ACCOUNTING

Hollister—Who was the first bookkeeper?
Jelly—I'll bite.
Hollister—Eve, with her loose leaf system.

Brock—What makes that red spot on your nose?
Sam—Glasses.
Brock—Glasses of what?

AT SMITH’S

Horton—Watcha doing? Watcha name?
Girl—Nothing doing—Helen Smith.
Horton—I know they are strict with you girls there, but I asked your name.

Henderson—All joking aside, these intelligence tests really do indicate those who have brains.
Young—Yes, those who have don’t take them.

OVER THE PHONE

Ross—What time must I come over?
Girl—Come after supper.
Ross—That’s what I am coming after.

Dales—I got Cuba on my Radio last night.
Bingenheimer—That’s nothing, I’ve got Greece on my vest.

Ward—There is something preying on my mind.
Swan—Leave it alone and it will starve to death.

Sarah—You certainly are crazy about women.
Turk—Why shouldn’t I be, half my parents were women.

FASHION NOTES

Paris dressmakers have moved the waistline again, but March says his arm can find it no matter where they put it.
Green—Do you always take the other girls for such long rides?
Jelly—No it isn’t always necessary.

Willman—I am going to a better school after this.
Messenger—So am I.
Willman—Why, are you leaving too?
Messenger—No, I am staying here.

Evans—My father is a doctor, so I can be sick for nothing.
McAlpine—My father is a parson so I can be good for nothing.

FLAPPERS DO WHAT OLD MAIDS THINK.

Jerry—You say that you flunked in accounting? Why I can’t understand it.
Bing.—Same here. That’s why I flunked.

Brock—Gee I made a bad break at dinner last night.
Millea—Don’t tell us the one about the cracked plate.
Brock—No. Mrs. L. asked me if I wouldn’t have some corn. I said sure and passed my glass.

Price—Have you seen Edith lately?
Ward—No. I quit going there because she made suggestive remarks.
Price—What!
Ward—Yes, she was always suggesting shows and things we could go to.

Phillips—I have a chance for the Ball team.
Ford—Why are they going to raffle it off?

Brock—Negroes rarely attain fame.
Hood—I don’t know about that, you hear a lot about Black Jack.

AT THE DANCE

Billie—Shall we Tango?
Hood—it’s all the same to me.
Billie—Yes I noticed that.

SOME GIRLS ARE NOT REALLY BAD, THEY ARE JUST BROADMINDED

In front of Childs—Ed Peer saw a small kid watching a girl in the window baking battercakes.
“Hungry, Kid?” asked Ed.
“Naw,” said the kid, “can’t a fellow look at a swell dame without drawing a mob.”

Dave G.—“Hey, Mr. Mathews, this is the third time I have warned you about obstructing traffic. Get a move on.”
THE Misleading LADY

A Story of Sobs and Smiles---
By an Eye Witness

merely night, just a regular every day night to Dorothy.

Straight away she wandered down the lonely lane to that mansion 'neath the pines, The Laurel House, to tell her troubles to President Coleman. Inquiring for Mr. Coleman, she was requested to climb one flight and to rap on the door of room number one. In answer to her gentle tap, the door was opened by Mr. Coleman who was in the midst of preparing—a speech.

He instantly chose between finishing his speech and interviewing Miss Dorothy Danner from Denver. He chose to interview Dorothy. So, after a moment's hesitation, he invited her in. She went.

After Miss Danner had identified herself and told her story there was nothing to do but discuss the whole situation with Mr. Linnekin. So they were driven over in Mr. Thurlow's car. The Linnekins were not at home but they returned shortly. Mrs. Linnekin came in first, and sensed the situation. Apparently she didn't like women of Dorothy's kind, so after acknowledging the introduction, she excused herself from the room. She was wise.

Then "Gus" came in (that's a friendly way of referring to the Vice President). He was surprised to find the stage set in such fastidious fashion. But Mr. Coleman made the importance of Miss Danner's mission perfectly clear to him. Unlike his wife, "Gus" remained in the room. He had to—not that he was fascinated, but because the situation appeared to him to be very grave.

Being faint hearted, and incidently suspicious, he could stand it for just a little while, then he exclaimed, "There's only one man who can help us iron this thing out. That's John Miller—Send for John!"

Well, Sam Houston was the courier. He too had met Dorothy earlier in the evening, and wondered what was up. His
assistance was needed so he was pledged to secrecy and after he knew the truth he didn’t take such a shine to Dorothy.

Every Babsonite would have been glad of the opportunity that came to Mr. Millea. Such a privilege as this seldom comes to anyone. To be called to ease the heart pangs of a girl of Dorothy Danner’s distinction is indeed a rare experience.

Such a task was Millea’s, and gloriously did he perform it.

It has since been suggested that he be awarded the Croix de Guerre, done in red flannel and hung by a blue ribbon from the left lapel of his tunic; also he should be highly commended for the interest and earnest endeavor he put forth in trying to maintain the spotless reputation of Babson Institute.

THE PLOT THICKENS

As this depressing cloud was settling over Wellesley Hills, Mr. Millea, arrived home from his big club in Boston. He had donned his decorative bathrobe and had just gained a toe-hold in his bedroom slippers and with the possible exception of his night-cap, he was well started toward dreamland.

Shielded by a smoke screen from his evening’s cigar, he sat there ‘neath the reading lamp, scanning the news of the day in The Townsman, when suddenly he heard a knock on the window. (Doorbell out of order). The only knock he will knowingly permit is usually found in his car. This sudden knock was but the alarm sounded by Sam Houston, the courier from the house of Linnekin. Sam delivered the message announcing the grand conference being held there between President Coleman, Vice President Linnekin, and this strange Western damsel from Denver.

Mr. Millea’s first interrogation was:
“What does she look like?”

“Not so hot.”

Then Millea said, “I’m ready for bed, but you may ‘phone me when you get back if it’s urgent business, and I’ll come over for a little while.” The courier returned to the Linnekin’s and delivered the message from John.

Mr. Linnekin, realizing that the psychological moment was at hand, immediately telephoned Millea, and requested him to come post haste—much trouble brewing, et cetera.

AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY A NEW ONE BEGINS

THE clock in the tower struck twelve. Millea arrived in his speeding Hudson car. He was immediately ushered into the room and introduced to a sobbing woman with an apparent past and not a very promising future. Messrs. Coleman and Linnekin carefully outlined all particulars attending her visit. They told who she was—where she came from—what she came for—and how long she was going to stay. ‘Twas a sad, sad tale they told. A tall of Love and Adventure—mostly adventure.

Mr. Millea engaged Miss Danner in conversation, likewise did Mr. Coleman and Mr. Linnekin, until all the facts in this unusual and most pathetic case were faithfully unfolded, as follows:

‘Twas a dark and stormy night when Miss Danner and Mr.—

_The real inside dope on this scene in “The Fatal Wedding” has been deleted by the Board of Censorship at Babson Park._

At one dramatic and hysterical moment, on learning that the lady was accustomed to her fag, Millea rose to the heights of chivalry and insisted that she accept a cigarette, and smoke, and try to get hold of herself, to calm herself. “Compose yourself!” he pleaded, “We are all ready to help you, we are going to help you, but you must help us help you.”

At this crisis Mrs. Linnekin entered with her gracious manner, and a luncheon tray. Miss Danner was rather reluctant to accept such hospitality, perhaps more because of her highly excited condition than because she was in the habit of refusing a good feed. However, she did succeed in slightly regaining her composure, and partook sparingly of the sandwiches and grape-juice. These refreshments gave her a new lease of life, and with it more emotional power. If Charles H. Fletcher could have heard Dorothy cry, he would prescribe the usual dose of Castoria.

It developed, during the thirty odd moments of dramatic suspense, that the woman of mystery had been parking at the Parker House. The last train having long since gone, Miss Danner requested that someone take her to the hotel. Mr. Millea was equally ready to rise to this occasion as he did to those preceding it, “We’re going to take you back;” said he;—

(Continued on page 47)
Forecasting

June, 1944

I had worked hard for twenty years trying to earn my daily bread and I decided, at last, that I should have a vacation. Now the great problem confronting every one who anticipates a vacation is: "Where shall I spend the few weeks that are to be my own?" After careful consideration of this most momentous of questions, I decided to look up my old classmates who had been with me at Babson Institute.

With this end in view, I made the initial plunge and my first stop was Columbus, Georgia, where I looked up my old friend, Billie Ford. As I neared his home, I saw at the entrance a large crowd. Being somewhat puzzled as to the cause for such a demonstration I asked a passer-by what the reason was for such a gathering and I was informed that the crowd was merely Mr. Ford's family. Though somewhat shaken up at this information I made my way into the house, found Billie and met his charming wife. Billie had made a wonderful success and seemed to be very happy.

Unfortunately my time was limited so I left almost immediately for Miami where I met Jack Young. Jack was still in the Real Estate game and owned about 90% of the land in Florida; the remaining 10% was owned by Babson. Jack was greatly disturbed because he had to take me around in a Rolls Royce as his airplane was being repaired.

The next person I met was Fred Mewhinney. He had, in the last twenty years, become the Candy King of America. The New England Confectionery Company and Brock's Big Stick had been put out of business. I also met his beautiful wife, Mary, who undoubtedly was responsible for his great success. From here I left for Pittsburgh.

In Pittsburgh I found Sam Houston and was surprised to find him single. On asking him the reason for his bachelorhood Sam said to me: "Bill, I have always said that women and liquor were the ruination of the world." I was sorry to hear Sam say that for I know quite a few women who have been cheated
out of a good husband. I also saw Tom Toohill. Tom had made a lot of money in establishing fool-proof accounting systems.

Big Rapids was my next stop. The first thing I saw there was a big sign bearing the inscription:

**VENEER AND PAINTS**

I knew that was Tom Hoyd. I found him in a large office magnificently furnished and asked him how he had made such a success. He informed me that it was all in reading Babson Reports and educating the public to use veneer for everything, including golf balls, china plates, etc.

I wanted very much to get back to Boston so I left Big Rapids and started for the Industrial Center, the Bean Center and center of the worst climate in the world. I went first to Wellesley Hills where I learned that Willman had taken over the B. S. O. and had greatly improved the methods set forth by my friend, Roger W. I was quite surprised to find Charlie Cohoon head of a company manufacturing portable brick houses. Corporal Taylor was a thriving financier in Wellesley, despite the fact that the Wellesley College girls persisted in handing out cold checks. I learned from Cohoon that Frank Mars- ton was a large shoe manufacturer. Paul Sadler owned many hydro-electric plants and was still shooting golf. I was also told that all of the class of 1924 were very successful—or married!

On my way home I stopped in Richmond and found Henry Phillips a thriving manufacturer of dice (loaded and otherwise). He told me it was a much more profitable business than real estate.

It grieved me sorely not to be able to visit all of my old friends but time was pressing and a poor man's time is never his own, so I started for home to resume the burdens of a poor broken-down family man.
MISS Ives was our coed the first term and Miss Reed came with us the second term, and, oh, what a difference they made! Every student kept his hair combed and his shoes shined. It was a great sight:

Every one admits that our coeds are good looking, in fact, they were so good looking that it was necessary to enclose their desk on the first floor, surround it with barbed wire entanglements, machine guns, etc., to keep out the host of admirers.

They say beauty is only skin deep but the beauty of our coeds was more than skin deep—if they had not been so pleasant, so charming, so "everything" that goes to make up personality, we would not express our sentiments so freely. We were extremely fortunate this year in having Miss Ives and Miss Reed with us.
May 17, 1924.

Dear Babsonians:

For most of you now the days of supervised study are over. You are well equipped to perform a man’s task in an outside world and “Tomorrow” you'll start digging your way into a business structure as hard as the finest diamond and as cold as liquid air.

Things won't come easy. You will make fine progress and suddenly disaster will come and wipe out everything you have built up. You’re bound to suffer and be bitterly disappointed at times and if you are and you need something to give you a new grip on things, perhaps a re-reading of the following will help you a lot.

Eight years ago on Christmas afternoon I received a letter from one of the finest men it has ever been my privilege to know, the late Dr. Levi M. Powers, who was pastor at that time of the oldest Universalist Church in the country, at Gloucester, Mass. Probably this letter was a duplicate of eight or ten which he sent to the members of his Sunday School class. I have never inquired of any of my old classmates who studied under him because I like to think that his letter was written only to me and because I have never heard from any of the other boys I imagine they feel the same way.

But now for the first time I’d like to share this letter with someone and if you Babsonians of 1924 will substitute Commencement for Christmas I think you will read into your hearts a resolve that will strengthen you all the days of your business life.

"I am thinking of you not because it is Christmas but because you are young and all the world is before you; because you can do anything and be anything that you desire, if only you desire it enough. Think of it! The world all before you! Everything possible now!"

"By the time you are twenty-five, half of the doors of opportunity will be closed, by the time you are thirty-five, nearly all will be closed, but now you can select the object you wish, and if you keep it before you, reach it in time; only you must make no mistakes. Mistakes are for old folks, whose lives are nearly gone and therefore cannot be spoiled.

"But you must be strong to say yes to the good and no to what is not good, and so, with work and faith and a good conscience and trust in God, you will arrive.

"I am thinking of you often for I want you to be all that you can be."

Because we are human we need to feel that someone is thinking of us and wishing us luck in whatever enterprise we tackle. And no one of us is alone, we all have a mother or father, wife or sweetheart who is backing us for all their worth. With them behind you, fellows, don’t think of failure or bad luck or discouragement, even tho I have mentioned these things. Just go on and on and on. The Alumni wishes you every success and welcomes every man of you.

Faithfully yours,

Babson Institute Alumni Association,

Winslow L. Webber

President.

Class of 1924,
Babson Institute,
Babson Park, Mass.