“DELLIRIUM”

Wild dreams assailed me, my breath almost failed me
The night that I dined on cheese.
Through space I went flying, strange sights espying,
Till I was weak in the knees!
Flirting with passing stars, saw Jim on the road to Mars,—
Just off on another wild toot!
He's hunting a land of rhythm far from our discord and schism,
He's given the old earth the boot!

Then a voice chanted mildly (though occasionally wildly),
"Isn't that interesting, now?"
Oh, Plowman’s own history is not any mystery—
His forebears handled a plough!

Saw Hendy chasing a cow—Gadzooks! Oh, Boy! And how!—
To prove psychology.
"Fellows, just get this now!" The cow made the class a bow
In apparent apology.

Dressed in their oldest togs, saw some who rolling off logs
Were bravely endeavoring
To prove Johnnie's theory that as simple it would be
For them to do any thing!

Then Red Hollister said, wildly scratching his head,
"Say, how, where and where
Are these books, numbering five, posted?" "Why, land alive,
The mail-box is right over there!"

"No one's expected to know," said Elliot, as he stood on one toe,
"The taxation laws by heart."
I heard that remark with glee, for, now take it from me,
I never could tell them apart!

"You'll save as much money—and I'm not being funny,"
Some one said, "On this fact alone,
As you spend on tuition!" Though I was not in position
To see, I knew that tone!

Said Austin, said he, and most earnestly
"I tell you that this is the truth!
The truth, but forsooth, it's not the whole truth,
Not the whole, but the truth 'tis, forsooth!"

Just then, with a thump, and a whale of a bump
I managed to fall out of bed.
No more do I dine on cheese after nine,
It seems to go to my head!

(Caricature Drawn By J. H. Hayes)
CLASS OFFICERS 1928

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"Don't you want to play the part of a good Samaritan and do this for me?"

A versatile and travelled man is he who stares out at you on the left. Four months ago he was sunning himself in Florida; before that he was a salesman of Flying Cloud automobiles in Cleveland. He expects ultimately to bring the homely sewing machine into its own.

PARK REEFY ARNOLD

"He's truly crazy."

"Buxom, blythe and debonnaire," Park frequently turned the gray Lincoln toward Wilder Hall. Although he missed his moonlight swims at Miami, he found that Lake Waban offers compensations. This year our big debater, single-handed, established and maintained the Institute's supremacy in the field of oratory.

ROBERT STEWART BAILEY, JR.

"How about six dollars?"

At last we can give deserved credit an unsung hero, an unknown martyr. Stew has unerringly and intelligently shouldered more than his share of the disagreeable tasks which are always cast to any accomplishment. We are fortunate in having been able to work under his leadership.
HAMILTON BATES

"Well, I guess I'll go hang a few schnabbles."

Dawn and an Oregon marsh; a low-flying flock of mallards, and in the foreground our hero—crouching, impatient for the kill. Hammy has deserted his four_pitcher-one-glass beer set for the joys of the hunt—but only temporarily.

FREDERICK BISHOP SWANBERG BERRY

"There's a much bigger one in Los Angeles."

A factory trip by rumble seat during a New England winter is less pleasant than a sunning on the beach at Santa Monica. Ask Mr. Berry. Once a marine, Fred drills daily in the gym. Why do movie actresses live in Beverly Hills? (See above.)

CHARLES BRANSON BISHOP

"Well, now, Mr. Henderson, you know that's ridiculous."

Our slip-stick artist knows his logarithms, and that's not all—flaunting derby, spats, Chesterfield, and cane, the doctor constantly carries Canada's colors to the fore in the great social steeple chase. In the financial game, too, he is without a peer. Altogether, Charlie's success seems inevitable.
PIERRE HUDSON BOND

"No, no kidding!"

Permanently, the situation for Canadian securities looks better. Continue with your Canadian stocks which you hold on a long-growth basis. For the present keep funds in liquid form ready to buy a broad list of Canadian securities when H. R. H. Pierre Bond returns to Canada on or about June 20.

WILLIAM FURR BOONE

"Hurry Back."

Southern cordiality, industry and dependability are qualities which should augment Bill's long list of friends, and greatly accelerate his progress along the way to material success. While he was here, Mississippi found it practicable to nearly double her postal employees.

HENRY MORTON BRINCKERHOFF, Jr.

"Good Work!"

A house built upon rock—how well the parable applies to Henry. And yet with his moral, ethical, and manly determination toward a justified end, there is a human and tolerant understanding which warms and lightens the hearts of fellow men. We envy, admire, and applaud.
DONALD RAINSFORD BROWNELL
“That son of a gun!”
An intensive training period at Hill left Don well equipped for brilliant Eastern triumphs. By earnest application the young Nebraskan has achieved the impossible and placed Omaha on a par with Back Bay. At the same time, he has carved himself an enviable place in the hearts of all of us.

GEORGE WALTER BULLARD
“Yes, Soh.”
Coming from a bookkeeper’s stool in Mississippi the Judge did not claim to be “the best damn toreador in all the south,” yet in the Casa del Toro he vanquished Black Bottom, pride of the Babson Stables. Industry, perseverance, and ambition often cause a small man to cast a long shadow.

JAMES FENWICK BUTLER, Jr.
“Goodness gracious!”
Canada has her Boucher and her Worters, Norway her Jewtraw, and we have our Butler. Even the great King Clancy, Ottawa ace, was relieved to hear of Jim’s decision to retire to Babson. With the coming of spring, Brooklyn (Wampy!) has fallen heir to a large portion of Jim’s time.
LAWRENCE CARLSON
In Lawrence we see the attributes of an ideal westerner: strength tempered by kindness, a frank, courageous friendliness dignified by an admirable reserve. Although the big Paige does not measure up to her master, she has given the racing element many exciting skirmishes.

GENE GORDON CULVER
"Do I love my baby? Sometimes I think about her twice!"
"How-a-you," was the standard Culver greeting until the boys eagerly adopted it. Wherefore its originator discarded it as smacking too much of the masses. Gene's laudable ambition for individuality is happily combined with a rich endowment of good taste. The 'quad' thinks so too.

KENNETH B. DIEHL
"Pretty punk, only a .44 last game."
A large majority found Bucky's work on the Needham alleys quite depressing since only four of the thirty tournament bowlers were on his team. While he was flattening pins with sickening regularity in the evening, his daytime efforts placed him in the first rank of students.
WHITNEY DRAKE

"All right, Swatszel!"

Brown's loss was Babson's gain when Whit decided to spend a year wrestling with the whys and wherefores of business. His sunny disposition has done much to brighten our hours of work and play. Until Mr. Millea discovered the potency of Drake's hat, Whit trimmed us all on the alleys.

GEORGE WILLIAM DULANY, III

"Piffle!"

A mind keenly sensitive to subtleties of thought, able to pierce the gloom of the obvious and bring to light the obscure; a fastidious sense of humor. Few attain that plane. George, with his added appreciation of the worthwhile in physical realms, goes farther.

THADDEUS WINSTON EASON

"Is there any objection to the motion as stated?"

The organizer, the politician, the millionaire oil man from Oklahoma. If academic prominence, social accomplishment and well-merited esteem are at all prophetic, T. W. must achieve greatly in the years to come. An attempted reform by Paige, Carlson, O’Heir, and Soule failed because of Wine, Winston and Wellesley.
PAUL FRANKLIN EDWARDS

"Has the mail come yet?"

Paul was consistently high on the psychological tests and his curriculum work bore out the testimony of O'Connor and Terman by definitely placing him among our best students. The Hayes-Edwards football matches between classes during the Fall Term were gala events for Babson's sporting bloods.

MARCUS ROSE FIELD

"Let's clean up the Accounting, Dutchy."

The most unostentatiously hard-working man at Babson. The Asheville School, Williams, and the Pierce School gave Marcus a background which, coupled with his tremendous industry, has achieved signal victories over those tyrants of the Institute curriculum: Accounting, Statistics and Taxation. The minor miseries fell before him without a struggle.

JACOB MILTON GENKINGER

"I still think my idea's the best, Mr. Millea."

In this distribution age when good salesmen are at a premium, a most desirable attribute is the ability to smile when misunderstood. Frequently the smile of Happy Jack, the horseman, cooled the wrath of the almighty Millea aroused by Jack's suggestion that the office boy be made vice-president.
JOHN DUGGAN GILMORE

"Dang me, durned if I know."

The subject of the snapshot is not John Gilmore, it is Dinah, prize-winning Holstein, who is pinch-hitting for the Georgia farmer in his absence. Lack of space prevents an adequate account of John here, so turn to the "Gone But Not Forgotten" page for additional dope.

LEANDER PERRY HAMILTON

"I pp-la-dilly-Kansas City."

Peter's happy, humorous and hospitable disposition has done much to make his apartment in the Wellesleyan a mecca for tired Babson men. There, suggestions of Josephine Baker and Zelli's create an atmosphere conducive to sophisticated relaxation after the simple duties of student life.

ELWOOD EMIL HANSEN

"Elkhart's a pretty good little town."

The love and honor of his fellows are the due of a born leader gifted with a keen appreciation of life and the splendid ability of inspiring others to high achievement. None receives a fuller measure of our regard; none is more truly deserving.
ROGER SPRAGUE HASKELL

"Hey Pinkie!"

With great pleasure, we announce to the Wanamaker and Marshall Field interests the decision of dapper Rog to enter the department store business. It is inevitable that the advance of the cheap and lowly chain store boys will be thwarted by this irrepressible triumvirate.

VERNON MILLS HAWKINS, Jr.

"Got pinched today."

Ben has done Babson piece-meal—Production last Spring, Distribution during the Summer, then a half year at Ann Arbor, and now Finance this Spring. Commuting daily from Plymouth presents problems, especially when some uninformed cop fails to bow and scrape at the mention of Hawkins pere.

JOHN MILTON HAYES

"Hope it snows today."

Lack of snow prevented John from giving his Norwegian skiing outfit adequate exercise. Refusing to admit defeat, he retaliated with bowler, spats, and cane. His skillful hand and co-operative spirit have contributed much to our year book.
WILLIAM CHARLES HORRMANN

"Who said Prohibition was here to stay?"
A roaring streak of gold—chaos along a peaceful countryside. "That's a good-looking car, wasn't it?"—and you know Wild Bill is tuning up the Stutz. We are satisfied that he provides his yellow peril with Veuve Clicquot, '09. Mass. Avenue fuel would have charred her kidneys long ago.

GEORGE MOSES HOUSTON

"Hello There!"
George is our champion back-slapper and hand-shaker, always glad to see you and always glad to lend a helping hand. Living at the Wellesley Inn, he is conveniently located for frequent visits to Tower Court and associated buildings. There will be many tearful farewells when George goes home.

CHARLES WAYNE JACKSON

"He must be a big hot shot, he has on leggings and a hard hat."
The Rochester Adonis who juggles footballs and figures with equal skill also successfully devotes his talents to the lighter diversions. Charlie should go far and with him a full measure of health and happiness.
GEORGE COOKE JENKS

"He's a very nice fellow."

A man of definite opinions and decided ideas, and, at the same time, a delightful gentleman, George carries on the best traditions of Middlesex and Morristown. He is one of our married men, but he seems to be bearing up under the strain in admirable style.

JOSEPH DAVID KAUFMAN

"I have seen this show once, but let's go anyway."

In Harrisburg, Pa., the Kinnear interests should find hard sledding, for there Joe Departmentstore's middle name is Kaufman. Mystery surrounded Joe's solo hops in the Flying Cloud, until a sudden rise in Needham Theatre Stock furnished the needed clue. His strongest suit is the control of ferris wheels.

JOHN MATHIAS KENNEDY, III

"Boy! if I'd only sold Radio short!"

Our one hundred and thirty-pound package of T. N. T., has startled the world daily for twenty-one years. For the short-term game there is no sportier stock than Kennedy Common. Don't be misled by the fact that Wellesley lists it as Kennedy Preferred.
JAMES EDWARD KINNEAR
"Going over to Wellesley?"

There are Woolworths and Kresges and Penneys, but there is only one chain store magnet fitted to double for John Gilbert. According to a large portion of the neighboring feminine contingent, our Jimmy is the man. He modestly attributes his success to Hayes' conservative town car and Horrmann's flashy sportif.

WILLIAM LEWIS LASHAR
"Luckily we were doing only seventy-five when he got in the way."

Razors and chains create the big daily problem in Bill's life; shall it be the Pierce Roadster, the Phaeton, the A. C., or ; but there are limits to human endurance and more than once it was only the offer of Gene's Cadillac that prevented suicide.

AVRITT LEMON
"Oh, dearie me!"

With his array of talents Avritt would have positively glittered in the court of the English Charles I. The average American setting of the day is far too pallid to adequately support this cavalier personality. The Lido, Biarritz, and Coral Gables, however, offer backgrounds sympathetic to a free expression of the Lemon accomplishments.
PAUL CHARLES LYTLE

"Any more ads, Art?"

The winner of an Institute scholarship and a resident of Wellesley, Paul has entered many phases of Babson life. His efforts were instrumental in placing this noble book before the public. His bowling was a strong factor in giving the McCormicks so high a ranking in the tournament.

MORRIS DIXON MCCORMICK

"Well, now."

Mac has devoted nine months and $2,000 to long distance correspondence—we only hope he marries the girl. As a matter of fact, his bowling can't escape honorable mention. The McCormick group, ably led by their captain, missed winning the cup by only a hair.

THOMAS GILBERT McFADDEN, Jr.

"Got to do some work tonight."

This pious lad had us all fooled until he was seen in action at a Copley Plaza thé dansante. On the sly he is a Wellesley fusser of no mean ability; and on the Needham alleys he was rather better than McCormick's crew desired.
McCORMICK GIBSON MOORE, Jr.

"Did you ever hear that one about the traveling salesman?"

Bored with the sombre conservativeness of the Hill School dress, Mac, the steel casting peddler, purchased some Cuban fabrics which make a Hallowe'en masquerader resemble a bull broker on a bear market. A prediction: When Mac cannot sell steel, there will be no steel to sell.

MILBURN WILLIAM MURGITTROYD

"You see, there's no money in the candy and cracker game."

Murgy spoke to Lady Luck once—in 1909—but she hasn't answered yet. He thinks the incident of the four A's and the A—has box-office possibilities if screened à la "Broken Blossoms," with his brother in the lead. Personally we think it an achievement of no mean calibre.

LYMAN MARTINEAU NEBEKER

"There's no doubt about it."

The artist's eye and hand, the poet's sensitive heart, the philosophic mind, the jester's happy wit—each is rare and priceless—all are contained in this varied and interesting personality. Travel, too, has played its part in giving "Duke" a broad perspective and a discriminating sense of values.