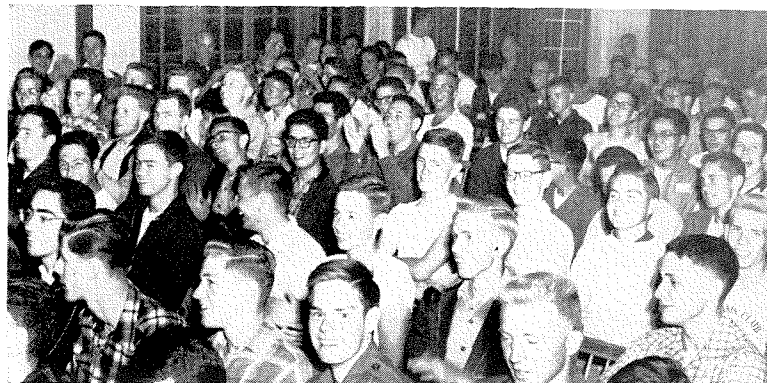


1958 CHECKS IN



ONCE AGAIN Camp Radford, high in the glorious San Bernardino Mountains, has settled back into its restful off-season, and Caltech's other campus, the one in Pasadena, has settled into the lazy routine of its on-season. Which is to say that frosh camp is gone, past, history, and the new school year has begun.

Although some of the new students were on campus as much as two weeks ahead of registration time, the bulk of the new class of '58 moved in on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday of the week of September 20. Impressed by the campus and by the surprisingly friendly attitude of the upperclassmen (who seemed to exist only for the benefit of the frosh, in spite of expectations to the contrary), the newcomers were treated to a couple of nights of carefree activity before the time came for departure.

Thursday, September 23, they found out what registration was, as the usual epidemic of writer's cramp ran rampant among them. But the excitement of the big, streamlined buses awaiting them, and the wondrous contents of the streamlined *Little T* (edited this year by the unstreamlined Rube Moulton, '57), kept their minds off their aching fingers. Three-hour bus rides are also known to divert attention from aching fingers to other overworked parts of the body.

Thursday night was the time of the first meal from the student house kitchens, and many of the new students revealed great stamina and spirit as they devoured the dubious repast with feigned relish and even managed to croak a polite something about how good the food was.

Then the speeches began. Little need be said here about the volume and nature of these orations. Statistically, it may be found that a total of nine faculty members and twelve students gave individual talks. In addition to this twenty-one-gun salvo, Howard Vesper ('22) reminisced upon his years before and after graduation from Tech, the twenty-four student leaders who were invited to camp led seminars on "How to Study" (as if they knew), and the Amalgamated Band went

from encore to encore through an unusually long and successful concert.

By the time the students had heard the last of the talks, the keen minds among them had already realized that Camp Radford is really less of an attack on the mind than on the behind.

An innovation this year was the presentation of a series of skits by the Beavers which was designed to prevent the annual spectacle of frosh going around from group to group trying to impress each other with their vast stores of knowledge.

In these skits, the most obnoxious of these familiar types were caricatured in a thorough-going manner—yet the point was lost; for, although one skit depicted the over-zealous radio ham and his log book, immediately after the program that evening a slightly embarrassed freshman got up and announced that there were so many frosh interested in radio that there would be meetings held at camp! Can't win 'em all, though.

Two other interesting changes were noted: Dean Strong completely forgot to warn the frosh about the wild asses, and Harvey Eagleson purportedly gave a new speech (although nobody could remember the old one).

The frosh-faculty softball game was a complete wipe-out, with the freshmen winning 9-2 and not so much as a sweaty brow. This was in spite of the presence of "Win Games" Huttenback, Caltech's ex-soccer coach, who might have been expected to inspire the older men to better things.

It was, in general, a triumphant freshman class indeed which roared into Pasadena Saturday night the 25th, in their giant streamlined cross-country motor coaches, after three days of inspiration, indoctrination, mountain golf, and not enough blankets. Triumphant in softball, talented in music, strangely silent about flaws in the theory of relativity, and half-eager, half-afraid to begin classes, they were one of the best freshman classes ever to arrive on campus.

Dean Strong said so himself.

—Martin Tangora, '57