"The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking."
INFORMALS
They have heads and they use them.

THE ANCIENT ROYAL ORDER OF GOATS

Caprigenous, from the Latin meaning goat, is indeed a noble word. As the word, so goes the beast. In all zoology there is no more rightly honored being than this glint-eyed, sharp-horned quadruped. Pax Vobiscum on his tin consuming soul. From the aristocrats of far Angora to the bearded ones of shanty town, goats have ever carried with them that air of strength and distinction so characteristic of the noble race.

Thus it is at Babson. These chosen sons of Capricornus have risen to the honor due their kind. That force that tips the hand of fate, that secret force that makes men supermen selects the men of Babson’s only honorary.

Amen.

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MEMORY TICKLERS

One, two, three. Hello Sweetheart! — oh, yes, recall the Kiesterr making a ritzy polo pony out of the dear madam's jackass — and the time when Mecherly chinned himself on his bumper? — Sure do wish the Oklahoma Indian warhoops wouldn't echo around the dorm what you scared of Aiken? — faintly remember the ill nite Memphis Joe made Evans look as though he were running backwards — and the Bish doing a ballet four-forty through the snow? — My, my no trou . . .! — Wolcott sounds off ta-ta-ta.— Everybody ! ! ! Send me a telegram like the last, huney — and when Olie or Jerry come around, hide your dough, that is if you have any. — Anyhow, they tell me that Cupid socked it to the Great, Great Buddha, I mean bud: — Crafty is still puzzled about that Bermuda trip — why not buy the tavern, Jason? — Quit pointing at me, McVicar — See Johnny Millea always doing his healthy thirty-five miles an hour — The Big Bad Wolf may be from Maine, but who's afraid of Crandall, or sumpin — Paul Revere and Babson came all the way from Boston — but the big Vermont moon never sets before dawn — Distribution puts the out in the Finance inning — a little far, but you'll guess. — But what about Dadson's canny camera assisting Nero Fay on the blinker?
Darned if we know, even if the Swede did get a lift to Natick — which puts Iowa right next to the Corn Cob Club of Nebraska — What's the correlation coefficient between Florida and Harry's trip to town . . . we know — and finally McDuff espied the open twenty-four hour dining room — "round-and-round" never got you home Faulkner — Is it a ten-cent one, Gordy? — Who won the prize as sleeping beauty on the desk top? . . . no, it wasn't Hitler's beach wagon — Oh, Shux, the socialist lost the balloon bombardment. Casualty, one hand congress passed a law. No sneakers and rolled-up cuffs on Broadway flash, flash. Flash the short-time Schlitz engagement — or was it four in one — as in a well trained gladiolus orchard — Let's have a flower garden, a sweet buttercup bouquet and a curly tupee . . . and then Fittzie plays doctor — Harvard, Halibut, Hades; bahoons, babies, Babson Griff applied as Webster's understudy — Smoky Joe, the Babson grind — Babson knows he's no angel; but Doc Coleman takes it from Mae West — You know, we know there is a Penn timber Baron amongst us — and around us there is a Conn. statistician — 99, 100, 101, 102 — am I nuts? Maybe the world is — maybe Donley didn't go to Goffs Falls — why not drive all the cars back? Conant skates while Patterson sets his traps, or perhaps they both set traps — Some new guys came not long ago; may the Dean keep them from any of the foregoing pitfalls!
IN APPRECIATION

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