homecoming weekend
Amid vicious cries questioning the ancestral lineage of several of the slower-footed turtles, and the triumphant giggles of pretty coeds scattering simulated milk bottles to the amusement of their chagrined escorts, the first Babson Homecoming became the start of an annual tradition.

The revenue collected wouldn't have dented the national debt, and the compensation program for the diligent workers would most likely be disapproved by Ganst and Taylor, but the plan of action was fulfilled and the objectives achieved. A tidy sum was accumulated for a most worthwhile cause — The United Fund.

The action shifted to the athletic field where the opposing eleven apparently hadn't heard of the athletic acuity of the Babson Booners. Our team lost but the memory was easily drowned in a sea of liquid refreshment that evening at the Hotel Bradford.

The average age of the Babson man mysteriously jumped to a ripe, nonchalant twenty-one as either of the gentlemen behind the "soda-fountain" would readily attest. The twist replaced the sedate Victorian dances previously popular and along with that rare combination of fine wine and warm female companionship, the evening was nothing less than highly memorable.
The Student Government's Social Committee assumed full responsibility for the sudden decline in the productivity curve at Babson. Term papers were forgotten, notes pushed aside and thoughts of exams left behind as the student body left en masse for a well balanced, fun-filled Winter Carnival Weekend.

The Sheraton Plaza and the big band sound of Si Zentner and his thirteen piece group provided the entertainment that catered to a wide diversity of Babson tastes. The weekend continued the following afternoon with the student body enjoying the Roger and Hammerstein production of "Oklahoma" presented by the Babson Institute Theater Guild.

Although it was cloudy, the moon made several unexpected appearances to the delight of all at the 1200 Beacon Street Motor Hotel. Formality was dropped and the bars of sobriety lowered as the Babson men and their dates danced to the exciting music of the Del-Knights, a group imported from Philadelphia.

Jackie Cain and Roy Carl entertained Sunday afternoon in a combination jam session-cocktail party. The "jazz styles" gently caressed an audience still recovering from the last two nights merriment.