BABSONIAN BOARD, 1929

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BOWLING

After a hair-raising thrill, the bowling season came to a successful close when the Ohio team, consisting of Captain Berwald, Brand, Cannon, Blyth, and Claussen won the pennant. The runner-up team, led by Captain Walker and his cohorts Epstein, Lewis, Nalitt, and Woodbury put up a splendid battle.

Led by the best bowlers of the field, the two teams struggled all season. Lewis, of Annex Fame with an average of 84.3 was hotly contested by Berwald with an 83.1. Wild Bill Ansted closed the season with a bang as his fade-away ball crept slowly down the alley, while Cannon Ball Papendick burnt the boards the last few strings. But perhaps the greatest thrill of a thrilling season was the fight-to-the-finish struggle between

WINNERS

Every Other Ball Nalitt, (every other one went down the alley) and Heart Failure Wallace, of Seattle Fame.

The bowling banquet, held on Friday, March 15 at the Hotel Bellevue, was a huge success. Everyone was there to enjoy the big "feed". Prizes were given out and a good entertainment was provided. From the way the men ate one would be inclined to think that appetites were worked up during the bowling season and saved for the occasion. The boys are very much indebted to Mr. Mattson who gave a handsome loving cup to encourage the promotion of the bowling tournaments which brought forth a great deal of friendly rivalry and spirit among the boys. Five more men had their name engraved in the Babson Hall of Fame.

RUNNERS-UP

FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Average</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Team Captain</strong></td>
<td><strong>Won</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lost</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#4 Berwald</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#5 Walker</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#3 E. L. Smith</td>
<td>(Did)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#6 Vanderwarker</td>
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<tr>
<td>#1 Allyn</td>
<td>(Not)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>#2 Klumb</td>
<td>(Bowl)</td>
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*Bowled 15 meets—all other teams 14 meets.*
THE BABSON BOWLERS

#1 Allyne, Rosenthal, Howard, Langsenkamp, Ansted.
#2 Klumb, Wooster, Millea, Erbe, McLaughlin.
#3 E. L. Smith, Rich, Grupe, Mattson, Wallace.
#4 Berwald, Clauseen, Towell, Cannon, Brand.
#5 Walker, Lewis, Epstein, Woodbury, Nalitt.
#6 Vanderwarker, Pond, Hopkins, Wemmer, Dorer.

HIGH TEAM STRING .................................. Allyne 478
HIGH STRING TOTAL ................................. Allyne 1293
HIGH INDIVIDUAL STRING ......................... Walker 115
HIGH INDIVIDUAL TOTAL ......................... Howard 283

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a lovely thing,
All else is only fleeting.
Love and passion come and go,
Born at some chance meeting.
The flame burns high a little while,
Consuming, glorious, dying—
Leaving ashes, feeble flame,
Memory and sad heart sighing.

Friendship is a lasting flame,
Burning clear and steady.
Good friends meet so joyously
Friends are always ready
To give us sympathy or warning,
Knowing strength and weakness—
With friendly smile and tender hand
Lighting up life's bleakness.
A NIGHT IN THE MANOR

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In Howard's gambling room,
The kid that handled the radio,
Picked out a jazz-time tune.

Back of the doors in a black-jack game
Sat Horsburgh, Humeston, McMahon,
While watching their luck sat their light of love,
Wallace, the Salmon Man.

When out of the night that was gloomy and damp,
Into the smoke and the “bull”
There stumbled the Wellesley Santa Claus,
Hopkins, as usual, full.

“Oh Lord,” he groaned, in a weary tone,
“I’m beaten and tired, I confess,
This Wellesley racket beats one down,
I’ll give it up, I guess.”

“But come, come, come, a game I see,”
And he gave a bill to McMahon,
“I’ll take Humeston over the rocks,
Chips for the house my man.”

Have you ever been out on the Waban Lake
When the moon is high and cold?
Such were the thoughts of the Hopkins boy
As he dallied with pots of gold.

Then Humeston turned to the Salmon Man,
And chucked him under the chin,
Hopkins turned from the gruesome game,
His breath came fast and thin.

Then the lights went out with a blinding flash
Horsburgh ran for the door,
Some one turned them on again
And then they lay on the floor.

Hopkins stiff as a Babson boy
“Humeston’s out,” cried MacMahon,
No one knew how it came about
Save the Washington Salmon Man!
TRANSPORTATION TRENDS
TRANSPORTATION TRENDS