English 2E

writeout)

Dale Schwamborn September 9, 1953

I entered the 8th grade the fall of 1951 with no idea of that year being any different than all the previous school years, but it proved to be the most eventful and interesting year I have ever had. In November I was released from school to go with my cousin on a four month tour of Mexico and Central America, as far south as Panama.

My cousin, a trailer manufacturer, was conducting the first trailer tour in that part of the country. About a hundred persons were in the party, all people with an adventurous and pioneering spirit. There were roads, and no modes; the finest hotels and the most adverse trailer living; good weather and bad; good food and bad — a vacation of contrasts and of new places and old. A wonderful experience.

Needless to say when I reentered school I was kept plenty busy making up work and keeping up my grades so that I could graduate with my class.

Last year was a typical Freshman year. High School was a thrill. I was kept pretty busy but extra curricular activities included Inter-Racial Club, Cotillion, DeMolay, Football and Basket Ball games, and a certain amount of time spent on my hobby - stamp collecting.

When school was out I got a job in a service station and worked all summer with only one week's vacation. That week was spent with headquarters in Oceanside and several interesting side trips and lots of time for swimming and playing on the beach.

The grand finale of a good and busy summer came last weekend with three days in Los Angeles, including an evening at the

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