GROWING...

... growing pains? We've not been without them, for they are the price paid to endure. Born each year by the dialogues of living and learning, some remain, while others burgeon into a reality and maturity that is success. Together, they make Babson: one collective, breathless life, whose culmination lies within these pages...

More Brains And Bodies...

"Welcome to Babson! I am happy you chose to come and happy to be able to extend to you my personal greeting," began President Sorensen, addressing the class of 1980.

The audience exuded a sense of excitement, ignited by the annual wedding of presidential greetings and heightened anticipation... The years to come... what did they hold in store...

The President's words intruded, once more, on the aggregate of all the many questions and uncertainties. "Before I try to tell you a little about yourselves," More sets of ears sat listening than had ever sat listening before, and according to the Office of Admissions, the sum of what lay between those ears constituted, academically, the brightest class ever admitted to Babson.

The creamier crop was, in part, due to the 100% increase in applications submitted over the last four years, the College Fact Sheet indicating that 47.3% of the entering class had exited from the top one-fifth of their high school class, 83% from the top two-fifths.

In addition to the brains, there were more bodies, as well, sixty-one, to be exact... the latter unfortunately taking up more room than the former.

Babson was growing, indeed, committed to pursue the goal of number one school of management in the country. There would be many dues to pay along the way, and many benefits to reap. Babson students had both to look forward to.
On September 16, 1977, the names of eighty-three students appeared on the housing waiting list. Economics? The national trend termed "return to campus"? Whatever the reason, the reality was serious. An unprecedented number of seniors had opted to maintain residence on campus, and wielding seniority over underclassmen, the situation left many students without a dormitory to call home.

Maple Manor, became the second building on the campus of Dana Hall to be rented by Babson in order to accommodate forty-two men, and a twelve mile radius was imposed, giving housing preference to those coming from outside its border.

The housing task force completed a study on the most efficient use of existing housing, which broke several rooms into triples, a kind of buffer zone be-

A snake-like appendage to the Annex, it weaved along the path and down College Drive, gradually easing its great body into the building and then dispersing ... and it rained, as seemed always the case on the morning of Fall registration.

Toting umbrellas and computer printouts, the snake assembled once more, only this time it had shortened and widened. Moving just as gradually as before, it filled the Bookstore to capacity.

The crowd could have been avoided by coming just one day earlier, but for most, the thought did not occur until until induced by the last minute realization ... somehow, the memory of last year's line had faded.

tween last minute vacancies and being left out in the cold. Nevertheless, residents of the effected areas produced a collective outcry.

Letters to the Editor provided the field on which attacks and rebuttals battled. The result? The south end of Coleman was slated for renovation by Fall, 1977, incurring an estimated cost of $227,000, and which, when completed, could double occupancy. Other longer range proposals included renovation of Forest Hall, the north side of Coleman and construction of a new dorm ... only time will tell of the progress made toward these remedies and of their ability to mitigate the continuing housing crunch.
body takes its turn performing the human
doorstep function on the way into Trim Inn. As
the semester progressed, students came to
realize that the break between the last morn-

Just In Time For Lunch...

... And more lines, as each

ing class and the first afternoon class was
simply not enough time to travel the length
of the path to Trim and then down the ramp,
in order to satisfy the rumblings of famine
resulting from the grueling process ... so near and yet, so far ... the students, faculty and groups such as those affectionately referred to as The Flying Nun and Crew and the Rookies had produces too many sardines for the can ...

'All I Want's A Coke'

Perhaps the 180% increase in the Dry Dock's clientele was in part due to a discouraged overflow of students from Trim ... an increase and overflow which often left the hamburger still mooing and minus the pickle and chips, and which, more seriously, caused the demise of a student run business. On Friday, October 1, The Dry Dock was turned over to Saga Foods. The current student owner, of only three weeks, has resigned, following a bitter controversy regarding the granting of the license, citing the administration as "stifling" the changes he wished to make. And so, Mother Saga came to the rescue. With her she brought a little better service, and a lot better menu, but left behind the tiffany lamps, the aquarium and planters, the void a fading memory of one student's fading dream ...

'No More Purple Chairs'...

The bad news came on November 29. Wellesley College's Clapp Library had taken inventory and had found forty percent of its human stock belonging to Babson. Employing the LIFO method, Babson students, in turn, found themselves the last ones in and the first ones out in the cold. The College explained that the main reason for the action was that the final examination period was approaching and room for Wellesley's own students had to be insured.

Prior to the restrictions, finding a ride on the nightly caravan to the Clapp Library was a simple task, for the walking campus took to wheels, leaving behind Sir Issac Newton, who did his best to seat two-hundred students ... but somehow, the orange chairs upstairs just weren't the same ...

Hello...

Theft and vandalism had plagued the computer center in Babson Hall for some time. Finally, the last straw caused restrictions on the all night hours. Terminals were available during the day and closed at night. The result was an overload, not of information but of bodies, waiting to sign on ...
caused the weekly creation of a deadly blanket of smoke, and which, after a moderately heated debate, was confined to the back of the room.

News of mutual discomforts surfaced and resulted in Student Government relinquishing its paneled domain to the sorority and taking up residence in the Fo'c'sle, which was soon made more inhabitable by carpeting, sofas and draperies, the composite an intriguing combination of design and color, to say the least ...

A A C S B Accreditation ... 

"Questions have been raised concerning whether or not the considerable human and financial effort called for by the accreditation process is worthwhile, even to achieve a competitive status.

This statement appeared in a briefing written by Dr. Walter Carpenter, V.P. of Academic Affairs, regarding Babson's possible future accreditation by the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business (AACSBI). The accrediting body, scheduled to visit Babson in February of 1978, will at that time determine the acceptability or nonacceptability of the College as an accredited member of the Assembly.

Carpenter believes that accreditation at this time is a wise move, enabling the College to assume a competitive position in the market, where the number of potential students appears to be headed downwards. He also believes that the goals of the College are in concert with the standards of the AACSBI.

Yet, questions raised by the faculty persist. "The argument for the 1980's is not a strong one, because no one knows what is going to happen. It may turn out to be a large invest-
ment in something that we really don't need," stated one professor.
"Accreditation influences every decision made by the faculty and administration. That little book is always there. Once the standards are gotten, you can do nothing contrary to them," said another.

Despite dissention within the ranks, the administration continues to support the move towards accreditation, meeting with members of the Assembly and preparing for the February visitation to Babson.

--- Ever Try Dynamite? ---

With the increase in students and faculty members, the mailroom experienced a crunch of its own. A's were sharing with Z's and worse than this, less aggressive box mates often found themselves minus their copy of the latest FREE PRESS... funny how the monthly book bills were never missing...

In an effort to alleviate the alphabetic chaos, new and different boxes were installed. When students returned following vacation, they found a blessing transformed into a great grey nightmare. Gone were the simple letters. Babson students had been foiled, finally, by numbers worthy only of "It Takes a Thief."
In The Halls Of Academia

The "NO PETS" signs posed no deterrent. Man's (and woman's) best friends were finding their way into the classroom with increased frequency, much to the chagrin of many an agitated professor. In fact, by mid semester, it appeared as though nearly every student on campus came equipped with a canine companion. Concern mounted in the Dry Dock as these hairy "non-persons" began joining in the festivities of lunch and dinner. Ousted from that newly found domain, they prowled the Formal Lounge searching for wayward munchers, while anxiety continued to grow in yet another area ... exactly whose responsibility was it to remove the rememberances left behind by these members of dogdom, in the halls of academia?
They're Here To Stay...

With the Cushman killed on the corner of College Drive and Map Hill Road, Babson Security purchased a new Maverick to be used in addition to the old vehicles. With the increase of activity on the campus, explained Lieutenant Park, there was a need for added vehicle protection.

"Our campus isn't as isolated as it once was," stated one administrator. "Crime is on the increase in the suburbs and we are getting our fair share of it."

And the ten man security force got their share of "snoozing on the job" accusations, too, as several accounts of stolen cars and vans were reported, the wooden gates providing no barrier for determined thieves.

In November it was announced that the force had been authorized to carry mace, needed to protect the men protecting the College against armed perpetrators.

But for most students, Security's most powerful weapon remained the ticket, not so much for speeding (though the Department did acquire a radar unit) but for parking, and just about everywhere, it seemed, save the maxi lot.

The crunch came with a rash of ticketing one November weekend. Overnight inhabitants of the Administration parking lot and the cul de sac found themselves the proud possessors of $10. fines, equivalent to the $2. fines incurred for the same infraction in the town of Wellesley.

Babson Park Dr., the only sanctuary left for aberrant parkers, was captured by the town police, soon after. "They weren't happy with the way we were handling violations," said Drapeau, "and now they are here to stay."
Relevant to the artistic creation of ideas and to the successful management of human affairs, the communication process was everywhere employed at Babson, yet nowhere instructed. Fortunately, the need was finally acknowledged by students, faculty and administrators, but not before encountering a fair share of detours along the yellow brick road to improvement. It was the same old vicious circle cycling through once more. Students feared that a petition would get lost in the labyrinth of administrative red tape, while administrators awaited a unified indication of student interest before initiating action.

The waiting game was put to an end during the fall semester by the committee established in favor of public speaking. Headed by a group of zealous students, a petition bearing nearly seven hundred signatures, was readied for presentation to the administration. (Petitioners strategically placed inside the Annex during September registration, had been asked to leave, understandably, and relocating on the other side of the wall, were let back in only after Mother Nature intervened, dropping a rainy curtain of the breach of justice!)

Impressed by this collective student appeal, the newly established Undergraduate Planning and Review Board considered it a top priority concern, appointing a sub committee composed of several faculty members and a student representative, to determine the needs of the proposed course and its scope.

Upon submission of their final report, Prof. Sydel Sokovitz was hired to begin research, one semester early, on a course of study in speech communication for inclusion in the Undergraduate curriculum.
The giant lines at 12:20 each Tuesday and Thursday, extending the length of the path leading to Trim, were the result of a scheduling change initiated two years before, and although there was an initial sign of relief at the sight of construction, it was soon learned that the expansion of the dining hall would do little to alleviate the problem.

Instead, the primary goal of the expansion was to ease the squeeze for the Continuing Education program, currently increasing in size.

Work on the addition began on August 19th and with it came new restrictions on parking, tons of dust and a noise level which rivaled even the cafeteria’s sound system.

The new facilities, costing approximately $350,000 to $375,000 were completed in nearly record time, despite a bitterly cold winter, and currently provide not only for the Continuing Education program, but for guest lectures, banquets, and cocktail parties, in addition to a new faculty dining area and lounge.

Coat hanging facilities and pigeon holes for books were installed for students, a welcome relief for those souls still trusting in the honor system, while for all, the customary crunch at lunch and dinner remained.

The 1.5 million dollar Recreation Center suffered a moderate loss during its first year of operation. Expectations for the coming fiscal year, however, beginning in September, include that of a profit.

According to Nat Esten, President and General Manager of the Rec Center, one reason contributing to the loss was the 3 week delay in opening the facilities. Many prospective members, believing that the center would not be open before the first of the year, took their business elsewhere.
"There are always problems during the first year," stated one Babson administrator. The 8 Plexi-Cushion courts proved to have fewer problems, however, in comparison with the hockey complex, where there was a greater delay in construction and where here continues to exist a consistently higher level of overhead.

In addition to the 20 hours of court time available each week to Babson students, there is a special treat in store. Under the contract terms, Babson College will be the one and only owner of the Rec Center in the year 2016, just as the Class of '77 prepares to retire their tennis sneakers in favor of the less taxing Pong.

Where'd They Go '77

What ever happened to Babson Recycling? The question was tossed around student Government meetings like a frisbee, never quite hitting the target.

Coming off the crest of a year's worth of success, September found the program, begun in '75, floundering, "stymied," according to one student coordinator, by a case of the "missing barrels."

100 barrels, stored for the summer, yielded 60 in the fall, not exactly a barrel boom. The loss of these and one handtruck totaled over $400. Student labor and cooperation were also on the decline. It seemed as though the novelty and temporary preoccupation with ecology had begun to wear off ... 

Up, Up And Away ... 

With the Master Plan came the news that annual tuition was forecasted to rise $250. per year, due to external forces. The future impact? By the time the class of '77 sends their offspring off to Babson, tuition will be close to $10,000. a year.
... growing pains, causing remnants of a stretchmark left behind by the birth and life of a greater thing ...