SENIORS
Walter B. West, Jr.

*President*

Shall we call him our paradoxical personality? Brilliant in his studies, yet some times 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 extra-curricula activities, such as Accounting and Finance, Charlie will be expected to balance the budget when he becomes Governor of Vacationland.

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**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 43-42 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 H. 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.

Joseph J. Ecker, Jr.

"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 fantasía, 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’nuf, 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.
**Culver H. Griffin**

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, Loeh-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. Heimle

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 Heimle 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. Kenneth 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 savour-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.

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**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.
"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.

**Jamieson R. Law**

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 weekends 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 repetitions week-ends. But at Babson, Ed blended his affability 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!"
Roland C. Worster

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.