Homecoming
Mr. John Neister
7 Strawberry Hill Road
Acton, Massachusetts

September, 1978

Dear John:

Last night, a year's accumulation of memories tumbled down from my closet shelf, landing in a mountain of rubble. Disgusted, as usual, I began carelessly gathering the old blue books, newspaper clippings... a myopic postponement of the next inevitable slide.

Amid the debris, one rumpled corner of my diploma revealed a picture envelop, and for a moment I paused to probe the contents which yielded the photographs enclosed.

The pictures conjured up a thousand images at once, now almost a year old, details I was sure I'd never forget, but of course did, and I thought of you...had he forgotten them, too?

People still tell me how impressed they were with RETROSCOPE; the 6 projectors, the visual excitement of almost 1,000 slides, even the size of the screen, and I'll never cease loving every accolade. Yet, I always have the feeling that only 3 people, Bob Block, me and, most importantly, you, really understand exactly what it took to succeed.

Look at those faces, John, praying it would go and anticipating those 7-second tray changes. Remember when it finally did premiere? The
tray change threw the whole show one cue out of synch and in the midst of our silent frenzy, you appeared to fix it. I hadn't even seen you come in! Talk about a savior. We could have started a new religion that night!

In 2 days we shot the majority of slides. I remember that as midnight of the second session approached, even your altruism began to fade, and after sitting all day, I had a pretty good idea as to where it was fading most!

But that was just the beginning. Still sitting there on the floor, I cringed to recall the nights required to program it, the last one, what, ...19 hours straight? Everything was going wrong. The machine was overheating...and remember you yelled at Bob, "Don't just stand there!" I laughed inwardly because you scared the hell out of him, only to get mine a few minutes later, when I persisted in handing you all the slides backwards! About 3AM that same morning is when we accidentally dropped the 256 cues.

Remember the monkey controversy? I still believe that Johnny and Rocky never had it so good!...and neither had Bob or I until you consented to help us. It may have been the Babsonian's idea, but we couldn't have done it without you...I just hope I've finally got your name spelled right!

See ya, Lauren 😊
Campaign kick-off

Charles D. Thompson

Every year at Commencement, Roger Babson would announce to the graduating class and returning alumni that, "as long as I am alive, you will never be asked to give to Babson Institute."

This proud but unrealistic statement finds Babson, eleven years after its founder's death, with a modest endowment, a need for new buildings and additional endowed scholarship funds.

Fortunately, Babson is preparing to kick off its first capital campaign to remedy these shortcomings. Vice President for College

Joseph E. Mahoney

Resources, Charles D. Thompson, and his associates, are enlisting a volunteer team to raise $10 million for the construction of a new library, residence hall, renovation of Newton Library, and increased endowment for faculty support and student financial aid.

Thompson is looking for $3.5 million from the 90 members of the Governing Board, $2.5 million from Alumni, parents and friends, $2 million from foundations, $1.25 million from corporations, and $750,000 from other sources.

Successful capital campaigns at other colleges and universities have in every case raised the level of annual support, and Thompson would like to see support at Babson increased, as well, to $1 million annually within five years.

At present, only 13.7 percent of Babson alumni contribute to their alma mater, and it is the goal of Robert K. Lemons, Director of Annual Giving, to increase this to 30 percent.

Joseph E. Mahoney, Babson's new Director of Alumni Relations, has the responsibility of increasing spirit and pride at Babson for its nearly 11,000 alumni. His efforts will also be directed at increased alumni participation in the admissions process and in greater unity among Babson graduates.

The success of the campaign will effect all constituencies related to the College. Better facilities and additional funds for faculty support and student financial aid will make Babson more attractive to prospective students and potential faculty, and a source of greater pride for its graduates.

Ready or not...

An Aggressive Approach

The question is no longer whether the considerable human and financial effort required for accreditation by the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business (AACSB) is valuable. Top administrators of the College have collectively produced the affirmative response necessary to continue preparations for acceptance. The questions now is, "When?"

The accrediting body, scheduled to visit Babson in February of 1978 did not come. Instead, their arrival was postponed until 1979 and 1980.

An explanation of the change in plans can be found by inspecting the thorn lodged deep in Babson's most vulnerable side; the full-time faculty deficiency in the graduate night program. Although this does not appear to directly affect accreditation of the undergraduate school, the AACSB stipulates that within five years of undergraduate acceptance, the College must apply for graduate school accreditation, or forfeit the undergraduate status, and thus far, the graduate program does not meet the necessary standards. There lies the problem for which Dr. Walter Carpenter, Vice President of Academic Affairs, has begun implementing a long range solution.

"Utilizing the reports of two authorities on accreditation," explained Carpenter, "we have decided to attempt accreditation simultaneously, submitting our application in July, 1979." This is an aggressive approach, and according to Carpenter, one not without its risks.

He stated that the record of schools receiving both acceptances is not impressive, however, "Waiting another three or four years would be useless."

So, the sooner the better? At least Walter Carpenter thinks so.