

Mustang

ROUNDUP

Armed & Dangerous

CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE MONTHLY NEWS MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER
1942

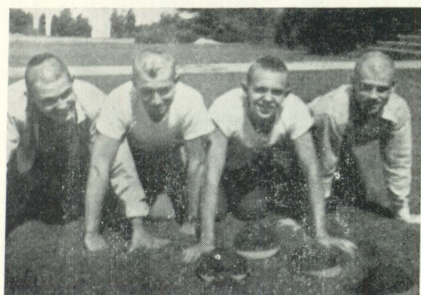
Vol. 1, No. 1

THE MAD RUSSIAN
(SPORTS)

CAMPUS LIFE

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

One bright moonlight night, when all were resting peacefully in their rooms, the familiar cry of "sophomores" rang through the dorm halls. Following that cry came another one



*BALD HEADED ROW
... fall hair-dos varied*

—a cry that makes freshmen shudder and shake—"All right, frosh, hit the deck."

A trip to the horse barn was in the offing. A host of sophomores with a few frosh made that trip. After a thorough dunking in the horse trough, in the nude, the frosh were showered with chopped straw and hay. With the welcome words of, "Okey, frosh, you can go home," the freshmen took off down the hill, still in the nude, not stopping until they were safe in their rooms.

As usual, the fall term opened this year with the sophomores extending a "glad-hand" that concealed paddle, to the incoming freshmen. The gay greetings of "Hi, frosh," made them feel right at home—for the first few days. Little did those unsuspecting freshmen know that behind the gay smiles and cheery greetings lurked many a devilish mind of a demon.

Haircutting was in its glory. Sophomores warned freshmen to get rid of their precious locks—or else. Most of the new members of the student body did this with no back talk. But a few chose to run the gauntlet. Result—many bare heads around the campus.

Most interesting story to come out of the haircutting spree this year was the one about the frosh who violated

all the rules in the book. Never carried his handbook, never wore his dink and even went so far as to beat a sophomore's time by stealing his girl. This girl, it seems, liked his hair long—so he failed to heed the warning to have it trimmed. When upperclassmen found that their advice was unheeded they decided action should be taken . . . action was taken.

The frosh lost a good head of hair and a good job as the result of an amateur but very thorough haircutting. The story has a happy ending, however, as the victim immediately got a better paying job on which he can now wear a cap—as a taxi driver.

Most fun for the sophomores came the night they held the egg rolling contest for freshmen only on Monterey street in front of the Anderson hotel. With the whole sophomore class present, a few freshmen started rolling eggs up the street, at the insistence of the sophs. It was rather hard going as the street was uphill. Many eggs broke, but that didn't disqualify the contestants who were obliged to keep on pushing the broken, runny egg shells. Nobody offered official records as to the winners of the contest.

Climax of the evening came when a number of freshmen were forced to do the "Conga" down the middle of the street. These events drew large crowds and everybody had a wonderful time with the exception of the freshmen.

Even though the freshmen are taking more beatings this year than in past years, the sophomores are repeating the usual "sophomoric cliché"—"Heck, they're not getting half what we got."

WHO WANTS SALLY RAND?

One warm, sunny day Cal Poly's campus was suddenly turned into an outdoor burlesque. The show went on immediately after lunch, with the sophomores relaxing in the shade and enjoying the sights.

Freshmen coming out of the cafe and automatically reaching into their pockets for the traditional dink, heard the "menacing" voices of the sopho-



*STRIP TEASE
Trend toward Jockey shorts*

mores. Following orders, the humbled frosh went around to the front of Chase hall for another of the famous sophomore "lawn parties."

Festivities began with that old favorite—"retrieving the shoe." With this event out of the way, and everyone but the freshmen now in the spirit, cries of "take it off" began to fill the air. Removing their shoes from under the sprinkler had soaked the frosh and the sophomores, fearing the younger men might catch cold from their wet clothes, were advising that they take off the wet garments.

Though blushing and embarrassed, the freshmen obliged. To the tune of "Strip Polka," the freshmen began peeling off their clothes.

Underwear manufacturers should note the trend toward "Jockey shorts."

CAMPUS LIFE

FROSH GO "A-CALLIN' "

Came that evening when freshmen could forget about the sophomores, put on their "Sunday best" and go "a-callin' ". Such were the happenings when the annual freshman reception was held at President McPhee's house.

All were greeted at the door by the friendly handshake of the "Chief"



JAM SESSION

...Frosh overrun McPhee Home

The ever smiling Mrs. McPhee was also on hand to greet the newcomers. After the how-do-you-do's, etc., the freshmen were escorted to the garden where ice cream and cake were served by six lovely young ladies.

Getting acquainted and talking to fellow classmates followed.

John Pfister, a freshman recently of Switzerland, entertained many with his popular piano playing. A few were lucky enough to be able to dance with the young ladies.

Everyone left knowing that their "Chief" was very efficient, and a wonderful friend to have.

SCRAP DRIVE

Between twelve and fifteen tons of various metals were salvaged on the California Polytechnic campus when the concentrated efforts of all students searched out and brought into the scrap pile every imaginable type of old metal ranging from discarded car bodies to rusted gas burners.

The scrap drive was a war version of the annual Soph-Frosh brawl with the students spending their time helping to hit the axis where it hurts. The piled up scrap under the flagpole is the best possible means of showing that we are in there pitching with everything we have and more.

STEALS RALLY SHOW

Preoccupied with salty taste of last year's defeat at the hands of the Reno Wolf Pack the assembly listened to Coach Dakan read the list of Poly Mustangs to whom fell the glory and also the job of avenging the defeat, or at least trying to avenge the defeat of 32-0.

Presented by the Rally committee, the assembly extraordinary on September 22, constituted the first rally of the year. Starting as usual with the treasured songs of Mustangs and the practice of some blood curdling "Forward ye sons of Poly" yells, Jack Mitchell, the yell leader for the season, gave sample of his idea how the Poly rooters should and would support the team.

As usual the unimportant part of the program stole the show. Bob Rose, amateur imitator of Hollywood's "Giants" had his audience rolling, yes, even Miss Chase, rolling in their seats.

FIRST ASSEMBLY

Freshmen and seniors alike, who had looked forward to the first assembly of the year, were not disappointed by its outcome. As usual Mr. McPhee (the Chief) made the meeting a real success with his suggestions, not orders, to the student body of 1942. New students soon saw that Mr. McPhee was a real friend and meant every word he said.

In a friendly personal manner "The

Chief" stated just what he expected of the students and what we could expect of him. He explained that though he could not be on the campus for several days at a time, his interests were here.

In this first assembly, the entire faculty was introduced to the student body by Mr. McPhee. The freshmen viewed their teachers-to-be with interest, while the seniors, who had been overlooked by the draft, reviewed them with hope for better grades.

No doubt the freshmen wondered, at the close of the assembly, if the teachers were really as hard boiled as they looked; the old students knew.

CHOO CHOO RIDE

For several years it has been the custom of the student body to treat Frosh to a trip to Avila on the old narrow-gauge railway. This year the Frosh assembled for what may very probably be the last of these trips. The Port San Luis Transportation Company is abandoning its line.

On the morning of September ninth the faculty, their families and the freshmen started an exciting day by viewing the remains of what had been an Espee caboose. Said caboose had been the victim of a squeeze play between two locomotives. The impressionable frosh had visions of that happening to them on their trip, but the older men knew better. Can't be a cornfield meet when there is only one train on the tracks. However, just in case, Messrs. Davidson and Ilg were

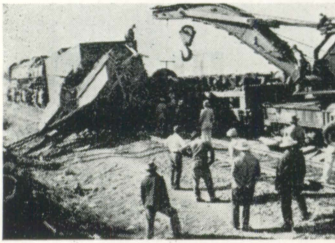


HEAP THE SCRAP

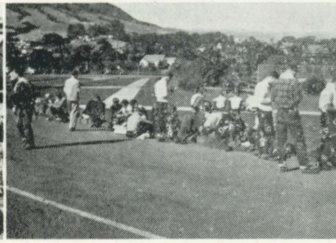
Metal that wins us the battle

CAMPUS LIFE

EVENTFUL "ADMISSION DAY"



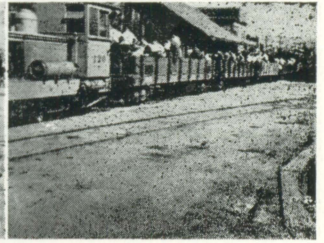
Kind of broken



Handbooks Out



All a'board



Avila choo-choo

appointed custodians of the first aid kit.

Whereupon the happy excursion pulled out of the station right on time—well it was only an hour and a half late. Some of the more romantic frosh were disappointed because the motive power was furnished by a diesel goat, but the wives of the faculty were pleased, no smelly, dirty oil smoke this trip. 'Twas a strange sight indeed to see this conglomeration of people gliding smoothly over the rusty rails at a speed of (censored) miles per hour. In a short time the merry party reached the shores of the blue Pacific. As the train chugged beside the cool, crystal clear reaches of the romantic sea, the occupants were startled to see a model A attempt the same procedure. About that time your reporter caught the smell of fish from the exotic sea and consequently lost interest in the A's progress.

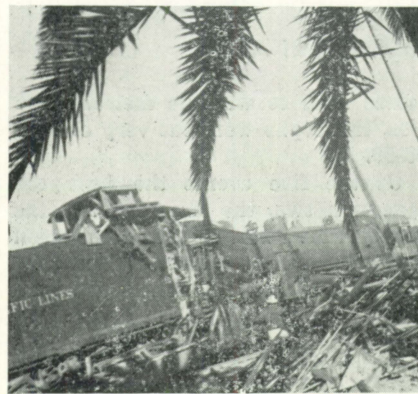
After a short dip in the ocean the primary need became food. Ah; those beans! Later, Mr. McPhee said that he had forgotten about the appetites of freshmen. He made the fatal mistake of waiting too long. There was not a bean in sight when it came time to ease his hunger.

And now what of our Angels of Mercy? It seems that Davy lost the toss and had to tape up the fellows that got hurt while Mr. Ilg played Dr. Kildare to a pretty little miss who skinned her legs in a bad fall.

Later, some of the frosh rode the train out on the pier, that solved the queries about the fish smell. It was then that steam triumphed over diesel for the old tank broke down and

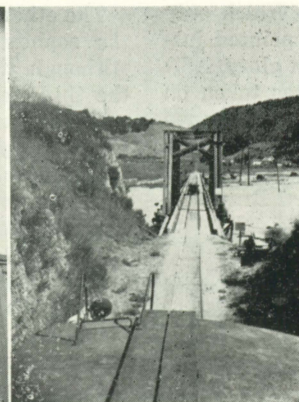
another engine had to be sent for. While waiting, a pepper-game was organized and Henry House really showed his talents as a ball player.

And then, the ride home with many happy frosh sprinkled over the oil kettle and tender. Surprising enough,



*S. P. WRECK
... morning of the train ride*

the consensus of opinion showed that the highlight of the trip was the blonde that followed the excursionists for seven miles.



*ENROUTE TO AVILA BEACH PARTY
All 'a board ... Model A follows ... white cliffs*

Frosh-Soph Brawl

FROSH VERSION

The Faculty Informer in its remarks about the activities of Wednesday, September 30, said, "the Freshmen-Sophomore activities would begin at 1:30 p.m." The upper-classmen were more realistic, it was still the Brawl.

After the tumult and the shouting died, freshmen crowed over their resounding victory. Much to their surprise, they were informed that they had lost by a score of 75 to 50. In anger and disgust they promptly tossed the Sophs and many upper-classmen into the mudhole.

The freshmen had their best talent sabotaged by various means. For instance, four husky Frosh who would have been of immeasurable help to their team were feloniously removed from their humble abodes at Cal Poly and were taken to the metropolitan bright lights of Atascadero. There they were delayed purposely by three beautiful army nurses. We must deplore the vicious idea of the sophomore class using the United States

CAMPUS LIFE



IN THE SOUP

Fair and square but a dirty deal . . .

Army to further their dastardly plans. This however was not all. Such ideas as pouring water on freshmen courses to make them slick had also been used.

And still the freshmen came through undaunted, though only with the aid of three Quizzling-like upper classmen. They claimed victory in three of the five events. Not only had they twice dragged the sophs through the mud in the tug of war and completely conquered the second year men in the tire race but they had also taken the three legged race according to all reliable reports. What was wrong? The referees declared that the Frosh had lost that particular race.

"Red" Jewett indignantly branded the advertised competition as a farce and for his pains was unceremoniously tossed into the mud. (Which only goes to show that self appointed justice does not always end in glory. Ed.)

While sweet revenge was taken on the Sophomores and upper-classmen it still did not alter the fact that what was to be a fair game had reverted to a typical and traditional Brawl.

SOPH VERSION

Brawl? That is the technical word for the Frosh-Soph activities which were held September 30. Far from the Brawls of previous years, this one was tame, quite tame. Nevertheless, as they always do, freshmen still complain about the trickery the sopho-

mores used to win the melee. Win? Yes, the Sophs won, but very closely, 75-50.

Of the five events the first-year men won two, the tire race and the tug of war. The tire race went swell for the sophomores until, by some accident, the tires changed hands. This gave the large tire to the Frosh, who came up from behind to win hands down. You know what we mean by "large tire". The sophomores lost the tug of war because of two factors. One was the greater number of Frosh pulling down hill, and the other, the fact that the Freshmen had more traction on their slightly dampened-down side of the mud hole. Let us hope next year's Sophs-to-be have learned by the present second-year men's mistake.

The other three games were won by the sophomores in glorious fashion. Although they got an early lead in the three legged race, the Frosh just couldn't stand up against the terrific pace the speedy Sophs set. Probably the funniest contest of the day was the hog-tying contest. Pardon us, we meant Frosh-tying contest. That is what really happened. Imagine about twenty huskies in one big pile trying to tie each other up and keep from being tied. Result, one sophomore tied and ten Freshmen tied. Strange to say the last Frosh to be "fixed up" was the smallest one in the bunch. But what a scrapper! It took about six Sophs to do the trick.

With grain sacks, sawdust, and freshmen sailing through the air, the Sophs cleaned up on the sack race. Not before having a pretty tough fight, though, for the sacks did weigh some, and one gets pretty tired running full speed all the way across the field carrying one as such on his back.

As a climax to the day's fun, EVERYBODY, including "Red" Jewett, got heaved into the mud hole.

It may be safe to say that what had started out to be a typical Poly Brawl ended up nothing short of a nice fair contest at least in the minds of the Sophs.

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

The "gentlemen's club" and campus, the Voorhis Unit of the California Polytechnic college at San Dimas, is feeling the pinch of the war this fall.

The enrollment of only 47 members put an almost complete stop to its activities. With a student body of this size even the best leaders could not be expected to accomplish much. It is to their credit, that they, the southern unit, carry on under those difficult circumstances.

We hope to increase the ties between the two student bodies especially now when unity is an all important factor.

TALES OF OLD . . .

With a backbone of only eleven old men, this year's forty-three-man glee club is out to provide good music, help publicize our school, and have a wonderful time doing it.

Inspired by the tales the old members told, and keep on telling, of last year's glee club tour, all of the new men are determined to produce and really produce till their last performance which is to be on graduation night next June.

Gil Brown, accompanist, also held that position last year and is a real veteran at the piano keys. Alvin Quist, sophomore president, is also the prexy of the glee club and under him are Jimmy McDonald, vice-president; Roy Carter, secretary; Leland Meyer, treasurer; Dave Risling, manager; and John Mooshagian, librarian.

Among the tunes being worked up now are "All Hail, Green and Gold," "Send out a Cheer," "Sweet and Low," "Allah's Holiday," and the vigorous "Rolling Down to Rio."

GOVERNMENT



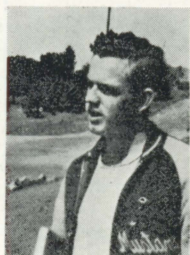
H. HOUSE
Student Prexy



B. PROCSAL
Vice Prexy



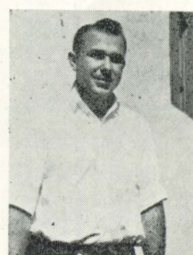
H. ACTON
SAC Scribe



MERITHEW
Money Man



BEN BARR
Athletic Mgr.



J. MITCHELL
Yell Leader

SPEED BLURS VISION

Never before in the history of Cal Poly's topsy-turvy student government has there been more opportunity to use valid alibis for inefficiency and less necessity for using those alibis. National, state and local governments are being criticized right and left for bungling important war effort. Urgency of every activity connected with war effort is gradually penetrating the "let George do it" attitude until today almost everyone feels the press of time, feels speed not efficiency is the criteria.

The new "hurry, hurry" attitude pierced the usually lethargic hide of student government and burst like a bomb, driving shrapnel of urgency into the conscience of student leaders.

First task to confront student officers was problem of making decreased student funds reach as far as ever. But before important budgetary matters could be taken up in the first Student Affairs Council meeting, held September 8, war emergency pressure rose before SAC members in the person of R. S. Dixon of the U. S. Employment Service.

Dixon relayed a plea from sugar beet growers and sugar companies for volunteer farm laborers urgently needed in the beet fields. Slow spoken, gaunt Dixon wanted Poly men to help—but only 24 the first week, 48 the second week and eventually a hundred or more every weekend.

Caught in the pinch by his over-enthusiasm, Prexy Henry House was forced to confess he had jumped the gun and already had signed 175 freshmen for the first weekend. His action, however creditable, lacked intimate knowledge of facts and figures and proved haste makes waste. Eventual outcome of this over-exu-

berance and gun-jumping on House's part was disappointment of majority of volunteer workers and gradual loss of enthusiasm, finally resulting in a critical situation when only four workers appeared one weekend. (See Agriculture).

Reminding strangely of the Senate Pension Bill, the old worn out matter of the officer's picture plaque stuck up its ugly head and continued its already long and memorable career which last year turned the final SAC meeting into a burlesque.

Many SAC members recall that it was on that occasion that Dick Barrett, then publication business manager, reported on the matter of the officers' picture plaque. There was no difficulty whatsoever in sight when suddenly up came some contradictory spirit and objected to the fact that the student editors were to have their pictures on the plaque too. Motion after motion was voted upon against all rules and regulations of parliamentary procedure, only being replaced and discarded by some other contradictory suggestion. No firm ground was reached and the decision on the squabble was postponed until this year. Unless ironed out soon the problem may develop into an ugly sore in the history of SAC.



L. McNICHOL
Student Mgr.

At the same meeting, the publication department took a blow between the eyes when it came to the allotment of available funds from a depleted and shallow

treasury. Cut to a minimum, the funds allowed for publications was barely sufficient for the publication of a monthly magazine. (See Press)

The budget, accepted on the recommendation of McNichol, associated student manager, was apportioned as follows:

Poly Royal	\$ 400.00
General	550.00
Band	350.00
Reserve	100.00
Student Mgr.	400.00
Publication	500.00
Athletics	1700.00
	\$4000.00

RIGHT TO VOTE

At present the roll call of the SAC meetings shows the following representatives of our student body present at the meetings: Don Seaton, El Mustang; Chet McCorkle, Young Farmers; Bob Hoffer, Aero department; Jack Mitchell, yell leader; Loren McNichol, student manager; Ben Barr, athletic manager; Tom Leonard, Aero department; Clint Merithew, treasurer; Dave Risling, Young Farmers; Ken Stretch, Electrical department; Detlefsen, Young Farmers; Henry House, president; Harold Acton, secretary; Bob Procsal, vice president; Fred Morgan, Boots and Spurs; Leo Philbin, Aero, and Mr. Davidson, advisor.

Some of those listed have a questionable right to vote and to represent anyone at all and so, at the suggestion of Henry House, a little revision of the constitution was deemed ne-

GOVERNMENT

cessary and is already in its embryo stage.

If as it is at the present, some of the clubs are and some of the clubs are not directly represented at the student affairs council, conditions of antagonism and indignation on part of the neglected will occur.

It has been suggested that a new method of proportionate representation be devised and included in the revised constitution.



CHIEF McPHEE
"only four rules, but ..."

McPHEE'S FOUR RULES

During the first assembly of the Cal Poly student body this year, Mr. McPhee in his address, gave four rules that we must not break as students of this college. There were only four, but about these he was very emphatic.

Mr. McPhee's warnings do not go without backing. Boys in past years have been seen leaving the campus with bag and baggage only a few hours after their offense. These are the rules—all students please take notice. (1) No drinking! All liquor must be kept off the campus. (2) All students shall stay away from houses of prostitution. (3) Stealing of any kind shall not be tolerated, on the campus or in town. (4) The school or its faculty will not be involved in any police mixups. Students in bad with police will have to face their own crime.

All students found disobeying these rules must take the consequences.

ADMINISTRATION CHANGE

When students returned to Poly this fall they not only viewed the new administration classroom in use for the first time since its completion during the summer, but also found new offices occupied by men with familiar faces but new titles.

C. O. McCorkle, efficient, well-liked brainy instructor, was now to be found in the office next in importance to that of Chief McPhee. McCorkle's new title, although not painted on the door as yet, is "assistant to the president."

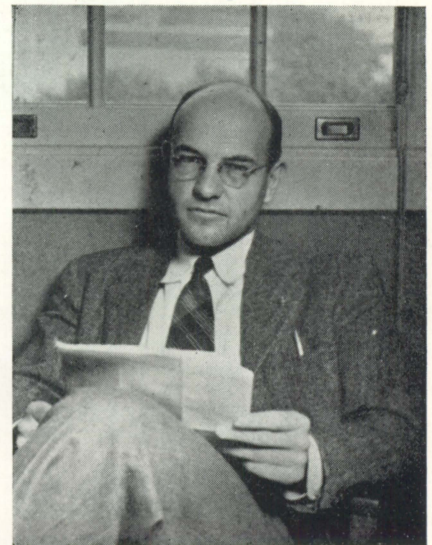
Down the hall and around the corner, students found Eugene Boone, with sleeves rolled up, sweating over financial matters. Boone, formerly head of the dairy manufacturing department, had become almost a stranger to students since last year when he was in charge of the war training courses for rural youth—a job which kept him away from the school a great deal. Now he's applying his efficient methods to the running of the college's financial system—no easy job in times like these.

Al Hollenberg, who had charge of the supervision of war training of rural youth in the five western states, has returned after a year's leave of absence to assume command again in the agricultural mechanics department.

LIBRARY MOVED

Under the reorganization set-up, the problem of crowded library accommodations was taken into consideration. New students will never know how poor lighting was, or how few seats were available in the old library across the street from the ever-roaring welding shop. Older students appreciate the new layout upstairs in the new building but even few of them know how much trouble it was to move the library over to its new location.

During the latter part of August the decision was made to move and then came the labor problem, rearing its ugly head again. With few students on the campus, no laborers available on the school staff, the whole job was accomplished by a few boys and Librarian Kennedy. Kennedy's truck-driving ability caused several minor accidents, such as knocking the post out from under the porch of the old library and spilling a couple of boxes of books on a speedy turn.



C. O. McCORKLE
... reorganized organization

INDUSTRY

WHICH COMES FIRST?

Keeping up with trend of times, California Polytechnic agricultural and industrial college was on the verge of being turned into an industrial and agricultural institution, when the enrollment of students in the field of industry almost equaled that of the agricultural department.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that the youth of today heads more and more towards the mechanical side of instruction. After all, we are living in a machine age and the future of the nation and the whole world depends in a large part on the mechanical ability and training of its upcoming generations. More and more specialists of all types are demanded by the army and navy and all phases of the national defense effort.

The department of Aeronautical industries showed the largest increase in its enrolment followed by the Electrical engineering department. Besides these two departments, the California Polytechnic college offers training in the field of Mechanical industries, Architectural drafting and also War industries training courses in Signal Corps, Welding, Aircraft Sheetmetal and Machine shop craftsmanship.

It is almost a race between the Agricultural side of our national production field and the training of industrial experts. The one, has as big a job ahead as the other. Both are essential for the welfare and the ultimate victory of the nation.

AGRICULTURE

WHO SAID MEAT SHORTAGE?

Boys taking Agricultural courses, especially meat animal husbandry, have started with a high speed like any defense plant and are getting a good start to help in the war effort.

Since there will be only one livestock show, an extra effort is being made to produce more meat with what they have.

The only important show that Cal Poly will attend and show will be the Great Western livestock show which will be held December 1-4.

In the beef department two carloads of beef will be shown, one being Herefords and the other Short-horn. Last year the Grand Champion carload was from Cal Poly, and we hope to see more than one carload championship this year. Besides showing carloads there will be 25 individual steers to be shown.

After the show stock is marketed, 45 head of yearling Aberdeen Angus will be put on feed for the commercial market.

Also there will be a replacement of 150 head of cattle for the boys to carry out the rest of the school year.

Hog projects have also started with 24 freshmen boys with 15 hogs to a project. Fall farrowing included, there will be marketed 500 head of hogs.

Hogs to be shown at Great Western will be single pens of Duroc-Jerseys, Poland Chinas, and Crossbred barrows. There will also be more projects open after the livestock show.

The sheep situation is well under way with one carload of lambs, and some pens of Individuals going to L. A. There is a pen of Cross Breds, Hampshires and Southdowns.

Mr. Collins, sheep instructor states that the lambs are some of the best and they should do exceptionally well at the show.

Another carload of lambs was bought, but not for show. It is a carload of Crossbred lambs which was given out to boys to feed for the commercial market. Fifty head of lambs were given to each group of four boys in partnership.

These lambs were purchased from a good source, James Nevin, Swift



CAL POLY HELPS OUT

Were the beets too small or the boys too slow ...

and company sheep buyer, and also the father of Phillip Nevin, a student here at Poly.

Boys who were interested in breeding stock had the opportunity to get and raise fifteen head of Hampshire rams for the California Ram Sale and for local sheep trade.

In compiling a rough estimate on how much the meat animal boys are doing in the food effort, figures show that by the end of the year they will have marketed 110,000 pounds of pork 42,000 pounds of mutton, and 175,000 pounds of beef, making a total of 327,000 pounds of meat, which will be marketed for victory.

SUGAR BEET HEADACHE

Shortage of agricultural labor in this area and necessity of getting the



HARDER THAN IT LOOKS

Chop them close ...

most valuable sugar beet crop in history harvested before beets dried up and lost sugar content, caused California Polytechnic students and faculty as much of a headache as a backache, (See "Speed Blurs Vision.")

Prexy Henry House's premature recruiting of student volunteer beet toppers started the migraine pain. When only four workers showed up one Saturday morning, the local paper carried a pointed criticism. After the head of the local committee in charge of recruiting beet toppers was told the complete story of how Poly students work on the farm, a retraction of the first story was printed.

Twenty-four men were all that could be used on the first day, although over 165 had volunteered. Undersized beets cut earnings down to far below what they would have earned on Poly farm jobs. Next week 48 men went out and did slightly better but still couldn't top enough weight to make as much as they expected. The following weekend was the fateful Saturday when only four men showed up.

Since then, crews have been organized and better results have been made, although Poly boys are still griping about their 24 cent an hour average. Paradox of the Poly boys' excuse for poor showing came when a crew of American Legion oldsters topped

AGRICULTURE

nearly three times the weight of beets that the same number of students topped the day previous.

Factors such as delay in having a plow dig up beets, delay in having trucks pick up loads, and poorer producing fields, were possible reasons for below average showing of Poly students. Faculty members are now working weekends, but except for backaches, most teachers are wearing grins over "easier than usual way to pick up cash."

WAY DOWN YONDER

"Victory Gardens" have their places in the modern education field. Paul Dougherty, crops instructor, tells of the 223 Cal Poly students and 67 Smith-Hughes teachers who have used the Cal Poly Victory Home Garden as a "Learning by Doing" classroom and laboratory this year. But all wasn't roses, he also relates in his Victory Garden Informer of this incident way down yonder in the corn field.

"We dispatched one of our freshmen helpers to gather Zucchini squash while we hustled ahead to fill some corn orders. In due course he returned with a nice collection of cucumbers. Followed a brief lecture on vegetable kinds and he was sent away again, searching for Zucchini. Shortly he appeared with a bucket of our pride and joy—Hubbard squashes, nipped in their infant bud. Then came the personal excursion, the personal demonstration, and the final capture of the elusive Zucchini. Learning by doing!"

PROFITABLE OAT SOWING

Crops students last year rented 80 acres from the Union Oil company. It was planted Armistice day with oats and vetch. This combination was harvested in June, yielding a very good crop. The boys in the partnership were: Dave Risling, Edgar Fisher and Roy Downing.

The boys sold the hay to the school and about 175 tons to local farmers. In marketing and selling, about \$1300 was made between the three students.

More projects are open for crops and students, under the supervision of Mr. Paul Dougherty, crops instructor.

Meatless and fishless Wednesdays in Washington's 52 government cafeterias are expected to save six tons of the two products weekly.



CROPS CLUB BARBECUE
...Castorol didn't settle matters

LABOR

JOBS PLENTIFUL

Probably never before in Cal Poly's history have jobs been so plentiful for students, both on the campus, in town or on local farms. The student employment bureau, managed by Bob Winans under the supervision of Faculty Adviser Norman Sharpe, is practically deluged by requests for boys to do all sorts of work from taking care of babies (not babes) to being night clerk at the largest hotel in town.

The bureau has on file many jobs for which no students have applied. Some of these jobs would give students as much as a \$100 dollars per month and still leave time to carry a full load of studies.

Reason given by Bureau Manager Winans for lack of student response to job opportunities was unfamiliarity with system. Winans has revised hit-miss system used during September and is now locating workers by leaving a list of available jobs at the switchboard each morning and then interviewing applicants for these jobs in the cafeteria after 12:30 each day.

FARM HANDS NEEDED

Poly's school farm faces a labor shortage as do most of the farms in this county. Paul Dougherty, crops instructor and Cal Poly farm chief, says that he still needs labor and any fellow who is not a cripple and is willing to work, has a job waiting for him. All through the summer there have been fewer men to do more work and even now that school has started labor problems are not over.

DEPARTMENTS

EAT BUT BE WARY

With the smell of sizzling steaks, corn, salad, French bread, and beans rising to the heavens, the annual Crops club initiation and barbecue took place at Crops Instructor Paul Dougherty's new hill-top home on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 29. Prepared by Bob Vandervoet, well-known Dutchman whose barbecue experience dates back to Poly Vue days at San Dimas, the feast was really something to talk about.

After the neophytes had gorged themselves, a slightly rough game of touch football was forthcoming in a burned-over vacant lot. At this point, many of the new fellows began to cast sighs of relief over prospects of missing rigors of initiation. Soon the boys, dripping with sweat, cinders and what-have-you, staggered up the steps to the front lawn of the house. Expressions of pleasant surprise were registered when the tired men discovered that thoughtful older members of the club had prepared tasty sandwiches for their enjoyment.

Eagerly they grabbed them and jammed the appetizingly prepared tidbits into mouths watering with expectation. The result was humorous or tragic, depending upon your position at the moment. Passers-by watched in amazement at the scene of a half-dozen boys or so choking simultaneously and clamoring for a drink.

The drinks were administered immediately, but again the result was

DEPARTMENTS

unexpectedly tragic for the new men. Some of the boys were heard to say, after everything was over, that the drink often given to children by their mothers on advice of a competent physician, neither quenched their thirst nor settled their stomachs.

While the luckless individuals lay on the lawn bewailing their foolish intentions of becoming crops farmers, the brutal second, third and fourth year men had a council of war. What followed was the usual sophomoric pranks designed to make the new men more uncomfortable and to satisfy the urge for revenge burning within those who suffered the same punishment the year before. Older crops men say the new fellows were "lucky" that more time was not given to thinking up other "amusing" stunts.

With initiation out of the way, members of the Crops club expect to start things rolling to make this their most successful year.

FROSH SURVIVE INITIATIONS

On September 30, the upper-class minority of the Boots and Spurs organization started a bloody putch to conquer the freshman majority. This incident was representative of the activities of most of the departments on the campus; these activities be distinctly separate from the regular hazing of all freshmen. (See Classes).

One typical act of these special initiations is the requiring of all the initiates to carry a paddle of certain dimensions; since it pleases the sadistic side of the veterans to have the Frosh carry the same weapons with which they are to be assaulted.

At week's end the riots had stopped and while the dead and wounded had not been fully accounted for, it is safe to say that the freshmen had won their right to representation in all of the departments.

Meeting behind locked doors, the weary Frosh emptied many bottles of arnica and discussed their recent feats. Some were planning for the next year, some were boasting of their valorous deeds in the current campaigns, and some were just emptying the aforementioned bottles.

BOOTS & SPURS completed another of their rugged initiations on a dark night in October. They started off as usual by warming the importance of the incoming members and then ended on the same note. But in between, refreshments on the orders of the Crops boys, (see Eat But be Wary), riding broncs ne'r seen at

Poly Royal, and still that bruising paddle! After it was over the new members hoped the benefits would be worth their troubles and the veterans were sure that it would be.

NEW STYLE INITIATION

While new members of the Boots and Spurs clubs were receiving the annual hot seat, bucking bronco rides, horrible tasting food, and other things your reporter can not mention here, freshmen of the Dairy club had one swell get-together Thursday night, October first.

Perhaps the old members of the Los Lecheros were sorry that they had been so good to the new members when the evening's excitement came to an end, for the freshmen trounced the sophomores in a fast moving basketball game. The senior members laughed until they were also beaten by the same team. Although the senior team had some drawbacks, namely Henry House and Bob Procsel, they also had a few good players like Mr. Ilg and Mr. Drumm. However, the competition was too tough, bringing the upper classmen to their knees.

All was in fun and the entire club retired to the Dairy lab. for refreshments after the final game.

C Y F DRIVE

The Crops boys barely nosed out the "Udder" boys in the California Young Farmers membership drive. As you have heard, there was a five dollar prize offered for the club having the largest percentage of their club joining the Young Farmers. The Crops club offered twenty-seven out of their twenty-eight club members and the Los Lecheros club had twenty-eight out of thirty join. To be accurate 96.43 percent of the Crops club joined to 93.33 percent of the Dairy club. The latter club will get three dollars as second prize, and the Boots and Spurs club will get two dollars as the third prize.

At the first meeting of the year Dave Risling, president of the organization, greeted new members of the club and asked old members to start getting more new men interested in the club. Carl Beck, advisor, gave a brief history of the club and told of its work in the agricultural line. J. I. Thompson, livestock specialist of the Bureau of Agricultural Education spoke on the war situation in relation to agriculture.

Eugene Boone was guest speaker at the next meeting and his topic was

"Farm Labor Freezing". He started the talk but in just a few moments everyone at the meeting was putting in his two cents and finally there was a big pow-wow in which everyone was given a chance to ask questions or tell what he knew of the matter.

The following representatives were chosen: SAC, Dave Risling, Chet McCorkle, and Fred Morgan; Rally Committee, Loring Dale, Elwood Randolph, and Jack James; Board of Athletic Council, Ed Santos; Publications, Don Seaton; Social Committee, Edgar Fisher; Student Court, Bob Thomsen, Bob Warden, and Bill Gibford.

CLASSES

UPPER CLASS QUANDRY

When the upperclassmen returned for the fall quarter there were a few mutterings against Uncle Sam. Frosh to the right, Frosh to the left and not a junior or senior in sight. Bearing up as well as could be expected under the draft laws, they finally decided to form one class. So far no officers have been elected as all of them haven't received their classifications and who wants to keep reelecting officers throughout the year?

The sophomore class went right to work on the freshmen, taking little time to elect Alvin Quist, of Glee Club fame, as their president, Chet McCorkle, of the Collegians, as first mate, and Bob Gibford, the Boots and Spurs foreman, for their keeper of the records and the exchequer.

The freshman class quickly organized itself at the beginning of the year,



JIM YATES
Frosh Pres.

for they realized that they held an advantage that had to be consolidated. By electing that "fiery guard" Jim Yates as their skipper and popular Cal Wilson as their

vice president they quickly started an active class. With Jim Morris as their secretary treasurer they promise an efficient one.

So far, they too, are resting on their laurels gained throughout the initiations but will soon try their hands at new activities.

SPORTS

THE FOOTBALL SCENE

Near-disaster struck the Cal Poly campus in the spring of 1942 when the entire athletic coaching staff left for the armed forces. However, the Mustangs were fortunate in obtaining the services of popular Bob Dakan, former freshman coach at Stanford University and more recently of San Luis Obispo Junior College.

Greeting the largest football turnout in Cal Poly history, Dakan went right to work at the difficult job of familiarizing his boys with the intricate "T" formation system.

A grand total of 65 men turned out in uniform, including seven returning lettermen.

third string squad started off for Nevada U. Composed of a majority frosh line. They counted on their speed and passing attack to administer a surprise to the "Wolf Pack" . . . to subdue their strongest opponent of last year.

After stopping off at Truckee for two days to get used to the high altitude, they crossed the state line on foot. The walk had them "fighting mad" when they finally reached the "Biggest Little City in the West". But they lost the game.

They did their best to stop those "howling wolves", but the better team won. There is no way of debating it.

BY LAND AND BY AIR

Displaying speed and deception deluxe, California Poly Mustangs ran over a weak Fort Ord eleven by the score of 26 to 7. Early in the first quarter a fumble gave the Commandos the ball on the midfield stripe, and they marched 50 yards to their only score.

Trailing by seven points in the second period the Mustangs began to roll. Halfback Bob Day tallied Poly's first score of the season on a nine yard reverse. Bob Proscal, veteran end, kicked the point to tie the score. Poly's second score came in the same period when quarterback Leroy Lieb smashed over from the one yard line.



1942 FOOTBALL SQUAD BIGGEST IN HISTORY

Physical development emphasis gets 65 men in suit

Coach Bob Dakan broke a precedent when he formed the Junior Varsity squad this year. With more men out than usual, Dakan felt some of the boys weren't seeing enough action, so he scheduled a game with the Salinas junior college—a game to be played by Poly junior varsity.

Eliminating all his lettermen from the lineup, the remaining second, third and fourth strings were designated as the junior varsity.

RENO EXCURSION

With the best intentions and determination in their revenge-aching minds the Mustang first, second and

After taking their defeat at the hands of Nevada by a score of 18-0, the Mustangs turned "Wolves" themselves, and went on the hunt for Reno Belles.

Manager Morton Sax was the self-appointed guardian of not only the team but also Coach Bob Dakan and Assistant Coach Bill Hall. Returning late (early in the morning) after a sight-seeing trip around Reno, both coaches were surprised to find Morton sitting up in the lobby of the hotel waiting for them. "Where have you been?" queried Morton. No answer was forthcoming.

Proscal again converted and the score stood 14 to 7 at the half.

In the second half a hard charging Mustang line broke through to block a Commando punt. Jim Yates freshman guard fell on the ball in the end zone for Poly's third score. Proscal's attempted conversion went wide.

Leo Philbin, red haired senior fullback, then took over the offensive chores for the home team. Philbin repeatedly broke away for long gains around end and finally scored on a 13 yard run. Dulitz failed to kick goal.

In the final period the Mustang's third team drove to the soldiers one-foot line, but failed to score

SPORTS

FOOTBALL FISTICUFFS

A slipshod job of officiating at the Salinas junior college vs. Poly junior varsity game, Oct. 11, was reason for some unscheduled "boxing matches" between several of the players, according to observers.

Although Poly won 14-6, the Mustangs probably lost any Salinas friends they might have had. Definitely instructed before the game by Coach Dakan that any Poly fellow causing any trouble or talking back to other team members would be instantly jerked from the game, put Mustang players on the defensive.

A series of uprisings, none serious, however, were evidently the result of numerous minor injuries suffered by the obviously poor conditioned Panther players. Salinas felt Poly men were playing "dirty" but spectators were of the opinion that the hard charging Poly linemen and hard driving Poly backs were "too much" for the lighter team.

Salinas scored early in the game when Dick Meier, halfback, returned Pimentel's punt 75 yards for a touchdown. In the third quarter, Bob Day scored for Poly and H. Gilley went over the line to make the conversion. In the last six minutes of play, Gilley went over from the three yard line to score again and this time Bob Valenzuela kicked the conversion point.



COACH DAKAN and CAPT. SOHRAKOFF
What would you do if ...

THE MAD RUSSIAN (SEE COVER)

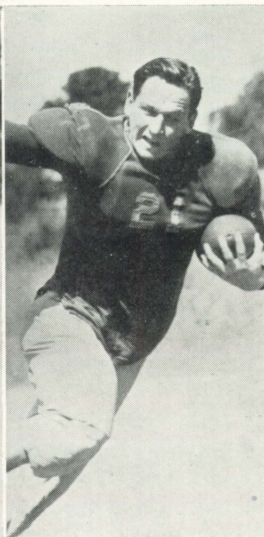
The "Mad Russian" or Sack, as he is affectionately known by the boys, is that husky, chunky man-under-the-play, John Sohrakoff. John was chosen captain of the 1942 Poly varsity on the basis of his experience ability and leadership. Liked by every man on the squad, Sack is a natural for the field general job.

Sack played on the varsity squad for the first time three years ago but that was his first year of football as he had never played in high school. Although he didn't make a letter that year, he has made letters every year since.

He's a senior now, and a smart one. His major is Aero engineering—there isn't a tougher course in the college—and still he cracks an "A" average.



LEROY LIEB
quarterback



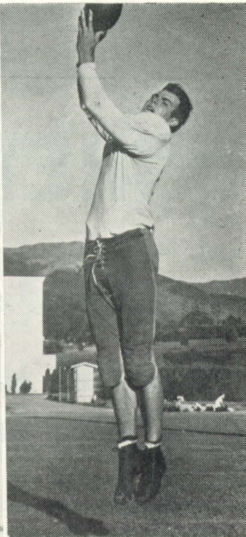
CAL NEWTON
fullback



BOB PROCSAL
left end



E. G. MOORE
right tackle



ROY FORT
right end

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for your favorite
tune."

MUSIC

FUN FOR FUN'S SAKE

Hollow-tile walls lining the halls of the Administration basement echoed and re-echoed early this month with the shrill screams of feminine voices, and heavy-throated growls of Poly musicians. MUSTANG ROUNDUP staff members, working diligently into the wee hours in office No. 19 of the basement, found concentration on serious problems difficult at first but eventually became mentally conditioned to even the most ominous echoing of scurrying high-heels followed by thuds of heavy boots.

Lilting strains of sweet music and torrid tones of hot jive bounced back and forth in the corridors, causing non-present listeners wonderment as to the early-season smoothness of the Collegians. Unable to stand the strain longer, one reporter sneaked through halls, past giggling couples, to peak into El Corral, converted early in the day into a party room. Brave front-line reporting brought back information that the glee club and orchestra members and their girls were dancing to music of Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and many another top-notch with Wendell Gash changing the records.

Purpose of the early season party, according to a music department spokesman, was to acquaint timid frosh with "flowers" of San Luis Obispo.

Assisting inexperienced frosh in solving the "how to get a date problem" was no easy matter, but veteran musicians, Dave Risling and Chet McCorkle, came to the rescue, hurried around over San Luis, scanned every date book available, eventually "dated" every potential wall-flower. Pre-occupation in duties of their dating bureau caused Risling and McCorkle unexpected hardship. Came time for own dating, found no girls (eligible or otherwise) available. Risling came stag and McCorkle donned apron to hide embarrassment and worked behind counter assisting Benny Barr to dish out cokes.

MUSTANG ROUNDUP photo editor Darrol Davison, also a player of sweet trombone with the Collegians, was on hand taking pictures. (See next edition) Problem of handling flash bulbs, camera, tripod and girl caused Davison some brow wrinkling. He eventually solved the problem by commandeering the girl to carry photo paraphernalia.

Big feature of the evening was the



H. P. DAVIDSON
... prophet of good year.

"Lemon Dance." Somewhat like "Musical Chairs" combined with a tag dance, this new dance wrinkle was a real mixer. Three stag men were equipped with either a bar of soap, a lemon or a lime. Each male dancer was given five pennies. When music played, dancers sought to cling to partners, avoiding stags. Stags hurriedly cut in, exchanging bar of soap, lemon or lime, for girl. Unfortunate extra man would immediately attempt to unload unwanted merchandise for highly-prized frill. Each time the music stopped, stag with soap in hand had to pay two pennies to the "kitty" and the other two, caught with either lemon or lime, were forced to donate a penny each. Eventually the pot became full, but dancers are still wondering what happened to the money.

Older men were pleasantly surprised to see last year's Collegian ivory tickler, Stan Noble, present with his pretty bride of recent months.

The party was handled by Jim McDonald, of last year's Poly Royal fame, and numerous committees.

Musicmen are already planning their next basement revelry.

SWEET OR SOLID?

Despite the fact that they didn't get a ride on the Fitch "Band Wagon" this summer most Cal Poly students still think the Collegians are candidates for a place on the "Spotlight Band" show and are ready to argue with any jive hound about the merits

Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

MUSIC

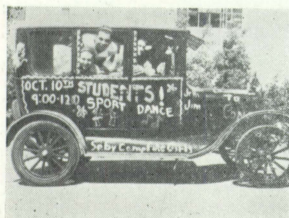
of the sweet tunes of the "Sophisticated Swingers."

The new "Collegians" have the makings of one of the finest bands in the history of our school. Featured this year will be the voices of several of the members of the orchestra, including Phil Hoy, lead alto sax man, and Arkansas's own Joe Parker, guitar man de luxe.

Five veteran swingsters are back this year and with the seven new men are working to produce nothing short of a top-notch band. The brass section fared the best with the complete personnel returning for action. Jim Stewart, a solid sender on the trumpet, is a new addition to this section composed of Chet McCorkle and Bob Raybourn, trumpets, and Darrol Davison, trombone. Stewart is an excellent reader and is a very welcome addition.

The sax section is made up of four new men, all of whom have had considerable experience in playing dance music. Bill Moore, Bob Handsfield, and Phil Hoy are all freshmen that hold down chairs in this department. To complete this, Bob Winans, a popular sophomore, is doing a nice job at third alto. Although the men have never played together before this year they are beginning to sound like a typical Poly sax section, and that's good.

The rhythm section is one of the most solid ever. Bob "Red" Sullivan is a much improved drummer over last year and promises to turn in some fine performances. Last year's bass playing Don Seaton has taken over the ivory tickling job and Orrin Gobby, a transfer from Visalia J. C., is the new bass player. Orrin is really getting a lot of tone out of the viol and you'll be hearing more of this fellow. Last, but not least is guitar playing, singing Joe Parker from Arkansas and Los Angeles. He is to be featured in several vocals this year. With this personnel the band will undoubtedly be a huge success.



JUNK OR JIVE

...low cost advertising

Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

The "Collegians" will use several of the old standby pieces as well as many of the new hit tunes. It is going to be a policy of the manager, Darrol Davison, to keep up with the new tunes as much as possible. To start the season, the band will offer such current hits as "Idaho", "My Devotion", "At Last", "Strictly Instrumental", "Was It Worth It?", and several others. A very special feature will be the entire orchestra singing "Shut My Mouth, I Ain't Talking."

BAND STEPS HIGH

With baton swinging, fifty snappy, uniformed men marched into the new school year. The student body had waited with expectation to hear the almost all-new band. The most profound hopes were answered when at a special rally assembly the band made its first appearance.

Said Mr. Davidson, director of the band, "Their first appearance was the first time they had played with everybody present. If we make any prophecy for the coming year from this showing it had better be good."

The instrumentation of the band is as follows: eight trumpets, fourteen clarinets, three saxophones, one bass clarinet, three E-flat alto horns, four trombones, one glockenspiel, three baritones, three basses, and seven drums.

As is customary with all Poly bands the men are working on snappy, high-stepping march formations. This type of marching has made a big hit in previous years and is expected to do likewise this year.

JIVE FIVE

An added attraction to the Music department this year will be the new five piece combination featuring Bob Handsfield on clarinet, Bill Moore on tenor sax, Chet McCorkle on trumpet, Bob Sullivan on drums and Joe Parker on guitar.

There should be some solid jive from this aggregation. Handsfield is an exceptionally good clarinet man and Bill is not far behind on the tenor. Chet is producing some excellent trumpet behind these boys and the Sullivan Parker combine is knocking out some solid rhythm. This group hasn't played out yet, but watch for them. When they do appear, keep an eye out for the rafters.

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THE PRESS

SOMETHING NEW ADDED

With no fear of breaking precedent, that evil which sometimes embalms a publication as easily as it does a principle, Cal Poly's journalism department laid on the shelf for the duration of the war two student publications and in the same motion cre-



F. TIBOLD DON SEATON
Roundup Editor Managing Ed.

ated the new magazine which you are now reading.

Before school opened in September, some of the circumstances which brought about the consolidation of the publications began to take shape and caused Publication Advisor Robert Kennedy grave doubt as to the ability of the college to continue the publication program on the same scale as for the last several years.

The spectre of decreased enrollment and consequent decreased funds seemed to be cast in a leading role for the school year 1942-43. Experienced staff members and particularly student printers were gone into armed services or elsewhere. Linotype operators were scarce and getting more scarce by the minute. The War Production Board sent out its metal conservation order which looked like it might be a forerunner of rationing of zinc and other metals—which easily could exclude school publications as non-

essential. Other duties assigned to the adviser meant less time available for directed-student work. Cancellation of national advertising contracts because of lack of merchandise to sell added no spark of hope.

Anticipating a reduced budget, a publication board meeting was called and plans for consolidation of the weekly paper and yearbook into a monthly magazine were cinched when it was learned that the modern trend in student yearbook publication is towards publication in installments rather than one large bound volume. At SAC's first meeting (see Government) the publication board's recommendation was presented and SAC members agreed to assume their share in the precedent breaking ceremony.

With legal formalities out of the way, the journalism department still had problems to solve. Granted \$500 by SAC, less than a third of the \$1700 estimated cost of the monthly publication, the new publication was faced with the scary (still scary) enigma of raising \$1200 in local advertising.

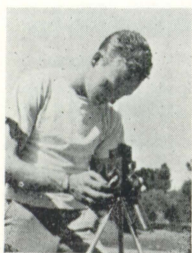
Problem of finding the right man for editor looked bad for awhile when it was learned that El Rodeo editor-elect Ivan Stribling decided he needed females within his immediate environment and enrolled at Fresno State (home of last year's Poly Royal queen) and that El Mustang editor-elect Don Seaton needed more time to devote to his first love—music. But providence was with the journalism department when Frederick Tibold, editor of the San Dimas section of the yearbook last year, transferred here for his last year and indicated an interest in the publication. With Tibold at the helm, things began to take shape—the watchword became, "Hurry up, but do it right."



MUSTANG ROUNDUP STAFF
They work while others sleep

Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

THE PRESS



D. DAVISON
Photo Editor

for choice: magazine a consolidation of two former publications, so name also a consolidation—Mustang from “El Mustang” and Roundup being the American equivalent of the Spanish “El Rodeo.” By coincidence, we learned recently through TIME magazine that a new eight-page tabloid for American troops in India, China and Burma is called ROUNDUP. Cal Poly should be proud of the unexpected fellowship.

FOOTBALL COLOR

By bailing water with everything available, Publicity Director Kennedy and Editor-Business Manager Ben Barr were able to bring the GOAL POST through the same storm which sank two other Poly publications.

For the last two years Poly has begun to have the color of big-time football games with 12 and 16 page football programs which rivaled Stanford, UC and Whatnot for color, humor, size, etc. Chesterfield's decision to keep football program advertising east of the Mississippi and Coca Cola's follow the leader tactics, left the Goal Post without any national advertising, major source of revenue for all football programs.

Ben Barr grabbed up a folder of last year's programs, schedule of home games and the advertising rates and sallied forth to squeeze the lifeblood from the local merchants. Finding few turnips among them, Barr was able to bring home enough bacon to keep the show going for awhile. Barr earned his journalistic fame (infamy) with his Harpo's Bizzare column in El Mustang but his talents as GOAL POST jack-of-all-trades should earn him at least a job with Esquire.

HOW TO GET ALONG

Delayed because of pre-occupation of all local printers with more profitable business, the Frosh Handbook was ready in time to be distributed Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

at the crucial moment just before the Frosh beach party to Avila.

Completely re-written and having very little resemblance to its stodgy predecessors, Handbook a la 1942 tried to “orient” the freshmen without the bad taste so often left by “orientation.”

Editor Bob Winans has now graduated to the job of business manager of MUSTANG ROUNDUP.

Financing of the Frosh Handbook has always been left to the gods, but this year they were very beneficent. Stan Raymond volunteered to sell advertising and did such a good job on a last minute rush that the publication came out even. Of course, El Corral had to pay a premium for the inside front cover ad space which was exactly equal to the difference between income and outgo.

KICK OF THE MUSTANG

Who dunnit? Whose the “Prowler?” How did he get access to student body records? Those were just a few of the comments which flooded the campus early one rainy Sunday morning.

Sleepy Polyites struggling into wrinkled clothes preparatory to the dash to Sunday morning breakfast were startled to find a mimeographed “newspaper” called THE KICK OF THE MUSTANG under every dormitory door or dumped on the porch of smaller living units. What the boys read opened their eyes in a hurry. No longer sleepy, everyone began speculating on who the author, signed the “Prowler”, could be.

The sheet is admittedly timely, to the point—in some instances even too much so. The writer points an accusing finger at every sore spot in the student body . . . at every sore spot on the campus. In a way, it substitutes for EL MUSTANG but because of the anonymity of its staff, publisher, etc., it naturally could go the full length in its criticism. (See “Exercise Your Rights” under OPINIONS).

The “Prowler” promises more issues to come, but experience has shown that such sheets usually last but a short time. Some of those attacked in the first issue will go a long way to discover who the writer is—when they do the publication may cease immediately.

If and when the “Prowler” has the strength of his convictions and is willing to sign his name to his critical articles MUSTANG ROUNDUP will be glad to welcome him as a staff member or a regular contributor to the OPINIONS Column.

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IN THE SERVICE

MUSTANG NEWS LETTER

With Poly men on every front, on land, on sea and in the air, its hard to keep track of their whereabouts, harder still because of shortened training periods and fast moving war operations. The job of trying to keep track of them has fallen to the public relations committee which is now about to go to press with a mimeographed MUSTANG NEWS LETTER.

The news letter follows a plan originated at San Diego State by Dr. L. C. Post; the original plan was to send out lists of addresses of all men but recent war department rulings make it necessary to eliminate addresses or other information which might be "valuable to the enemy."

Probably of no value to the enemy are such excerpts taken from the first issue:

The army is trying to make a radio operator out of former student prexy, Walter Dougherty, down at Camp Crowder, Missouri. Says Pvt. Dougherty, "I've taken shots, been on fatigue details, etc., etc., and tomorrow

I'm slated for K.P. in the officer's mess. Probably be as close to an officer as I'll get."

Pvt. Glenn E. Arthur, former basketball, baseball player and Mustang sports writer, doesn't like the Australian papers. Says Pvt. Arthur, "The papers over here have about as much news in them as the front page of the school paper."

Charles Solomon, student body treasurer last year, is evidently associated with the public relations office at Camp White, Oregon. On a release sent from that office to El Mustang regarding the promotion of Corporal Harlan James Cochran to

cago, Ill.; Pvt. Ed Smith, U. S. Army, Dodge radio institute at Valpariso, Indiana; Keneth Holmes, U. S. N. R. aviation base, Los Alamitos, Calif.

Holmes mentioned in his letter that Ted Cope was in the class ahead of him and had graduated to Corpus Christi. He's not the only Polyite at Corpus Christi, either. Lt. (jg) Howie O'Daniels, assistant athletic officer, is attached to Cabaniss Field there and wrote to the Chief about Wm. Schaner, Glenn Michel, Bob Raymond, Bruce Ponton, Bill Phelps, Don Christiansen, Bob Soule, Dick Rice—all of whom are officers or cadets at nearby air fields.

The Chief also had a letter from Chuck Cook written on August 25. Chuck said he was being switched over from the RAF to the U. S. Air Corps and would soon be a 1st Lt. or Capt. Recently the Germans issued a communique listing him as a prisoner of war.

Pvt. Everard Horigan talks about bananas and coconuts in his letter to the Crops boys who sent him a phonograph recording of one of their meetings last spring.

Word has been received here of the death of Lieut. Henry O. Null of Los Angeles, former California Polytechnic College football player, killed in action in Australia with the United States Army Air Force.

Lt. George C. Mishey, on the Poly diving team, '38-'40 went to Enid, Oklahoma after being commissioned as an officer at Lubbock field, Texas this summer.

Flying big Navy bombers will soon be one of J. J. Ferguson's jobs. At the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida, this summer, he may be flying by now.

It's time now for that Christmas picture for Mother and Dad or the "Best Girl"!

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G. C. MISHEY
Flying with the Army

rank of Sergeant, Solomon penciled a "hello note."

From Camp Carson, Colorado, comes word from Pvt. Ray Peterson that they have occasional showers down that way. Says Pvt. Peterson, "Mud, we go mad trying to keep our shoes clean for inspection." Peterson also tells how he braved the elements to walk four miles to see Bing Crosby.

Sergeant John Richmond Shea, former business manager of Poly publications, returned for a short visit last month. Told friends of his exploits as a glider pilot at his base in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Lloyd Buss, Seaman 1st class, U. S. Navy, dropped in for a visit and told of his experiences down in the Solomon Islands. He's attached to the tanker U. S. S. Platte.

Still in training are: Eddie Jauch, at the U. S. C. G. Training station, Groton, Conn; Ensign Wm. Gallagher, U. S. N. R. Midshipman School, Chi-



Official U. S. Navy Photo
T. J. FERGUSON
Flying with the Navy

Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

PEOPLE

THE MYSTERY KICKER

With hat pulled down over his eyes, coat collar pulled up, the Mystery Kicker stepped up to the ball and booted it clearly through the uprights from the 30 yard line. Said Coach Dakan, "Too bad you've already graduated, I could use you." The kicker turned out to be none other than Eu-



MYSTERY KICKER
...from the 30 yard line

gene "Boot" Boone, business office manager and official timekeeper for Poly football games.

AQUI SE HABLA ESPANOL

Way back in 1930 Cal Poly was honored by having as a student, one Casimiro Pena, a youthful Mexican lad.

Casimiro was but 14 years old then and Poly was just a military school with dubious standing someplace in the high school category. Ben Crandall was president and some of the instructors who were here then are still here now—but the old campus has changed a lot since then.

In September of this year, Casimiro returned here on a short visit (his temporary visa made it necessary for him to fly back south) and brought with him his younger brother, Leon, who enrolled in the meat animals department. Leon, in much the same boat as his older brother 12 years ago, could not speak a word of English. Already, however, his classmates report that Leon is fast mastering the American "slanguage" and is particularly adept at saying "Hurry up," when meal time approaches.

Leon now is a partner in a four-way sheep project. One of the partners, Norman Piester of Deuel Dorm, is quite handy with the Spanish lan-

guage and is helping Leon master the less obvious words. When brother Casimiro was here, President Crandall made him learn the hard way. Although there were other boys in school then who could speak Spanish, Crandall prohibited Casimiro from associating with them—Casimiro learned English in three months, but it looks like Leon will beat his record.

Casimiro talked with Carl Beck, M. C. Martinsen and J. I. Thompson, all of whom were here back in 1934, when he graduated. He told Marty about another Mexican fellow with whom Martinsen was familiar—Pete Armendariz. Pete was a student here then too, was quite a beau brummel with local girls and now Casimiro reports that he is Mexico's Clark Gable—playing leading man in that country's best motion pictures.

The Pena brothers are from San Diego de la Union, State of Guanajuato, Mexico, about 390 kilometers from Mexico City.

POETIC JUSTICE?

Recently the superintendent of the new dormitories, Mr. Charles Bailey, was honored? by being made the subject of a student composed poem. The epic is entitled, "The Fox Hall Blues" or "Never Mind the Wood Cause Papa's Coming Home With a Load."

Keeper of the Coops, alias Bailey, seems, according to the poem, to cause members of Fox hall a great deal of trouble—or vice versa.

Bailey, noted for his "dead-pan" and misunderstood because of an unusual sense of humor, almost smiled when he read the poem. Said Mr. Bailey of the poem, "Boys, my face is long because they won't let me go fight the Japs."

Boys of Fox hall think Mr. Bailey would make a good soldier and are reported to be highly in favor of letting him "go fight the Japs."

EDITOR SPEAKS

Since coming to Cal Poly from its Southern branch at San Dimas, Frederick Tibold, Hungarian national in the United States on a student visa, has related his experiences in escaping from Nazi occupied Europe before nine different groups at their requests. As word traveled quickly after his first talk before the Kiwanis club, Tibold was invited to talk to religious organizations, ladies clubs, school assemblies, service clubs, etc.

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« PEOPLE »

HOME GUARD

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

They might object to a literal interpretation of the quotation as they don't have much time to stand around and wait, but Poly's Home Guard, the sanitary engineers, are actually serving on the "home front". Their armaments may be only mops, brooms,

*HOME GUARD
Sanitary Engineers*



Left to right: front row, E. Stevens, Bob Hoffer, L. Mayer, B. Thomsen; back row, H. Hillis, H. Acton, M. Nickles.

buckets, dust-clothes, but they chase the enemy (dirt) into the far corners of every room.

CORRAL SET-BACK

It has been rumored that El Corral suffered a serious setback two weeks ago when Don Denby began dishing out sodas, shakes, cokes, and what have you.

Don, it seems, had a messy and difficult time when he attempted to use the chocolate syrup dispenser. Although his intentions were good, the fact remains that the syrup found its way into most corners of the Corral, followed by Don, mop in hand. Spectators were sure that they had seen a preview of the frosh-sophomore mud fight.

SPEED NO CRITERIA

Leave it to the Poly boys to solve a problem. Alfred Perry, Don Campbell and James Polman answered the transportation problem by hopping a freight train into town. They arrived greasy and grimy and somewhat mussed up, but they didn't have to walk—which was their main objective.

Later, two unidentified students caught a through-freight by mistake. They are expected back any day now.

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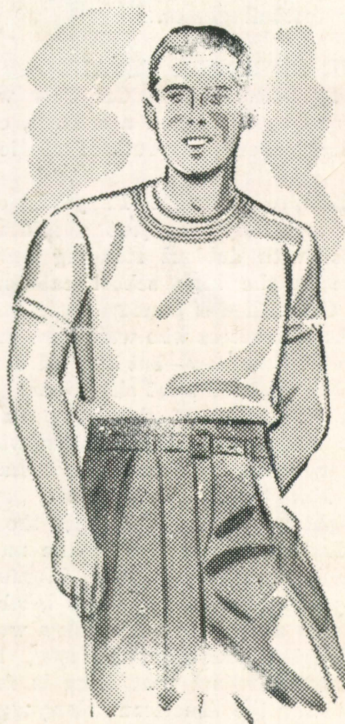
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Mustang Roundup, October, 1942

OPINIONS

COMMENTS WELCOME

Columns of this publication are open to students and faculty alike for the expression of any opinions relative to this publication, the college or any activities on this campus or elsewhere. Criticism is as welcome as praise but the columns of this publication are not open to those who wish to air personal grudges. All letters to be printed must be signed. Names may be withheld by request, but the editorial staff must know the identity of every contributor.

EXERCISE YOUR RIGHTS

It is particularly disturbing to see you fellows shrink from expressing your thoughts and opinions publicly. By publicly I mean in writing, ornamented with your own "John Henry."

I listened with very much interest to what many of you had to say about our student government, dormitory organizations, clubs, cafeteria and other activities. In most cases it was criticism for any odd reason.

To stop your beefing, all that was necessary was to suggest that you write your objections, or your suggestions and sign your name to it.

That was the point where every one of you got indignant. It was with consternation that you asked why you should expose yourself to comment or to the eventual scorn of a criticised individual or group.

Those are the facts. You can't deny it. However, there is more behind it than that.

The mere fact that you see something to correct, to improve, should serve as sufficient motive for doing so. It is obvious that without any definite criticism nothing will or can be done about it. Not doing it accuses you to the shoulder-shrugging, I don't care attitude, which will influence your future private and public life.

You have the right as a free citizen of a free country, to say your bit if it is true. This is the grandest and most precious privilege you possess. That is what we are fighting for in the war. To be oblivious of the fact is more than carelessness, it is an offense against your own free institutions.

If you have something to criticise have the backbone to stand up for your own ideas, whatever they might be. Say it if it is true, but shut up if it is just for bickering.—Ed.

HUNGRY

Sirs:

I guess that at every school there are guys like me. How can I help it if I'm six foot six and kind of dumb?

I came down to this paradise to relax and get an education. Everything been swell, too swell—I knew it couldn't last.

I got up sorta late one morning and ran up to the cafe just a wee bit late. No food, and only seven forty-five. Going back to the kitchen I try to snag a little grub and get told by a five foot soph to get the — outa here.

Well! I somehow live till noon and am first in line, but what good does it do me—the little dab of nourishment on my plate won't keep a Texan like me going through my one o'clock class.

Down where I come from we EAT (and food too). We get a steak or two, thick, plenty of potatoes and gravy minus the 90 per cent water solution. For vegetables we have a variety and all we want. And for desert (AHHH) we get food—not just a teaspoon of funny colored tasteless stuff.

I hear from a couple reliable sources that a guy can get seconds, and for free, if he acts polite and looks pretty. But no, I go backstage again to the kitchen and swallow my pride. No soap. And getting up offa my knees I stagger over to El Corral for a shake.

How come? Aren't they suppose to feed us around here? I can't help it if I was born hungry. And I play good football too.

Sincerely,

M. T. GUTT

We wonder if this boy's mama fed him on \$27 per month—probably more like \$50 with an appetite like his.—Ed.

TIRED

At the end of this school year every Cal Poly student should be an accomplished athlete or a complete physical wreck. The gym instructors are trying their best to make Supermen out of every play boy in class. The new gym routine is certainly a blow to those who have been taking it easy lately.

The gym class is no longer a cinch subject, or a time of peaceful relaxation. Three times a week we beat our physical beings thoroughly and soundly. My muscles feel as if someone had been pounding me with a mallet for the last twenty four hours.

This is the general order of activi-

ty of a typical gym class:

The first thing the coach orders is to warm up by running a mile. I got warmed up alright, I was nearly burned out by the time I staggered over the last inch to the finish line. Then when we came plodding back, foaming at the mouth and heading for the showers, the coach says in the manner of a drill sergeant, "OK boys, into the gym for a few exercises." This startled me so much that I was able to open one eye and stare in disbelief at the originator of the order. Too weak to resist I followed the rest of the boys into the torture chamber. After the exercises we split up into two divisions: one played a peppery game of basketball while the other engaged in hand to hand combat. At last we had permission to drag our weary bodies to the showers.

One good thing about the setup is that in case we ever survive it we should be the toughest and healthiest bunch of Poly boys yet turned out.

Signed,

G. I. Poopout.

You better be or Uncle Sam won't like you!—Ed.

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