The B A B S O N I A N OF 1930

B A B S O N I N S T I T U T E
B A B S O N P A R K, M A S S.
THE red glow of the volcanic blast furnaces on the waters of the Ohio, the song of the cotton picker in the South, the grimy face of the miner lighted up by his oil lamp, the handiwork of the master craftsman of New England, the sound of the axe ringing clear in the North Woods, the sturdy, steel-like muscles of the waist-striped stoker on a Transatlantic vessel, the whirring gurge of the turbines in a vast power plant, the long ribbed furrows stretching from coast to coast cut by the steel of a million plows, the steady hand of the engineer on the throttle of an engine pitching through the night — these symbolize an Industry which is ever relentless in its leveling and sifting process, yet ennobling in its toil. To this Industry this volume of the Babsonian is dedicated.
TO INDUSTRY
UNDER the ceaseless battering of time it is the bizarre, the quaint, the eccentric, the ridiculous, the droll that seem to cling most tenaciously in our memories. Every-day occurrences and acquaintances are soon forgotten in the hurly-burly of business life. If this book shall serve in future years to recall the evanescent commonplaces of our time at the Institute, it will have achieved its purpose.
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