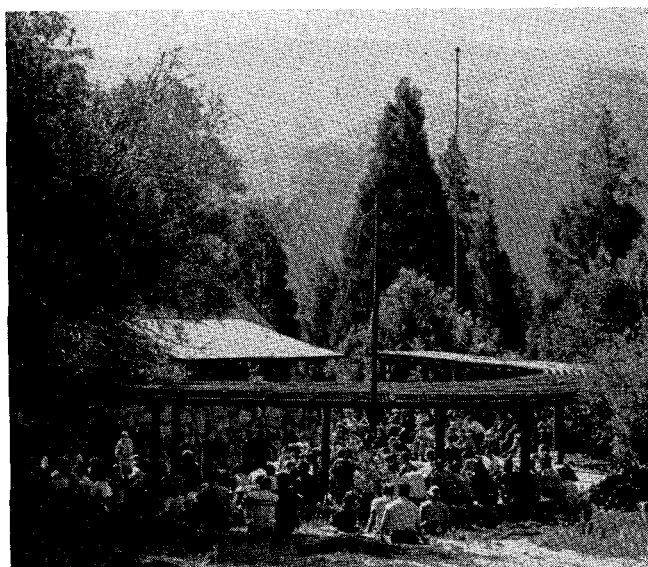
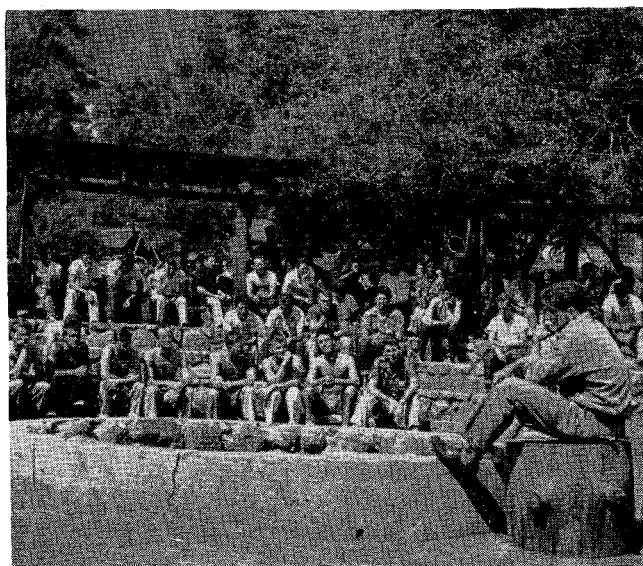




The bus trip? Dull. Conversation? Nil.



Speeches begin immediately after lunch . . .



. . . followed by speeches . . . delayed by speeches

A FRESHMAN VIEW

Friday, September 26, 1952

Off to camp at 8:30—only half an hour late. Understand this is pretty good timing for these things. . . . The bus trip is rather dull. Scenery? Certainly not the best in California. Conversation? Little or none—though somebody does start a lively, if somewhat one-sided, discussion of perpetual motion machines. This seems to be a standard, if meaningless, origin of conversation among future engineers and scientists.

The camp is quite a change from the quasi-desert areas around San Berdu. . . . We arrive just in time for lunch. . . . Not bad either. . . . Speeches begin immediately after lunch, with an unpredicted and unprecedented rain the only hitch in the program. Then more speeches . . . followed by speeches . . . delayed by speeches.

Everybody seems to be playing volleyball. One group is so lazy it plays a full game while sitting on the court. Claims the net is too low for a normal game.

Mountain golf has captured the hearts of many of the class, but there's always a faculty member around to cut any players down to size.

Ping-pong and singing are the most popular evening recreations. Those ping-pong games are really vicious. . . . The way they hit those balls—if you can't hit 'em, you have to duck 'em.

Well, it's almost 10:30 and lights out.

Better finish this account of today's doings and not get caught when the lights go off. Understand the lights are on a time clock and go out at exactly 10:30. If they really go out on schedule, then—

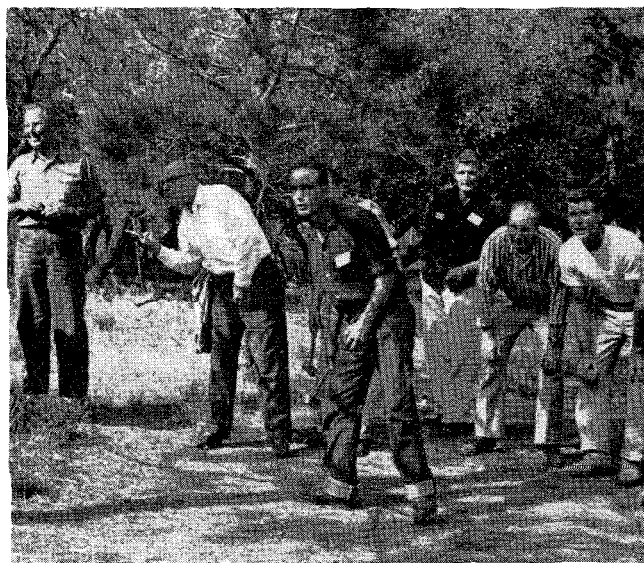
Saturday, September 27, 1952

They did.

Speeches, orations, tirades, circumlocution, loquacity, lectures, effusion, what-have you. . . . We heard a lot of it today. Some of the speeches, when I think of it, were unforgettable—some, unforgivable.

Of course, I don't imagine I'll remember all of the

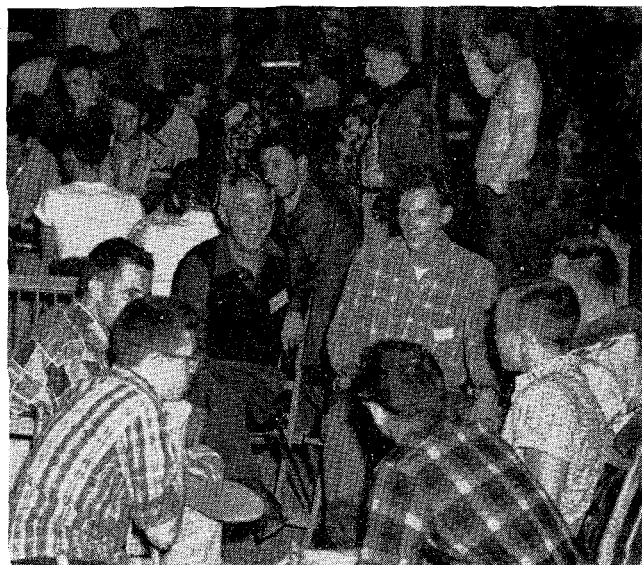
OF FRESHMAN CAMP



Mountain golf grips the faculty like a fever

speeches, and I doubt that I'm expected to; but I'll probably remember the essence of them until just plain experience teaches me the same things all over again. . . Then I'll probably be telling some poor, uninformed Freshman what my own personal secrets for getting ahead are.

Tonight was the Grand Amalgamated Concert. The folders described it as being "impromptu," but I've never seen so many guys—who would no doubt rather be out playing volleyball—work so hard as these band members did on a "spontaneous and extemporaneous" routine. . . Not only that; it was pretty good, too. . . The turnout for the band was amazing. They even had *two* sousaphone players. Only one sousaphone, though—thank Heaven. . . What a range of music. All the way from marches, through German Band music, to the William Tell Overture. . . Another highly lauded group was a decatet (or thereabouts) which sang such old favorites as "The Curse of an Aching Heart," "When You Wore a Tulip," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"—the first of which threatened (the verb is literal) to sweep onto the hit parade list.



President DuBridge joins a Freshman bull-session

Sunday, September 28, 1952

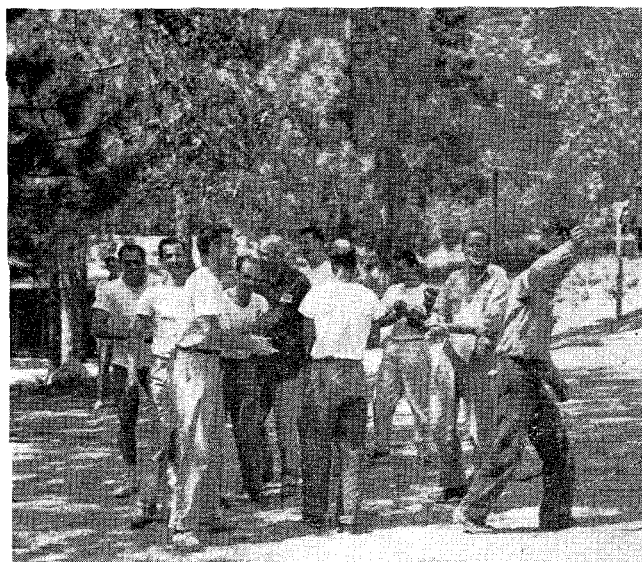
Today we came home.

We woke up on Pacific Standard Time, and, even though the program stated that we would stay on Daylight Saving Time, the watches in camp differed by upwards of three hours at various times.

Then there was the Faculty-Frosh baseball game. I watched this until the bitter end, and it was pretty bitter—28-7 in favor of the faculty.

Back into the busses and back to school.

Somehow the bus ride didn't seem quite so scenery-less as before, and the conversation, which raged almost uncontrollably, was about less technical subjects: girls. Well, equally technical maybe—but less limited. . . Come to think of it, I don't know when I've enjoyed a bus trip more.



The faculty baseball team celebrates a victory

—Bill Barlow '56