GEORGE W. COLEMAN, A.M., LL.D.

President Emeritus of Babson Institute
CARL DAVID SMITH, B.H., Ed.M.
President of Babson Institute

His leadership has embodied the spirit of fair play. Realist and visionary, he guides with firm hand. Babson men know him as a sincere and kindly friend. His imprint is upon the greater Babson of the future, moving toward her place in the sun.

This dedication is our humble tribute of respect and gratitude to President Smith. In our lives we shall seek the fine ideals he has placed before our eyes.

DEDICATION
SOLUTION FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

REASONS FOR INSTITUTE

WHEN I was a boy, the aim of everyone was to be independent; if possible, to employ one or more persons. Those who were employed by others were somewhat looked down upon, while to accept public aid was a disgrace. Every self-respecting person desired to give someone else a job; no such one thought it the duty of others to give him a job. Hence, each strove to be an employer. As a result, there was little, if any, unemployment.

Since the World War, there has been an entire change in the attitude of people. Almost all now are looking for someone else to give them jobs, instead of expecting to make jobs for others. It is now good form to be a mere employee, while it is no longer a disgrace to accept public aid. This change in public attitude is the fundamental reason for the present vast amount of unemployment. The unemployment problem will be solved only when self-respecting people again seek to be employers and dread being known as employees.

Babson Institute and Webber College were founded to make people independent. I suppose some graduates must work for other people, to get started. Such employment, however, should be looked upon only as a stepping stone to a business or to a home of one's own. Unless every Babson and Webber graduate ultimately becomes an employer, the schools will have failed to that extent. My goal is to have every Babson boy create a little business; and every Webber girl create a little home. Those who thus employ others are America's real patriots.

ROGER W. BABSON
AUSTIN H. FITTZ, Ph.B., LL.B.

Director of the Division of Finance

"The truth, nothing but the truth, and the whole truth," is a lesson men of Babson will never forget. His knowledge of stocks and bonds is prodigious — of law astounding. Meaty lectures in the intricacies of finance were garnished with "Keene, New Hampshire — A.P.W. Paper — reminiscent stories — Inc.," and with thoughtful and kindly advice. Every one of us knows Mr. Fittz as a grand gentleman.

JOHN E. MILLEA, A.B., M.B.A.

Director of the Division of Production

Who can forget this dynamic "little" personality, dominating the class-room, driving men to do their best — to keep the pace. The "Dean" knows men; and he brings out the worth in every one of us. "There’s a lot of good in the worst of us, and a lot of bad in the best of us." Brilliant as he is intense, straight thinking is at a premium in his presence. Words aren’t needed; he’s one apart, a Babson ideal.

JAMES M. MATTHEWS, A.B., M.A., LL.D.

Director of the Division of Distribution

Liberal or conservative? New Dealer or G.O.P.? Socialist or capitalist? His delightful chuckle baffles one and all. Always the unexpected would occur — in retrospect he stands out as a superb teacher. "You future business men must realize . . ." No complacency endures before "Jim" Mathews’ incisive eloquence. Often we laughed; sometimes we angered — but he stirred deep thoughts within us. At once the "Doc" is a character and a vibrant personality.
HAROLD H. SHIVELY, A.B., M.A., J.D.

_Instructor — Law and Business; Marketing_

Obvious master of the subject, with keen insight and a dry humor, "Shive" presents his subjects in convincing manner. Completely in control, student laxity could rouse a quiet wrath: result, no laxity. Abstruse law clarifies under his gaze. Sympathetic, he respects the student opinion. The worth of this year's Babsonian is a tribute to his guidance. "A block proud of its chip!" Here is the power of the atom. Work under "Shive" is a memorable experience.

ANDREW PETERSEN, B.B.A., M.B.A.

_Instructor — Accounting; Federal Taxation_

"Learn to do by doing" — the corner stone of "Pete's" student policy. We groaned, we sweated — but we learned. An infectious smile stifled our objection in its pre-natal state. Prime exponent of lucid expression, under "Pete" we were helpless — we had to learn. Scrupulously exact he robs Babson men of their secret ambition — to catch "Pete" just once in error. "The job well-done" is his creed. The best were better, the worst good — when his course had run.

DEWITT G. WILCOX, M.D.

_Instructor — Public Health and Personal Hygiene_

Doctor Wilcox means much to Babson men. He struck aside the veil of ignorance, giving the "facts of life," as a gentleman among gentlemen. His splendid philosophy of life impressed us all. One and all, we drew value from the Doctor's words. Our admiration of him is the monument to a friend and counselor. For, his aim was to teach us "the business of living," our most important job. For that teaching we are grateful.
DWIGHT G. W. HOLLISTER, B.B.A.

Treasurer of the Institute

Often the vital tasks are performed in silence, and those most benefited are unaware. Mr. Hollister’s part in Babson life is of that sphere. He plays no small part in the success which our Alma Mater does and will enjoy. The Institute’s present status is in measure some tribute to him. And, the men of Babson on this occasion with pleasure acknowledge his accomplishment.

JOSEPH BIRD, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

Director of the Division of Personnel

A thorough student of psychology, “Doc” Bird has been able to shoulder well the dual responsibility as instructor in and Director of the Division of Personnel. In the class-room a progressive, Doctor Bird has shown an eagerness to co-operate with and help his students. Unknown to others, often has he clarified our most intimate and perplexing problems. He is winning a high place in the esteem of Babson men.

SHIRLEY W. HARVEY, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Business Writing

On first contact, one may miss the force and energy of “Doc” Harvey’s personality, learned, spontaneous, and kindly. By calm — yet almost ruthless criticism — he roots up our faults — to our great benefit. The lessons learned transcend the limits of his course. Confidant to many of his boys, he is ever ready to furnish sound and impartial advice. The “Doc’s” association with Babson Institute is enshrined in the hearts of both students and alumni.
JOHN R. ROBERTSON, A.B., M.A.
Secretary of Admissions

The first impression of the Babson Institute is drawn from contact with the genial Secretary of Admissions, the inimitable "Robbie." When Babson students convene, his ready wit and expansive presence is always at a premium. An added feature, "Robbie" holds the "forget-me-not" record, for never having lost exact statistics as to full name, history, interests, and fighting weight of every Babson man. His merit foretells a successful future in his chosen field.

ROBERT B. WHITTREDGE, B.S., M.S.
Supervisor of Junior Student Office

"Bob" is a Yale man; at the same time he's a Harvard man; a lawyer and an engineer; senior proctor and junior supervisor; Cornellian and Babsonian — all in one! Capability stands out all over him. It takes no seer to visualize "Bob's" success in his chosen field of Law. Who will forget the amazing antics of our dignified proctor at Babson socials — "Life of the party" is mild! Our best wishes for genuine achievements, well-begun.

PHILIP V. BURT, B.S.
Manager of Park Manor Dormitories

There are roughly two sides in the life of every man: the intellectual and the physical. Both are very important. The excellence of the cuisine and the comforts of the Dorms are proof that Mr. Burt handles his responsibility for the latter more than well. On occasion we may have misunderstood; but, his principle of "the greater good of all concerned" has accounted for our ultimate satisfaction.
IRWIN K. FRENCH

Secretary of the Institute

At first sight one feels that the only elements in a school are the students and the faculty. On closer view, others are seen to play a vital part. No one will question the truly excellent qualifications of the Secretary of the Babson Institute, Mr. French. However, some of the more daring of us question his athletic prowess — perchance one day we will challenge him — say, volley-ball. Our courage is rising fast; he may construe this as warning.

MARION WING, A.B.

Typewriting

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." With infinite patience, matched by marked teaching ability, Miss Wing each year moulds from yearling material, a battery of expert typists. How it is possible — in view of mighty grips, gnarled hands, and the like, is a mystery; yet, it is the fact. As a result of this course, beyond question, the later work of her students is found superior.

CHARLES E. BUTLER, B.S., B.D., M.A.

Economic and Social Trends

Few men enjoy the esteem and friendship of Babson men — as does "Charley" Butler. His stalwart character is the pivot of a well-rounded personality. Within and without the classroom, "Charley" gives of his time that the lives of Babson men may be the more pleasant. To him in greatest measure is due the well-balanced extra-curricular opportunities available on the campus. His contributions to Babson Institute are real and lasting.
JOHN K. HORNER, A.B., M.B.A.

Public Speaking; Introduction to Business

Versatility is the key-note of this keen Westerner who in less than a year is a welcome campus figure. Mr. Horner has a peculiar genius for getting the most out of his students. Tolerant and liberal, his conferences are forums of clear thinking and honest expression. If not a New-Dealer, certainly a square-dealer. "Horner's" resourcefulness is a source of amazement to many of his students. Man to man, he's a great fellow!

RUTH P. PROCTOR, B.S.

Acting Librarian

Adept at many-sided helpfulness, "Ruth" has proved her value to the student body of Babson Institute. Whether it was "Doc" Matthews or the "Dean," "Shive" or "Charley" Butler who gave the assignment, "Ruth" had just the book needed. Gentle in the exercise of her duties, her firmness was unanswerable, if a rule was broken. The new library should offer even greater opportunities for the exercise of her evident capability. We wish her only the best, in appreciation.

BERTRAND R. CANFIELD

Sales and Advertising Management

Who of us has not breathed to ourselves: "Why the man's tireless!" Mr. "Bert" Canfield brings careful forethought and overflow enthusiasm to his courses, and his class-room is "full of sound and fury" as budding salesmen defend their products. Mr. Canfield's accomplishments run the gamut, even to volley-ball (on Thursday afternoons, gentlemen); he has given Babson men insight into the methods of the progressive business man. His record undisputed as "The toughest sales prospect we ever hope to meet!"
WILSON F. PAYNE, Ph.B., M.A.

Statistics; Economic Resources; Money and Banking

The extremely complex subjects of "Stix" and Money and Banking were the province of the brilliant "Wils" Payne. Under his tutelage, the clouds of mystery were dispelled and a new mode and habit of thought were revealed to us. Widely read, profoundly thoughtful, intensely human in his approach, his lectures were both instructive and enjoyable. The broader view of problems which was his, will be a persistent stimulant to our future thought.

PRISCILLA KIRKPATRICK, A.B.

Recorder

The spirit of co-operation and courtesy is a guarantee of good reputation for its possessor. Certainly, this is especially true of Miss Kirkpatrick. Requests made of her, whether simple or difficult to fulfill, brought helpful responses and action. Here precisely is the reason for the kindly and friendly attitude of Babson men toward her. Miss Kirkpatrick more than fulfills the responsibilities and duties of her important office.

JULIAN S. DUNCAN, M.A., Ph.D.

Government; Government and Business

Doctor Duncan brings to the Babson campus a new and distinctive type of teaching, very effective in the highly controversial subject of the relations between Government and Business. Contact with him broadens the outlook of the student of business. With a rich back-ground, this learned man was ever willing to assist in work along the field of our keenest interest. Respect for the opinion of others and a healthy scepticism were gained from those turbulent but sparkling class-room conferences.
BRRHHNGGG! And another business day is in the offing at good old Babson. Those good old days (repeating the phrase!) at college or prep when we could take another half a wink are gone — “you’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up this morning!”

Of course, if it’s “roomy’s” turn for first wash you may have another wink, but in a flash you'll be sipping your prune juice, dunking your doughnuts, or waiting for a waitress, before starting leisurely (to Lyon) or breathlessly (to Bryant). 8:2999, a quick smoke, and Doc Bird, Bert, or Mr. Fitz lead us into the intricacies of the sundry aspects of business.

An hour of sweating and squirming, if the work is not prepared, (naturally a rare occurrence), and then we dash down to read that much awaited letter from the Hotel Biltmore, demanding immediate payment for that week-end at Yale, or war will be declared immediately on Czechoslovakia.

Knight reads his aunt’s daily instructions (in green ink), Monty smokes a pipeful, Al
Schulman tells his latest joke, and back we are in class, with Shive or the mighty atom at the wheel. Retz has a new theory, or Stan Walsh disputes an old one, as the Dean informs them both they're "way off the track." Shive catches four dissenting justices in a law case, and Black sells Mr. Canfield some amalgamated toothpick casings.

Fifteen solutions for every problem are given in Jack Horner's public speaking class, with Jay Fales, Wally Cooper, and Frank Braisted clearing the maze. Long moments of conference plus fleeting moments of relaxation and we draw nigh to the last hour.

Sharp pangs of hunger dart hither and yon in the midriff of Kenny Fox, Swede Nickerson, Doc Duncan, and every one else on campus including Mr. White. Time trudges on, as we expose Morgan, light into the New Deal, criticize New England weather, and so oooon! We're in fighting mood; ruthless and rugged individuals. Then, the dash to luncheon — and a smoke.
Just a little bit on the drowsy side, with two days' work done already, the men of Babson return to the wars. The scene is calm and restful, not a word is spoken, as the office is in session under the domineering Mr. Wils. Payne, who is besieged by Johnny Anderson and his side-kick Woody plus twelve other bewildered statisticians.

"Let's look at the floor-plan for See-Saw Incorporated! This guy Pete must think we have nothing else to do! I'm on deck to sell Canfield!" — all are the clarion calls which rend the air. Exasperating hedging problems, which are never solved correctly it seems; the routing of salesmen through the Pike's Peak area of Poughkeepsie; time studies among the Alaskan Indians; the effect of the 1893 business cycle on corn bread in Mound, Minnesota; all serve to keep Charlie Ireland, Billy Mason, Johnny Keil, George Largay, and Jim Thomas occupied until "Chesterfield time" at 3:15.

Don Smith rushes back to plunge into his promotion (a Plymouth Rock Poultry Farm) report; Wade Davis discovers
another world worry; and Dave Bond portrays a beautiful lady in geranium pink gown, for his peppermint soap advertising lay-out. Harrington has the secretarial staff a-lutter as he dictates epistles to Mussolini, Schwab, Leopold Stokowski, and Simone Simon.

The ranks thinned at 4:00 as Lowe — the Carolina Wild-cat, and "Killer-diller" Feuling go to Peavey Gym, that a long standing feud of might may be settled, with soft-spoken "sonny, smith, o'brien" as arbiter. The out-door boys, e.g. Ty Jamison and Bobby Maloney inveigle Joe McDermott to join them in beating the Harmes-McLean combine single-handed in whatever the sport. The scholars hang on; Ross Conner and his gang; Lew Titus, Lee Smith, and their associates. Five arrives — the mob sweeps to the gym, to see the mighty "Bert" Canfield in action. One solitary figure remains, faithful to his task. Who can it be? Marshall Borg toils ceaselessly, for, after all, evenings are valuable. Dusk arrives — hunger re-arrives. DINNER and . . .
CHARLES R. ALMGREN
Navy Department
Washington, D.C.
U.S. Navy
U.S. Naval Academy

The United States Naval Service was more than well represented by Lieutenant "Charlie" Almgren. Always a leading student, and ardent defender of the New Deal, "Charlie" was often the center of student controversy. A hearty good humor and uncompromising honesty characterized his expression of opinion. His loss to business is the Navy's gain, and we of Babson feel fortunate to have had him among us. Tip: some day he'll be an Admiral.

JOHN P. ANDERSON
9 Brantwood Road
Arlington, Massachusetts
Investment Counselling
Arlington High School

"Andy" could probably talk faster than anyone in the school. Perhaps because he possessed this quality, he was made Advertising Manager of the Babson Alumni Association Bulletin. In sports, "Andy" was always counted among the ski enthusiasts who trekked northward each weekend. As a direction bureau for the local area, he was A number 1, and we know that in his investment counselling he'll still be able to direct his clients aright.
JOHN W. BLACK, Jr.
4319 Overlook Road
Birmingham, Alabama

Selling
Vanderbilt

Note the twinkle in his eyes, girls. Here is the Birmingham beau brummel, "Atlas" Johnny Black. Watchful guardian over "Cap'n. Scrappy," Johnny passed around smiles wherever he went. Outstanding in his business studies, Johnny has laid the foundation for a really successful sales career in the Southland he loves so well. As a Senior officer, he merited the confidence of his fellow students.

GEORGE M. BORG
Delavan
Wisconsin

George W. Borg Corporation
Culver Military Academy

"Marsh" was one of the few students who could sever connections with his Institute "office" at 5 P. M. and still keep up his work and marks up to requirements. Cutting the corners efficiently was second nature to him. Direct and sensible in reasoning, as an embryonic executive should be, he brought a practical point of view to the problems of all our XYZ corporations. Now he will take it to the George W. Borg Corporation. Good luck, "Marsh."
DAVID W. BOND
921 32nd Avenue, North
St. Petersburg, Florida
Distribution
Cornell University

Often we meet a fellow whose presence is an asset to the group as a whole. Meeting "Dave" was such, as he possessed a refreshingly unique type of personality. Some of us will never forget his pantomime on "preparing for war." Pal of "Howie" Nusbaum and "Jay" Fales, "Dave" mingled pleasure with study, and left Babson a well-grounded young businessman. Yes — a neighboring institution still mourns his departure.

FRANK M. BRAISTED, Jr.
100-44 195 Street
Hollis, Long Island, New York
Distribution
Townsend Harris High School

Of all his nicknames, "Zephyr" was the most appropriate. He could pass from one activity to another as deftly as a summer zephyr brushing the tops of the tall campus pines. Production, finance, and distribution were easy for him. Extra curricularly, he knew railroads and photography amazingly well. Two successive and successful Babsonians are tributes to his skill in the latter activity. The business world should be the better for his presence.
BANCROFT L. BRYANT
86 Davis Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

Investments
St. Petersburg Junior College

In "Ban" we find proof of the old adage that "still water runs deep." Born in Canada, educated in Florida, and Bay Stater by choice, "Ban" is a true cosmopolitan. Siamese twin of "Marsh" Johnston, "Ban" earned the respect of Babson men by his mature attitude, his reliability, and the quality of his work. Here is a man ever ready to co-operate; his future work will reflect credit on Alma Mater.

J. PARKER BUTLER
330 Elm Street
Northampton, Massachusetts

Wholesale-Retail Florist
Dartmouth

The Babson Basket-Ballers are feared from coast to coast. We present the most ferocious of our "Wild-cats," the sure footed "Bottle." Woe to the man who stood before our star's advance. His physical prowess and high scholastic record, mark this son of Dartmouth as a real "c.b.s." (i.e., campus big shot — to the non-elect.) Of him Babson Institute may well be proud.
JOSEPH C. CLEMMONS
2355 Pecos Boulevard
Beaumont, Texas
Jefferson Amusement Co.
University of Missouri

In most any group you find an authority on something or other. "Joe" had this distinguished title with reference to motion pictures. Besides this fund of sober information, he had an exhaustive repertoire of jokes, irresistible when told in his characteristic southern dialect and style. In his Senior year, Joe devoted the principal part of his spare time and interest to the landscape of a nearby campus. Returning to the Lone Star State in March, Joe's interests doubtless now center around the booking and banking problems of the cinema.

CHARLES E. CARLSSON
412 Lafayette Street
Ogdensburg, New York
Dairy Industry
Ogdensburg Academy

"Chuck" is easily among the most versatile men on the Babson campus. From the first, a consistent honor student, in the field of music "Chuck's" achievements are known to us all. As Associate-Editor of the Babsonian, his creative and executive talents were in full evidence. Since "coming events cast their shadows before," the future augurs well for "Chuck" in his chosen phase of business.
R. ROSSITER CONNER
71 Franklin Street
Westfield, Massachusetts

Finance
Westfield High School

Sheer scholastic ability carried this native son of the Bay State to one of the top ranking positions in his class. No wonder. His efficient budgeting of time between studies and diversions was something the rest of us could never master quite so well. We also marveled at his dexterity with the "soup and nuts." In a few years, we predict, his alma mater will be pointing to Conner Incorporated as one of her masterpieces.

WALLACE E. COOPER
151 7th Avenue
Twin Falls, Idaho

Finance
Stanford University

A dash of Rothschild, a jigger of Rockefeller, mixed with some spirits of "Joe" Kennedy, and you have what approximates "Wally" as a student of finance. Even in the darkest days of the Roosevelt recession, "Wally" and "Jim" Thomas "cleaned up" in the market, (on paper). "Coop's" fine scholastic record was well balanced by superior athletic ability — with bowling and soft ball as his bests. "Coop" had one truly remarkable characteristic — here is a man who is truly reliable.
Billy J. Cord
811 North Hillcrest Road
Beverly Hills, California
Production
St. John's Military Academy

“Billy” Cord used to amaze his fellow Babsonians by the realistic and practical attitude with which he approached business problems in the class-room. His picturesque speech enlivened many a discussion — for “Billy” delighted in analytic verbal struggles. It is believed that once “Billy” didn’t know the answer to an automotive problem, but don’t quote us on it! Be it Chicago, St. Louis, or Los Angeles — “Billy” has what it takes to do something worthwhile! Good luck to you, “Bill.”

Corwin R. Cropper
229 South Broadway
Lebanon, Ohio
Investments
Harvard

Handsome “Steve” — whose feats on the court are known to us all — is not only basketball captain, but as well President Emeritus of the now be-mourned “Moustache Club.” An avowed woman-hater, “Cap’n. Scrappy” gave his devotion to the study of Finance. Strictly entre nous — let Morgan take note — “Steve’s” ambition is to found the new “House of Cropper.” Quiet efficiency and charm of manner are his “secrets of success.”
The irrepressible “Bing” needs no introduction on these pages. This Newtonite bowed before the opinion of no man; he brought to Babson a keen desire to “know the whole truth.” In confidence to friends, “Bing” will admit his absolute superiority among Babson Bowlers. His vibrant personality and willingness to work should stand “Bing” in good stead as a Boston insurance man. Many of us count him a close and delightful friend.

Tall and wiry, “Larry” was an enthusiastic photography head — often doing the impossible with his camera and obtaining most amazing results. “Larry’s” auto wore a path from Babson to Lasell where he had the good fortune to know a most attractive “home town girl.” The field of banking offers many opportunities for a fellow as sincere as “Larry” — Babson’s future J. P. Morgan.
WADE R. DAVIS, Jr.
443 Cumberland Avenue
Portland, Maine
Finance
University of Pennsylvania

"I am Mr. Wade Davis from the sovereign state of Maine." Liked by all his classmates, Wade's profound interest in and concern with social and economic questions proved a source of amusement and amazement to many. He is Babson's candidate for Mayor of Havana, though Portland will do. A blend of the humorous with the serious, Wade will ever be remembered with affection by his many friends and associates. Good luck to Davis from the U. of Penn!

RALPH L. DE ROY
5642 Darlington Road
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Joseph DeRoy & Sons
Taylor Allderdice High School

Pittsburgh's gift to Babson was none other than good-hearted Ralph, a two-year student who would give you the proverbial "shirt off his back." His duties he regarded seriously and performed well: studying, assisting in the business management of the Babsonian, working on the Religious Committee. His recreation likewise was above par, because the ladies liked his streamlined fluency and his like-lined Buick. He'll soon be putting rings on the fingers of the Pittsburgh folks, and others.
JOHN F. DONELAN
6 Penryth Street
Roxbury, Massachusetts
Corporation Law
Boston College

"Mr. Beavin of East Quai" passed a year at Babson ardently defending the rigors of New England weather from the bitter attacks of less hardy folk from Dixie. "Beavin" aims to settle the perpetual squabble between "the iron men of capitalism" and "Uncle Sam" through the medium of law. It is suspected by those in "the know" that some of the possible libels committed in this Annual were perpetrated to provide "ye editor" with legal business in the seasons yet due. And so, from the ranks of Babson, "Beavin" goes to march with Marshall, Webster, Holmes, and Hugo Black. "Let his opponents beware."

JOHN R. FALES
436 Blackstone Boulevard
Providence, Rhode Island
Production
Princeton

"Johnny" is Babson's version of the "tall, dark, and handsome" gentleman. Quiet and reserved of manner, this capable Princetonian brought a splendid enthusiasm to his work. During the second term he suffered from acute "snowitis" and for week-ends was reported flying gracefully "up hill and down dale" of old New Hampshire. We enjoyed his consistent duet with a Yale man as "Jeff." Natural ability plus conscientious work insure success for John.
JOHN E. FEULING
521 Chesnut Avenue
New Hampton, Iowa

Publishing
University of Iowa

The antics of this Iowa bear-cat in combat with the Carolina tiger have won him the appropriate title, “killer-diller.” This “Lochinvar from the West,” unknown to himself, shone with the ladies. “Jay” distinguished himself as a hard and thorough worker, attested by his success as a student. A real “man’s man,” John is peculiarly gifted for the profession he has chosen for a life-work. Doubtless, we shall hear of “killer-diller” often in later life.

KENNETH J. FOX
2640 Fargo Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Butter and Egg Brokerage
Loyola University

Often have we heard of the “butter and egg” man, but many of us had to trek over to Babson to meet one. To “Ken” goes this title. This Chicagoan was a master at pantomime and many was the dreary hour “Ken” brightened. A capable athlete, and a serious student, “Ken” has done well. We wager now that he will scale the heights of “butter-and-egg-dom,” with an armful of charts and a mischievous twinkle in his eye.
THOMAS B. GRIFFITH
120 Castlebar Road
Rochester, New York

*Investments*

University of Rochester

"Tom" completed his work with us in March and took a head start on ambition's road. Definitely and positively his interests are financial, and he doesn't expect to waste his time running after two rabbits. Not so long from now we confidently expect to see his name in the news of achievement. While with us he was one of the conscientious objectors to steady dating, upholding his preaching by conscientious abstinence.

EDWARD A. HARMES
32 Lincoln Avenue
Binghamton, New York

*Automotive Industry*

Binghamton Central High School

"Ted" was one of the most sincere students of the two-year group to play the game at Babson. He worked while he worked and played while he played. Conscientious in his studies, a member of the Religious Committee, he also entered vitally into such recreational activities as tennis and baseball. With a penchant for prophecy, he has already solved for us some of the problems that await on the steep ascents.
ROBERT M. HARRINGTON
Dushore, Pennsylvania
Dairy Industry
Penn State

He takes on all comers, this undisputed bantam-weight wrestling champ of Babson and heavy-weight title-holder of the South. Almost with monotony, the "Jahnt" (à la southern accent) trounced the Lowe-Knight combination, in Peavey gym. An authority on dairy industry, "Bob" continued his fine college record at Babson. His splendid character and personality marked him as among the most popular men on the Babson campus.

MURRAY H. HAYWARD
233 President’s Lane
Quincy, Massachusetts
Accounting
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Murray was another of the so-called accounting genii. Quiet, reserved, and diligent he was far out in front of most of us. Stock analysis was his forte. To see him poring over Poor’s making and remaking fortunes, was common. To see him gathered in a knot of students explaining why the Fitz barometers might not work was more common. Keen in thought, efficient in action, Murray will go far in his particular field.
RAYMOND C. HAUSCHEL
324 DeKoven Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin

Selling
Dartmouth

"Ray" passed his spare time skilfully parrying the verbal sallies of his two pals from "'Bama," Messrs. Black and Knight. All will agree that this loyal son "of old Hanover" was a model Babson student. Popular with professors and students alike, this cultured gentleman from Wisconsin will reap the reward for intelligence and effort, whatever phase of salesmanship he may select. "Ray" enjoys the satisfaction of "work well done."

HUGH B. HESTER
Adjutant General
U. S. Army
Washington, D. C.

U. S. Army
University of North Carolina

Few men have brought to their work at Babson the rich background of knowledge possessed by Major Hester. "The Major" has the high distinction of leading the Senior Class at Babson. Of him may well be said: "We give you a scholar and a southern gentleman." Always the "Major" defended his thesis forcefully and well. As in the past, the "Major's" services in the future will prove invaluable to Uncle Sam.
THOMAS I. HOLLINRAKE
151 Crescent Road
Toronto, Ontario

Investments
Ridley College

His spirit of helpfulness, his many-sided sympathy, and his rare cosmopolitanism endeared this youth to us. Deliberate in expression, "Tom's" voiced opinions carried weight. The "Dean" even picked him for advanced work in Production. How many plants they made A-I we do not know. When "Tom" completed his course at Christmas time, we lost and missed a most courteous neighbor.

CHARLES W. IRELAND

Stoneleigh
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

Production
The Hill School

"Charlie" is the second of our stalwarts to pledge himself to a talented local girl, who is to be congratulated on capturing one of our biggest and best. Genial, intelligent, and capable, "Charlie" contributed freely to our conferences, both bombshells and oil. With a wife and a factory on his young hands, he'll be charmingly and interestingly occupied. We are at least confident of our first adverb.
A popular member of the Big Green Quintet at Babson, "Jamie" has made good in a real way at Babson Park. If ever a fellow gets a kick out of life, here he is. During the winter season, in his off time, the snow trails had a regular guest. "Jamie" should carry on well in his progressive community, Concord, New Hampshire. Easy-going, with a quiet chuckle, he has started well on the way.

"Ty's" optimism regarding the future of the coal industry led him to expatriate often to the crude crowds favoring oil. The same type of zeal was evident on baseball diamond and in side line coaching. An ardent golfer, too, "Ty" was the first to tee off this spring.Returning to the coal areas, much the wiser about business methods, we expect him soon to be driving ahead toward some significant achievement in his industry.
MARSHALL E. JOHNSTON
403 Lake Avenue
Grand Haven, Michigan
Boiler Manufacturing
Principia College

The pivot of the Conner-Johnston-Bryant trio is the Michigan "boiler-maker," "Marsh" Johnston. Keenly interested in the development of feminine business schools, "Marsh" gave of his time to this new educational trend. We recall with delight his fiery defenses of sales programs, fearing no opposition. Solid effort and a fine mind account for the success of this blond little Mid-Westerner during his stay in old New England. Though Principia is his college, his feelings toward Amherst were of the best.

THOMAS J. KEHOE
143 William Street
Pittston, Pennsylvania
Coal
Manlius School

One of the more vociferous among us, "Tom" possessed an attendant skill with brawny hands and gloves and an eager readiness to use them if the occasion called for action. He could resort to logic as well — keen, two-fisted logic, with a punch. It is said that while some of his stories were pretty tall, they never toppled. We hope he gets the breaks as he goes back to the breakers.
JOHN W. KEIL
20,000 Marchmont Road
Cleveland, Ohio
Wholesale Paper
Colgate University

John divides his loyalty between Colgate and Babson, and he's a credit to both. Well-groomed, erect, and confident, here was a familiar figure on campus. Like to his pals George Largay and "Rod" Weathersbee, John was an instant success with the fair sex. His classmates know in John a fine student and a conscientious worker. The outlook is bright for this future giant of the paper industry.

LE ROY KING-SMITH
563 Park Avenue
New York City
Advertising
Harvard College

"Smitty" showed his all round athletic ability by participating in practically all of the recreational sports offered. He went further. By forceful evangelism in our public speaking forums he converted many "not-too-willing" students to his athletic programs. Tall, lanky, always-with-a-smile "Smitty" was one of the best liked men on the campus. His affable personality, however, was not confined solely to our institution, for he soon discovered it provided a sure entree to many a school of feminine learning.
ROY W. KNIGHT, Jr.
2811 Argyle Road
Birmingham, Alabama
Investments
Vanderbilt

Babson men inwardly marvel at Roy's all embracing knowledge of finance in its many and sundry aspects. Lightning basket-baller for old Babson, top-honor student, and Business Manager of the Babsonian, are but three of his achievements. His devotion to Alabama and a letter-writing Aunt is exceeded only by his inability to wrestle the "Jahnt," even with the aid of "Wolf" Lowe. Roy is exceptionally gifted to enter the complex field of Investments, his chosen profession.

GEORGE H. LARGAY, Jr.
144 Buckingham Street
Waterbury, Connecticut
Investments
Bentley's School of Accounting and Finance

When others gave up, George would persist to the end in the intricate problems of Accounting or "Stat." His spirit of study was properly counter-balanced by a genuine social attitude. George almost possessed a monopoly on acquaintance with charming lasses. His originality was convincingly revealed by the novel advertising program George promoted the second term. We have it on very reliable authority that our Connecticut friend is also an accomplished equestrian.
"Woody" was undoubtedly the most consistently well-dressed student in our group. A well-dressed physique and a well-dressed mind express the man. An acute skill in the diagnosis of problems and in focussing on the point at issue was always at his command, making the paths of learning easier. It was said of him that he could prepare his lessons out of the newspapers and a voluminous vocabulary. Active on various committees, "Woody" was always suited to the occasion, whether it called for a lumber jacket or a dress suit.

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From his native habitat in the deep South, "Q.B." made an easy shift to our chilly New England atmospheres, and weathered the northern winter smilingly. Married, and living off-campus, he gave us all too little of his time. We are sorry he is taking that distinctive drawl and kindly manner back to "good ole Alabam," where, he tells us, the fishing is always perfect. We know that from now on there will be hospitality in Huntsville.
CHARLES M. LOWE
937 Granville Road
Charlotte, North Carolina

Cotton Textile
University of North Carolina

Rarely on a campus do we encounter so fine an example of the scholar-athlete as "Charlie" Lowe. His natural abilities as a thoughtful leader have been given full play as a Senior Representative, which responsibility "Charlie" capably assumed. His ambition, in the field of sport, is to pin the mighty "Jahnt" — though the odds are low. The loyalty of "Charlie's" friends is his recompense for a noble character.

GEORGE E. MACK
2120 Waverly Way
Seattle, Washington

Merchandising
University of Washington

From the distant state of Washington this handsome titan, with dignified bearing, came to Babson. The impression he made on students and faculty will be lasting. If there was anything George did not know about merchandising, none of us found out what it might be. The splendid courtesy of George's manner and an aptitude for making friends won him the unstinted esteem of all with whom he came in contact.
ROBERT F. MALONEY
1509 Beachwood Boulevard
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Distribution

Yale University

Yale men are noted for their loyalty, and in this respect “Murph” is without a peer. We reveal to him the secret that often we spurred him on that the group might enjoy his delightful conversation and novel modes of expression. The ruthless character of “Bob’s” squash play was offset by a sincere interest in literature and the fine arts. Here was truly a unique personality on campus. Well equipped, “Bob” returns to Pittsburgh to show his wares.

BENJAMIN F. MARKS
2058 Pine Lake Drive
Pontiac, Michigan

Wholesale, Retail Furrier

University of Michigan

Wherever “Ben” Marks rose to speak students were attentive, for expression of mature judgment was in the offing. This was a tribute to this “son of Ann Arbor,” whose sundry experiences in various parts of the world have given him a rich background for his life-work. An attitude of co-operation and helpfulness marked “Ben” as a modest but sincere exponent of school spirit. A healthy realism clarified his thinking at all times.
WILLIAM B. MASON
457 South Fourth Street
Fulton, New York
Publishing
University of Michigan

The B. I. Jesters got a good break when "Willie" agreed to play first trumpet with them. Then "Willie" got a bad one on the ski runs and had to give up trumpeting for the season. His one-armed versatility was remarkable. Certainly the upset did not prevent judicial listening, high-powered thinking, and constructive criticism both in conferences and in the guidance of student affairs.

STUART G. McCAMPBELL
1120 Park Avenue
New York City
Cotton Textile Manufacturing
Princeton

The reserve and dignity of this clean-cut New Yorker well conceals the joviality and good-fellowship known by his intimates. Princeton usually leaves a mark upon her sons — we'll wager in addition that "Scotty" left a mark on Princeton. His pointed comments in class discussion evidence a brilliant mind — nurtured by deep reading. In combination with "Jim" Thomas, one met an invincible duet, whatever the contest at hand. Here is our "master of miscellaneous misinformation."
CLARK G. McCORKLE
130 North Crestway
Wichita, Kansas
Distribution
University of Michigan

Kansas is famous in this area for three reasons: Alf Landon, dust storms — and last but not least, "Don" Smith’s side-kick, Clark McCorkle. We all have our aptitudes — but of his many, "Mac's" most distinctive was . . . Guess? No! Croquet — no one could withstand his relentless play. Clean-cut, good-looking, "Mac" was pleasing to men, and charming to — er, Indians. Already this Kansan has established himself en route to genuine business success.

F. JOSEPH McDERMOTT
823 North Fourth Street
Reading, Pennsylvania
Accounting
Reading High School

When the clouds of debits and credits settled thickly around the class, close scrutiny would discern the men groping their way to "Mac's" desk seeking to find the way out of the fog. But "Mac" was more than a tutor in accounting; he found time for much tennis, softball and religious committee work. Late he worked and deeply he pondered; clearly and lucidly he reasoned. His desk in business promises to continue as a meeting place for those lost in the chaos of business problems, seeking sound advice.
R. NEIL McLEAN
3 Chestnut Street
Binghamton, New York
Retail Merchandising
Hamilton College

Every man in Babson has at least something that no one else has. "Mae" knows a girl that "is different." This big Scotchman was one of the few who could make the trip to New York without being detained by the Connecticut gendarmes. Some glory for this record must go to "Gladys" — his roadster. Let it go down in this record that there are mighty few places in this country where this Binghamtonian does not have some friend or acquaintance. "Mae" will certainly be successful in retail merchandising.

ROBERT T. MONRAD
686 East Monroe Street
Little Falls, New York
Food Industry
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

No one would dare to question "Bob's" claim to the speed-walking championship of Babson Institute. "Bob" is possessed of a keen mind, and he can always be depended upon to bring a refreshingly different viewpoint into any discussion at hand. Few men approach their work with so serious and eager an interest. His past work in the sales phase of the Food Industry heralds a successful future after "Bob's" departure from Babson — an assertion more in the nature of a certainty than a prophecy.
GURDON J. MONTAGUE
217 Bradford Parkway
Syracuse, New York
Manufacturing
Syracuse University

Good natured, affable, and witty, "Monty" became Vice President of the Junior class during his first year and President of the Student Executive Committee during his Senior year. As chairman of the social and formal dance committees he kept us up to par socially. This active leader and trumpet player should make a mark on and a noise in the world. More power to you, "Monty".

JACK S. MOSHER
56 Everett Street
Southbridge, Massachusetts
American Optical Company
Worcester Polytechnic Institute

When the group visited the American Optical Company and Jack acted as host at the company luncheon, our appraisal became at once a bias. Such is the power of graciousness. Possessing a certain "it," Jack found favor with a young lady on a nearby campus, who, we thought, warranted more than an occasioned lapse from study. Fortunate in having a position waiting for him, the American Optical Company is more fortunate in securing Jack.
JOHN E. NETTLETON
Brooksvale
Cheshire, Connecticut
Finance
Wesleyan University

"Johnny Net" is a true adventurer and traveler of the Seven Seas. School life being a bit less appealing, "Johnny" took the Winter term off and went sailing to the Galapagos. During the Spring term John acquired the title of "Official Mail Getter" from Lyon Hall. John has one pride and joy — those Queen Mary horns on his car. They will be just the thing to celebrate John's nomination to the Federal Reserve Board in the McDermott Administration.

WILLIAM J. NICKERSON
Woodend Farm
Mound, Minnesota
Milling
Thacher School

Good humored "Swede" quickly won the friendship of fellow-students, and in his first year captured the honor of being elected Secretary-Treasurer of his class. He was an asset to any athletic team not only because of his skill but also because of his prowess in patter. His pranks could always be counted on to supply needed relief from a busy business day. Now and then, it is rumored, he told them to the President.
HOWARD A. NUSBAUM
3758 Edgware Road
Toledo, Ohio
Advertising
University of Michigan

When too frequent visits to Wellesley cheated the study hours, this Beau Brummel of Babson seemed still to be able to sing out the answers. Out of a breadth of reading and a host of experiences these answers came smilingly, individualistically. The same quickness of recovery was apparent on the squash courts and the baseball fields. Pointed toward the advertising field, "Howie" promises to turn his evident versatility to profit.

ELDON M. POTTER
524 East 4th Street
Flint, Michigan
Finance
Flint Central High School

Though the youngest in our midst, "Pots" was high on the scholarship scale. Really a man of letters, too — quantities of them, from the girl back home. Skill acquired from tenacious rolling won him bowling honors in his Senior year. Keen in security analysis and equally as capable in accounting, the boy from Flint will stand out in the field of finance in the years to come.
"Woody" had the unique ability and finesse to turn any circumstance into hilarity. For two years, in conferences, offices, or dining halls, the atmosphere didn't seem natural without occasional tart quips from this lengthy lad. A lover of the open spaces and the free air of the clouds, this representative from summer's social center was as well liked as any in our midst.

GEORGE B. RETZ
“Stotswood”
South Nyack, New York
Commercial
Tapp School

Imaginative George could project more fanciful schemes than anyone else in school, but he could not always sell the bonds for them. Yet, in the future, when we read of the rise of some new industry or some new type of democracy we will not be surprised if it is one of George's utopian dreams coming true. The theory of today is the fact of tomorrow. In conference George was one of our wittiest poker faces; a bit less facile in interim encounters with the Southern killer.
Wisconsin is noted for its cheese, but Paul was noted for his "Big Apple." Big in size and generosity, he possessed proportionate energy. Paul had theories in economics and industrial management that mystified even the teachers. Having ability, vitality, and a grand sense of humor, Paul's climb should be simplified as he "trucks" right up the ladder.

"Rosie's" address book was one of the most complete in the school, evidencing his social inclinations. However socially inclined, he was a wildcat on the varsity basketball team and capable of lots of luck on the bowling alleys. In spite of some remonstrances, "Rosie" took it upon himself to quote daily from his lowegian concerning activities in Centerville. Jovial, good-hearted, he was the life in many parties of one kind and another. We can only hope the corn state sends us others like him.
RICHARD S. ROSENFELD
26 Dorset Road
Waban, Massachusetts
Real Estate
Bowdoin College

"Dick" commuted from Waban every day, clearing the roads of all obstructions as he came and went. "Rosy" further distinguished himself by rounding the square in front of Lyon in 9 1/2 seconds. Questions in class concerning real estate and building activity were always submitted to the Newtonite for his final ok. The sun always shone where "Dick" appeared — whether at Babson Park or Havana. May it always do so.

ROBERT ROSS
857 Webster Street
Needham, Massachusetts
Production
Dartmouth

Babson has many excellent representatives from the Southland. Now we present a stalwart New Englander — who has done a "crackerjack" job. "Bob" had a positive manner in expressing his opinion — and was always ready to defend it. Though he is concentrating in Production, "Bob's" work in Banking won our praise. Reliable, capable, and always on the job, it is no wonder that his rank is among the best men on campus.
ROBERT B. SAXE
271 Main Street
Catskill, New York
Finance
Bard College

A man of sound principle soon wins the respect and admiration of those with whom he comes in contact. This applies especially to our New York friend, "Bob." Calm and reserved under all circumstances — even before the awesome gaze of our "Little Caesar" — "Bob's" quiet smile revealed his enjoyment of life. As well, "Bob" showed an over-flowing sympathy for his pal Wade Davis when the Portlandian sweated over world problems.

JOHN A. SAWYER
102 Lenox Street
West Newton, Massachusetts
Banking
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

"Jack" was one of our strong silent men. He rarely spoke in conferences, but what was going on was never a mystery to him. On the bowling alleys and the gymnasium courts he acted with dynamic energy. For two years he piloted bowling teams toward championships. The baseball profession missed a top notcher when "Jack" chose banking as a career; the banking profession gains a most likely recruit.
ALLEN SCHULMAN
196 Casterton Avenue
Akron, Ohio
Commercial
Michigan

Some people are fortunate in never allowing circumstances to disturb their composure. Imperturable "Al" could always be relied upon to cheer a fellow when things looked just a little on the dark side. Well-groomed and sophisticated, "Al" developed a variety of "Little Tomato," "Al's" strong love of oratory will always be recalled by his fiery addresses on safety, public health, and other noteworthy topics. We shall remember this Akronian as "a real good gent."

FRANK H. SEAGRAVE
112 Crest Road
Wellesley, Massachusetts
Business Machines
Wisconsin

Fortunate indeed is the man who gains an insight into the ways and methods of Babson’s "wonder-prof," the indefatigable "Pete." This was Frank's privilege — and it carried great responsibility. With eagle eye, Frank dragged forth our accounting errors into the light of day. Not once did we question his impartiality — though we marveled at Frank's patience. Well groomed, pal of "Killer-Diller" Feuling, Frank's record at Babson merits the highest praise.
DONALD H. SMITH
60 Fanshaw Avenue
Yonkers, New York
Manufacturing
Horace Mann School

"Don" jumped the gun by going to school through a summer term and then graduating in the Spring. Owning one of the many Fords, he had the rare habit of racing to New York City and the not-so-rare one of racing about the campus. Incidentally Donald exerted several under-cover efforts to get the law to declare a moratorium on efficient travel but without success. Generally speaking, however, his "wise-cracking" was a success.

LEE P. SMITH
640 Main Street
Southington, Connecticut
Accounting
Lewis High School

"Leepy" was one of the musically inclined. As the arranger for and leader of the B. I. Jesters his favorite noon-hour pastime was to accompany the big band recordings with saxophone cadenzas. But neither college habit nor band music could compete with a preferred "home interest" for his attention over the weekends. Neither did these weekends seem to interfere with his inclination toward "A" grades and "advanced accounting."
JESSE W. STUART
306 Gilbert Building
Beaumont, Texas
Petroleum Engineering
VANDERBILT

In the person of handsome Jesse Stuart, Texas finds herself well represented on the Babson campus. Loyal Southerner, this Texan proved himself a co-operative participant in student activity. With a clearly defined economic philosophy, Jesse's comments were always based on strong conviction. Charming in manner, always well-groomed, Jesse fell under the sway of old New Hampshire and became one of Babson's winter sport enthusiasts.

JAMES R. THOMAS
4718 West Bluemound Road
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Finance
Northwestern

Wall Street has its Morgan; the cinema has its Shirley Temple; but Babson has "Jim" Thomas. The keenness of this easy-going Westerner's mind was exceeded only by the tartness of his wit. With another financial wizard, "Wally" by name, "Jim" is reported to have made a cool million in stocks and bonds (on paper). Brilliant, affable, — ever in the company of George Mack and "Kenny" Fox — Babson will not soon forget this son of old Northwestern.
LEWIS R. TITUS
Ruskin Apartments, Ruskin Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Investments
Dartmouth

We’re still looking for a book on finance in the library which hasn’t been thumbed by “Lew.” If you couldn’t find “Lew,” just push back that pile of tomes and there he was. We all wondered at this Pennsylvanian’s interest in the beautiful landscapes of Western Massachusetts. He hailed from Dartmouth; he’s a champ bowler; his golf game is above par; he rooms with Chicago “Ken”! Go to the head of the class, “Lew”; let’s hear the solution!

MORTON C. TREADWAY, Jr.
Hickory Hill
Bristol, Connecticut

Advertising
Hamilton College

And, standing apart, we find the President of Treadway, Unlimited. The nomer is correct, for “Mort’s” fund of information on any subject seemed always unlimited. “Ask Treadway!” became almost a motto on campus. “Mort’s” enthusiasm for Winter sports was supplemented by his emulation of Henry Hudson in the North-lands. We take our hats off to “Mort” and offer our sympathy to his future business competitors — for here is a chap who is “on the ball.”
From distant Hawaii, "Stan" brought to us a radiant personality and a splendid generosity. This "better-than-the-original" version of Charles Atlas has won a charming and lovely lass for his own. The quality of his personality and leadership was exemplified in his presidency of the Junior Class and direction of many and sundry social and athletic undertakings. Fearless in expression, and a thorough worker, beyond question, "Stan" is destined for a "captaincy in industry." As he leaves for beautiful Hawaii we bestow upon "Stan" best wishes for happiness deserved.

RODNEY D. WEATHERSBEE
Kent
England
Advertising
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Never let it be said that "Rod" couldn't hold his own against overwhelming odds. His lightning presence of mind and keen debating ability often saved England's fair name from being dragged out to sea. Because of his many attempts to disprove the claim that "The Canadians held the Germans back until the Americans came" he was made a member of the Dean's Goat Club. Advertising is without doubt a worthy field for "Rod" to follow, exemplified by his fine work as head of this department in the 1938 Babsonian.
In Memoriam

CARLETON D. SMITH

High on the rolls of the Class of '38 will ever be this young man, who on the threshold of early manhood was summoned to his reward by the Master.

The memory of his splendid character and personality is engraved as a lasting tribute in the hearts of his classmates who carry on.
JUNIORS

William J. Branstrom
Fremont, Mich.

Webster Calvin
411 Allegheny Street
Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Preston L. Day
8 Linden Street
Bangor, Me.

Paul Delevywise, Jr.
191 Cedar Street
Englewood, N. J.

Franklin A. Ferguson
118 West Silver Street
Westfield, Mass.

Walter C. Gorman
9 Malone Avenue
Westfield, Mass.

Roger W. Griswold, Jr.
240 West 7th Street
Erie, Penn.

James D. Harden
1300 North West 63rd St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Chester C. Hascrot
2919 Sedgwick Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Juniors

Thomas R. Henderson
1930 Lafayette Avenue
Columbus, Ind.

George S. Hinkins
Strasburg, Va.

Charles A. Hodshon
Miry Brook
Danbury, Conn.

Seth M. Keller
26 Orchard Street
Laconia, N. H.

Emerson Kirby
4474 Whitney Avenue
Mount Carmel, Conn.

Charles R. Kirk
915 South Main Street
Findlay, Ohio

Harry Kittredge, Jr.
San Rafael Drive
Rochester, N. Y.

Roger C. LaCroix
12 Roanoke Road
Wellesley, Mass.

Frederick M. Lange
2927 E. Newberry Blvd.
Milwaukee, Wisc.
Juniors

Donald Lawrence
98 Carroll Street
Portland, Me.

William D. Lawry
336 Orchard Avenue
Webster Groves, Mo.

Victor I. Levy
534 Stratford Place
Chicago, Ill.

Howard H. Leighton
94 Clark Road
Lowell, Mass.

Duncan D. McArthur
2025 So. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif.

John J. McClellan
74 Lookout Circle
Larchmont, N. Y.

Daniel P. McMullen
Uremy Hotel
Miami, Fla.

Walter E. Meub
151 Newport Drive
Youngstown, Ohio

Carl L. Miller
5325 Institute Lane
Houston, Texas
Gardner W. Mills
8 Upland Street
Brookville, Mass.

David B. Moon
2455 Sottwood Ave.
Toledo, Ohio

George H. Norsworthy
4912 Swiss Avenue
Dallas, Texas

Edwin F. Ostrowski
1095 West Main Street
New Britain, Conn.

John A. Phillips
Limesville, Ohio

Lansing M. Pittman
925 3 Mile Drive
Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

Thomas P. Prout, Jr.
26 Prospect Street
Summit, N. J.

William M. Roden
158 Franklin Avenue
Yonkers, N. Y.

John W. Schoonover
334 South Cole Street
Lima, Ohio
Juniors

Robert E. Schumann
100 Berkshire Road
Newtonville, Mass.

Hugh M. Smith
11 Oak Street
Binghamton, N. Y.

Robert D. Sperling
29 Oxford Street
Montclair, N. J.

Armand F. Burch
531 Morris Avenue
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Benet C. O'Boyle
14 East 68th Street
New York City, N. Y.

Leon M. Zele
399 Prospect Street
Torrington, Conn.

Richard M. Stockwell
10 Lovett Place
Lynn, Mass.

Gordon C. Vaughan
Pine Street
South Hamilton, Mass.

Richard P. Wheeler
Hatchville, Mass.
ROM the rocky coasts of Maine to the sunny shores of California” the men of Babson trek each September, January, and March to the promised land of business secrets, of Wellesley girls, and Ken’s Amusement Parlor. The slow drawl of the sunny Southland, flowing from “Tex” Miller, George H. Norseworthy, and “Quince” Love mix with the crisp New England accents of Mort Treadway, Woody Lockwood, Pres Day, and the ultra Bostonian Mr. “Beavin” Donelan. All this results in a weird mixture, to be no better described than in the Mid-western dialect of such as Kenney Fox, Ray Hauschel, or Cap’n Scrappy.

The outcome of the “war” is unsettled, though Black still insists it was but a skirmish. In the electric atmosphere of Bert’s class-room it was re-fought time and time again—the issue ever changing. Johnston still insists that the Boll-Weevil Sock Co. should have had a line and staff set up, regardless of Jesse Stuart’s contrary opinion. The boys from civilization are still amazed at the amazing and unstinted loyalty of travelers from “God’s Country.”

It did not take any of us long to understand that Babson has its good points, and Babson has its dull points— but on one point (sit lightly) we were all agreed. Here was collected the most unusual crew of “rugged individuals” ever assembled anywhere with the possible exception of Sing-Sing or the League of Nations Chamber. To take a few, we cite the suave Lew Titus—loyal son of Dartmouth, and devotee of Smith College; King George’s emissary in the person of the spontaneous Rodney insists with Black that another “war” was but a polite tete-a-tete. Harvardian Roy King-Smith plus Eli Bob Maloney were a potential Dynamite duet, with Howie Nusbaum keeping the situation under control.

If one hundred different avenues of interests were opened to Babson men for choice, 103 would be selected, with Wade Davis naturally nominating a vicious game of ping-pong. Here was a manly group of men, who would often disagree “with every word you had to say; yet would (all but) give their lives to defend your right to say it.”

So many and varied were the athletic interests that all the might and main of Bottle Butler, Butch Burch, and Roy Knight plus some stalwart Juniors, just about actualized the All-powerful champions of Babson Park as a quintet. It will always be with deep regret that we recall that Vassar, Skidmore, Sarah Lawrence, and Unslippery Rock were not included in our list of victims.

For the year Tommy Kehoe reigned supreme in the Boxing world, and our East Quai correspondent informs us that Joe Louis’ crop is sprinkling grey since he learned that Tom will
take a week or two away from Nature’s cubby-hole to visit Detroit. Paul Debevoise more than once held forth for the unpugilistically inclined Park-Manor Southerners.

J. Pierpont Morgan Lowry, when he could spare time off from his “gold-ball” loan enterprise played a perfectly peachy game of squash — (honestly no pun was intended, but there is such a thing as an inborn sense of humor; ask Larry Crowe). Seth Keller the New Hampshire “pause that refreshes” ice-cream, with Walt Gorman, Frank Ferguson, and Gordon Vaughan could beat the Arizonian any day in the week except Saturday night.

In the annals of Babson history will be re-vanquish those mighty mites in back-straining ping-pong.

After years of impatient research, Murray Hayward has at last discovered the secret of Reading’s Joe McDermott, namely, Lady Esther shaving cream, three times daily, before and after meals.

If it could be definitely established that Paul Revere had hailed from the vicinity of Connecticut, we should have needed but one guess to point out that Polly was red-headed, and that he was the great-great-great grandfather of Babson’s leading horseman, George Largay.

It was said that Aristotle made one mistake; some careless few intimate that Shakespeare

corded the greatest athletic event in ’38 history — the time “Monty” lifted a grounder outside the infield, only to be gobbled up by Tcd (FDR) Harms. Nick has been known to play a good game, too, that is if you served the ball to him on a golden platter, with cigar coupons to match. Johnny Sawyer and Ralph Deroy played a Lou Gehrig game, when they could tear themselves away from their undergraduate work at Eliot House.

There were people who laughed at Lydia Pinkham, but when you stop and consider that her vegetable liquor played a part in the brawn and prowess of Leon Zele and Indiana Tommy Henderson, we wonder that we ever did try to erred in his verse; but was there any one who dared to disagree constantly with the “mighty mite”? Surely no one would do that. At least, no one would and live through to tell the tale. Well, you who have been brave enough to have per-sisted to this length deserve this tid-bit. There does walk the earth such a man. No — he does not tell the story himself; but, we’ll let you know. Woody Ray has done it, and we’re all still wondering how.

Another distinguishing characteristic of Babson men is their spirit of independence. Who of us will forget in many a moon the occasion for a sit-down strike when it was bruited about that it was to be compulsory for all to sip a
Coca-Cola at a nearby Country Club, while you were floating about in chivalrous manner accompanied by your one and only? El Potter and "Rosie" still bemoan the fact that at that time they were unable to cut a figure and trip the light fantastic in fullest dress. But that is the way with life, men, as Ban Bryant would put it while arranging his misplaced eye-lash.

We might concede that Webster was fairly good in his prime; a point or two could be raised for Father Coughlin or President Roosevelt; but never before or since has there been heard anything approaching the oratory which would flow forth, accompanied by warm atmosphere, at those snappy "she-dog" sessions we used to hold in South Common. Jim Thomas would advocate "bonus marches," Don Smith would insist on calm thinking, and Bob Harrington would practice jump rope. Finally Johnny Anderson would suggest that we place the matter on the table, and since there was usually no table in evidence the meeting would adjourn to nearby coffee houses.

The question as to Babson's favorite female college (or should we say college for females?) (or should we bring up the matter at all?) has never been settled. Of course, there is the time honored suggestion: "Harvard," but since we exclude schools in Cambridge, that one is out. Because of bias, prejudice, and stagnation, the University of East Quai is automatically ruled out in favor of Triangle-Circle Academy. However, if you push us to the wall, and we must answer the ques-

To jump to the serious for just a few moments, we have a number of friends, who usually do not receive publicly the credit and the thanks which is their due. How often in the morning, with but five and a half minutes before class, and two days to go with perfect record to gain a free afternoon, has your favorite waitress, whether it was Smiles, or Mary, Lee, or Ann, rushed into that chamber of mystery and nulligatwny soups, to bring forth a piping hot cup of coffee with cinnamon toast. Or, when you brought the very best girl-friend out to Babson Park, and everything just had to go right, didn't they give you the "mosta-oftha-besta," when it
really counted? That was fine, and each one of us is grateful.

Those same little lassies could miraculously transform a tornado-swept room into a scene of neat comfort. This, notwithstanding the time when purposely you left your last good shirt in the laundry box on your desk, only to discover it “among the missing” on your return. Maybe you bit your lower lip, or chewed one of your “roomy’s” cigarettes, but when you finally located the much-needed garment carefully folded in the third drawer up of the dresser in the far corner, you realized that it was all done in the best of good faith by the room-girl.

Few people are so much a part of the more intimate aspect, the more memorable side of life at Babson, than sparkling, petite Miss Collins. Never did she refuse to assist when the request was within her power. And, more than once, she disturbed her rest to see that we received that important long distance call about some difficulty at home or the like. We don’t know how to say it, but we do know how much we would like to be able to express adequately our gratitude to Miss Collins, a true friend of ’38.

Mrs. Lawless comes in for a share of thanks for her helpful cooperation. And, especially the Babsonian Editor wants to acknowledge her splendid spirit of interest in seeing to it that Washington Press, or Jahn and Ollier, Engravers got that vital message, in the fleeting moments between classes.

At least once in his life at Babson a fellow is bound to become ill; statistics would more than bear this out. Immediately, kindly and understanding, eager to help in every way, Miss MacPherson could be absolutely depended upon. This noble woman, who has devoted her life to the allaying of human suffering, was undoubtedly a spiritual force among us. Her inspiration and example will make us finer men.

We want to thank the secretaries, one and all, who more than once have come through in a crisis when we had to complete one of “Little Caesar’s” WPA projects or analyze the Federal Reserve System in two hundred words for Mr. Fittz. The members of the Babsonian wish to take this occasion especially to thank Miss Virginia Hueg, who on several occasions gave her time and strength that we might have the materials to collect “write-up” facts, or so that our soft-spoken business manager might send out into the American business world a declaration of the marvelous opportunity which was theirs: to advertise in the 1938 Babsonian!

As well, while we’re on the Babsonian sphere of appre-
Who of us will ever forget old Doc. Matthews, with the varied but ever-present bow-tie and shrinking violets? A master of pedagogy and dramatist to a tee, his classes often took on the aspect of spectacles "ne'er to be seen nor heard again."

Shive, who gave so much of his time to the Year-Book, and has the thanks of us all, the satisfaction of a job well begun as faculty advisor, was proof that dynamite may come in a small package. We don’t know with whom his feelings were, but we'll never forget his swift reaction to the atmospheric recollections of the Yale-Princeton game, nor will the memory of that final in Marketing speedily leave our still panting intellects for many a moon.

The lovable Patriarch of Keene imparted to us a fine and straightforward philosophy, and his delightful stories about the gay nineties (which with ruthless realism he did not recall as so particularly gay) we ourselves repeat in other circles to the pleasure of audiences.

"Hold your hats, boys, — we’re off!" was the initial signal at the outset of the indefatigable Pete’s course. And, we didn’t stop debiting and crediting for three days after the course had run its full. As he walks by, many a Babson chap can be heard to mumble ’neath his breath: "What a man!"

It is an indisputable fact that more energy is expended per minute in the ten-minute sales interview with that most invincible of "prospects," Bert Canfield, than in that gruelling three-hour wrestling match when "Wildcat" Lowe almost threw the "jahnt" Harrington.

Of course, when you come to the Dean’s course, words are meaningless. He was just indescribable. Blood pressures rose to the bursting point, only to be deflated by a winning smile from "Little Caesar" at just the right psychological moment. "When you’ve got a job
to do, do it. You get just about what you pay for in any field — and that includes labor. When you have something to say, speak up; when you have nothing to say, shut up!” We often reached a boiling point; but he distilled our characters until only the finer elements remained. To this capable, fearless, dynamic “gent,” we who bear the mark of his splendid teaching can only hope to vindicate his confidence in us.

The others were great, too! “Mason-Dixon” Duncan, “Ole Wils” Payne, “Jack” Horner, “Charley” Butler, “Doc” Harvey, and “Doctor” Bird. The Babson men of the future come into a splendid heritage: to the even greater Babson, guided onward to a great destiny by “Proxy” Carl Smith.

It won’t be long before old Babson will be a pleasant memory. Some of our pals have gone already; the major trek is not far off. Already the wailings of females smite the air, as surrounding institution sense the approaching departure. What will be in life for them, with Nicky gone, but, alas, not forgotten? Black, with his colleague in name-color, Knight, driven by Love, at last heed the pleading calls of Southern damsels. “Cholly” Lowe sings “Ah’m a-comin’, ah’m a-comin’!” as he sweeps on towards “God’s Country.” Jesse, with a lovely escort, follows “Yo-Ho” to the Rio Grande as another charming couple set sail for the land of heaven, Hawaii in the blue Pacific. Calm, imperturbable Ray Hauschel leads the “covered wagons” out to far Racine, there to resume the battle with the Indians. Jimmy Thomas and Kenny Fox, ardent advocates of bigger and better bread slices for youngsters, are looking for corners in the egg (market). Johnny Keil is zooming his way to paper Czardom in the middle of old U.S. Marsh Johnston is at work on a boiler for the Babson bird-room, feeling sure that those stuffed pheasants must have cold feet by now. Lehman can relax now (Note — Georgie Retz is a Socialist at heart; he talks in his sleep), for Neil McLean and Ted Harms are on their way back with Doc Matthews’ twenty guaranteed ways of ending the Roosevelt Recession.

“Pots” leaves hurriedly to check the C10 and the nasty capitalists way out that Flint-way.

Monty, Billy Mason, and Lee Smith concede they are ready to put Syracuse on a paying basis (????). The Major and the “Navy” join forces against the forces of depression and Navy athletics. Seagrove, known very disrespectfully as “Kraut Head” by Killer-Diller Feuling, with Bing Crosbie, Dick Rosenfeld, “Yankee” Ross, “Swede” Anderson, and Murray Hayward stay to defend the Boston area from the eskimos who are expected to arrive on a glacier any century now.

“Bobby” Maloney bids the “newly-weds” hon voyage, and, arm in arm with Ty Jamison, leaves for the United States. “Beavin of East Quai” invades the Campbell “Soup Court,” as
Ralph DeRoy bids half of Wellesley farewell, with Sawyer comforting the other half.

Harrington to the very last insists that “milk is your best food” and distributes the last box of cakes, hands Knight a final drubbing, sings “My Maryland” and drags “Morgenthau” McDermott off to the Keystone state.

In a lovely circle of charm the golden locks of Georgie Largay may be seen, as he tries to break away to bid Rodney adieu. They’re still friends despite an intense rivalry in the beverage field. Billy Cord zooms overhead, takes a final leap to shake Tommy Kehoe’s hand, and over the Rockies he sails to the pulchritude of Hollywood.

“Cap’n Scrappy” leaves by the back door to evade and avoid his twenty “best” girls, all eyeing each other like affectionate tigresses: the price of good looks!

That wisp of dust over on the road to Lasell needs no identification: the Mosher-Schulman duet is seeking a quartet for a final “Sweet Adeline.” Woody Ray takes a parting shot at the “Dean’s” pet thesis on “motionless studies,” and drags Marsh Borg off to the races. Ban Bryant at last turns in his Promotion Report, due February 3rd, at 8:30, and arm-in-arm with soft-spoken Ross Conner, shakes Roger’s hand, bows, and rushes for the train. Davis lingers, still pondering on the reasons why Jim Matthews never cuts his hand while opening sardine cans in class.

Ben Marks leaves on a Polar Expedition to catch a wayward “bar or two” (Western accent!) as Larry Crowe steams down Babson Park Avenue after the Akronite “Al” and his “roomy.” Roy King-Smith arrives late, having just taken a degree at Haaaaaaaad (nobody said he stole it!). Yes, that was Charley Ireland those Wellesley girls were admiring just then, and the very learned chap conversing with the Ladies’ Auxiliary is Doctor Wallace Cooper, C.O.A.W. (Charmer of all women) especially, alas, the more mature type.

“Bottle” and Bob Jameson, join with Learned Lew Titus, in an unearthly “Sitting Bull” whoop, and Chuck Carlson proceeds to play his “bazzooka” in upright position. “Scotty” McCampbell dilates at length on the relative superiority of “Popeye” to Alexander the Great as a ring general, and, for some strange reason, Johnny Nettleton smiles quietly and knowingly. Mort Treadway leaves hurriedly to visit Chicago, San Francisco, and Rio de Janeiro in a one-day expedition, in order to make a detailed report to Banker Saxe, who is working on a bank merger with Soviet Russia and the Twenty-second National Bank of Peoria, Illinois.

Times marches on! The future gobbles up the present! Good luck, boys!

Au Revoir!
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