My Business Creed

I believe

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

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

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

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

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

that Faith is essential.

Faith

in my product, that it fills a need;

in my company, that it operates on sound principles;

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

in God, that he is real.

Accepted unanimously as the creed of the Class of '22
THE STAFF.

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Foreword

Hail, All Ye Readers

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

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

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

By R. U. Lyon

GEORGE WASA COLEAVER
Born: 1463
President of this infamous institution

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

JOHNNY E. MEELYA
Born: 1832 B. V. D. (Before Volsted Disaster)
Instructor in Complete Mismanagement

Entering this gentleman's room at an early hour
one morning I heard him ask those present to ex-
pound upon the use of the celebrated paper stretcher
which Mr. Tayler deals with in his book on "Work
for the Night Is Coming". A Babson Baby pipes up
that said stretcher is used in the manufacture of
cast iron false teeth, and also in the manufacture
of potato chips. Quite true, continues Johnny, but
when I was Chief Fictitious manag 1 in the Simple
Manufacturing Company (?), we used it in the
manufacture of Criseo, which is a shortening. At
this time an actual problem was sprung by friend
John. (Problem) If a lady applied for a position
as model in the hose department, what and how
many reasons could you give for hiring her. Bright
B. B.: "Why, Mr. Meelya, there could only be two
reasons." After the mob had quieted with the help
of several polite words from John (too polite to print),
and someone playing drummer on the wall in the
adjoining room, the following assignment was made:
1147 pages in "What's on the Worker's Mind", by
I. M. Balled, manufacturer of brown derby hats. My
time being up, I oozed out carrying with me the
impression that it was a bunch of horse—
AUTO HAVA FITT
Born: 1801½ H. D. (Happy Day)
Instructor in the Art of Spending
Other People's Monies

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

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

WILLIE CUSHON HAMBURGH
Born: 437¼ N. C. M. (Non Compus Mentis)
Instructor in Ediquette a La Hamburgh

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

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JONATHAN MAIDE MATTRESS
Born: 1800 A. N. (Any Night)
_Instructor in Ecolomics or a Comedy of Errors_

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

REDDERAN L. HOLLOWER
Born: 1916 S. O. L. (Sooner or Later)
_Instructor in Accounting for Your Wife's Actions_

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

Report on THE INMATE INSTRUCTORS

From THOSE WHO KNOW To FUTURE STUDENTS

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There being but twenty six letters in the alphabet, we find it impossible to grade with accuracy. Hence, we give only a comment.

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

General Comment

(Opinions of the various instructors)

MR. BAMBURGH

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

MR. FITZ

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

MR. MATHEWS

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

MR. MILLEA

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