Babsonian Reports
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SCANDAL SUPPLEMENT
CONTINUOUS LURKING PANS FOR YOUR MONEY

Our current study for this week is Babson Institute—organized not for profit! This school is a good buy if you want a long pull—a long hard pull. It sells now for $2000 per share. However, the price may skyrocket to almost any old figure, what with the new dormitories, airplane landing fields, and so forth, that are being projected. Reserve a share of this for your grandson, if possible, and save yourself some real money. Nobody knows what may happen if there is a merger with Webber College. That will be 6-16-94.

The detailed material concerning the Institute which we have gathered on the following pages for your edification, elevation, and information is the result of months of study and investigation. Our experts have been on the grounds. We have read the Institute catalog and we believe just as much of it as you do. We are always seeking to present the facts as they ought to be and as our clients like to have them. Stick to the Babsonian for safety. Remember who forecasted the big break last fall—Remember.

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The Boston and Albany local shuddled out from Boston and came to a jerky stop at Wellesley Hills station. We climbed out of the car with the self-conscious expression on our faces of those who were being watched by people peering out from behind their newspapers. We took a short ride up to the Institute. Mr. Burt, the old 73-7-21, met us. "Hello, sucker," says he. "Says you," says we. We looked around the Manor and finally found some towels. It wasn't such a bad joint. It has a nice tennis court annexed. You can't use it in the afternoons though—it wouldn't be fair to the other students. Next morning we went over to see Eleanor. She said she had had a lot of letters from us and that she would be pleased to have a check. Eleanor trundles us in to see Dr. Coleman. "He likes to speak to all the new men personally, you know." The old Doc is beaming at seeing such bright looking fellows coming to the school this year. "Yes, boys, the
Institute is neither business nor school, just a careful blending of the two. It is a funny way he has of balancing those peanut-sized glasses over his ear. Next, we had the psychological test. "If John is the son of James and James is the father of John is Peter a 6-22-28?"

The first day of school was quite funny. Everybody went around introducing himself to everyone else—sometimes several times. There seemed to be dozens of Culver men—too 43-31 many. For the first day or so we could not tell Mr. Babson and Dr. Coleman apart due to the similarity of beards and other hairy adornments. However we soon found that the tall man in riding breeches was Roger and the short stocky man was George. The first few days we referred to the manager of Park Manor as Mr. Burt. However as his liver grew worse we began to bear him referred to as Burt the old 94-16-81.
Mr. Henderson won our hearts the first day by telling us a good sexy Psychology story. You know that boy, Hendy, knows a lot of things our minister doesn’t know. I’ll bet he learned them in one of Doc Coleman’s “Bull Pens”—Certainly not at the social intercourses.

We soon found out that the funny little man scooting around Lyon building was Dean Johnnie Miller. He gave us 38-42 the first week but according to Hendy’s Psych book it was only his inferiority complex manifesting itself. However, the dean is a good skate.

Mr. Anthony later known as Tony went over big with the boys from the start. Jim Matthews made his big impressions at the first public speaking session by telling us about his auto trip through the West, how good he was, etc. Later on after we had heard the same thing several more times Jim began to get the reputation of a
Mr. Fitz is a great big fellow. He spent much of his time this year in reducing. He only eats three oranges, two eggs, and five pieces of toast for breakfast whereas he used to eat three oranges, two eggs, and five pieces of toast.

Mr. Canfield comes from out in the Indian territory and still retains that quaint Indian expression, "How, how."

It was comical to see how strange we were with the secretaries the first few days. We called them Miss and they called us Mr. and we sat on the chairs—straight. It was not more than three days later that we were sitting on the corner of the desks calling them Josephine and they were calling us Joe. We had also divided the secretaries as to those who would and who would not—talk. Also we used them as a source of information for some of our problems such as how many pairs
of shoes would a woman be content to select from and how many kinds and number of the flimsy bonnets (same as doo-dads) the average girl owns. We also found out which of the girls that were best for the different kinds of letters. Frankie could write a letter home that would bring an extra large check from Dad even a few days after he received Bertie Canfield's insidious mid-term comment.

And say, it didn't take Dunlop long to find out that Jinnie could write a love letter that would burn up the Institute's special organized-not-for-profit stationery. On the other hand the studious boys found that "Cal" could improvise on factory reports better than most of them could dictate which accounts for the many blurred records she received. Miss Wing would never kid much—I'll bet she took the Babson catalogue seriously especially that part about a proper business atmosphere.
Along about mid-term Peg Dobney came in and said, "She can do things besides type—get her to recite "Izzy hold the baby while momma gets from out the Boston bag the bottle."

Esther Baker we soon found out was a good listener. Whenever Lieutenant Grimes couldn't get an audience in the boiler room or whenever he wanted a little more refined audience he would tell Miss Baker about the evils of Prohibition, the curse of unpreparedness, or why we should have a quartermaster's corps. Married men appreciate a woman that will listen—MacMahon, Skaggs, Graham, Ballard, and Schafer all agree with the lieutenant.

Perkie certainly knows the kind of cars she likes to ride home in. Quite regularly she passes up lifts in Johnnie's Hup only to struggle down in the front seat of the gray phantom. "No harm done," sez we, but when Bob Clark doesn't come...
to class the next morning we begin to wonder.

Miss Hitchcock is Johnnie Miller's right-hand man. She pays out traveling allowances for factory trips and I warn you—don't try padding the expense account.

"Cuddie" Toy is quite fond of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. It is said that she has them for breakfast, bran in her soup at noon, and Kellogg's Rice Krispies at night. Perhaps she takes a package to bed with her but we imagine they are about in the category at eating crackers in bed—which is a bad habit.

"Be" Mann was a blushing, demure young lady when she first came to the Institute. After reading that recent book, "Sex Factors in the Lives of Twenty-two Hundred Women" she has completely gotten away from her old embarrassment and is now developing quite a technique. Miss Richmond, the prim little New Englander,