Presenting

The 1936 Babsonian

in a new and distinctive fashion; repeating the time worn theme of tangibly gathering those intangible experiences and associations of the men who have worked and played for the past year at Babson Institute
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WE STARTED the term on a beautiful summer day with only twelve men. White-haired, military looking Mr. Blair was our senior member, while boyish, fair-completed Pete Law was our junior. Hovey and Carbaugh, carry overs from the preceding term, roomed in 111. They were always behind in their studies because of the inability to locate their text-books in their debris filled abode. Their defense is that clothes covered chairs is a new trend in interior decorating.

Practically no dates were made all summer, although Law, Lu Doty, and Harvard man Robertson were bona fide members of the Wellesley Italian League. Mac Cracken, Indiana boy taking summer work, joined up with Robbie to play clown for general benefit. And there was the day that Law wanted to imitate Damo O'Mahoney. Mr. Crobaugh, in showing him a few holds, couldn’t resist the temptation to throw him over his shoulders.

On August 14, Mr. and Mrs. Babson, the faculty and their wives, and the students gathered in the Grove for an excellent picnic. The instructors’ wives brought the delicacies and prepared the food, while the men played volley ball. After eating, the group sat around a crackling fire, sang songs, and laughed at Robbie’s repartee at Reighard’s expense. Informal bridge parties were also held. The Dean and Mrs. Millea entertained Gene Carbaugh and Gordy Hovey; while the Petersens played host to Chuck Blundell and Pete Law.

Tennis was undoubtedly the most profitable diversion of the summer. Wurdemann, Mr. Petersen, and Jack Pfeifer played their shots smoothly every match.

A word must be said about the highly instructive talks which Mr. Fitz gave on the hill. He freely poured from his warehouse of intensely human experiences for the benefit of the men. Mr. Babson’s four lecture series was the educational highlight of the year. His comments on contemporary and prophecies on future business trends were invaluable.

Early in September the school incurred a great loss when Miss Cavanaugh, school nurse, left to accept a position in the Harvard Hygiene Department. A week later, the term ended. Some of us left to start our public careers; others just for a between term vacation. Meanwhile the school prepared accommodations for the largest group of students ever to attend Babson Institute.
Excellent Picnic
Mr. Babson, faculty and wives, students and guests attend. Lady Cavanaugh left us.
Games, good food. Mr. Crobaugh throws Law.

Hovey’s and Carbaugh’s room
Mr. Hovey worried

Telegrams had Robbie plays showman and G-man.

At the ball games and tennis matches．
FALL HIGHLIGHTS

FALL, russet fall! The fusion of reds, yellows and faded greens on the landscape, the dark picturesque pines, the colonial buildings; all these beauties of man and nature greeted us when we arrived on the Babson Institute campus. Then and there we lent ourselves to the pleasant atmosphere, and started off many close friendships that will last a lifetime. The men who went under the title of junior Seniors introduced the new boys to places in Boston, both exclusive and unexclusive. Wellesley and Pine Manor were scrutinized closely; and to little avail. Additions to campus this fall were Charley Butler's streamlined cap and Chuck Blundell's baby, the Friday Afternoon Social and Cycling Club.

Early in October, the playboys, headed by Knox and Hovey, dressed in soup and fish to welcome back to Boston and the Statler old friends, Joe Reichman and his hand. One of the animated undercurrents of the school's life from the very beginning was the heated feeling which the Juniors expressed against the 11 o'clock rule. It interfered with their night life. The twenty-five college graduates of the Production group were taken aback by a little dynamite of a man, the Dean. He told them a few tales they never heard before, and had them on their toes those three glorious months.

Wally West, our president, appointed on the dance committee, Bill Greene as chairman, Rolly Luther, Bob Becker, Dan Holley, and Fred Perry as members. An abundance of clever salesmanship brought the school to the complete Woodland Country Club on Friday, December 13. There was only one casualty. The weekend of November 9, the Finance group spent on Wall Street to study the intricate mechanism of the nation's financial center. We can't discuss the extra curricular activities. Jim Gardner and John Uhl have consented to relate the incidents personally.

At the end of the term a few men graduated, but many more packed their trunks. Close cronies were forced to part. The rest of us left by car, plane, and train to spend the Christmas vacation at home.
Getting Acquainted

Friday Afternoon Social and Cycling Club

Reichman opening at the Statler

The Dean tells the College Men

Two days on Wall Street 11 o'clock for the Juniors

The Fall Formal Losing old friends
JANUARY 6, and still no snow. But it wasn't long before Mac Bright and other of his southern friends got their first real glimpse of the white down, which came and stayed until March. They were later convinced that it wasn't so downy. However, it set the stage for many skiing trips to the northern trails and slopes. Vic Pollock, Dayt Mudd, Tom O'Keefe, Ev Webster, and either Kleiser or Harris made up a quintet that loaded down Dayt's phaeton with skiing equipment practically every week-end for a trip to Woodstock, Mt. Washington or Peterborough.

The Athletic Committee, organized by Charley Butler, and made up of Luther, Maguire, McDonnell, and Bowen surveyed gymnasium condition and the results of their study were two new handball courts and a badminton court. Bob Griffith, Johnny Richardson, Charley Smelker, Vic Pollock, and Bud Haas were always over there. Hikes couldn't see it though. The basketball team, captained by Mickey Maguire, was particularly erratic. The Green and White five finished the season with nine victories and seven defeats, Fred Albertson leading the scoring. The Boston play life still went on.

On Friday, February 25, Paul Pfeiffer led his crew of boys into Boston to take over the Towne Club. Paul was chairman of the affair, so it was a definite social success. The next day, Rolly Worster broke into print when the "American's" society page carried his picture. Local boy makes good in big city.

Campus chatter dotted on the rugged exploit of Princeton's famous "Tiger" Luther for many weeks. He fulfilled his boyhood ambition one Saturday night by using the fire extinguishers on a couple of corridors. The only lacking element was the fire.

That playful Robertson man surprised the boys the night of the winter smoker when he publicly revealed many intimate anecdotes—about their lives. Law putting his foot through the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Florida on the Coleman map made a good story. That Winchelling and the McKay, Huber, McDonnell, Reisen III wrestling match made the evening a great success. Martin, the square dealer, continued to make things hot for the Distribution instructors.

Gilbert and Brown, holding positions number one and number two "on the team", set the pattern for the rest of the squad and most Saturday dinners were taken at the Fox and Hound's Club. The Committee of Seven, in its report surveying student opinion on the merits and demerits of the school, suggested many changes which will keep Babson men of the future off the Wellesley campus at night.

The last week of the term floods rushed along the banks of every river in the East; New England was inundated, parts of central Pennsylvania were under forty feet of water. The railroads let Endsley down and he couldn't make Somerset, Pa., until the following week after Spring vacation had started. Crandall reached Presque Isle on Monday. The rest of us flew or took route No. 1 into New York to spend the week at Miami, Bermuda, with friends, or at home.
The Southerners see Snow
Many Skiing Week-ends
Brekker and the Bowlers take the League
Challengers win nine Team wins nine
“Tiger” Luther plays Fireman
Robbie and a Successful Smoker
Engineer Endyse Smokes Club
Fox and Hound’s for Saturday’s Dinner
Floodbound
Rain rain, rain! Harris and Kleiser from the land of the perpetual sun now have a broadened view of nature. Nothing happened the first month as we all stayed inside while the farmers had a holiday. Jim Mangin, Babson man of the old order, was back with us to complete his work.

Mr. Canfield brought his Distribution group into Sears-Roebuck's mammoth Brookline store. Reports have it that he was as befuddled as any of the men.

Our men of the north were still skiing at Mount Washington. Dayt Mudd splintered a hip bone, which was the only casualty of the year and we were all genuinely sorry.

When the sun decided to come out the followers of the pellet went onto the various golf courses in the vicinity. Bunky Uhl, one of last year's mainstays, Bob Griffith, Charley Brown, Borck, Bowers, and Clark Worth were among the better golfers. Tad Bowen, Junior class president and 1935 Choate School tennis captain, continued his excellent play. He should be one of the school's tennis tournament finalists this June. The baseball games provided plenty of interest. Pete Law, Winnipeg soft-haller and Curly Crandall, former second baseman on Maine University's nine, played spectacular ball.

Will we ever forget the outside speaker's hour when Professor Woodstock spoke on "The Romance of Ice Cream"? The laughs were worth it.

Although most of us were spending a great deal of time chasing after that elusive job, a few hard time to forget their trials and worries and get back to their alma maters for the Spring house parties. Borck, the Bridgeport baker, went back to Syracuse, while Johnny Leslie, Committee of Seven chairman, dropped in at Cornell—two week ends. Other great Casanovas, such as Hikes and Harris, passed their time at Smith. Donker, of the polka dot scarf fame, still hasn't been able to put those polo mallets to use. Perhaps it is all for the best.

And so, on June 13, we close the books, realizing a profit of many pleasant and rich associations, plus much knowledge gained. Our assets of personality, efficiency, and good fellowship have been materially appreciated. We are ready!
Stormy weather Mangin returns

Mr. Canfield's first trip to Sear's Roebuck

The soft-ball league

"The Romance of Ice Cream"

Leslie and Borck leave for house parties

Finding a position

"Babsonian" goes to press

Graduation

Tennis tournament finals
ROGER W. BABSON

Founder of Babson Institute
FORECAST

Business is bound to be better during the next few years. Real estate will be active; stock market prices will be firm; retail sales will break previous records; while the Babsonchart will develop a black area above the normal line.

As to whether unemployment will for many years be brought back to normal, I am not sure. The employment problem fundamentally is a spiritual rather than a statistical problem. Theoretically new industries should come along to take up the slack produced by automatic machinery; but in the interim I fear trouble.

There is no sign that the various groups — employers, union labor, farmers, politicians, veterans, elderly people, etc. — have yet given up trying to get something for nothing. They still think that "social security" can come through legislation.

The nation must realize that only as more is produced, is there more to divide; while only as character is developed, will there be a more equal division. The chances are, however, that it will take another severe depression for the voters to learn this fact.

This means that you young men will live to see very much worse times than have yet been witnessed. Only those of you with character, health, intelligence and courage will survive. Rich fathers and safe deposit boxes will be unable to save you.

Wise are you who keep away from big cities. Cast your lot with the rural communities. Become allied with small but useful industries. Be independent and self sustaining so far as possible. Avoid relying on a rope of sand.

Civilization is its own worst enemy in giving too much emphasis to "profits", without a clear idea of what profits really consist. Some day the American people are coming to their senses and revolt. They may turn against their faithless political leaders, but my hunch is that they may turn against those now engaged in certain forms of advertising, merchandizing and financing. Be sure that you are not found in this group.

No, I am not pessimistic. The world has always been getting better, and always will. But we progress only as we learn through struggle and punishment. The "easy way" means deterioration. The very fact that you are to have trouble makes me very optimistic for your grandchildren.

ROGER W. BABSON
Founder of Babson Institute
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Summer Camps
ADMINISTRATION
JOHN E. MILLEA
DEAN OF BABSON INSTITUTE

Learned

Leader

Driving

Dynamic
PHILIP V. BURT
Manager, Park Manor

Our genial and efficient maitre d'hôtel has been serving Babson interests for over twenty years. Graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1913, Mr. Burt shortly joined the Babson Statistical Organization. After ten years there he transferred his activities to directing the hotel which is now Park Manor South. When the new dormitory, Park Manor, was completed in 1931, Mr. Burt assumed its management. Besides his regular activities, he has found time to make a study of dietetics and has contributed considerably toward maintaining the superior quality of the Babson menu.

CHARLES E. BUTLER
Student Secretary

Babson Institute's new Student Secretary, Mr. Butler, began his work among young men immediately after his graduation from Wesleyan, when he was associated with the Hartford Y.M.C.A. Subsequently, he spent nine consecutive years as student secretary on the campuses of Rutgers University and Dartmouth College. In 1935, he obtained a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Yale University. For the past eight summers he has directed the Boston Y.M.C.A. camps. This education, religious, and athletic background make him an ideal balance wheel for invigorating student life.

BERTRAND R. CANFIELD
Sales and Advertising

Babson's progressive instructor in Sales and Advertising was at Kansas University for a time before enlisting in the Army. After the War, he was associated for several years with trade journals in the fields of building, banking and finance. Later he turned to advertising, ran his own business in San Antonio, Texas. He was sales manager of a food products company when he was called to the Babson Institute. Students admire his enthusiasm, the forceful freshness of his approach to his subject.
CLYDE J. CROBAUGH
Statistics, Insurance, Business Law

Babson's well-versed instructor in statistics is a graduate of Leland Stanford, where he acquired a proficiency in wrestling in addition to a Master of Arts Degree. An extensive career, during which he has been in turn Assistant Professor of Business at Indiana University, Member of the Research Staff of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Educational Director for the Aetna Affiliated Companies, and author of several fine books in this field, qualifies Mr. Crobaugh as an extremely able instructor.

AUSTIN H. FITTZ
Director of Finance

A background of education and experience which renders him an authority in his field, together with a deep interest in his students, adapts Mr. Fitz to his position. Graduated from Brown a Phi Beta Kappa, he received a law degree at Harvard. He is a director in several corporations which include the Babson Park Company and Poot's Publishing Company. In addition, Mr. Fitz has served as President of Webber College. In the realm of stocks and bonds he has imparted to Babson men valuable guidance.

IRWIN K. FRENCH
Assistant to the Treasurer

Several years spent in the field of banking qualified Mr. French for this position as Assistant to the Treasurer. He was associated with the Webster and Atlas National Bank in Boston, where he served as an assistant auditor, studied accounting and finance at the Bentley School, and was employed by the accountancy firm of Peat, Warvick, Mitchell and Company. During almost five years at the Institute, Mr. French has won the particular esteem of Babson men for his contributions in coaching and arranging games for the basketball team.
ELEANOR HAYWARD
Registrar

In the capacity of Registrar, Miss Hayward has served continuously since the Institute was founded in 1919. Graduated from Simmons College with a B.S. Degree, she received a graduate degree from the Boston University School of Business Administration. Before taking her present position at the Institute, Miss Hayward was a member of the Economics Department at Tufts College and later at Boston University. Extremely able, she has capably functioned as Librarian besides serving as instructor in English Composition to the newly-formed two-year group.

C. A. HENDERSON
Director of Personal Efficiency

One of the oldest members of the faculty in point of service, Mr. Henderson attended the University of Missouri and Harvard, where he first developed his deep interest in philosophy and psychology. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, he entered the ministry and held a Unitarian pastorate for several years. Later he turned to teaching Sales Administration and Industrial Management at Boston University. Meanwhile Mr. Henderson began to probe into the relation of psychology to business. One of the pioneers in this field and author of several books on the subject, he has taught at Babson now for over a decade.

DWIGHT G. W. HOLLISTER
Treasurer

Graduated from the Boston University College of Business Administration, Mr. Hollister is serving the Institute as Treasurer and Business Manager. With considerable business experience behind him, Mr. Hollister is now Executive Vice-President of the A. F. W. Paper Company of Albany, New York, and a Director of the Wellesley National Bank. He has always maintained his interest in student activities and also instructs Wellesley College young women on income taxation.
JAMES M. MATTHEWS  
Director of Distribution  

Born in Missouri and educated at Park College and Harvard, Mr. Matthews taught at the University of Maine before taking up his duties at the Institute. With a wide reputation as an economist, he is in demand throughout the country as a public speaker. A liberal in social reconstruction, Mr. Matthews advocates a substitution of the service above profit motive if capitalism is to be retained. He describes himself as a Rotarian in religion and a Congregationalist deacon in politics. His classes in Economics, Business Forecasting, Business Correspondence, and Public Speaking are distinguished by the salty flavor of his eloquence and humor.

ANDREW PETERSEN  
Accounting and Taxation  

The Institute's very capable instructor in Accounting and Taxation is a graduate of Boston University. A certified Public Accountant, Mr. Petersen was for several years associated with Brown, Bornhoft, and Company. An adventurous urge led him as far as Puerto Rico, where he was chairman of the Accounting Department of the University and a member of the Board of Examiners of Accountants of that territory. Since his association with the Institute, Mr. Petersen has gained the respect of Babson men for his able presentation of this course.

JOHN R. ROBERTSON  
Director of Admissions  

Babson's energetic Director of Admissions graduated from Bowdoin College in 1927. After teaching a few years at Longwood Day School in Brookline and the Rectory School in Pomfret, Connecticut, Mr. Robertson returned to Harvard, received his M.A. degree in 1931. In his extensive background, he has included considerable traveling in Europe and has even been director of the boys' section of a Wyoming camp. His varied experiences in personal contact work have brought to him the exceptional success his two years at Babson Institute have shown.
ROBERT B. WHITTREDGE

Junior Counsellor

Mr. Whittredge, Babson Institute's youngest faculty member, graduated from the Sheffield Engineering School of Yale University in 1930. During the next two years he was associated with the General Electric Company. He then returned for his M.S. to Cornell University, whence he entered Babson Institute in 1932. The three years preceding his arrival as a faculty member were spent at Washington, D.C., where he was searching patents for General Electric. Concurrent with his student advisory work, he has been attending the Harvard Law School, having thus far completed his freshman year. This life, teeming with activity, has qualified him well for the task which he is capably accomplishing.

DEWITT G. WILCOX

Hygiene

For several years Babson men have enjoyed the privilege of attending Dr. Wilcox’s lecture on hygiene. A graduate of Akron University and of the Ohio State University Medical College, he has studied extensively in Europe. The erstwhile President of the New York State Medical Society, Dr. Wilcox is at present a Fellow of the American College of Surgery, Professor Emeritus of Surgical Gynecology at the Boston University School of Medicine and Attending Surgeon at the Newton Hospital.
SENIORS
Walter B. West, Jr.
President

Shall we call him our paradoxical personality? Brilliant in his studies, yet sometimes naive about people. Aggressive in a group, yet submissive with his friends. His positiveness drove him into the Presidency of our class, from which position he dominated every situation. He thinks in terms of complex problems, yet is a stickler for detail. His instructors were forced into the background by his logical arguments and spirited classroom discussions. At Duke University he made the wrestling team and a Phi Beta Kappa Key. At Babson Institute, he played basketball, instructed in wrestling and obtained a high distinction standing in his studies. We expect him to take over the Southern Division of American Business.

Roland C. Luther
Vice-President

It is easy for us to admire a well rounded gentleman. That is why Princeton’s rugged, conscientious Rolly Luther was elected our Vice-President. At Nassau he was a star performer in boxing, crew and football, as well as a high standing scholar. Therefore, at Babson Park he continued his versatile career, instructing others in the art of self defense, boxing Mc Ardle at exhibitions, and obtaining a distinction rating in his classes. He was principally responsible for the well run and thoroughly enjoyable fall formal. He is one of the few men who have taken advantage of the opportunities that make life so interesting and livable.
John P. Maguire, Jr.

Treasurer

“Did you ever hear the one about -?” It’s Mickey speaking as you may well have guessed. His repertoire of funny stories grows day by day, but never is a single anecdote forgotten. Those little hits of humor pep up the day’s program for everyone who is near him. But story telling gives one only a clue, and a very faint one at that to the ability that lies beyond. For Mickey is adept at everything he undertakes. He is one of those rare persons whose mental potentialities are matched only by his desire to learn. Gifted in many ways, Mickey is especially able in expressing himself both verbally and by the written word. But his capabilities are not limited to his mind alone, for he stays up with the best of them in almost any kind of sport, particularly basketball. He is seeking the heights in the game of life.

Stanley C. Bayless, Jr.

Secretary

After four years of rugged life at the Hill School, Stan entered Babson Institute to complete his education with two years of intensive business training. His individualistic background of football at the Hill, laboring in the oil fields, and managing his father's office one summer provided him with the stability and experience to excel in this group. Characterized by his fellow men as able, energetic, industrious, resourceful, and regular, this taciturn young gentleman is certain to progress brilliantly in the Pennsylvania oil fields made famous by John D. himself.
Wilson F. Albertson

Every loyal son of Wisconsin grows up with a basketball in his hands. Fred is a loyal son and graciously added his ability, aggressiveness, and offensive powers to the Green and White five. Fred was thoroughly at ease at the Manor spending most of his evenings pairing with Crandall to administer a convincing defeat on his suite mates, Griffin and Morsillo, at a rubber at bridge. Fred also spent every late afternoon getting in trim for business by playing handball.

Frank J. Allen, Jr.

When better dressed young men are found, you will find them at Babson Park. For our proof we proudly point to Frank, Kenyon's pride and Cleveland's joy. Humorous, friendly, attractive and with an adventurous gleam in his eye — does anyone wonder that a certain dameel immediately labeled him "Cutie"? He is our outstanding exponent of the New-Secretaries-for-Fathers Club; and having seen a pictorial reproduction of the reason for his interest, who can blame him.
Robert D. Becker

Intelligence and imagination were qualities used by Bob Becker in his English work and brought for him the admiration of his teachers plus the leadership of his clique. His magnetic, interesting personality and genuine unselfishness attracted and bound to him many friends. He found great delight in tap dancing, which he taught during the summer at a mid-western camp. He desires principally to be a dancer with the finesse and grace of Fred Astaire, an Olympic diver with the co-ordination of Mickey Riley, an author with the fantastic imagination of Thorne Smith, or a business man with the astuteness of Winthrop Aldrich.

Lester M. Blair

After a man has spent time in France with the Allies and has devoted enough time to reserve military work so as to merit the commission, we can conclude he has been doing a difficult job well. Mr. Blair carried himself in the erect manner and dressed in the meticulous fashion characteristic of an officer. One had only to pass an evening listening to his exciting stories and interesting viewpoints about the World War to realize why he mixed so easily with the younger men. He poured forth from his treasury of valuable experiences many helpful suggestions to other students. We wish him well.
Charles R. Blundell

This year, Babson’s most mundane, brilliant, and experienced student was “Chuck” Blundell. Occupations that carried him from a newspaper office, across the seven seas, through a rubber factory at Akron, left impressions from which he was stamped as a real leader. Unanimously elected as the Chairman of the Committee of Seven, this profound gentleman carefully tempered the views of young erratic members of the analytic group and organized a report which will prove beneficial to the future life of the school. He graduated in March to accept an excellent position with the United Mercantile Bureau in Newark, New Jersey.

Gardiner A. Bolles

New England has left every one of its earmarks on Gardiner’s personality. The accent, the attitudes, the shrewdness, the energy are all characteristics of his Yankee forebears. But where did he learn how to bowl? He grew a mustache, the boys started to call him “Major”, and Captain Bolles’ Challengers eclipsed the bowling title and a loving cup. Self-confidence permeates his outlook and for that reason he shall forsake his hobby of Ford collecting for the gold-steeped side streets of the Federal district in Boston.
Chester E. Borek

Just because Chet's father owns a bakery, no one has a right to call him the family "loaf". Even though he deserves the name. Yet there is no one more willing to ask an involved question in class. During four years at Syracuse he adopted a design for collegiate living. One of his tenets is to spend weekends at Ithaca, or also to have Ithaca pass her weekends at Babson Park. A developed sense of humor and clever quips make him a good man on both sides in a bull session.

Robert S. Bowers

Bob is the big oil man from the southwest. His arrival in January enabled him to join forces with the first-prize group and to show his wares by a gallant stand in Statistics. After office hours one could always find him relating his "strange as it may seem" stories about Oklahoma, and the oil fields. Known otherwise as a stud gentleman and a true lover of horses, Babson men will always carry the tradition of the man who put Paul Bunyan to shame. Bob has avowed never to enter Oklahoma City politics.
Nelson C. Brewer, Jr.

Nels holds the title, "the fastest man on the dictaphone ever to attend Babson Institute". This honor he eclipsed dictating marketing reports when trying to make breakfast after a night of toil in the Distribution section. Men will always remember Nels as the man who turned in the picturesque detailed promotion report. The world holds a bright future for this "sure fire", hard-driving, fast-talking Chicagoan! Go get it, Nels.

Maxel L. Bright

It is little wonder that a spirit so buoyant, a mind so keen, an attitude so playful was able to carve for itself a notch in the group of Babson's better boys. Mac's public career started way back in New Mexico University and in J. C. Penney's Las Cruces branch, but was fostered materially by a brilliant year at Babson Park. None of us shall forget his delightfully animated speeches, his interesting and original promotion report, and his ability to construe practical pranks. The editor shall long remember one evening when throwing snowballs in Mac's window the pail of water with which Mac reciprocated.
Charles S. Brown, Jr.

The year was one-third under way when a metropolitan Maine man breezed in to make the boys sit up and take notice. Charlie got on the team, the basketball team this time, and did he growl. However, he didn't get back into fine fettle until he clasped hands with his true love, Saturday night in Boston — first, the Fox and Hounds, then The Towne Club, then the Statler, and back to the Fox and Hounds. He also always managed to call Joan in New York. Outstanding in his extracurricular activities, such as Accounting and Finance, Charlie will be expected to balance the budget when he becomes Governor of Vacationland.

John C. Carver

Among the group who are settled for life and should be on the straight and narrow is Jack Carver. We think of him as a good little man in any league. His faithful wife brought him to Lyon each morning and was waiting for him every noon. She was merely rewarding his genuineness. This man of the disheveled hair and the grey hat intends to go back to Canton, Ohio, and continue to make his dad's printing and advertising business a success.
Bobb Chaney

Dartmouth’s Chaney brought to Babson Park an inconsistent personality. The Dean called him rah-rah; the boys were magnetized by his droll remarks. Yet it is he who was president of the S. A. E. House and a member of the Governing Board of the Student Council at Dartmouth. He is the one who has efficiently handled the business side of the publishing of this book, who wrote campus notes for the Bulletin, who stood out in his group as a pillar of alertness. This well-balanced individual is one of the few who has been able to effectively mix business with pleasure. Unquestionably he should progress brilliantly in middle-western business.

Horace M. Crandall

This year, Maine University was generous enough to send “Curly” Crandall to Babson Park. His additions to the school life were a delightful smile, a logical brain, and an athletic ability which he used during the basketball season. He was a fast-shooting forward and raged the winning tally in the final game at Nichols Junior College, thus giving us a 43-12 edge. He enjoyed most relating humorous anecdotes about the provincial Maine potato farmers. He was a great believer in conditioning and took many years off the lives of the weight machines in the gym.
George II. Crosbie, Jr.

When we describe the Bostonian as gentlemanly, pleasant, mundane, perceptive, and conservative we approach a portrayal of the personality of "Geege" Crosbie. He received his secondary school education at Blair Academy, from which he entered the Junior group of Babson Institute. Although he commuted from Newton, he entered in all of the school's activities, being a regular participant in the bowling league, and a regular visitor at Park Manor. George was the only Babson man who had the intellectual curiosity and the tenacity to attend every lecture of the Boston Advertising Club. This staid son of the Hub should advance swiftly in his chosen field.

William Donker

Versatile in character, amiable in mood and ever in search of new horizons to reach, Bill should go far in establishing the dependability of the Babson alumni. A strong disciple of Casanova at heart; an outstanding personification of the epithet — "Clothes make the pirate" — "Donk" is the delight of every expressman from coast to coast. No matter the weather, his big green Packard convertible is always to be seen about the campus, and with this weapon as well as that of the ready and nearly permanent smile — which even the Dean couldn't erase — he has often stormed the formidable wall of Stone Hall, at times to be repulsed with heavy losses, but never any regrets. Sorry, we couldn't fix the weather last April.
Babson Institute has always had a group of men who are exceptionally straightforward, well groomed, hard hitting, and mentally acute. Lu Doty belongs to this group. This fair son of Ohio came to Babson Park via the University of Miami. His favorite attire was his riding habit, his preferred exercise was riding, and his pet diversion was a pretty Pine Manorite. While attending the summer session, Lu broke tradition and had two dates in one week. We all look on to see how speedily Lu eclipses business success with Delco.

"Syncopation" Ecker, our songster of tea-time delight has rounded out our group of versatile personalities. His overture was Boston College, plus a medley of musical experiences. He has crooned and played the banjo at a night club, practiced singing diligently under his talented father, and reaped the rewards of a profitable radio contract. Feeling finance more stable than fantasia, his theme song now is, “Take a number from one to ten.” Many feminine hearts will no longer flutter, but a syndicate of investment houses will rise instead for business’s utilization.
Dick L. Eilers

Not Richard, please, just plain Dick L. This loyal son of the Buckeye state brought to Babson Park blond curly hair and the lovely wife which it attracted. He lived and ate away from campus, so we missed his pleasant personality. Dick enjoyed teasing Porter by travelling about at 2 miles an hour in high. His noontime diversion was playing the penny games at the campus store, and did he rave about hitting the daily high. The insurance business should welcome him.

Tait Endsley

"Boys, the 'Wolverine' just pulled into Chicago." "Hello, is that you, Tait?" "Well, can you tell me when the 'Century' gets into South Station?" He gives a ready answer, the usual thanks and the procedure starts over again. Unquestionably Tait is the most fervorish, optimistic railroad student in the world. Born in the heart of the coal district and the heavy industries, steel and iron, Tait has thrived on a caboose. The soot is in his blood. To the industry which he claims is the backbone of the nation he intends to apply his logical mind, his affable personableness, and his bulldogged tenacity to keep it such.
Melville J. Fraser

In order to prove his ability to work, unsophisticated, natural Melville Fraser started at Babson Institute in June. After his excellent work in the Finance Division no one disputed that he had plenty on the ball. The tone of his voice was confident, his greeting spontaneous. He liked immeasurably to assist his slower and more torpid fellow students with their problems. He took a genuine interest in everyone and everything. This diplomatic and jocular young Federalist should harvest the bounty of ability plus personality.

James C. Gardner

W. and L. said, "We've a man down here who would do right smart up there at Babson Park." Sho'nu, they did, and Jim Gardner is our man. While here Jim fought an uphill battle through many harassing difficulties, principally sickness. Admired greatly for his mettle, this well-spoken, mild mannered, nattily attired Southern lad was convincingly victorious. Jim still loves the "South'n" gal and "good ole" Miami Beach. Since he has taken residence at Brockton, he must reconcile himself to weather variations and Boston's big business.
About once in every generation, a man is born with all the essential characteristics for certain success in modern big business, the dollar fight. This man must be crude, shrewd, covetous, ingenious, exacting, and willing to sacrifice for his desired ends, power and money. Culver Griffin possesses these traits. He is recognized by his fellow students as a scholar, a title merited by his proficient study habits and his profound, yet terse sentiments and ideas. Problems, ambiguous and complex to other men, are speedily comprehended by his agile mind. Babson Institute shall remember him for the manner in which he dominated in his classes and for the minor business promotions which he toyed with in his two years' stay.

Robert T. Griffith

From out of the Indian Territory known in Boston as west of the Hudson, but by the educated as Oklahoma, came this mighty man. Bob is one of those who, torn from his mooring and tossed into the midst of New England's smart social set, just gets right to business and really plays. It is said that Bob has done some of his best social work from the ballroom floor. Bob seems to enjoy, and so do we, his little one man dramas; particularly the playlet, "Tired Man with a Book" or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," put on at "San Sousa's," and which was received in Boston proper, and improper, with two ovations, and at the Institute with three ovations and a gladiolus.
Albert F. Haas

When a man is from Chicago he should be ready to expect most anything. That's why Bud handled Bright so easily. However, two years at Michigan made him serious minded or a play boy. All we know is that he was out every night. No one has been able to prove he sojourned at Lyon. His conscientiousness made him an able member of the Committee of Seven. "It was easy," he said. And another thing, we would have been utterly lost without Bud because he always bought the suggested reading books.

Rachford G. Harris

The drama, the opera, the symphony, lectures, cruises, Loch-ober's for dinner — what a wonderful life! These activities of our terrestrial Standfordite create an excellent example of a refined and cultured living. His interesting and varied experiences with the sophisticates and the talented have made him a master of the art of repartee. In this manner he reconciled his pacific personality and Southern California smile to the coldness of Eastern climate and people. We feel that he has wisely absorbed the best in Boston's more secluded existence and will carry many pleasant memories back to the land of perpetual sun.
Harry S. Heimple

Another Standfordite was willing to sacrifice a year of his polo in order to master the laws of the balance sheet and corporation procedure. The Harry Heimple behind this act is a young man of remarkable keenness and energy. He enjoys thoroughly to pass his evenings reading quietly or discussing the curriculum with the boys. The students admired greatly the appreciation and understanding which he had for exquisite and rapturous blondes. Bob Bowers is still trying to puzzle out how Harry was able to sleep en route that memorable three-day trip from Oklahoma City in.

W. Kennet Hikes

Such remarks as, “I am going over to the gym every day next term”, “What a wasteful, ruinous habit smoking is, I must give it up”, or, “Let’s go down to McKinney’s — for a midnight banquet” reveal that Princeton’s voluble, epicurean Ken Hikes is near at hand. When this youthful sermoniser expatiates on his newborn philosophy of life, the general chorus is, “You’ve been saying that for eight months now, Hikes, quit kidding us”. Being ambidextrous at the meal table, Ken will never be able to wear that Chesterfield again. However, diametrically opposed to this schoolboy concept, is the refined aesthetic taste which the mature intellectualism of the Louisville baker boy portrays. No one on campus can compete with him as a fluent and well informed conversationalist on profound and superficial topics.
Thomas I. Hollinrake

For about two months during the Winter term Babson Institute had the pleasure of the association of one of the most charming, pleasant, gentlemanly young men on this continent. It was widely travelled, ruddy complected, impeccably attired Tom Hollinrake who added so much to the life of the school. And the students were genuinely sorry when he had to return to Toronto to take over his position as head of the family. The school is waiting in anxiety for the return of the particularly Anglicized subject of the king.

George P. Huffman, Jr.

Out of the middle west there hails a politician. Not an ordinary man of politics but one whose aspirations and oratory will carry him far above the motley crowd. To one and all he is known as “Huff”, and he bends to meet the proletariat with the gracious ease he uses in handling the bourbon. To a responsible servant of the public a cheerful carefree outlook is only half the battle — behind the scenes there is plenty to worry about. To the heed of external optimism, he answers, “Carry on, Little Man!” And to meet the requirement for the worry requisite he is laying a firm groundwork by becoming extremely perturbed about such trifles as fleeting time.
John E. Kleiser

As a fashionable young blade from the far west, this savoir-faire gentleman of polish and poise has graced the secluded sect of Boston's play life. He too has avowed never again to subject himself to the rigors of the New England climate. However he did enjoy many skiing trips to the northern hills. Jack carried his Leica into remote places, taking snaps from Plymouth Rock to the northern woods, as well as in the classrooms. He is responsible for many of the unusual and interesting pictures throughout this book.

Joseph B. Kolb

Being genial is the characteristic behavior of rotund, debonair Joe Kolb. Yet his diligent and business-like methods are his principal attributes. Joe has a weakness for purchasing gay and attractive articles, particularly jewelry and clothes. His prize possessions are his 15-tube radio, his cream Pontiac convertible, and his black Homburg. This June, Joe intends to forsake the quiet life of Angola, Indiana for the gold rush of the La Salle Street district in Chicago.
Jamieson R. Law

"Allo Marty — I thought I phone you up and let the Pine Manor girls in on the break of my being back." Thus spake the stubby youngster from the land of snow and wheat. Having completed a most successful eighteen years of good amateur hockey and rotten off-key singing — the Canuck came out of the North into civilization to enter Babson with the first Junior group. From constant association with the educated people "from the States" he finally mastered the pronunciation of z, but as yet refuses to wear pants that come farther than six inches from his chin. But Pete has come through two years of constant riding to be one of the most popular men in the school.

Paul R. Leitzell

Red-headed Paul Leitzell really has the spirit and the energy. All his work and play was characterized by a vigor and a drive to be associated only with him. Even his interest in a lovely Wellesleyite was determined. He also found time to get to Washington this Spring. His color changed from rosy red to white the Saturday night the playboys were cutting up in the corridor and tried to get into his room. He is probably the only man who has made use of the fire escape rope in the history of the school. He shall carry on in business as a torch of ability and power.
John S. Leslie

John Leslie has the rare combination of technical skill, common sense, business ability, and a forceful personality. He came to us with an engineering degree from Cornell University where he participated in varied activities. He played polo from number one position, was Business Manager of their scientific publication, the “Sibley Journal,” plus an active membership in “Phi Gam.” Johnny covered more territory, in that Ford with the train horns, because of those bi-weekly trips to Ithaca; no, a co-ed. He put his engineering ability to work by constructing a special lighting device for indoor picture work, and by technically analyzing the various factories the group visited. And when John got busy with the “Bulletin” advertising and the Committe of Seven report, they were made.

Jesse B. Loeb, Jr.

In January, Jess had the fortitude to shift his base of operations from the warmer climes of Paducah, Kentucky to the severe, unyielding snows of hardy New England. Jess left us in the Spring, but we expect him to overcome an affinity for travel and settle down here again in the Fall. Dogged determination and rugged resolve motivated his work at Babson Park. His supreme self confidence and clean cut decisions should carry him far in the phase of life, business, made famous by his forebears.
William W. McElray

Steel men, although autocratic in their business policies, are considered as level headed and very regular fellows. Steelman McElray is a member of the generalized category. After his graduation from Ohio Wesleyan last June, Bill worked seven days each week for a full summer in the Corporation’s Youngstown plant, The McDonald Works. This trojan feat symbolizes the thorough methods with which he completed a definitely beneficial year at the Institute. When a man is able to use aggressive tactics without making an enemy, we must agree his accomplishments were worthwhile. Bill is one of the men who has both the ability and personality to achieve that result. For these and many other reasons we are demanding from him a successful career in the industry first fostered and dominated by the Laird of Skibo.

James J. Mangin, Jr.

You can always tell a Yale man when you see one. Something about their ready to go on a moment’s notice spirit that sets them apart. That’s how Jim got his start at Babson Institute. His trim style, his avaricious study habits, and his humorous chatter constitute other of his distinguishing attributes. This year he found the new deal more to his liking than the old, and consequently he miraculously doubled his accounting burden for the first month, and came through with flying colors. When a student puts work far ahead of play, there is only one result, business success. Jim has the stuff to make his breaks.
George E. Martin, Jr.

If you like horses, just ask George to tell you a few of his experiences aback. He will elucidate at such length and breadth that you will very likely change your hobby — or at least remember not to mention it to anyone. But George's activities at Norwich weren't confined to horses — he proved himself quite capable in other lines, and goes to New London most frequently to prove it. He's tall, curly-headed, heavily inclined, capable of making the most nightmarish noises with that Cord he barged around in last fall; and he knows more people.

Ralph Morsillo

"Ralph, tell us about the horse meat industry of Montana." Then "Butte" would relate his tale in an amusing, artless, unaffected western manner. But that was last year. Seeds of vivid imagination and dynamic ability which were within him have bloomed and now he is leaving us as a mature, erudite, well poised young man. His classmates marvel at the spirit, force, and speed with which he elucidates on practically any topic. His principal opponents were Dr. Matthews on two-sided topics in Economics and Mr. Henderson on any topic in Business Psychology.
Dayton H. Mudd, Jr.

No one spot in the United States territory can claim Dayt, but he arrived here directly from Spring Hill College in Alabama. This hard-hitting, curt spoken, dark complected Missourian brought his natural affinity for making friends to Babson Park. He wore a crew cut all year but only played handball. Last Winter D. H. was introduced to skiing on the snowy slopes of New England, and being a real athlete soon was doing "cris-ties" like a Swiss mountaineer. He had a bit of tough luck in the rear end of his Ford, but we wish him success in his Dallas, Texas feminine interest.

David W. Murphy

The "crackle, crackle" of Kellogg's rice crispies should always be associated with Dave Murphy. He is the quiet, mild-mannered, soft spoken Battle Creek boy, who took his preliminary college training at Michigan and Washington and Lee. Dave seems to be a master of the rainy day at home games, being particularly clever at Monopoly, ping-pong and billiards. Dave has a charming wife, and being a home-man, didn't spend many evenings at the Manor. Knowing that still water runs deep, we can forecast that Dave's independent force shall make him tomorrow's cereal king.
Robert G. Nye, Jr.

When a man has attended Wharton, Bryant and Stratton, and Babson Institute, he has been around in a business school way. Bob Nye has accomplished this feat, and consequently should be ready to handle all the intricate business problems of the day. Bob won the Buffalo inter-scholastic squash title when at Nichols. He forsook many good bull sessions for a lovely brunette in Wellesley. That convincing greeting and pleasant disposition are going to make and keep for him many profitable business associations.

Frederick J. O'Hara

Fisherman Fred is an affable, pleasant, bantering son of conservative Boston. He left his native territory for four years to obtain a B.A. degree at Georgetown University in Washington. Last summer he handled the office duties of his father’s wholesale business right on the Commonwealth Fish Pier. In January he transferred his activities to Babson Park and graciously lent his geniality to make more enjoyable the life at school. Desiring to have his opinion bolstered by his listeners he has coined the phrase, “Isn’t that so?”, as his favorite expression. Long should he dominate business relations at the largest auction fish market in the world.
Thomas A. O'Keefe, Jr.

Red-headed, crimson complected, "Ginger" O'Keefe is the personality expert of the Institute. His New England Irish background has given him the ability to become a friend of one and all. Reports have it he knew everyone at Holy Cross and that he is a leader in the social life in Peabody. He took time off to get into shape this year so as to take full advantage of his horseback riding. He was a member of the famous skiing quartet which spent eight consecutive week-ends on the trails. He is well-adapted for both business and civic leadership.

Luther M. Otto, III

When we heard that "Luke" was the modern Nimrod, we immediately dubbed him "Speed". His fishing exploits, his tricky hunting outfits, and his expensive postage stamps make him an unusual lad with unconforming hobbies. He enjoyed spending his evenings in a maze of fishing tackle or sorting rare stamps. Being a connoisseur of candies and delicacies, he is continually adding to his corpulent physique. When "Speed" leaves here to manufacture bicycles in Fitchburg, Mr. Barr will miss him.
Edison E. Owens

Little Eddie, Bridgeport's best, is the top-notch pencil breaker ever enrolled at the Institute. Wharton tried to do something for Eddie, but Eddie wanted to go to the larger cities, so he came to Boston and Babson. He was fascinated by the idea of cutting capers with the big city gals. He did, but he also studied hard and played a tricky game of pool. Next election he intends to be an outstanding citizen and vote for the best man. He even said so.

Edward T. Peabody

With some men it is a hobby, with others a fancy, with others a tender passion. The latter is how Ed regarded his lady love. Since arriving back North from Duke, his amour has been a series of repetitious week-ends. But at Babson, Ed blended his affableness with the fast moving students and became genuinely regarded as one regular gent. Since we knew that after every hard day of toil, he was passing his evenings in proper fashion, we were sure he had varied activities. We would have liked to have known him better.
Paul G. Pfeffer

The Boston society reporters unanimously agreed that Paul was "tall, dark and handsome." We are not so sure of that description, but we do know he could put that tattersall vest to better use by renting it out as a checkerboard. Paul was captain and manager of the social team at Babson Institute and was instrumental in getting matches with the Boston debutantes. Practically all the games were played at The Towne Club, Babson losing. Along with these activities he organized and directed the Snow Ball, The Towne Club's mid-winter festival. The logical conclusion is that Paul will be a bond salesman.

Victor J. Pollock

Springfield sent us our most devoted sports enthusiast. Tall, blonde, good looking, muscular Vic Pollock reminds one of an English schoolboy. Although he attained distinction grades in his classes, he spent much of his time at the gym or on the ski trails of the northern hills and mountains, where he skied every week-end from late fall to late spring. A sparkling keenness and amazing energy kept him at the top of his group in studies. Vic plugged for advertising for the yearbook.
David R. Porter

Dave’s easiest and quickest accomplishment was getting into the Dean’s “Goat Club.” He made the basketball team very easily, too, and played a stellar game at guard throughout the season. As a matter of fact he played so hard that he always overslept mornings and arrived at school any time from nine o’clock on. Dave will have to return to school this summer to make up on free-time that he owes the Dean.

John J. Richards

He lost his Southern drawl at New Mexico Military Academy and Tulane couldn’t give it back to him. Traveling here and abroad, becoming proficient in all water sports, Johnny has long looked forward to that day when he should occupy his rightful heritage as cinema sultan of the “sugar belt.” We know him best as that natural, hard working, athletic, witty boy from New Orleans — emphasis on the first syllable please.

Johnny thinks he’ll settle in Louisiana, because it’s a free country now.
Clement G. Sampson

"California", "Southern California", "Los Angeles", "Bullocks"! "Won't this dribble ever stop?" At any rate Clem's home state, city, and business interest gave him something to talk about. We wondered why he always drove into Boston to get those air mail's out his first year at Babson Park. The answer was pretty Mrs. Sampson who arrived back with him last September. He took up residence across from the Dean, and the boys missed the harmonious strains of a Beethoven masterpiece flowing out from his room. His regular occurring symphony concerts of renowned preludes and marches were a valuable contribution to the cultural life of the school. If he continues to keep the new Buick polished and his notes in meticulous order, he can't miss.

William F. Sline, Jr.

The Frank Merriwell of our story is Bill Sline. When Holy Cross, Bill's alma mater, needed a stout hearted lefty to fill the breach in their great ball team's pitching staff, he stepped in and won nine straight games in stiff intercollegiate competition. At Babson Institute he carried on in the same fashion, being particularly outstanding in Accounting. Mr. Burt had to buy him a left-handed pool cue, and he always played bridge with a left-handed deck of cards.
Charles T. Smelker

When one looks through the pages of this book and favorably comments upon many of the interesting snapshots, he is praising none other than Charlie Smelker. He left behind him the lazy life of the long horn territory of Texas for an eventful year at Babson Park. Besides his photographic interests, he participated in practically every gymnastic event. His chubby appearance and smiling countenance neatly set off the dark brown shirts which he graciously wears.

Kenneth A. Steadman

“A gentle knight was pucking on the plain—” wrote Spenser — and he must have had someone like Sir Kenneth of Needham in mind. Ken finished at Mass. State, apparently set to become a champion of animal husbandry or landscape beautification but reverted to type and is now to be a capitalistic tycoon. The manner with which he keeps his interlocking directorates in the persons of a Dorothy in Amherst, a Dorothy in Philadelphia, and a Dorothy in Gloucester apart indicates diplomacy. We are indebted to him for his many new philosophical slants given forth in Public Speaking Class.
Joseph G. Strafella

After spending an apprenticeship at the Utica Business School and at various rugged occupations, Joe entered Babson Institute to refine his abundance of native business ability. Joe faithfully crossed away the days of the ebbing months so as to keep an accurate account of how long before he could get to Detroit, where his one and only love resides. He is also a member of the Dean's renowned "Goat Club." “Will it be copper wire or oil, Joe?”

Robert W. Swett

Do you have a decided antipathy toward being a fall-guy? If so, do not tell Bob; he has been known to place an unwelcome fist on a certain proboscis for no other reason. He loves to tease; though at rare intervals he is quite rational. Working in the family's American Tag plant on Chicago's dark side, Bob acquired a humorous insight into life's outlook. Despite this experience and two years at Glenn Frank's university, he is still a capitalist. You know it.
John H. Uhl, Jr.

The setting is always a Boston night club, the accompaniment a pretty little thing, and the atmosphere a haze of blue smoke. These words describe a picture of a minor but important phase of the Institute life of John Uhl. This Princetonian has persevering and obstinate characteristics, and consequently led the insurgent group in Distribution division. When we consider his sincere and convincing manner, we readily realize why he has so many friends, with whom he teams up in varied ventures. John covered the local field from Ten Acres to the Wellesley Seniors and has come to the conclusion that they haven't a chance in the Vassar league.

Russell H. Uhl

From Lawrenceville and the Pennsylvania coal region came our "Bunky." He talks and acts as though he had been here for a quarter of a century, which is probably aggravated by his impatience to get home to Betty. "Bunky" early identified himself at the Institute by displaying marked prowess in both basketball and golf. He is a friend to all, yet withholds his intimate personality with a shell not easily accessible. His crisp, flippant humor makes him a favorite and will carry him far in the life insurance business. We shall remember him for his individualism and his minimum work theory for the successful accomplishment of given tasks.
William C. Weakley

In this case Ohio sent us a man who knew how to enjoy life, especially Saturday night. A familiar “How wo?”, a hand on the watch chain, and a contagious smile are Bill’s better known movements. The Weakley escapades are a by-word of campus chatter. Uncle Wiggly, however, continues to smile, and allows his good humor and considerate manner to win for him more friends. There are no angles about Bill, but he knows them all. He intends to be party boss of Ohio’s 1952 Bi-Party campaign, which will sponsor George Huffman for Governor.

Robert D. Whitney

Found in every group of young men are few aeronautical enthusiasts. Ever since Bob was a secondary school boy he belonged to this selected few. He cherishes the view that sometime soon he shall be a member of a large aircraft firm marketing planes for the private use of everyone in the nation. And he won’t listen to the cynics about fog. Bob has been with us for two years, and has completed an excellent grade of work. He really boned on the Dean’s factory reports and was repaid by getting four out of five A’s; the year’s record. His chosen field has many unsolved problems. “Go to it, Bob!”
A Boston newspaper photographer chose judiciously when he picked on Rolly and his charming Erskine friend as a subject for his paper's society page. This Maine boy made good with ease. He played end man with the Towne Club boys. The loving cup, the medal, the cigarette lighter represent his spoils of the bowling prizes as he annexed the high individual average, the high single string, and the high three string titles. He should bowl them over in business with the same finesse.

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Lachute Mills  
P.O., Canada

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Lawrence McKay  
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Wyoming

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Los Angeles, Cal.

Edmund H. Walker  
Cushing Academy  
76 Overhill Road  
Providence, R.I.

Everett W. Webster, Jr.  
Peterboro High School  
2 Pine Street  
Peterboro, N.H.

Thomas C. Worth  
Durham High School  
27 Forest Hills  
Durham, N.C.
ACTIVITIES

Fall Formal
Basketball
Bowling
Goat Club
Athletic Committee
Religion
Faculty Highlight
Patrons and Patronesses
THE FALL FORMAL

The Woodland Country Club was, on Friday, December 13, the scene of Babson Institute's outstanding social event of the fall term. Over a hundred laughing, playful boys and girls danced to the modern syncopation of Joe Starita and his band. Bill Greene, Rolly Luther, Bob Becker, Dan Holley, and Fred Perry presented a delightful affair. Condensing its effect to a phrase — an unforgettable evening.
Fall Formal

COMMITTEE AND GUESTS

Danforth Holley
Robert D. Becker
Fred J. Perry, Jr.
Roland C. Luther
Vaughn W. Greene

Virginia Phelan
Famie Moffat
Lillian Elizabeth Hubbard
Phoebe Hinman
Caroline Brown

DANCE COMMITTEE
**Basketball**

"Cut, cut, where were you on that play, Porter?", "Nice shot, Dave", "Hey, Mac, the Indian's playing dirty, let's gang in on him", "Let's get five in a row, Fred", or, "Whadda ya mean, ref", are little phrases that tell the story of what went on behind the scenes of Babson Institute's fast shooting, breaking, blocking basketball team.

The 1935-36 aggregation was whipped into shape by Coach Charley Butler and defeated its first three opponents by top-heavy scores. On Clark's large court, the quintet went down to defeat. The overtime game with Andover-Newton and the close contest with the improved Wollaston Ramblers were hair raisers, but the home quintet finished on the short end of the scores.

In the Northeastern Freshman game, four Babson men were ejected from the play on fouls, while the three remaining Green and White men played excellent ball for the final three minutes to lose by only three points. The Wollaston Ramblers defeated the Babsonians again in an overtime contest. The Quincy Y.M.C.A. and Tufts Junior Varsity were other victors. In the final game of the year, the Babson five eked a thrilling one point victory from Nichols Junior College.

Captain Maguire, Crandall and Uhl played the forwards, Albertson and West alternated at center, while McDonnell, Porter, and Webster handled the guard positions. Fred Albertson led the team in scoring with 159 points, Captain Maguire followed with 141, while McDonnell, Crandall, Porter, West and Uhl scored heavily. McDonnell and Maguire, the "fightin' Irish", were outstanding in personal fouls committed.

Coach Charley Butler, and Mr. French, Faculty Manager, did a splendid job in arranging the games and handling the team. Their untiring efforts and interest made the season a thorough success.
**THE SCHEDULE**

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<tr>
<td>Babson Institute</td>
<td>Opponents</td>
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Back Row: Albertson, Porter, West, Coach Butler  
Sitting: McDonnell, Griffith, Captain Maguire, Crandall, Webster

Babson Institute 611  
Opponents 556
Greater than ever before, the Babson Institute bowling league of the 1935-36 season, was made up of six student teams; with fifty-two different players. The first game was rolled early in December and animated interest was maintained for the full four months.

Competition, not only among the various teams, but also among the individual players, for the several titles was in the ascent up to the final matches. The Challengers, captained by Gardiner Bolles, annexed the team title, plus the single string and three string championships. Rollie Worster was high man in individual totals with an average of 92.94 pins, in single strings with a score of 130, in three strings with a high of 338.

Charley Butler efficiently handled the organization and computed the statistics. The bowling banquet at the end of the season was a composite of an excellent dinner and pleasant entertainment, presented by a mysterious magician. The most complete description of the league is that it represented many profitable and enjoyable Wednesday evenings.
THE GOAT CLUB

It is a mystery — a deep, dark, mystery! It’s Babson’s only secret society, and it’s so secluded that even the initiates don’t comprehend its veiled purposes. But someone directs the inner working of the organization, knows how and why “the goat” came into being — else the institution would fall, crumble, and be forgotten by the surging crowd of the everchanging personnel of the school. True enough there is a life spark at the heart of the association, and it rests in the agile brain of that fiery, gifted man, Dean Millea, the highest and mightiest of “Goats”. Spasmodically the spark flares up, and another man is pinned with the blue and white badge, signifying membership in the esoteric ranks of the “Ancient Royal Order of the Goat”.

The process of igniting the tiny spark, which glows intermittently, is both mysterious and amusing. Some men start the conflagration by talking too much in class; others by talking too little, or at the wrong time; still others for getting the Dean’s goat, and many more because the Dean is able to get their goats. And so it is that the membership roster of Babson’s clandestine club includes the names of men both brilliant and shallow; both playful and serious.
Our Student Secretary, Mr. Butler, in his attempt to inaugurate an intensive athletic program at Babson Institute, appointed to aid him a committee of four students. One of the Senior members, Rolly Luther, had previously been a member of Princeton's boxing team, the 150-lb. crew, and end on the 150-lb. football team. The other, John P. Maguire, Jr., played basketball with the Holy Cross freshmen and at Babson Institute. Tad Bowen, Junior member, captained the 1935 Choate tennis team. Johnny McDonnell played football, basketball, and baseball at Nichols School and Buffalo University.

These five men, after carefully surveying gym facilities brought about constructive changes. Handball courts and a badminton court were installed, new mats were put in, towel service was provided, and the dinner hour was advanced to 6:30.

For this reason many more men took advantage of the last hour in the afternoon for conditioning. Pollock, Griffith, Smelker, Richards, Haas, Albertson, O'Keefe and Mudd played a great deal of handball. Luther and McArdle boxed, West and Maguire did considerable wrestling, the faculty played the students at volleyball, while many Juniors used the badminton courts.

It was this Committee's meetings which quietly added zest to the athletic life at Babson Institute.
An informal program of religious activities has been carried on during the year. Chapel services, fireside discussions, church visitations, and other special features around particular interests of students predominated. Since late fall this program has been directed by Mr. Charles E. Butler, who joined the Institute staff as Student Secretary last Fall.

The Chapel services held on Wednesday evenings included a special series in the Fall on “The Nature of Religion” and “The Discovery of Religious Experience”. There was a special series on “The Meaning and Truth of the Spiritual Life” during the Lenten season, concluding with a general Institute service of worship on Good Friday.

Church visitations on Sunday mornings were made at different times to churches in Wellesley and the general vicinity of Boston. Some special religious interests of students were followed up in attendance at other religious meetings, conference groups and personal counselling.

Many business men find in religion a source of encouragement and insight that gives them balance in their technical decisions. Fireside discussions usually held on Sunday evenings and occasionally on Tuesday evenings endeavored to lift the veil that normally envelopes this spring of inspiration. Questions and topics were discussed in the attempt to discover the principles of religion and the practicality of the ethical implications of religion for everyday problems.
Juniors

Perhaps we were a bit perplexed by the grandeur of it all — the trim looking campus and the tall pines swaying in the early autumn breezes. We were soon settled, however, and our heterogeneous collection of college and prep men was smoothed into a harmonious group. We set about to make our mark in this home of efficiency.

The first smart move was to get acquainted in Boston, and we did. Larry McKay, with a college studded background and a deranged appearing Ford convertible, looked like the man to take charge of things in a situation like this — he did. Hunt wasn’t far behind, either.

On campus, we just made the school bristle with activity. The Juniors were in everything, even the Dean’s office — about every week. Johnny McDonnell and Dan Webster joined forces with the basketball team, and were highly instrumental in its successful season. Our bowling team didn’t win the league, but did most of the clowning. Huber will tell you. At one of the Park Manor smokers, those gala reviews of student life and faculty inhibitions, Al Mc Ardle turned in a splendid boxing exhibition performance with Rolly Luther, former Princeton champion. No wonder Al received such courteous attention all year.

Dan Holley and Fred Perry, fall formal committee members, ably assisted in making the affair successful. But what happened to “Windy” Knowles that night when he fell from his chair?

Just where the commuters spent their noonday siestas is difficult to state, but we have our own ideas especially when Sam Deforest was at the helm.

“Seven-thirty”, said Tad Bowen to Ray Darling and Dave Light. “The line is still busy at Beebe Hall. Why can’t Wellesley put a telephone in each room as there is at Babson?” And so the chatter goes.

Speaking of Father Time and the complications he causes, we are now reminiscing on those first-term class assemblies arranged for the purpose of ironing out differences of opinion as proposed by the Dean and the nonadherents of the eleven o’clock rule. “But the ‘administration’ did a good job, didn’t they, boys?”

Our first year on the B. I. campus was a repetition of complex problems. But the pleasant experiences and happy association have worn well with us. Next year will tell a different story.
Graduating from St. Johns High School of Worcester, in 1907, Jack entered our ranks in the following fall. He found our company agreeable and so has stayed with us even unto the end. Jack has been a diligent student, grinding in the Library most of the time, save those long periods which he has spent in the Club Rooms with a cigar.

No one can deny that Jack has greatly raised his standard of living while at Clark. He very seldom smoked a cigar in his freshman year—but now, since the decline in the price of tobacco, Jack is frequently seen with a real cigar. No one, however, has the staying qualities to warrant getting near enough to observe the brand.

One of Jack's failures has been his incessant talking. He has more than once demolished the organization of a whole class by his retorts to the instructor; he has frequently so interrupted the lecture that it had to be concluded in brief.

But despite his little faults, his distinguished face and bearing have made him a general favorite. His manner has caused him to be frequently, in the halls, mistaken for a professor. The haughty curl of Jack's lip, however, informs the stranger that he has made a grievous mistake; the offender hastens to offer an extended apology for such an outward breach,—but the mistake itself is too "raw" for the harmony of Jack's soul and he passes disdainfully on.

Associate Member Y. M. C. A.; Democratic Club; Club Room Staff; Class Photographer.

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