SOCIAL LIFE

“A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.”

Mark Twain
WINTER CARNIVAL

Who will be our Winter Carnival Queen?

All I suggested was . . .

The best measure of the success of a major social event is the nature of the support it receives. If attendance and enjoyment can be termed measure of support, the 1961 Winter Carnival was overwhelmingly successful. From the pomp of the Grand March at the Copley Plaza Hotel to the informality of Sunday afternoon's Jam Session, a large variety of social events more than satisfied the students' needs for a change from the usual scholastic routine. As usual mother nature provided no snow, but it was no hindrance to such high points as the crowning of the Queen and the Dramatics Club presentation of "Damn Yankees."

Winter Carnival was a weekend of whirlwind excitement. The formal affair at the Copley Plaza with the grand march procession got off to a rousing start Friday night, with the proud Babson couples bejeweled under the Plaza's famous chandelier of colours shining down upon the happy couples.

High point of the evening was the senior grand march led by Don Ziegenbein, President of the Student Government. As the seniors and their ladies marched, Dr. Trim, Dean Stephens, and Mr. Strake
narrowed the choice down to three fair damsels. The students then balloted, and shortly before the bewitching hour, her royal majesty was crowned. We here at Babson, certainly acknowledge the beauty of our Queen. With humbleness in expression, regality in carriage, Miss Suzanne DeLane portrayed for us a true royalty. Miss DeLane was crowned by Dr. Trim and then was escorted around the ballroom by her date, while the fine music of society bandleader Harry Marshad played "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody." We were proud to acclaim her Queen of the 1961 Winter Carnival. And to you, Mike Brown, we extend our congratulations with complimentary envy, for your part in escorting lovely Suzanne DeLane. In attendance to the Queen were Betsy Howard and Mary Burke, who accentuated the arduous task of selecting face, figure, and faculty from among three hundred female celebrants of the festivities. Our only regret is that our traditional custom advocates selecting only one Queen.

On the second day of the carnival, the scene shifted to Wellesley High School Auditorium where the Babson Theatre Guild, taking its cue from our last three successes, adhered to the contemporary scene to the risqué production of Broadway's Musical Comedy, "Damn Yankees." As the theatre filled with the largest audience that the Guild had ever performed before, one could see the transformation from weary exhausted faces to high spirited ones.

The Babson Institute Theatre Guild has made many steps forward in its short history, and with this advancement forward has placed Babson high among colleges with Dramatics. With only a handful of veterans to fall back on casting was a long process, but our multi-

Where are your chaperones?
Grand Opening assures all of a success

Babson's Marlene Dietrich works out

"This Queen has her aces in all the right places"
talented Director DeFrench miraculously transformed a troupe of green actors into some remarkably entertaining talent.

"Damn Yankees" which is based on Douglass Wallop's novel, "The Year The Yankees Lost The Pennant," tells the story of a plump and bald middle-aged real estate salesman, played by plump Jack Bacon, who is an avid fan of his hometown ball team. In a rush moment he murmurs, "That he'd sell his soul to see the Washington Senators win the pennant." At this moment, the Devil appears, played by "Vaudelvillian" Lee Wellin, in the guise of a personable gentleman called Mr. Applegate, who offers to make a pact with him. In return for his soul he will transform him into a young, unbeatable ballplayer, and this is where "Beatable" Bob Pludo steps in as Joe Hardy.

As the team scores to second place, Joe longs for his former status in life. But Applegate employs the services of Lola, daring faculty censorship Helene Davidson portrays a ravishingly beautiful witch, to tempt Hardy into staying on the side of the devil. However, Hardy remains true to the wife he left behind him.

Members of the faculty, who became critics of the stage overnight, were heard to have commented. "Damn Good Musical," stated Mr. Mann. "Ron Perry in the Heart number split my sides with laughter," Dean Stevens told Athletic Director Tom Smith.

When vivacious DeFrench tossed a rose from her bouquet to versatile Pete Hoagland, who directed the tunes and orchestra, everyone realized this was the last curtain call and it was time to change the set in the mood for an exhilarating Saturday evening.
"You've Gotta Have Heart"

Final Curtain Call

Chevy Case Fan Club
But I always thought I was good looking.

Okay, lover, now what?

Our talented maestro leads the way.
Saturday Night, students flocked to the Hotel Continental in Cambridge to hear Carman MacRae with her sensational performance of hot and cool jazz. Carman MacRae has performed in all major clubs around the country as well as on television and in the movies. Metronome Magazine called her the "Singer of the Year" and Downbeat called her the "World's New Best Female Singer." Roy Eldridge has been noted for years as being the top jazz musician in the country as well as being a tremendous showman. This nationally known quintet wound up the evening's entertainment. So great was this group that it received a standing ovation at the end of the show.

The memorable but exhausting weekend drew to a close on Sunday afternoon with a jazz concert at the
Your what hurst?

Babeon Couple meets celebrity

The King and his harem

Short changed again, Ted?
Monticello in Framingham. For those who were still desiring to hear music and partake in liquid refreshments, Sunday afternoon's air was filled with Mel Dorfman and his Jazz Village Sextet. It was a wonderful way to close one of the best Winter Carnival's here at Babson Institute. Although he failed to blast holes in the walls of the newly renovated building, he provided plenty of good hot music and a fine cap for a wonderful three days.
That's fine, but what do you do about dandruff?

Climax to a wonderful weekend.
FRATERNITY PARTIES

Each year, the fraternities highlight Winter Carnival by providing extra entertainment for their brotherhood. Wild suite parties were the rule, rather than the exception. Over the past three years, such famous events have taken place such as Dick Perrett smashing in hotel doors, Jeffery Rice's wild interpretive Greek Dancing, to Ronald Rosen's "drop-trout." Faculty advisors were always present in the beginning of the evening however were skillfully swished away before the floor show took over. Both tubs swelled with ice, women ran around looking for their alleged dates, and fraternity brothers often played "switchies." Such celebrities as the heiresses to The Hershey Candy Bar Fortune, The Frith Silver Mines, The Remington Rand Fortune, represented by Garbo Benedict, and the playboy son of The Luxton's ran around as commoners.

All in all, these "extra" parties kept fraternity brothers at an unbelievable quick pace; most of them never seeing Monday.

Autographs, later love
Sometimes the excitement makes me feel a bit faint.

"All in a Night's Work"
Does anyone have a sun reflector?

Do I hear a Higher Bell?
A toast to the newly pinned couples.

Saw, when?
He had tired Blood...  

Guess who's getting out of a term paper...
S.A.M. "Uncatchable" Chuck Cacciatorie

SPRING WEEKEND
Hey Babe, what are you doing after the show?
Spring Weekend, the last social fling of the season, proved to be a huge success. The fun started officially Friday night with a semi-formal dance at the Hotel Continental in Cambridge. The Babson men and their dates danced to the sounds of Don Russell, whose fine music has been enjoyed by students on several other occasions.

The pinnacle moment of the evening was the announcing of the mayor of Babson Park after the campaigns of the previous evenings. To the surprise of all, there was a tie between Chuck Gocciatori (Chuck Klotsche) and Uncle Sam (Jack Bacon).

During the week before Spring Weekend, the candidates for mayor of campus, sponsored by Alpha Kappa Psi, Delta Sigma Pi, and the Society for Advancement of Management, kept the quadrangle in a constant state of utter chaos, which gave the Babson students another opportunity to rationalize not to study. Myriad women flocked through dinner time, people made speeches, and there were general shinnagans. One
FRIDAY NIGHT

“CHEESE”
SATURDAY

night, undaunted by fog and studies, a crowd gathered in the center of the quadrangle to watch thinly clad girls, hear speeches, and join in group singing. The final appeal for votes came at Knight Auditorium with more girls, more speeches, and more slapstick comedy skits. The students took part in the election by casting their ballots Friday morning. Monday morning there was a run-off, between the two candidates that were tied, and on Honor’s Day it was announced to the school that the new mayor was Chuck Klotsche representing the Society for Advancement of Management. He was presented a key to the campus at this assembly. Blue Key once again ran the campaign, and Pete Hoagland did a wonderful job as chairman, even though they did have tough censorary rules to adhere to.

"I could have danced all night..."
"I know a good spot on the other side of the lake!"

Down by the old mill stream.
On Saturday, the festivities took place at Lakeview Park, in Mendon, Mass. Once again, mother-nature was against us with temperature nearing forty degrees, but that didn't stop Tony Tomasso's Dixieland music in the afternoon; while, "rock 'n roll" filled the ears of the tired men, though one would never know by the contortions of dancing and "twists" displayed by fellow students and their dates that evening.

To add to the hysteria of the evening, it was announced by the management that the A.B.C. would raid and interrogate the joint. The couples could hardly wait. To the disappointment of all the authorities let us down and never showed up. This was no stunt of Chuck Cacciatorie, who represented the "unmentionable character" during the roaring days of prohibition.

On Sunday, Open House was permitted for the first time in Babson's history. Women were allowed in the dormitories! The men spent days straightening up their rooms, and the dates took it for granted that they always looked that neat. It is only fitting to say, that this weekend proved to be one that was fun-filled.
O0000 that feels so good.
OPEN HOUSE

"Ooh Freddie, what cold hands you have!"

Where's Col. Whitehead with the Schweppes?
Their off and running.

"Is it worth 25c for only three darts?"

"Me, up there?"
Fall Weekend officially opened the social season with a splash! This was the first time in Babson’s history that such an event was held. Weeks before the “frolic” was actually staged, the campus was seen in a constant state of hustle and bustle. From Andy Mandel running around looking for Hawaiian leis to Art Kreib trying to find the whole Vets’ Club Booth, a lonely freshman could tell his first big college weekend was in store for him. By Saturday, there were booths stretched out from Park Manor South to Lyon Hall. The activities in the afternoon were well advertised in local newspapers and on radio stations. Many proper Wellesley town folks attended this unusual event. The proceeds that were taken in by the booths were handed over to charitable organizations. On that crisp Autumn day in October, the people who attended the bazaar could expect anything from turtle races to faculty members being dunked in tanks of water.

That evening a raffle took place, and numerous winners were announced. The grand prize was an ebony black Babson Chair, highlighted with our gold seal. Blue Key conducted this event. To top off the exciting evening, Ethel Merman made a surprise appearance. Requests from the audience were yelled out, and she obliged by singing the following numbers from her smash hit musical, “Gypsy,” “Mr. Goldstone, Have an Eggroll,” and “Mama’s Getting Hot.” Once again, Babson Institute scored another social victory; only to bring out a multitude of students at Winter Carnival.

International coterie

A hundred and one pounds of fun.
To climax our college years, the senior class sponsored a dance, and came off without a hitch despite overly hectic complaints that our dues were not paid. Our class treasurer, Harvey Feldman, finally threatened the class with sardonic invectives, "Will it be a dance or an electric barbed wire fence around the sanctuary?" To this frantic appeal, the seniors replied in the affirmative, and the dinner dance proved to be a tremendous success.

Intermittently, the dancegoers, after cocktails and dinner, drifted onto the dance floor at the Riverside Club. Although Lester Larnin couldn't quite make this one, due to a previous engagement at some Deb's party in Newport, Don Russell our old standby proved quite adequate for the evening. Comments heard, were "That it was one of the best social functions in the three years we were in college," and it seemed to be a wonderful way to wrap up these cherished years.