

The Babsonian

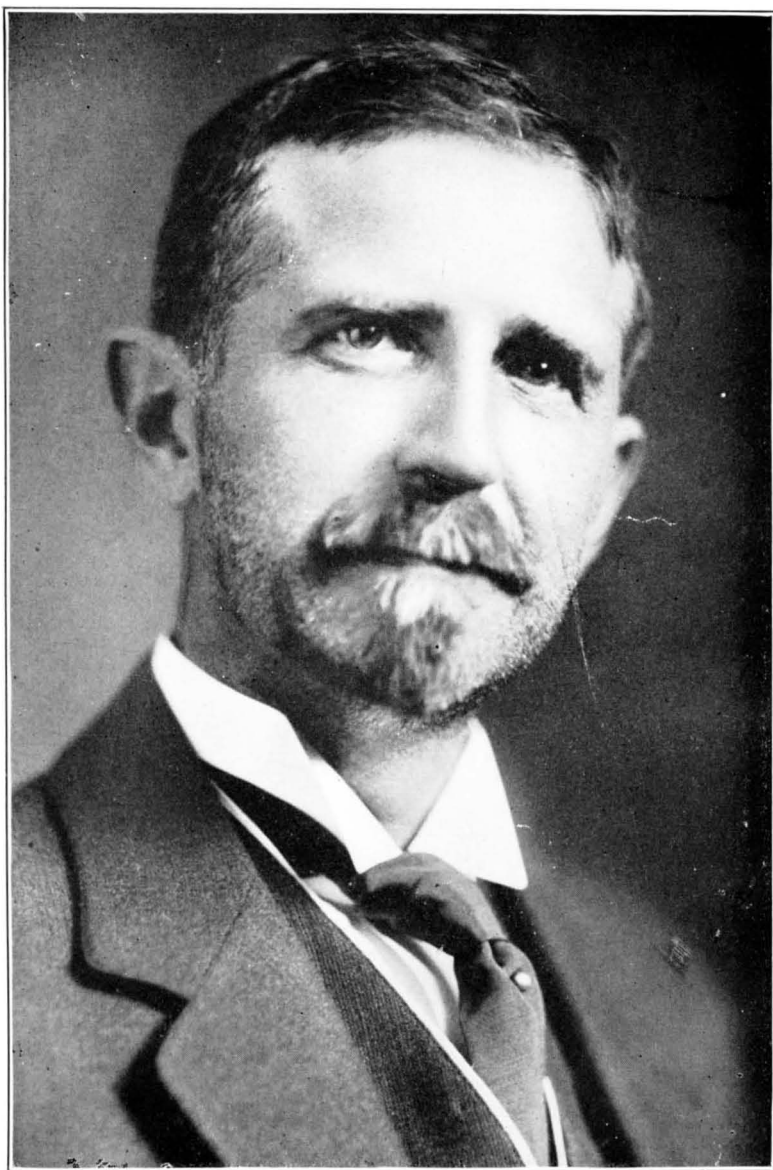
1922

The Class of 1922

presents

The
Babsonian

Issued Annually



ROGER W. BABSON

We, The Class of Nineteen Twenty-Two

Respectfully Dedicate

This Publication

To

Roger W. Babson

*Founder and Benefactor of the
Babson Institute*



THE CLASS OF 1922

My Business Creed

I believe

that true success does not depend upon my financial gains, but upon the quality of my life;

that every good thing is won only by strokes of daily effort;

that if I cannot win fairly, I can lose gamely;

that I am a distinct personality and cannot become a slave to any earthly master;

that the Golden Rule is not only pure ethics-- it is good business;

that Faith is essential.

Faith

in my product, that it fills a need ;

in my company, that it operates on sound principles ;

in my fellow man, that he is as good as myself ;

in God, that he is real.

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Foreword

Hail, All Ye Readers

This Babsonian is written in a spirit of fun and good fellowship, and it is the earnest hope of its writers that it will be accepted in a like spirit. Herein may lie words which may cut or words which may salve, but whatever be their effect, let it not be harmful.

Many things are written which might have been left unwritten and many things are unwritten which might have been written, but whatever is between these covers is here wholly without malice, and altogether without apologies.

BIBSON INSTITOOT

A Joint for the Instruction of Fiances and the Manly
Art of Crepe Shooting

By R. U. Lyon



GEORGE WASA COLEAVER

Born: 1463

President of this infamous institution

My curiosity and all that has at last been gratified, I have met the famous Coleaver of Bean Town. Mr. Coleaver being a personal friend of mine I was graciously invited to take a chance at trying to get thru the famous Bibson Institoot. I might say that Coley is some boy, being President and General Manager of Jitney Hall and organization of bolsheveks and suifragettes of the country. One night at Jit Hall is worth a year's travel in Russia. As I was about to say, George said I could look around, so I busts out of room of the royal rug and starts my never to be forgotten never to be remembered escape.

JOHNNY E. MEELYA

Born: 1832 B. V. D. (Before Volsted Disaster)

Instructor in Complete Mismanagement

Entering this gentleman's room at an early hour one morning I heard him ask those present to expound upon the use of the celebrated paper stretcher which Mr. Tayler deals with in his book on "Work for the Night Is Coming". A Babson Baby pipes up that said stretcher is used in the manufacture of cast iron false teeth, and also in the manufacture of potato chips. Quite true, continues Johnny, but when I was Chief Fictitious manager in the Simple Manufacturing Company (?), we used it in the manufacture of Crisco, which is a shortening. At this time an actual problem was sprung by friend John. (Problem) If a lady applied for a position as model in the hose department, what and how many reasons could you give for hiring her. Bright B. B.: "Why, Mr. Meelya, there could only be two reasons." After the mob had quieted with the help of several polite words from John (too polite to print), and someone playing drummer on the wall in the adjoining room, the following assignment was made: 1147 pages in "What's on the Worker's Mind", by I. M. Balled, manufacturer of brown derby hats. My time being up, I ozzed out carrying with me the impression that it was a bunch of horse—



AUTO HAVA FITT

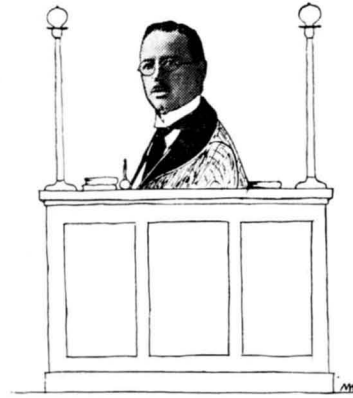
Born: 1801½ H. D. (Happy Day)

Instructor in the Art of Spending

Other People's Monies

Ozzing out of one room and easing into the next is no mean accomplishment, but, being a very good ozzer and easer, I arrived just in time to hear Auto pardoning himself for some social error and telling the gents present that Salt & Pepper's private stock is not a good purchase as it is watered. Continuing, Auto proclaimed the fact to the world that the best thing to do is to keep all your hen fruit in one hand as birds of a father gather no moss. This seemed to be the climax of Auto's prodigious study of lumber. Mr. Fitt is the world's famous authority on the familiar school Board. He advised those present to have somebody else purchase stock in the Oats Elevator, as this promised to be marked with various rises and falls. Another stock recommended by Auto was Boston Common. As I left this den, I heard Auto tell the B. B.'s that for the next wrestle of minds they would grapple with the liquid assets of Haig and Haig.

P. S. The printer choked to death before he could finish that last sentence in the paragraph on Mr. Meelya. The last sentence should end with sense. (apologies, Johnny)



LEGAL MATTERS

WILLIE CUSHON HAMBURGH

Born: 437¼ N. C. M. (Non Compus Mentis)

Instructor in Ediquette a La Hamburg

As I entered Willie's room I was met with a terrific gust of hot air. At that moment I realized that all the bull doesn't come from Durham, North Carolina. No use to argue, tho. Bill is all right and he knows his stuff, for he says to be a good salesman, be independent and take orders from no one. He also told the B. B.'s that it would be hard sledding for any one of them who were going to be salesmen since Uncle Sam took the *ale* out of *sale*. Just remember this, says Bill, says the Turnery Club, "He who profits most gets served the quickest". Not bad. Listen to this, Bill says not to yelp, shout, proclaim or yell that no one ever gave you a show, look at Barnum. No one gave him a show yet he's got the biggest show on earth. (read that again) Here is Bill's idea of the ideal Salesman and all round good fellow, a guy that rushes up to you like a fellow finishing the 220, crushes your fingers till they're paralyzed, uses your arm as tho it were the old town pump handle, tries to see as to just how close he can stand to you and effervesces like a bottle of home brew, then you've met a man about town and a correspondence school graduate in salesman-ship. This was enough. I had been exposed, so I promptly did the disappearing act while I still had my original complexion.



JONATHAN MAIDE MATTRESS

Born: 1800 A. N. (Any Night)

Instructor in Ecolomics or a Comedy of Errors

The next period I found myself unwittingly in Jimmie's class, who was at the moment touching on the high point of the Thumb Tax, but who the Mephesto wants to be nailed down by a mere Thumb Tax. Next in line of disillusionment was a complete turn in Busy Circles, an interesting study of "How far is up, or the Bibson Pedometer". I really fail to see how Jim gets the stuff across, poor boy, I think his years are numbered, for he just can't remember, in fact he keeps getting off the track, awakening with a start and exclaiming wildly, "gentlemen, what am I talking about." No one else knows either, but some B. B. sets him right, and he then continues a discourse on the Ecolomic lines of Fig Newton's Law, that every movement has meaning of its own and each one is directly responsible to the one following it. At this point Batiato (nick name) made wild gestures with his lunch hooks, and waving his thick locks generously to and fro he amused us for a few minutes with these wild movements. He had not gone loco as I expected, but was only explaining in his brilliant way the stretching power of filthy lucre. While Batiato was recuperating from this strenuous effort I quietly excludined myself from this august company. This class alone was well worth the meagre one million yen tuition which the Studes pay each annum.



REDDERAN L. HOLLOWER

Born: 1916 S. O. L. (Sooner or Later)

Instructor in Accounting for Your Wife's Actions

Before entering into the austere presence of Mr. Hollower I had previously been led to understand that Red is quite the guy at this stuff, as he runs up to some small berg each week end to put into practice that which he preaches. I hadn't been in there long before he gave away her name. Helen I think he said it was. This was the way it came about: Boys, says Red—all you have to do to get along in this old world is to work like Helen B. Happy. Now putting 6 and 8 together, I figured out to myself that was her name. The last of the period drawing to a close Red closed with this choice bit of accounting experience. One day last year, says Red, I lost a valuable time watch. The other day I put on an old vest of mine and you can't imagine what I found. Crediting Red with a few brains and debiting him with less than that everyone shouts out, "Your watch". No says Red, the hole I lost it thru. Account for that will you? This was too much for me and I made a hasty exit—weary, but satisfied.



BABSON INSTITUTE

Report on THE INMATE INSTRUCTORS

From THOSE WHO KNOW To FUTURE STUDENTS

SUBJECT	GRADE	HOURS WKLY	ABSENCES	SUBJECT	GRADE	HOURS WKLY	ABSENCES
MR. BAMBURGH				There being but twenty six letters in the alphabet, we find it impossible to grade with accuracy. Hence, we give only a comment.			
MR. FITTZ							
MR. MATHEWS							
MR. MILLEA							

Explanation of Grades: A indicates excellent work; B, good; C, passable; and D, unacceptable

General Comment

(Opinions of the various instructors)

MR. BAMBURGH

Has made thousands of prominent friends. None will ever forget him. Great mixer. Knows everyone's first name. (Wonder if they know his!) Should make a marvelous torredor.

MR. FITTZ

Has discovered, by means unknown, that there are three kinds of lies. Should make good as an operator of a "bucket shop".

MR. MATHEWS

Believes that the whole world is beautiful. Goes to Washington almost every week-end to urge the government to give him the honor of paying more taxes. Should go well on a Chautauqua circuit.

MR. MILLEA

Millea is always right. He is absolutely consistent. He is extremely modest. He never loses an argument. He never quibbles. Should prove of some value as a charity worker.



The Snipe Hunt

Ye Babson Braves of Wellesley Town,
Come listen to a tale;
A tale of snipes of wine and woods,
Of nights and nut brown ale.

○○○○○

In Needham Woods, the legend runs,
The snipes grew thick as sand.
Steen billion snipes ate up the earth,—
Ate corn and trees and land.

The Babson Braves a feasting sat
In camp on Maugus Hill,
Around the board the jesting passed;
The night without was still.

Then up spoke Pat, a chieftain brave,
And master of a Ford,
“My braves”, said he, “the snipes are on
And needs must have our sword.

“I ask you braves, my warriors all,
Why sit you feasting here
While snipes are swooping down the wood
Devouring stalk and ear?”

To arms then every warrior sprang,—
To arms with bag and light,
The snipes within the bag should be
Before the day killed night.

Each warrior hastened to the steeds,—
The steeds of fumes and fire;
Each chieftain vaulted to his mount,
The mount of wheels and tire.

The fire-steed Stutz, the fire-steed Lex
The fire-steed Ford was there;
Three blazing mounts, three fuming steeds,
Three steeds with hoofs of air.

Chief Holden drove the fire-steed Stutz;
Chief Patton drove the Ford,
Chief Helme was there upon his Lex
To bag the snipey horde.



Down Abbott Road thru Belvedere
To Needham Town they sped;
Three thundrous steeds of fire and fumes
The Chieftain Patton led.

They raced and yelled, the forest swelled,
With shrieks and noise and speed,
Steen Billion snipes then smelt the pipes
Of Maugus and his breed.

On Needham Hill the braves stood still
And dimmed their lights and pipes;
They spun no tales but picked out Dales
To hold the bag for snipes.

Then warrior Haynes a bag would have,
And seeing none was there
He sat his haunches on his heel
And held his coat out square.

Brave Pfleuger then, from out the men
Came forth and volunteered;
And Andy too, who hates home brew,
With light and bag appeared.

No more was said and Andy led
His braves out thru the night;
Out thru the trees with trembling knees
In fear of birds that fight.

Behind the hill where all was still
Brave Dales built up a fire,
While Pfleuger brave and Andy slave,
Tugged sticks and logs thru mire.

The fire flared up, the night was light,
And screams of birds rang shrill,
Steen billion snipes awoke the night
And shook the woods and hill.

The Babson Braves thruout the wood
Were pierced and torn and scratched;
The snipes bore down and drew their blood,—
The Braves were well outmatched.

They turned and fled except for Dales
Who stood and fought like mad.
Steen billion snipes were on his head,—
He gave them all he had.

He tore their wings; he smashed their heads;
He flung them right and left;
He killed a thousand snipes at once,—
At slaughter Dales was deft.

He fought an hour, he fought for three,
Drunk blood to quench his thirst;
Each coming million had more fight,—
The last one was the worst.

The last one thousand birds were wild,
His eyes grew dim—and then—
Dales crumpled back and struck the fire,—
Then rose and fought again.

The snipes fell bleeding all around,
They struck the fire and burned,—
They struck the trees and left them red
Then Dales stepped back and turned.

His form was red, a crimson flood,
The woods with blood ran red,
And on the hill in heaps man high,
Steen billion snipes lay dead.

He sought to find a place to rest;
The bag he filled with leaves,
And for a bed he piled up birds
Like rugs a Belgian weaves.

But thru the hills a cloud appeared
And rain began to fall,
So Dales forsook the snipes and leaves
To hike for Sharron Hall.

The rain came down and drenched him thru;
Washed blood and birds away.
He stumbled thru the trees and hills
And floundering lost his way.

Along the road he stumbling, trooped,
Bearmed with clubs and rocks.
On every side were barking dogs,
And then,—the crowing cocks.

The crowing cocks and break of day,
The sky with streaks of red.
With streaks of red like bleeding snipes,—
Then Dales got home to bed.

oooOoooo

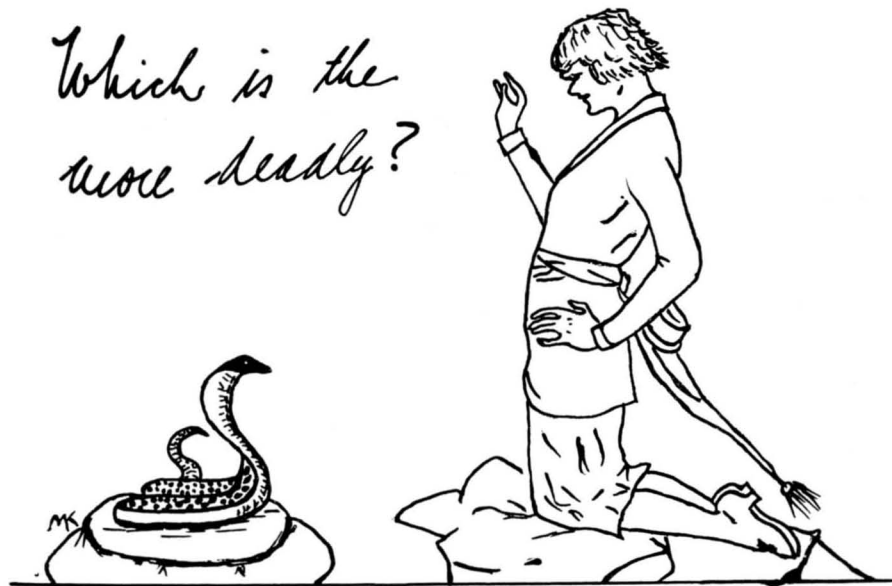
He must have dreamed,—a hellish dream.
A dream of nights and dogs,—
Of Needham Wood, of racing steeds,
Of burning snipes and logs.





Don'ts for New Students

- Don't go crazy over B. S. O. women. It doesn't pay. Enuff said.
- Don't go on parties in Wellesley Hills.
- Don't stub your toe crossing Washington Street.
- Don't tell all you know to any native.
- Don't pick a girl who wears hair nets. It's too expensive.
- Don't frequent the bar-rooms in this locality.
- Don't fail to make friends with the police, if you can.
- Don't go to Dana Hall. You may get Cook—ed.
- Don't mistake the time clock for a roulette wheel.
- Don't steal books, just take them.
- Don't try to tell the college girls how smart you are! They know.
- Don't shirk your work. Eleanor will find out.
- Don't flirt with our pretty secretaries.
- Don't mention that you go to Babson's while in Boston, Wellesley, Natick, Nokimo and Palm Beach.
- Don't expect to satisfy your appetite at Babson's teas.
- Don't say good morning to Miss Haywood. No morning is good to her.



Flapper Department

He fondly caressed her, lovingly fingering her soft, fluffy bobbed hair until, finally, with a yielding sigh she lapsed her warm body into his tingling arms. Their cheeks touched, her arms lay lightly upon his shoulders as her fingers toyed gently with his neck, a thrill ran through her as she felt the glow of budding romance.

Thus did they remain, clasped together, their melting forms silhouetted against the dim, fantastic gleam of the soft light. Vague moments passed. She pressed her body close to his, her breath came in short gasps. Almost in a daze, they slowly and gloriously pressed their clinging lips into a kiss.

Such a typical scene enacted by the predominating types of the so-called modern "snakes" and "flappers". From an artistic point of view, such scenes are sometimes exquisite. Other points of view are not to be considered here.

Kipling declared that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male", but modern writers have reopened the discussion and are wondering if "the flapper" of the species is more deadly than the "snake". The drawing above will help the well informed reader to more clearly visualize the principles in this discussion.



(The course of events in the next few years depends on the extent to which the Law of Equal and Opposite Attraction is to be felt and recognized. This law is that for every action of ours there should be a similar action by another resulting from the equal attraction. Else, what is the good of a "line"?)

FEMININE REPORTS on
Oil cans may be obtained by
any who can be interested.

FLAPPER DEPARTMENT
Confidential Bulletin No. X 13
Wellesley Hills, Mass., June, 1922.

ADVICE TO FLAPPERS

Summer Decline in Dance and Cabaret Entertainments — Incentive for Elopements Increase with Heat—Activities of Snakes on Wellesley Exchange Alarming

Fundamental Tendencies. "Lines" are showing a marked inclination towards "bullishness". Direct connection between "lines" and "petting" points to party activity. The bull stock market, therefore, should be carefully analyzed before forecasting long swing activities.

Intensification of Heat Causes Decline. Statistically, there is a mass movement on the open road. Underlying conditions lead us to believe that there will be an excellent opportunity to speculate on the Moonpet concerns issue of Common and Preferred. **Most flappers are likely to make it Common**, but a discriminating few will select the Preferred. Many flappers will also deal in Automobiles, although some will choose the Furniture game. Canoes will get their share, although it is possible for them to sink under too great activity. **A decline, however, will be manifested upon the floors of Cabarets**, as the exchanges are already diminishing there. Motor transportation, therefore, should not be hampered so long as drivers look straight ahead and not at the sides of the road. These conditions reflect favorably upon the market for motorcycles.

Rise in Temperature Causes Speculation. The men whom flappers first gold-dig (viz, their fathers) have in the past been urged by us to register their securities. **It is particularly imperative that this be done.** Oftentimes, flappers appropriate them when they elope. By means of our own **unquestionably accurate methods** we have discovered that temperature directly and strongly influences temperament, even as light and darkness. This, of course, has a strong influence upon the (matrimonial) Bond market.

Preferred Snakes Active—Others Show a Decline. The most active of the Snakes on the Wellesley Exchange is the Institute issue. Its rise has been so phenomenal as to be alarming. The statistical position of this issue is a great deal stronger than that of the 1921 issue. Due to the sensational actions of the latter issue all similar ones have been dropped by the Inn Brokers. The Dana Brokers have also shown a tendency towards dropping all further Institute offerings. This is not likely to be accomplished. We urge all of our flapper clients to watch for the 1923 Institutes, which will appear next September.

Flapper Territories. After careful scientific research we are in a position to release the following information to our clients:

There are three classes of flapper territories, namely—
Residential Districts, preferably Brookline
Various Colleges, preferably Wellesley
Sidewalks, preferably cement

Agents for goloshes, cosmetics, Rolls Royces, scissors, lingerie, and pearl beads should write to us for telephone numbers and addresses. Hand the attached coupon to your secretary.

Athletics

Year 1921-22

By *Ima Sport*

TENNIS:

The tennis warriors were out with a bang at the opening of the year, altho the year was not as favorable as we would like to report, still what's bad is bad, and what's good is worth while. The boys netted strong with Wellesley in the opening games, playing all love sets. Nights were favorable for the game, and all in all the season closed profitable.

The team represented by Peters and Carpenter were swamped by the speedy Dana Hall team, starting out strong with all love games, but winding up with a series of add for the girls and finally a collapse on the part of our boys. After the brilliant success of the Dana Hall team it is reported they are on an extended tour, looking for new victims to vanquish.

CRAPS:

The interschoolastic crap matches started strong, but fizzled out towards the end of the season. Lack of material and equipment seems to have caused the downfall and breakup of this favorite sport. Until friend Paton departed he held the Babson championship for crap shooting, but his record has been surpassed by friend Trout, who can throw more sevens in 10 minutes than he can articulate about his experiences in France in a half an hour. Some record dear reader, some record!

FOOTBALL:

A glorious and victorious season in football is the unusual record of the Babson Institute team. Not one game was lost. Not one game was played. Praise should be heaped on the brave football heroes. (Try and find them).

BASKETBALL:

The Wellesley gym was obtained for our Basketball team, thru the courtesy of the staid gentlemen of the Township of Wellesley, Commonwealth of Mass. (God bless the Commonwealth). Our team showed some remarkable speed and dexterity in throwing the ball to and fro and keeping it from going in the basket. In the first and last game of the season the whole team (all three) exhibited team work that would put a pair of mules to shame. Seven touchdowns, 3 knockouts and 8 clinches were marked during the three minutes of play. The fifth prize, a handsome pearled handle crochet mallet was presented to the school on this meretorious victory.

BASEBALL:

Due to the fact that no worthy opponents were in the immediate vicinity, and our time being taken up with several practice games which resulted in overwhelming victories, our baseball season was Nil.



School Song

Tune; Dapper Dan

VERSE

Snaky Sam was a college man
In a college just out of Bean Town.
Every one knew Snaky Sam,
Knew him for a lady's man.
Had a girl in every school
So you see he was no fool.
In the class room all day long
You'd hear him sing this song.

CHORUS

If I lose my girl in Emerson
That won't spoil my fun,
'Cause I got another honey gal
Waiting down in old LaSalle,
And if I lose my gal in old LaSalle
That won't worry me, 'cause I got another
sweetie out at Wellesley.
If I lose my gal in Wellesley
I won't care at all, 'cause I got another
lovin' baby out at Dana Hall.
Now if the whole darn bunch should turn me down
I got a regular girl in my home town
For I'm a cave man brute from the Babson Institute.

SECOND CHORUS

If I want a girl to play with
I'll run down to Smith.
Now you'll see that I'm some masher,
For I've got another girl in Vassar.
If I lose my girl in Vassar
I'll go on a lark,
With my pretty blue eyed dolly
From old National Park.
If I lose my girl in National Park
I won't lose my sense
'Cause I got another mamma
Down at dear old Spence.
Now if the whole darn bunch should run away,
I'll pick me up a girl in the old Fenway,
For I'm a cave man brute from the Babson Institute.

M. W. W., C. G. Jr., R. G. P.—Class '22.

Ever Hear this Before?

- Three kinds of lies,
Lies, damn lies and figures.
Austin H. Fittz
- My good friend Charlie—
Bamburgh
- When I was at Simplex.
Millea
- I'm not an expert accountant, but—? !!
Hollister
- Please excuse a personal reference.
Moore
- Now at Ford Hall this week.
Coleman
- I really can't accept it now.
Stenographers
- I'll entertain a motion to that effect.
Pres. Leavitt
- Private Business—Boston.
Time Cards
- Being a true British Blood.
Canucks
- Give me a cigarette.
Cassidy
- Where have you *bean*?
Holden
- Tha's right.
Koke
- Youse.
Robinson
- Gee, I met the keenest girl last night.
Walt
- Well—ah—
Monty
- That's a helluva note.
Cliff
- At the B. S. O., we--
Webber
- "Oh say".
Dales

You'll be late when Gabriel blows his saxophone.

Mackenzie

What the Hell?

Swayze

What an awful bum you turned out to be.

Cushing

Blew a soft plug today.

Houston

They did it this way at Culver.

Dazey

Have you read "Educational Opportunities at Babson's"?

Rosie

I guess I'll go to New York this week-end.

Heller

Fried as a fool.

Carpenter

I can't afford it.

Helme

Let's eat.

Hinman

No, is that so.

Richardson

Damfino.

Peters

I worked with them six months.

Emery

You fellows should get together.

Snowden

Gee, she is a cute kid.

Albershardt

When I was in the army.

Trout

Down in Poughkeepsie.

Phelps

Got the wrong train this morning.

Flagg

It's a good horse.

Washburn

"I don't know"

Fiske

"Hoo-Raay"

Studes



School Calendar, 1921-22

- Sept. 16 Walters arrives early from Oregon with good intentions.
19 School tried to start.
26 School succeeds.
27 Cliff George arrives from Texas.
29 School going well.
30 Matches at Wellesley well under way.
- Oct. 1 Student Council commences to function.
3 Still functioning.
11 Heller wears purple neck tie and red sox.
17 Wally Reid appears with his 139 pairs of white hosiery.
18 Babson gave a tea last month.
- Nov. 1 First snow, boys go sliding.
12 Flagg breaks record for running broad smile.
23 Everyone quits work, Thanksgiving a week off.
28 Robinson slips and breaks his record.
- Dec. 1 North wind blows and we didn't have any snow.
2 Rosenfield says something in class.
12 "Scotty" Muir chosen to sell Babson's reports. Others canned.
24 Christmas vacation starts.
25 Merry Christmas.
26 Day after Christmas.
- Jan. 1 Happy New Year.
3 No one here.
5 Ditto.
9 Half school back (3).
18 One more arrives.
21 Babson's Bachelor boys moved to their apartments.
29 Second Term commences.
- Feb. 1 Leavitt commences iron rule of school.
2 Snipe hunt was October 12, followed by Italian games.
3 Hold up to stuff snipe.
5 Snipe stuffed, so was every one else.
22 Vacation, no one wants it, so school continues.
24 Ford Hall not mentioned in Personal Efficiency.
27 The Helme-Dales duetted to Florida, via mud-holes.
- Mar. 5 Babson gives tea fight along in here.
6 Wayward sons move into Cambridge.
7 Wayward sons late.
8 Haynes learns the use of the telephone.
9 Helme returns from Kentucky.
29 Somebody gets work in on time.
30 Patton loses his wits and gets married Dec. 3.
- April 1 Andy married, everyone mourns, Dec. 28.
8 Student Council fixes up time cards from Sept. 20th inclusive.
9 Second term started some time ago. Leavitt still officiating.
26 Webber cleans his desk.
28 Up to date, 469,854 calls made at Wellesley, Dana Hall and Peters.
- May 1 Peters "falls".
3 Holden hasn't been pinched for three days.

- 5 George pinched. \$.25 and cost, no cost.
 7 Peters falls farther.
 26 Monty bought Ford some time ago.
 28 Peters on feet again.
- June 1 Good meal served at the Vinette.
 3 All quit work, school closes the 14th.
 4 Millea smiles, Bamburgh smiles, Matthews smiles.
 10 Grades went in the 4th.
 11 Everyone collects their debts.
 14 Babson gives out sheep skins, all read Babsonian.
 15 Stenographers looking sad, Walker works and Miss Hayward looks out the window, students have departed.
 16 Students give praise.



A Wellesley Woman

She's taken her fun where she's found it,
 She "vamped" and "necked" in her time,
 She's had her pick of the students
 And wasted a lot of their time.

She's a great hand at the fellers,
 And takin' them all along,
 She tries her best to please them
 And cheer them up with her song.

One was a boy named Charlie,
 To him she tried to stay true,
 But he got mean and she left him,
 We don't blame her. What else could she do?

She left him and turned to Billie,
 He played her square for a while,
 Along came a girl from old Dana Hall,
 And he fell for her cute girlish smile.

She played a lot of others,
 And all of the game wasn't fun,
 Her advice to the fellers she know is:
 Be true to one, boys, just one."

Daring Disclosures

The status of Babson students (known to Wellesley girls as "Babson's Babies") at Wellesley College is not clear to some people. This should settle the matter. The "Babson Babies" hold a high position in the admiration of Wellesley. The results of the year prove this beyond the *shadow* of possible dispute. The multitude stands in envy. Statistics could easily be compiled to show how many hours of sleep have been lost by the fair inmates of "the college" while they have puzzled over "wicked lines" which have been strung out by the knights from Wellesley Hills.

Throughout the year there has been dissent at the Institute regarding the system of grading which is in use. These grades are used in connection with comments, but are often at variance with them. Why not drop the system of grading and resort to clear and pointed comments?

At the beginning of the school year the instructors were all of good cheer and greeted the students with true warmth. We appreciated this spirit very much. Of late, however, it is noticeable that some change in attitude has taken place. Perhaps this is due partly to ourselves, but, regardless of the cause, we feel it is our scholarly duty to point out the difference which has been brought about.

Let us take the liberty to generalize. According to the theory of opposing values, a balance must be *reached* between restriction and freedom. In a business institution the students are supposed to be able to conduct themselves in a proper manner. It might not prove advisable, therefore, to attempt too much restriction. This, however, applies to the future.

It may be interesting to note that the Faculty has passed a rule prohibiting students from living outside of the township of Wellesley Hills. It is possible that such a rule may prove necessary at some future time, but we fail to see where such a rule is necessary at the present. This is, however, altogether a matter for Faculty judgment.

Henette House Sings

Lo Fred!
Lo Monty!
Stoot?
Yep!
Let's go!
S'good day!
Yep!
Wellesley?
Yep!
Warminuf?
Youse!
Session to-nite?
Yep!
S'long!
S'long!

The Badger was selected as the school mascot.
Merely whistle and it protects you.

The Babson Gossip

With apologies to K. C. B.

By M. W. W.

THERE WAS a boy.

* * *

AND HIS name—

* * *

WELL THAT doesn't matter.

* * *

IT WAS a good one.

* * *

BUT THIS boy.

* * *

WAS FOND of speed.

* * *

AND FOND of noise.

* * *

AND HIS friends also.

* * *

AND THEY took a ride.

* * *

THEY WENT so fast.

* * *

THAT THE cold air.

* * *

IT MOISTENED their eyes.

* * *

AND THEY didn't see.

* * *

THAT A policeman.

* * *

AND A civilian.

* * *

TRIED TO stop them.

* * *

IT SO happened.

* * *

THAT THIS boy.

* * *

WAS SENT an invite.

* * *

TO ATTEND a social.

* * *

THAT WAS given in honor.

* * *

OF THE supreme ruler.

* * *

OF THE common people.

* * *

WHEN HIS honor.

AND THE cop.

* * *

AND THE clerk.

* * *

WHEN THEY saw.

* * *

THAT THE boy.

* * *

WAS WITH his friend.

* * *

WHOM WE all know.

* * *

THEY ALL turned pink.

* * *

AND HIS honor said.

* * *

THAT HE thought.

* * *

IT WOULD be.

* * *

A GOOD idea.

* * *

FOR THIS young man.

* * *

TO TAKE with him.

* * *

A NEEDED instrument.

* * *

WHICH WE use.

* * *

IN OUR Saturday's necessity.

* * *

TO CLEAR his vision.

* * *

WHEN THE night is cold.

* * *

AND THE wind blows.

* * *

AND THE mists mist.

* * *

SO THAT the poor cop.

* * *

MAY NOT be passed by.

* * *

AND THAT is all.

* * *

I THANK you.

The Lost Chord

(Apologies where necessary)

Seated one day at the Babson club,
I was weary and ill at ease,
As I dined on a strange concoction
Called "Chicken Croquets with Peas".

I knew not what I was eating,
And my courage began to sag,
When I struck a cord that tasted
Like the string of my laundry bag!

It clung to my left bicuspid,
With passionate force it clung;
It hampered articulation,
It got twisted about my tongue.

I tried to cry out for assistance,
In vain, since my tongue was tied,
The cord settled down on my windpipe,
And, gasping for breath, I died.

Appreciation

We, the students, have this year accomplished a great deal, and feel that the instructors have concientiously done their best for us. Despite all of the inferènces which may be contained in this book, we recognize that our instructors are men of judgment and ability, and we are happy to have been so closely associated with them during the past nine months.

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J. PRESTON LEAVITT, *Vice President*
JAMES B. HELME, *Secretary and Treasurer*

SECOND SEMESTER

J. PRESTON LEAVITT, *President*
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C. N. TAYLOR, *President*

LOUIS HARVEY, *Cashier*

Dear Mother:

“Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
But you could break for a million
years,
And not be as broke as me.”
Your loving son,
“Monty”.

A nice young fellow called “Snitz”
Falls asleep wherever he sitz—
On the curb he did nap
With his hat in his lap,
When he woke he had in it six bitz.

A. MINKOWITZ

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TO ROSY, JACK, MACK, SAM, ETC.

If you don't feel just right
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a swirl,
Why don't you marry the girl?

AS WASHBURN SAID

Tell me pretty maiden,
With eyes of deepest brown,
If I kissed you on the forehead,
Would you call me down?

OAK

A woodpecker sat on Leavitt's head,
And settled down to drill.
He pecked and pecked and pecked
away
And wore away his bill.

FUTILITY

A deaf and dumb man trying to give
his blind wife hell.

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TRUCKS

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What portion of the profits of your business is the result of your individual energy — and what portion is the result of changing fundamental conditions?

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Co-operating with conditions—present and future—you have an opportunity to do more than double the results of your own effort. Trying to run cross current or counter to them you are liable to lose profits already made and face a loss for your pains.

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