DALLI BANNED
AT BABSON

PROCTOR PROTESTS PURCHASE OF SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK

Miss Ruth Proctor, curvacious and dictatorial Babson Institute Librarian, has caused a loud cry of protest to be raised on the campus because of her unwillingness and inability to feel the pulse of student taste in literature for the Browsing Room.

This past week Miss Proctor was asked by the students if she would consider purchasing the recent book by the Surrealist painter, Salvador Dali—"The Secret Life of Salvador Dali". In stating her refusal, Miss Proctor said that there was little need for Babson Institute students to read the autobiography of a psychopath when there are so many to observe right on the campus. This made a few students angry and they proceeded to circulate a petition. All the students have signed this petition and it will be presented to the President. As the paper goes to press, the President's "Ivory Tower" is not conversing with the outside world, and so his reaction to the request is not known.

Miss Proctor, at the time of her refusal, based her opinion of the book on the reviews which she had read, and which she says were unfavorable. It is reported that her two sources of information for all purchases of books for the Browsing Room are the Saturday Review of Literature, and the Book Review section of Street and Smith's Western Stories Magazine.

BABSON SHALL LIVE

When Daniel Webster said, in defending Dartmouth College, "It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. Yet there are those who love it," he might have been talking about Babson Institute and the way we all really feel about it. Oh, yes, it is true that at times we have rather sharp criticisms to make, but there is something about Babson that makes us keep coming back for more until the very end. We will miss it more when we have left than we realize now. We will love it more. We will love its buildings, every one of them. The ivy on red brick, the white pillars, and the colonial grace of its architecture. The long walk up the hill to the athletic field on a blustery fall day, or a warm late spring day, will be a thing of joy to recollect. The race down, all hot, when the games are over, will have an almost poetic charm. These physical things are not all, however. There's freedom at

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Babson when the day's work is done for one to do as one wishes. There is more to learn here than any one of us will ever learn, and we are privileged to take away what we can get by searching and digging for it. We have fine professors. They are sincere, interested, and scholarly. They want us to learn, and they make every effort so that we will learn. Every student is encouraged to perform to the best of his ability. Nothing stands in his way except himself, and many times this barrier is removed through the help of an observing professor. Babson men make the college what it is, and for the most part they are fine men. Perhaps they have been sheltered a little too much from the realities of life, but what average collegian is not guilty of this? The bumps of life, when they do come, will come with less shock because Babson men know how to think.

We all should, and most of us do, feel as if we are a group of God's chosen few, who have been permitted to come to this beautiful spot to study, unhampered by most worldly cares. There is no word, no phrase, which can express our love for Babson Institute. The pride of knowing that you are one of those who attend an institution of higher learning which has dared to stand alone while all other collegiate schools of business have found it necessary to attach themselves to an already existing college or university. We are far from the underdog because Babson stands alone. That is why we will be proud to say that we are Babson men. That is why, when this world conflict is over, and education is once more resumed on a normal basis, we will not permit Babson Institute to be one of the war casualties. We will shout its name, and we will assume its burden. It is our college and we love it. It is going to carry on, and on, turning out informed young men.

HOLIDAY LOSSES

Probably the hardest hit suite 212-214 suffered at Babson was the loss of Downey and Zuver. "Dirty" Dan had his first physical while here at school and upon reaching home volunteered because he heard that he wasn't to be inducted until February. Our pal Zuver, at present, is changing draft boards and while the officials are going through the red tape, Dave is sunning himself at Palm Beach.

Our two "Generals" -- Gates and Phelps have both received their commissions and are awaiting orders from the War Department. Daniel, the Omaha "flash", signed up in the C.P.T. before his draft board was able to "contact" him. "Brud" Cook was not so fortunate as he received his induction notice as a Christmas present.

"Tex" is being bothered by the draft board and has decided to ride the range for his father hoping that Uncle Sam will give his consent.
Vacation!! It always proves interesting and I happened to get in on a few events during the holidays despite the gas rationing.

My trip to Pontiac, Michigan, was interesting, but I'm glad that I didn't meet any local cops the way Don Raubar did. Two black hits, plenty of runs, and one big error. (Now will you keep your loud mouth shut?)

"General" Claxton was given a big testimonial dinner in one of Boston's swanky hotels by all of Needham's victorious football opponents. Clax was presented with a gilt-edge edition of Pop Warner's book on "Coaching Football to Win."

Benny Hoskin took his Xmas gift home with him and let his father sell it. Benny said that he could see no reason why it should go to waste. He couldn't use it--yet. (For those who did not attend the party, Benny received a delicate piece of women's apparel.)

Last Sunday evening on the way back to The Park a few of the boys were stationed at the Copley Merry-go-round for a few hours. Sitting next to the headwaiter's table, one of the fellows picked up the phone when it rang and no one answered it--"Kelly's Poolroom....Kelly talkin'!

The whole student body is singing "At Last" -- At last the three Sabson men who remained unaffected by the gas rationing will have to start walking. This has only been the case since Thursday when the "A" card holders were cracked down on. Too bad fellows, I am really broken up about it.

The way Dick Gavigan is flaunting that Christmas card his father received from the Brooklyn Dodgers in everybody's face, you'd think they won the pennant. I really feel sorry for him--all he has been able to talk about since he came back is--you guessed it--Brooklyn. (What hurts is that he doesn't even live in the town!)

I really think something should be done about "Colonel" Andrew's new cigarette holder. I don't know the story behind it, but I have noticed that he has a heck of a time keeping up with it.

At last I have a final count for posterity. Chuck Meihser beats out Frank McGheeeeee. Since they were little, and innocent Juniors, these two fellows have staged a race to see who could come back the latest after a vacation. By the results of the last two "heats", I find that Chuck holds the title by the margin of two months, one day and five hours. Congratulations, Chuck!

Something that probably did happen over the vacation: a man with a '38 Ford convertible rode two men to a dance and then when he got tired, just drove off to leave them to their own deserts. And on a night that was cold as a .......!!! Fred Little--how could you?

Poor Walt Oberndorf and Ed Hurd haven't yet become used to the glaring sunlight which sometimes honors us around noon time. Reason is they got into the habit of sleeping from four a.m. to four p.m. and never saw the sun.

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OF SUCH ARE BABSON’S AND THE NAVY

Long after the last of the Juniors had gone for their Christmas vacations, I sat reading their term papers.

Here was one on "The Colossal Paradox", with introductory, transitional, and developmental paragraphs in perfect array and content. "Perhaps Plato was right when he said that man should search for a natural ethic that would stir men's souls to righteousness without relying on heaven, purgatory, or hell". Crediting originality, I gave it a high mark.

Next came some well-written prose on reporting sports: "Whether he knows it or not, almost everyone is a sports reporter. Wherever friends meet, there will some sports event be chronicled. The country has grown sports minded, and sports have become a big business".

There was an effort or two to portray the typical Babson Junior, and I gathered from various contributors that he was insouciant, imperturbable, sophisticated, debonair, prurient, philandering, discreet, unctuous, lusty, racy, orthodox, pragmatic, Philistine, and glib. From my advisory seat, I felt he was some of these, plus one attribute not mentioned.


It was late now, and the papers less promising. A sinuous staleness was beginning to slouch over me. Faulty reference, inconsistent tenses, queasy platitudes, mental somersaults, atrocious spelling—coming not singly but in platoons—were taking their inevitable toll of attention and interest.

I picked up the last paper: "Physical examinations", "adjourning room", "depth precision", and "I must have been alright" stared up at me from the first three or four paragraphs. A mild irritation pushed up the pulse. The irrepressible candidate for honors in English, with his story about entering the Navy, was down to a D. He had neglected, ignored, or flaunted my most meticulous directions, and those of "Toby" as well.

Suddenly a change. Could it be true that this tumbling, simple, and earnest paragraph was on the same page? I read on: "Then the big minute of the day came. About twenty of us lined up in the front of the room. Soon the captain came out of his office, and after a short speech and a few announcements, we were sworn in. That was a very happy minute of my life and I shall never forget it as long as I live. It made me feel, as I know it did the others, like getting out there and fighting for my country and my flag until the end of my days. I am now called 'Future Flying Officer ------ ------', and am damned proud of it".

No bravura, this; no bellicose ranting. Neither an anemic dream of future glory. Emerging here was the soul of a strong youth on his knees to a thing for love of a thing. I suppressed a catch in my throat, and gave him a C— for eloquence.

Finished, completely, I closed my eyes for a moment of relaxation. In a flash there came a host of images: a naval base somewhere in England; evasive twilight falling over the muggy countryside; flying officers' quarters lying...
RAYMOND THOMAS JONES III

Raymond Thomas Jones III is known to all of us, except Mr. Canfield, as Tom Jones. He calls him Ray. Tom is a farmer at heart, despite the fact that he will someday be a part of the Jones Lumber Company, which is one of the largest in the United States. His love for farms began when he was very young and used to visit at his grandfather's farm at Lake Keuka, New York, where he would enjoy hoeing beans, pitching hay, and incidently, playing golf on his grandfather's private golf course. Yes, Tom enjoys farming, and when he goes home now on vacations, he stays at the farm of his parents at Wyoming, New York, more than he does in Buffalo, where the Joneses have a town house. If it is ever necessary Tom feels that he could make a good living as a farmer.

Tom was born at Buffalo, New York, in November, 1922. He is the son of the Joneses II, and was educated at a swank Buffalo day school up to the age of ten when he went away to the Gow School. When he was fifteen he came back to Buffalo and graduated from the Nichols School two years later.

An ardent and blind Republican, Tom's favorite columnist is Westbrook Pegler, whose word he accepts as the ultimate truth upon any subject. Reading and participating in family discussions on finance and investments has caused Tom to appear almost precocious in his general information on these subjects.

Automobiles are not one of Tom's favorite toys, although he has a smooth Chevrolet coupe up here. He would much prefer to let someone else drive it for him and most of the time he does this very thing. He once said that the first thing he was going to have when he got into business was a chauffeur so that he could devote his energies to more constructive things than driving an automobile. He will undoubtedly carry along an Ediphone, and take care of his correspondence while riding.

At Babson Tom has concentrated on distribution, because he felt that his interest in finance at an early age had provided him with ample background in this field and that the sales experience was something he needed more than anything else.

Romantically, Tom has wandered around a bit while at Babson, but since late last summer he has concentrated on Miss Margie Holman who lives in Wellesley. Tom sees Marge every day; he calls her twice a day. They must be in love. He was an usher at her sister's wedding this fall, and he is in solid with her family. At the present moment, a nearly life-size photograph of Tom rests on the piano at the Holman house on Grove Street. A Christmas gift from Tommy.

The only form of formal athletics which he likes is swimming, which he does quite frequently in the pool at the Wyoming farm. He considers all athletic directors as "silly asses".

Capitalistic, rustic, amorous, blunt, blundering, and advertising manager of the Babsonian. That is Tom Jones.

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Well, here we are back in Boston—what a letdown! Here we are, back reading and writing the "Beacon". Here we are, getting up for eight-thirty classes just after we had become used to sleeping 'til one in the afternoon. I guess we'd better make the most of it until the Army and Navy start calling us up. Now that we are really back let's take a look around Boston and see if anything has changed.

MOVIES: Loew's State and Orpheum have the best show in town—at least one of the best. "Stand By For Action" is the American counterpart of "In Which We Serve". It is a story about an old American destroyer in the mid-Pacific on convoy duty. The cast includes such stars as Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy and Robert Taylor. Those who have been lucky to see this say it is the best picture in town and shouldn't be missed. The co-feature is supposed to be a good comedy. It must be good—it's about "The McGuerins From Brooklyn".

Another picture of the same nature, but of a different view of the Navy is: "One of Our Aircraft is Missing". This is a story about the life on board a British Navy aircraft carrier. This picture is accompanied by a new Milton Berle show, "Over My Dead Body". Even if you cannot stand Milton Berle, you ought to take a few hours off to drop into the Paramount and Fenway to see the English picture. It received good write-ups in New York and most of the national magazines.

The Keith Memorial has a hit on its hands. "Once Upon a Honeymoon" with Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant is one of the funniest pictures of the year, or should we say last year? It is about Ginger Rogers getting married to a high Nazi official and has Cary Grant going along for the honeymoon. Worth the price of admission is the already famous Walt Disney masterpiece "der Fuehrer's Face". The star of the show is naturally Donald Duck, and from all reports, he is headed for the Academy Award.

The "Met" has a good show if you like Betty Grable, (That was stupid—who doesn't like Grable?) and Harry James. There is nothing exceptional about this show except for Betty Grable. Our new war cry: "Let's grapple with Grable". There is a "lousy" second show with it (pardonnez-moi but it really is) called "The Man in the Trunk".

The best factual picture of the past year is now at the Fine Arts. It is called "Moscow Strikes Back". It is made up of actual shots of the Russian war. It is a striking picture and should not be missed.

"You'll Find Cut", with the unholy Trio—Bela Lugosi, Peter Lorre, and Boris Karloff—is at the Normandie. See it if you want—I don't.

Legit. Stage: For those few who haven't seen "Tobacco Road", IT is in town now, but it only has a few days left, so get on your horses and breeze into the city and see this; an educational feature. John Barton is still with the production, or should I say he is back again?

There are about three days left for the Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith play "Spring Again". The Boston Herald says this is one that "should Not be missed".

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EDWIN WILLIAM HURD

Ed Hurd is our muscle man from Detroit. Big of build, a weight-lifting enthusiast, and a friendly kind of a guy. A product of industrial America, Ed has grown up with lathe tools in his hand. He says that almost as long as he can remember his father took him down to the Hurd Lock and Manufacturing Company and showed him how to use the various machine tools on which this company makes all the locks, hubcaps, and trimmings for the Ford Motor Company. Now Ed goes down whenever he has the inclination and turns out a gun barrel to repair one of the many guns in his gun collection, or some other part. Just recently, he made all new steel grips for his Bar-Bell set. When he finishes at Babson, Ed would like to go into the sporting goods business.

At Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, Ed played three years of junior varsity football; two years of track, and got one letter in this sport; four years of wrestling and three letters. He likes to ride and to hunt. Last year he went bow-and-arrow hunting for deer with his father. He neglected to say if he got one. The out-of-doors appeals to him greatly. Trips to ranches in Montana in the summertime have been memorable events for him. He also likes to drive an automobile fast and he has made the trip from Detroit to Palm Beach four times in a Ford. The best record he has is 29.5 hours for the trip down, and that was in the winter.

When Ed is in Detroit, he says he likes best to sleep, and he feels his accomplishments in the town itself are not very great, because he says that it seems he has been away at school and college for years.

He has a very attractive sister at Mount Holyoke College according to reports. She is a senior.

At Babson Ed is on the Editorial Board of the Babsonian. Also, a "Convalescent Home Air Raid Warden", in his own words. The Alpha Delta Sigma men call him brother, and he intends to specialize in Production Management while here.

An inveterate night hawk, he would seriously enjoy working on the night shift in a defense plant if given a chance. He is the only student here who is in the Marine Reserve Corps.

Ed is one of the most willing workers on extracurricular activities, and, incidentally, one of the most able at taking punishment as evidenced by his workout with the weights for an hour at the entrance to the dining room.

He's a great big eighteen-year-old outdoor man, with a lot of confidence and idealism.

SAINT--Continued from Page 3--

Found: a new system for keeping the old tradition of not arriving back at school on time. This is how it was worked by the "Private": simply call the railroad station at their busiest hour to be sure the line is busy; then go home and relax. Next thing to do is to call again on the day you would ordinarily leave for school and receive the astounding answer that reservations cannot be had. That should be good for at least a week. If it isn't, then go out and insult a couple of cops so that they beat you to a pulp so you can't even walk to the train even if you did have a reservation.
squat and quiet under the dimming panoply; a grim C. O. in staccato command to the loud speaker; a crew of American youth--lusty, debonair, pragmatic, glib--taking their places quickly in the big battleship of the air.

I heard the high, thin, strident voice of Flying Officer ----- ----- ----- ----- I thought it might be persiflage from the back row of Room 205, Lyon. No conventional flight this, I gathered from the conversation.

The fortress wheeled, and thundered, and rose--a mighty, winged berserker off into the night.

High over the target it is now. Hostile fighters buzz up to meet it. Shore batteries blaze intently. Banter in the behemoth ceases. Flying Officer ----- ----- ----- ----- is in the front row now, pouring a hail of lead from the turret gun. A fighter falls in flames, and another, and another. Through a rift in the mist, the fortress plummets toward the target, flattens, lets loose its tons of destruction, and zooms skyward out of range.

I listen for the chatter of the high, thin voice. No sound comes. A wounded hero slumps in the turret-gun seat. I honor the trait his confreres did not mention.

Weeks later I receive from him the modest story of his mounting score of planes, and I read aloud to my wide-eyed classes: "I must have been 'alright'.... It made me feel as I know it did the others, like getting out there and fighting for my country and my flag until the end of my days!"

Of such are Babson's and the Navy.

H. H. SHIVESLEY

"Chuck" Clark is home with the excuse of being sick, while "big" Bob Glennon has been quarantined as his little brother has scarlet fever. Guess Bob is getting a taste of home life.

---DARI--Con't from Page 1, Col. 2---

In the first of these it is obvious that she would not find anything favorable, and in the second one they review only books about the West. This is very unfair of Miss Proctor and it is suggested that she read Clifton Fadiman's review in The New Yorker, or the review in Time. Perhaps the good lady's sensibilities are shocked by some of the excerpts from the book. For example, the one about him encountering a legless, blind man on a cart in Paris, and kicking him clear down the block on his cart because he couldn't stand the sight of him.

But, nevertheless, the book has its reason for being in that it combines in the life story of one man most of the deviations from the norm which are evident or latent in most of us.

The floor in the Browsing Room is becoming dusty. The solution--place three copies of "The Secret Life" on the shelves, and remove and toss lightly into the nearest wastebasket those three bound volumes of Goddy's Lady's Book.

---AROUND TOWN--Con't from Page 6---

Note: John Kirby and his small but terrific outfit leave Boston, the Copley Plaza, on the thirteenth. It is the best music in town, at one of the best hotels in town--and not expensive. (Whose scotch? Johnny Walker, of course.)

Note (Again): The Red Coach Inn is moving into town. Jack Larkin, the owner, told a group of the fellows the other night that he would open a new restaurant on Stanhope Street in Boston. The location is known almost as well as the famous food of the Red Coach chain. This same building on Stanhope Street was the location of the famous "Gundlach's Hofbrau", and then later, but equally as well known, "Town House".