We came to Babson as strangers, questioning, seeking, apprehensive of what lay ahead.

From varied backgrounds we became a part of a campus steeped in tradition with great potential for growth and change.

We laughed.
We loved.
We cried.
We learned.
We grew together.

We made a commitment that a community with a defined management purpose alive with activities would benefit from our dedicated involvement.

We have experienced a unique sharing pooling our interests and enriching ourselves and our community.

Entwined in this collage of experiences we touched Babson and Babson became a part of our lives forever.

Debra Amidon Rogers
AND HERE!

"Entering the Babson Community"... a phrase that one hears countless times before his four years as a member of that community come to an end. It is only in retrospect that the Babson student comes to realize that he was in fact an integral part of a self contained establishment which was both given to and taken from during his stay. Struggling through "Prob. and Stat.", his first all nighter, learning to live with lines and empty mail boxes (thank goodness for the Free Press). The big move up the Hill, Spring break on the strip, mid-term warnings, Trim food, and loosing your voice at a Championship game... It is these small details which go unnoticed, yet play such a large role in the molding of each member of the community.