Henry F. Steckel, II
14 Sumner Road
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts
Hill School; Wesleyan University; 1 year.

Robert D. Whitney
11 Parsons Street
West Newton, Massachusetts
Newton High School.
Babson Institute—Bowling.

Russell H. Uhl
240 Reynolds Street
Kingston, Pennsylvania
Lawrenceville School.
Babson Institute—Basketball.

THE BABSONIAN
NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE

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Last Fall Bahon Park potentiates gave proof of the belief in the motto "It's not the gale, But the set of the sail" by changing the schools rigging.

Back stays in the guise of a two-year Junior Group were added to give increased strength to the mast, and the trusty old mainmast was replaced by a new stretch of canvas. The former, which is still good for many years of willing service, is being stowed below deck as a necessary part of the staunch ship.

The nine months' cruise started off in a bracing smoky sou'wester, the sixty-odd students giving promise of making into able seamen. After the three watches had been decided upon, life at sea began in earnest, the ship's log recording monotonous progress across the blue expanse with only occasional adventures of sundry interest. The first night out found the Captain's dinner patronized 100%. At the table of honor various speeches were given, the high note of optimism being attained by Mather whose Californian dash loquacity was laced out to the more timid homesick souls with comforting dexterity. It was not long before there was an opportunity to become acquainted with the laws of the sea. McKenney was caught asleep on watch by none other than the Admiral of the fleet. He luckily escaped being thrown into irons since that great personage, in a benevolent frame of mind, saw fit merely to upbraid before a common meeting of all hands such obvious neglect of duty.

"Choosing to laugh"
The Ship's Officers spent their time in preparing the hands to become proficient enough to get their "A B" papers. Captain Coleman was the source of great admiration, having ridden out the worst of storms on the ship's bridge, without once unbalancing his glasses which roost uncannily on his left ear. Engineer Miles left for a quick hop to Japan in order to decide whether he "chose" to purchase the new auxiliary motor for the boat from some friends in a company he once worked for on that island, or from J. Kesner Kahn, internationally famous mogul of the Inland Motors Company, not yet incorporated. Mate Matthews strolled about in an atmospheric haze of mellow contentment for he had rigged up one of his green shirts as a Greta Garbo jib. There was, however, an accom-

"I won't dance"

*Where Dignity Begins*
The Ship's Officers spent their time in preparing the hands to become proficient enough to get their "A B" papers. Captain Coleman was the source of great admiration; having ridden out the worst of storms on the ship's bridge, without once unbalancing his glasses which rested uncannily on his left ear. Engineer Milla left for a quick hop to Japan in order to decide whether he 'chose' to purchase the new auxiliary motor for the boat from some friends in a company he once worked for on that island, or from J. Kenner Kahn, internationally famous mogul of the Inland Motors Company, not yet incorporated. Mate Matthews strolled about in an attemptshine of mellow consentiment for he had rigged up one of his green shirts as a Greta Garbo jib. There was, however, an accompanying anxiety lest he should suddenly realize that this added pulling power had all the qualities of pure profit and he would become vuiusseive. Handyman Cantfield essayed to intrude into Bos'Un Shively's monopoly of yarn spinning and joke telling when, seeing that worthy feel a bit seasick, he said, "I am glad you brought that up." White, but undaunted, the Bos'Un answered, "Quo, that's good." Delighted spectators ruled his monopoly unwashed and Cantfield returned to his sail making. Purser Fitz was constantly complaining that it is contrary to ordinary maritime law to have Petersen the figure head. However, "O'Connor!" Henderson stated that his soundings showed conclusively that the twelve-mile limit had been reached and that the scarcity of trees made it impossible to
prove anything whatsoever. Crobaugh was convinced that the law of averages is sure yet to yield us some dirty weather and to force Reighard down from his perch in the crow’s nest directly beneath the Jolly Roger flag. If this prediction is in essence sound, then the Chaplain’s voluntary unending watch will necessarily be broken. Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings are spent in furthering the knowledge of the ways of the sea,
prove anything whatsoever. Cocksedge was convinced that the law of averages is sure yet to yield us some dirty weather and to force Reighard down from his perch in the crow’s nest directly beneath the Jolly Roger flag. If this prediction is in essence sound, then the Chaplain’s voluntary unending watch will necessarily be broken. Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings are spent in furthering the knowledge of the ways of the sea.

"A Book’s a book although there’s nothing in it."
"The Miserable have no other medicine."

A stitch in time saves two in the bush.

Gentle dullness always loves a joke.

and the crew “shows its appreciation” of the skillful maneuvers of the flying fish and porpoises as they sport about the imposing ship.

But life at sea is not all work for eight becalmingly beached lads: Summers, Sanders, Stewart, Maguire, Uhl, Pfeffer, McGinnns and Captain Edwards cavorted about with a basketball twice as gracefully as did any opponents. The four times out of twenty that they did fail...
were accounted for by the size of the waves during unfavorable weather. Although their sea legs were somewhat unsteady, as soon as less imposing dimensions were encountered, the team resumed their customary admirable alacrity.

Wednesday nights the officers mixed with the crew. To ease any possible tension, it was customary to have separate groups roll balls about the decks in keen competition. The success of these get-togethers is debatable as far as future participation is concerned. For a group of scalawags under the nom de plume "Canucks" had the effrontery to bow over their superior officers, and to land them in second place. That their high man, Ellsworth, is of Canadian affiliations and is ignorant of American traditions may alleviate any internal discord, which
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is nevertheless still imminent. Sailor Simonds was the first of the untraveled group to run afoul of the ancient custom of the sea and to be submerged upon crossing the equator for the first time. Engineer Miles rather softened the ordeal by donating moister towels to ease any unnecessary discomfort due to the accompanying excess moisture.

Just before leaving the steamer lane the freighter "Harvard" bore into sight. Since she was flying a quarantine flag, our course was not altered and she sank out of sight after a merely perfunctory exchange of hatchet's. Just before setting foot on shore at the first port, the Senior and Junior Groups each elected four of their members to serve in the capacity of "M P's." After learning the scout oath Thompson, McKenney, Dougherty, and
Edwards became responsible for the Seniors during shore leave; while Brooks, Maguire, Griffin, and Sanger assumed similar duties over the Juniors. These lads had a chance to prove their capabilities when MacNamee hired Ted Black’s orchestra and the best part of the crew turned out. Despite irregular hours no serious riot occurred and the men in charge promised to reward such behavior in the near future. So before many days...
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the ship’s course was notably altered, and at about 64 degrees longitude and 19 degrees latitude a singular island reared its head. The chart showed this to be Weber Island and that an afternoon was to be set aside for the crew to become acquainted with it. Various opinions of the excursion’s success were cut short when two fires broke out in the Ship’s bachelors in the vicinity of cabin 211. No damage resulted and precautions were taken against recurrence.
The next principal port was reached with the barometer falling rapidly. The ship was met by the Tugboat BSO which took the personal letters that had been collecting for months and which was mailing them when the storm broke. The dreariness of the deluge was lightened considerably by the Admiral who buoyed every one up with his faith in a change for better weather, as pleasant as the storm was bad. A few of the crew sat huddled in reverie of the day when they would receive their "A B" papers and could quit the ship. Then they were planning to take over a vessel of their own and to navigate the oceans in a manner worthy of its strong green timbers, riding the waves with a new and undreamed sprightliness.