the Office Practice course have the task of distributing a weekly news bulletin to their instructors and worthy colleagues. Each Saturday finds the head secretary for the previous school week laboring over the "gadget" typewriter. A different secretary each week gathers news, edits, mimeographs, and distributes the *Flickers and Flashes*. Student meetings and other occurrences are the "news," while appropriate or inappropriate illustrations and jokes fill up empty space. Each Monday morning the head secretaries proudly present to their public the fruit of Saturday's efforts.

The "gadget" typewriter is otherwise known as a righthand margin justifying typewriter, and was invented for the sole purpose of tormenting *Flickers and Flashes* editors. All copy must be typed twice, and each and every line counted and "adjusted." The difficulties thus encountered are responsible for publication delays, hair-tearing, and many fingernail casualties.

This is the second year that this weekly masterpiece has been in existence. Last year Mr. Starbuck, tired of rearranging the office furniture, sought new diversion for his secretaries—and *that's* how it started.



Members of SANS PAREIL, left to right, back row: Shirley Grossman, Rita Mohr, Dorothy Irish, Arturo Morgan, Mr. Carson, Katherine Adams, Jeanne Bonwell, Mary Louise Traeger. Front row: Damian Carles, Jane McCaw, Bety Larkin, Garland Avera, Carlos Rodriguez, Elizabeth McCaw, Beryl Cooke, Margaret Polatty, Dorsey Price.

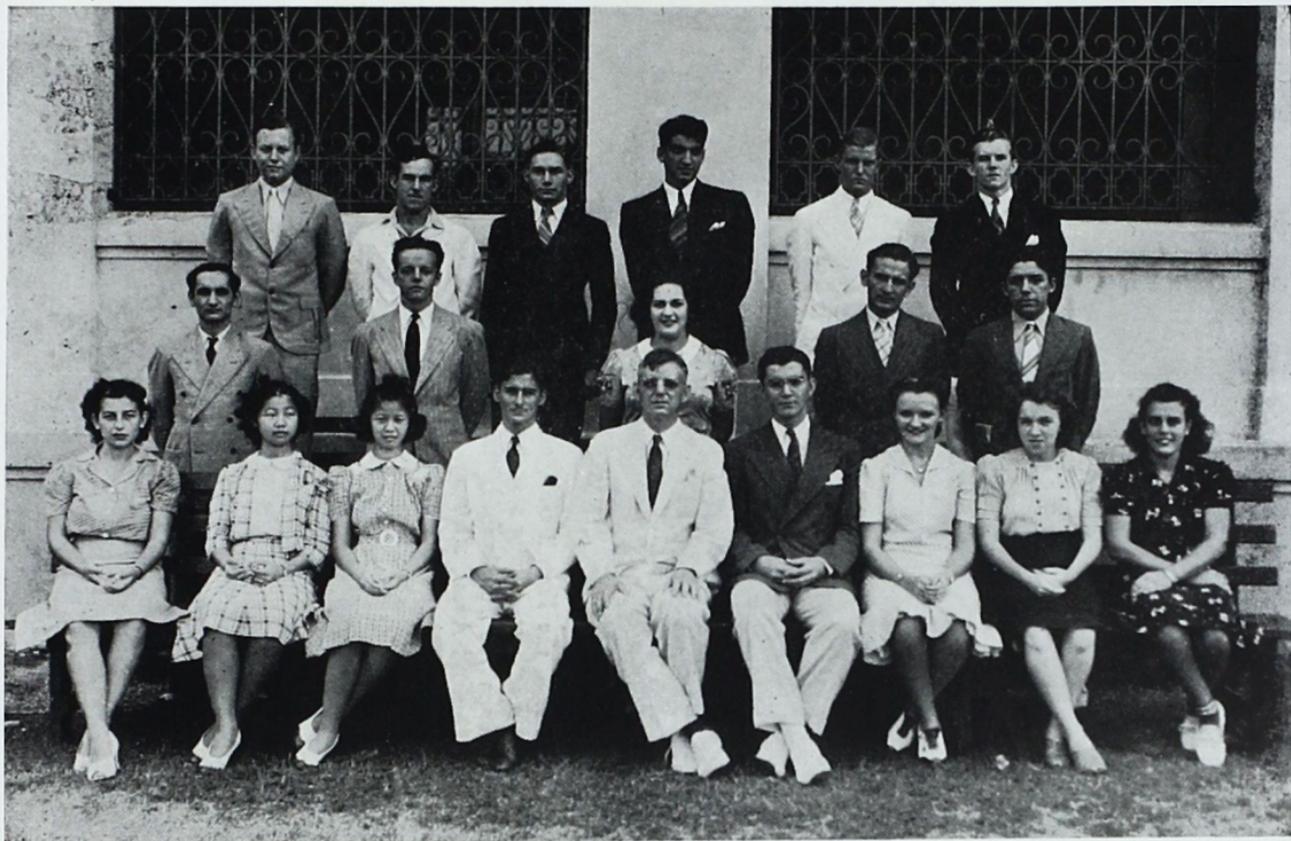
### *Sans Pareil*

Sans Pareil, the French club, established last year, now has about twenty-five members. It meets at luncheons held at the Balboa Club-house. Officers are Elizabeth McCaw, president, Beryl Cooke, vice-president, Garland Avera, secretary, and Carlos Rodriguez, treasurer.

The most striking event of this year was the presentation of Daudet's comedy, *La Chèvre de Monsieur Seguin*, after a luncheon given late in February. Shirley Grossman adapted the play, and Mr. Carson, club sponsor, directed the production. Harry Hatch played *le loup*, and Margaret Polatty enacted *la petite chèvre*. Others in the cast were Mary Louise Traeger, Beryl Cooke, Betty Larkin, Shirley Grossman, Ruth Meehan, Arturo Morgan, Elizabeth McCaw, Garland Avera, and Jeanne Bonwell.

Luncheons, crowned by interesting programs, were also given in May and June. *Vive Sans Pareil!*





Members of KAPPA EPSILON, left to right, back row: Walter Muller, Anibal Galindo, Louis Caldwell, William French, James Wood, Bert Shelton. Middle row: Damián Carles, Rogelio Paredes, Shirley Grossman, Rubén Carles, Carlos Rodriguez. Front row: Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Irene Chan, Julio Valdés, Mr. Carson, Tomás Paredes, Patricia Getman, Rita Mohr, Janet Nesbitt.



Members of KAPPA EPSILON, left to right, back row: Walter Muller, Anibal Galindo, Louis Caldwell, William French, James Wood, Bert Shelton. Middle row: Damian Carles, Rogelio Paredes, Shirley Grossman, Ruben Carles, Carlos Rodriguez. Front row: Dorothy Hinds, Doris Chan, Irene Chan, Julio Valdés, Mr. Carson, Tomás Paredes, Patricia Getman, Rita Mohr, Janet Nesbitt.

## KAPPA EPSILON

Holding the pace for the sixth consecutive year, Kappa Epsilon, Spanish club of the college, upheld its prestige in all its events. Students serving as officers this year are Tomás Paredes, president; Julio Valdés, vice-president; Irene Chan, secretary; and Anibal Galindo, treasurer.

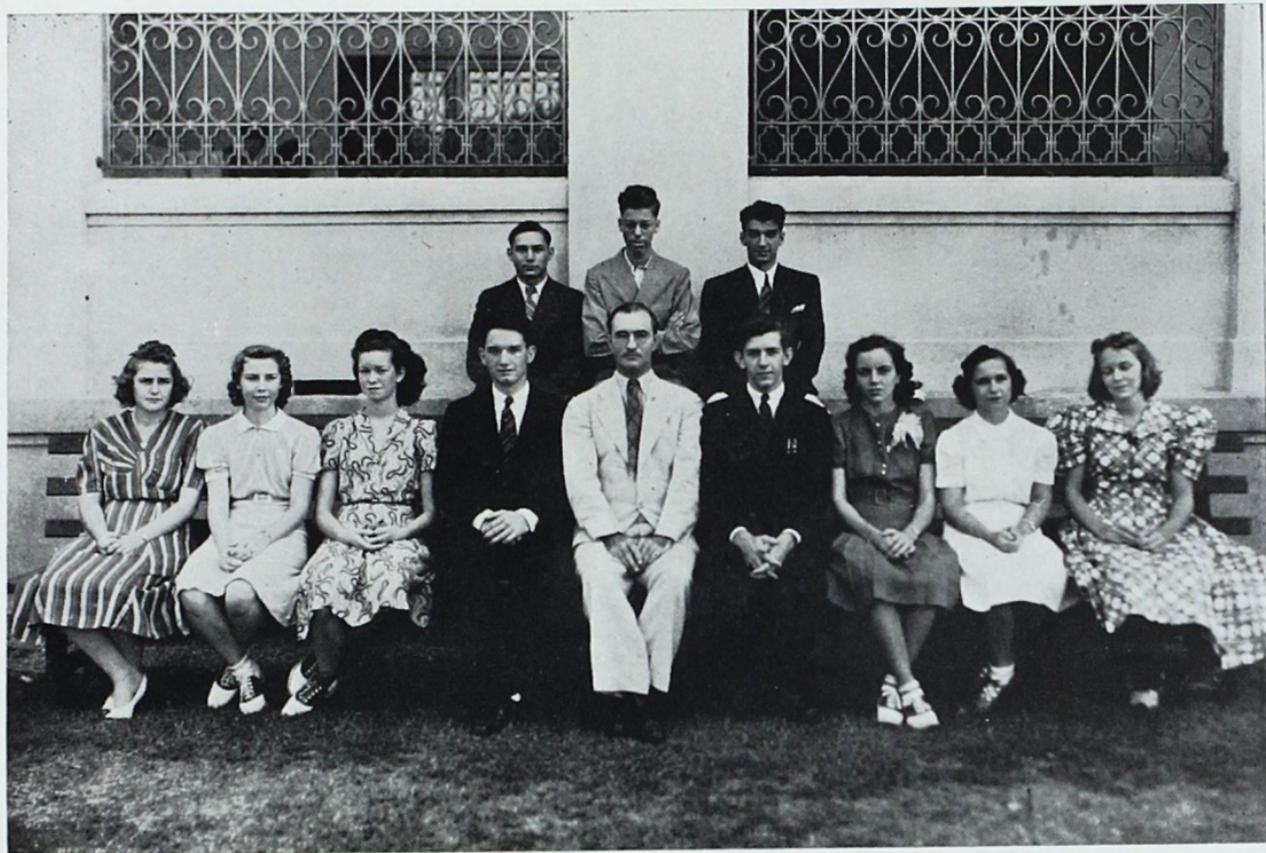
A successful Christmas luncheon was the first social event of the year. All the members of the faculty and administration were guests of the Kappa Epsilon. The *fiesta* came to a climax when Dr. Howard broke the Mexican *pinata*, which contained presents for all the members and guests. Following this annual custom, the ping-pong awards for this year were made.

On March 5, Mr. Carson invited the members of Kappa Epsilon to a party at the Hotel Tivoli. Following a buffet supper, a musical program of popular Panamanian songs was rendered.

Traditionally, Kappa Epsilon terminated the social year with its annual *fiesta*. The entertainment consisted of a two-act Chilean farce entitled *Juan Segura Vivió Muchos Años*. Sharing the leads in this hilarious sketch were Janet Nesbitt, Tomás Paredes, and Julio Valdés. They were most ably supported by Elva Bauman, Patricia Getman, Shirley Grossman, Carlos Rodríguez, Damián Carles, and Rubén Carles. Following the play came the annual ball, with many distinguished guests from both Panama and the Canal Zone. The attendance at this affair was the largest ever had. Guests numbered three hundred and twenty-five.

Kappa Epsilon takes just pride in the "good neighbor policy" and in the club's many contacts with Panamanian culture.





Members of INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB, left to right, back row: Louis Caldwell, Dorsey Price, William French. Front row: Juanita Rosson, Marion Orr, Theresa Goulet, Paul Welch, Mr. Hackett, Robert McCoy, Beryl Cooke, Jane McCaw, Margaret Meigs.



Members of INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB, left to right, back row: Louis Caldwell, Dorsey Price, William French, Front row: Juanita Rosson, Marion Orr, Theresa Goulet, Paul Welch, Mr. Hackett, Robert McCoy, Beryl Cooke, Jane McCaw, Margaret Meigs.

## THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club was founded in 1935, with Mr. Hackett as sponsor. The organization is affiliated with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the purpose is to sponsor discussions of international affairs. The programs have included talks by members on the Baltic states, war propaganda, and the problem of war. Dr. Richard F. Behrendt, who is now a professor in the University of Panama, gave a talk on his personal experiences in Germany. He was born and reared in Germany, and was able to present many inside pictures of conditions there.

On May 3 the club presented a Mock Democratic National Convention in the Balboa Playshed before a large and enthusiastic audience. This was one of the most striking events of the year. The Balboa High School, the Cristobal High School, and the Balboa Junior High School cooperated in presenting the Mock Convention, and a total of about six hundred students, including the entire student body of the college, took part. An important feature was the brief introductory address delivered by Mr. H. A. McConaughey, local civic leader. According to a number of persons who had attended real conventions in the United States, the Mock Convention proper was very much like the real thing. It was marked by fervid oratory, acrimonious disputes, staged brawls, and deafening band music—all in a setting of a forest of state banners. Leading parts were taken by Paul Welch, Temporary Chairman, and Francis Coyle, Permanent Chairman. The names of five prominent candidates for the presidency were placed before the convention, in ten resounding nominating and seconding speeches. The successful candidate was Paul McNutt. Peggy Bailey of Cristobal High School made the speech nominating him, and on the second ballot he became the party nominee. Bennett Champ Clark secured the vice-presidential nomination.

Mr. Hackett, the sponsor of I. R. C., Paul Welch, president, Theresa Goulet, vice-president, Marion Orr, secretary, and Robert McCoy, treasurer, as well as all the other members of the club, have enjoyed a year of work and fun.







Members of the NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY, left to right, back row: Bert Shelton, Carlos Rodríguez, John Montanye, Robert McCoy, Andrew Sabak. Front row: Mary Louise Traeger, Jane McCaw, Theresa Goulet, Mr. Lee, Vance Howard, Elizabeth McCaw, Margaret Polatty, Shirley Grossman.

### THE NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Natural Science Society was founded by Mr. Lee in 1935. Its purpose is to provide a medium through which scientifically-minded students may meet in order to keep abreast of the scientific press, listen to speakers of interest, and have a little fun and good fellowship. This year the group got under way early in October, with Vance Howard as president, Dan Kiley as vice-president, and Dorothy Young as secretary-treasurer. John Montanye was made chairman of the program committee. On Dorothy Young's withdrawal from college, Elizabeth McCaw succeeded to her office.

A number of excellent outside speakers addressed the society during the year. Among these was Mr. Allen Cole, who had just come from Venezuela, where he had witnessed a large lake fire in the oil fields. He told of the fine prospects in Venezuela for engineers. Mr. Fred McKim gave an engrossing illustrated talk on the San Blas and Coclé Indians.

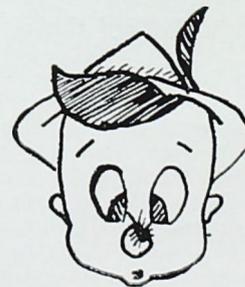
The high point of the season was reached on March 13, when Mr. and Mrs. Lee gave their annual waffle supper in the biology laboratory. At this party Dr. H. J. Van Cleave, head of the zoology department of the University of Illinois and author of *Invertebrate Zoology*, showed some movies and told some tales of Barro Colorado Island, where he had been doing research.

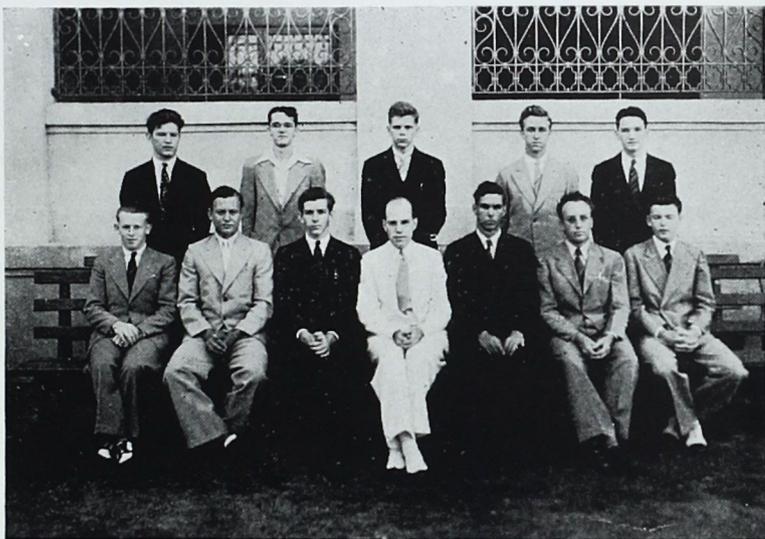
Later in the year, Mr. Robert H. Merrill, a retired civil engineer, and an archeologist of wide experience in both hemispheres, now of the University of Pennsylvania Coclé expedition, lectured on the discoveries of this group on the Rio Grande. In addition Mr. James Zetek, entomologist for the United States Department of Agriculture, gave a talk.

Another interesting activity of this group was a trip to the Darien country at Thanksgiving. Both Mr. Lee and Mr. Hackett took movies of the trip, which proved to be enjoyable, as did talks given by Mary Louise Traeger, Bert Shelton, Carlos Rodríguez and Betty Bartlett on the same subject.

Other worthwhile talks given by students were one by Dorsey Price on trips to Santiago and Barro Colorado, and one by Shirley Grossman on an excursion to the Veraguas and Coclé provinces.

A delightful farewell party at the home of the Lees closed the season for the Natural Science Society.





ENGINEERS, left to right, back row: James Bunker, Asa Bullock, Donald Mitchell, Chester Wine, Paul Welch. Front row: Vance Howard, Walter Muller, Robert McCoy, Mr. McNair, Francis Coyle, Mr. Buckley, James Ridge.

## THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE

By Beryl Cooke

Ah!! to what levels have the engineers sunk when it becomes necessary for an L. A. to write of their activities for the *Conquistador*! The L. A.'s point with pride to the superior inactivity of the Engineers' Club. Among the most outstanding events the club did not have this year, was an epicurean supper and initiation for the incoming freshmen members. They did not have this party at El Rancho, and there were not thirty jovial engineers at and under the table. Another brilliant affair that the engineers did not sponsor, and that will not be remembered, because it was not held, was the *We Love You* party for all L. A.'s. This party was not held at the Tivoli, and dancing did not go on into the hours of the night, because there was not an orchestra. Incidentally, the more cultural half of the school did not repay this compliment by a cocktail party that was not held at the Union Club. Lastly, the engineers did not hold a pink tea for Mr. Buckley and Mr. McNair at the Panama Golf Club. The table was not decorated with pink roses, and Jim Bastion did not preside over the tea pot while Wallace "Train" Dyer did not serve lady finger sandwiches.

On the serious and scholarly side, the Engineers did not create the most newsmaking crisis of the year by making it necessary to raise the grade point ratio to 5.0 instead of 3.0, because of their mass high grades. Furthermore, the boys did not astound Mr. Buckley by having their chemistry and physics experiments in and complete at the semester's close. Neither did Mr. McNair have to worry about the many 100's that were made on calculus exams.

To be sure, the main activity of the Engineers' Club this year was having its picture taken and then collecting the money for the cut. After such an enormous output of energy, the club did not disband at a banquet, because there never was a club!





Members of ORCHESTRA, left to right: Doris Chan, Marie Haggerty, Mrs. Baker, Alfred Chase, Willard Pollard.

### THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

"Are the strings in tune? Do you have your music in order? All right, we are ready."

The signal given, the college orchestra began its first performance of the year: the Thanksgiving assembly. The assembly was presented entirely by the extra-curricular instrumental music group which meets once a week, and tries to help other college clubs.

The next demand made upon the orchestra was the Christmas assembly, in which the Glee Club also participated. All of our favorite Christmas carols were played and sung. The orchestra surprised us with a brass quartet, *Adeste Fideles*; and when the glee clubs sang an arrangement of the "Evening Star" from *Tannhauser*, Joseph Haggerty played a cello solo.

The most elaborate musical performance of the year was at the play, *What a Life*. The orchestra was swelled with importations from the High School orchestra, and was at its best. It played an overture by Verdi, and among other numbers, the *Frasquita Serenade*—a favorite selection from the Thanksgiving assembly.

The success of this orchestra would be entirely impossible without the guidance and direction of Mrs. Baker, the "good angel" of every musical person in the college. The members of the orchestra are: violins—Neva Henrie, Doris Chan, Murray Wright, Marie Winkes; cellos—Gloria Shelton, Joseph Haggerty; flute—Bert Shelton; clarinet—Willard Pollard; trumpets—James Harness, Alfred Chase; French horn—William Gaines; piano and student director—Marie Haggerty.



Members of GLEE CLUB, left to right, standing: Damián Carles, Dorothy Hinds, Irene Chan, Willard Pollard, Susanne Marshall, Bert Shelton, Carlos Rodriguez, Margaret Meigs, Virginia Krueger, Marion Orr, Juanita Rosson, Tomás Paredes. Seated: Juanita Taylor, Doris Chan, Mrs. Baker.

### THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club was formed during the second week of college. About twenty-five persons reported. Because of conflicting hours it was necessary to select several different hours for practice, and the 8 o'clock group proved the most successful. In this group were fourteen girls who met twice a week throughout the first semester. At the Thanksgiving assembly this chorus sang Noble Cain's *Calm Be Thy Sleep*, Tschaiakowsky's *God of All Nature*, and Mana-Zucca's *Big Brown Bear*.

The male groups of the club were neither so numerous nor so enthusiastic as were the girls. They did join with the girls in a Christmas assembly, however. In addition to the usual carols they gave *O, Star Divine*, by Wagner, and *The Birthday of a King*, by Neidlinger.

A Spanish-speaking group met on Friday afternoons and in a successful assembly presented popular Spanish songs. The club was proud to have Tomás Paredes, one of its members, assist with solo parts at both this and the Christmas assembly.

During the second semester a girls' trio, consisting of Doris Chan, Virginia Krueger, and Susanne Marshall, met regularly on Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock.



Members of the ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE, left to right: Philip Erbe, Margaret Meigs, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Carson, Mary Louise Traeger, John MacMurray.

### THE JUNIOR COLLEGE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE

The second year of its existence proved a successful one for the Assembly Committee, the members of which plan and select monthly entertainment for the students in the form of lectures, music, and other programs. The committee, under Chairman Hackett, usually met on Tuesdays at 11 a. m., in the office of Mr. Hackett and Mr. Carson. Mr. Carson also served on the committee. The four student members were John MacMurray, Virginia Ridge, Mary Louise Traeger, and Philip Erbe. Secretary Virginia Ridge resigned after the third meeting because of the too keen competition between her school work and her clubhouse "position" way out in the wilds of Gamboa. She was replaced by another commercial student, Margaret Meigs, who thenceforth recorded for posterity the many musings and mutterings of the group concerning a multitude of miscellaneous matters.

At the beginning of second semester a slight change was made in the time for holding assemblies. Class periods and intermissions were shortened by fifteen minutes and the resultant extra time was utilized for programs, from 9:30 to 10:15. Unfortunately, this plan prevented the student members of the committee from selecting assembly hours which miraculously conflicted with their own class schedules. Their only remaining joy was to place the Student Association meetings at convenient intervals.

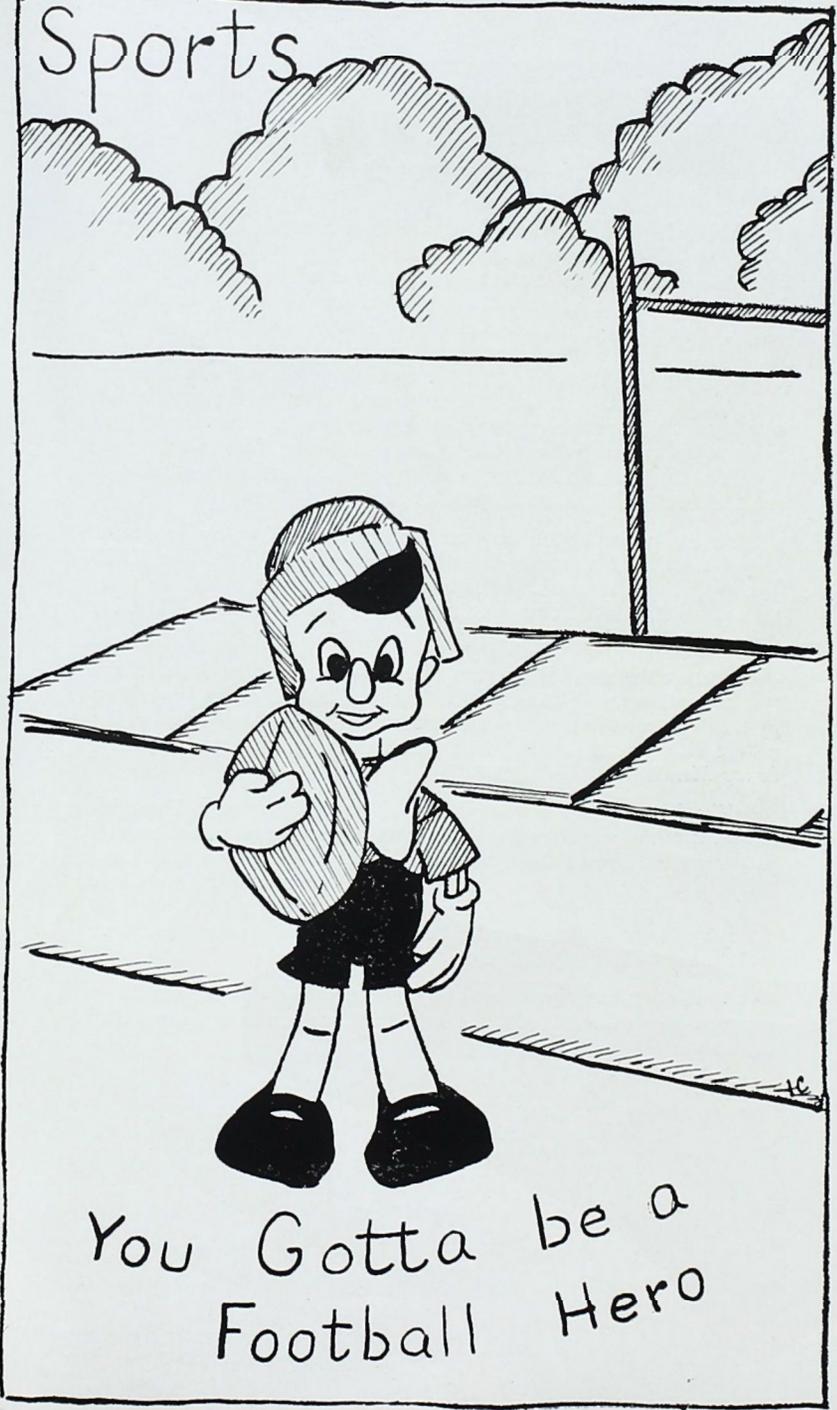
The shortest meeting on record was held on October 25, 1939, from 3 p. m. until 3:03 p. m., when five committeemen decided to grant permission to the sophomore president to corral the sophomores unawares for a pep talk on athletics.

Interesting speakers of the year were Mr. John T. Gobey, who spoke about his native land, Russia; Mr. Sigurd Esser, who told us where and why we get jobs; Miss Katherine Clark, whose talk on Turkey was enhanced by victrola records of tender Turkish nocturnes which were so ear-splitting that the student body was appreciably startled; Dr. Chester Swanson, the most high Apprentice-Learner Coordinator, Inc.; Mr. Meade Bolton, who made a gallant attempt to explain Canal Zone architectural absurdities to an amazed audience; and Mr. Hackett, the man behind the movie camera which catches us at ping-pong or during examinations. In addition, the Glee Clubs and College Orchestra presented two programs, at Thanksgiving and Christmas respectively.

The most difficult task attempted by this stalwart group, the Assembly Committee, was the tracking down of "G-man" Gleason, who was for most of the year head of the F. B. I. on the Canal Zone. It was felt by all that a speech by Mr. Gleason would be quite the thing, but after months of eluding Phil Erbe and two blondes, he abandoned his tropical post and returned to the States.

It cannot was.

# Sports



You Gotta be a  
Football Hero



LAZY BONES

3 SMART GIRLS

COULD BE

WINE SONG

ORIENTAL SHUFFLE

SHOOTIN' HIGH

GLOW, LITTLE GLOWWORM

PONY BOY

DEEP IN A DREAM

WE'LL REST AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

WACKY DUST

ARE YOU HAVING ANY FUN?

CHATTERBOX

HORSES, HORSES CRAZY OVER HORSES

HELLO BEAUTIFUL

HAPPY EASTER

To McLyons, a good egg

EASTER PARADE

TRUCKIN

HEY BABE

BIGWIG IN THE WIGWAM

## GIRLS' SPORTS

When Longfellow wrote those well-known words,

"I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where."

he must have been acquainted with an archer similar to the Canal Zone Junior College archers. Not that we want to cast any reflection on our girls, but did you ever see the hill in back of the targets when these archers finish shooting their barrage of arrows? Of course, every once in a while someone hits. And even more rarely, wonder of wonders, sometimes someone even gets a bull's eye. Some of the best scores were made by Doris Chan, Margaret Meigs, Marjorie Bunger, Virginia Ridge, Betty McCaw, and Beryl Cooke. It looks as though the freshman girls had better practice more.

At the beginning of the year the college girls' volley ball team played a series of games against the Balboa High School. The C. Z. J. C. team won three out of five games. The members of the team were Elva Bauman, Beverly Comley, Mary Jane Comley, Katherine Adams, Helen Dryden, and Mary Louise Traeger.

Among the most interesting of the girls' sports, at least to the spectator, were the dancing classes. The next school activity we hope to hear announced is a tap-dancing routine to be presented by the college girls. You should see them dance *Down in the Cornfield, Early in the Morning*.

The last semester saw a variety of sports introduced. The girls battled it out in the most amazing games of ping-pong, or table-tennis if you prefer. All of those who are interested in this game should obtain a list of the newest instructions and rules which the college girls have compiled. Of course, it is absolutely necessary to be a master mind to remember the original rules which each player uses; and even more necessary is the presence of a referee.

Swimming was also offered in the second half of the year. Since everyone knows that we have the best swimmers in the world, we shall say no more.



C.Z.J.C. vs. C.H.S.



LOUISE HANNA



ARCHERS



PAT KENT & GOV. RIDLEY



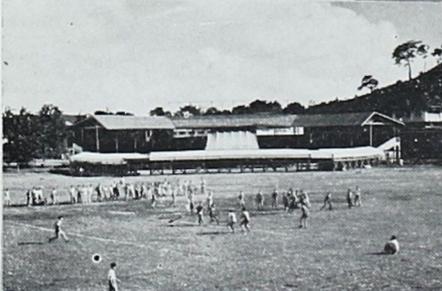
DORTHA RECTOR



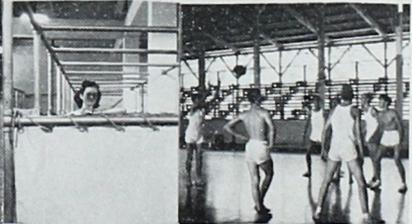
SCORING



PATCHKOFF



C.Z.J.C. BALL GAME



GIRLS GYM BASKETBALL

FOOTBALL GALINDO

And then there is that sport of all sports, badminton. We really think someone should start a humanitarian movement to prevent the killing of chickens to get their feathers for this game. Don't you?

But now, putting aside all efforts at humor, the college girls did participate in a varied number of sports and had an enjoyable time doing so.

## BOYS' SPORTS

### FOOTBALL

The Canal Zone Junior College touch football players played weekly games this year throughout the better part of the season—the freshmen against the sophomores. In addition the Junior College played both Cristobal and Balboa High Schools this year for the first time, losing both games by the same score, 6 to 0. The game against Balboa High School was played Thanksgiving morning at Razzberry Park, while the college eleven traveled to Cristobal to meet the Atlantic sidlers.

A large crowd was on hand for the game against Balboa High School. With the sun beating down full blast, both teams held the other scoreless until the high school pushed over the winning touchdown with four minutes left to play. Benny Putchkoff, Hal Sanborn, Jim Bastion, and Bill Harness were the mainstays for the college.

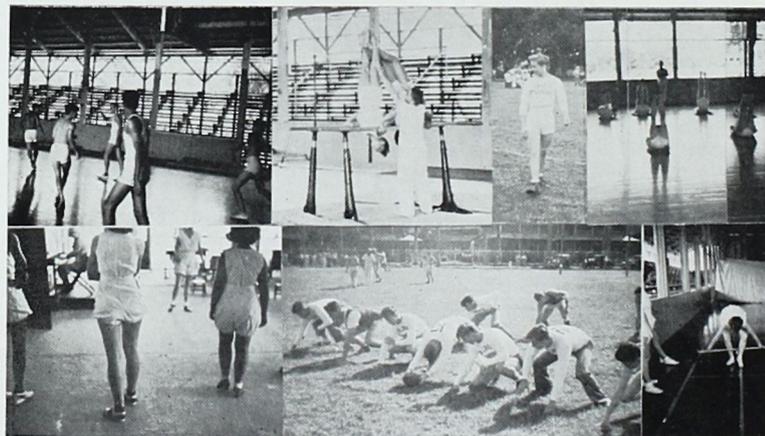
The contest at Cristobal was lost in the same fashion, except that there were four minutes left to play in the first half. Several times the college put the ball within scoring distance in the last quarter, but Cristobal thwarted the attempts, once by intercepting a pass and once by recovering a fumble.

Members of the football team were Benny Putchkoff, Bill Harness, Jack and Mack Walbridge, Hal Sanborn, Jim Bastion, Jim Wood, Francis Coyle, Jim Ridge, Bud Rundell, Donald Mitchell, Bud Dyer, Vance Howard, Bert Shelton, Chester Wine, and Walter Muller.

### BASKETBALL

At the time the *Conquistador* went to press, the teams and the schedule for the 1940 hoop season had just been completed. Three teams were chosen: namely, the Liberal Arts, the Freshman Engineers, and the Sophomore Engineers. Games were to be played against teams from the Balboa High School Intramural League every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. A double-header was to be played every Thursday night. Two college teams would oppose each other while the other would take on a high school squad. An all-star team, picked from the players that turned out for the games, was scheduled to play Cristobal and Balboa High Schools.

Because of the small number of baseball players, baseball was dropped from the sports agenda and softball was substituted. A schedule was drawn up by Coach Crowley. After three consecutive games had been forfeited, on account of a lack of players from the college, the schedule was disbanded.



## SWIMMING MEET

With short notice of the oncoming meet, and with shorter practice, C. Z. J. C.'s mermaids and mermen entered the annual triangle swimming meet April 26, along with the Balboa and Cristobal High Schools splashers. Considering the amount of time devoted to practice, C. Z. J. C.'s tank team performed better than was expected by placing second: score, Balboa, 69; J. C., 41; Cristobal, 33.

Patsy Kent, captain of the girls' team, scored the only two individual first places made by the team, in the 50 yard and the 100 yard free style. Other members of the girls' team were Billy Bowen, Janet Nesbitt, and Doris Cox.

The boys' team, captained by Bud Rundell, included Bert Shelton, Jim Wood, Francis Coyle, Donald Dargue, Joe Ludlum, Bill Pollard, and Tom Bender. They turned in five second places, including the medley relay, two third places, and three fourth places. The free-style relay team won because the Balboa team was disqualified.

Many of the college's best swimmers were not able to participate because of sickness or conflicts with other sports.

## Features



If I Had a Talking  
Picture of  
You

## A DAY IN JUNIOR COLLEGE

By Lemuel Presley

Ho hum! Here it is Monday. Thoughts, and I insist it is thoughts only, of Saturday night are still beating in my brain. I don't think I'll shave this morning because I'll only have to shave again this evening. I think I was very lucky to catch the bus this morning, considering the fact that I got up at 7:15 to catch the 7:30 bus.

All the school Romeos are gathered around the entrance greeting comely young high school girls or college girls with second-hand quips from some recent movies or some supposedly funny nickname one of their acquaintances had mumbled while in his cups. The school smokers are huddled together expelling clouds of smoke and various spicy stories in the same breath, all the while keeping an eye out for a faculty member with an eye to rules, who may insist on enforcing some regulation about smoking's being prohibited within the building.

I realize that I am a physical, mental, and financial wreck and how I ever manage to drag my weary body up the stairs I shall never know. At the head of the stairway one will always find the giggling group. This consists of army youngsters who try to create a sophisticated air by saying, oh, so confidentially, in quiet voices that cannot be heard more than fifty feet away, "What a wonderful date Lieutenant so and so is!"

Step by step I drag my way down the hall. At its far end I see a couple who seem to be part of the structure, for they are always there — he so big and husky and she so slender and delicate. This is the ideal romance of the college, for it does the heart good to see two people so apparently satisfied with, as well as unmindful of, life around them. Around the corner comes a tall young fellow. His dress represents the true spirit of college life. (He is easily recognized, for he has a large nose at one extreme and a pair of large feet at the other. To this boy we bow not only for his quick wit, but for his proficiency in the noble art of "jitter-bugging.")

Here come several of the more active students—modern Amazons who take great delight in "frogging" unfortunates like myself who cross their path.

I slothfully slide into the office for a quick word with the always lovely student secretaries, who even at this early hour are making a pretense at work in order to make a good impression on a large good-



natured man who is hunched over a desk by the window, doing his best to look stern.

Out into the hall I go again and shuffle on down to the extreme end of this dark corridor. The door of the typing class-room is still locked. I should have known.

The eight o'clock class bell has just rung and I suppose I'll have to talk to my social science teacher after class and explain why I was late, for I must cherish my cuts. This class is soon over and I must face those terrible stains and more, for chemistry is my next Waterloo.

Adjoining the chemistry laboratory is a small office-like room. This is in reality one of our two music rooms, for although we often hear sweet classical strains of piano or vocal music coming from the large room at the far end of the hall, it is indeed a rare treat to hear the melodic harmonica solos that sometimes come from the small room. Across the hall is the school slaughter-house, where tiny beasts and insects are murdered in order that young men and women may understand that the boss to whom father refers as the "old rat" is not really a rat, for a rat has four legs.

Upstairs I go again. I am cutting physical education because I am too tired. I think I shall use this hour to do my two-hour preparation for my English class. Ah! the candid camera fiends are here! There is one now, taking a picture of a poor unsuspecting "prof" who is telling a group of engineers the story of Molly the Molecule. Through the portals of the room across the hall are coming French words pronounced by very American voices.

At this time of day I am usually able to walk fairly well and today is no exception. This being true, I walk down the hall to the accounting room, where I usually do my studying. This room is ideal for studying, because the desks are large, the light is good, and there is always a large bull session going on. It seems that I have just begun my work when the bell rings. My viscera intimate that it is lunch hour, a fact that is verified by the hands of the clock. The bus ride home sharpens the appetite and provides one with incentive for the noon-time struggle for existence which takes place over the dining room table.

Lunch is quickly dispensed with and the return to school is even quicker. This being a tropical country, human beings here, at this time of day, have the same design as the tropical snakes, that being

to lie down and woo the god Morpheus. Afternoon classes are slow and sluggish. Some of the elbow-shiners give an appearance of absolute concentration, or even go so far as to laugh at some of the professor's jokes that are very uncomical, even under ideal conditions. I receive a very pleasant surprise as I wander about making a nuisance of myself. I find that the January issue of the school magazine, the *Tropical Collegian*, has set a new record for getting out almost on time, for today is only March 5.

My last class for the day finally ends, and what a change I feel coming over me! I am no longer tired; no longer sluggish or slothful, but instead I feel as if I had energy to spare. I think I shall go to the clubhouse for a swim, or to the Golf Club for a game of golf. Why I might even go to the beer gardens this very evening and do some dancing. My! I feel wonderful!!



## AT HOME ABROAD

By Theresa Goulet

One of the strongest pretensions to real college life in our C. Z. J. C. is found in the girls' "dorm." Of the ones who initiated this *esprit de corps* last year, only two were left to carry on at the beginning of this year. They were Bea Cotton and the author herself. But we were not to be alone, for when we arrived, we found Janet Nesbitt, who would gladden anyone's heart with her cheerful ways; Eldermae Pacetti, with her quiet, kindly manner; and our little Kaye Raymond, the "baby" of the dorm. What fun ensued during the next few months! Few days proved entirely uneventful, to say the least.

In the morning at the sound of the rising bell the Canal Collegiates sleep on; but with the breakfast bell a different attitude always manifests itself. We hop out of bed, jump into our clothes, and rush out to breakfast, looking as if a trade wind had struck our hair.

The day usually proves to be quite successful, and the events are related at the evening dinner table. Perhaps out of the lot only one cut a class, only one failed to prepare an assignment, and possibly we all arrived miraculously on time at Mr. Hackett's class.

The evenings in the dorm are usually very gay: lights all out except for the study lamps, everyone looking very scholastic-minded. Suddenly the peal of the doorbell rings through the silence.

"Is Janet in, please?" "Why certainly. Come in, won't you," to Carl, Lem, Bill, or any one of five hundred. Off goes Janet. "Ting-a-ling!" Another and another disappear, until very soon the only sign left of the scholastic-minded Canal Collegiates is the study lamps.

Behind all of this gay life, interrupted occasionally by sorrow, anger, or any one of the pleasant emotions, stands Mrs. Hamlin, always cheerful and gay, ready to cheer one at the least sign of need, and Mrs. Magnuson, as sweet as anyone could be, always ready to make a chocolate cake, a cherry pie, or any one of her delicious desserts.

It will be with a mingled feeling of regret and triumph that we shall all leave our dorm on the day of commencement.

## INNOCENTS ABROAD

By Margaret Meigs

Pete Ender, Louis Caldwell, Walter Goring, and Willie Grau — they all live together in semi-harmony, in the Little Theatre building, second floor. Week-ends they spend at their respective homes, recuperating. They very seldom agree on anything, but unanimously swear by Mrs. Powell's cooking. The chief pastime at the dorm seems to be playing poker on the sly, though of course the lads *study* morning and night.

No one seems to have proved conclusively just what started the Colon fire, but it is quite simple, really. Goring and Willie were just continuing one of their intense arguments, and Colon couldn't take it. At any rate, Pete and Willie returned to college Monday with thrilling "inside stories" of the fire, though Goring had nothing to say.

One might think that Goring is merely reticent, but that is a false conclusion. He talks to his friends (to hold up his side of an argument). To people who don't know him very well he accords only a baleful stare, which goes very nicely with his pipe and distinctive haircut. A sly humor gleams in Willie Grau's eyes. He takes his share of the kidding — and then "dishes it out" too. A boon companion of the dorm boys is Asa Bullock, another Atlantic-sider, but one who doesn't live at the dorm. He does spend each noon hour

there, and probably a great many other hours. Riding around in Asa's car is a very popular sport with the dormitory boys.

Louis had to endure a great many wise remarks from the others when he worked in the college office as head secretary. It was the first time a young man had ever undertaken that position. His official name at the dorm was Louise—for the duration of the week.

Gil Maddux began the year at the dorm, but dropped college during the first semester. Dick Smith began the second semester there, but he chose to begin working for the Panama Canal soon afterwards.

For *real* activity — try the "dorm" ant state.





## OUR HONOR STUDENTS

The Class of 1935, the first class graduated from the Canal Zone Junior College, presented two bronze plaques to the college to be placed in the corridor on the first floor. One of these is engraved with the names of the members of that class. On the other, the class decided, should be placed the name of the honor student of each of the first twenty-five classes. The student is chosen by the faculty, on the basis of his spiritual, intellectual, and extra-curricular contributions to the college. This year the staff of the *Conquistador* wrote to the honor students of the classes so far graduated, asking each of them to write a personal message to the *Conquistador*. These letters follow:

65 Washington St.  
Peabody, Mass.  
April 12, 1940

To the Class of 1940:

I have been asked to write a "readable, chatty letter, telling what the writer has been doing since he left the Canal Zone Junior College, what his future plans are, and anything else he might wish to include." Now, I don't think anybody is too much interested in my autobiography, so I will be as brief as possible on that subject. In short, I entered Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, Mass., in September, 1935, received my B. S. in June, 1938, searched unsuccessfully for work until November, 1938, when I became employed by the Lawrence Leather Co. of Peabody, Mass. (near Salem), and a few months later was put in charge of the Chrome Liquor Department, which manufactures the liquor used in the actual tanning of the hides. At present, I am still employed in this capacity, with an opportunity to move into the Research Laboratory at an early date. However, I am trying to find an opening with some company engaged in the manufacture of synthetic chemicals, preferably in the department involving pilot plant operation. But there is nothing definite in that direction as yet, so "nuff sed" about that.

Feeling the need of a good hobby, I went into (of all things!) amateur radio, so if any of you can read the International Morse Code and hear station WILYG on the air, that's me! (Note to Miss Moody: please do not edit. If I were to say "that's I," it wouldn't be me.)

So much for that, and now for "anything else the writer might wish to include." If I were to take that literally, this letter would be interminable, but there are a few bits of advice that I would like to give and that I feel safe in giving because I know that nobody will pay heed to them anyway. Fellers and gals, you are completing what you will later look back on as two of the happiest and dearest years of your life. You have had fun that you will never find anyplace else; you have made friends that you will never forget. But there is another, a more important phase of life ahead of you. If you continue on in college, try to choose the course that will prepare you for whatever you want to follow as your life's work. That may sound foolish, but too many times have I seen a student realize too late that he is enrolled in the wrong course. Join a fraternity or a sorority as the case may be, for it is there that you learn to live among others, and also learn that sharing means a little giving as well as taking. You will come to understand the other fellow's point of view, and that will help you to understand yourself better. Study hard, but don't forget to get out and have fun, for with fun comes relaxation, and with relaxation comes the ability to study harder. (Vicious circle, isn't it?) And here's a tip you can take for what it is worth. An hour's attention in class will save you two hours' home study. When you finally finish your school days and get a job, don't be satisfied with that job, as good as it may be. Work your hardest at it, but keep your eyes open for a better opportunity. Start a bank account; you will need it sometime. And so on. In other words, try to plan ahead!

So who am I to be giving advice? I'd better sign off, but before I do, as president and on behalf of the class of 1935, the first class ever to graduate from the C. Z. J. C., I want to extend to the class of 1940 my sincerest congratulations and best wishes for health, happiness, and success. And when the going gets a little tough, stop, and remember the old gang and the good times you had in Junior College, and I'll bet you a second-hand anvil that life will look a little rosier. With that I'll say **au revoir**, and hope that I run into each one of you sometime, someplace.

Very truly yours,

**Fred B. Banan, Jr.**

Dalton Rd. and Subway Ave.  
Chelmsford, Mass.

April 14, 1940

Dear Miss Moody:

It was a pleasant surprise to have a letter from you and the editor of this year's **Conquistador**. I was glad to know that the yearbook was still very much alive and kicking. However, any contribution I might make will be, I am afraid, too late for your purposes, since your letter arrived on the doorstep with the movers who were to move us from one town to another. As it is, I'm writing this perched on a packing box.



You ask for something about what I've been doing since I left CZJC and the Zone. As you know, I finished my college work at the University of Iowa and was graduated from there in June, 1938, with a B. A. degree and a certificate in journalism. That summer was spent resting, per doctor's orders, and for several months after that I went job-hunting in newspaper work and radio (in which I'd had training and some experience while at Iowa).

Just as radio (in Boston, where I was living with my family) was about to sign one of its most brilliant prospects for a voice in dramatic crowd scenes, my interests in a job — career-girl species — began to cool. For the usual reason.

In July, 1939, I was married to Edward A. Cahill, a young Unitarian minister, who had just been graduated from the Tufts College school of religion in 1938. Eddie had as his first parish the Unitarian church in Clinton, Mass. He has just taken the church here in Chelmsford, Mass. — which explains the movers.

So my history in the past nine months has consisted of the usual harebrained attempts to learn to run a house. Of course, being a minister's wife (properly, I mean) is a career in itself, but someday I hope to get into journalism again in a small way.

Eddie is a minister in a liberal church denomination — very liberal — and so we have a great deal of latitude in our choice of interests. We have opportunities to hear many fine speakers that we probably otherwise would lazily miss going to hear (for a minister in a socially conscious church has to keep on his toes). Then, too, we are only 25 miles from Boston and we get a chance to attend some very good forums, take in a play every now and then, and once in a while go out dancing.

Chelmsford is thus close enough to Boston to travel to. Should any of my old Canal Zone friends and acquaintances ever land in or about Boston (or Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, or Maine) I'd be very much pleased to have visitors from the Zone and catch up on what's been going on as well as renew old acquaintanceships. (This invitation definitely does not exclude the people I knew on the faculty).

At this moment I'd like to be right there in the warm sun with you people in the Zone. I'd like to be able to laugh at the crazy people who have to live in a New England climate where it snows, rains, and hails when spring is due. I'd like to forget that the family bus is frozen up at the front door this morning. Sprig, sprig, bootiful sprig!

Best of luck to the CZJC graduates of this year and to the staff of the **Conquistador**.

Sincerely,

**Marjorie Ann (Young) Cahill**

Albright House  
Northampton, Mass.  
April 9, 1940

The Conquistador Staff  
Canal Zone Junior College

Dear Inheritors of Annual troubles,

Since I can still clearly recall the days of my worries over the **Conquistador**, I hasten to comply with your request for a letter. I can't say, however, that it will be a "readable chatty" letter, for my mind at present is greatly preoccupied with self-pity over my awkward position in having exams in subjects where I am two and three weeks in arrears. Of course, if I were strictly honest, I would admit



that it's a matter of paying for that wonderful Easter vacation on the Zone. But—

As for what I have been doing since Junior College, that is a matter easily expounded upon, since I feel most of you know anyhow. Two years of work in the Panama Canal Library brought me at last to Smith College, where I am, now, more or less earnestly endeavoring to get a liberal arts degree by majoring in English.

And then you inquire about the future. Here I am stumped for an answer. As a sign that I am "growing up," I submit the statement that for the first time in my life I have no plans for the future. It will have to take care of itself—as it usually does anyway—so why not allow it operation without interference for a change?

I know that you would now have me produce some sage advice or witty suggestions, but I fear I shall fail herein. The sagest word I can say is that I believe anyone who manages to walk through Junior College on the Zone can skip through any U. S. college, no matter what its reputation for severity. As for witty suggestions, I make no attempt here. It requires as much thought, or more, to write wittily as to write tragically—and my brain has never been able to extend itself beyond ordinary reaches.

In conclusion (there always has to be one, you know) I say that the only thing a States college offers which is lacking on the Zone is a kind of university atmosphere, achieved by such things as good concerts, lectures, etc. As for the C. Z. J. C., it wins where the warmth of close friendliness enters in. Good luck to you all.

Sincerely yours,

**Frances Anderson**

Stanford University  
April 9, 1940

Dear Friends,

A dip into the past reveals that it was two years ago that we graduating sophomores of the Canal Zone Junior College experienced those exciting incidents that have stood out and appeared so colorful in the memories of our J. C. life. Noteworthy among those events was that traditional Engineer vs. Liberal Arts agitation that culminated on the floor of our Student Association meetings in the famous "Banquet" discussion of where "the" event of the year was to take place—in the so-called democratic atmosphere of the Century Club that was much favored by the Engineers, or in the aristocratic (the Engineers, I believe, called it sophisticated) atmosphere of the Union Club!

No doubt, the traditional rivalry among these two factions in the Junior College lives on, but we of the Class of '38 would probably be most interested in knowing if there has appeared in the college since our day a ghost of "Foo"—that engineered mythical character, which haunted the halls of our noble institution until his existence was tragically exterminated at the hands of Mr. Meadowcroft, at that time "the guiding light" of the Engineers. But here I find I have recalled memories that are of little value to the Class of '40, though of great significance to students look-

ing back on the beginning of their college career of an earlier day.

Yes, it is another June and the approach of another College graduation for me—this time from Stanford University, well known on the Pacific Coast as "the Farm." On June 16th I shall receive my Bachelor of Arts Degree from the Stanford School of Social Sciences, where I have majored in the three fields of history, psychology, and sociology. Last year I was fortunate enough to live here on the campus at Lagunita Court, which is held to be one of the most beautiful women's dormitories in the world. It is a University ruling that every woman student must, during her first year on the campus, live in a dormitory. This last year at Stanford I have had the opportunity of experiencing sorority life at the Tri Delta House. During my four years of college work I have been preparing myself to study librarianship eventually. At present I hope to be able to work at Yosemite National Park this coming summer and then enter the University of California Library School next fall.

Already we have at Stanford a nice little group of former C. Z. J. C. students. Those of the class of '37 will remember Ted Dombrowsky, who did excellent work here last year but who reluctantly transferred to Tulane University. I believe that George Shelton and I are the only representatives of the Junior College Class of '38. George McFadden, an engineer of '39, came to Stanford this year, accompanied by Jean Irwin and Fernando Eleta, both of whom, I believe, are classmates of the present graduating Sophomore class. When we all get together here on the campus it is with great pride and joy that we recall our beginnings at the "dear old C. Z. J. C." and we are hoping that from the present graduating class and from future classes there will come more classmates to increase the ranks of us students attempting to uphold the name of the Canal Zone Junior College at Stanford University.

Very sincerely,

**Margaret Haw, '38**

Balboa, Canal Zone  
April 20, 1940



Dear **Conquistador** Staff:

I received your letter asking me to write a short answer telling about my future plans and what I am doing at present. You mentioned an air mail stamp which you said you enclosed in my letter. I didn't find it! I puzzled about that missing air mail stamp, which someone neglected to send me, for about a week, until I decided that air mail stamps didn't grow on every bush in Panama and that since I work in the high school library, I must be expected to send my letter by regular mail or take it to you myself. I didn't have a

chance to take it to you or even write it, for that matter, until just about the time your editor started to threaten me if I didn't produce a letter soon. Still I procrastinated, but nothing saved me from my conscience, which reminded me that I had been an editor of the **Conquistador** once, and I remembered how I used to have to hunt contributors and heckle them until I got their articles..... so I decided to write the letter.

It seems rather silly to admit that I have no definite future plans outside of the fact that I would like to finish my learnership in the high school library. That takes care of my next year, then.....? Experience has taught me that when my plans fail I have to rationalize to myself and make excuses to other people; so, after my psychology course in the C. Z. J. C., I decided that rationalizing had its faults (especially if one knew what "rationalization" was) and I stopped planning. Besides, the present keeps me so busy that the future usually takes care of itself. My work in the high school library is very interesting and I enjoy working with books, but as it was in my two years of Junior College, I still can't find time to read all the books I want to. Seeing the Junior College students come into the library each day, I sometimes feel as if I am back in good old C. Z. J. C., except that, of course, I have no C. C. homework and Types of Literature to read..... all of which means that I get eight hours of sleep a night (a thing which I missed in Junior College!). I am sorry that my future plans aren't more definite than they are, but

then after reading **Buck Rogers** and the **Superman** in the funny papers, I've decided that I don't like to think about the future!

Sincerely yours,

**Ruth Wright**

P.S. I know that postscripts are not considered proper by some people, but I can't resist adding one to assure you that I won't feel slighted in the least if you want to throw my letter out and say that I broke my right arm or that the editor received it too late for the deadline! I know that you are having an exciting time preparing the yearbook and I am looking forward to receiving my copy of it.

**R. C. W.**

From the **Panama American** of May 14, 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Murray Wright of Gamboa announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Curtis, to Mr. Ernest William Zelnick of Ancon, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Zelnick of Berwyn, Illinois.

No date has been set for the wedding.

AFTERNOON IN A TROPICAL COLLEGE

By Ellen Mead

The bell has rung, and soon you'll see  
A streak as she goes past,  
When freshman D. Pimento  
Comes sliding into class.

On this hot afternoon at one,  
The ringing also reaches  
Jeanne Bonwell, who has just arrived  
In cool (?), cute, riding breeches.

The afternoon wears on, and all  
Drink water by the quarts;  
Janet, our ping-pong champ arrives,  
To gloat, for *she* wears shorts.

The boys, alas, have lost their pep;  
They're holding up the wall,  
And cheering "Irish" Quinn as she  
Plays football in the hall.

As we hang from the window,  
To find a breeze or two,  
Bud Rundell and his friends appear,  
Wrapped in a blur of blue.

We never need a telescope,  
To find our joy and pride.  
Benny is in the library,  
With coughdrops well supplied.

And so on to the close of school,  
In C.Z.J.C., our college,  
We struggle on, midst work and play  
To gain a little knowledge.



## ODE TO ALBROOK

By Margaret Meigs

Topographic oddities give us the pleasure  
Of studying airplanes—in class or at leisure.  
It seems that when building agreements were sealed,  
The college designers forgot Albrook Field.

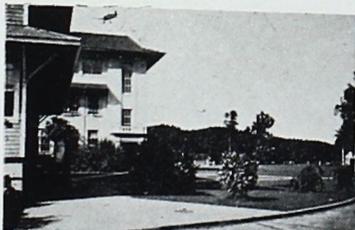
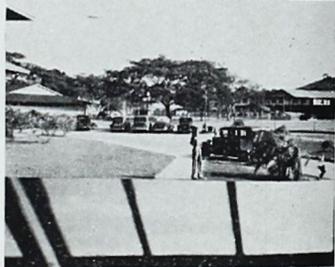
Although lecturers strive to be calm and aloof,  
Their poise leaves when "birdmen" start skimming  
the roof.

The slumbering students are roused from their  
dreams,  
Because of the imminence of tumbling beams.

Our faculty daily is simply "in stitches"—  
Convulsed by the roars of those P 36's.  
The students all follow the planes with their gaze  
And haply forego, by this action, their A's.

Some think; there are clues in the sound: from the  
planes;  
(Two roars and a chug may mean "I'm Johnny  
Haines.")

To signal to girl friends might be their intent,  
But some day our rooftop will be just a dent.



## THE JANITORS

"Has anybody seen the janitor?" That familiar question is known to the office girls as the "Head Secretary's Lament," or *I Don't See Your Face Before Me*. The girls never seem to be able to find our two janitors, and the reason for this has never been determined. Perhaps Bostick is at the high school, on a mail delivery trip, or Ortiz has time off and is washing Mr. Lyons' car—who knows?

The faculty and students are still marveling at the endurance of these two janitors during the 1940 dust storm. During this era (February and March in particular) clouds of dust from a new ball-diamond, combined with the usual smoke screen from the P. R. R. switching engines and all, descended upon our fair *Alma Mater*. Anything which remained at a standstill for any period of time because covered with dust. Teachers used a dust detector to discover which students were sleeping through class. As fast as the halls and rooms became coated with dust, Ortiz busily cleaned them.

Bostick's domain is on the ground floor, most of the time. During the rainy season he stands at the door directing student traffic across a combination of doormats. His philosophical meditations upon life in general are learned by students who pause to talk with this amiable conversationalist.



A MEMORANDUM FOR THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

By Marion Orr

*Please take this memorandum down,  
In shorthand, if you please,  
And then will you transcribe it  
On the flying typing keys.  
I should like to have it ready  
For the first of June this year,  
For the graduates then will leave us  
And will enter wider spheres.*

To the graduating commercial students:

You have come to our beautiful college and have given two of the best years of your life in hard work (I guess it was hard) to learn the complex characters which make up shorthand. (It certainly isn't called chicken scratch for the fun of it.) You have struggled valiantly in an attempt to master the stubborn keys of the typewriter. (I often wonder if it's stubborn keys or stubborn heads.) We who have watched your struggles wish to commemorate your efforts, and so we would like to dedicate these few words in your honor.

*Shorthand written on a page  
Looks very artificial,  
And then you are to transcribe it  
To send to some official.*

*Can that there word be "yes" or "I"?  
I'm sure I wouldn't know.  
I wouldn't mind transcribing,  
If I didn't go so slow.*

*And then when I've completed it,  
And think that I am done.  
I find that what I've written  
Doesn't give me the right sum.*

*It isn't quite so easy,  
As the engineers must think,  
To start in writing shorthand*

*And then find you're out of ink;  
To have to grab a pencil,  
And make up the time you've lost,  
And all the while be stared at  
By your irritated boss.*

*The Liberal Arts may study  
All of literature's P's and Q's;  
They know the life of Shakespeare,  
Milton, Lamb, and others too.  
They are the students who, it's claimed,  
Are really educated,  
But even they can't understand  
The commercial's life as stated.*

*A telephone will jingle,  
And will set your nerves on end.  
A visitor will saunter around  
And forget to leave again.  
The mimeograph just won't work right  
No matter how you try;  
And after such a hectic day,  
You could sit right down and cry.*

*But even in a commercial's life,  
There is fun and there is joy,  
And despite the many drawbacks  
It is work that we enjoy.  
So we give three cheers for the work that's ours,  
For the typing and shorthand we do,  
And say that we wouldn't give up our careers  
For anything else. Would you?*

Sincerely yours,

Professor Lybuck,  
Head of the Commercial  
Department



## SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

By Benjamin Putchkoff

Students check in. Students check out. All the checks are bad. Annuals come. Annuals go. But we have an annual that will endure the ages!

As the material for the *Conquistador* was assembled, we constantly kept in mind the fact that future generations might read our work and that they would want to understand why Kid Confucius happened to be so glib after all of these years. Who knows, mayhap somebody will peruse the *Conquistador* a decade from now!.....!

If Buck Roger, in the year 2440, happens across a copy of our document, he will surely want to know something about our lives; exactly what was taking place in this school year of our Lord 1939-1940.

It is, therefore, with our children in mind, and our children's children, and our children's children's children, and our children's children's children's children, and our children's children's children's children's children, that we present these signs of our times. In fact, the book is enclosed in a beautiful flexible imitation leather cover, so that it will fit conveniently into a time capsule!

The second in the series of wars to end war was two weeks old as we slogged through the September rain to registration. Most of us were neutral against Germany.

The New York Yankees (no relation to Civil War) rolled to their fourth consecutive World's Championship. The Canal Zone Junior College gridiron juggernaut steamrolled over Balboa and Cristobal highs, but the high schools happened to score more points in both games.

October, 1939, found the war still raging. In America the question of propaganda was in everybody's mind: Is it true that—what is good for the propaganda is good for the mamaganda?

Still another problem perplexed the masses of Europe: If a man from Poland is a Pole, is a man from Holland a Hole? People everywhere were seeking the answers to these vital questions.

In the Orient, Jap sentries were having a merry time "pantsing" British subjects. Prime Minister Chamberlain conferred with the cabinet.

Soon after the declaration of war in Europe, the U. S. army introduced blackouts into the Canal Zone. One of the blackouts caught up with F. M. Criste, Jr., one evening while he was having his usual cup of milk. The light of a flare revealed him to be in nothing more than a rug—his bare skin.

Looking back, we recall that the summer of '39 witnessed America at peace while war clouds hung over Europe. Among other inventions exhibited at the two great expositions in New York and in San Francisco was a highly perfected radio. On the new set one does not have to reach clear around the side to shut the thing off!

Way back in 1939 A. D., Clark Kent, humble, meek reporter for the *Daily Planet*, revealed himself to be SUPERMAN, the man of tomorrow, who is devoting his life to furthering the cause of justice and aiding the oppressed. In 1940, Professor Golee of the CZJC, astounded two biology classes by lifting above his head twice in succession the LUMBRICUS TERRESTRIS.

Flash! OOPS, Flash! Magnetic mines were threatening British supremacy of the seas. Chamberlain conferred with the cabinet.

Late in 1939 Russia, too, was fighting a war to the Finnish.

On the Domestic Front. Most outstanding of President Roosevelt's many Supreme Court appointees was scholarly Felix Frankfurter. Preserved for posterity is CZJC Professor Hackett's report on the justice: "Hot Dog!"

1939 was the year of the super-production *Gone With The Wind*. More people knew about "Rat" Butler and "Pinky" O'Hara than about C. B. and Margy.

The end of 1939 was gloomy indeed. Women fainted! Strong men turned pale! Garbo laughed! Chamberlain conferred with the cabinet.

January 1, 1940, was the day of the big smell. Everybody was talking about the end of something that had decade for the past ten years.

This is the year when we shall elect a new president. A president, in case you shouldn't know, is something that people establish and then tear down. For example, here is a headline from a recent newspaper:

ALL PRESIDENTS SMASHED

MAN BATHES ON FRIDAY

See?

During election time, there are many libel cases. Such as, "I'm libel to punch you in the nose!" In merry old England, a station agent attempted to put libels on the bags under a visiting politician's eyes.

Later in 1940, Adolph H. missed getting his in the Munich Beer Hall Blast by ten minutes. Greatest damage was incurred by a group of china closets in adjacent furniture stores. Chamberlain conferred with the cabinets.

Late in the spring of 1940 Adolph Hitler of Berlin, Germany, seemed to be tiring of it all. He desired peace. So he took a good-sized piece of Scandinavia.

1940 was the year of the super-production the *Conquistador*. The theme was "Life is a Song" from the picture of the same name.

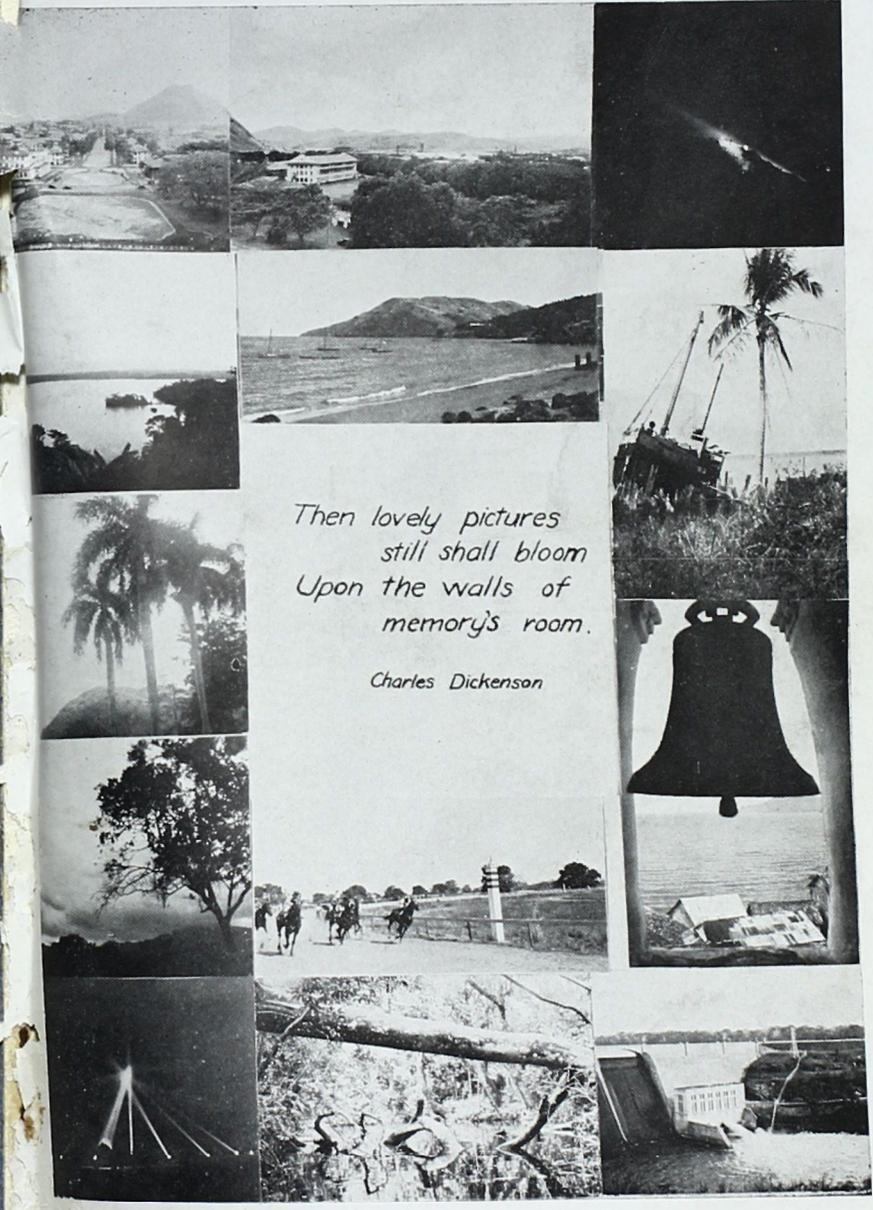
#### EXTRA SPECIAL SUPER-FLASH

The greatest fire in a quarter of a century swept through Colon. A special scooter carried Major General Van Voorhis and President Boyd to the Atlantic side to direct relief work.

Also travelling on the scooter was R. Ethan Wells, who rushed to the conflagration in order to toast some marshmallows.

Upon the announcement in May, 1940, of the retirement of Shirley Temple from the screen, the Canal Zone Junior College students immediately voted Jeanne (*Apple for the Teacher*) Bonwell as student most likely to succeed.

At the time when "Uncle" Adolph was imbuing the Lowlands with some good old Aryan *Kultur* by the aid of a new "mystery weapon," Winston Churchill lost his job writing articles for *Liberty* when he was appointed Prime Minister of Great Britain. Chamberlain—you know the rest. Latest military debate is the question of German air *versus* British sea power. From the latest reports it appears as if the quantities of hot air which that man in Berlin is emitting give Germany the edge in the matter.



*Then lovely pictures  
still shall bloom  
Upon the walls of  
memory's room.  
Charles Dickenson*



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