The
Babsonian
1924
The Babsonian

ENTRANCE TO BABSON INSTITUTE CAMPUS
FOREWORD

The Editorial Staff of the 1924 Babsonian has endeavored to publish a volume which will perpetuate the close friendships that have been formed in the last nine months.

We hope that our efforts have been successful and that this book will bring to its readers fond remembrances of a year of pleasant work and true friendships.

The Editor
ROGER W. BABSON

Founder of
Babson Institute
Mr. Babson's Message
to
The Graduates of 1924

First of all I want you to be real men. If you miss that goal you can hardly be more than second rate business men, no matter how clever you may be in manipulating men and money to your own advantage. Quality should be the first test of a good business man and not size. You do not have to be bigger than the other fellow in order to be better than he is in all that counts in the long run. What America needs is men who run their business right. That will mean security and happiness for all and unmerited economic misfortune for no one. You are going out to face conditions entirely different from those your father had to contend with. Your lot is cast in a new set of circumstances. Business is more complex, on a larger scale, scattered over a much greater area and under a more scientific control. Public Service is the recognized goal of all good business. The Institute has done what it could to equip you for the contest. The next move is up to you.

Sincerely,

ROGER W. BABSON
GEORGE W. COLEMAN

President of
Babson Institute
Mr. Coleman's Message
to
The Graduates of 1924

You are the fifth class graduating from the Babson Institute Resident School of Business Fundamentals. You are the first class to occupy the new buildings on the new campus. You are the largest class yet registered at the Institute. And you have made a record in school of which any class might well be proud.

We are sorry to part company with you, but we are eager to see you taking your places in the business world. We expect you to become first-class business men. We want you to demonstrate that you can manage yourselves, that you can handle money, that you can deal with things and that you can work with and control others.

I want you all to be prosperous. Study to be useful in all your business relationships, and the prosperity will take care of itself. Unless your business in itself is of real use to the world, you will miss the most enduring satisfactions of life.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN
The Babsonian

Editorial Staff

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The FACULTY

FOR us to give a lengthy discourse on our appreciation of the Faculty would, to say the least, be somewhat awkward no matter how sincere our effort nor how deserved the praise.

Nevertheless there are some outstanding characteristics of the Faculty—distinctly Babsonian—that we can not fail to comment on.

It is hardly within the realm of the possible to find anywhere a group of instructors so capable, so alert, and so well equipped to teach their subjects as are the members of the Babson Institute Faculty.

Moreover, they have displayed an infinite patience and meticulous attention to details. It is not always easy to go as rapidly as some desire and yet slowly enough for others.

It is indeed a rare good fortune to be constantly associated with men schooled in the hard practicalities of life and business yet possessed of a broad and seasoned vision.

When one adds to these a spirit of sociability, gentlemanly poise and dignity, we have a combination of qualities rarely equalled and certainly never excelled.
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Statistics
FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP among men is so sacred, so delicate and so intangible that we rarely speak of it in a personal relationship.

Yet, what could more presage that era of cooperation and consideration which is upon us?

And what could be finer than these ties we make away at school? At no time in our lives are these ties more genuine and more selfless. In business, we pick our friends with a discerning business eye. In society, we pick our friends with discrimination, having in view our social betterment. At school, however, we select our friends for what they are—mentally, morally, and spiritually.

These friendships—some of them too lately made—must soon undergo a transformation, as we return from whence we came; but the imprint of them will never leave us. It is engraven on our hearts and minds. That is the supreme attribute of friendship.
CLASS OF 1924

HENRY S. BARSHINGER, 308 East Market Street, York, Pennsylvania

CLYDE E. BINGENHEIMER, Timmer, North Dakota
Stock Trader

CHARLES M. BLISS, 1363 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Leather Manufacturer

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   Shoe Manufacturing
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Manufacture of Lime and Lime Products
WILLIAM C. A. WILLMAN, 109 N. Hickory Street, Mount Carmel, Pa.
Sales Analyst
JOHN M. YOUNG, Hollywood, Florida
Real Estate Broker

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In Memoriam
MERWYN O. FRANCIS
Friend and Classmate
1901 - 1924

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HISTORY OF BABSON INSTITUTE

In the year 1919-20 the Babson Institute was organized for the purpose of giving to young men a full appreciation of the fundamentals of business so that they may grasp with broad vision the many sides of a business enterprise.

Mr. Babson’s former home on Abbott Road was used for the school during the first year. The next year the school was moved to the building on Washington Street, which was formerly occupied by the Statistical Organization and which has since been made into an apartment house. With the development of the new campus at Babson Park, another change was made and the school now occupies the site of its permanent home. The school for first-year students is located in the Lyon Building, while that for second-year students is in the Bryant Building which, with the Richard Knight Auditorium, has been completed this last year. The hotel and the Peavy Gymnasium will be ready for use before the next year. Ground has recently been broken for the Map Building. Approximately twenty-five years will be needed to complete the building program now under way.

The school has grown from an enrollment of twenty-five men and a teaching staff of five full-time instructors to its present personnel of fifty students and nine faculty members. Students have come from all parts of the United States, twenty-six states being represented this year.
CALENDAR
1923 - 1924

September 19, 1923
Students began to arrive and were greeted by Miss Hayward, who gave
them papers to fill out with the history of their past life.

September 20 and 21, 1923
Personal calls were made on all Instructors. Guessing contests were held
as to what each man would become following graduation.

September 22, 1923
Joint meeting of Faculty and Students. Smith informed the gathering
that his name was spelled “S M I T H”. Mr. Coleman conducted a trip around
the campus—many start, but few finish.

September 24, 1923
Classes begin. Mr. Millea opened Factory Management Group with his
annual statement, “When I was at Simplex”.
(Note: This remark is to appear in all year books by request.)

September 29, 1923
Talks to student body by ministers from the Wellesley and Wellesley Hills
churches.

October 1, 1923
Mr. Hawley checks up time cards. No signs of pay envelopes.

October 8, 1923
The Finance Group discover that Natick has a School Board.

October 11, 1923
Meeting of student body—election of officers.

October 14, 1923
Mr. Morse has open house for the boys.

October 16, 1923
Sam Houston arrives in “Paralysis”.

October 18, 1923
The bus begins its daily runs up Abbott Road.

October 24, 1923
Mr. Henderson Introduces the Cow to the Psychology Group.

November 6, 1923
Dedication of Dr. Coleman’s Seat and Boulder.

November 12, 1923
Mr. Thurlow hangs posters in class room, but puts Mr. and Mrs. Carter
in the corner.
November 17, 1923
The X-Y line is unrolled and held up for the students to admire.

November 21, 1923
Time clock goes on strike; no over-time today.

November 26, 1923
Brock lost in fog in front of B. S. O. Rescued by Miss Ives at 10:30 p.m.

November 30, 1923
Mr. Matthews expresses admiration for Napoleon.

December 2, 1923
Mr. Fittz receives large shipment of auto tires by mail.

December 10, 1923
Much joy—no movies!

December 19, 1923, to January 2, 1924
School closes for Christmas.

January 3, 1924
Most of the students are back with Christmas neckties. Some new followers of the X Y line.

January 8, 1924
Mr. Millea holds free-for-all in Factory Management Group.

January 14, 1924
Hood gets back on time—his time.

January 18, 1924
Mr. Fittz advises the new Finance Group to sell short on Mail Order stocks, as he will not give them any more business.

January 22, 1924
Run on collar buttons at the Winchester Laundry.

January 26, 1924
Class adopts Byron’s baby and presents him with silver cup.

February 1, 1924
Mr. Hollister explains that Accounting is simply Debit and Credit. Bingie remarks, “How simple!”

February 12, 1924
Fuller Brush Company becomes a member of Finance Group.

February 18, 1924
Mr. Millea had a good cup of coffee for breakfast.

February 22, 1924
Washington’s birthday—No school. Resolved: Never to tell a lie—in advertising.

February 29, 1924
Mr. Coleman had an extra day put in this month to make up for the time we lost on the 22nd.
March 5, 1924
  Mr. Matthews tolls the big bells, the medium-sized bells, and the small bells.

March 10, 1924
  Mr. Fittz discovers a new kind of lie.

March 17, 1924
  Boston closed for Jewish holiday.

March 22, 1924
  School closes for Easter holidays.

March 31, 1924
  School starts. All new men get in on time.

April 5, 1924
  Mr. Thurlow gets to school on time and finds Sales Group absent.

April 9, 1924
  Brock reports road to Tower in bad condition.

April 19, 1924
  Mr. Matthews buys a home and becomes an American Citizen.

April 21, 1924
  All Finance Group take out endowment policies after talk by Mr. Potter on Insurance.

April 28, 1924
  Work started on baseball field.

May 2, 1924
  Miss "Goofie" has her hair bobbed.

May 4, 1924
  Mr. Bryant and Mr. Linnekin present first ball game to the Institute.
  Score: 13 to 3.

May 9, 1924
  Student dance. Price moves the piano. The right price can move anything.

May 14, 1924
  One of the new boys rides in the bus.

May 19, 1924
  Mr. Linnekin holds guessing contest on B. I. reports.

May 23, 1924
  Everybody gets "A" in Psychology.

May 30 and 31, 1924
  School closes for two days to prepare for the end.

June 6, 1924
  X-Y line is rolled up and put away for next year.

June 14, 1924, 8:30 a.m.
  Nobody punches time clock. Line forms to kiss the Secretaries good-by.
REMINISCING

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT:

Mr. Fittz once played the stock market.

Mr. Coleman is opposed to the open forum.

Mr. Babson advocates selling short and buying on a margin.

Advertising pays for itself—so Mr. Thurlow says.

Psychology is the salvation of the world—the panacea of all industrial ills.

Mr. Millea says it’s interesting.

Mr. Matthews has a Maxwell that he once drove to Missouri.

Bingenheimer sold Radio Rex Common short.

Dunlap thinks the Multigraph is a great thing.

Wellesley is only two miles from Babson Park.

Hood is from Michigan.

March has a pig factory.

Mewhinney owns the Copley-Plaza.

Ward is a sheik.

Spitz likes farming.

Kerrigan was writing a book.

SAY DO YOU REMEMBER?
ATHLETICS

Contrary to the general business cycle, the B. S. O. Baseball Team just entered upon its period of prosperity in 1919 when general business had about reached its peak. This team continued on its upward trend by defeating the Institute Team four consecutive years. Their peak was reached in 1922, but 1923 found them in a period of depression caused by inflation of the ability of Coach Hollister’s boys to play ball.

Judging from comparative and fundamental statistics, and also being firm believers in the “Law of Action and Reaction”, the B. I. Boys forecast a bright future as the area representing the period of the B. S. O. team’s prosperity has not yet been equalled by its corresponding area of deflation. During the process of liquidation (not tight) the statisticians lost the Baseball Trophy, as it was attached by the Institute.

The Institute boys plied a wicked willow and and trounced the B. S. O. Baseball Team 13-3 in the first game of the season.

Coach Hollister, “Hap” Kerrigan and Harry Davis made seven out of the ten bingles for the students. The coach collected a single and two doubles, while the other two boys were each good for a pair of singles.

"Tom" Toohill pitched the first four innings for the Institute and let the statisticians down with two hits, nine strike-outs, and four walks. Schontag of the Administration Building allowed only two hits—one a triple by Helms—no bases-on-balls, and he struck out two in the three remaining innings.

Cates pitched for the B. S. O. and with a little better support and batting behind him might have turned the trick. Helms socked out a triple over the school boy’s center-fielder.

Some good baseball but more fun!

TEennis

Real interest in tennis started last spring when President Coleman offered to the school a permanent trophy in the form of a shield. Members of the faculty as well as the student body are eligible for the tournament. The winner’s name is engraved upon the shield, which hangs in the hall of the Lyon Building.

John M. Durand, Jr., was the winner of the first tournament and had the honor of having his name first on the trophy.

The great success of the tournament last spring was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Millea, who drew the players and saw that the matches were played on schedule time. This spring, however, the
school has appointed a tennis committee, with Durand as chairman and it is up to this committee to draw the players and see that the matches are played off as soon as possible.

Tennis courts were a problem last year and the matches were played either at Riverside Park, Hunnewell Field, or at the Wellesley Country Club.

However, this Spring, if luck and the workmen stay with us, we hope to have the Institute Courts finished in time to play off the final matches in June and to give to the Alumni a place for pleasant recreation during their visits to Wellesley Hills.
THE son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Byron was chosen as the Baby of the Class of 1924, he being the first child born to a member of this year's class.

This classmate has the added distinction of being the son of the class president.

As a token and in keeping with a tradition, a silver cup was presented to the Class Baby—Richard Crawford Byron.
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

At the first student smoker, October 4, 1923, Lester E. Smith, Ornithologist, gave an interesting illustrated talk on the “Natural History of Babson Park.” Some of the bird pictures sent the chills up and down the spinal columns of those who were inclined toward hunting fowl—the feathered specie.

The talk over, we joined in a little close harmony—really too close! The faculty were a howling success in “rendering” their selection, and the writer is positive that had Mr. Millea sung with them he would have added much to the agony.

Mr. Millea, however, was not even present at the smoker. The next day he returned to school with a black eye, and explained with apparent sincerity that the shiner was the result of having a tooth extracted. Of course, none of us students would intimate that he was handling the truth carelessly.

Refreshments were served, and we went our various ways rejoicing.

Mr. Creighton J. Hill spoke on the “Ruhr” at the second smoker which was held November 15, 1923. Mr. Hill had just returned from Europe. His observations as told to us were revelations indeed.

An interesting questionnaire and discussion followed the talk after which the customary feed was produced. The engrossing business of munching sandwiches and quaffing coffee soon subdued the conversation.

With satisfied appetites we dispersed to our various domiciles. However, the writer cannot guarantee that every one went directly home.

“Immigration” was the subject of the talk given by the speaker, Mr. G. W. Tupper, at the smoker on January 10, 1924. The pictures shown on the screen during the talk gave us a glimpse of the environment and living conditions of many of our prospective immigrants.

Our secretaries must be given due credit for their attendance and support at these smokers. Our fair Co-eds, Miss Mary Ives and Miss Charlotte Reed, also added life to the smokers.

The students were hosts at a formal dance on November 1, 1923.

We thank Mrs. Babson for the use of the Richard Knight Auditorium.

May we also express our appreciation to those who so kindly helped to make this dance a success.

Another dance was held by the Student Body, May 9. There was a fine attendance of beautiful girls and good music.

We wish to express here our appreciation of the courtesies shown to us throughout the year—the courtesies of Mr. and Mrs. Linnekin, Mr. and Mrs. Mel. Morse, Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Babson, and Mr. and Mrs. Matthews.
Commencement Program

Saturday, June 14
11:30 A.M. Classes end.

Sunday, June 15
11:00 A.M. Baccalaureate Sermon
Preached by Mr. Gates
Wellesley Hills Congregational Church

4:00 P.M. Open House, Mr. Babson’s Residence

Monday, June 16
10:30 A.M. Tennis Tournament Finals
Institute Courts

P.M. B. S. O. and B. I. open for inspection
5:00 P.M. Visit to Wayside Inn
7:15 P.M. Alumni Dinner at Old Natick Inn

Tuesday, June 17
10:30 A.M. Student-Alumni-Faculty Conference
Lyon Building

12:30 P.M. Alumni Lunch, Peavey Gymnasium

8:00 P.M. Commencement Exercises
Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church

CLASS OFFICERS

E. J. BYRON .................................................. President
J. M. COLBURN .............................................. Vice President
C. N. FRANCIS .............................................. Secretary
H. A. PHILLIPS .............................................. Treasurer
ACCOUNTING

Hollister—Who was the first bookkeeper?
Jelly—I’ll bite.
Hollister—Eve, with her loose leaf system.

Brock—What makes that red spot on your nose?
Sam—Glasses.
Brock—Glasses of what?

AT SMITH’S

Horton—Watcha doing? Watcha name?
Girl—Nothing doing—Helen Smith.
Horton—I know they are strict with you girls there, but I asked your name.

Henderson—All joking aside, these intelligence tests really do indicate those who have brains.
Young—Yes, those who have don’t take them.

OVER THE PHONE

Ross—What time must I come over?
Girl—Come after supper.
Ross—that’s what I am coming after.

Dales—I got Cuba on my Radio last night.
Bingenheimer—That’s nothing, I’ve got Greece on my vest.

Ward—There is something preying on my mind.
Swan—Leave it alone and it will starve to death.

Sarah—You certainly are crazy about women.
Turk—Why shouldn’t I be, half my parents were women.

FASHION NOTES

Paris dressmakers have moved the waistline again, but March says his arm can find it no matter where they put it.
Green—Do you always take the other girls for such long rides?
Jelly—No it isn’t always necessary.

Willman—I am going to a better school after this.
Messenger—So am I.
Willman—Why, are you leaving too?
Messenger—No, I am staying here.

Evans—My father is a doctor, so I can be sick for nothing.
McAlpine—My father is a parson so I can be good for nothing.

**FLAPPERS DO WHAT OLD MAIDS THINK.**

Jerry—You say that you flunked in accounting? Why I can’t understand it.
Bing.—Same here. That’s why I flunked.

Brock—Gee I made a bad break at dinner last night.
Millea—Don’t tell us the one about the cracked plate.
Brock—No. Mrs. L. asked me if I wouldn’t have some corn. I said sure and passed my glass.

Price—Have you seen Edith lately?
Ward—No. I quit going there because she made suggestive remarks.
Price—What!
Ward—Yes, she was always suggesting shows and things we could go to.

Phillips—I have a chance for the Ball team.
Ford—Why are they going to raffle it off?

Brock—Negroes rarely attain fame.
Hood—I don’t know about that, you hear a lot about Black Jack.

**AT THE DANCE**

Billie—Shall we Tango?
Hood—It’s all the same to me.
Billie—Yes I noticed that.

**SOME GIRLS ARE NOT REALLY BAD, THEY ARE JUST BROADMINDED**

In front of Childs—Ed Peer saw a small kid watching a girl in the window baking battercakes.
“Hungry, Kid?” asked Ed.
“Naw,” said the kid, “can’t a fellow look at a swell dame without drawing a mob.”

Dave G.—“Hey, Mr. Mathews, this is the third time I have warned you about obstructing traffic. Get a move on.”
THE Misleading

A Story of Sobs and Smiles---
By an Eye Witness

merely night, just a regular every day night to Dorothy.

Straight away she wandered down the lonely lane to that mansion 'neath the pines, The Laurel House, to tell her troubles to President Coleman. Inquiring for Mr. Coleman, she was requested to climb one flight and to rap on the door of room number one. In answer to her gentle tap, the door was opened by Mr. Coleman who was in the midst of preparing—a speech.

He instantly chose between finishing his speech and interviewing Miss Dorothy Danner from Denver. He chose to interview Dorothy. So, after a moment's hesitation, he invited her in. She went.

After Miss Danner had identified herself and told her story there was nothing to do but discuss the whole situation with Mr. Linnekin. So they were driven over in Mr. Thurlow's car. The Linnekins were not at home but they returned shortly. Mrs. Linnekin came in first, and sensed the situation. Apparently she didn't like women of Dorothy's kind, so after acknowledging the introduction, she excused herself from the room. She was wise.

Then “Gus” came in (that's a friendly way of referring to the Vice President). He was surprised to find the stage set in such fastidious fashion. But Mr. Coleman made the importance of Miss Danner's mission perfectly clear to him. Unlike his wife, “Gus” remained in the room. He had to—not that he was fascinated, but because the situation appeared to him to be very grave.

Being faint hearted, and incidently suspicious, he could stand it for just a little while, then he exclaimed, “There's only one man who can help us iron this thing out. That's John Miller—Send for John!”

Well, Sam Houston was the courier. He too had met Dorothy earlier in the evening, and wondered what was up. His
assistance was needed so he was pledged to secrecy and after he knew the truth he didn't take such a shine to Dorothy.

Every Babsonite would have been glad of the opportunity that came to Mr. Millea. Such a privilege as this seldom comes to anyone. To be called to ease the heart pangs of a girl of Dorothy Danner's distinction is indeed a rare experience.

Such a task was Millea's, and gloriously did he perform it.

It has since been suggested that he be awarded the Croix de Guerre, done in red flannel and hung by a blue ribbon from the left lapel of his tunic; also he should be highly commended for the interest and earnest endeavor he put forth in trying to maintain the spotless reputation of Babson Institute.

THE PLOT THICKENS

As this depressing cloud was settling over Wellesley Hills, Mr. Millea, arrived home from his big club in Boston. He had donned his decorative bathrobe and had just gained a toe-hold in his bedroom slippers and with the possible exception of his night-cap, he was well started toward dreamland.

Shielded by a smoke screen from his evening's cigar, he sat there 'neath the reading lamp, scanning the news of the day in The Townsman, when suddenly he heard a knock on the window. (Doorbell out of order). The only knock he will knowingly permit is usually found in his car. This sudden knock was but the alarm sounded by Sam Houston, the courier from the house of Linnekin. Sam delivered the message announcing the grand conference being held there between President Coleman, Vice President Linnekin, and this strange Western damsel from Denver.

Mr. Millea's first interrogation was: "What does she look like?"

"Not so hot."

Then Millea said, "I'm ready for bed, but you may 'phone me when you get back if it's urgent business, and I'll come over for a little while." The courier returned to the Linnekin's and delivered the message from John.

Mr. Linnekin, realizing that the psychological moment was at hand, immediately telephoned Millea, and requested him to come post haste—much trouble brewing, et cetera.

AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY A NEW ONE BEGINS

The clock in the tower struck twelve. Millea arrived in his speeding Hudson car. He was immediately ushered into the room and introduced to a sobbing woman with an apparent past and not a very promising future. Messrs. Coleman and Linnekin carefully outlined all particulars attending her visit. They told who she was—where she came from—what she came for—and how long she was going to stay. 'Twas a sad, sad tale they told. A tale of Love and Adventure—mostly adventure.

Mr. Millea engaged Miss Danner in conversation, likewise did Mr. Coleman and Mr. Linnekin, until all the facts in this unusual and most pathetic case were faithfully unfolded, as follows:

'Twas a dark and stormy night when Miss Danner and Mr.—

The real inside dope on this scene in "The Fatal Wedding" has been deleted by the Board of Censorship at Babson Park.

At one dramatic and hysterical moment, on learning that the lady was accustomed to her fag, Millea rose to the heights of chivalry and insisted that she accept a cigarette, and smoke, and try to get hold of herself, to calm herself. "Compose yourself!" he pleaded, "We are all ready to help you, we are going to help you, but you must help us help you."

At this crisis Mrs. Linnekin entered with her gracious manner, and a luncheon tray. Miss Danner was rather reluctant to accept such hospitality, perhaps more because of her highly excited condition than because she was in the habit of refusing a good feed. However, she did succeed in slightly regaining her composure, and partook sparingly of the sandwiches and grape-juice. These refreshments gave her a new lease of life, and with it more emotional power. If Charles H. Fletcher could have heard Dorothy cry, he would prescribe the usual dose of Castoria.

It developed, during the thirty odd moments of dramatic suspense, that the woman of mystery had been parking at the Parker House. The last train having long since gone, Miss Danner requested that someone take her to the hotel. Mr. Millea was equally ready to rise to this occasion as he did to those preceding it, "We're going to take you back," said he;—

(Continued on page 47)
June, 1944

I had worked hard for twenty years trying to earn my daily bread and I decided, at last, that I should have a vacation. Now the great problem confronting every one who anticipates a vacation is: "Where shall I spend the few weeks that are to be my own?" After careful consideration of this most momentous of questions, I decided to look up my old classmates who had been with me at Babson Institute.

With this end in view, I made the initial plunge and my first stop was Columbus, Georgia, where I looked up my old friend, Billie Ford. As I neared his home, I saw at the entrance a large crowd. Being somewhat puzzled as to the cause for such a demonstration I asked a passer-by what the reason was for such a gathering and I was informed that the crowd was merely Mr. Ford's family. Though somewhat shaken up at this information I made my way into the house, found Billie and met his charming wife. Billie had made a wonderful success and seemed to be very happy.

Unfortunately my time was limited so I left almost immediately for Miami where I met Jack Young. Jack was still in the Real Estate game and owned about 90% of the land in Florida; the remaining 10% was owned by Babson. Jack was greatly disturbed because he had to take me around in a Rolls Royce as his airplane was being repaired.

The next person I met was Fred Mewhinney. He had, in the last twenty years, become the Candy King of America. The New England Confectionery Company and Brock's Big Stick had been put out of business. I also met his beautiful wife, Mary, who undoubtedly was responsible for his great success. From here I left for Pittsburgh.

In Pittsburgh I found Sam Houston and was surprised to find him single. On asking him the reason for his bachelorhood Sam said to me: "Bill, I have always said that women and liquor were the ruination of the world." I was sorry to hear Sam say that for I know quite a few women who have been cheated
out of a good husband. I also saw Tom Toohill. Tom had made a lot of money in establishing fool-proof accounting systems.

Big Rapids was my next stop. The first thing I saw there was a big sign bearing the inscription:

**VENEER AND PAINTS**

I knew that was Tom Hood. I found him in a large office magnificently furnished and asked him how he had made such a success. He informed me that it was all in reading Babson Reports and educating the public to use veneer for everything, including golf balls, china plates, etc.

I wanted very much to get back to Boston so I left Big Rapids and started for the Industrial Center, the Bean Center and center of the worst climate in the world. I went first to Wellesley Hills where I learned that Willman had taken over the R. S. O. and had greatly improved the methods set forth by my friend, Roger W. I was quite surprised to find Charlie Cohoon head of a company manufacturing portable brick houses. Corporal Taylor was a thriving financier in Wellesley, despite the fact that the Wellesley College girls persisted in handing out cold checks. I learned from Cohoon that Frank Mars ton was a large shoe manufacturer. Paul Sadler owned many hydro-electric plants and was still shooting golf. I was also told that all of the class of 1924 were very successful—or married!

On my way home I stopped in Richmond and found Henry Phillips a thriving manufacturer of dice (loaded and otherwise). He told me it was a much more profitable business than real estate.

It grieved me sorely not to be able to visit all of my old friends but time was pressing and a poor man's time is never his own, so I started for home to resume the burdens of a poor broken-down family man.
MISS Ives was our coed the first term and Miss Reed came with us the second term, and, oh, what a difference they made! Every student kept his hair combed and his shoes shined. It was a great sight:

Every one admits that our coeds are good looking, in fact, they were so good looking that it was necessary to enclose their desk on the first floor, surround it with barbed wire entanglements, machine guns, etc., to keep out the host of admirers.

They say beauty is only skin deep but the beauty of our coeds was more than skin deep—if they had not been so pleasant, so charming, so “everything” that goes to make up personality, we would not express our sentiments so freely. We were extremely fortunate this year in having Miss Ives and Miss Reed with us.
Dear Babsonians:

For most of you now the days of supervised study are over. You are well equipped to perform a man’s task in an outside world and “Tomorrow” you’ll start digging your way into a business structure as hard as the finest diamond and as cold as liquid air.

Things won’t come easy. You will make fine progress and suddenly disaster will come and wipe out everything you have built up. You’re bound to suffer and be bitterly disappointed at times and if you are and you need something to give you a new grip on things, perhaps a re-reading of the following will help you a lot.

Eight years ago on Christmas afternoon I received a letter from one of the finest men it has ever been my privilege to know, the late Dr. Levi M. Powers, who was pastor at that time of the oldest Universalist Church in the country, at Gloucester, Mass. Probably this letter was a duplicate of eight or ten which he sent to the members of his Sunday School class. I have never inquired of any of my old classmates who studied under him because I like to think that his letter was written only to me and because I have never heard from any of the other boys I imagine they feel the same way.

But now for the first time I’d like to share this letter with someone and if you Babsonians of 1924 will substitute Commencement for Christmas I think you will read into your hearts a resolve that will strengthen you all the days of your business life.

"I am thinking of you not because it is Christmas but because you are young and all the world is before you; because you can do anything and be anything that you desire, if only you desire it enough. Think of it! The world all before you! Everything possible now!

"By the time you are twenty-five, half of the doors of opportunity will be closed. By the time you are thirty-five, nearly all will be closed, but now you can select the object you wish, and if you keep it before you, reach it in time; only you must make no mistakes. Mistakes are for old folks, whose lives are nearly gone and therefore cannot be spoiled.

"But you must be strong to say yes to the good and no to what is not good, and so, with work and faith and a good conscience and trust in God, you will arrive.

"I am thinking of you often for I want you to be all that you can be."

Because we are human we need to feel that someone is thinking of us and wishing us luck in whatever enterprise we tackle. And no one of us is alone, we all have a mother or father, wife or sweetheart who is backing us for all their worth. With them behind you, fellows, don’t think of failure or bad luck or discouragement, even tho I have mentioned these things. Just go on and on and on.

The Alumni wishes you every success and welcomes every man of you.

Faithfully yours,

Babson Institute Alumni Association.

Winslow L. Webber,
President.

Class of 1924.
Babson Institute.
Babson Park, Mass.
Alumni Directory

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THE MISLEADING LADY

We’re going to take you back.”

The conference had lasted so long that Dorothy was beginning to show signs of needing a shave, which would soon arouse the suspicions of J. E. M.

Miss Danner saw through her whiskers that the jig would soon be up, so as Millea came over closer to escort her to the car, Miss Danner arose, and throwing her arms toward the stars above, cried out in her tear-filled voice: “Take me; if you’re going to take me, for Heaven’s sake take me now!”

Then came the big surprise! “Dorothy”, in one mad sweeping motion tore off “her” hat, hair net and a few stray pieces of false hair—thus revealing “her” natural features, but fewer charms. For identification of The Misleading Lady, “Miss Dorothy Danner of Denver,” see lower left hand corner of page 13.

No; Millea did not collapse—not quite. Still, friends—eavesdroppers—and Peeping-Toms rushed in to “administer first aid to the injured”.

However, there was nothing for them to do but laugh—so they laughed—and laughed—and laughed.

—THE END—

Read’em and Grin---Some More

Miss Reed after Psychology Class—Can one inherit a wooden leg?
Perkie—No, but they can a wooden head.

Brock—Say officer, where is Summer Street?
Officer—You are standing on it.
Houston—No wonder we couldn’t find it.

Perkie—Last week he sent me candy, saying sweets to the sweet.
Goofie—A pretty sentiment, what of it.
Perkie—This week he sent me an ivory hair brush.

FORD’S idea of a soft job is that of assisting a florist to pick the flowers of the Century plant.
Scott's Emulsion

(A hitherto unpublished work by Sir Walter)

Oh, listen lords and ladies gay
Oh, lend an ear, I mean,
For I would tell the story
Of lovely Listerine.

Of Lord Antayla's line was she,
Famed throughout the countryside
Though often bridesmaid she would be
She never was a bride.

One day as through the highlands she trod,
The mayor Hylan, I mean,
A dastard villain, Black Jack Jim,
Seized lovely Listerine.

Then to the shores of old Yale Loch,
Near the hoary Mount, Big Ben
The fainting maid on his Horse he took
Then locked her in his den.

When Lord Antayla heard the news
He thought he'd Advertiser
He offered gold and quarts of booze
Forsooth how he did prize her!

Sir Gillette, a gay young blade,
Swore a mighty vow
That we would come to the ladies aid
Eventually, why not now?

But where to go? the good knight pondered.
Then his Fairy Soap
With magic power, and wand from Lewandos
Revealed to him the dope.

Witch Hazel also gave him aid,
Who connives with the Spirits of Camphor,
But, alack, the fates had it in for the maid,
And her life they don't give a dam-phor.

Keen Sir Gillette found the robber's hold,
And crept through the fallen arch-es,
And all about him the Scotch mists rolled
Thick as in Jordan Marshes.

But, alas, when he found his lady fair,
And attempted her to save,
Together they the loch did dare
And sank 'neath the permanent wave.

MISS ALVA SCOTT,
Wellesley College.
THE BABSON SONG

Tune: Dapper Dan

Snaky Sam was a college man
In a college just out of Bean Town
Every one knew Snaky Sam
Knew him for a ladies' man
Now Snaky Sam was no fool,
Had a girl in every school.
In the classroom all day long
You'd hear him sing this song.

CHORUS

Now if I lose my girl in Emerson
That won't spoil my fun
For I've got another honey Gal
Down in old Lasell
And if I lose my girl in old Lasell
That won't worry me,
'Cause I've got another lovin' baby
Out at Wellesley.
And if I lose my girl at Wellesley
I won't care at all
'Cause I got another mamma waiting
Now if the whole darn bunch should turn me down
Out at Dana Hall.
I've got a regular girl in my home town.
I'm a cave man brute from the Babson Institute.

(From 1922 Babsonian)
L'ENVOI

We have finished our school work—we have worked hard and we have played. The time has come to take up our life work. It is hard to leave our friends and classmates, but now we feel better prepared to meet the obstacles that will confront us, and we are glad to go out and give our best to the world.
Please Patronize Our Advertisers

The advertisers in this book have given the students of Babson Institute excellent service throughout the year and have extended many favors that were greatly appreciated. They have helped make possible the publication of this book and we, the Class of 1924, urge that future classes patronize the advertisers who have so generously co-operated with us.
Where's Your Money?

When a B. I. feller shouts "come on, guys' let's go to the Bank," he's talkin' 'bout the Trust Company.

How come? 'Cause we think all the wise birds are already our depositors.

Put your money where most Wellesley Hills folks do.

WELLESLEY TRUST CO.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.
JEWELRY
PIANOS
VICTROLAS

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

The
GEORGE S. DALES
Company
128 SOUTH MAIN STREET - AKRON, OHIO
Compliments of

Edw. S. Nakashian

Proprietor of

Nakashian's Tailor Shop

449 Worcester Street
Wellesley Hills

“Say it with Flowers”
and
Buy them where they grow

Anderson Conservatories
Flowers for Every Occasion

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Phones: Wellesley 570, Natick 13

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INCORPORATED
TERRE HAUTE INDIANA
FINE CANDIES
AND
PAPER BOXES

Terre Haute
Warehouse and Storage Co.
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Registered Warehouse
Issuing Negotiable
Receipts on Merchandise

Read ‘em and Grin

A Toast

Here’s to the co-ed who never has lied,
Here’s to the co-ed who’s never been kissed,
Here’s to the co-ed who never broke a date,
In short, here’s to the co-ed who doesn’t exist.

Bing: “My dentist was a fine fellow. Each time he extracted a tooth he gave me a glass of whiskey.”
Dales: “Don’t you go to him any more?”
Bing: “I haven’t any more teeth left.”

The very worst habit to get in your head
Is to send a girl flowers before she is dead.
"Whitey" Smith

Read 'em and Grin

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German loves his beer,
The Englishman loves his 'ale and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer;
The Irishman loves his whiskey straight
Because it gives him dizziness;
The Babson Snakes have no choice at all.
So they drink the whole d—d business.

Brock: "Have you seen Mary without her cosmetics on?"
Sam: "Of course not. She's not that kind of a girl."

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider hard as steel
And everywhere she went 'twas sport
To watch Virginia reel.
The Clubhouse at Babson Park, Mass.

"Good food, nicely served, amid pleasant surroundings": A simple ideal, yet so seldom found.

In addition to complete dining service, the Clubhouse offers living accommodations for sixty guests. All rooms are outside rooms, with large windows, individual beds, and private baths. Furnishings and draperies will be found in accord with the type and quality of the building itself.

To reach Babson Park

By motor—Ten miles southwest from Boston (Out Huntington Ave., or Beacon Street.)

By train—Boston & Albany to Wellesley Hills—Regular Bus Service to Club House.

A new, modern hotel, tucked away in the restful quiet of a wooded New England countryside offering "good food, nicely served, amid pleasant surroundings".

Open July Nineteen Twenty Four
FRANK E. PAIGE & CO.
68 ESSEX STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Seabright Woven Felt Mill
CAMDEN, MAINE

Byfield Felting Mills
BYFIELD, MASS.

MANUFACTURERS OF
FELTS AND MECHANICAL CLOTHS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SPECIAL FELTS AND MECHANICAL CLOTH MADE TO ORDER

Richard S. Paige

Read 'em and Grin
Matthews: "The law of Supply and Demand is operative in every household. The family demands and Father has to supply."

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said Gus Linnekin to the youthful applicant. "Have you a grandmother?"

"No, sir."
"Any dear old aunt?"
"No, sir."
"Any other relatives who might die during the baseball season?"
"No, sir."
"You'll do. Come to work in the morning."

Doctor: "You cough more easily this morning."
Houston: "I ought to. I practised nearly all last night."

Suburban Equipment Co.
Furniture-Stationery-Supplies
BABSON PARK
MASSACHUSETTS

Slide Rules
Drawing Instruments
Engraved Paper and Cards
Typewriter Paper and Ribbons
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Desks and Chairs Rented and Sold

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Our Contract Rate for Pressing
Helps the Students Save.

Compliments of
S. DeFazio
Wellesley Hills
Massachusetts

Compliments of
Clement Drug Co.
and
College Pharmacy
Wellesley, Mass.

Read 'em and Grin

Miss Green: "Has my mail come yet?"
Miss Wing: "Mildred, you must stop using that terrible slang."

Ross who is not a prime favorite with Millea, in vain tried to impress him.
Calling on Mr. Millea one evening and in the course of the conversation asked:
"Don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"
"Worse than foolish," was the reply, "Worse than foolish—Impossible!"
Students of Finance
are well aware of the fact that an account with some strong banking institution is absolutely essential to a systematically organized business.

Start your business career right
by opening a checking account with us and thereby have an absolute, accurate record of all payments.

The Wellesley National Bank

Main Office
Wellesley Square

Branch Offices
Babson Park
Lower Falls

Read 'em and Grin
Swan: "Where do bugs go in winter?"
Ward: "Search me."

Editor Brock: "Alas! I fear I haven't written anything that will live."
Thurlow: "Cheer up! Be thankful you are alive in spite of what you've written."

The Tower
Mr. Babson had an idea.
He put it on a hill,
And he plotted out relief maps
With the greatest care and skill.
The fame of these spread through the town
The idea was no dud
In fact—sometimes to see the "maps" Folks get stuck in the mud.

A COLLECTION of imported fabrics will be exhibited regularly at the Lenox Hotel by our Mr. Harrison throughout the school year.
Haszard & Co.

Athletic Goods
School Supplies
Magazines
Confectionery

“We Aim to Serve You”

TWO STORES
BABSON PARK
Wellesley Hills Sq.

Read 'em and Grin

During the enrollment one of the boys who looked very much like a son of Italy presented himself.

“You’re an Italian, aren’t you?” asked Miss Hayward.

“No,” was the unexpected reply.

“But didn’t your father come from Italy?”

“Yes.”

“And your mother, too?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, you must be an Italian.”

“Oh, no, I’m Irish. I was born in Boston.”

Farmer: “Well, son, what are you doing up in that tree?”

Son: “Just got a letter from the correspondence school telling me to haze myself.”
Announcing in Wellesley!

CADILLAC

A car requiring no introduction to discriminating Wellesley motor car owners. We invite you to drive the new

V63 CADILLAC

MAUGUS GARAGE
BARR-WIGHT CO., INC
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. PHONE WEL. 0560
Touring 7 pass. $3,085 Sedan 5 pass. $4,150 Sedan 7 pass, $3,585 (F. O. B. Detroit)

Compliments of

WELLESLEY HILLS PHARMACY

T. A. West

Income Tax

'Tune: "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

Oh, how I hate to remember my taxes,
Oh, how that terrible form I dread,
For the saddest blow of all
Is for Uncle Sam to call
You've got to give up,
You've got to give up,
You've got to give up your earnings,
Some day I'm going to kill the collector,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
And then I'll get the other guy,
The one who let the tax law by,
And spend the rest of my cash instead!
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CLUB RATES

Read 'em and Grin

Peer: "Out where I come from we raise squash so big they hollow them out and use them for cradles for the babies."

Paige: "That's nothing. Right here in Brookline there are policemen who sleep on a beat."

Ross: (Upon being introduced to girl) "Have we met before? Your face seems familiar."

Girl: "Yes, I am the girl who stood before you in the street car all the way from town while you read the paper."

Evans: "Married yet, Young?"

Young: "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

Dolton: "Better if you only knew it."
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