The Snipe Hunt

Ye Babson Braves of Wellesley Town,
Come listen to a tale;
A tale of snipes of wine and woods,
Of nights and nut brown ale.

In Needham Woods, the legend runs,
The snipes grew thick as sand.
Steen billion snipes ate up the earth,—
Ate corn and trees and land.
The Babson Braves a feasting sat
In camp on Maugus Hill,
Around the board the jesting passed;
The night without was still.

Then up spoke Pat, a chiettain brave,
And master of a Ford,
"My braves", said he, "the snipes are on
And needs must have our sword.

"I ask you braves, my warriors all,
Why sit you feasting here
While snipes are swooping down the wood
Devouring stalk and ear?"

To arms then every warrior sprang,—
To arms with bag and light,
The snipes within the bag should be
Before the day killed night.

Each warrior hastened to the steeds,—
The steeds of fumes and fire;
Each chiettain vaulted to his mount,
The mount of wheels and tire.
The fire-steed Stutz, the fire-steed Lex
The fire-steed Ford was there;
Three blazing mounts, three fuming steeds,
Three steeds with hoofs of air.

Chief Holden drove the fire-steed Stutz;
Chief Patton drove the Ford,
Chief Helme was there upon his Lex
To bag the snipey horde.
Down Abbott Road thru Belvedere
To Needham Town they sped;
Three thundrous steeds of fire and fumes
The Chieftain Patton led.

They raced and yelled, the forest swelled,
With shrieks and noise and speed,
Steen Billion snipes then smelt the pipes
Of Maugus and his breed.

On Needham Hill the braves stood still
And dimmed their lights and pipes;
They spun no tales but picked out Dales
To hold the bag for snipes.

Then warrior Haynes a bag would have,
And seeing none was there
He sat his haunches on his heel
And held his coat out square.

Brave Pfleuger then, from out the men
Came forth and volunteered;
And Andy too, who hates home brew,
With light and bag appeared.

No more was said and Andy led
His braves out thru the night;
Out thru the trees with trembling knees
In fear of birds that fight.

Behind the hill where all was still
Brave Dales built up a fire.
While Pfleuger brave and Andy slave,
Tugged sticks and logs thru mire.

The fire flared up, the night was light,
And screams of birds rang shrill,
Steen billion snipes awoke the night
And shook the woods and hill.

The Babson Braves thruout the wood
Were pierced and torn and scratched;
The snipes bore down and drew their blood,—
The Braves were well outmatched.

They turned and fled except for Dales
Who stood and fought like mad.
Steen billion snipes were on his head,—
He gave them all he had.

He tore their wings; he smashed their heads;
He flung them right and lett;
He killed a thousand snipes at once,—
At slaughter Dales was deft.

He fought an hour, he fought for three,
Drunk blood to quench his thirst;
Each coming million had more fight,—
The last one was the worst.
The last one thousand birds were wild,
His eyes grew dim—and then—
Dales crumpled back and struck the fire,—
Then rose and fought again.

The snipes fell bleeding all around,
They struck the fire and burned,—
They struck the trees and left them red
Then Dales stepped back and turned.

His form was red, a crimson flood,
The woods with blood ran red,
And on the hill in heaps man high,
Steen billion snipes lay dead.

He sought to find a place to rest;
The bag he filled with leaves,
And for a bed he piled up birds
Like rugs a Belgian weaves.

But thru the hills a cloud appeared
And rain began to fall,
So Dales forsook the snipes and leaves
To hike for Sharron Hall.

The rain came down and drenched him thru;
Washed blood and birds away.
He stumbled thru the trees and hills
And floundering lost his way.

Along the road he stumbling, trooped,
Bearmed with clubs and rocks.
On every side were barking dogs,
And then,—the crowing cocks.

The crowing cocks and break of day,
The sky with streaks of red.
With streaks of red like bleeding snipes,—
Then Dales got home to bed.

He must have dreamed,—a hellish dream.
A dream of nights and dogs,—
Of Needham Wood, of racing steeds,
Of burning snipes and logs.
Don’ts for New Students

Don’t go crazy over B. S. O. women. It doesn’t pay. Enuff said.
Don’t go on parties in Wellesley Hills.
Don’t stub your toe crossing Washington Street.
Don’t tell all you know to any native.
Don’t pick a girl who wears hair nets. It’s too expensive.
Don’t frequent the bar-rooms in this locality.
Don’t fail to make friends with the police, if you can.
Don’t go to Dana Hall. You may get Cook-ed.
Don’t mistake the time clock for a roulette wheel.
Don’t steal books, just take them.
Don’t try to tell the college girls how smart you are! They know.
Don’t shirk your work. Eleanor will find out.
Don’t flirt with our pretty secretaries.

Don’t mention that you go to Babson’s while in Boston, Wellesley, Natick, Nokimo and Palm Beach.

Don’t expect to satisfy your appetite at Babson’s teas.

Don’t say good morning to Miss Haywood. No morning is good to her.
Which is the more deadly?

Flapper Department

He fondly caressed her, lovingly fingerling her soft, fluffy bobbed hair until, finally, with a yielding sigh she lapsed her warm body into his tingling arms. Their cheeks touched, her arms lay lightly upon his shoulders as her fingers toyed gently with his neck, a thrill ran through her as she felt the glow of budding romance.

Thus did they remain, clasped together, their melting forms silhouetted against the dim, fantastic gleam of the soft light. Vague moments passed. She pressed her body close to his, her breath came in short gasps. Almost in a daze, they slowly and gloriously pressed their clinging lips into a kiss.

Such a typical scene enacted by the predominating types of the so-called modern "snakes" and "flappers". From an artistic point of view, such scenes are sometimes exquisite. Other points of view are not to be considered here.

Kipling declared that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male", but modern writers have reopened the discussion and are wondering if "the flapper" of the species is more deadly than the "snake". The drawing above will help the well informed reader to more clearly visualize the principles in this discussion.
(The course of events in the next few years depends on the extent to which the Law of Equal and Opposite Attraction is to be felt and recognized. This law is that for every action of ours there should be a similar action by another resulting from the equal attraction. Else, what is the good of a "line"?)

FLAPPER DEPARTMENT
Confidential Bulletin No. X 13

ADVICE TO FLAPPERS

Summer Decline in Dance and Cabaret Entertainments — Incentive for Elopements Increase with Heat—Activities of Snakes on Wellesley Exchange Alarming

Fundamental Tendencies. "Lines" are showing a marked inclination towards "bullishness". Direct connection between "lines" and "petting" points to party activity. The bull stock market, therefore, should be carefully analyzed before forecasting long swing activities.

Intensification of Heat Causes Decline. Statistically, there is a mass movement on the open road. Underlying conditions lead us to believe that there will be an excellent opportunity to speculate on the Moonpet concerns issue of Common and Preferred. Most flappers are likely to make it Common, but a discriminating few will select the Preferred. Many flappers will also deal in Automobiles, although some will choose the Furniture game. Canoes will get their share, although it is possible for them to sink under too great activity. A decline, however, will be manifested upon the floors of Cabarets, as the exchanges are already diminishing there. Motor transportation, therefore, should not be hampered so long as drivers look straight ahead and not at the sides of the road. These conditions reflect favorably upon the market for motorcycles.

Rise in Temperature Causes Speculation. The men whom flappers first gold-dig (viz, their fathers) have in the past been urged by us to register their securities. It is particularly imperative that this be done. Often times, flappers appropriate them when they elope. By means of our own unquestionably accurate methods we have discovered that temperature directly and strongly influences temperament, even as light and darkness. This, of course, has a strong influence upon the (matrimonial) Bond market.

Preferred Snakes Act—Others Show a Decline. The most active of the Snakes on the Wellesley Exchange is the Institute issue. It's rise has been so phenomenal as to be alarming. The statistical position of this issue is a great deal stronger than that of the 1921 issue. Due to the sensational actions of the latter issue all similar ones have been dropped by the Inn Brokers. The Dana Brokers have also shown a tendency towards dropping all further Institute offerings. This is not likely to be accomplished. We urge all of our flapper clients to watch for the 1923 Institutes, which will appear next September.

Flapper Territories. After careful scientific research we are in a position to release the following information to our clients:

There are three classes of flapper territories, namely—

Residential Districts, preferably Brookline
Various Colleges, preferably Wellesley
Sidewalks, preferably cement

Agents for goloshes, cosmetics, Rolls Royces, scissors, lingerie, and pearl beads should write to us for telephone numbers and addresses. Hand the attached coupon to your secretary.
Athletics

Year 1921-22

By Ima Sport

TENNIS:

The tennis warriors were out with a bang at the opening of the year, altho
the year was not as favorable as we would like to report, still what's bad is bad,
and what's good is worth while. The boys netted strong with Wellesley in the
opening games, playing all love sets. Nights were favorable for the game, and all
in all the season closed profitable.

The team represented by Peters and Carpenter were swamped by the speedy
Dana Hall team, starting out strong with all love games, but winding up with a
series of add for the girls and finally a collapse on the part of our boys. After
the brilliant success of the Dana Hall team it is reported they are on an extended tour,
looking for new victims to vanquish.

CRAPS:

The interscholastic crap matches started strong, but fizzled out towards the
end of the season. Lack of material and equipment seems to have caused the down-
fall and breakup of this favorite sport. Until friend Paton departed he held the
Babson championship for crap shooting, but his record has been surpassed by friend
Trout, who can throw more sevens in 10 minutes than he can articulate about his
experiences in France in a half an hour. Some record dear reader, some record!

FOOTBALL:

A glorious and victorious season in football is the unusual record of the Babson
Institute team. Not one game was lost. Not one game was played. Praise should
be heaped on the brave football heroes. (Try and find them).

BASKETBALL:

The Wellesley gym was obtained for our Basketball team, thru the courtesy
of the staid gentlemen of the Township of Wellesley, Commonwealth of Mass.
(God bless the Commonwealth). Our team showed some remarkable speed and
dexterity in throwing the ball to and fro and keeping it from going in the basket.
In the first and last game of the season the whole team (all three) exhibited team
work that would put a pair of mules to shame. Seven touchdowns, 3 knockouts and
8 clinches were marked during the three minutes of play. The fifth prize, a hand-
some pearled handle crochet mallet was presented to the school on this meretorius
victory.

BASEBALL:

Due to the fact that no worthy opponents were in the immediate vicinity, and
our time being taken up with several practice games which resulted in overwhelming
victories, our baseball season was Nil.
School Song

Tune: Dapper Dan

VERSE
Snaky Sam was a college man
In a college just out of Bean Town.
Every one knew Snaky Sam,
Knew him for a lady's man.
Had a girl in every school
So you see he was no fool.
In the class room all day long
You'd hear him sing this song.

CHORUS
If I lose my girl in Emerson
That won't spoil my fun,
'Cause I got another honey gal
Waiting down in old LaSalle.
And if I lose my gal in old LaSalle
That won't worry me, 'cause I got another
sweetie out at Wellesley.
If I lose my gal in Wellesley
I won't care at all, 'cause I got another
lovin' baby out at Dana Hall.
Now if the whole darn bunch should turn me down
I got a regular girl in my home town
For I'm a cave man brute from the Babson Institute.

SECOND CHORUS
If I want a girl to play with
I'll run down to Smith.
Now you'll see that I'm some masher,
For I've got another girl in Vassar.
If I lose my girl in Vassar
I'll go on a lark,
With my pretty blue eyed dolly
From old National Park.
If I lose my girl in National Park
I won't lose my sense
'Cause I got another mamma
Down at dear old Spence.
Now if the whole darn bunch should run away,
I'll pick me up a girl in the old Fenway.
For I'm a cave man brute from the Babson Institute.

Ever Hear this Before?

Three kinds of lies,
Lies, damn lies and figures.  

Austin H. Fittz

My good friend Charlie—

Bamburgh

When I was at Simplex.

Millea

I’m not an expert accountant, but—? !!

Hollister

Please excuse a personal reference.

Moore

Now at Ford Hall this week.

Coleman

I really can’t accept it now.

Stenographers

I’ll entertain a motion to that effect.

Pres. Leavitt

Private Business—Boston.

Time Cards

Being a true British Blood.

Canucks

Give me a cigarette.

Cassidy

Where have you bean?

Holden

Tha’s right.

Koke

Youse.

Robinson

Gee, I met the keenest girl last night.

Walt

Well—ah—

Monty

That’s a helluva vote.

Cliff

At the B. S. O., we—

Webber

“Oh say”.

Dales
You'll be late when Gabriel blows his saxophone.

Mackenzie

What the Hell?

Swayze

What an awful bum you turned out to be.

Cushing

Blew a soft plug today.

Houston

They did it this way at Culver.

Dazey

Have you read “Educational Opportunities at Babson’s”?

Rosie

I guess I'll go to New York this week-end.

Heller

Fried as a fool.

Carpenter

I can't afford it.

Helme

Let's eat.

Hinman

No, is that so.

Richardson

Damfino.

Peters

I worked with them six months.

Emery

You fellows should get together.

Snowden

Gee, she is a cute kid.

Albershardt

When I was in the army.

Trout

Down in Poughkeepsie.

Phelps

Got the wrong train this morning.

Flagg

It's a good horse.

Washburn

"I don't know"

Fiske

"Hoo-Raay"

Studes