Probable Fate of the 1926 Babson Babies

Or---What Happened to the $2,000

By Elwood E. Peters

On the morning of June 19, 1941, I awoke from a sound slumber which had been occasionally disturbed by the whistle of the engine or the call of the trainmen and found myself at my destination, which was the South Station, in the city of Boston.

I stretched my self, rubbed my eyes, hurriedly got off the brake rod and was then pursued by an uncouth brakeman who ran after me for nearly two blocks. I disappeared around the corner out of his sight just in time to bump into one of my old schoolmates during that hectic year at Babson Institute. In fact, this afore-said chum was no more nor less than my roommate, Stew Segar.

I asked him what he was doing and he told me that he had been disappointed in love and now was a brother of mine in the fraternity of the Box Car Nomads. He had met very ill luck and during his school days he had vowed that he would not marry until he was earning at least $15 a week. Consequently, poor boy, he never married. This really was too bad because he would have made a wonderful janitor.

After many fond reminiscences we decided that we would take a trip around the country, see all our old schoolmates and incidentally borrow a little money from them. We hopped a fast freight which took us to New York. Here we alighted from the train and wandered down to Greenwich Village.

Entering Washington Square we bumped into a tall, haggard, worn-out looking individual who asked us to lend him the price of a cup of coffee. I was about to give him my nickel when I recognized him as Les Bendle who after five post-school years had decided to devote his life to art. He had gone down to the village and had been robbed of all his earthly goods by some wicked model who had posed for his masterpiece called "Miss Innocence." From then on, he trusted no one—indeed, he made a vow that he would not earn any more money and then he would not have anything to lose.

On the signboard in front of the old New Amsterdam Theatre in large electric letters was the caption: "E. J. ZIOCK, JR., PRESENTS "ZIOCK'S INSANITIES OF 1941"—GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOISERY MANUFACTURER." We went to see Ed and he told us he was in this business so that he could get a line on the different styles of hosiery and on the different shapes that the girls wore so that he could go back in his old business and please the public. He certainly had a good job fitting out all the chorus girls with stockings. Our stay with Ed was short because our Box Car Pullman was to leave for Washington in ten minutes.

We went, on our arrival in Washington, to see the President of the United States and upon entering we found our old friend Jimmy Matthews, with a halo still around his head, expounding to our Chief Executive a theory for eliminating the "Wild Toots" in Business. We hastily made our exit from the room admitting at the time that Jimmy was a marvelous Torero.

Our next stop was Pittsburgh. Here the first two men whom we met were Phil Reimold and Jack Klapproth. These two ingenious young men had started a business of bottling the smoky Pittsburgh ozone and selling it to the tourists from Chicago and Warren, Ohio, and other foreign countries. They said that their business was good except that at times the smoke was so thick that people carried it home in their ears and noses instead of buying it by the bottle.

At Pittsburgh's leading hotel we found that Ducky Pond was slowly working up to the managership of the hotel. I must say "slowly" because he is still the busboy for the janitor. I expect to see him risen to the heights of bellboy within twenty years.

At the theatre that evening the comedian of the show was none other than Jackie Coogan. I mean to say John W. Brandt. We hardly recognized him because the comedian seemed very peppy whereas our Jackie was very droll.
The next day we went to Chicago, the city which blew a great many of our 1926 Babson Babies to us. At the cheapest hotel we glanced at The Chicago Tribune and saw in large headlines that our friend, Taft, had just been sent to prison for murdering his sixth wife along with his five children. One minute later our old friend, Knight, blew in. He is now holding down a soft job in the leading hotel of Oshkosh, Illinois. He works from three o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock at night and he says that in his spare time he spends his money on wine, women and song.

I did not believe at all that because Knight was not very much for singing! He told us that my good friend, Austin Fitz, was running a bucket shop down near the Loop. From Knight we also learned that Holman and Woll had gone into the bootlegging business and ran a little undertaking establishment on the side.

At one of the universities we found our friend, Litz, busy teaching Psychology. Well do I remember the times in class when he used to tell Mr. Henderson a few things about Psych.

We went down to the circus that day and upon entering the tent we recognized one of the chief clowns as our good friend, Thurlow. He was putting on a little act at the time of our entrance which reminded us of his old ribbon clerk stunt. In the circus we also found Art Edwards. I had always told Art that his face would bring him popularity in some freak circus sooner or later. Circus life seems to agree with Arthur. He has been married two or three times and has now a family of fifteen.

Adams and Brandts have recently sprung into popularity in Chicago. It seems that the City Council wished to pave some of its worst streets with block paving and they could not decide on a committee to do it; so Brandts and Adams told the Council that they would put their heads together and see just what they could do.

In Milwaukee we found Jim Hubbard living with his wife. Jim has built up a wonderful business making wampouses, which are used in every household in the country to take the bones out of soup.

After leaving Milwaukee we went to Fargo, North Dakota, and arrived there just in time to see Vic Anderson, Jeff Baker and Cap. Black start on their expedition to the North Pole to find out if there was any truth in the statement that at the North Pole "the fish do not perspire no matter how fast they swim."

As we came back from the aviation field we heard a great commotion on the street, which we found out was caused by Wigglesworth and Kennedy, Fargo's most renowned drug store cowboys, shooting up the street with cap pistols. We broke in upon them, made ourselves known and asked them to lend us some money. After we had been politely refused we turned them down and went down to the station and boarded the next train for Helena.

We were walking up the main street in Helena and we noticed a truck parked at the curbing. A man came out of the house, got into the truck, lifted a piano up, put it on his back, and was just crossing the sidewalk in front of us when we recognized him as our old friend, big Dick O'Rourke.

We asked him where he had developed his muscle. He told us that he owed it all to Eddie Willson's new formula which he calls "Willson's Perfect Body Builder." Take one dose of this and you will be like the inventor himself.

As we walked along one of the uptown streets I saw my old friend, Altofer, peddling his butter and eggs with a sweet little peroxide blonde from one of the burlesque houses. As I was glancing from one side of the street to the other my eyes rested on a sign bearing the names of Britton & Ditul. These boys had gone into the hunting business— in fact, they started out about ten years ago in this hunting business and are still hunting for it.

As we were walking along the next block we came to a spacious theatre entrance. The name of the theatre was Knowlton's Slavic Athenaeum; being always interested in George's welfare I began to contemplate as to whether we should pay the necessary two bits for admission, but upon glancing around I noticed that one of the billboards announced that the headliner for the day and week was to be that stirring novel of human life called, "Impulses," by Cicero Adolphus Henderson. So we went up to the manager's office and were entertained by George himself.

After we had left Knowlton's theatre we wandered down to one of the higher class six-a-day vaudeville houses. Here we saw Bud Tuxman putting on the same dog act with Red Savel and Cliff Card as the two trained dogs, assisted by Tux's Bulgarian Cheeseshroud, Oskar. That night we boarded a train for Los Angeles.

The next day about noon we arrived in Los Angeles, the city of the nation where they have weather all year round. We immediately

(Continued on Page 50)
GENERAL OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS

Unfavorable Factors.—The appearance of the extra charge for bread and butter, "French fries," etc., indicates that there is to be a great decline in the patronage of the "Grill Room."

Favorable Factors.—That things are again to be viewed with favor is indicated by the fact that Charley Lutz has been able to get to class on time; that Wellesley still has its attractions for our Page; that Johnnie hasn't lost an argument.

Commodity Prices.—The rise in commodity groups continue. Blarp's Index shows that there is to be no decline in the prices and no rise in the quality, though according to Jimmie, when one rises the other should follow suit.

Fruit Active. There was intense action in fruit in the Club House during the year, much of the market being flattened. The Citrus fruits especially were forced to the wall. There soon was a clean-up, however.

Vegetables.—Signs indicate that the vegetables are to continue as fresh as ever. In fact it has been shown that they are not even removed from the cans until just before the meal.

Mail-Order Houses.—Recent activity has been noticed in the mail-order business in the battery and paint lines. A certain "car" is expected to soon blossom out in its new robe of Sears and Roebuck's best.
OUTSIDE Speakers

1925 and 1926

H. Howard Smith, Boston Consolidated Gas Company
Gas, an Ally of Industry

Thomas Gregory Burt, Dean of Occidental College
Psychology in Business

Ellerton J. Brehaut, Boston Chamber of Commerce
City Planning and Street Traffic

Robert Kelso, Boston Council of Social Agencies
The Philosophy of the Community Chest

J. A. Garvey, Dennison Manufacturing Company
The Broader Aspects of Personnel Management

H. B. Elkind, Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene
Psychology in Industry

Benjamin R. Alexander, Boston Chamber of Commerce
Chambers of Commerce and their Functions

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Author and Publicist
The World Court

C. A. Cole, Dennison Manufacturing Company
Employee Training

Dr. Dewitt G. Wilcox, Physician and Surgeon, Boston
Personal Hygiene

Mrs. Lilian M. Gilbreth, Frank B. Gilbreth, Inc.
Eliminating Unnecessary Fatigue

Gordon W. Herdman, Babson Statistical Organization
Investments

E. Grosvenor Plowman, Associated Industries of Massachusetts
Industrial Relations

Captain R. J. Hernandez, Quartermasters Corps, Boston Area
The Business Side of War Planning

W. J. Totten, Plimpton Press
The Accountant's Place in Management

E. S. Cogswell
Massachusetts Old Age Pension Commission
Old Age Pensions

Dr. Ford A. Carpenter, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce
Air Transportation, and Influence of Weather on Business

Fred I. Brown, Better Service Company
Merchants and Shop-keepers

M. W. Powers, Unitarian Laymen's League
Efficiency in Religion

H. W. Miller, Jordan Marsh Company
Operation of an Employment Department

L. R. Peavey, Babson Statistical Organization
The Present Business Situation

Daniel Bloomfield, Boston Retail Trade Board
Functions of the Retail Trade Board

Dr. R. S. Quimby, Hood Rubber Company
Health Work in Industry

James M. Folan, Norwood Morris Plan Bank
Work of the Morris Plan Banks

Clarence N. Stone, Babson Statistical Organization
Mental Labor Saving Devices

H. O. Stetson, Associated Industries of Massachusetts
Our Interest in Industry
Babson Institute

CALENDAR

1925 -- 26

September 23 — Miss Hayward finds out who's who, what's what and why. Students give views on 18th Amendment in filling out registration blanks.

September 24 — Dr. Coleman holds a meeting and introduces an identification test. Students guess what each man's name is and — try to remember it, and how to spell it.

September 25 — Classes begin. Mr. Millea opens Factory Management with an unusual remark, "When I was at Simplex—".

September 29 — Mysteries of the X-Y line "revealed" to students.

October 2 — Finance Group learns that Natick has town meetings and a School Board.

October 9 — Selover knocks rear wheel off a police patrol.

October 10 — Student meeting — election of officers.

October 16 — Mrs. Cooley gives a tea for the boys at the Club House.

October 23 — Mr. Babson gives his annual tea at his home. No smokes!

October 31 — Sears, Roebuck & Co., rejuvenates Mr. Matthews' car.

November 1 — 8:30 a.m. — Mr. Matthews drives to school in his car.

6:30 p.m. — Mr. Matthews gets his car started!

November 5 — Dr. Coleman and "Birdie" Smith have a wild hunt after a tame partridge.

November 16 — The big smoker and County Fair.

November 22 — Wigglesworth turns jail bird. Lester Smith says this is not a rare variety.

November 25 — We thank the Pilgrims.

December 5 — Clarence Darrow learns that Dr. Coleman is a Christian.

December 16 — Moss buys cane and spats and leaves for Milwaukee.

December 19 — Moss gets married.

December 19 — Christmas vacation starts.

December 25 — Everybody gets a sock on the chimney.

December 31 — New Year's Eve. More socks.

January 1 — 1926.

January 4 — Classes begin. Students start back.

January 6 — Most of student body get back.

January 7 — Most of student body put on probation.

January 10 — Fire in the Club House chimney.


January 12 — General Cox elected cheer leader.

January 13 — Mr. Fitz, President pro tem., reports Mr. Millea late to Factory Management.


January 15 — Dr. Coleman arrives in Dallas, Texas, is welcomed with bouquet — and a kiss. (Particulars upon request.)

January 16 — Bacchus reigns at the Club House.

January 17 — Three boys at the Club House decide to move.

January 20 — Cox buys loud speaker for radio.

January 21 — Mr. Fitz tells the boys not to take the doors off the Lyon Building.

January 25 — Sharp increase in commodity prices at Park Club House Grill.

February 4 — "Snow bound." Students push Mr. Millea's Buick out of snow drift.
February 6—Cox gives Wellesley a box party at "Gay Paree."
February 7—Mr. Millea drives into snow bank—again.
February 10—Cox dashes for Lyon in polar togs.
February 23—Montreal delegation reports Canadians in good spirits.
February 25—Van Giesen is summoned by Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
March 1—Van Giesen dismissed by Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
March 10—Cox elected baseball manager.
March 11—Cox resigns.
March 12—Babson boys trip the light fantastic at Club House.
March 16—Park Club House still an old ladies' home.
March 19—Spring vacation.
April 1—When salesman meets salesman—Thurlow buys a Paige.
April 19—Coldest April 20th in thirty years.
April 22—Hottest April 22 in history.
April 24—First baseball practice. "All those who wish to play safe be out."
May 3—All Finance Group take out endowment policies after being talked to death by Mr. Potter about Life Insurance.
May 4—Mr. Millea's "bomb" is missing.
May 7—Cox brings his batting average up to seven nights a week.
May 14—Everybody out for tennis tournament.
May 15—Babsonian supposed to go to press.
May 19—The X-Y line still a mystery.
May 21—"Uncle" Burt again reminds us that the Club House is still an old ladies' home—"Be good, boys, or you will be looking for a new home."
June 12—The big banquet.
June 14—Commencement exercises. The end of a worth while year.
June 15—"Good-bye and good luck."

WE AIM TO PLEASE
A dejected student entered and said to the clerk:
"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid."
"Sorry," said the clerk; "you got into the wrong store. We deal only in hardware, but we have a choice line of ropes, razors and revolvers."

CROSSED WIRES
Mrs. Matson (at the telephone): "Oh, Bill, do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric icebox is singing, 'Way Down South in Babson Park.'"

THE SCIENCE OF APPROACH
"Where is the manager's office?" asked Klapproth.
"Follow the passage until you come to the sign reading, 'No Admission.' Go upstairs till you see the sign, 'Keep Out.' Follow the corridor till you see the sign, 'Silence,' then yell for him."

WHEN SLOGANS SLIP THEIR MOORINGS
Onyx Hosiery—"Best in the long run."
Otis Elevators—"Good to the last drop."
Klaxon—"His master's voice."
Ford—"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."
Fatima—"I see in town, Honey."
Ivory Soap—"There's a reason."
Listerine—"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"
Palmolive—"44 years without loss to an investor."
B. V. D.—"Ask the man who owns one."
Cunard—"It floats."

PRETTY TOUGH
Holman: "That was the most unkindest cut of all, as the poet says."
Matthews: "What was that?"
"I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist?'"
Music and Dancing and GIRLS!

The Club House is a blaze of lights. It is the most festive of festive occasions. The merry tinkle of youthful laughter resounded and reverberated throughout the house. From a distance could be heard the gentle clinking of ice, and the soft swish of the shaker. Cigarette smoke. A lot of it! "A votre sante Monsieur." In the haze, gentlemen slowly moving to and fro in dinner coats accompanied by beautiful young creatures in dancing frocks.

The scene shifts. A gayly and elaborately decorated dining room. A long table. The Babson Court at the feast. The Prime Minister leaning forward and talking confidentially to the Dippy Dowager. The Military Attache whispering gentle wise-cracks into the ear of the Prime Mistress. The King and the Queen softly crooning love ballads. The Chancellor and the Court Jester quite taken with their latest acquisitions in the way of two exquisite girls from the far off Kingdom of Wellesley. Let us away while the vulgar process of eating proceeds. Suddenly a fanfare of music, young women screamed, old ladies fainted, babies were born, and in far off Boston an elderly man threw away his crutches and cried, "Cured!" Huzza! Huzza! The dance—the dance is on!


The dance continues, growing in merriment, excitement and supreme joy. The hours glide swiftly by. People coming. People going. Dancing one minute. Walking the next. Everyone is here. Shouted greetings resounding across the room. Bits of foolish chatter flying about. The sweet and fragrant scent of perfumes. The soft swish of silk, the flashing of the slim silken clad limbs. The orchestra bursts forth in a roar of celestial approbation. The Military Attache suddenly moves to the center of the floor and renders an aesthetic interpretation of the festive Bull at play. The music rises and increases in volume and madness, stopping with a sudden crash.

A flurry of well-bred huzzas and bravos, mingled with soft gloved handclaps as the music subsides. Many adieux, cries of good-bye, good-night, "dormez bien," and au revoir. Purring motors, slamming doors, the choking and coughing of motors warming up. Shivering people huddled together for mutual warmth. Suddenly a cry in the dark, "Boost 'er on clear! Contact!" A great

(Continued on page 40)
OUR ROLL OF HONOR

We take our hats off to ---

Freddie Merrill, for stopping Jimmie on the third cycle by asking what it was all about. Naturally, Jimmie couldn't tell him.

Jimmie Matthews, for showing us what a public speaker shouldn't do.

Thurlow, for having a humble opinion.

Lawyer Fittz, for showing us how to dodge the workhouse.

Paul Holman, for being a firm believer in the joys of connubial bliss.

Bill Walker, for being an authority on what he and the rest of the elite like.

Burt, for saving pennies and throwing away dollars.

The Wellesley Girls, for being like California bungalows—all painted in front, shingled in back, and nothing in the attic.

Cox, on "general" principles.

Johnnie Millea, because he will knock them off if we don’t.

Ourselves, for thinking up these honors.
Bullometer Letter

BROADCASTING STATIONS — TAKE NOTE.
FOR WAVE LENGTHS NOT EXCEEDING 300 METERS

ADVICE TO INVESTORS

It was early in the evening of June 14th, 1924, that BALLOON became inflated. It was first noted by a passerby in the street, who, when he noticed it, set up the cry of balloon inflation! Balloon inflation! Soon this cry was taken up by thousands and it spread like Wild Fire, resulting in a panic.

This much is history. What is not generally known is that the Federal Trade Commission, then known as the State Boxing Board, in an effort to bring chaos out of order, threw 350,000 shares of U.S. Whistle (450,000 shares) on the market in an effort to break up the deadlock. This resulted in another panic. Since then the market has shown decided tendencies, this much we can be certain of. Take Bank Clearings—and who wouldn't like to—they went off from 18.5% to 21.5%. Late in the Fall of 1923 they went off again—this time to Fall River. No one was to blame. It was just one of those things.

It must be obvious that this is indicative of one of three things. It would be silly for us to mention them, for every reader of this department knows just what they are. The first one begins with "W." However, in considering this it is necessary to give some weight to Europe's plight. Europe is never without its significance. It can always be depended on for 23% of the gate and 10% of the net, making a per capita consumption of 18 5-6c.

Early in the year both Production and Consumption picked up but it was not until later that WHOOSIZ ZINC and BICARB went off 42 points and left thousands of investors looking into space. Doubtless they are still looking.

We feel at this time that the market is either bullish or bearish. The general consensus of opinion is that it is and it isn't. To be sure, one can rarely rely upon the general opinion in time of a crisis such as this, but we feel there is sufficient evidence behind this opinion so that we may pass it on to our investors. If, however, we make a careful analysis of the series we will find that fundamental statistics show it to be a bit cattish, while a study of comparative statistics show it to be decidedly borse; all of which is very confusing, we assure you.

The psychology of the situation at the present time is a variable factor. As a matter of fact, it is unknown. Whether the bear will hold out during the strike and whether the American laborer thinks enough of his golf and literature to stick to it, is very questionable. The bootleggers, as our readers are sure to know, received a frightful shock and were almost drowned out.

Taking it all in all, to say nothing of by and large and on the whole, we feel that the wise investor will sink his funds in first mortgage gold real estate bonds paying a cool 2½% and return to his bridge—never neglect your bridge. Bring your children up to be good bridge players since it may bridge over what otherwise might be a wet evening when they have loved and lost—even though they got their presents back.

DADSON'S STATIC ORGANIZATION.

DADSON'S RETORTS

"ASK DAD — HE KNOWS"

Dear Mr. Dadson:

What do you think of the Fleischmann Yeast stock?

V. I. Timine.

Answer: Expected to rise. A good buy. Organization well bred.

Dear Mr. Dadson:

If the summer of 1926 is to be cool, what are the prospects for FLANNEL UNDERWEAR?

Ivan Itch.

Answer: Don't be bearish. Buy long.

(Continued on page 47)
Kappa Alpha Phi

HONORARY MEMBERS

John E. Millea
Austin H. Fitz
Dwight G. W. Hollister

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Harry M. Andrews
W. Leslie Bonislek
Fred L. Black
Clifford Card
Francis L. Duroffray
Arthur M. Edwards
James A. Hubbard

John M. Klapproth
Frederick J. Knight
Carleton C. Case
Charles R. O'Rourke
Edmund E. Peters
Alphonso E. Reul
Louis R. Riple

Stuart G. Segar
Howard P. Selover
Owen Taft, III
Henry B. Van Gieson, Jr.
William T. Walker
Albert J. T. Wall
Edward J. Zöck, Jr.
WHO'S WHO

By Actual Class Vote

Most Likely to Succeed: Ziock 7, Walker 5, Woll 3, Bratton 2, Willson 2, Segar 1, Taft 1.

Most Popular: Klapproth 14, Taft 3, Bratton 2, Merrill 2, Hawley 1, Pond 1.


Class Rounder: Ditzler 7, Cox 5, Bendslev 2, Anderson 1, Kennedy 1, Black 1, Segar 1, Klapproth 1, Wigglesworth 1.

Class Chimney: Cox 11, Bratton 2, Hubbard 2, Peters 2, Segar 2, Kennedy 2, Black 1, Taft 1.

Most Optimistic: Ripley 5, Peters 2, Babson 1, Baker 1, Bendslev 1, Adams 1, Wigglesworth 1, Pond 1, Edwards 1, Van Gieson 1, Anderson 1.

Most Pessimistic: Taft 5, Baker 3, Adams 2, Brandts 2, Black 1, Edwards 1, Wigglesworth 1, Anderson 1, Peters 1, Segar 1.

Class Lady Killer: Segar 6, Cox 3, Van Gieson 3, Baker 1, Bendslev 1, Bratton 1, Brown 1, Anderson 1, Klapproth 1, Reimold 1, Walker 1, Woll 1.


Class Air Container: Walker 8, Klapproth 6, Reimold 3, Bendslev 1, Bratton 1, Edwards 1, Holman 1.

Best Dressed: Pond 5, Woll 5, Klapproth 4, Baker 1, Bugher 1, Cox 1, Ripley 1, Taft 1.

Champion Wellesley Fusser: Wigglesworth 18, Klapproth 4, Brandt 1, Lutz 1, Woll 1.

Most Convincing Line: Woll 5, Walker 4, Reimold 2, Anderson 1, Bratton 1, Brown 1, Kennedy 1, Pond 1, Millea 1, Van Gieson 1.

Most Absent Minded: Taft 6, Brandts 3, Henderson 2, Willson 2, Adams 1, Brandt 1, Bratton 1, Cox 1, Kennedy 1, Ripley 1, Van Gieson 1.

Biggest Nuisance: Cox 9, Anderson 3, Bendslev 2, Bratton 2, Knowlton 2, Willson 2, Knight 1.
Brightest: Pond 7, Woll 6, Lutz 3, Walker 2, Bendslev 1, Brandts 1, Bratton 1, Ditzler 1.

Noisiest: Reimold 6, Brandt 2, Black 2, Holman 2, Peters 2, Adams 1, Brown 1, Henderson 1, Kennedy 1, Ripley 1, Taxman 1, Woll 1.

Quietest: Black 7, Hubbard 3, Brandts 2, Ziock 2, Edwards 1, Lane 1, Peters 1, Ripley 1.

Hardest Worker: Hubbard 7, Bratton 3, Ditzler 3, Walker 2, Woll 2, Cox 1, Knight 1, Van Gieson 1.

Class Mystery Man: Cox 13, Lutz 7, Brown 3, Taft 2.

First to be Married: Holman 10, Hubbard 5, Reimold 3, Lutz 1, Peters 1, Segar 1.

Best Mixer: Ripley 6, Klapproth 5, Matthews 2, Knight 2, Taft 2, Baker 1, Brown 1, Lane 1, Black 1, Peters 1.

Most Handsome: Segar 6, Peters 5, Klapproth 3, Holman 2, Baker 1, Cox 1, Bendslev 1, Hubbard 1, Kennedy 1, Pond 1, Ripley 1, Taft 1, Van Gieson 1, Woll 1.

Wittiest: Baker 5, Woll 4, Pond 3, Selover 2, Lutz 1, Matthews 1, Ripley 1, Van Gieson 1.

Laziest: Segar 9, Walker 3, Anderson 2, Cox 2, Ditzler 2, Brandts 1, Hubbard 1, Pond 1, Reimold 1, Woll 1.

Most Pious: Peters 6, Segar 4, Holman 2, Taft 2, Bendslev 1, Brandt 1, Hubbard 1, Kennedy 1, Fitzz 1, Walker 1, Woll 1.

Easiest Course: Factory Management 7, Hawley's B. S. O. 6, Accounting 5, Psychology 1, Finance 1, Forecasting 1.


Best Factory Manager: Reimold 6, Millea 5, Taft 2, Bratton 1, Ditzler 1, Lane 1, Merrill 1, Ripley 1, Willson 1, Woll 1.

Best Salesman: Brown 7, Walker 3, Bratton 2, Baker 2, Babson 1, Edwards 1, Kennedy 1, Segar 1, Wigglesworth 1, Woll 1.

Class Grouch: Anderson 6, Brandt 5, Ripley 3, Bendslev 2, Kennedy 2, Peters 2, Brandts 1, Segar 1.

Most Impulsive: Peters 6, Henderson 4, Woll 4, Reimold 3, Baker 1, Ditzler 1, Knight 1, Holman 1, Van Gieson 1, Segar 1, Anderson 1, Lutz 1, Taft 1.
STUDENT SMOKER at the County FAIR

A n observer nonchalantly sauntering about the campus of Babson Institute, inhaling deeply of the brisk November air, offered the following report of his reconnaissance.

It was early in the evening of November 16th, 1926, that I chanced by the Park Club House, when suddenly from the doors there burst one of the most extraordinary routeries that it has ever seen my good fortune to witness. My first thought led me to believe that it was part of a circus troupe; but upon closer observation and from facts gathered from snatches of conversation that floated to me as they passed by, I found that the crew consisted of Babson students outbound bound for the express purpose of affording some one entertainment. Out of something more than morbid curiosity I followed.

The trail led to the gymnasmium, and there with the aid of lights I discovered cowboys, clowns, prizefighters, fortune-tellers, big girls in short skirts, negroes, barker, etc. On the various parts of the floor, booths were arranged which contained games demanding skill in many and divers lines, ranging from crap-shooting to target practice.

A strong undercurrent of conversation buzzed outside of the doors, which seemed to be the cue for the entertainers to take charge of their special activities. An orchestra went into action, and rendered unique but truly remarkable music, and simultaneously the doors opened admitting innumerable guests.

The games were indulged in by the guests with superb enthusiasm, much to the enjoyment of everyone. Quite without warning a ring appeared in the middle of the floor, and a boxing bout ensued in which there was more genuine humor than I have seen in many a day. Following this came a moving picture entitled "The County Fair." Immediately upon the completion of the moving picture an impromptu dance took place which was really a pleasure to watch. This event was the climax of a very eventful and enjoyable evening furnished by the students of Babson Institute. I found out later that the function was called the County Fair.

Babson Babes Beat at Basketball

S HORTLY after the Christmas holidays basketball teams were organized in each of the several groups and games were played in which the Factory Management Group, doubtless because of the coaching of one J. E. Miller, easily defeated the Distribution and Finance Groups. With the season yet young, and with the impetus furnished by the inter-group games, a varsity team was formed which did indeed do justice to the title.

The first game the varsity played was at home, with the Dri-Bow Club of Wellesley as opponents. This game proved to be a walk-away, the score being 32-4 in favor of Babson. Following this a second varsity team was organized in order that we might cope with the first and second teams of the Wellesley High School. The first varsity was defeated after a noble struggle to the tune of 25-21. The second varsity defeated the second team of Wellesley by a score of 9-6. A return game was played with the Dri-Bow Club at the Wellesley Congregational Church. This game was the game of the season, going to two extra periods with a final score of 31-29 in favor of Babson's. This game completed a short but excellent basketball season in which the members of the Institute participated with commendable skill and vigor.

CRAZY CLOCK

Reed: "I wish you would please fix this cuckoo clock."
Miss Hayward: "That isn't a cuckoo clock."
Reed: "Yes, it is. It's cuckoo. It just struck thirteen."

Merrill: "I went to see a memory expert last night."
Henderson: "Was he good?"
Merrill: "Naw, he forgot to show up."
crash and a bang analogous to the noise which might result if the American Can Company were the target of an aerial bombardment. Mr. Kennedy and party taking off from the Club House.

A huge, silent, hollow hulk. The Club House. No lights are showing. The youthful laughter has ceased to ring and echo. Deep, long, exhausted breathing of sleeping people. Nothing is left but a broken derby, some peanut shells and a few scattered programs as silent witnesses of the great struggle which has taken place.

Off stage in the distance, a stringed orchestra softly renders, "After the Ball." The Court Jester curses in a low but firm voice and turns over. Snap! The last light goes out. A low groan of satisfaction and the creaking of a bed. The orchestra switches to "That's All There Is. There Ain't No More," and the curtain is rung down on the grand finale of the Babson Institute Dance at the Park Club House, March 12 and 13, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty-Six.