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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were people who laughed at Lydia Pinkham, but when you stop and consider that her vegetable liquor played a part in the brawn and prowess of Leon Zele and Indiana Tommy Henderson, we wonder that we ever did try to vanquish those mighty mites in back-straining ping-pong.

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

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

It was said that Aristotle made one mistake; some careless few intimate that Shakespeare...
Coca-Cola at a nearby Country Club, while you were floating about in chivalrous manner accompanied by your one and only? El Potter and "Rosie" still bemoan the fact that at that time they were unable to cut a figure and trip the light fantastic in fullest dress. But that is the way with life, men, as Ban Bryant would put it while arranging his misplaced eye-lash.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when you come to the Dean’s course, words are meaningless. He was just indescribable. Blood pressures rose to the bursting point, only to be deflated by a winning smile from “Little Caesar” at just the right psychological moment. “When you’ve got a job

ciation, a multitude of words are called for to express our thanks to Mr. Frye of Washington Press, who stood by us during those hours of suspense when we stood by fearlessly awaiting the arrival of our new born babe, the BABBONIAN. Mr. Gurwit of Jahn and Ollier, Engravers and the omnipresent, versatile Mr. Saxe of Dupont Studio played a helpful part.

* * *

Tie up the serious with the jovial and you have the total as far as Babson life is concerned.
to do, do it. You get just about what you pay for in any field — and that includes labor. When you've something to say, speak up; when you've nothing to say, shut up!” We often reached a boiling point; but he distilled our characters until only the finer elements remained. To this capable, fearless, dynamic “gent,” we who bear the mark of his splendid teaching can only hope to vindicate his confidence in us.

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

far Racine, there to resume the battle with the Indians. Jimmy Thomas and Kenny Fox, ardent advocates of bigger and better bread slices for youngsters, are looking for corners in the egg (market). Johnny Keil is zooming his way to paper Czardom in the middle of old U.S. Marsh Johnston is at work on a boiler for the Babson bird-room, feeling sure that those stuffed pheasants must have cold feet by now. Lehman can relax now (Note — Georgie Retz is a Socialist at heart; he talks in his sleep), for Neil McLean and Ted Harmes are on their way back with Doc Matthews’ twenty guaranteed ways of ending the Roosevelt Recession.

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

It won’t be long before old Babson will be a pleasant memory. Some of our pals have gone already; the major trek is not far off. Already the wailings of females smite the air, as surrounding institution sense the approaching departure. What will be in life for them, with Nicky gone, but, alas, not forgotten? Black, with his colleague in name-color, Knight, driven by Love, at last heed the pleading calls of Southern danseuses. “Cholly” Lowe sings “Ah’m a-comin’, ah’m a-comin’!” as he sweeps on towards “God’s Country.” Jesse, with a lovely escort, follows “Yo-Ho” to the Rio Grande as another charming couple set sail for the land of heaven, Hawaii in the blue Pacific. Calm, imperturbable Ray Hauschel leads the “covered wagons” out to Monty, Billy Mason, and Lee Smith concede they are ready to put Syracuse on a paying basis (????). The Major and the “Navy” join forces against the forces of depression and Navy athletics. Seagrave, known very disrespectfully as “Kraut Head” by Killer-Diller Feuling, with Bing Crosbie, Dick Rosenfeld, “Yankee” Ross, “Swede” Anderson, and Murray Hayward stay to defend the Boston area from the eskimos who are expected to arrive on a glacier any century now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Au Revoir!