FINAL DANCE MARCH 13

DISPUTE ENDS WITH FINAL DANCE TO BE HELD AT THE PURITAN

After canceling a Tea Dance on February 28th because of a dispute over dates with the Religious Activities Committee, and after having the administration threaten to cancel the dance in Boston, the Social Activities Committee now has announced the Saturday of March 13th as the day for this dance. This dance will again be held at the Puritan Hotel, but will be informal. Dancing will be from eight to twelve, and Chappie Arnold (getting to be a Babson tradition) will again play for your enjoyment.

This will not be a dinner dance as the last. A shortage of food and labor makes it practically impossible for the S. A. C. to make the same arrangements as before. However, dinner may be obtained in the main dining room of the Hotel Puritan. Prices range from $1.50 to $2.50 per dinner. Call the headwaiter and make your reservations early.

COLONEL MILLEA GUEST SPEAKER FOR GRADUATION BANQUET

The Seniors have just received notices to the effect that Col. John E. Millea, faculty member on leave of absence, will make every attempt to leave his desk in Washington and come to Babson for the commencement banquet.

The banquet will be held on Thursday evening, March 18, and will be attended by the Junior Class, faculty, trustees, the staff, and invited guests.

(Incidentally, Mr. Burt promises to have the best meal of the year for this special occasion.)

It seems that a certain Pine Manor official thinks it would be nice for their girls to entertain the Navy Ensigns (which we believed would be out here in a month) with a dance. Ironically they ignored the pleas of our student body to have the same thing—someone ought to tell this dear gal that all but six of our students will be in uniform in approximately two to three weeks.
THE A D S BEACON

Publication of the
Alpha Delta Sigma Fraternity
of
Babson Institute
Babson Park, Mass.

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BABSON INSTITUTE ELIGIBLE

In the Herald of last Wednesday there was an article on the latest War Manpower Commission announcement on the colleges which may be utilized for war training. THE BEACON repeats this article, in part, for the benefit of those who might be interested and who might have missed Wednesday's Herald. It reads as follows:

"For inspection and possible contract by the Navy Department for specialized naval training:

Mass. - Babson Institute

"The schools were selected by the joint committee for the selection of nonfederalized educational institutions, made up of three representatives each of the War and Navy Departments and the W.M.C.

"The committee's approval does not guarantee that the Army or the Navy will utilize the school, but merely makes the institution eligible to conclude a contract with one of the armed services for giving the type of training specified."

PHYSICS CLASS ENTERTAINS MISS BURKE

Last Wednesday night, the physics class put on their Sunday best to entertain their physics instructor, Miss Burke.

A committee of two called for Miss Burke at her residence and escorted her to the Commons Room in Park Manor to join the rest of the class. After eating dinner in Mr. Durt's night club the class carried on a very diversified discussion, delving into physics and history. The evening reached its peak when Chairman Vaughan Andrew presented, on behalf of the class, a purse and compact set to Miss Burke. The evening was brought to a climax by members of the class conducting Miss Burke on a tour through the Library.

STAFF MEMBERS DONATE BLOOD

Miss Clara Clark and Miss Frances Burgess, both of the Institute staff, have given a pint of blood each to the American Red Cross. Hats off to this patriotic twosome—they have given of their blood for the treatment of the seriously injured.

ANNUAL Deadline March 10th

All contributions to the ADS BEACON ANNUAL, which will appear during the week of March 16th, should be in the hands of the editors by March 10th.
There have been many complaints lately about the food, but from what a few Seniors saw one Tuesday (meatless) night, it must be worse than everyone thought. Seated at a corner table at Locke Ober's was Phil Burt (The Meat Man) enjoying a nice, thick, juicy steak with plenty of butter. We all hope that he brought some pointers back with him.

SCOOOP! Fred Little has found a new bit of local color. If you are interested, her name is Barbara Purbush. Why don't you show her off, Fred?

It is reported that Koskin has had dates with ten different women in ten nights at P. M. What's the trouble -- can't he hook even one?

The glamour boys of the week are Fred Little and "Chief" Gavigan who posed together for school publicity.

Last Wednesday, during physics lab, Dean (Steinmetz) Christopoulos was conducting his electrical experiment when all of a sudden he jumped, turned white, his hair stood on end, and McGehee pulled him away. All that happened was that he got mixed up with 325 volts. (What an impedance.) It even got him excused from Physical Training.

Well, you won't be seeing much of either Ted Townsend or Frank McGehee for the remaining two weeks. Wellesley came back Tuesday, March 2nd. Welcome back to the fold, Connie and "The Squirrel".

FLASH!! Greeley has been deferred for three more big days. Frank will be with his class graduation night.

The laugh of the week comes from Jones. It seems he told Emma, the Holman's maid, that his family will pay $20 a week for a maid. The result, she served notice on the Holmans telling them that she is going to move to Buffalo, with her daughter (of whom she wishes Tom would take notice), and work for Mr. Tom. His blowing has again caught up with him.

Steve Waldron came back looking very much better after a week end in Waban. Must have been very restful.

Imagine Frank McGehee shaving on a Monday morning, and putting on a white shirt. When I saw that Monday morning, I felt sure he would be on his way to the station to meet "The Squirrel". But he didn't! I guess he just wanted to get back into practice, or was it just that he wanted to sit and think about her.

Too bad George Simpson can't come down out of the clouds for the last two weeks of school. I think that I'd better take a good look at Miss Helen O'Connell when she comes to visit George this week end.

Whale-Tail (Greeley) and Squeak (Frank) almost knocked themselves out during the blackout Sunday night, when they bumped heads.

Think of it, fellows--in another two weeks I'll have to follow all of you but five into the services to keep up this column. Isn't it exciting--no more time clocks--just bugles!!!
The corn belt's gift to the Institute is none other than Hale Bixby, known to everyone as Bix. Bix was husked in Omaha, Nebraska, on June 15, 1922, and at an early age showed signs of being quite a boy. He attended the public schools of Omaha, both grammar and high, and as he says "It was an all-year proposition", since he usually attended both winter and summer sessions. While in grammar school he went along with the crowd, but in high school he hit his prime, and has been going strong ever since. In high school he spent his time running the slickest and hottest fraternity in the West, Treis Kei Ka, and courting a girl named Elizabeth Bruington.

After a notable career in high school, Bix went to Florida where he spent a winter packing tomatoes and attending Fern Hall Business School. After the winter had passed, he went back to Omaha and took a job in a foundry until the fall when he came to Babson. Just before coming here, however, his family moved from Omaha to Lake Okoboji, Nebraska, which he explains is the third bluest lake in the world. (It must be--he was in love the last time he saw it.)

During his Junior year Bix was one of the best-liked fellows in school, as proved by the fact that he was on the Student Executive Committee, Social Activities Committee, a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, Treasurer of the Bowling League, and an A.R.P. member.

He does not have much time now for so many activities, because in the short two weeks between his Junior and Senior years, Bix really made time and took on an extra large liability. He surprised everyone by coming back married to his high school sweetheart, Elizabeth Bruington (known as Zib). From all reports of the wedding, it was a wild affair, for Bix almost didn't get to the church, and Col. Andrew was very influential in fixing up his car so he and Zib had a hard time making their getaway.

Bix then arrived back at school with wife and all, and after much trouble and a fight with one landlady, he finally found a house in Wellesley. He now lives at 14 Brook Street, Wellesley, where he assures us that he has the food problem well in hand.

Bix has some ideas about life that startle most people, but to the ones who know him well, it is not surprising, for they know he can get some queer ideas, but come hell and high water, he'll still believe them. His idea of life is to be comfortable, with all necessities, some luxuries, and plenty of spare time. He wants to work like h--- for twenty-five or thirty years and then sit back and really enjoy a "free life".

Before he dies, Bix wants to make at least one parachute jump and if he doesn't learn to fly in the Army, he plans to do so right after the war is over. Then, also, of all things, he wants to be a deep sea diver and raise

---Continued on Page 6, Column 1---
**Movies:** As if to compete, or at least in an attempt to compete, with Radio City Music Hall, the Boston Loew's Theatres are starting "Random Harvest" on its second week. For your information, this is the picture that broke all records at the Music Hall by running for eleven weeks or better. That should be enough to convince everyone that this picture is really one in a million and is well worth your time and money. It is one of the finest stories ever written, a best seller for many months, and one of the best dramas ever filmed. The stars of this James Hilton story are Greer Garson, of "Mrs. Minerva" fame, and Ronald Colman, of "Lost Horizon". Need we say more -- the finest actors of the screen in a picture that broke all attendance records and length of run at Radio City.

RKO Boston again features one of the best of the long line of Alfred Hitchcock's successes. "Shadow of a Doubt" is sure to be one of the top films of the year. The stars are Teresa Wright, Lou's wife in "The Pride of the Yankees", and John Cotton, who was brought to the attention of the public in the Orson Wells' film, "Citizen Kane". This should be very interesting as a production, to the more technical minded. Hitchcock took his camera crew all over the country in an attempt to get the best location shots possible. For the town in the story he moved camera crews, sound men, actors, and all the other essential people into a small city on the West Coast. All this was done to avoid going over the ceiling of costs the government placed on movies. The ceiling at the time was $5,000--Hitchcock spent in the neighborhood of only $3,000 for the production.

The Metropolitan Theatre also has a good show this week. It is being held over for a second week. "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is the name of the production and James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Jeanne Cagney are the stars. This is Jeanne's first stab at the film business. "Y.D.D." is the life story of one of America's best-known and loved characters--George M. Cohan. Jimmy Cagney plays the part of Cohan while Jimmy's sister plays the part of Cohan's sister. This story is said to be one of the best of its type ever produced. At present there is much talk of Cagney being a possible Academy Award winner due to his performance in this fine picture. The second feature with this is "The Fighting Engineers"--might be worthwhile seeing in view of the fact that with only a few weeks left some of us might find ourselves assigned to the engineers.

Legit. Stage: The newest thing to hit the "Boards" in Boston is the new George Abbott comedy, "Kiss and Tell". This will be of the type that has made Abbott so famous for his productions. It will be the fast-moving, hard-hitting type, the same as the other Abbott successes--"Best Foot Forward", "Pal Joey", etc. At The Wilbur Theatre.

The Copley-Shubert Theatre has reopened to the tune of "Pygmalion", the G.B.S. Shaw comedy hit. Sylvia Sidney is the star of this and it will be in Boston for about two weeks.

Another of the better known successes of the current entertainment season in Boston is the featuring of Victor Borge in the Oval Room at the Copley Plaza. Borge is the piano-playing comedian who was featured for so long on the Bing Crosby radio program.
sunken ships. (Undoubtedly, for the gold.)

As a permanent career, Bix hopes to go up with the plastics wave, injecting his ideas, molding a future, and extruding a bank roll. He is preparing for it by specializing in distribution.

When asked about his married life, Bix will say, "Don't do it--unless you are good at washing floors and hanging curtains."

ROBERT HIGGINS

Fifty-four years to the day after Lincoln gave his Gettysburg Address, another important event took place in Waltham, Massachusetts. On that day Robert, known to us as "Hick", Higgins first saw the light of day. It was a great day for the city, because Bob has been running the Chamber of Commerce a close race as the greatest exponent of Waltham local color.

Bob is a product of the Waltham public schools, as everyone can tell by talking with him. In Waltham High School he took an active interest in school affairs and in his Senior year was captain of the track team. But his most outstanding accomplishment in high school was playing the clarinet in the school band. He took several trips with the band, and played with it when it won the National High School Band Contest at Northwestern University.

After leaving high school, Bob decided to go to Cambridge Junior College, which he attended for one year and became president of his class. He then left Cambridge and headed for the great metropolis of New York where he attended New York University for one year. (No doubt he was tired of the Boston atmosphere.) While at New York University he picked up those giddy yellow gym clothes that you see him wear.

Outside of class and between school terms Bob usually found a job at one thing or another. He has probably held a greater variety of jobs than anyone else in the class, for in his short span of life he has flattened his feet as a mailman for Uncle Sam, pumped gas (he can't fix you up now) at a local Waltham station, worked in his Dad's furniture store, saved young girls from drowning at Riverside, and taught tennis. These are just a few things, but you can see that he is what they call a "Jack-of-all-trades".

Bob came to Babson the year after leaving New York University. He is known here as sort of a black wolf because living off campus he is seldom seen except in classes. He has spent most of his time here relating Waltham's history to us, subjecting us to his philosophy (which is 99% Mr. Heddendorf's, but twisted a bit) and bulling with the professors after class. However, he did find time out to join the E.R.C., and take part in some intramural sports.

Bob is not sure what business he wants to get into, but he thinks that he would like to get into the production control end of some manufacturing company. He admits that he will probably lose his shirt, but some time in life he wants to do some speculating in the stock market.

Bob is quite an economist (a little along Uncle Jim's side) and he believes that there will be a few changes after the war, but that generally he will return to life as in the past twenty-five or thirty years. He also believes that the British Empire will not be broken up.

He says that one of his most enjoyable experiences was a trip through the Midwest a few years ago, when he turned over his car, repaired it at a farmhouse, and later picked up as a companion a Filipino who was the flyweight boxing champion of the U.S.Navy.

---Another PERSONALITY on Page 7---
--PERSONALITIES-- From Page 6 --

DONALD ORVILLE RAUBAR

On the 13th day of March in the year 1923, Detroit, Michigan, was blessed by the birth of a newborn babe named Donald Orville Raubar. This was a great day for the tombstone business. Yes, indeed, now Mr. Raubar will have a son to help keep the Raubar Granite Works humming.

Don, known to most of us as "Pinocchio", has lived and spent most of his illustrious life in the small suburb section of Detroit, by name of Grosse Ile, Michigan. Here, he attended the Grosse Ile High School for a year and a half. Activities were few in Don's life while attending high school, for most of his time was spent learning the finer points of his father's business. However, he did find some free time to become a member of the varsity football team for two seasons and one spring session. Also, during his last year at Grosse Ile, Don was elected to take over the job as class treasurer.

The next step in Don's life was to enter a secondary school, in order to secure a more sound background in the study of art. After a long-drawn-out consultation with his family, it was decided that Cranbrook was to be the "lucky" school since art was their greatest specialized course. Therefore, we now find "Pinoc" at Cranbrook madly in love with their art course and making a futile attempt to absorb every bit of art knowledge possible concerning work in sculpturing and oil painting. Because of internal injuries caused from his participation in football at high school, Don was unable to continue his football career at Cranbrook. Nevertheless, this did not seem to stop "Pinoc" from getting on the varsity hockey team.

When Don was about fifteen, he thought it would be interesting if he could take a jaunt up to Alaska and look things over. Having read an article in the paper "On to Alaska with Ducannon", he decided to take a crack at it. A thrifty lad all his life, Don had put aside enough to cover one-third of the total expense for the trip. The family was to advance another third toward it, and Mr. Ducannon was to lend the rest. Therefore, "Pinoc" for four weeks spent a luxurious summer "away up thar" in the Yukon. Not only was the scenery beautiful, but also, according to Don, so were the girls.

The summer after his trip to Alaska, "Pinoc" decided that traveling really appealed to him. So, after much consideration with one of his pals in Grosse Ile, the two set out on the main road with their thumbs pointing toward Miami Beach, Florida. After two days on the road, they finally reached their destination, using the YMCA as their living quarters. Because they were low on funds, the two shared the same room under the management's belief that only one was present in the room. They managed to keep this up for one week before being "booted out". It was at this point that they decided to head back for home--flat broke.

Don has, for a number of years, helped his father cut stones and audit the books, whenever spare time was available. Working is one thing that Don has never been afraid of. Last summer, he not only ran a parking lot, but he also ran a flower shop for his father. Incidentally, the flower shop was right next to the tombstone shop. Could there possibly be a monopoly there? Maybe!!!! From the latter two businesses, old "Pinoc" cleared a neat profit of $300 for himself.

Don expects to enter his father's business when the war is over. From his above transactions it seems almost certain that success is in the making for Don. We all wish "Pinocchio" all the luck in the world.

--Another PERSONALITY on Page 8--
At last the chance has come to get even with that "awful" man who has praised, but more often slandered and exposed our private lives in THE BEACON. It might interest you to know that yours truly was threatened with everything from bodily harm to lawsuits during the interview. Everyone knows him as Vaughan, better known as the Colonel. (But soon private.)

The Colonel hails from the head waters of the Great Lakes, Superior, Wisconsin, which we have also learned is the dairyland of the nation, since the Colonel now seems to have an unlimited supply of butter. He attended William Cullen Bryant grade school where he first showed signs of being a patron of the finer arts. Out-growing grade school, he went to Superior Central High School where he became the member of many school clubs and societies.

Following high school the Colonel went to the University of Wisconsin for two years where he majored in liberal arts. When asked what he accomplished at Wisconsin, all he says is "just played around". Deciding that he needed some business training to carry on the family pump business, he came to Babson. At Babson he has been a member of Alpha Delta Sigma, Chairman of the Religious Activities Committee, and assistant editor of the BEACON, not to speak of the many little things that he has done to make school life better for us all.

During his summers the Colonel always spends most of his time at his family's summer home at Gordon, Wisconsin, on Ox Lake. He has also spent many of his summers working at the pump factory. He usually ran a drill press or worked in the paint shop.

To everyone the Colonel is a considerate, polite, hardworking man, who would rather die than do anything, no matter how small, that is not right. His honesty can be compared with George Washington's, and when someone does something that he just doesn't think is cricket, he often broods for hours and even days over it.

However, only a few of his closest friends know the other side of him. For now and then he likes to step out and really have a "wow" of a time. When this time comes he is usually the laugh of the party for once he is well oiled, he goes into a version of Water Boy and a monologue on the life of Colonel Harvey (from which he got his name) that will have the people around him in an uproar.

Only one or two persons here know about the Colonel's true love. (I'll probably get murdered for this.) She is a girl known as "Julie", who has spent considerable time in Chicago modeling, etc. On his trips coming and going from home he always stops in Chicago for a little "loving". Before he met "Julie", he went around with a girl who let him drive her cream-colored Packard, but he broke up with her when he discovered that her family was trying to pawn their lead off on him.

The Colonel likes many of the finer things of life, such as: fine literature, museums, art, opera, the legitimate theater and the Old Howard. He has a repertory of songs of the past which he frequently breaks out with and shows signs of being quite a lyric writer himself, after writing the words for one of McGhee's songs.

In summing up the Colonel, you can say that he is a keen believer in the old saying, "Work as hard as you can when you work, but play as hard as you can when you play." But definitely!!!

--Another PERSONALITY on Page 3--
GEORGE BRETT

Sometimes arriving by bus, sometimes by train, and sometimes with Joe comes George Brett, resident of Waban a few miles down the "pike". Born in Boston in the year 1923, George has since been to several schools before the Institute. Going through grade school in Newton he left for Kimbal Union Academy in Meriden, New Hampshire, where he spent five years. There he went out for the football team, ski team, and tried to institute into the line of sports the game of lacrosse. He was also a member of the dance committee.

After "K.U.A." George went to Harvard for a year through last summer. Skiing and lacrosse took up most of his time there—perhaps too much of it. During this last summer, it seems to be some of the girls taking the summer courses which monopolized his time.

George is a much traveled man, but unfortunately he does not remember much from his trips, for he was rather young when his family made their voyages. During the winter vacations when he was in grade school, George went with the family to South America, Cuba, The Bahamas, and many of the West Indies. On one trip he stopped at Bermuda.

He spent five summers as a counselor at a camp in the wilds of Maine. And after the last year there he took a trip into Canada and Nova Scotia.

George came here to get as much studying as he could on the production of light sport aircraft. Although he has had no connection with the industry, he has become very interested in it within the last few years and has a strong conviction as to its future. He doesn't see the "plane in every garage" situation coming in the very near future, but he does think there will be ample market for the light sport craft within a considerable short time.

Continuing along this line of thought, George has enlisted in the Air Force Enlisted Reserve and expects to be called next month. When asked why he didn't get called with the other men in the Air Corps, he simply says it must be another one of those phenomena which occurs in connection with the selective service.

FREDERICK DUANE LITTLE

Breaking into the limelight of the Personality Column of THE BEACON this week, we learn a little about Little. This great big hunk of manly flesh, by name Fred Little, comes to us from Montclair, New Jersey, where he was born on September 10, 1922.

Fred's education before coming to Babson was attributed to two schools — Montclair Academy and Deerfield. While at Montclair Academy, he found ample time to partake in many extracurricular activities. During his last year there Fred became assistant manager of the Varsity football team. Because running had always appealed to him, he thought track might sort of hit the spot. So, during his last two years at Montclair, Fred spent spring terms running the sprints for his school as a varsity member of the track squad. Also among his accomplishments at Montclair were becoming manager of the varsity tennis team and a member of the "Rostrum Debating Society."

After spending eight years in the Montclair Academy (country day school) Fred decided that he definitely needed a change in routine, at least as far as education was concerned. Therefore, he thought he might take a little jaunt up into Massachusetts to the school where he was to finish his primary education, Deerfield Academy.
Activities at Deerfield were certainly not lacking in Fred's life for when he graduated he had as a record of his active participations the following: played on the intramural Junior and Senior soccer teams, on the varsity track team, a member of the photographic board for the school's yearbook, and a member of the cast for the annual Senior play, "Mikado".

To the boys of Babson, who are not too familiar with Fred's character, it might interest them to know that this lad has a home in Bermuda. Fred wouldn't mind if we all sort of casually dropped in on him some summer after this war is over and did a bit of moonlight bathing. Incidentally, Fred made this his stamping post for two whole years.

Hobbies are many for Fred. We all know that because at the present time Fred is working very hard for the school as photo-editor for the Babsonian. In addition to photography as his favorite hobby, the following are also predominant: bowling, tennis, fishing, ping-pong, swimming, swing bands, stamp collecting, and a '38 Ford convertible.

After graduating this March, Fred expects to enter the army as a "buck" private in the E. R. C. unassigned. Two branches are foremost in his mind—he would like to get in either the ground crew of the Air Corps or the Quartermaster Corps. We bid you good luck, Frederick.

IRVING FRED GRANOFFSKI

Everyone has seen it on the campus — how could you miss it—that head of wavy Beacon-red hair. Well, underneath it all walks Granny Granoffski from the town of Brookline. Born in Boston way back in 1924, he has lived in and around that city for all of his eighteen years.

For the future, it was planned that Granoff would enter his father's business of women's apparel. Naturally, he will get his experience in another line not quite so peaceful before he goes into the business he was training for.

At Babson Granny works industriously for the advertising board of the Babsonian. Hobbies include wax mouldings of inanimate objects such as furniture or hats.

Possibly included under hobbies is resting on his farm, for the family has a farm in Canton which proves to be very restful from the terribly hard work one is subjected to at Babson.

When at Junior high school, Granoff was a hard worker backstage for the Dramatic Society. That's where he learned to talk so much. For sports he took up tennis and hockey.

After Junior high, he went to Thayer Academy in South Braintree. Braintree—now there is an appropriate name!

Tennis and hockey were Granny's chosen sports at Thayer, too. He also worked on the business staff of the "Crange and Black" yearbook.

Summers of late have included camping, traveling, and working. In '40 he went to Camp Kinani at Naples, Maine, and then went traveling with his family into the Midwest. In '41 he left traveling alone and simply went to camp. But when the summer of '42 came along, he turned to a more lucrative doing, that of working in his father's warehouse where he was tormented by being around silk stockings all summer—empty silk stockings!

For Granoff Babson offered a study of distribution, but, of course, he is not going to get all the way through the year. The Army has other ideas. As a member in the E.R.C. he expects to
get his orders to report to Fort Devens on or about April 2nd.

Even though he does live down with the Seniors, Granny does have several worldly interests such as classical music and good books. He has just finished Ben Ames Williams' "Time of Peace".

Jovial, congenial, talkative, and for all-round good fun, Irv is a swell schoolmate.

DEAN GEORGE CHRISTOPULOS

Dean Christopulos, the Editor and sole censor of THE BEACON, was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, March 22, 1922. When still very young he went with his family to Europe where he stayed for three and a half years. After coming back to this country, he entered Bourne grade school where he developed his dynamic aptitude for doing business. He then went on to Bourne High School, where he put his business skill into effect by being captain of the basketball team, chairman of the social committee, on the baseball squad, and having the lead in the Senior play, which he never appeared in because he got appendicitis the night before it came off. (Some business deal?)

After graduating from high school, Dean took a postgraduate course at Worcester Academy where in one year he became manager of the tennis team, Sergeant at arms of the Politics Club, and a member of the Senior Prom Committee. After Worcester he came to the dear old Alma Mater (if he graduates). While here he has been so busy with his various enterprises and school positions that many wonder if he ever studies. He has been on the Religious Activities Committee and Babsonian Board (Greeley kicked him off this year). At the present time he is the (So Honorable) Editor of this rag, Treasurer of Alpha Delta Sigma, Babson Ski Club, and a member of the world-famous "Club".

During his summers and vacations, he has usually worked for his father at the Buzzards Bay Hotel, or at some other business project of his. Two summers ago he ran a gift shop (which made him conscious of the finer things in life) at Buzzards Bay. Once for a few weeks he was a driver-salesman for Coca Cola, but due to his appendicitis trouble, he was forced to quit because he could not lift the heavy cases.

Dean is one of the best-dressed men in school (when not at the "Club"), and sports a black pate that is trimmed by Patsy, his hairdresser, whenever one hair gets out of place.

Dean runs Valentino a close race for being the greatest lover of all times. The only difference between their techniques is that Dean's is more on the Parkyakaricus style. When he first came to Babson he sported a girl named Kay, who he was "sure" was the one. But being five years older than he, she got a defense job in Washington and he lost his priority on her. Then came a girl named Flo, whom he met at a Greek War Relief Benefit, and who works for Elizabeth Arden. He carried on steady with her for about a month until one night he saw her being convoyed into the Statler Bar by four ensigns.

This fall when he got back he immediately fell for an ice queen who was appearing at the Copley Plaza. This place became his hangout until she left town for another engagement. A little later in the fall he hit what he was doubly sure was the real thing. (We have been wondering lately.) She is a Pico Manor girl, Priscilla Ames. He has courted her in a big way up to now, and everyone is wondering how long it will last in view of his past experiences with love.

In all seriousness, Dean deserves much praise and credit for the swell job he has done on THE BEACON this year. It has taken a great deal of time and work and he has given up many pleasures in order to give you your paper every week.