

*The summer sort of dribbles to an end . . . it's a lonely time.*

## The Three-One Plan

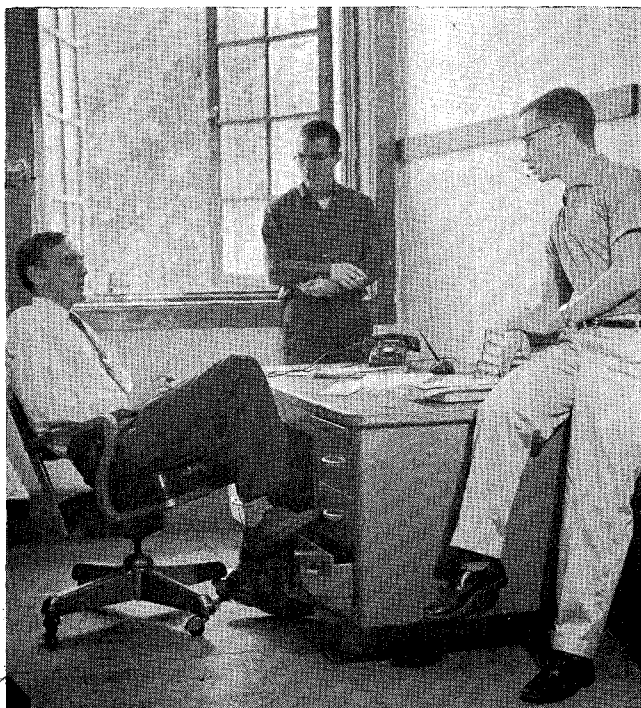
### *Summer school — the easy way*

This was my second summer spent at Caltech on the 3-1 plan—study three seasons and work one so you can come back for the next three. Since this was my *second* summer here, I was able to avoid many of the pitfalls and excesses of the first—thus opening up time for a whole new field of excesses.

With my family safely exiled in Minnesota, I was free to do as I pleased, with only my conscience and

the law as a guide. Somehow, despite this freedom and the pent-up emotions of nine months' previous schooling, I managed to do surprisingly little. This is the usual way things go for me, though, so I'm practiced at salvaging pleasant overall memories from uneventful periods of my life.

One of the first pitfalls I avoided was the Old Dorm. Despite the best efforts of Mrs. Lyall and her



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crew, the Old Dorm remains slightly inferior to the dollar-a-day joints in East L.A. Four fellow undergrads and I moved into a nearby home rented from a vacationing faculty member. It was a large pleasant home, nice to live in after two years of dormitories. A private bedroom (which is not also a living room, study and bathroom) can seem quite a luxury.

Perhaps our little cooperative didn't keep the place too clean, but we didn't ruin it either, and we did have a lot of fun. The only real wear came during our parties, which were large and I fear sometimes boisterous. The best of these was our "Baby Party," so-called (quick explanation) because the accepted dress was baby-wear, and couples roamed the neighborhood drinking punch from baby bottles.

### *Tempting jobs*

The house was only two blocks from school, very handy since three of us were working on campus. Campus jobs are one of the nicest things that happen to a Caltech undergrad, and though the pay's not sensational, it would take quite a bit more to tempt me away (nobody's doing any tempting, so I'm safe). I worked at the Synchrotron, which is just full of people worthy of spending half-hour coffee breaks with.

My group was involved in an important bit of basic research, as you could tell from our continual shouts of "More black tape!" I was assigned to build small devices for the big expensive device that was our project. Mostly I built coils of various sizes and designs. Sounds dull, but you can learn a lot be-

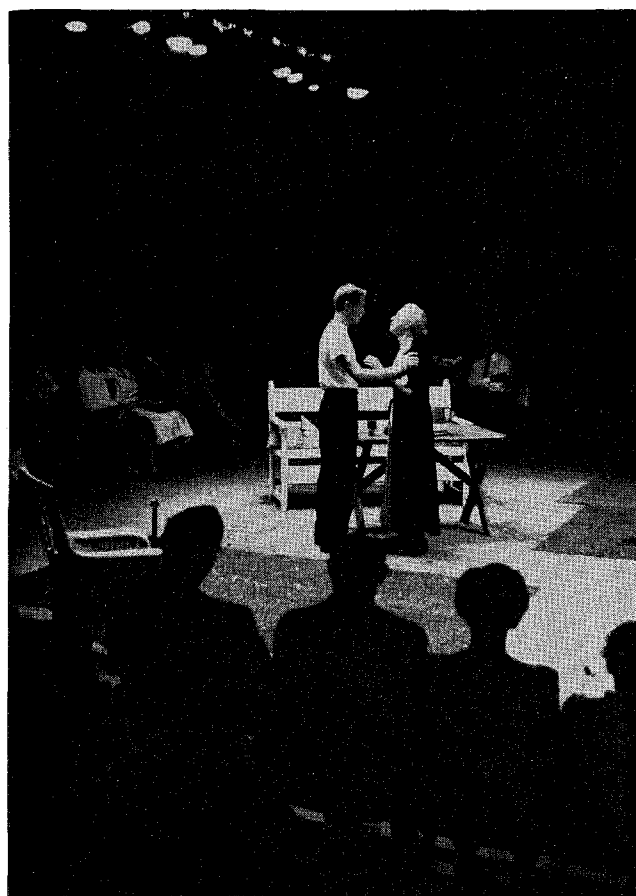
tween turns. Actually, the non-monetary values of a campus job are at least three-fold:

1. You get a lot of technical know-how. It doesn't do much good to learn Maxwell's equations if you don't know where the resistors are kept.

2. You learn what a scientist's life is really like. This can be discouraging for those raised on the notion of steely-eyed, white-smocked men running around yelling "Eureka!"

3. You get to meet the big and sometimes wonderful Caltech community of grad students, research fellows, senior research fellows, assistant professors, associate professors, full professors, secretaries, machinists, electricians, window-washers, and Ed Hutchings. Somehow, undergrads get left out of this convivial community during school—probably because of their own aloofness. They miss the fun of such community meetings as occurred at the performance of Kent Clark's musical comedy late in August. A good show in its own right, made more so because it was written by a neighbor.

I began this summer with a definite theme in mind—culture. No longer would I be the village slob, wallowing in rock 'n roll and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Instead, I would sample the intellectual nectar of the Greater Southern California area. Being a



*Caltech's Arena Theatre—I came as a scoffer but left a humbler young man.*

tourist at heart, I began my sampling at the Hollywood Bowl. Symphonies Under the Stars (and airplanes) proved to be somewhat of a disappointment. A Mack truck in low gear is pretty stiff competition even for Beethoven.

Much happier were my visits to the far-flung network of progressive jazz and Dixieland restaurants (bars). They're everywhere—Hollywood (Ben Pollock's, Jazz Cellar, Beverly Caverns); Hermosa Beach (Lighthouse); even Pasadena (Zucca's Cottage, The Track). I didn't become an expert on the music, but I did learn to tap my foot in accepted fashion.

All this, though, was just a prelude to my adventures with the little bohemian coffee shops that thrive in Hollywood. (Most famous: The Unicorn, which has the advantage of an avocado tree growing through the center of it.) Bad paintings, exotic coffees, and discussions of such things as Zen Buddhism and The Way of Yoga keep one on one's toes. For awhile I was on the verge of chucking my Caltech life entirely and joining an Ouspensky group. Then I found out that one of Ouspensky's chief tenets involves changing living quarters every two hours in order to avoid stagnation.

Despite my travels, the best thing I attended all summer was given in Culbertson Hall. Caltech's Arena Theatre's presentation of *All My Sons* by Arthur Miller was definitely a professional job. I came as a scoffer but I left a humbler and quieter young man.

There were three occurrences this summer that deserve special mention because of their heart-warming effect on loyal Caltechers. (Caltechites? Calticians? Caltacos? Let's have a contest to choose a better name.)

Dr. Beadle appeared suddenly on the cover of *Time*. It was a square-jawed, hard-eyed Dr. Beadle, who seemed a far cry from the pleasant gentleman who just laughed when he caught you taking a jar of fruit flies from Biology 1 lab. Still it was our Dr. Beadle and it was nice to write home that my biology teacher was on the cover of that week's *Time*.

### *Danger: empire builders*

One day in late July, the homes on San Pasqual between Holliston and Chester suddenly sported "Danger, Keep Out" signs. Perhaps there was something sad about watching those homes be flattened out and hauled away in dump trucks, but they were going to make room for the new \$16 million worth of Caltech. Just call us the empire builders.

A more humble event, but in my opinion even a happier one, took place just at the end of August. Some one in the administration, and my blessings on him, had wooden benches installed under the trees in front of Engineering. Tradition in the making as anyone could see.

I predict great things for those benches. At least five generations of secretaries and students will share

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*Goodbye Sue, Marylee, Lura, Nancy, Wendy, Karen, Joany, Binny.*

lunches on them. Of course no freshmen will be allowed to sit there, with dire penalties for those who do. Perhaps a thousand girls will be kissed under the protection of those trees (not during the rainy season, though).

I stood around while the workmen installed one set of the benches, and, as soon as they were finished, sat down. Me and Edmund Hillary.

The summer sort of dribbles to an end, and all the girls you and your buddies have been taking out go away to school. Goodbye Sue, Marylee, Lura, Nancy, Wendy, Karen, Joany, Binny. Have fun at Berkeley, Vassar, Smith, Arizona, Colorado. See you next year if you don't get pinned to some jerk.

Tech starts later than most schools, so there's about two weeks of meditating time for the summer student, with few earthly distractions to disturb the mind. It's a lonely time, and you miss the exiled family more than usual. But soon school starts again, and the only thing you have time to miss is sleep.

—Brad Efron '60