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MAJOR LEO JAMES AHERN
Governor's Island, N. Y.
U. S. Military Academy

The Major made a great hit with "Johnny" Millea. At first, we thought it was due to "Johnny's" well-known love for the Army, and anything pertaining thereto, but as we became better acquainted with the Major, we realized our mistake. Quiet, friendly, studious, always ready to lend a helping hand, we can only say that he is a credit to the Army and to Babson. "An officer and a gentlemen," we wish the Major success and happiness.

ROLLIN F. ALLYNE
3020 North Park Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio

When Rollin left us, Babson lost a real man, a good and true friend. The combination of good looks, being always well dressed, and the possessor of a beautiful car made "Al" what he is today and always shall be, the idol of all womankind. No puns. He is coming back for the summer term and if he and "Bill" get to going together again—oh, well, it is none of our business.

WILLIAM B. ANSTED, Jr.
1117 Central Avenue, Connersville, Indiana

To many of us the first and strongest recollection we have of "Bill" is when he in no uncertain terms informed Mr. Fittz that "some of those jaspers are rolling in dough and so it's so much velvet". What he doesn't know about automobiles isn't worth knowing, and any steady adherent to Ford's policies will find a steady opponent in "Bill". His one all powerful desire is to see General Motors smash Henry in every possible way.
CALVIN K. ARTER

2957 Sedgewick Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Cleveland and Arter are synonymous, and without “Cal”, Cleveland would never be basking in the sunshine along with California. He is one that has disproved the old proverb—“Lucky in cards, unlucky in love”—because he has cornered both markets. Although he lost a very close vote to Humeston he has “delivered the goods”. We would recommend him to a New England company desiring a man thoroughly acquainted with the route between Wellesley and New London, Connecticut. More power to him.

FRANK E. AUSTIN, JR.

4321 St. John’s Drive, Dallas, Texas

Austin was a quiet little chap until he got one of Henry Ford’s products and then things began to happen. To be the Wellesley idol is the ambition of Frank, and from the number of dates he gets for his buddies, it seems as if he is realizing his ambition. More power to him. This is not “Aussie’s” only accomplishment, however. We are startled to learn that none other than “Aussie” is the present tennis champion of New Mexico.

ROBERT FREDERICK BERWALD, JR.

19800 Marchmont Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Brown University

Bob has the happy faculty of asking asinine questions with a perfectly straight face and the air of a serious student thirsting for information. Always thinking up some new and original way of doing things. Bob distinguished himself by his impromptu shower in the boiler room, and as a member of the inimitable “Ohio Gang” he won his laurels in the bowling alley. His candid friendliness will always be one of his greatest assets.
HARRY P. BIRD
Box 66, Elysburg, Pennsylvania

Harry has flown from us. (Editor’s note—stuff like that will creep in; try to overlook it.) No more may we listen with ecstasy to the brilliant arguments he advanced to John. I tell you gents, when those two men discussed the whys and wherefores of firing a faithless bohunk it was a battle of wits, that’s all, a battle of wits. Harry’s real joy, though, was the initiating of Wallace into the thrills of Elkind. Furthermore, not the least of his accomplishments was his ability and patience to room for a time with Humeston.

CLARENCE CLARK BLYTH
2057 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California
Dartmouth

Clark rated exceptionally high in the Intelligence Tests, and further distinguished himself by being one of the few living men who have had the last word in an argument with Millea. He never seems to be working very hard and yet his assignments are usually done before the rest of the crowd begin thinking about them. We appreciate the fact that he has refrained from establishing himself as a Representative of the Publicity Department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. His high-power compatriot, Bill Grupe, has done about everything along that line possible.

EWING WILDER BRAND
2251 Coventry Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Brown

“Mun” is one of those quiet, unassuming persons who have the faculty of getting things done. And whatever he does, he does well. He always gets to classes on time and always has his work done. But in spite of his shining perfection, he is a most likable chap who will be a splendid business executive.
JOHN LOWER CANNON, Jr.
18401 Park Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio

"Unk" would die of loneliness and ennui if he couldn't get hold of the Financial Page. In fact, he is what "Jimmy" Matthews would call, "A Whale of an Operator," but rumor has it that he makes a specialty of selling short in a bull market. "Unk" is an all-round, good fellow, whom it has been a pleasure to know. His sartorial elegance, his nonchalant air, and his much abused La Salle are totally lost on the unappreciative Wellesley populace.

FRITZ CLAUSSEN
419 Forest Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

There is nothing small about Fritz—especially about his feet. The only way he can ever assure a permanent supply of bootery will be to manufacture them himself. As a contortionist, he is at his shining best in the act of folding himself up preparatory to getting into Wagner's Ford Roadster—a sight worth coming miles to see. Likewise, Fritz rides a bicycle—and how! Velodrome records fade into insignificance when compared with the time he made in competition with a farmer's dog. Of such stuff is success made!

HOMER K. COLLIER
175 Conklin Avenue, Binghamton, N. Y.

Take a long and steady glance at the shoulders on this little chappie. Homer got them by beating violently on his chest at five every morning. Everyone was puzzled as to why any man should take such excellent care of himself, so our inquiring reporter was commissioned to find the reason. After months of research he came to the conclusion that it was a matter of necessity. Homer is a member of the Ansted, Fergerson, Allyne band, and quite obviously to lead the life they do wears one down. Hence Homer's regard for his health.
EDWARD M. CONKLIN, JR.
4 Main Street, Hudson Falls, N. Y.

Here, my friends, is the one living descendant of Sir Francis Drake. The genealogy of this youth is interesting beyond words, and if you'd care to hear it he'll be delighted to tell you. If you desire more detailed information, and who would, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to him. He's an awfully nice boy and to hear him discuss Glens Falls one would almost be enticed into believing that the place is worth while. We must take "Ed's" word for it, however.

HENRY E. DORER
1934 East 90th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Hank" comes from Cleveland and is the class cut-up. He received the distinction of being the high potentate of Johnnie's Goat' Club of the summer group. He always had a wise crack ready for any occasion, even if it were only an Arabian joke. Dorer is a graduate of Case with a B.S. in Metallurgical Engineering. He made good use of his mathematical knowledge by calculating the number of seconds remaining in each term until he arrived in Cleveland. "Hank" should locate with a copper company, as was evidenced by his distribution talk. He can answer any question concerning the subject regardless of the validity of the answer. Well, we give him credit for being a good bluffer.

GEORGE DRAPER
Adin Street, Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Off hand, one might say that the characteristic charm of this handsome individual is his quiet tone of voice. You know, one might from observation be led to believe this boy a typical, normal, dippy youngster. But hush, my friends, such an assumption is far from true. He has had, we are told, a lurid and wicked past.
JAMES E. EDENTON, JR.
33 Northwood Street, Jackson, Tenn.

The other half of the inseparable "Aussie and Eddie" is better known in the circuit courts of Metropolitan Boston than in Wellesley. Ernie has shown a marked ability in creating friendships, especially with the nice policemen on the highways and bridle paths in the surrounding locality. This brawny mountaineer from Tennessee is President and Director of the Austin-Edenton School for Physical Development. We learn from the sports columns that this organization has under hand Mike Nalitt whom they expect to match with Gus Sonnenberg next fall. The gym where Aussie and Eddie are training Mike has been open to the public this spring.

JACK EPSTEIN, II
Emersonian Apt., Lake Drive, Baltimore, Maryland

And here's "Eppie"—the teacher's pet. Jack's drag with the faculty, and particularly with Dr. Coleman, is the envy of the school. We can't actually see how he rates it, with the exception that they may possibly approve the way he drives a car. It's really a joy to see him swing around the bend in front of Lyon. Frankly, we've been hoping for a turn-over, but so far the car has always kept at least two wheels on the ground.

FREDERICK G. ERBE, JR.
35 Berkeley Street, Rochester, N. Y.

One would ordinarily believe this man to be the quiet, retiring sort—we refer you to the picture. But no, the man is a social light, for we have seen him in all his brilliance. He has become a Wellesley fusser! We dare say that Arter is at the bottom of it all, but possibly Langsenkamp may have had something to do with it. At any rate, it pains us greatly to see Fred and his little Ford wending his way gaily toward the joys of Wellesley.
CHARLES B. FERGERSON
1600 Jeff Street, Paducah, Kentucky.

The greatest satisfaction that can come to one is to sit in one of Millen's classes and hear him ride the South. This satisfaction is doubly increased if one can watch Charlie's reaction to said beating. Like all Southerners he hates to be told they are lazy. And while Fergy may not be as lazy as Humeston we're willing to concede him second place. Of course there's a reason behind it. He's a playmate of Ansted's and one can't live that sort of life without some sad effect.

FRANCIS G. FLANDERS
1001 Gd. Traverse St., Flint, Michigan.

In spite of being quiet, meek, and unassuming, "France" with his golden wavy hair is quite the ladies man. He must also have a girl in Flint or he wouldn't dash off for there in his Chrysler when he has a few minutes to spare. Some people do funny things when they are in love, but then I don't suppose we can say much. We are just wondering, however, how he put 6,000 miles on his car in two months.

WILBUR EMMONS FORBES
140 Winthrop Street, Taunton, Massachusetts

"Bill" is a pleasant sort of fellow, who takes life quite easily and doesn't worry about much of anything. He might be described as a married bachelor, since he left his wife at home and lives in the Manor with the boys. He was evidently born under a lucky star—as witness his experience with a motorcycle cop who picked him up one dark night when he was doing about seventy. Bill's candid opinion is that the cop was drunk and, in fact, there seems to be no other explanation.
G. GORDON FOSHAY
11 Bond Street, Swampscott, Massachusetts

Frankly, we were fooled by this chap ourselves. Not simply because he's years older than his youthful countenance would lead one to believe, but because he has seen fit to associate with "Hank" Wemmer. Now wait a minute, wait a minute, we admit that "Hank's" a good boy at least. But, look here, at first we thought "Gordie" was taking care of "Hank", and now we're beginning to think—well, you can see what I mean.

JOHN KELLOGG FOSTER
31 Belle Avenue, Troy, New York

A brilliant mind that has not missed its calling. We have gotten him out of many situations, also a lot of work which, by the way, Jack does like to avoid, and also have taught him to swear ably in three languages. As Vice-President of the Class he has proved his worth to all. We are told the first thing Jack will do after getting his diploma is to embrace one—Dwight Hollister.

RICHARD M. GENIUS, Jr.
55 East Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Big Dick is the joy of the Institute. To see that beaming countenance day after day has really made life worth while. What he'd do without Ansted to guide his wayward footsteps we can't imagine. For a dull evening nothing can quite take the place of hearing "Dick" tell "Bill" that if the Wolverine is passing through the outskirts of Snodgrass Center at a speed of 42 miles per, it must be 4:16 A. M. With information of this sort the lad is bound to get ahead.