

## "The Babe"

As senior year at Dartmouth College drew to a close we were all busy cramming for finals and the dreaded comprehensive exams, and enjoying the beautiful days of late May. The ugly memories of the harsh cold gray days of March, the wooden "duckboards" spanning the puddle and snow-filled paths across the campus had faded away. We wore our dark green senior jackets with 1941 over the breast pocket, carried our senior canes, and sat on the Senior Fence to watch the intramural baseball games.

The little town of Hanover, New Hampshire, took on a festive air as families and friends of graduates poured in for graduation exercises, and undergrads left for home and summer vacation.

These last few days of college life were more poignant than usual as the specter of war made itself felt; <sup>Military</sup> Army service recruiters visited our campus, and many of us had already enlisted.

After exams were over, picnics and beer parties, swimming, ball games and the more formal scheduled activities were wonderful fun. One little event that occurred made a profound impression upon me, and I chuckle about it to this day.

Next door to my fraternity house was the Zeta Psi house, and our back yards adjoined. The patios were always filled with loungers drinking beer, and playing a little informal baseball with girls, families and friends of the graduates very much in evidence. We were tossing a baseball around casually, really just enjoying ourselves, when someone shouted, "for Pete's sake, look over at the Zeta House!". We halted our game and stared.

In the neighboring back yard a quite portly, barrel-shaped man with a round florid face, sparse hair and bandy legs was hitting ground balls to an enthusiastic gang of "brothers", laughing and kidding as their game progressed. This jovial batter was none other than George Herman "Babe" Ruth; he had come with some friends for Commencement and was enjoying himself with the young men who idolized this fabulous Baseball Hall of Famer.