is now reading the book, and we may expect results in a short time.

Mary Ford, otherwise known as Bobbie, takes dictation in the Bryant Building. Besides taking dictation she is rather adept at writing letters, to some people in particular. It is rumored that they must be handled with asbestos gloves.

"Mac" MacKenzie is the other night club hostess in the Bryant Building. Mac had a "Little Accident" this year—just her name for an Essex car.

Mrs. Clark spends most of her time as valet extraordinary and lady-in-waiting to Dick Genius. Whoever picked Eleanor as house detective for Lyon Hall certainly did a good job. She can spot Galiff punching out Sampson even if Tiny Thompson and Lou Durbin stand between her and the time clock.

I wish we had some pictures of the Babson dances—Johnnie in his soup and fish; the dance committee—Durbin, Sampson, Boone, and Quar...
ton at the door to collect $1.00 bills—Red Stockbridge, the watchman, to carry out his orders. The hot orchestra and the not-so-hot Wellesley girls, and a picture of Doc Coleman doing the waltz of 1898 with Mrs. Clark and Bliven doing the fandango of 1910.

On the subject of student activities we have to use discretion—for instance we can’t tell about the activities around the Beacon light because Knight and Yetter wouldn’t buy our book. Also, we can’t tell you about another great student activity because it isn’t any more—Burt the old 96-54-31 broke up the crap game. There is one student activity that is still flourishing and that is kidding the secretaries—Lieutenant Grimes, Dunlop, McQuiston, and Leigh are past masters of the art—why they even had Virginia in doubt as to where her Essex came from.

Bridge games gained in popularity during Easter vacation. For a while it was looked upon as a sissy’s game but when Reg Quarton, Hawkshaw
Bianchi, and Birdie Smith took it up there was no question about it. The highlight of the bridge season was when Birdie Smith doubled his partner's bid.

I've been told that some of the boys get up early Sunday morning and ride. There are only a few who would do a thing like that and they would include Paul Revere, Barney Google, John Kellogg, Noesca Leigh, Mallalieu, and Kahn.

Things happen at the Manor with a bang and then old Burt, the old 48-36-21, reports someone for throwing firecrackers. Not more than half the fellows complained about Park Manor when there was an epidemic of camel's hairs in the bocciins and only three-fourths of them yelled when Burt's liver was untasty, but the insult of the year was when we had to write a Park Manor advertisement for Mr. Thurlow. We didn't know whether to tell the truth and flunk the course or to write a good advertisement and have Dunlop's "Better Business Bureau" get us.
The winter outing at Nashua was one of the pleasant breaks of the winter—Johnnie Millea nearly broke his 14-5. After the Dean had high-pressured the trip for three weeks and almost gave us extra free hours if we would go we had our doubts about the place. However, it turned out the best ever. Doc Coleman wore knickers and a cossack hat and went in for tobogganning. Johnnie and the other younger boys went in for skiing. Reg Quarshin kicked himself on the head with a ski; the people's choice Jim McQuiston fainted and Duke Wellington sprained a leg. Others injured were three cement bags that were literally thrown out of the country club just before bedtime.

Wellesley College was a winter resort for some of the boys taking the Production course. Some of the sons of prominent business men found it easier to study psychology in the raw than to read Hendy's bulletins. There was a scarcity of heifers
about Babson Park for experimental purposes but there were always plenty of Wellesley flappers.

The Production boys usually get a little diversion every Tuesday afternoon. The Little Corporal with a big cigar in his mouth tucks the Babsonian Babies in their Packards and cautions them "not to drive over 35 miles an hour and to follow me." He then proceeds to set a pace somewhere between 50 and 60. When we get to the factory Bruce Denison wants to know if they are going to give us anything to eat; Romer wants to know who is going to take notes for the gang; and Bill Schaefer starts making a detailed drawing. The rest of the group try to solve the great problem of the Ford Plant—what the men do when they want to 32-4 or get a drink. Kellogg, on the other hand, asks a lot of hard questions much to Johnny's delight, the guide's chagrin, and to our disgust.

The other trips were to the Federal Reserve
where the boys held fifty thousand dollars—behind locked doors. One group went to the fish market where someone slipped a dead fish in Skaggs’ pocket. However, the big trip of the year was to the Worcester Insane Asylum. Here we met Amos—Bliven says that boy (?) has possibilities—on the stage. We also saw the Hobo Boy who took four glasses of beer in Hackensack and went nuts. Then there was a girl who was almost as antagonistic as Boone in Hendy’s class. However, the doctor impressed on us that we were all insane at times only we didn’t get caught. The people at Worcester were no different from most people. There were hardly any that looked wilder than Skaggs when he made his W-I-N talk, all dressed more sanely than Langenberg, and we didn’t find a one that could talk as irrationally or as extravagantly as Dunlop.

The Institute gets together three days a week—Public Speaking and Hygiene, Friday P.M. Movies,
and Saturday morning speakers, and the greatest of these is the Friday afternoon movies. Everyone collects at Dolan's Pharmacy, the honest boys buy lollipops, ice cream cones, and cakes. The cheap skates read the magazines, bum cigarettes, and look thirsty. When we get in the movies and finally get Johnnie to acknowledge our presence we hear the scandal of the week. Miss Hayward has reported that Mable, the secretary, punched Joe's time card and will be given her choice of going to Wellesley College or getting fired the next time it happens. Phil Burt the old 49-35-72 has reported that the boys have been playing golf in the third floor hall. Eleanor reports that the secretaries' safe has been entered and $126 worth of stamps and ink taken (incidentally some exam papers were also gone). The lights go out and the noises start and subsequently the pictures. For two reels we see how the X. Y. Z. Company supply their employees with clean milk, big league base-
bulls, homely nurses, and happy children. The next and last reel shows a lot of men rushing around abnormally. Someone hollers fake, someone else hollers five o'clock and the movies are over.

The outside speakers come every Saturday morning. They tell us about the glories of the X. Y. Z. Company, Henry Dennison, or Filene. When they are through Skaggs asks them how much they had when they started in life and what the best field a man graduating from Babson could enter.

Once in a while we get a honey out here like 51-79-24. However, that day we were fortunate in having a double attraction—the airplane taking the boys to Yale was here. Presy was greatly chagrinned by our coming in late. I think he was 26-49-71 lucky in getting anyone to listen to anything.

The public speaking class opened with a speech
by Jim Matthews which lasted for the eighteen sessions. Of course, Skaggs and Dunlop interrupted occasionally but in the main Jim did the talking. For several weeks before, Jim talked on his forthcoming airplane trip to Tulsa and for several weeks after he told us how "Papa" felt in the casket gray airplane. However, the boys had their inning for on the last day of the course we had a pseudo banquet (not a banquet where pseudo are served). At the banquet Jim promised not to talk. You know it must be 49-36 to give a party with free ice cream, cake, and flowers, 'n' everything and not be able to talk—especially if you happen to be Jim Matthews. And besides Hendy told me that Jim was taken for a ride in one of the impersonations. Shelly was toastmaster.

We tried to get Abbe's picture but the boy was practicing sleeping for Canfield's class. But say, talk about trouble getting snapshots—this boy
Aycock was the worst ever; no he wasn't bashful, and he wasn't hard to find, but to get him with his mouth closed so we could get a picture of his face was nigh an impossible.

You notice that in Ballard's picture there is a pitch fork. That really shouldn't be there for George is not that kind of a boy. The fact is that Ballard is on his way to present the fork to the 24-19 Club composed of Denloup, Jim Matthews, Morgan and R. Thompson.

We got a picture of Lou Caron but it's not the one we would like to have. If we only had a picture of Lou thanking Jim Matthews for his mid-term comment or a snap of Lou consoling Canfield for losing the bowling meet then we would have a picture. In his snapshot Fergy looks like Napoleon and by the way he keeps the Babsonian staff working you would think he was Simon Legree. But getting back to Napoleon, it will be Fergy's Waterloo if this book is not out on time.