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THE BABSONIAN -- VOLUME SIX

Published By
The Graduating Class
of
Babson Institute
JUNE 1927

THE
NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN

Babsonian



ENTRANCE TO BABSON INSTITUTE CAMPUS



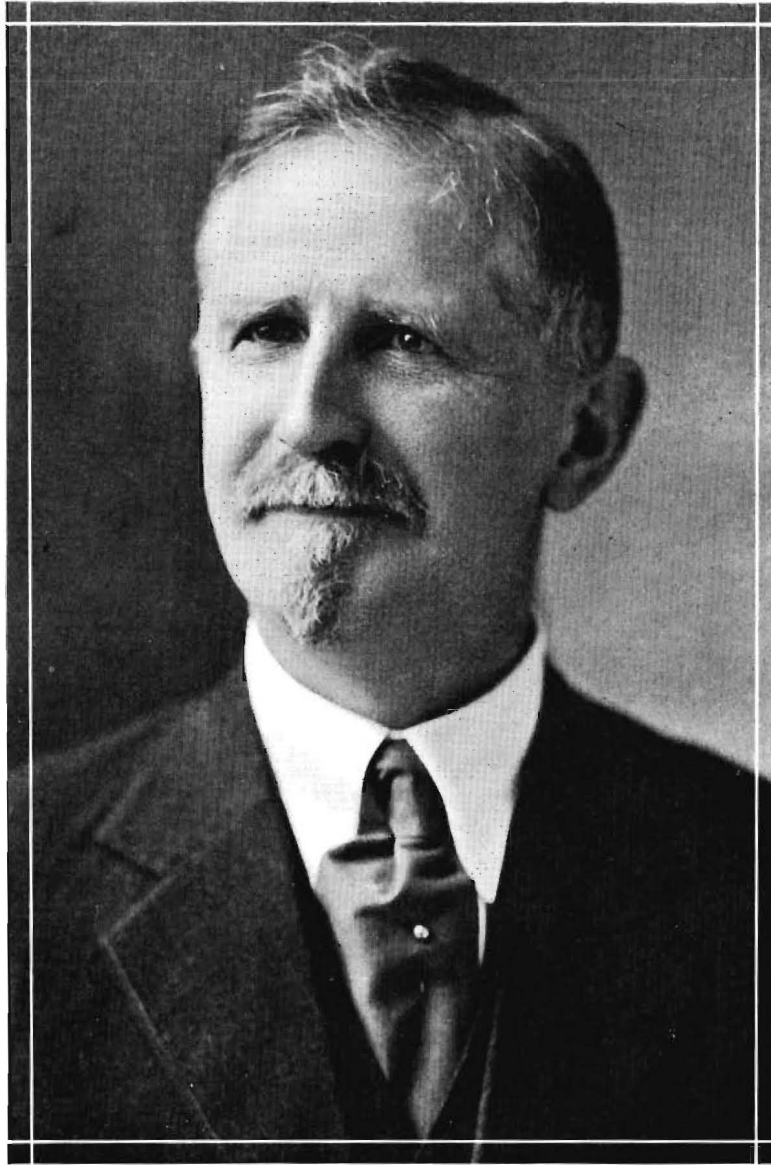
— TO —
HAROLD A. THURLOW
FOR HIS GENEROUS ASSISTANCE
AND FRIENDLY ADVICE, WE THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-
SEVEN, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
— THIS BOOK —



FOREWORD

*To the Trustees, Alumni, Students and Friends of
Babson Institute:*

WE, the Editorial Staff, have earnestly compiled this book which is intended to mirror the era of expansion which has recently increased the nationwide prestige of Babson Institute; also to portray the school and social life within the Park, and to perpetuate in printed form those memories of the life of the Class of 1927 which will live in the minds of its members.



ROGER W. BABSON

Founder of
BABSON INSTITUTE

To the Class of 1927

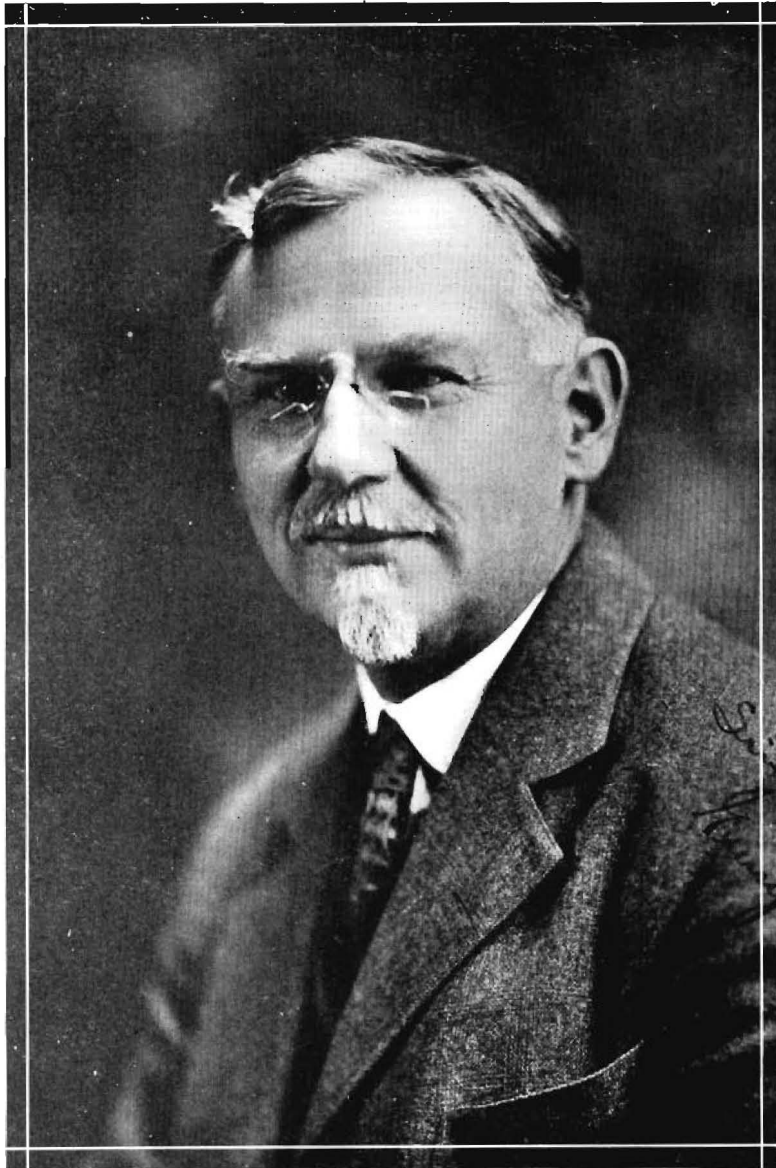
When on my fiftieth birthday I was asked as to the greatest lesson life had taught me, I replied: "***Self-discipline is the requisite of happiness.***"

To be happy one must learn to do the things he does not want to do when he does not want to do them. Securing an education, creating a business, enjoying married life, raising a family, and keeping one's health demands sacrifice. Persons who always expect to have their own way or satisfy their own desires are destined to be unhappy. Besides, the greatest joys come from solving the hardest problems. The easier things come to us, the greater competition would become because so many more people would try to imitate those who are successful. The more difficult our work, the freer we are from other troubles.

The sensible man will welcome struggle and hardship. These make for growth, strength, and real thrills.



Logan W. Baber



GEORGE W. COLEMAN

President of

BABSON INSTITUTE

To the Class of 1927

LEARN HOW TO STICK

Endurance wins most races.
Finish what you start.
Attach yourself to something worth while and
then stick to it.
Life today is full of things that detract.
Few can concentrate on one purpose.
Fewer still are able to stick to it.
Those who do win out.
Seek first the accomplishment of your goal and
everything else will be added.

Charles W. Eliot, Thomas A. Edison and Henry
Ford learned how to stick to their tasks in
spite of tremendous temptations to turn aside
to other things.

They achieved superlative success.
They wrought mightily.
They enjoyed life immensely.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "George W. Coleman". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page.



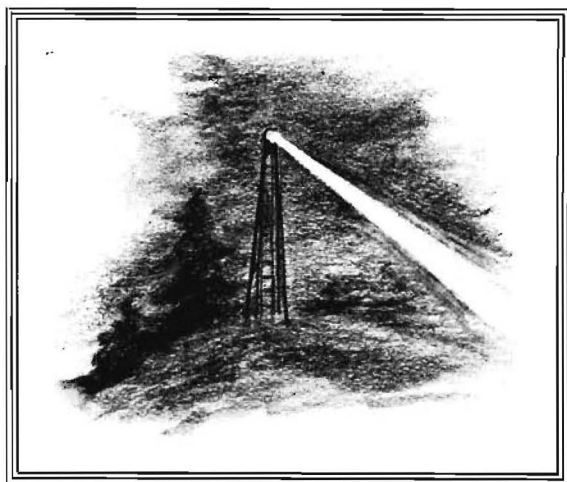
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*The
Shining*

LIGHTS
of the FACULTY



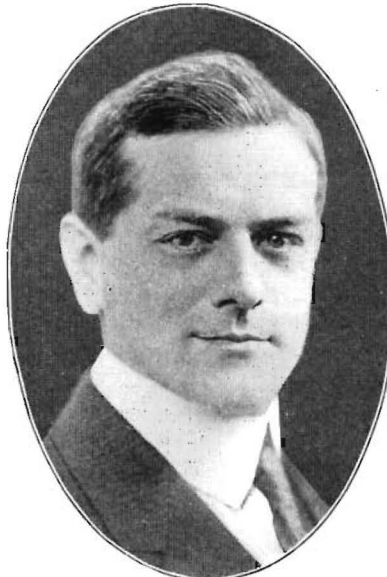
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FACULTY SONG



I

Here's to Cicero Adolphus, he
Teaches us Psychology.
On heifers, yes, he has the dope
But flappers are beyond his scope.

II

Here's to factory John Millea
In everything he has his way.
He teaches us just how to win
By letting nothing get under our skin.

III

Here's to Coleman, George discreet.
He's proud to show his memorial seat.
Though his goatee weighs but an ounce
He sure can give the boys the bounce.

IV

Here's to Thurlow, Harold A.
His dam dishwashers will not pay.
And though he tries to sell his kite
His selling schemes are out of sight.

V

Here's to corporate Papa Fittz.
With stocks and bonds he'll tax your wits.
Though figures lie and laws abound
A fairer man cannot be found.

VI

Here's to our red-headed Dwight.
At anytime he'll pick a fight.
With ledgers white and figures neat
To pass his course is quite a feat.

VII

Here's to Matthews, speaker fine.
Wild Toots and cycles are his line.
He buys his tires Roebuck plan
A dollar now and a dollar then.

VIII

Here's to Hayward, registrar fine.
Who gets recognition at Valentine time.
She knows us each and every man,
And catches us as catch can.

IX

Here's to our stenog's, so dear
With our reports they take a year.
They keep their room locked up at night
But why they do, we don't know quite.

Chorus

Away, away with rum, by gum,
Here they come, Rummy tum tum,
Looking as if they'd been off on a bum-
The faculty of the Institute.



THE CAMPUS IN WINTER

THE SECRETARIES



Carolyn Hitchcock
Lillian Perkins

Edith Doe
Katherine Brophy
Frances Burgess

Marion Wing
Martha Blake

To You, the Secretaries of Babson Institute,
whose pleasant co-operation and sincere effort
has materially benefited us, this page is
— cordially dedicated —

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The
AIR MAIL

*Air-way Beacon on
 Institute Campus*

Swift ships flying through the night
 To carry mail. May our light
 Guide your course in fair or rain
 And lead you safely home again.

Flashing, circling heaven's arc,
 Lighting up Night's velvet dark
 With silver rays that shine and show
 You where you want to go.

One in Boston, Babson Park,
 Both are placed that they may mark
 The way against God's sky
 For venturous men their ships to fly.

Swift ships flying through the night,
 We salute you! May our light
 Flashing far in fair or rain
 Guide you safely home again!

L. M. P.

Do You Know?

A game of cards -a wood fire burning
 (Why is my mind ever turning
 To another day gone by?)

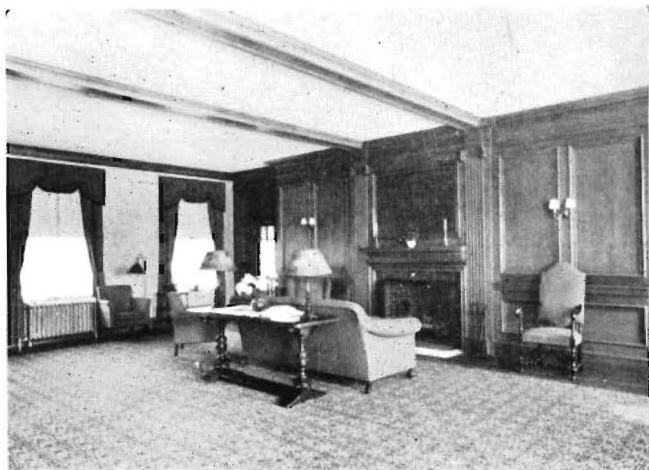
"I bid a club I pass- One spade" -
 (I see another game I played
 When hearts were trump.)

We make our game, add to our score
 (Another game some years before
 I played my heart and lost.)

Deal the cards -and play them out.
 (See-saw, whirligig, roundabout
 My thoughts go twirling.)

Tinkling spoons coffee and cakes -
 I wonder just how long it takes
 For hearts to mend?

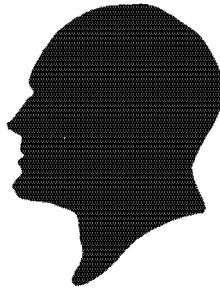
Lillian M. Perkins.



PORTRAITS

Class of

1 9 2 7





CHARLES A. ACHEY

"Achey"

THIS practical trained, personnel manager from the Linoleum factory at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has made himself conspicuous through his inborn skeptical and stubborn views. In spite of his *die-hardness*, he and "Johnny" Millea ably ran the Factory Management course.

EDWARD G. ANSTED

"Ed"

"CUPID" was the name deservedly bestowed upon Ed early in the year because of his resemblance in certain respects to the carrier of barbed arrows. A Hoosier, and proud of it, he can be seen about Wellesley almost anytime in his *big tan roadster*.

FRANK M. BALDWIN

"Brud"

"BRUD" is a well-known person about the campus during the week but so far it has not been our pleasure to see him during week-ends. He claims to be able to drive to Springfield in three hours anytime. His success is assured either as a double for Doug Fairbanks or as publicity man for Waldorf.

GORDON D. BEVIN

"Bev"

"COWS" and bells seem to be this young man's specialties. He doesn't say much about either but you can tell he has the dope even on the things he doesn't discuss. We hope he continues to "ring in" New Years as good as this one has been—*so far!*



WILLIAM C. BLACK, Jr.

"Bill"

BIG Bill from Kansas—though he modestly claims Chicago. These western boys get things done. Look at his conquest of Wellesley. One can always see that green Chrysler headed for the big college when the day is done. Bill was another past Christmas entry but we feel that it was really *Wellesley's loss* as they get most of his time!

LESTER T. BRADBURY

"Brad" "Mike"

OUR "Mike" makes Baron De Meyer look ill when it comes to the art of photography. That he is a genial host is proved by the fact that his room is the rendezvous for the club. He is an authority on Clara Bow's "IT" and *California*.

CALEB D. BRADHAM, Jr.

"Caleb"

GENIAL Southern hospitality beams out,—a broad smile,—*"Gentlemen, place your bets."* Caleb should have been born a half century sooner that he might have shone in sartorial splendor, smiled over the cards, and said, *"Nigger, bring me a mint julep"* as the *Natchez* steamed into New Orleans.

JOSEPH G. BRISLIN

"Joe"

"I can't help it if I fall asleep—I was out last night." Joe used to be a track man but he left his speed at Georgetown. At six o'clock we are reminded of Washington's loss as our Joe prepares to step. A day without a *new name* in the address book is lost.



DAVIS E. BURBANK

"Dave"

"YOU can't tell me." Dave possesses a knack for seeing the humorous side of any remark and surpasses all as the class punster. Ask him why he goes to Worcester each week and you'll probably learn that he buys his *neck-ties* there.

THEODOR G. A. BURDICK

"Ted"

TED is both smooth and collegiate. The stage and fine arts are his weakness. *Aesthetic delights* fill his life. "What is more perfect than a day in June?" quotes Ted as he tramps through the snow. His thoughtfulness and desire to do something for some one make his presence a pleasure.

WILLIAM H. COLESTOCK

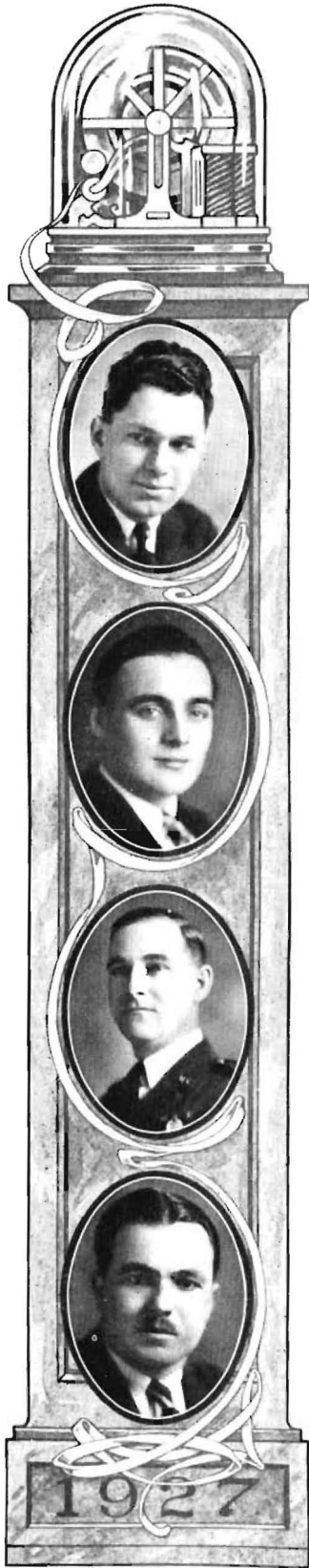
"Bill"

"STAND still true poet that you are." Whether Bill writes poetry or not doesn't matter—that he is a poet at heart as well as a gentleman and a scholar does matter. He speaks well for Bucknell and makes us feel that perhaps each of us didn't attend the *only* college.

GEORGE A. CRAFTS

"George" "Cheese"

ONE of the original "Hall Room Boys!" As a student he is qualified to expound the merits of the paper industry. A business man in the embryo George acts, dresses and carries himself as such. If *pilgrimages* were in vogue his mecca would be the Copley Plaza.



THOMAS L. DAIGLE

"Tom"

ACTIONS speak louder than words. Tom's deep silence puzzles at first but we soon learn that he was the first "Wandering Boy." "Nothing nicer," says Tom, "than a quiet date." Outside of engineering and business, Tom reads Plato *for amusement.*

DONALD A. DONAHUE

"Don"

AFTER having little Donald Donahue on our floor we can all sympathize with a father, or a house master in a prep school. We have difficulty in teaching him that little birds should not try to fly high. But when he gets his Irish aroused his witty remarks show that he *thinks while he sleeps.*

CAPTAIN JOHN N. DOUGLAS

"Cap"

"STEADY," "studious," "systematic" and "sincere" characterize "Cap" exactly. Years ago in the Navy and now transferred from the Boston Army Base he is receiving his final training in the fine art of Business. A wife and daughter assist him in playing "*the old army game.*"

DONALD M. GALLY

"Don" "P. Oliver"

HAIL! the man who would rather walk than go joy-riding. "Don" gets his money's worth from the Gym—and greatly delights in snow-baths. We feel certain some one has advised "Don" to keep a stiff *upper lip* through Life.



RUSSELL B. GEIGER

"Rus"

POSSESSOR of a keen photographic mind "Rus" excelled every one our first school day by linking every name with the right face. His future, at least, is assured at checking hats! "Rus" boasts he's seen the *sun rise* every day this year.

ASHTON L. GODDARD

"Ash"

HERE'S the reason that French fries are always in style. As an auto salesman he's supposed to be there! When the doors of the cafeteria are unlocked he's there also. Another of the students who think summer vacations non-essential! *Girls envy his blush.*

DONALD F. GRAY

"Don"

"DON" comes to the Institute from the nearby town of Needham. He is probably one of the quietest men around the campus. This is true except when he and Mr. Millea get in a heated argument as to the management of *Carter's*.

ROGER S. HASKELL

"Rog"

THIS promising boy architect shows outstanding ability in designing cozy log cabins rather than cathedrals or bridges. From his seriousness of purpose, which we have noticed since he arrived at Babson, we have every reason to believe that his weekly trips to *Lynn* are an inspiration to him.



VERNON M. HAWKINS, Jr.

"Ben"

BEN is new with us this last term but already has taken quite an interest in baseball. He is very seldom seen outside of Lyon hours. He's interested in lumber and will remain at the Institute through the *summer session*.

FERDINAND J. HENGESCH, Jr.

"Fred" "Pop"

"POP is a type you seldom find
 Conservative genius—master mind;
 He's very shrewd, a careful judge
 From an opinion he'll never budge!
 Commuter to Boston so we're taught,
 If you don't know please ask Dot.
 Ten years from now he'll buy wheat spot
 Hedge on the market—*not be caught*."

WILLIAM A. HIRSH, Jr.

"Bill"

THE Business Manager in person—who claims that if you can't pull an "A" from Accounting you are "non compos mentis." With his natural ability to juggle figures Bill will soon be *manipulating* large bond issues.

LOUIS A. JOHNSTON

"Lightnin'"

LOUIS, otherwise known as "Lightnin'" seems to have consistent trouble with kinky hair on *Friday nights*. It has been rumored that women travel miles to be near him. Louis, with his slow Southern drawl is one of the most popular boys on the campus.



JOSEPH B. KINDLEBERGER

"Joe"

"JOE" is the most overworked person in school—he is always talking business, yet he is the possessor of a humorous mind. Economics and Accounting are "perfect cinches." Joe's plans are for the paper industry and we know he can roll out *all the kinks*.

JULIUS S. KUH, Jr.

"Toddy"

HERE'S the man who claims the easiest way to get a kick out of life is to sell advertising space in *The Babsonian* to local merchants. Toddy helps keep upkeep down on Hirsh's car by giving it a *daily inspection*.

GEORGE W. LOER

"Jerry"

"AW SHOOT"—exclaims Jerry when he finds himself out of smokes. He's one of those quiet, orderly, methodical fellows on whom you can put full dependence. In classes his notes would reveal a *veritable chronology* of each instructor's course.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, III

"Ward"

HAVE you ever heard this one? The Brookline commuter who inherits from his famous great-uncle an artistic taste—but rather than poetry Ward prefers drawing. The lure of the *ticking tape ras* too much for him, however.



WILLIAM LURIA

"Bill"

MYSTERY surrounds the quiet youth from Reading. Even Rossie's didn't make him boisterous but it did turn out a vest pocket edition of a Yale senior. No ostentation but still determination and disdain for the "vulgar." We are constantly reminded of *quality* rather than *quantity*.

CARLTON W. MAUTHE

"Mauthe"

NO slams on the movies, but Carlton has certainly helped them with his talented Friday afternoon contributions. If he can make a typewriter play "In a Little Spanish Town" he will have sold "Demountables" to capacity before the strains have died away. His sweater went over big with *R. H. B.*

R. DEXTER MAXWELL

"Dex"

WHEN Better Cars are Built Buick will Build Them and Dexter will sell them. "Black Bottom—Charleston—Let's go." Thus California sends its mountebank ambassador. He is in the habit of requesting personal favors from Dr. Coleman. Dexter gets very angry when some one takes Donahue's shoe polish and he's *going on a date!*

J. ROGERS MAXWELL, III

"Roger"

QUIET, gentlemanly and with a well-founded opinion on all mooted subjects of discussion. Roger maintains his hobby is Travel. Critics of the stage have missed much worthwhile comment of current productions if they haven't given ear to Roger's authoritative *monosyllabic conjectures!*



HARRY T. McNAMARA

"Harry"

"HARRY" hails from near Chicago where he was a tea salesman before entering the Institute. This young man, due to his good looks, was an easy mark for Cupid's arrow so he is now a dignified married man. The Institute is fortunate in securing his services *as a chaperon*.

JAMES McVICKER, Jr.

"Jim" "Mook"

THAT inimitable smile of Jim's carries an atmosphere of contagion and is unequaled as a gloom-destroyer. Jim possesses that rare quality of blending work and pleasure in the right proportions. If he decreed fashions, *derbies* would be worn all the year round!

LESTER W. MILLER

"Les"

He walks straight in the path of the Lord and nothing turns "Les" from his duty. Lockport sends us an edition of good fellowship and quiet earnestness. We are sorry "Les" put off his coming until Christmas because we feel his *good influence* was needed in Room 305 last fall. Consider how it has settled "Don" down!

JEAN W. MOORE

"Smoke" "Horizontal"

HERE'S the only man who gets his money's worth from his room. If the requisite for perfecting a moustache is sleep we see now why Jean's soup-strainer has thrived. He's right there when it comes to work and play, yet he doesn't exactly neglect the *feminine* contingent.



WILLIAM R. MUNROE

"Bill"

BILL'S outstanding idiosyncrasies consist mainly in "monkeying" around a flivver and keeping the roads open to a nearby college for young ladies. Last fall as a track man in at Boston he excelled to such an extent that he gave an exhibition in hopes of becoming *track coach for Wellesley*.

RICHARD C. PAIGE

"Pinkie"

ALTHOUGH Pinkie is a newcomer, we would not think of publishing our book without this "page." We don't know whether or not he has the job of opening up Lyon Hall at six-thirty A. M., but in any event we classify him as a *studious* youth.

WILLIAM A. PETERSON

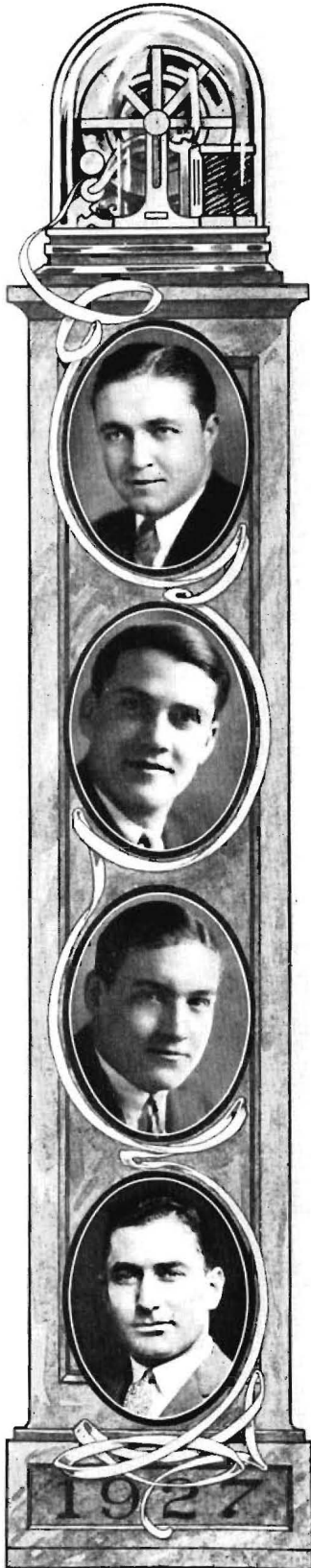
"Bill" "Peter"

WE aren't quite convinced that "Pete" isn't studying for the ministry. Washington is so far away that he may have mistaken the Institute for the Newton Theological Seminary. While living at the Park Club House he was a *big success* in the cafeteria.

WILLIAM F. POTTS

"Bill"

THAT blue streak? Why, that's just our Bill. He drives slow now since he lost that fifth fender. Yes, indeed, all the policemen know Bill. Personal contact you see. We have often wondered if he would be a paper cup salesman or disappoint his family by putting *Ralph De Palma* to shame.



JOHN A. PRATHER

"Johnny"

JOHNNY comes from the big State of Texas, but his own size is in inverse proportion. His popularity is widespread, especially in the direction of *Wellesley College*.

Lives there a girl in Wellesley with soul so dead
Who never to herself has said,
"Oh! for a 'lucky break' from Johnny."

RICHARD ROBINSON

"Dick"

DICK'S contempt for Wellesley traffic officers seems to be quite evident. Refer to calendar! He has that grace, so rare in every clime, of being without alloy of fop or beau, a *finished gentleman* from top to toe.

J. LeGRAND SKINNER

"Skinny"

ASK "Skinny" to demonstrate his automatic French horn and you can realize at once what Jimmy Matthews means by a "Wild Toot." President of our class, a wrestler of New England renown whose sturdy shoulders have never touched the mat, he can even "*throw the bull*."

EDGAR H. STRIETER

"Street"

Introducing a corn-husker who surely knew his oil. Although only with us for a few months for a course in Distribution he made his presence felt. "Street" regretted, even in the coldest weather, that he could not enjoy an open-air sleeping porch,



JACKSON B. SWIFT

"Jack"

COMFORTABLE, good natured and witty
 With the girls he's a master-mind,
 You may look high and low
 But wherever you go
 Gallant Jack is never behind.
 Mystery, work and a Buick
 His life that was once so "fast"
 Is now a series of time-clocks,
 He's *back in the fold* at last.

THOMAS R. THOMPSON

"Screecher"

THIS dark-haired little gentleman's indoor sport is that for which the Epicureans became famous. A witty and brilliant conversationalist he even carries his rantings "far into the night." If you need a guide while *touring Canada* call on "Screecher."

THOMAS P. TREADWELL, Jr.

"Tommy"

"TOMMY" spent his early life in and around Boston so that now he is fully able to conduct his well known sight-seeing tours. He comes to Babson after obtaining his degree at Dartmouth where he acquired enough *psychology* to run our course.

WALTER R. TURNBULL

"Wall" "Canada"

WALT has compiled a statistical table showing the daily depreciation and upkeep on any second-hand car. A real wise cracker, we promise him a great future when Canada goes dry! Have you read his *latest*, "Alibis for Factory Workers"?



ROBERT H. WADSWORTH

"Bob"

ADEPT fisticuff amateur. Although able to defend himself, during our factory trips he's constantly in dread of being mobbed by the poor working girls. Has ably demonstrated his ability as a second-story man but the chances are he'll enter business as Wadsworth, Turnbull & Company, *Sleevefoot Specialists*.

GEORGE W. WEEDON, Jr.

"George"

GEORGE, being a native son, has convinced us that there is a place called California. If George had his way there would be a California branch of Babson Institute in Hollywood. Millea says it's all "bull," that there isn't any map out there 600 feet long, and Los Angeles hasn't any *harbor*, umh!

CARROLL E. WOOD

"Texas"

THE absence of bronchos prompted Carroll to join the Goat Club as the only alternative so that he might not become homesick. Since land, labor and capital produce wealth he's decided to mix these in one profession, real estate. Carroll easily carries off the honors of the *Alaster Horse-player*.

CAMPBELL WRIGHT

"Cam" "Soup"

INTRODUCING "old man industry" in person. Cam's the easiest man in school to locate—he'll be in one of two places—merely look in the Library and you will find him either scanning some financial bulletin or he and Mr. Fittz will be deciding the stock market for the next week. But over the week-end he's a *minus* quantity!



R. GRIDLEY WRIGHT

"Grid"

THE man who possesses the hardest knuckles in Boston and vicinity. Grid believes that woman has her place; however, if we are to judge, there is also the fact that he doesn't object to being awakened from sound slumbers by the *telephone* in the "wee" hours!

BENJAMIN YANOVITZ

"Ben"

QUIET, unassuming, and studious, he has come to us this last term from more than a year with the Dennison Manufacturing Company. His home in Roxbury, he finds it advisable to *commute* to and from school daily.

HOWARD P. SELOVER

"Sully"

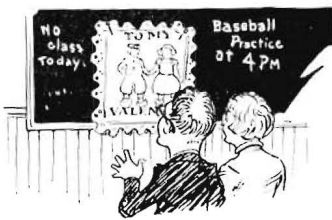
SULLY pursues the investment trust
 In it he'll succeed or really bust
 But study a second year he must
 To invest funds that will not be thrust
 Away in a vault to idle and rust.

ROBERT G. WIGGLESWORTH

"Wig" "Bob"

"WIG"—winning the 1926 Tennis Tournament—is this year proving a serious obstacle for the 1927 raquetters. "Bob" is with us for a second year's work at the Institute—specializing in real estate. His secret ambition is to know four generations at Wellesley College.

1926 - B. I. CALENDAR - 1927



1. Nov. 22— Little Eva's Take-off.
2. Jan. 9 Official Greetings.
3. Feb. 14 —On the Board —and OFF!
4. Feb. 18 —Gally, What a Walk.

- Sept. 22—Slow arrival of future captains of industry. Desks assigned.
- Sept. 23—General get-acquainted meeting. Every one gets the once-over. Geiger, with the photographic mind, able to connect all students' names with faces.
- Sept. 24—School formally begins. The usual number getting into the wrong divisions.
- Sept. 26—Kiine mistakes time clock for slot machine. Plays a nickel in the slot but wins nothing.
- Oct. 1—Some one asks if all the photographs in the assembly room and library are former Institute students.
- Oct. 4—Fall work-out of the fiends of the courts. Prospects look good for the Spring tourney.
- Oct. 7—Wellesley Police are aware that the Institute is in progress.
- Oct. 11—Turnbull, of Canada, after a sightseeing tour of Wellesley College, realizes for the first time that American Beauties are not roses.
- Oct. 12—Columbus Day! Golf season ends! Holiday.
- Oct. 15—Amateur politicians hold a caucus. Class elections follow.
- Oct. 18—Mr. and Mrs. Babson entertain the "Babes" at an afternoon tea at their home.
- Oct. 24—The fraternity begins to function—whispered counsel—knowing glances!
- Nov. 2—"Birdie" Smith attributes his success to O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels!
- Nov. 6—Bowling tournament commences with four teams. Games to be played in Needham on Wednesdays.
- Nov. 10—Faculty considering substituting folding bed for Colby's desk!
- Nov. 14—Annex formally opens doors with party. Girls conspicuous by their absence.
- Nov. 22—Famous Slayers Studio party. Little Eva not so keen on going to Heaven.
- Nov. 25—Faculty get big-hearted—allow one day Thanksgiving Holiday.
- Nov. 27—Kappa Alpha Phi dance at Lido Venice. Miracle! Every one on time following morning.
- Dec. 6—Jack Hottel tries "Barney" Oldfield stunt on Needham road—Ford wrecked—occupants too scared to bowl.
- Dec. 10—Kid Statler (?) fumigates the third floor stairway. Issued house rules.
- Dec. 12—Achey and Hendy still won't agree on a single point in their three months' bull-throwing contest.
- Dec. 14—Stacy unexpectedly receives his Federal appointment with the Mineralogy Department.
- Dec. 18—Christmas vacation—Club House automatically becomes insolvent until the boys return again flush.
- Jan. 4—"The return of the Swallows" by A. Ralerode.
- Jan. 9—Robinson and Wellesley cop have get-together.



5. Mar. 4—What's Wrong with This Picture?
6. April 25--Demonstrating Executive Ability.
7. April 29—Goo-goo!
8. May 3—A Benefit Performance.

- Jan. 20**—Matthews breaks his Sears-Roebuck rubber band illustrating elastic currency.
- Jan. 28**—Johnny Millea cuts finger on trick penknife.
- Feb. 3**—Ansted amuses Wellesley by playing town crier.
- Feb. 10**—Bowling Banquet—Coleman pays Mattson \$1.00 bet.
- Feb. 14**—Mysterious Valentine appears on Bulletin Board.
- Feb. 18**—Gally maintains the modern Wellesley girl too bold.
- Feb. 23**—Munroe tries out for Wellesley College Track Coach in front of Founder's Hall. Crowds thrilled.
- Feb. 28**—Hengesch sets up Goat Club to a feed in the Cellar.
- Mar. 4**—Annual Formal Shindig at Waban Men's Club. No casualties!
- Mar. 10**—Colestock takes morning siesta beside furnace.
- Mar. 18**—Some of the boys start for Bermuda to look for "speak-easies."
- April 1**—Matthews takes a tumble. Holds suspicions!
- April 7**—Prather, Potts and Mauthe bid for Irving Berlin's fame.
- April 13**—Daigle unheralded renders parody on "Jingle Bells."
- April 19**—Marathon Race—Turnbull furnishes encouragement to Canadians.
- April 25**—Thugs work out on Roger Maxwell.
- April 29**—Johnny Millea is donated the symbol of the Goo-Goo Club. Makes acceptance speech at movies.
- May 3**—Mauthe collects money for the Mississippi Flood Victims in the Community Theatre lobby.
- May 4**—Glaring sun blinds ball players—Institute loses to B.S.O.
- May 5**—Turnbull celebrates July 4th. Mr. Thurlow—the goat—gets a black eye.
- May 9**—Member of "Dear Teacher" Club presents his favorite with a pineapple.
- May 10**—Millea's class gets thoroughly fumigated on Lever Brothers visit.
- May 13**—Grid Wright goes on sight-seeing trip to Springfield. Visits library, theatres, sky-scrappers and Police Headquarters.
- May 18**—Institute wins 7-6 from B.S.O. Loer scores winning run.
- May 19**—Dr. Coleman cannot talk to the boys any more—he goes to court himself.
- May 24**—Jimmie Matthews makes the eagle scream for the last time.
- May 25**—Mr. Babson continues with the fourth of his series of talks to the student body.
- June 1**—Secretaries still busy with application letters for jobs.
- June 4**—Wigglesworth, Skinner, Baldwin and Brislin showing excellent tennis form.
- June 8**—Cleaning out the desks commences.
- June 10** Friday—last fish dinner to be e-n-j-o-y-e-d at P. V.'s hostelry. A tearful occasion.
- June 11**—Alumni roundup, all put on feed bag. Alumni are Institute guests at Wayside Inn.
- June 12**—Boys get good sleep for the big day to follow.
- June 13**—Graduation! DIPLOMAS!

—————WHAT NEXT?—————



C. A. A.—President of the world famous correspondence school N. G. I. (Never Give In.) Fee \$100 for all lessons.

F. M. B.—President of Waldorf System, Inc. Still trying to utilize the hole in the doughnut.

G. D. B.—In 1940 still ringing those bells that are heard the whole world round.

W. C. B.—Still investigating the adoption of a co-ed section at Babson Institute for Wellesley maids.

L. T. B.—Active in aviation—always up in the air over the least little thing.

J. G. B.—Manufacturer and patent holder of an all-wood automobile. Brislin Lumber Company buys Long Island for its yard.

D. E. B.—Daily contributor in the *Boston Traveler* with his famous column "100 Puns Perhaps."

T. G. A. B.—Leading man in the silent drama, "Styles for Men." Syracuse now a school for training movie actors.

W. H. C.—Owner of the largest round-the-world steamship company. A special ten-day stop in Havana.

G. A. C.—Compiling statistics which will prove to the world that the paper industry is still flourishing in Maine.

T. L. D.—Manager of the Caustic Soda Manufacturing Company—always striving to earn his salt.

D. A. D.—Editor of the latest and revised rule book on *How to Play Croquet and Always Win*.

J. N. D.—Leader of Babson's Big Parade. Runs fatherly advice bureau in connection with the Institute.

D. M. G.—Running the Babson Park Branch of the P. Oliver Gally Investment Trust Company.

A. L. G.—Spending the fortune that he made on a sale of 500 comfortable arm chairs to the Babson Institute.

D. F. G.—Senior partner of the firm Gray, Gray & Gray, Attorneys-at-law. Offices at 15th floor, Park Club House.

R. S. H.—Is running a lunch counter midway in the Atlantic for the benefit of trans-Atlantic commercial aviation.

V. M. H.—Owner of Plymouth Cordage Company. There are many strings which are holding this man down.

F. J. H.—Will personally own and operate a common carrier from Boston to Framingham. Through express.

W. A. H.—Assistant instructor in Accounting at the Florida Babson Park Branch of Babson Institute.

J. B. K.—Riding on the crest of a wave due to the bankruptcy of the manufacturers of Scot Tissue.

J. S. K.—Man of leisure, his pastime is arguing by mail with the head of the Psychology Department at B. I.

G. W. L.—Owner of *The Saturday Evening Post* who features zeppelin stories in every issue, written so little Johnnie can read it.

W. L.—Still abroad studying in Oxford. Majoring in bicycle riding and learning to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

C. W. M.—Showing by statistical data people are dying this year who never died before.

J. R. M.—Trying to have Congress pass a bill for equalizing all income taxation. Hasn't cleaned white trousers yet.

H. T. M.—Distributor of the new Marvel Ding-Bat for the United States and Canada. (Please refer to page 52.)

J. M.—Doing every one everywhere every day—in other words, a Wall Street stock broker.

L. W. M.—Outdoing outdoor advertising by having the chimney smoke of his home write an ad for his business.

J. W. M.—Just recently completed one of the most gigantic engineering feats of the century,—a subway to Waltham.

W. R. M.—Proprietor of the world's largest Ford graveyard. The most unique collection of Ford motors from 1900-1965.

R. C. P.—Still trying to emulate Harold Lloyd's Terpsichorean skit—step right up and call me "Speedy."

W. A. P.—Recently completed writing a new course for the I. C. S. entitled, "How to Win a Woman with Wim, Wigor and Witality."

W. F. P.—Still catching up the sleep that he lost while attending Babson Institute.

J. L. S.—Taking flashlight pictures of Albinos in the land of the Midnight Sun.

J. B. S.—The head surgeon in a psychopathic hospital which treats cross-word puzzle lunatics.

T. R. T.—Just being promoted to the position of white wing in J. E. M.'s hobby-horse factory.

T. P. T.—Ringing up fares at a spin-the-wheel counter at Revere Beach. Or what have you that makes a ting-a-ling noise?

W. R. T.—Author of the book *Not It*—a vivid and scathing denouncement of Elinor Glyn's *It*.

R. H. W.—Maintains luxurious gymnasium in Boston for the training of all aspirants for ring leadership. Ages 12 to 84.

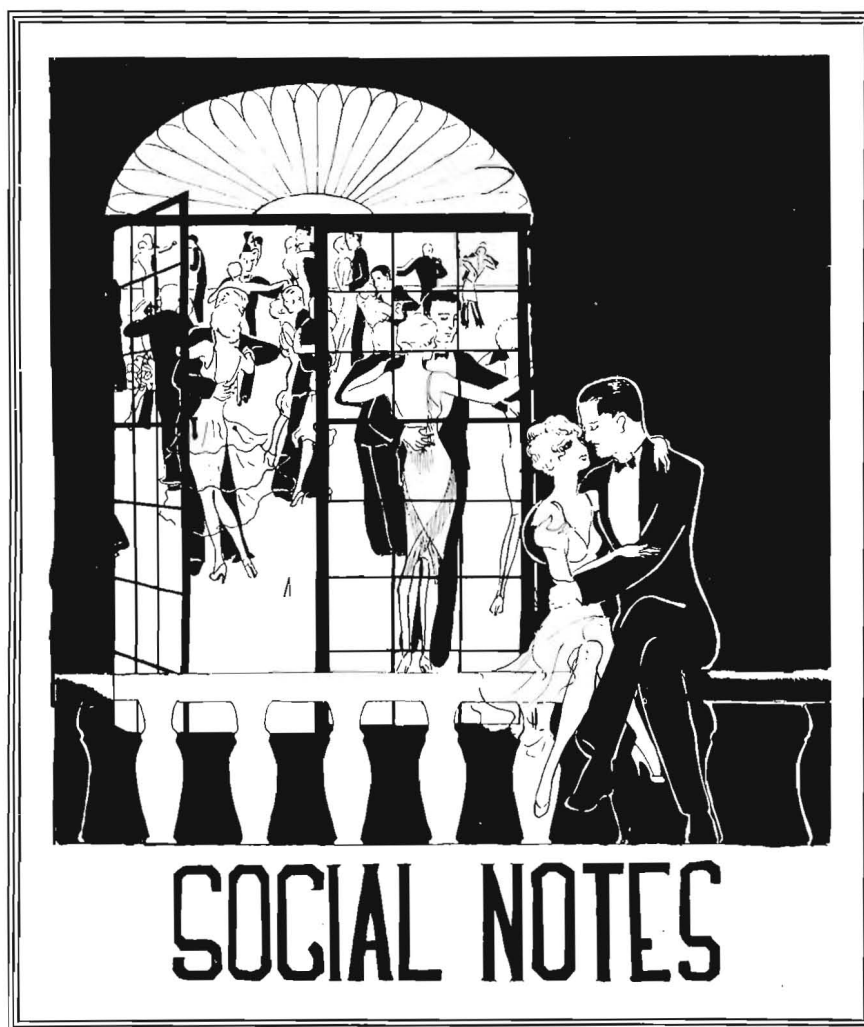
G. W. W.—Operator of an agency which mails samples of nationally advertised goods to all prospective buyers.

C. E. W.—Sole owner of the State of Texas which he has turned into one large ranch with over 1,000 croquet courts on it.

C. W.—Purchaser of the Babson Statistical Organization for \$1500. Clientele in 1940 over 100,000.

R. G. W.—Inventor of patent knuckle attachments which guarantees that the wearer can batter down any door.

B. Y.—Owner of the Yanovitz Manufacturing Company (formerly Dennison Manufacturing Company). Largest makers of confetti and dance hall novelties.





What a tremendous treasure-trove of talent! Great personalities who enriched the thrilling stories provided in the pictures let loose by Famous Slayers.

Behind *the* Front *in* MOVIE-LAND *By* A. J. T. WOLL

JUDGING by the warm reception given this year as well as last year, the student entertainment will be an annual event for some time to come.

In 1925, under the able leadership of Thurlow and Mattson, the "County Fair" was presented to the Babson community. On the evening of November 22, 1926, a Motion Picture Studio Party of no small dimensions was given and an equal success was attained. For this colorful occasion a large slice of Hollywood was stolen from sunny Southern California without compunction or detection and transplanted to the fair hills of Wellesley. This unique and long-to-be-remembered Movie-Land Party was devised and directed by this same pair of distinguished showmen.

The cast for the plays in rehearsal and in production comprised many of the most prominent artists in flimdom. There were gags galore in the funniest scenes ever filmed. The comedies started at sixty miles an hour and got faster at every foot.

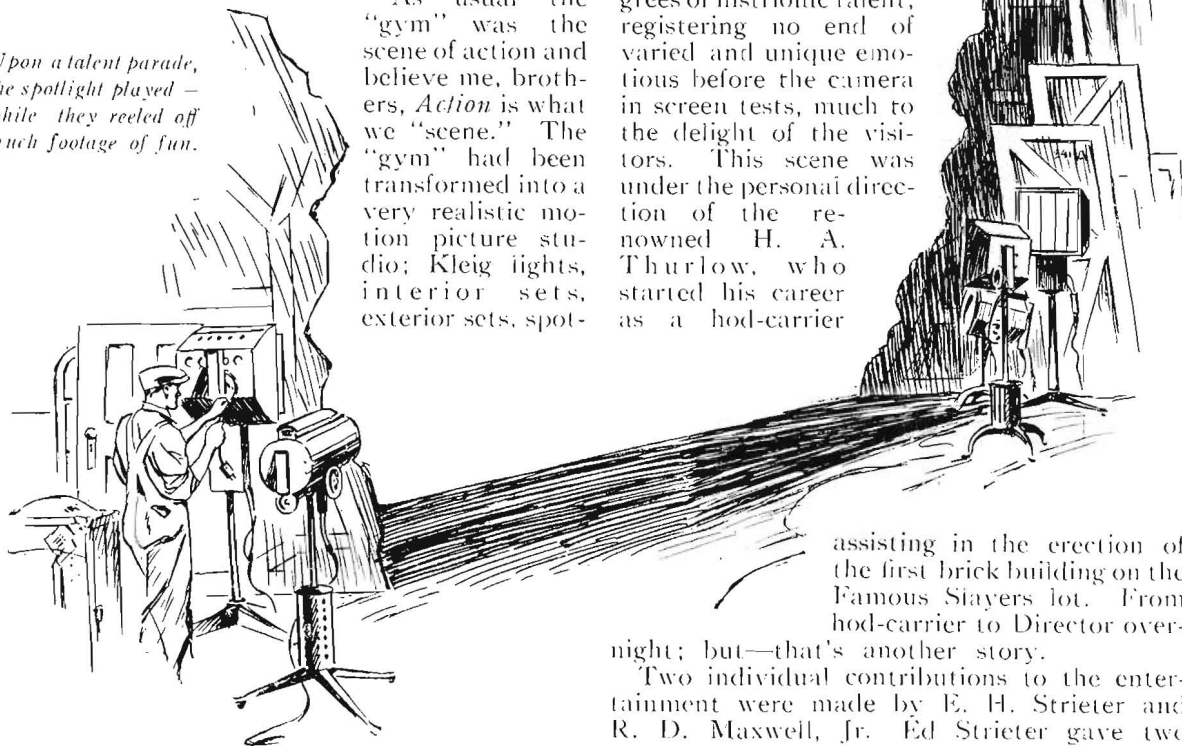
As usual the "gym" was the scene of action and believe me, brothers, *Action* is what we "scene." The "gym" had been transformed into a very realistic motion picture studio; Kleig lights, interior sets, exterior sets, spot-

lights, footlights, a complete stage, odd bits of scenery and movie people acting all over the place. Cow-punchers, "gentlemen," and ladies of the evening; bare-back riders, directors, assistant-directors, camera men, yes-men and what not, all were quick on their cue.

In addition to all this, a milling horde of visitors (attracted, doubtless, because of their delight with the preceding year's performance), were there for the express purpose of being entertained and "let in" on the stage secrets of the movie studio of the Famous Slayers Flim-Flam Guild.

The phenomenal exposition of the dramatic arts was started with a Beauty Contest, a veritable Peacock Parade, in which were assembled the greatest galaxy of "stars" ever presented east of Natick. Every one agreed that the American Girl was glorified to a fair-thee-well. The visitors acted as a board of judges, the volume of applause being the deciding factor. The winners were sparkling sirens and soulful sheiks who demonstrated their varying degrees of histrionic talent, registering no end of varied and unique emotions before the camera in screen tests, much to the delight of the visitors. This scene was under the personal direction of the renowned H. A. Thurlow, who started his career as a hod-carrier

*Upon a talent parade,
the spotlight played —
while they reeled off
much footage of fun.*



assisting in the erection of the first brick building on the Famous Slayers lot. From hod-carrier to Director over-

night; but—that's another story.

Two individual contributions to the entertainment were made by E. H. Strieter and R. D. Maxwell, Jr. Ed Strieter gave two

vocal numbers which were well received by the audience and created the impression that Caruso's loss no longer will be felt. The "Marvelous Maxwell," Terpsichorean extraordinary, who has danced from the Pacific to the Atlantic and is on the eve of dancing back again, received a tremendous round of applause. His next billing should be "The Great A. and P." wing-footed dancer of this decade.

The impersonation of famous and occasionally notorious movie stars was one of the big hits of the evening. Had the audience not been assured by responsible persons that the many "deities" of the silver screen were being

impersonated and not present in person, our student actors would have been killed in the rush for autographed photos. Really, the danger was acute for a moment. The celebrated stars were impersonated by:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Frank Baldwin | Florence Kirkham |
| Theodor Burdick | Lillian Kirkham |
| Virginia Coleman | William Luria |
| Dorothy Dauley | Alice Maertins |
| Julia Dempsey | Edythe Nelson |
| Francis Ducoudray | Helen Severson |
| Gladys Farnham | Wilma Thurlow |
| Florence Garvey | Carroll Wood |



Scenes In and About the Studio of Famous Slayers Flim-Fiam Guild.

The visitors were then afforded the opportunity of seeing a motion picture in the actual process of production. The filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," destined to be exploited as one of Famous Slayers Stupendous Specials, caused considerable mirth, laughter and a couple of ha-ha-s despite the fact that in reality the thing was quite sad. You may take that any way you want to. At any rate the mirthful tragedians were as follows:

LEVI.....	A. J. T. Woll
RED.....	L. A. Johnston
TOM.....	J. A. Prather
ELIZA.....	D. F. Burbank
AUNT CHLOE.....	W. H. Colestock
LEGREE.....	E. H. Strieter
TOPSY.....	R. G. Wigglesworth
LITTLE EVA.....	H. W. Altorfer

Outstanding among the characters impersonated by these talented thespians, who contributed to the furore of the occasion, was the ravishingly beautiful LITTLE EVA. In "her" the screen has a most unusual film comedienne. "She" is IT, or has IT, which ever IT is.

This little bit of drama brought the audience to their feet due to the fact that some of the characters in the play suddenly seemed to become very fatigued and found it necessary to assume a prone position on the floor. This was excusable, however, for obviously the actors were playing under a great strain in the presence of so many outsiders. Permit it to be noted here, that the eccentric position of the actors in no way effected the effectiveness of the play, for up or down they emoted until it was noticeable that many of them were black in the face.

The rehearsal of a melodramatic playlet was next presented, perpetrated or foisted (take your pick). Call it what you will, it was entitled: "The Cold, Cold, Cruel World" or "Pitched Into the Sea of Life." The leading part presented a rising young actor, the height of whose rise is problematical, although in this skit he got as high as the table top. As he stood there, or rather posed there, he reminded one of the Goddess of Liberty—he was so different! At any rate, tears of grief and laughter were shed copiously by the audience, a great tribute to the artistry of the entire cast. Gordon Bevin, as Willie Googins, was the featured "artist"—anyway he was a work of art.



It was discovered by the Executive Committee of Famous Slayers Flim-Flam Guild, that the filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had thrown the visitors into such a fever heat that some move was necessary to allow the visitors to work off excessive steam. The move was made. An orchestra appeared from God knows where and the whole thing was thrown into a dance. (It is impossible to estimate the amount of breakage this move averted.) The music and dancing, together with the refreshments, achieved the quieting effect so necessary at the time.

For a while the urge was "on with the dance,—let joy be unconfined" (note we did not say *unrefined*.)

After an indefinite period the visitors again became pacified and submissive and the orchestra—true to form—"folded its tent like the Arabs and silently stole away"—disappeared as it had come, leaving many of the dandy dancers with one foot in the air. The visitors suddenly found themselves back to earth after having been raised to "starry" heights by the now famous studio party perpetrated by the Famous Slayers Flim-Flam Guild. Soft lights and fade-out on departing guests. Stage door Johnnies meet their favorite queens. And that's that!—Next year, "Black Oxen"—*maybe*, your guess is as good as any.





The Bowlers

Bounce the Balls

FOR the first time, in the history of the Institute, bowling teams were organized by Mr. Mattson. When it was first suggested, there was a great deal of skepticism, on the part of the faculty, as to the ability of the men to bowl. It was feared that interest would be lacking. Mr. Mattson was certain that enough interest could be stimulated, and in the spirit of enthusiasm, bet Dr. Coleman the sum of \$1.00 in real money that the proposed plan would be successful. Dr. Coleman saw his chance to clean up, so the contract was signed by both parties, in the presence of Lawyer Fittz.

Late in October, four teams of six men each were chosen and Baldwin, Hottel, Colby, and Skinner were elected captains. There were to be nine meets, carrying the season over into the middle of February. The prize was to be a free dinner for the winners, financed by the three losing teams. A special collection was taken to take care of any casualties which the pin-boys might sustain from ill-aimed bowling balls. (It was suggested that head-

gears be given them, but this plan was abandoned.)

The first meet was indeed interesting. Each man was instructed in which general direction he was to throw the balls. Second bounces were not allowed. The men readily caught on and several of the bowlers managed to get the balls down the alleys, without touching a single thing. Even the pin-boys escaped. As the time wore on, several balls were seen rolling down the center of alleys, so the evening was deemed a success: Hottel's team carried away the honors.

When Christmas vacation came into view, all four teams were bowling fine, with Skinner's team fighting for fourth place. With the start of the new year, each team was filled with a greater determination to win. As both Hottel's and Colby's time in the Institute had expired, Colestock, and McNamara were elected captains to fill their respective positions.

The final meet was, indeed, an exciting one, for both Baldwin and McNamara were tied and Colestock had only a slight chance. Skinner's team, by this time, had succeeded, after a hard fight, in getting fourth place. It was truly, an exceptional team. Baldwin, having sized up the situation, got Mr. Mattson, as a ringer, who won the meet for him.

Because of this, the three losers suggested that Baldwin's team should have their free meal at a "one arm restaurant." The objection was over-ruled. A fine dinner was held at the Hotel Bellevue, with Mauthe and Jerry Loer furnishing the entertainment. The bowling season was a success.

TEAM 1		TEAM 2	
BALDWIN	AVERAGE	SKINNER	AVERAGE
Libbey	87	Skinner	85
Baldwin	84	Ansted	78
Hirsh	79	Bexin	74
Loer	76	Treadwell	72
Kuh	75	Gally	71
Burbank	67	Turnbull	65

TEAM 3		TEAM 4	
McNAMARA	AVERAGE	COLESTOCK	AVERAGE
Thompson	92	Monroe	88
McNamara	81	Hollister	82
Wood	77	Colestock	82
Miller	72	Weedon	81
Longfellow	70	Geiger	79
Donahue	68	Luria	73

Mr. Mattson collected \$1.00 from Dr. Coleman.

A beautiful loving cup was given to the Institute by Mr. Mattson. These winners, and those in years to come, are to have their names engraved on it as a permanent record. It is hoped that the success of our bowling season, will add incentive to the men of the Institute in the future.

Baby Face

Let's DANCE!

A BEAUTIFUL, cool March night,—twinkling stars to break the inky blackness,—speeding roadsters, limousines, flivvers,—all rushing toward the night's temple of mirth. A low rambling structure, shimmering lights. The bustle of people,—beautiful girls in dazzling color arrays,—exotic perfume, pink shoulders. Smiles and greetings. Men in perfect formality,—patent leathers, stiff fronts. Cigarette haze. A glassy floor. The plaintive wail of a trio of saxophones. Weird strains of syncopating harmony. Graceful gliding couples. Slim waists! Loose ankles! Fox trots,—a waltz! The drums' tom-tom!

Our hero is in the midst of the fray. With the hectic bloom of innocent youth on his face he is cavorting some coy young thing, whose interest in dancing (or in something), he is attempting to arouse.

She: "Do you go to college?"

He: "No, I'm an Institute man from Babson's."

She (feigning surprise): "Oh-h-h! How wonderful!"

He (encouraged): "Let's sit this one out, or shall we have some punch? Yum! As dry as a camel!"

They ease toward the outside of the ballroom. A breath of cool air,—dying music. Tete-a-tetes! Fragments of passing conversation as they wend their way. . . . "Hello!" . . . "Sweet Child—Please!" . . . Parked cars. "Do you know Jack—nice boy—yes, I do too!" . . . "I don't know where I've seen you before." The clatter of dishes. "I haven't seen them since the first dance." . . . "B-b-b-baby Face,—here's how!" . . . "Have the next dance?" . . . "No box cars on her feet." Terpsichorean exhibits. "Chaperons are pretty good eggs,—know their groceries. Tired?" . . . And so far, far into the night.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

WITH several generally acknowledged stars and a few dark horses to instill a bit of mystery into it, the 1927 Babson Institute Tennis Tournament commenced. Manager George Crafts arranged the men into a schedule which indeed proved of interest.

Last Fall several of the ambitious ones, from the first glimpse of the placard in Lyon Hall, then and there decided that their names would grace that placard at the close of the tourney on June 11th, 1927.

All last Fall the courts saw strenuous and active daily use, weather permitting. With the courts again in condition they proved even more popular and it was not without hard work that some of the so-called stars crashed through.

"Ted" Burdick added an additional incentive this year by announcing that he would present to the winner a handsome silver trophy cup. Below is the schedule of matches as was drawn up by Manager Crafts.

- 1—Brislin *vs.* Weedon
- 2—Bye *vs.* Munroe
- 3—Bradbury *vs.* Peterson
- 4—Gally *vs.* Skinner

5—Wigglesworth *vs.* Maxwell

6—Bye *vs.* Colestock

7—Bye *vs.* Donahue

8—Bye *vs.* Baldwin

The winners of matches 1 and 2 play.

The winners of matches 3 and 4 play.

The winners of matches 5 and 6 play.

The winners of matches 7 and 8 play.

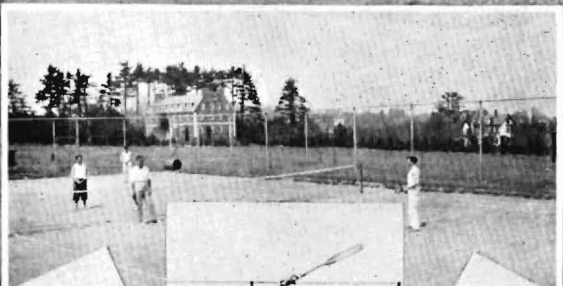
The winner of 1 and 2 plays winner of 3 and 4 (A).

The winner of 5 and 6 plays winner of 7 and 8 (B).

The winner of A plays winner of B.

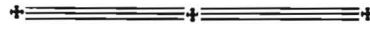
The matches were arranged by mutual agreement of both men, and after a date had been agreed upon, failure of one of the parties automatically forfeited the decision to the other. However, the interest ranked so high that every opponent was in readiness at the time of his match.

At the time this book goes to press we cannot state the results of the tournament, neither would an attempt at a prophecy be wise. In conclusion, we note here that J. L. S. is diligently training himself down to lightning streak weight.



What We Get For Our Money

An Editorial By John N. Douglas - 1927



BABSON INSTITUTE has given us a liberal business education, not a narrow one-sided training. We have been grounded in the right principles of business and leadership so that we can make a living in any of the various places in life—not merely in one place.

Babson Institute aims to develop wise, safe leaders, trained in the right principles and with proper perspective; versatile business men trained for the general business field—not as technical specialists. The Institute trains men to do original thinking, not to take all things for granted but rather to take them for what they are worth; to have breadth and depth of vision and to look beyond the present; to be men of sound judgment.

A diversified diet has taught us to think our way through problems of fact, prejudice, precedent, customs, conventions and folly and to get to the heart of things; to think our way both in and out; to have faith in our own conclusions,—to be unafraid and original.

We came as hesitant, untrained individuals. We go forth buoyant, confident men with a well-rounded general training for business leadership that will enable us to meet the problems of life with developed and well balanced power; with right principles and wholesome enthusiasm.

Babson Institute trains us to be men who shall go forth as safe and successful leaders; strong, clear thinkers who can make real progress in the industrial world. The institute has done her part.

Now we must do ours,—and not disappoint our Alma Mater.

ADVANCED RESEARCH IN CHOSEN FIELD

By H. P. Selover

THE motto of the Advanced Research Course should be, "The love of facts inspires me." The Second Year Course affords an opportunity for the student to probe further into the arch-stones of the peculiar problems related to his chosen field of endeavor. The selected course is supervised by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, a genius in fact-finding and in the revelation of truth.

During the year the following scintillating students reflected upon their chosen problems:

John W. Brandt took advanced work in real estate and finance. He left here to show New Yorkers how to move real estate. There are rumors that he took a trip to visit the earthquake belts on the Continent to get some novel ideas in the movement of real estate. He is a diligent worker.

Jack Klapproth's experience in his second year work was not very fruitful because of a sad mission, the result of his mother's death. His work was further curtailed by an operation for tonsillitis. Notwithstanding the unavoidable interruptions and his alleged chaperonship to Edwards on his courting expeditions, Jack got in some research work on the dirt of the world; real estate. Jack will compel co-operation among his colleagues providing he is not too much of an appropriator of their share of the credit for the glorious accomplishments.

Alban E. Reid is an arduous toiler and accomplished much in his investigations of the dairy industry, in which he has had experience prior to his research work. Mr. Reid

is now with the Electropure Corporation of Detroit, Michigan, which company manufactures a pasteurizer.

Edgar H. Strieter did some research work in the oil industry, while he was taking the regular work in the distribution division. It is evident that he came to the Institute to take a fund of valuable information away with him.

Robert G. Wigglesworth is an industrious worker at well timed intervals. He is a likable fellow and has many activities. His work is pursued with a commendable attitude that is an attribute to all lethargically inclined students. It is forecasted that he will succeed in the field of insurance and real estate, which subjects form the background of his research work.

Albert J. Woll has a mind that is as fleet as the subject chosen for his research problem. The result of his work in commercial aviation attains the lofty admiration of his fellow students. Also he found time for special finance work and now Poor's Publishing Company has the good fortune to have Mr. Woll associated with them.

As for myself, Howard P. Selover, after a hot time in the oil burner business, I have come back to learn how to invest the stupendous profits. My major endeavors have been in investment problems. Inasmuch as my ancestors are realtors (and it is alleged that some of them were toreadors), I have taken some work in real estate. Investment Trust problems seem to engross me.



CLASS STATISTICS

Primary Source —1927 Class

Secondary Source—Compilation Department

	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Most Likely to Succeed:	Hengesch	Colestock	Douglas
Class Rounder:	Robinson	D. Maxwell	Turnbull
Most Optimistic:	Turnbull	Gally	Weedon
Most Pessimistic:	Achey	Ansted	Goddard
Class Don Juan:	Prather	Munroe	Baldwin
Most Bashful:	Bevin	Moore	Wadsworth
Class Air Container:	D. Maxwell	Robinson	Potts
Most Popular:	Skinner	Colestock	Johnston
Class Chimney:	Luria	Bradbury	Potts
Best Dressed:	Prather	D. Maxwell	Johnston
Most Absent-Minded:	R. Maxwell	Loer	Thompson
Brightest:	Colestock	Cam Wright	Hirsh
Noisiest:	Donahue	Weedon	Mauthe
Most Quiet:	Daigle	Gray	Burdick
Hardest Worker:	Crafts	Kindleberger	Wood
Class Mystery Man:	Skinner	Black	McNamara
Biggest Nuisance:	Loer	Bradham	Brislin
Most Convincing Line:	D. Maxwell	Colestock	Treadwell
Biggest Wellesley Fusser:	Prather	Skinner	Swift
Best Mixer:	Skinner	Mauthe	Thompson
Arrow Collar Ad. Candidate:	G. Wright	McVicker	Turnbull
First to be Married:	Hirsh	Baldwin	Crafts
Wittiest:	Burbank	Johnston	Wadsworth
Laziest:	Johnston	Brislin	R. Maxwell
Best Factory Manager:	Douglas	McNamara	Miller
Most Pious:	Peterson	Bevin	Brislin
Best Salesman:	Kuh	McNamara	Robinson
Biggest Grouch:	Achey	Hengesch	Gally
Best Natured:	Colestock	Skinner	Burdick
Most Impulsive:	Wood	Burdick	Treadwell
Class Baby:	Donahue	Swift	Ozzie

Easiest Course:	Factory Mgt.	Slide Rule
Hardest Course:	Hygiene	Statistics
Biggest Grievance:	Park Club House	Time Clock

Kappa Alpha Phi



FOUNDED 1923

HONORARY MEMBERS

John E. Millea

Austin H. Fittz

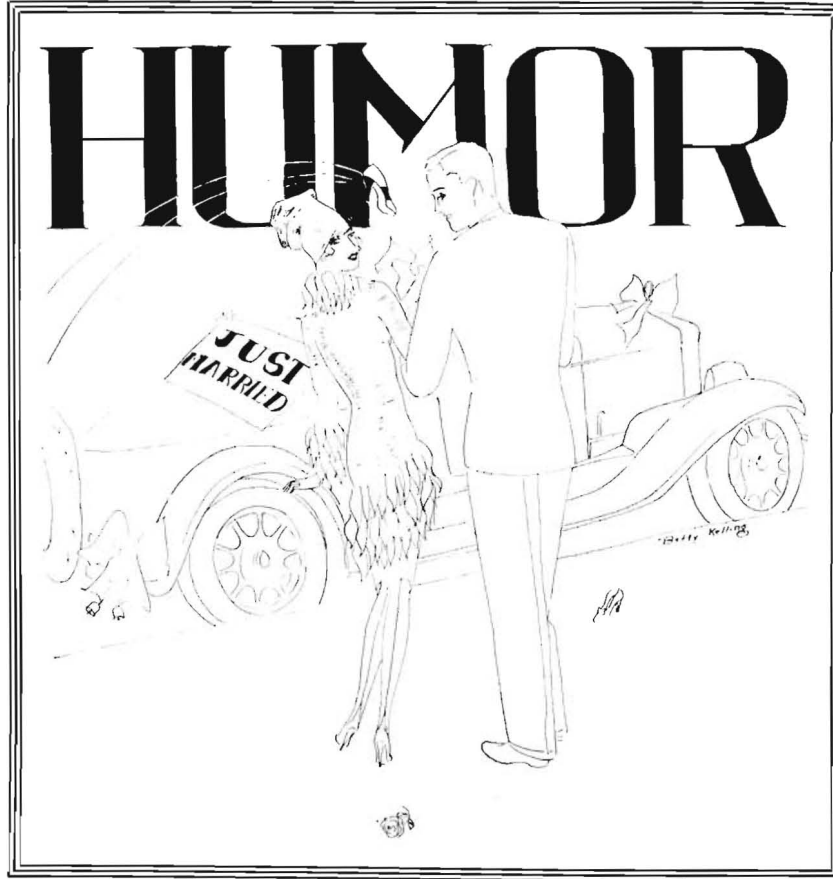
Dwight G. W. Hollister

ACTIVE MEMBERS

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Edward G. Ansted
Frank M. Baldwin
William H. Colestock
Thomas L. Daigle
Capt. John N. Douglas

Roger S. Haskell
Robert C. Hills
William A. Hirsh, Jr.
Louis A. Johnston
Julius S. Kuh, Jr.
Carlton W. Mauthe
R. Dexter Maxwell

William R. Monroe
John A. Prather
Howard P. Selover
J. LeGrand Skinner
Edgar H. Stricter
Carroll E. Wood



Where Did You Get That Hat?

SING a song of derbies, hard and black and round. When a student saw one, tiny little mound that sits a-top your bald spot, go rolling down the street, everybody wanted one to make his dress complete. Carroll Wood from Texas, Dexter from the Coast—if you haven't got one, then you cannot boast. Sing a song of derbies, hard and black and round. Comes a wind a-whistling, down the street they bound!

As WE see Them!

(No Names Mentioned)

A. H. F.—A portly gentleman sits at his desk waiting for students to arrive at twenty minutes to nine. While he sits he muses that he must eat less and bravely makes up his mind that today he will eat only fruit salad for lunch. Students begin to arrive preceded by Gally. Each is given a warm greeting.



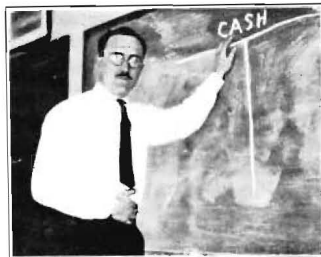
"Mr. Brislin, will you please telephone Mr. Cleary and ask him to come to class as I would like to start?"

Professor: "Now, Mr. Veith, you were asking about where one could buy raincoats. I have investigated and find that they can be bought for a dollar less in Brookfield. You don't know where that is? Go down to the Worcester road and keep on going for about thirty miles. Surely I'd be glad to. (Is that too cold for you, Mr. Colestock? I'll close the window.) As I was saying, I'd be glad to draw a map."

Ten minutes is absorbed in New England geography accompanied by an unusual form of cuneiform illustration.

"Good morning, Mr. Clary. I was sorry to wake you but I know you are interested in the subject. Was that the bell? We'll take up these Equipment Trust Certificates the next time. Good morning, gentlemen."

D. G. W. H.—The village blacksmith strong-man appears on the scene, takes off his coat and after closing both doors, pulls down the blinds. The mystic meeting in the study of figures is about to begin.



"Now get this, fellows. In business posting is always done daily. You must keep every detail up to date,—and all that sort of stuff,—(slaps himself in the solar plexis hard enough to lay Tunney low). "I'll wager a dollar it will be three weeks before you'll get these controlling accounts down pat. . . . Stick that money back in your pocket, Turnbull, I've got your number! . . . Achey, you're a purist—don't be so stubborn! I don't care how you do this, but this is the way I want it done."

H. A. T.—"Now, boys, I want you to pay attention to this as it's food for thought,—and if you don't get anything else out of this course, this will be worth your whole tuition and some day you will thank me for it.—Now unless some of you fellows have brains in your feet, I think you'll be better off if you put your feet on the floor instead of on the table unless you want to sell your soles for advertising space. . . . As I was saying,—when you get out in the cruel world you'll find the proof of the pudding is in the eating.—Well, Dexter?"



"Say, Mr. Thurlow, when are you going to tell us that rabbit story?"

"Ha! Ha! Dexter, you're a great boy! I'll save the last five minutes of this period for that as it will drive home the point I'm making. Now to get back to the subject. When you fellows get out in the world you must accept responsibility. Never lose an opportunity to carry the message to Garcia—Learn to go through! Furthermore,—fear no man and do right; fear all women and don't write."



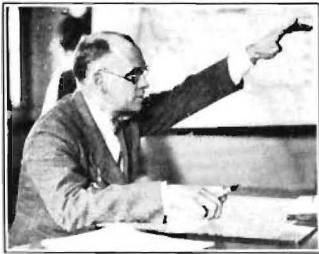
J. E. M.—"Who the devil was in this room last night? Does that take brains, does that take genius? (Jumps up and closes door.) Just plain common horse sense! My God—and that's a prayer. Who couldn't think of that? (Paces around room, waving his arms over head,—muttering incoherently.) Say, Wood, you keep your chair away from that wall or I'll flunk you! (Perches on back of chair and toys with pen-knife—knife snaps shut on his finger,—drawing blood.) Never touched me. Nope! Now what would you do with the man who threw the foreman in the flywheel?"

Class-in-unison: "Give him a month's vacation on pay!"

"And who perfected the toaster after the whole engineering and research departments failed?"

One and all: "The office boy!"

"Who didn't read today's assignment? Outside and do it now!" The whole class arises and files out in lock-step!



J. M. M.—"Good morning, gentlemen! See this,—exports going out (holds up four fingers)—imports coming in (two fingers)—no balance—where is United States going? You bet—on a 'Wild Toot.' No balance here either—what we need is elastic currency—(demonstrates with hands—palms downwards). And can the manufacturers do this to the government? (renders the high-sign). Ever been to a fire—ever heard the bells—big bells (secular movement)—little bells! (annual movement). No more 'Wild Toots'—we must iron out these bumps. You gotta have rhythm—ever seen a race—two horses—one ahead—the other must catch up (demonstrates two galloping steeds while class in union chants, 'Horses,—Horses—Horses')."

"Nice day today—if it don't rain."—Thank you, gentlemen!"



C. A. H.—"Now, look at this diagram here—this illustrates our synapses.—please put that newspaper away, Hengesch. Now, who has question number five—I've lost my list. No, Stacy, you don't act like an introvert. Look here, fellows, this is mighty important. You all know the difference between a flapper and a cow. . . . Achey, you're too stubborn to agree with me on a single thing. . . . Tomorrow we'll see how Johnson O'Connor's tests work. Don't forget this one thing—free, eager and intelligent co-operation,—that's the secret for obtaining workman efficiency. No matter what other men tell you in other courses, remember that profits are a function of the workers."



E. G. P.—"Mr. Miller, will you please tell me what a categorical series is?"

"A categorical series is a series which puts items in a category."

"Well, now that's interesting."

"What does the word 'category' mean, Loer?"

"It means to arrange in a system."

"That's right. Well, then make your definition clearer."

"A categorical series is a systematized one."

"Well, that's interesting too,—but why not say this: 'A categorical series is a complete and detailed statement'?"

"Now that Mr. Miller has told us what a categorical series is, let's find out what we know about a time series. Oh, and by the way,—it will be impossible for me to be here next Monday."

THE TIME CLOCK

Punctuality in business, our instructors say,
Is the greatest asset of the day,
As fitting monument to such a thought,
They have placed appropriately an old time
clock.

In Lyon Building, there it sits,
Cheerfully moaning its casual ticks,
Morning, noon and night it goes,
Blindly regardless of its many foes.

Eight-thirty A. M. it rings a chime,
The boys rush over to punch in by nine,
With conference started, the chimes decrease,
Until we feel they almost cease.

At 12:30 noon, there is a great race,
As every one regards the time clock face;
There is a silence, then a mighty punch,
A Babson Baby has gone to lunch.

As detective fearless there it stands
And rules the boys with a mighty hand,
For it checks us up by night and day,
Telling, mysteriously, when we're at play.

As proof of this, the story's told
Of a fresh young fellow who would be bold,
For he came to class two hours late one time
When his card was punched for half-past nine.

* * * * *

As time rolls on, the clock goes too,
Now that we're graduates, we wonder who
Are listening to the ticks of time,
As the dismal clock rings out its chime.

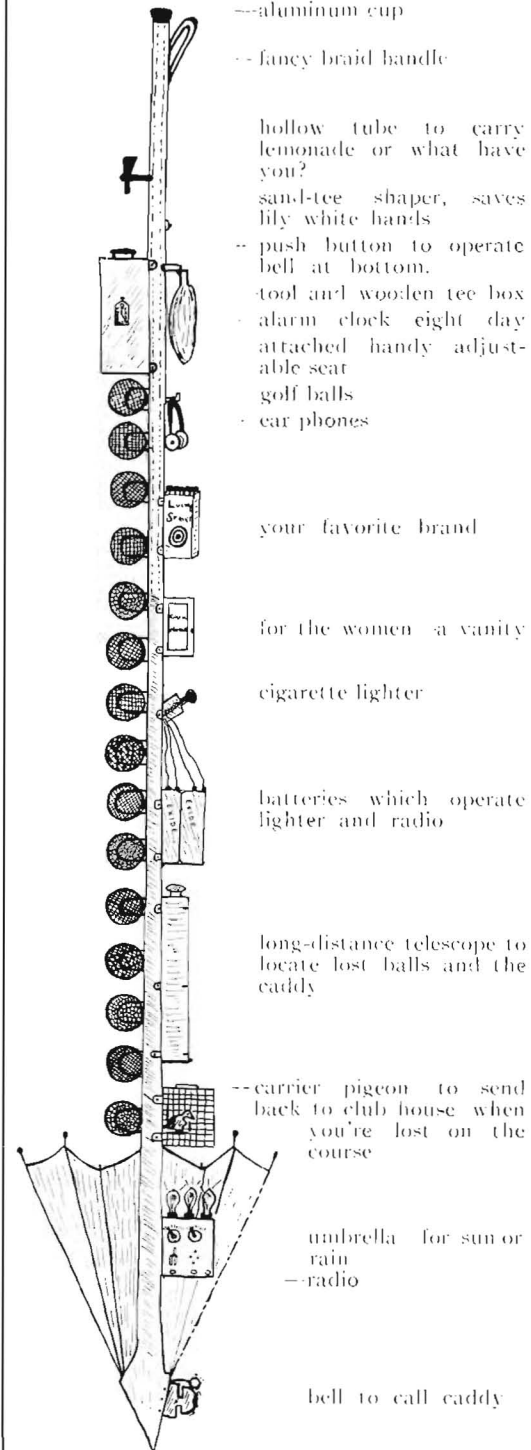
—H. R. T.

HOW TO RATE WITH J. E. M.

1. Come in late (with or without an excuse).
2. Look glary-eyed. (Be sure and tell him you were in bed early.)
3. Ask him to repeat the question. (Use words: "What say?")
4. Lose your goat and get mad.
5. Mumble to your friends. (Never tell him what you are talking about.)
6. Answer a question when it has been asked of some one else.
7. Be sure and be a "die hard" in case of an argument.
8. Be a bump on a fog.
9. Play with your pen-knife.
10. Tell him if he doesn't mind you'll join the Goats!
11. Put the blame on Nature for missing factory trips.

The Marvel Ding-bat

"Patents Pending"



THE GOAT CLUB

FOR the benefit of those who do not understand the nature of the Goat Club at the Institute we shall herewith give a brief history of this organization. Secret in nature, magnanimous in purpose, the Goat Club stands for all the loyalty and sincerity that may be instilled through our capable leader, Imperial Goat J. E. Millea. The privilege of membership in this organization is limited to the desires and whims of the Imperial Goat, thereby making our membership *very* exclusive.

The following are the Institute men who are honored, by gaining, through their superior qualities of manhood and intellectual powers, entrance into this organization.

- COLBY —For wanting to know if we get a holiday when we don't go on a factory trip.
- WEEDON —For insisting that Los Angeles has a harbor and a big 600-foot map.
- SKINNER —For wanting to install a

Skinner Engine in the Club House.

- MAUTHE —For trying to sell Millea a Casket.
- WOOD —On general principles.
- McNAMARA —For being married.
- LOER —For wanting to know "What it's all about."
- HENGESCH —Because he's on the *Babsonian* Staff.
- KUH --For insisting on an individual answer when any question is asked.
- BRADBURY —For nothing at all!
- C. WRIGHT --"You're not so dumb." "Oh, yes, I am!"
- BALDWIN —For revealing astounding services at Dennison's.

P. S. Our apologies to any man elected to this honorable mystic order since this book has gone to press. (We know some who ought to be in.)

SAVE THE DIFFERENCE

Millea: "If one apple costs three cents, how much do five apples cost?"

McNamara: "Fifteen cents to anyone but Wood—he could get three for ten cents."

SHY ON DOUGH

Mr. Matthews: "Why shouldn't you use a pie diagram in this case?"

Thompson: "You don't have enough crust."

HOLY SMOKE

Colestock: "These cigarettes are rotten, stale, awful! Can't get rid of them—been trying to give them away all day. Guess I'll throw them away."

Thompson: "Isn't Jerry Loer around today?"

PSYCHOLOGY TEST RESULTS:

- Turnbull: "Pongee is a drink."
 Achey: "A hottentot has four legs."
 Loer: "A chameleon is a bird."
 Colestock: "Peruna is a breakfast food."
 McNamara: "Pearls come from elephants."
 Wood: " 'Eventually—Why Not Now?' is an 'ad' for a revolver."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE!

Students' dormitories for bachelors and married men.

All classwork in the morning.
 Synchronized clocks in every room used by students.

A students' smoking room.
 Some concrete sidewalks.
 The *inside* of Bryant Hall and the Auditorium.

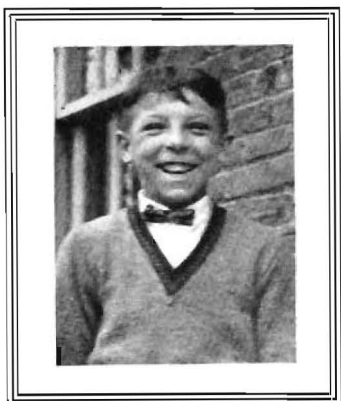
WHO KNOWS?

- What some men have in their shoes
 That makes their step like lead?
 What some men do all afternoon
 Play hooky--or go to bed?
 What some men do with Ediphones
 Play ball or accidentally hit them?
 What some men do with assignment sheets
 Lose or just plain forget them?
 Why some men are always here
 And others are always late?
 Why some men try to do work first
 And others work after a date?
 If some men really think we believe
 When they say we're "wonderful"?
 Why they don't give us credit for knowing
 That it's just plain bull!

—L. M. P.



OZZIE *Wants to Know*



What Doctor Coleman would do without that left ear?

Who Ansted's personal friend is on Massachusetts Avenue?

Where Donahue got his laugh?

What Mr. Henderson would do without his notes?

If Burt isn't a descendant of Jesse James?

If Baldwin has ever been to Springfield?

How Mr. Matthews could illustrate the Business Cycle if his hands were tied behind his back?

Who put the Valentines on the bulletin board February 14?

Why Bevin doesn't go into the movies and give Lloyd Hamilton competition?

If anybody at school ever plays poker?

What Jerry would do if he couldn't bum cigarettes?

What they do in a meeting of the "Goats" Club?

Why Birdie Smith isn't a detective?

Where Turnbull learned to play cards?

If Miss Hazard will ever take up smoking?

If Bradham will be late to his own funeral?

What Peterson carries on his hip?

If Bill Mattson likes taking attendance at Gym?

Why the tuition is \$2,000?

When some of the boys do their studying?

Whether Bradbury comes from California or Maine?

What the lure of Bermuda is?

If Mauthe and Peterson have depreciated the car 100% yet?

What coaxing lotion Moore uses on his "eyebrow"?

AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST—

If Johnny Millea will get the boys a good job?

OUTSIDE Speakers

1 9 2 6

a n d

1 9 2 7

- Arthur H. Merritt**, *Franklin P. Shumway Company*
"A Layman's Need of Religion"
- Daniel Bloomfield**, *Boston Retail Trade Board*
"Co-operative Competition"
- Creighton J. Hill**, *Babson Statistical Organization*
"The A. F. of L. Convention"
- Lt. Alden G. Alley**, *League of Nations Non-Partisan Association*
"The Court, the League and our Country"
- Mrs. Roger W. Babson**
"Collecting Newtoniana"
- Mrs. Eva Hoffman**
"Experiences in Russia"
- Rev. C. M. Gates**, *Wellesley Hills*
"Five Great Religions"
- Stewart MacDonald and Wilbur H. Russell**, *Kimball, Russell and Company*
"Investment Counseling"
- Richard Feiss**, *Dennison Manufacturing Company*
"Scientific Management"
- Raymond T. Vance**, *Brookmire Economic Service*
"Business Forecasting"
- William T. Foster**, *Pollak Foundation*
"Cause of Business Cycles"
- Mrs. L. M. Gilbreth**, *Frank B. Gilbreth, Inc.*
"Some Recent Developments in Management"
- Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead**, *Author and Publicist*
"The United States and the League of Nations"
- James M. Folan**, *Norwood Morris Plan Bank*
"Morris Plan Banks"
- Dr. Ford A. Carpenter**, *Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce*
"Weather and the Farmer", and "Air Pilots and Commerce"
- Clarence N. Stone**, *Babson Statistical Organization*
"Getting Rid of Statistics"
- James A. Moyer**, *Massachusetts University Extension*
"Business Men and University Extension"
- Herbert N. McGill**, *Babson Statistical Organization*
"The Commodity Outlook"
- J. V. Smealie**, *Mohawk Carpet Mills*
"The Making of Carpets"
- Martin Carpenter**, *Dennison Manufacturing Company*
"Unemployment Insurance"
- L. S. Harding**, *Associated Industries of Massachusetts*
"Foreman Training"
- Lt.-Col. Girard L. McEntee**, *General Staff, U. S. Army*
"America's Part in the World War"
- Roger W. Babson**, *Babson Statistical Organization*
"The Business Outlook", "My Religion," "Investing Your Money", and "Choosing a Vocation"
- E. L. Harris**, *Credit Manager, Swift & Co.*
"The Credit Man and His Work"
- Leroy D. Peavey**, *Babson Statistical Organization*
"What Business Needs"

Commencement Program

SATURDAY, June 11—

- 10:30 A. M. FACULTY — STUDENT CONFERENCE
- 1:15 P. M. ALUMNI LUNCHEON at Park Club House
- 2:15 P. M. ALUMNI MEETING at Park Club House
- 3:00 P. M. TENNIS (Finals) — Institute Courts
- 7:00 P. M. BANQUET at Longfellow's Wayside Inn, South Sudbury
Faculty, Students, Alumni, and Trustees guests of Babson
Institute
Toastmaster— Roger W. Babson
Speakers:—
George W. Coleman
Edward S. Peer—Alumni Speaker
Ferdinand J. Hengesch, Jr., Student 1st year
J. LeGrand Skinner, Student 1st year
Howard P. Selover, Student 2d year
Myron T. Pierce, Board of Trustees
Piano Selections—Carlton W. Mauthe
Katherine Brophy
Songs by Trio—Messers Mauthe, Skinner and Haskell

SUNDAY, June 12—

- 11:00 A. M. BACCALAUREATE
At Wellesley Congregational Church
Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, Pastor
- 2:00 P. M. Visit to Coleman Map Building and Industrial Exposition.

MONDAY, June 13—

- 8:00 P. M. COMMENCEMENT —
At Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church
George W. Coleman—Presiding
Organ Selections—Miss May Kingsbury
Piano Selections—Carlton W. Mauthe
Commencement Speaker, Dr. Payson Smith, Massachusetts
Commissioner of Education
Address: "A Three-fold Challenge to Modern Educa-
tion"
Student Speaker—William A. Hirsh, Jr.
Presentation of Diplomas—George W. Coleman
Benediction—Rev. Walter S. Swisher

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Eleanor Hayward
Harold A. Thurlow

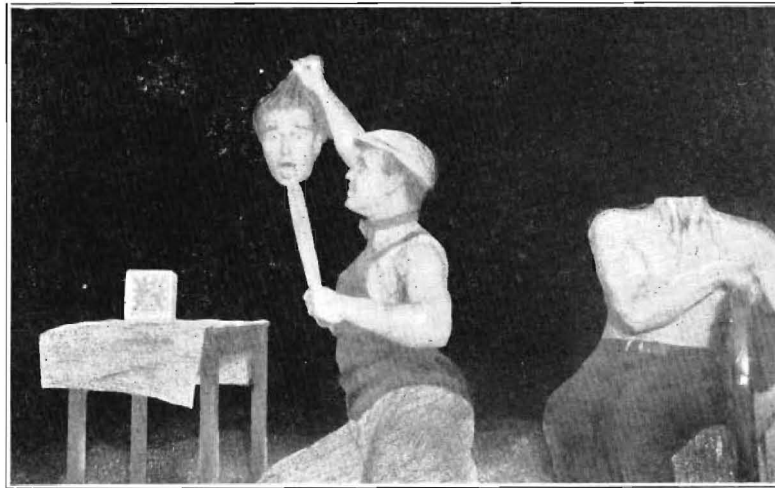
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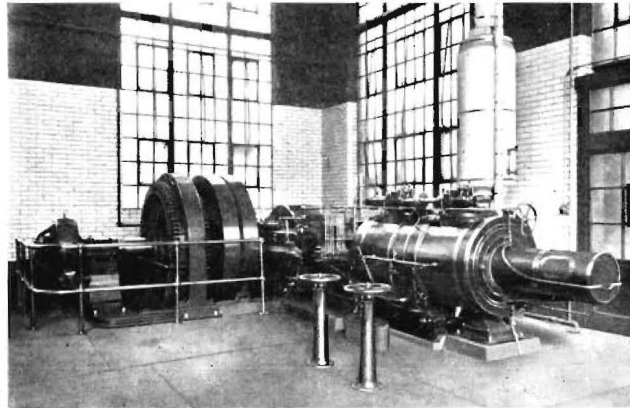


Heads I Win By Gully

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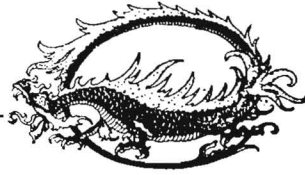


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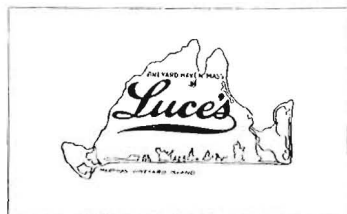


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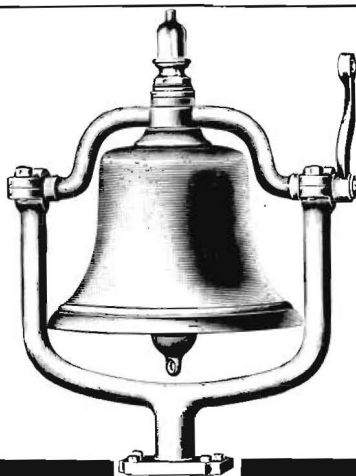
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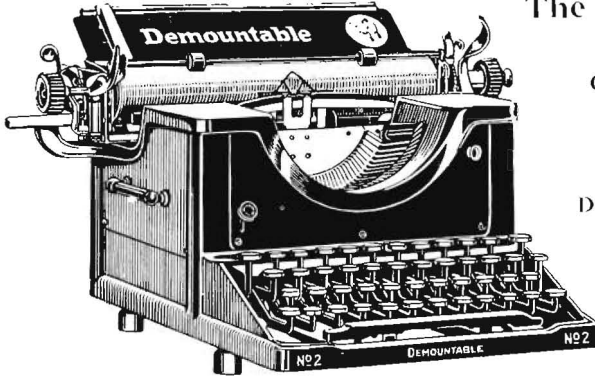
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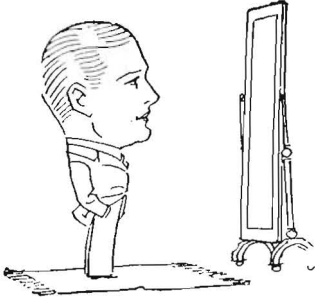

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rays
The sinking sun trails down
the sky.
We close the book of student
days—
Within its leaves sweet
mem'ries lie.
—L. M. P.



