**The Editor's Log**

**THIS issue of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP marks the close of one important war-time activity of California Polytechnic college...the Naval Flight Preparatory school. On or about September 28, the 20th and last battalion of naval aviation cadets to be trained here will shove off for "leave" prior to reporting to St. Mary's for further training.**

Since the first battalion came aboard in January 1943, the MUSTANG ROUNDUP has devoted much of its space to coverage of the activities of cadets, officers and crew members at this station. Looking back over a file of these magazines, one gets a complete picture of all NFPS activities. The MUSTANG ROUNDUP will miss these fine men, as will the administrative and instructional staff of the college.

The NFPS at Cal Poly was the largest of the 17 flight prep schools, and under the guidance of Lt. Robert B. McPhail, officer-in-charge, the school was rated as the most outstanding in its ability to turn out "quality" as well as "quantity." The instructional staff, as well as the commissioned officer staff and college administrative officials, are to be congratulated for this fine record.

Just as this issue of MUSTANG ROUNDUP is starting a new publication year (1st number of the 3rd Vol.), so also is the college starting a new era in its history. With the new Naval Academic Refresher unit program taking the place of the NFPS, we can continue to speak proudly of the part Cal Poly is playing in training future naval aviation pilots. In addition to this program, Poly's regular civilian courses in agriculture and industry are attracting an increasing number of 17-year-olds, 4F's and returning veterans.

On or about October 1 we are losing the services of Lt. Harry Bonath, recognition officer, public relations officer and artist, who is being transferred. Besides being a fine fellow with a "Robert Benchley sense of humor," Lt. Bonath has been a co-worker on the MUSTANG ROUNDUP since his arrival here in the Spring of '43. We are going to miss his art work, his lettering and retouching, but most of all—him.

"THE JAW"

"The Jaw," subject of our cover this time, requires no introduction. To those of us aboard this station that pooch with the protruding nether proboscis is as familiar as cold-cuts on Saturday, but considerably more appreciated. For behind the pugnacious display of incisors, is as docile a canine personality as will be found anywhere, making that mite of a dog, marcelled tall and all, "the cadets' best friend." Though he acts the part well—after no little searching and persuasion — The Jaw is not pre-flight bound. Who feeds him or owns him no one seems to know, but orphan or pet, at Cal Poly he belongs, and there he will stay.

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**MANKEY**
Typical Copy

**SKELEY**
Bed Manners?

**BLITCH**
one serious
CIVILIAN STUDENTS RETURN

By Wes Norton.

At the end of the first day of registration at Cal Poly, 65 civilian students were signed up. Of this number, 44 were new students which is a 41% increase over the number of new students who registered the first day of last year. The total enrollment at Cal Poly on September 12th was 447, of which 213 were Naval Aviation cadets, and 169 were Naval Academic refresher unit men.

Thumbing through the records of the incoming civilian students, it was found that approximately 50% of the new men were industrial majors. This is a marked increase over the industrial department of last year which boasted only five students at the close of school.

The records show that according to geographical distribution 55% of the fellows came from south of S.L.O., 35% came from north of S.L.O., and 10% came from outside the state.

Approximately 48% of the incoming men were F.F.A. members in high school. Over 95% of the fellows participated in some extra-curricular activity such as music, publications, or athletics.

With such an array of talent, skills, and extra-curricula abilities, as displayed by these boys' records, an eventful year at Cal Poly is not at all a far-fetched possibility.

With an increase of student population over last year, and the assurance of the steady rising of this increase as service men return, the upperclassmen at Cal Poly are looking forward to a year filled with activity.

As this paper goes to press, no definite plans have been laid, but Student Body Prexy Pro-tem Wes Norton, Graduate Manager John Prescott, and S.A.C. Advisor H. P. Davidson are planning to reorganize the Student Affairs Council. This reorganization of the S.A.C. is brought about by the addition of the NARU boys to our student body. On the new S.A.C. it is planned to have a set-up where everyone will be fairly represented. With the N.A.R.U. men and Poly's civilian students organized into one large student body, the results will be made beneficial to all concerned.

BELOW: At the end of the first day of registration, 65 civilian students had arrived. The photo was taken at noon on the first day.
WORLD WAR II VETS ENROLL

By Bud Harsh

REGISTRATION at Cal Poly was marked by the advance guard of the returning veterans. Five of these men have now enrolled for the fall quarter. They are taking advantage of the educational opportunities provided in the G.I. Bill.

First of these men to return to Cal Poly was Allan Renwick, a Poultry student. Renwick, who was a Poly man before entering the Navy, received his discharge after boot training at Farragut, Idaho.

Another former student to return is Herbert Walkup, an Animal Husbandry major. He served six months in the Army tank destroyers.

The remaining three ex-servicemen are Kenneth Hayes, Dan Grimm, and Bradford Arrington. Hayes was a member of the Paratroopers for eight months and was disabled by a training jump at Fort Benning, Georgia.

After serving eighteen months in the Army Air Forces, Arrington received a medical discharge. He is from Burbank, California.

Only Poly man to see action, Dan Grimm, is a veteran of four years' service in the Medical Corps. He served through the entire African campaign with a medical unit attached to a Tank Destroyer outfit. Wounded four different times he has received the Purple Heart and the Silver Star for gallantry in action. He also holds the Good Conduct Medal and is eligible to wear the National Defense Ribbon and the African-European-Middle East Ribbon. Grimm is a Meat Animal major from San Bernardino, California.

It is expected that increasing numbers of ex-servicemen will become students at the college in the near future.

STUDENTS WELCOMED

By Dale Martin

AFTER an enjoyable supper at the Poly cafe Tuesday, September 12, the upperclassmen adjourned to the J.C. room. President Julian A. McPhee discussed the postwar future of Poly and emphasized the need for the organization of plans in conjunction with the rehabilitation educational plan for veterans returning to college.

The faculty members of the Student Welfare and Activities Committee and class advisors were introduced to the old members of the student body. These faculty members presented the desire for close cooperation between the faculty and student body and plans are being formulated for a promising school year full of activities.

Later the same evening, Mr. McPhee presented the traditions of Poly and welcomed all new students. At this general assembly for the entire student body, various faculty members discussed the activities of the coming year and each promised a successful year in which the men of the Naval Academic Refresher Unit will be included in all social, school, and athletic affairs. Group singing was led by Mr. Davidson at various times throughout the evening and the singing of the alma mater concluded the first general assembly of the new school year.

SOPHS VS. FROSH

As this magazine goes to press the sophomore class is planning a meeting at the home of their advisor, Paul Daugherty. This meeting will be devoted to establishing ways and means to duly initiate all frosh on a "safe and sane" basis.

The frosh who were contacted seemed skeptical as to whether they could be initiated by the sophs. One lowly frosh was heard to comment, "We outnumber them. Can't we do something about it?"

LEAP YEAR AT DAIRY

Most of Poly's Ag students have always held the opinion that the dairy business is mostly bull. But few of them ever expected the unprecedented amount that the year 1944 has brought.

From March 11 to August 30, all fourteen calves born in the college pure-bred herd were bulls. Out of twenty-six calves born so far this year, only six have been heifers.

Thus far, only two explanations have been offered. One, advanced by readers of romance magazines, is that as this is leap year when the fair sex supposedly dominates and, that the dairy, as usual, has things backwards.

The other explanation, supported by students of astrology and folk-lore, follows the old fishwives' tale that the birth of males always predominates during war time.

Regardless of the reason, the unusual situation has George M. Drumm, head of the dairy department, and Charles Trigg, maternity-ward attendant, scratching their heads.

SPORTS RENEWED

THE Athletic department of California Polytechnic college is ready to go with a complete schedule of activities for the coming year.

Intercollegiate football will not be possible this year because of limitations imposed on N.A.R.U. men and the lack of sufficient civilian men for a squad.

V. H. Meacham, director of athletics, has announced that every effort will be made to build basketball, track and baseball teams of N.A.R.U. civilian students into Mustang teams of pre-war magnitude.

At present an intramural Round-robin basketball tournament is in progress for N.A.R.U. There is still opportunity for a civilian squad to enter with civilians playing two games a week.

Mustang Roundup, September, 1944
CADETS THROW WING-DING FOR NARU TRAINEES

At a barbecue which began with the traditional steaks, coffee, and chili beans, and ended with a rather messy pie-slinging skit, the NARU cadet candidates were the guests of the NFPS men at Poly Grove recently. After some four thousand points worth of steak and an untold number of pounds of watermelon had been consumed, the assembly settled down to the important task of having a good time.

Under the capable direction of Chaplain Marsh, a series of skits were soon in full swing. In these skits, which included everything from a little baffling slight-of-hand to some uncensored corn, the NARU and NFPS men shared equally. The top honors, however, went to NARU trainees Roy Lowery, William Lee, and Jack Mankey, all of platoon B-5, for their original pie-throwing contest.

This barbecue could be looked upon as both a welcome and a farewell from the Cadets to the NARU men. It was the first opportunity the cadets had to welcome the NARU men officially, and as circumstances have turned out, it was the last. It is well that the cadets had this opportunity and too bad that the NARU men have had no chance to repay the kindness. The relation between the cadets and the NARU have not been close, but through no fault of either party, since concurrent class schedules and extra-curricular activities were the real causes. It is, therefore, with sincere regret that we view their leaving, and wish them good luck at St. Mary's.

THE BATTLE OF S.L.O.

WHEN MUSTANG ROUNDPUP'S Ace-Cameraman Cadet F. Rosenlind was assigned to cover the landing operations on the Avila beachhead recently, not even the editors expected him to bring back the best war pictures of the year.

Cadet Rosenlind went ashore in the first wave (or was he looking for a WAVE) and without thought of his own safety plunged into the thick of the action.

With the Desert Battalion coming up from the south to support San Luis' "Own," the already weakened NFPS regiment, which had just lost two entire battalions, was no match for their superior strength. A study of Cadet Rosenlind's photos, reproduced on the back cover, shows the strategy employed in the Battle of S.L.O.

Mustang Roundup, September, 1944

RED POINTS AND PIE SLINGING
A long line, a long wait, but well worth it
FORMER FUTURE FARMERS
They traded their plows for wings of "tin"

FORMER FFA MEN NOW NARU


HOW DID THIS GET IN HERE?
Chief Schwartz wolf's it down with the best of 'em

C.O. EXPLAINS MID-TERM RULE

"The time has come the walrus said, to speak of many things." Among those things that should be spoken of at this time is the relationship between the trainee and his mid-term grades. In a recent statement from the office of the commanding officer, the following facts have been made known:

"Each trainee having a failing mark in any subject at mid-term will have his entire record reviewed by the college officials. He will also be interviewed by the student counselor," Lt. Weigel said.

"If, after the review of his grades and the interview with the student counselor, the college recognizes the trainee as not being able to carry on his work, the college will recommend to the Commanding Officer that the trainee be separated from the program for academic reasons. In all such cases the Commanding Officer will act favorably and immediate request will be made to the Bureau of Naval Personnel that the trainee be transferred to some other training or assignment," the statement continued.

"Those trainees who are recognized as being able to do passing work, but for some reason have had difficulty, will have their records again reviewed by the Commanding Officer, who, along with the college officials, will take necessary steps to correct the individual problem. This correction may take the form of re-arranging daily schedule activities, establishing more rigid regulations covering study periods, re-adjustments of the academic program, or in the event of prolonged illness of a trainee, the re-adjustment of his own academic program, permitting him, if necessary, an additional eight weeks to complete his course; however, no trainee will be permitted to have his period of training at the unit extended beyond twenty-four weeks," the notice concluded.

SPECIALIST SCHWARTZ

Aside from his regular duties as athletic instructor, popular Richard R. Schwartz, Cps (A) is in charge of Company C, presiding over the daily inspections and handling the liberty details on weekends.

Prior to coming to California Polytechnic, Chief Schwartz was stationed at the University with the Naval R.O.T.C. unit, and before that was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. In civilian life, Schwartz was a coach at a high school in Minnesota.

Mustang Roundup, September, 1944
THE MEMPHIS GROUP

By William Byrd Lee III FFV*

Some of the nostalgic atmosphere of the old South was inadvertently imported to Cal Poly with the arrival of the Memphis group, since most of its members are from either Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina, or Tennessee.

Although numerically one of the smallest groups of trainees to arrive on campus, this draft was, nevertheless, one of the best prepared and most well disciplined groups to have gone through “Tarmac” training in recent months, according to Charles L. Williams, present Battalion commander, who was in charge of the groups while at Memphis and during their jaunt from the Ol’ South to Cal Poly.

In this group there were two former United States Coast Guardsmen, Harry Fielden and Edward Earnest; one former Merchant Marine Cadet, H. A. Johnson, and one former radio operator for Eastern Airline, A. D. Willmott, who gave up that exciting job in order to fight the “battle of fountain Pens.” Others of this draft who have since stooped to conquer are the aforementioned Ed Williams, W. B. Lee, platoon leader of platoon B-5, and G. S. Moffat, platoon leader of C-10.

While at “Tarmac” the following men struggled with from two to four hours’ drill and P.T. every day, and marveled at C. L. Williams’ ability to land all the soft jobs. The men are:


* First Family of Virginia.

NORMAN GROUP


THE NORMAN GROUP

By Jack Mankey

The last group of “Tarmacs” to arrive on campus was the draft from Norman, Oklahoma, who, after two arduous months under the pitiless Oklahoman sun, decided that they, too, would enjoy spending the winter in lovely San Luis Obispo, “where the cow barns meet the sea.”

This group of fifty-five persons could boast of several former members of the United States Coast Guard, two men from Hawaii, one ex-marine, and others from the Middle West and parts of California. Those former members of the “hooligan Navy” who gave up their soft life to win their “wings of tin” are: Robert “Flexer” Burns, Herbert J. Klapmeyer, Albert M. Murray, Forrest E. Reed, and Glen Swinger. Wilford W. King and Henry “Tiger” Van Gieson were the two who spent their civilian days in the shadow of Diamond Head, while the task of upholding the glory of the Marine Corps was handled by Jack Mankey. In the remaining group, which came into the Navy direct from civilian life, there was a fair smattering of farmers, college students, and defense workers, with the latter group being led by Oren “Pop” Thompson, former North American Aviation employee.

Those of this draft who have since risen to positions of importance are:

(Continued to Page 10)
ON May 27, 1944, forty-five eager beavers mustered in front of the barracks at the Naval Air Station in Livermore, California, to be notified that they were being sent to California Polytechnic. They were a varied bunch, with pre-V-5 occupations ranging from college studies and defense work to Coast Guard duties. "Old salts" of the draft are Myrle Crowe, Robert Robinson, Warren Olsen, and Robert Carder, while James Wilson got his share of overseas duty with two years' service as a parachute rigger in North Africa for the Douglas Aircraft Corporation. J. M. Smith and Dolbert Harris each lived for many years in Argentina, while the majority of the draft came from various parts of California, Utah and Arizona.

The excellent physical condition of all the former Livermore men can be attributed in no small way to "Cookie" Lavagetto, former big league ballplayer, who was in charge of their physical training while at the Naval Air Station. "Cookie" saw that they got their fair share of swimming, obstacle course, and cross country. In the latter two sports, Leonard Weed, younger brother of the famous Southern California miler of a few years back, set a pair of records that should stand for some years to come. Running close to him in many races were Dean Wilkerson, Don Donaldson, and George Wagner. Another athlete of which this draft can boast is the highly touted Herman Wedemyer, formerly of St. Mary's and the outstanding player in last year's East-West scrap. Other men of note in this draft are those two noisy twins, Ronald and Donald DeBates, and Richard Lucas, the "Lodi Kid" (Ed. note: Any similarity

(Continued to Page 10)
THE SAN PEDRO GROUP

By D. C. Broadbent

LONG after other island encounters of the war have faded into oblivion, the exploits of the "Palladium Kids" in the gallant defense of Terminal Island will still be whispered in silent reverence.

It was not by accident that this small group so effectively shattered every tradition ever established by illustrious "tarmacs." All were picked men — picked by everybody from the glib-tongued recruiting officer to the blond on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

For instance, there was that seaworthy "Ah! Yes!" Keen, fresh from five years on the fatter side of the Navy payroll where he counted volts and his money in the electrical end of shipbuilding, assisted by "Sparks" Denniston and "Hot Lips" Brooks, who are as smooth a pair as ever picked up a blond at Sixth and Main. Brauch, a lad with an intense desire for flight (has 225 hrs.), spent two weeks at sea for the Coast Guard and became so despaired at seeing only water that he forsook that service for the greater distinction of Naval Aviation. Another holder of a pilot's license is Price, a wolf about Beverly Hills, whose talents for poetry and comic creations have not received just commendation; and Gates, who traded a M. M. midshipman training for a crack at those wings of gold.

There were others — "Sour-doe" Click, who has a background of eleven years in Alaska. (His only statement on seeing the glamour of Hollywood was: "The squaws along the Yukon were good enough for me.") Nor should we forget the mighty hunter and high "mogul" of Oxnard, Donald N. (for Nimrod) Christopher. Carrying on a great tradition of "T.I." (keep it clean!), he has already received at NARU a special citation by the "skipper:" for having the neatest quarters in the battalion.

On the aeronautical side of the complement originating from Southern (Continued to P. 10)

THE DALLAS GROUP

By Milo Marco

OF the twenty-five Dallas men who struggled over that long last mile from the depot to the campus almost two months ago, only twenty-four are left to tell the story. Among this group that made that long tramp in, the early morning hours, were several men who recently held lucrative positions in defense plants, men from the shipyards, and others fresh from college with the dew of knowledge still fresh on their brows. Others in this group came neither from defense plants or college; they were in the service prior to being sent to "Tarmac." Roy R. Blackwood, for example, was until recently in the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Jimmie VanMeter is a former fleet man and the proud holder of air crewman combat wings, while D. L. Corey was overseas for two years as QM-Ic in the United States Coast Guard. Another former member of the Coast Guard is Frank Pulattie, who, prior to that, was a star fullback for Southern Methodist.

No resume of the Dallas group would be complete without mention of pleasingly plump "Ed" Walker from Texas with his 1600 hours in the air, and his experience in crop dusting and training Navy flyers. A man who came quite a distance to try for his wings is Roy Chester Dwelle, who calls Panama his home. While out of the continental limits of the United States, it (Continued to Page 22)
The flying experiences of all the NARU cadet candidates have not been confined to the common hanger variety, if the flying career of genial twenty-two-year-old Edwin Roy Walker of platoon C-4 is any example.

Walker learned to fly in his home town of Bonham, Texas, shortly after graduating from high school. He soon decided that it would be cheaper for him to own his own plane than to rent one every time he wanted to add a few flying hours to his credit. Therefore, he finally saved and borrowed enough money to purchase the battered Taylorcraft in which he had learned to fly.

When his former instructor moved out of town, Walker was automatically promoted to the honorary position of the town's one and only aviator. Along with this newly earned title came the responsibility of flying the plane loaded with from six to eight hundred pounds of lime and arsenic, Walker explained. In order to execute this job successfully, the pilot should have the combined skills of a brain surgeon and a truck driver.

Walker spent the entire crop-dusting season of 1943 flying his Waco ASO up and down the Mississippi valley, dusting hundreds of acres in Arkansas and Mississippi.

Along with this newly earned title came the responsibility of flying the plane loaded with from six to eight hundred pounds of lime and arsenic, Walker explained. In order to execute this job successfully, the pilot should have the combined skills of a brain surgeon and a truck driver.

With the close of the crop-dusting season, Walker moved on to new territory, ending up in Waco, Texas, where he obtained a job instructing for the Women's Auxiliary Service Pilots (Wasps). In the four months that he held the job, Walker estimated that he instructed between twenty and thirty women. (Ed. note—Nice work if you can get it.)

Even such pleasant work as this, however, soon lost its appeal for our hero, so to relieve the boredom he enlisted in Naval Aviation in January, 1944. After signing up, Walker spent the time while waiting for his call, instructing more WASPs in Oklahoma City, and doing charter work and special flying jobs on the side.

In his whirlwind flying career, Walker accumulated over 2000 flying hours, 1600 of which are officially logged, and managed to earn the highly-respected aviation mechanic's license along the way.

Have you heard about the little moron who took a job at the Navy Yard in search of a blood vessel. He hunted in vein.

Joe: What happened when your Babe backed into the propeller blades? Flight Lt.: Disaster!

Henry Gould, commander of "B" company; W. W. King, platoon leader of B-1; J. T. Rose, platoon leader of B-3; Arthur Sweikert, platoon leader of C-2; Henry Schlothauer, platoon leader of C-4; and Thomas Key, platoon leader of C-8.


NARU GROUPS (Continued)

Norman

Henry Gould, commander of "B" company; W. W. King, platoon leader of B-1; J. T. Rose, platoon leader of B-3; Arthur Sweikert, platoon leader of C-2; Henry Schlothauer, platoon leader of C-4; and Thomas Key, platoon leader of C-8.


Livermore

Lalor that between that and the name of a town is purely intentional!


Olathe

claims he knows every good bar between here and the Mississippi; Bow Fowler, connoisseur of the ever-present "stogie"; and genial Stanley "Yes, Norma, dear" Hayes.

San Pedro

Cal was Bishop, mainstay of the Boeing Company; Frye, who was with the "field service for experimental aircraft" at a large aircraft corporation; and Cooke, who took time off from instructing future B-25 crew chiefs to listen to the same line which trapped the rest of us. Stanford university has contributed its share in the form of a new "field service for experimental aircraft" at a large aircraft corporation; and Cooke, who took time off from instructing future B-25 crew chiefs to listen to the same line which trapped the rest of us. Stanford university has contributed its share in the form of a new "field service for experimental aircraft" at a large aircraft corporation; and Cooke, who took time off from instructing future B-25 crew chiefs to listen to the same line which trapped the rest of us. Stanford university has contributed its share in the form (Continued to Page 20)
THE history of the Naval Flight Preparatory school at California Polytechnic college has been a story of extremes. In the 21 months since the first cadets arrived January 7, 1943, 3,574 cadets have been in attendance, 20 battalions have been aboard, the course of training has been changed from 12 to 15 weeks and back to 11 weeks, the commissioned officer staff has varied from two to 29, the enlisted crew has grown from nine to 28, battalion sizes have varied from 285 down to 50 and back to 120, subjects have been added and subjects have been dropped from the program, cadets have varied in experience from youngsters fresh out of high school to battle-scarred veterans who “went down” with both the Wasp and the Lexington.

In looking back over the record we picked up a few of the events which happened during each month that might help to describe the ups and downs of NFPS life at Cal Poly:

January, 1943: 200 eager but bewildered “college boys” arrive . . . new Kay-dets welcomed aboard by the staff of officers—Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cooke, officer-in-charge, and Lt. E. M. Clarke, training officer . . . First battalion positive that gremlin command had formed special branch (widgets) to take care of cadets . . . books hadn’t arrived . . . course outlines delayed in transit . . . nothing but gym gear available . . . uniforms unheard of . . . weather was foul and roads muddy.

February: By this time commissioned officer staff increased by nine men (Lt. Comdr. F. W. Samuels, medical officer; Lt. D. W. Smythe, executive officer; Lt. E. P. Coe, navigation officer; Ensign C. W. Webster, recognition officer; (Ensigns Lang and Haines, four officers on temporary duty from cadet selection board, San Francisco) . . . quickest turn-over of cadets . . . books hadn’t arrived . . . course outlines delayed in transit . . . nothing but gym gear available . . . uniforms unheard of . . . weather was foul and roads muddy.

March: With arrival of Third battalion regimental set-up reorganized . . . platoons cut from 35 to 25 . . . platoons now number eight for each battalion . . . total men on campus number 1000 (600 cadets, 150 regularly enrolled students, and 250 NYA students) . . . barber shop goes into action with Walter Buck turning out 220 G.I. jobs in four and a half days —without a serious accident.

April: First battalion graduates—in (Continued to Page 18)

 Mustang Roundup, September, 1944
THE first platoon started Prep-Flight on the eighth of June, and in spite of the period known as indoctrination, entered into the rigorous program with 31 eager members. Now after a short span of time, 24 AvCads, somewhat less eager, due to the various shafts presented them, remain to enjoy the post-graduate syllabus.

The cadets who left, claiming divine foresight, entered Pre-Midshipman school, with the exception of one R. O. Reed, who chose to become an aircrewman.

Of those remaining in our exclusive ranks, there are a few who distinguished themselves in various ways. P. L. Filson leads the battalion with a scholastic average of 3.84, Dave Cohee stands forth as the batt's outstanding athlete, as well as a top scholar with a rousing 3.80 average.

This astute body was headed at first by "Pappy" Koppen, and admirably so until he was advanced to battalion commander. In his shoes was placed D. E. Cohee, a man who proved to be no less able than his predecessor. Of the Fighting Sixth's supreme heads, we placed two. D. E. Bowman, sub-battalion commander, now advanced to sub-regimental commander, and the aforementioned L. W. Koppen. On the whole an admirable showing.

Much is to be said of the masses of the platoon, who placed the greatest number in the top ten of the batt's average. It may be said, I believe, that the spirit and cooperation shown by the members of this platoon is truly typical of the type of men we wish to have represent our country in the future.

To coin a phrase: "To Fight and Win," typifies the spirit shown by Platoon 1, Batt 6A-44.

Drunk: "Give me a pound or kidneys."
Butcher: "You mean kidneys, don't you?"
Drunk: "That's what I said, didle I?"

As time goes by, and Cal Poly becomes just a memory, many of us are realizing that we did have some good ol' times in San Luis. The hard work and endless study imposed upon us by the "syllabus" made those liberty hours all the more welcome. Many a pleasant evening did we spend over a Schliitz at Louise's (also known as the Gold Dragon), or out at the Motel. Remember the night we had everybody at the Motel singing and folks were calling in from miles around complaining about the racket? And those regimental dances were strictly 4.0. We reaped the benefits of the overstocked Welfare Fund that had to be used up before we left. But this is supposed to be concerned with Platoon Three, so let's not get lost.

Of the 33 original sack-offs in this platoon, but 18 remained to brave the rigors of AvCad training. Some platoons were proud of their academic record, while others boasted of their eager athletes and batt officers. We'll have none of that. Naturally, we did have an outstanding record in each of these categories, but our real claim to notoriety lay elsewhere. No other platoon was so adept in the gentle art of "sacking off" or "doping off." On the drill field, in class, at assembly, everywhere except in swimming class, we were the masters of the quick snooze and the glassy gape.

To single out any individual or (Continued to Page 20)

Mustang Roundup, September, 1944
P. T. RIGORS MORTICED IN

By Buck Blitch

No book, such as the MUSTANG, that we will always treasure for its memories of a period of hard work and diligent study, would be complete without a few words regarding that bane of every cadet’s happy young life. We do mean P.T., also known as muscle-bending or the daily grind. Despite our present sentiments, let us hope that some day, when we are mellowed by age, we may come to consider our taskmasters as human beings. While at Cal Poly we underwent torture under the following assumed names: basketball, soccer, wrestling, military track, tumbling, swimming, and the battery test.

Basketball wasn’t so bad, though the system of grading would defy a bevy of certified public accountants. Soccer, the naval form of mass suicide, was quite a novel little sport. Several cadets with falsetto voices will attest the fact that they haven’t been the same since. Wrestling was quite a departure from previous concepts. Now, instead of one team trying to annihilate the other, it was a more personal matter . . . the object being to eliminate only one cadet in the prime of life. Lt. Angevine’s strident “Ready, WRESTLE!” still comes forth in our nightmares, along with visions of our leaden arms trying to grasp and throttle a slippery opponent whose leaden arms were trying to grasp and throttle us. Mat burns, sprains, bloody noses were all the outcome of this pleasant little diversion. Mr. Angevine is going to have the auxiliary gym painted red to fit in with the general color scheme.

Everyone agrees that military track was the best of all activities. Perhaps this was because Mr. Fishback was more considerate, or else our legs were in better shape from climbing that damn hill 208 times a day. The only difficult part about military track was the water obstacle. However, after five or six duckings, you realized that you could just as well wade on through the mud and save wear and tear on your posterior. Tumbling was pretty good, too, and was an activity where the grading scale was just, and adhered to. Lt. Werner was our guide, and a good time was had by all. However, we still can’t see climbing that line in fifteen seconds, and the eager beaver who successfully did the “V” roll must have been half snake.

Last, but far from least, in the realm of our gay little gatherings, we find swimming. Rumor has it that Lt. Lee received his indoctrination at Dachu. To him, assigning 160 laps of the pool was just a drop in the bucket and didn’t tire him a bit. Still in all, we’re far better swimmers because of him, though we’re having a hard time getting rid of our scales and gills—not to mention the milder cases of pneumonia. Then there was the infamous battery test. That’s a six-mile run at 4:40 pace, divided up into little exercises like push-ups and pull-ups and jump-ups and step-ups. Nobody could do push-ups to satisfy that man, and the step test was an ordeal. After the step-test you don’t walk up any stairs for a week, you crawl.

Despite our griping, we’re not bitter. We’re in good shape, and we’ve learned a lot. Where else could we have learned how to put on our trousers with three guys in them already? When you come right down to it, there’s only one thing that bothers us. Why don’t they just say “Rhythm Exercise!” instead of the eternal “Arms overhead swinging – feet apart with a jump-together placing – alternating – rhythm exercise!”?

LEFT: Cadets Fickers, England and Hall bring Barnum & Bailey to Cal Poly. With the greatest of ease these three lads received 3.9 in gymnastics—just 1/10 of a point less than required of national champions. Fickers is the boy doing the back lever, England is on the rings and Hall is doing the back flip. To really show how good they are they demonstrated for the photographer how to defy the laws of gravity by hanging from the ceiling.
PLATOON SEVEN
By Wally Gerrie

Out behind Batt 6-A we find a small group of cadets who were affectionately known as "The Mighty Seventh." Having the largest number of transfers of any platoon - 60% - the Seventh was reduced to just "the cream of the crop." They set the all-time record in code for flight-prep schools - 13.5 w.p.m. - that is, with no thanks to Henderson's 2.5.

Now, to scan the faces of its likely looking members. Buzz Henderson led the platoon - until he was elevated to a batt staff job. Since then he has forgotten how to drill, probably because his heart and what gray matter he has is in Santa Maria most of the time.

Room 21 Vindicator was upheld by Bill "Lips" Keener and "The Kitten." "Lips" served as platoon leader and revolutionized modern drill tactics with his "Torpedo Eight" routine. Al Hill deserves a lot of credit for all those pictures he took with his "Brownie" camera - every now and then he used film. Frequently seen associating with The Jaw was Tom "Canine Lover" Flynn. I guess the dogs liked all that "salt" Tom picked up while aboard that p.e.

"Dirty Dan" Dooley keeps telling us about the part he played in the North American invasion. He went in on D-Day plus 104. Dan was voted - the most probable to succeed. Wally "Big Deal" Gerrie always had a "deal" cooking - legal or illegal. The only thing he did the hard way was to get a tan, and we even think he did that on stolen time.

Art "The Boll" Choppin had the doctor cut a hole in his side so as to escape Lt. Lee's post-graduate course in swimming. "Lightning" Blackman lives up to his name in every way - he even falls slow. "Supermouse" Hall missed the push-up record by at least 50 push-ups. The record is 86. Nice try!

Well, that's enough of the characters. When "The Mighty Seventh" carries on to St. Mary's, we hope the casualty list is not as long.

P.S. - It couldn't possibly be——.
ANCHORS AWEIGH WITH SEVEN-A

By Grant Skelley

FIRST we were the last, but now we're the first — first to be senior, junior, and freshman batt simultaneously, and first to be the proud wearers of those fabulous gold anchors. But fame is not made by first or lasts, and although none of us claim fame (not to mention notoriety) either in whole or in part, Batt 7-A (that “A” does NOT stand for “anchor”) has not done at all badly for itself — and the war effort. Since coming aboard early in July, about fifty cadets have left to join the Navy, and there are still many probables. It’s not that they didn’t like it here, it’s just — well — that story’s pretty old by now.

We have turned in outstanding performances both on the field and in the classroom. Records were broken in tumbling and on the battery test; some distinguished themselves on the obstacle course, and our basketball team was undefeated. Although we couldn’t be called a scholarly outfit, even the Central Examining Board, in all its ambiguity, threw but a few of our boys for losses.

Battalion morale on the whole has been high, and why not? Liberty galore, the town of San Luis Obispo and the Motel to spend it in, wonderful chow (it’s amazing what they can do in so few minutes with what took a hen a day or so, for example), and numerous other benefits and privileges.

We owe much to Lt. (j.g.) Angevine, our battalion officer. If any job took patience it was his, and he was pulling for us all the way.

Batt 7-A, last to come and last to go, leaves Cal Poly and “The Jaw” to the NARU’s. Surprisingly enough, it wasn’t so bad, and we don’t feel any the worse for the wear. Looking back on it that’s easy to say. But looking back we are, and turning toward a future of OAR’s, FAR’s, DRM’s, ARM’s — and transfer applications, we recall to mind those memorable and pertinent words, “We have not yet begun to fight.”
WHENEVER you saw Batt 7-A marching you always noticed the right guide with his head up, shoulders back, and chest out, didn’t you? That was little “Smitty”—J. L. to you—leading the parade with his steady stride. His was the honor of being guide for Platoon 1, a cross section of the best bunch of guys that could possibly be brought together. From “Boyle Heights Hutch,” and “my feet don’t do what my brain (?) tells them to” Hisey, to “anybody got an extra skivvy shirt, I played Sir Walter Raleigh to a woman in distress” Vivian.

Yes, sir! A grand bunch of guys, but of course it takes all kinds to make a world; take for instance “Pappy” Jorgensen, that grand old man (?). Then we all know that every outfit has to have its sour plum. I nominate for this honor (?) “Bones” Barry, whose main fault was always being absent or late from musters.

Remember that hike up the bridle trail? How did we know it was a bridle trail? Ask McKesson and Stranlund—they found out.

Remember how the clean-living boys in the Platoon, “Beaver” Braun, “Irv” Taylor, and D. C. H. always went to the local cinema twice a week and drank their malts. The rest of the boys usually put on a show and at various times had to be dragged into their sacks.

Remember how “Pinky” Kephart was making all sorts of bets that he was going to tread the straight and narrow the total time he was here? Lost a lot of money, didn’t he? And who could forget those detailed logs that W. H. C. used to make, or all the sly remarks that were made about “red-headed ROTC’s.” Certainly not our boy Denhof. We’ll always remember “Mrs.” Wallace and the way he made the boys “hep to” in chow hall.

We, too, received additions from the Old Fifth, “Bayou” Bousquet and the Georgia Peach Pinckney came along (Continued to page 21)

PLATOON SEVEN
By A. N. Onamus

EVERY battalion has one, and 7-A certainly is no exception. Someone first called us the SOL seventh because we lost at least one man in every PT activity, except swimming, and that wasn’t Lt. Lee’s fault.

“Dusty” Malone, from the plains of Texas, was our last platoon leader and every day after swimming he insisted on rolling around in the dirt outside. Said he felt too clean if he didn’t. Our first day in the pool, Bryce “the overrated Harvard grad” Seligman, nearly gougéd his way through the “D” test by standing on the bottom of the pool at the six-foot mark. It wasn’t long after that when I. H. “Goul-Laugh” Whitecotton picked up the title of “Mae West” because of his astounding ability to float without any help — along the bottom. Incidentally, it was during this week that T. N. “Beaufort No. 12” Terry, who is known to be five out of six parts wind, picked up the alias of “20-second handicap Terry.” Jimmie Lindsay had a little trouble winning races. When asked about it, he would mumble something about parasite drag. Did you ever wonder how N. B. “Beans” Ramsey was able to literally swish through the water? Ask his roomie; he’ll tell you — with flourishes yet.

In our first week of soccer, B. B. “Bubble But” Bader was confined to sick bay, one of many casualties. J. C. (Continued to Page 21)


To be more specific, we have such men as platoon leader “Motel” Leonard, an all-around good man — athletic, intelligent, handsome. (That should bolster the OAR.) And sub-platoon leader Trenchard — “Back in Nebraska we feed corn like this to the pigs.” And then we’ve got a cadet we call “Cruiser-ster” Wagoner, and his counterpart, “Clabber” Evans. Both nicknames fit perfectly, as anyone can plainly see. Battalion Commander Brooks and Adjutant Plemmons, both fleet men, attached themselves to our outfit attesting to the congenial “al- }

Mustang Roundup, September, 1944
POLY'S NFPS IN RETROSPECT

(Continued from Page 11)

Civilian attire ... still just scuttlebutt that cadets will get uniforms ... first regimental dance held in gymnasium with Cal Poly Collegians providing the music.

May: Battalion 2 graduates in "J. C. Penney" uniforms ... all-cadet show a big success.

June: Regimental queen contest started by MUSTANG ROUNDPUP ... Third battalion graduated ... Lt. Harry Bonath appointed public relations officer ... 94 cadets from U.S.C. NFPS transferred to Poly when Navy closed the Trojan flight prep and also the U. of Washington unit ... Poly now only NFPS west of Rockies ... 35 Marines arrive with Sixth battalion ... also had some ex-sailors from the transfer group.

July: Program lengthened from 12 to 15 weeks just prior to Batt 4's scheduled graduation ... but 47 per cent of Batt 4 was transferred to W.T.S. at end of 11th week ... Lt. J. T. Miller appointed training officer ... MUSTANG ROUNDPUP brings winner of first regimental queen contest to graduation dance to start tradition of "almost" monthly contests with queens brought from as far away as Ogden, Utah; Seattle, Tucson, etc.

August: Silver Star awarded to Cadet L. K. Wagner and Purple Heart to Crewman J. E. Fadda ... Lt. R. E. Harris came aboard as new training officer ... Lt Miller took over as regimental officer ... Lt. (J.G.) K. G. Angervine (then Ensign) came aboard.

September: Ninth battalion arrives with such athletes as Howie Dalmar, All-American basketball star from Stanford; Irving Moore, outstanding prep schools ... arrival of Batt 12, desert batt's dance ... Po l y becomes exclusively a "fleet school" ... nearly 900 cadets aboard ... Mrs. Julia Underhill, math instructor, named as "Regimental Sweetheart."

February: Lt. G. M. Kittle, new "exec., relieves Lt. Vogel, acting "exec" since Lt. Harris transferred ... Rear Admiral Hardison, new Chief of Naval Air Primary Training Command, visits on inspection tour ... Alvino Rey (at $10 per head) played for Twelfth batt's dance ... Dr. Tagett and Chaplain Marsh added to staff.

March: Lt. McPhail returns from Kansas City with "word" that Navy now needs only replacements ... Desert Battalion arrives for first time ... April: Three-A arrives with five men who had given up commissions to become cadets ... Desert Battalion returns ... 1-A holds dance at Log Cabin ... Sat. Eve. Post story mentions Cadet Alvin Kernan, former aerial gunner, as last man to see Butch O'Hare alive ... Foxhole Wilson awarded citation.

May: Batt 2-A breaks traditions ... no Desert batt girls ... no regimental queen brought here ... no dance ... BUT took a 64-hour liberty ... battalions began decrease ... 4-A arrives with 50 men.

June: Lieutenants Hansen, Haines, and Thomas get orders out.

July: 3-A got "lost" ... still lost ... what happened to 3-A shouldn't happen to —-? ... NARU program begins with arrival of 180 men July 27.

August: One big happy family—4-A, 5-A, 6-A, 7-A all aboard at one time ... 4-A left and then there were three ... 5-A left and then there were two ... Desert batt girls came back to cheer up the boys ... big dance ... big beach party.

September: Batt 6-A left September 14 ... 7-A is the last of the Mohicans ... they're scheduled to leave September 28 ... then it will be just NARU and "The Jaw."

REGIMENTAL QUEEN
Margaret Sheridan & Cadet Miller

FACE THE FUTURE
By Bosper B.

Naval Aviation leads the fighting pack, It trains its men to fight and win, Or never to come back.

The average pilot up to now Was calm and quite serene, But under the new syllabus, He wonders where he's been.

You break your neck at Prep school, Rack your brain all day; And when time comes for pleasure, It's time to hit the hay.

You stagger on to Pre-Flight, Twenty-five weeks of this, And on graduation day, Fifty percent they miss.

If you're lucky enough to fail, It's Great Lakes fast for you; But if you stay in ole V-5, It's Primary, bud, you're thru.

The Devil is your instructor, The plane you fly is dead, And if you live to solo, You're crazy in the head.

When you finally get to Pensil, You strive an' work like mad; They grudgingly give you "Wings of Gold" And, Brother, that ain't bad.

But by the time all this is thru, And you're an Ensing true, The war is over, your girl is married, And has a son ... aged two!
**Meat Shortage Worries**

The Norman draft reports the difficulty they had there teaching the Waves to stand watch. Instead of saying, "Halt, who goes there?" they insisted on saying, "Stop, or I'll scream!"

* * *

A bachelor is a man who has no children — to speak of.

* * *

"How many demerits for mutiny, sir?"

Hickery, dickery dock,
Two mice ran up the clock,
The clock struck one—
And missed the other.

* * *

"Think of something fast, Smith, we just burned the steaks."

"Shut that damn door!"

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"
She: "Two; and the name is Daisy, not dizzy."

**Mustang Roundup, September, 1944**

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SIX-A PLATOONS  
(Continued)

PLATOON THREE

group in our platoon would be to slight the others. Since there were only 18 cadets left in Platoon Three at the last count, it is only just that we mention them all. To begin with, there's Abbott — the incessant reader, whose life, as depicted in that diary, must be one of rare thrills indeed. Barnard — shoeshiner supreme and master of the handstand. Blitch — Felkner's roommate. Bruce — our own Dilbert, but a true rebel who hasn’t forgotten what a Southern biscuit is like. Canto — his experiences in this war read like a SatEvePost serial. His good nature is constant and his friends many. Elliott — between Lt. Lee and the “C” test, it’s a wonder he gets any sleep. Felkner — the big and capable fifty per cent of our platoon management. He dreams of his little “Indian” back home and also of the day when he can go hunting again. Gaffin — the Red Cross opened a local chapter to accommodate his “bleeding.” A good kid nonetheless. Golden — a slight list on the starb'd beam distinguishes our ace swimmer and basketballer. Howell — the blue-eyed cadet who struck gold in church. Kussman — the other half of our platoon management. Keen in all sports and a good leader. McKinney — a patient lad until he lost two bunkmates and the ants carried his sack off. Rutland — “Cadet Rutland, Suh-h-h-h!” Schreiner — a fine record if you like fine records. Smith — the gremlin took plenty of ribbing about his “last base,” but has come through in fine style. Tobias — where in H—— does this guy get all his energy? Walker — supreme in the mess hall, in the swimming pool, and on the telephone. And last, but not least, there's Weeks — Casanova of the Third Platoon. His lucky number is 1123-M. Knock twice and ask for Martha.

PLATOON FIVE

till he met Gladys.

The busiest place the platoon ever saw (excluding the swimming pool, of course) was the Monte Carlo in Room 12. Can any of us remember passing by without hearing the sounds of “sweating” cadets, cards, and Alderman's “honough.” The big mystery is, “Where did they hide the roulette wheels and “one-armed bandits” during inspection?”

“What did you do this week-end?” and “Mengelkoch, where did you stay last night?” were the most frequently heard questions. There was only one answer to each.

“Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve” was undoubtedly our favorite song. We serenaded ourselves with it for hours on end.

There are many more personalities, but space limitations won't permit their inclusion — so with this feeble effort the writer signs off.

As Delbert would say, “Ain't this 'thilly'?”

NARU GROUPS—Continued

of the Unpredictable Chaney, originator of the word “gunch,” the connotation which will include anything from blondes to ardent wooing. Devenish was an ex-army supporter and his friend Herbert was borrowed from the wilds of Arizona. We also had our bronk-twisting friend "Bank-shot" Rees, who effectively upheld the honor of Round Valley Range, Utah. Clay andHazelton were rural lads, who suddenly decided that an F-6-F was faster and

(Continued to Page 22)
Seven-A Platoons
(Continued)

PLATOON ONE
with hard "woiking" Himmel, "B. F." Walton (who's a wolf?), and the guy who'll hash this article up, "blue-pencil" Skelley.

We started out a strong 26; we're now a not so strong 15, but — we're still going on. Just for a closing thought, here's one we all will know too well. "Although the spirit may be willing — what a wreck that leave made out of my body."

PLATOON THREE
but he's a Casanova when it comes to women

Convicts — I mean converts — from the Old Fifth platoon, Tasker and Dressler, might be called the long and the short of the Third — Tasker six two-and-a-half, Dressler five eight, Fife faked an appendicitis attack, but the ever-vigilant Navy docs caught him. Nice try, boy. The ex-fleet men, Mark and Wood, have given the rest of us an idea of what "real" navy life is. Mc-Donald, the big, silent type, is a man of action. Local California boys, Demoss and Robb, spend most of their time patiently explaining to us foreigners how wonderful this California weather is. So far, they have no converts. These poor innocents who've never had a chance to get out of California and see what the rest of the world is like, can't be expected to realize how wonderful it is "Away beyond the hills in Idaho," which is the native haunt of Unander. Ask him; he'd be glad to tell you all about it, anytime. And then we have the Southerners, Joe McKell from Mississippi, who refers to his room-mate as a "damn Yankee," and a Texas promoter named Nicoud. This kid makes Texas sage and sand sound like the most wonderful spot on earth.

There you have it — that completes the muster of the Fifth platoon. A fine bunch of cadets looking forward to a fine leave and then to a fine transfer!

PLATOON SEVEN
"I never get the reds" McDonald played a pretty fair game, but he should have been told that the game is played on one's feet. Pachook Burt managed to make a bum femur so that he could sack off during PT. The way he bounces around in ranks defies us to believe he's in step. "Smooth Boy" Stevenson, just the week before, tried to set a new swimming record on the obstacle course.

Some fellows we will remember because they were outstanding in classes. Like Glen "Old Epsom Salts" Brandcom, who loved to argue with the profs. (particularly Lt. "Flare-screens"). It was D. J. "Liberty Hound" Miller who made this classic reply to Burble Point's suggestion to stand up when sleepy: "What for, sir, fire-power to our athletic attempts. Munro played a little ball at Oregon and U.C.L.A., and another lad, R. E. Parker, played ball back East. Parker's taken the V-12 option, and will play for Occidental come November first.

Among the quieter cadets are "Bouncin' Joe"...evens, Shearer, and Nettleton. "A-boot Face" Judson dated the local dentist's daughter. Gets his teeth filled, anyway. And then we have the Southerners, Joe McKell from Mississippi, who refers to his room-mate as a "damn Yankee," and a Texas promoter named Nicoud. This kid makes Texas sage and sand sound like the most wonderful spot on earth.

Two of the boys in the platoon would take anyone on in a cup-raising contest. One of 'em was Don Powers, who claims he has given up drinking — in favor of guzzling the stuff; and his roomie, Bob "Mellowed in the Vat" Rostine, whose favorite comeback to the suggestion that he take up drinking more water was "that stuff rots rubber and rusts pipe, think what it would do to my stomach!"

Gene "Draft-dodger" Marchini joined up because he HAD to get into something. Going steady with three girls

(Continued to Page 22)
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NARU GROUP—Continued

much more interesting than a hay wagon.
As for your humble scribe, his greatest pride and interest in life is the
“quarter deck” and a girl called “Maude.”

DALLAS

would not be wrong to make note of
John R. Ross, and Tommy J. Compton,
each of whom spent over a year
in England for one of the country’s
largest aircraft companies. The title
of the smallest man in battalion 1-R
should go to C. L. Donner. Max Lu­
they is platoon leader of C-6.

Other members of this draft were
H. A. Cavness, F. L. Finke, R. Q. Hol­
lund, M. C. Hopkins, H. F. Howell, W.
F. Hoyler, J. E. Nettles, J. H. Payne,
M. F. Plaeger, M. J. Rasberry, R. C.
Robinson, L. C. Rose, T. G. Sparks.

(Continued from Page 21)
in the same town at the same time
was swell until they got together
ONCE. But he does get letters from
his mother. Bill “Why do you frap me
so often?” Roland seems to be climb­
ing the ladder of success — wrong by
wrong. Is Rick “I’d like to use you for
a model sometime” Rosenlind the only
fellow on the base who uses the dark
room exclusively for developing? Been
in the Navy long, Rick?

A bunch of noisier characters would
be hard to find; in fact, if peace and
quiet reigned, probably the only sur­
vivors would be J. A. “Fubar” Paine,
who came from the NIROTC, where ob­
viously the term muster did not mean
“Cadet, get the hell out of the barr­
racks on time.” Also, we picked up
Pat “First-nighter” Patten, whose first
night at Mattie’s really rang down the
curtain for him. We’ll never be able
to erase Walt “Scuttlebutt” Sorondal
from our memories, nor how Bill, the
tailor, solemnly announced that his
sterm measured four inches more than
his bow.

“Over yon Obispo Hill
Stands Mattie at her still.
Where two trainees wandered one
stormy winter’s night;
And there stood de roadhouse
With the Neon shining bright.
They walked upon the porch and
knocked upon the door—
And dere lay Mattie wid
Her Vodka, on de floor.”

* * *

Sweater girls make excellent school
teachers. They outline things so
clearly.
CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

I am the co-pilot... I sit on the right.
I am not important... just part of the flight.
I never talk back, lest I have regrets—
But I have to remember what the captain forgets:
I make out the flight plan, study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather;
Make out the mail forms, do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the captain's been courting.
I take all the heading, adjust the power,
Handle the flaps and call the tower.
Tell him where we are on the darkest night,
And do all the bookwork without any light.
I call for my captain and buy him cokes,
I always laugh at his corny jokes;
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I always come through with a "Gawd, but it's gusty."

All in all, I'm a general stooge,
And sit on the right of the man called Scrooge.
I guess you think this is past understanding,
But, maybe someday — he will give me a landing.

Author Unknown.

(Contributed by W. G. F. Metz—
Platoon B-5)

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