oklahoma
saturday night
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sunday morning
Gordon Cooper was orbiting the earth a record twenty-two times, but nobody looked skyward. The Boston Red Sox slugged their way to the top of the American League, but nobody cared. Dean Stephens took the hinges off his door, but nobody entered... It was Mayorsky week at Babson.

Hymie, Wade de Blade and Julie Seizerher matched wits, skits, bumps and grinds for the votes of the student body. Hymie, a neanderthalic negro allegedly 2,000 years old campaigned for Mayor with bathtub gin and a radiant smile. His platform, while at times appealing, was said to be too close to the ground.

Wade de Blade with his lissome water nymphs ever by his side, and aided by Wizard Shmeardum, promised that if chosen Mayor he would lead Babson to the pleasures of the flesh, and proceeded to demonstrate some of the more demonstrable pleasures to the delight of the frustrated gathering.

Wine, women, and orgies won it, of course, for Julie Seizerher who finally conceded his determination to run on a prohibition ticket. His advisors warned him about the last fellow who tried that and of course he hopped right off the wagon, tossed a few handfuls of grapes to his admirers and proceeded to lead the group in an inebriated interpretation of a rain dance, although friends intimated that big Julie was really praying for wine and votes: both of which he got.