

Mustang ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE & NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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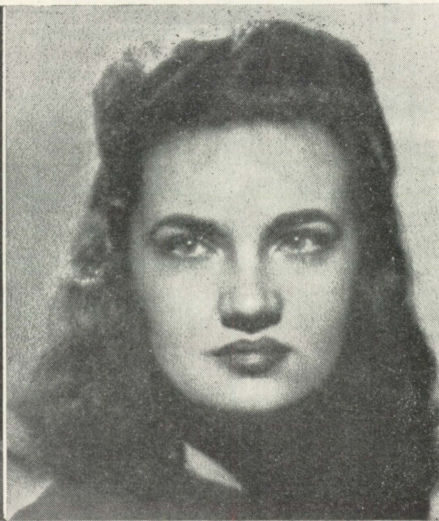
JUNE 7
1943

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25 Cents

THE EDITOR'S LOG



EVA JOANN CHURCHILL



MARGE PATMON

the College of Pacific and claims her home as Lockford, Calif. Her picture was submitted by Cadet R. F. Atkinson.

Miss Margery Sorensen from Salt Lake City, Utah is the pretty lass whose picture was third to be entered. Miss Sorensen, 17, is what Cadet B. M. Brewer of Plat. 5 considers to be the kind of girl to win this contest.

Cadet Emil Samuelson, also of Platoon 5 entered the 4th picture, Miss Eva Joann Churchill of Stockton, Calif. Miss Churchill, 19, is also a student of the College of Pacific.

Come on Cadets—this contest is new and its success depends upon your co-operation. If you've got a gal friend that's a prospective Lana Turner—enter her picture in the contest right away!!!

BATTALION QUEEN CONTEST

Do your thoughts often stray to the girl you left behind? Would you enjoy having her here for your graduation dance? Then read the following paragraph carefully.

Announcing the opening of Battalion Four's Queen Contest! The contest's first trial will be with the fourth battalion. If accepted and supported by the cadets, the contest will be a regular monthly occurrence for each senior battalion. Following are the rules: 1—Contest winners will be determined by photographs of cadet's girls. 2—Photos must be turned in to the contest editor on or before June 18th. 3—Impartial judges will eliminate all but ten finalists, and of the ten finalists, a winner will be chosen by a Hollywood leading man. 4—The prize will consist of either an expense paid trip to Battalion Four's graduation dance, a lovely gift, or both (depending on the number of entries). All photographs will be returned immediately upon the completion of the contest.

FIRST CONTEST ENTRIES

Shown on this page are the first four entries to be submitted by Cadets of the 4th Battalion. Due to the time element, it was impossible to stage this contest for Batt. III.

The first picture entered is of pretty Francis O'Hara, entered by Cadet Thomas O'Riordan. Miss O'Hara, 19, is from Seattle, Washington.

The second photo entered was of Miss Marge Patmon, 20, a student of



FRANCES O'HARA



MARGERY SORENSEN

MUSTANG ROUNDUP

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Published monthly at no expense to the Navy

ON BOARD

THE BATTALION III DANCE

By Cadet "Doc" Clausen

Gals, Cadets, a good orchestra and a darn good time were the features of the monthly Cadet Regimental Dance that was held in honor of the Graduating 3rd Battalion on May 29th.

With the Cal Poly "Collegians" furnishing the Jive, those "Southland Boogie-Woogie Specialists," Cadets "Shep" Miller and his Bass Fiddle, Bill Hammett's smo-o-o-the trombone, Harry "88 keys" Elliott tickling the ivory and "Charlie Barnett" Julian on the Sax brought out some of this hidden talent at Cal Poly Flight School. An added attraction which met with the approval of the dancers was the song "Flying Cadets" with lyrics and music written by Mrs. H. S. Cook, wife of the Skipper. The song was arranged for orchestration by Chet McCorkle of the "Collegians."

Thus far the dances have been highly successful so Cadets it's up to you to make these gatherings click. Keep up the good work!!!

GRADUATION ENTERTAINMENT

By L. C. Dalton

The first attempt to put on an "all-cadet" show was a rousing success. An amazing amount of cadet talent was uncovered in the short period of preparation preceding the show. The band, whipped together with just about two hours of practice, performed like veterans. The lack of rehearsals showed somewhat, but, especially on "720 In the Book," the jive was strictly up-town. The band was led by Bill Hammett and featured such fine "sidemen" as Frank Julian, Bud Amaral, Shep Miller, and Harry "88" Elliott.

No mean amount of credit is due to Don "Dodo" Foreman for his fine work as master of ceremonies. His witticism and humor sparked the whole evening's entertainment.

Cadets Booth, Bournier, Cavalero, Camp, Browning, and Briggs started the dramatics of the evening with a skit on calisthenics, followed by one on uniforms later in the program. The aforesaid cadets built their skits

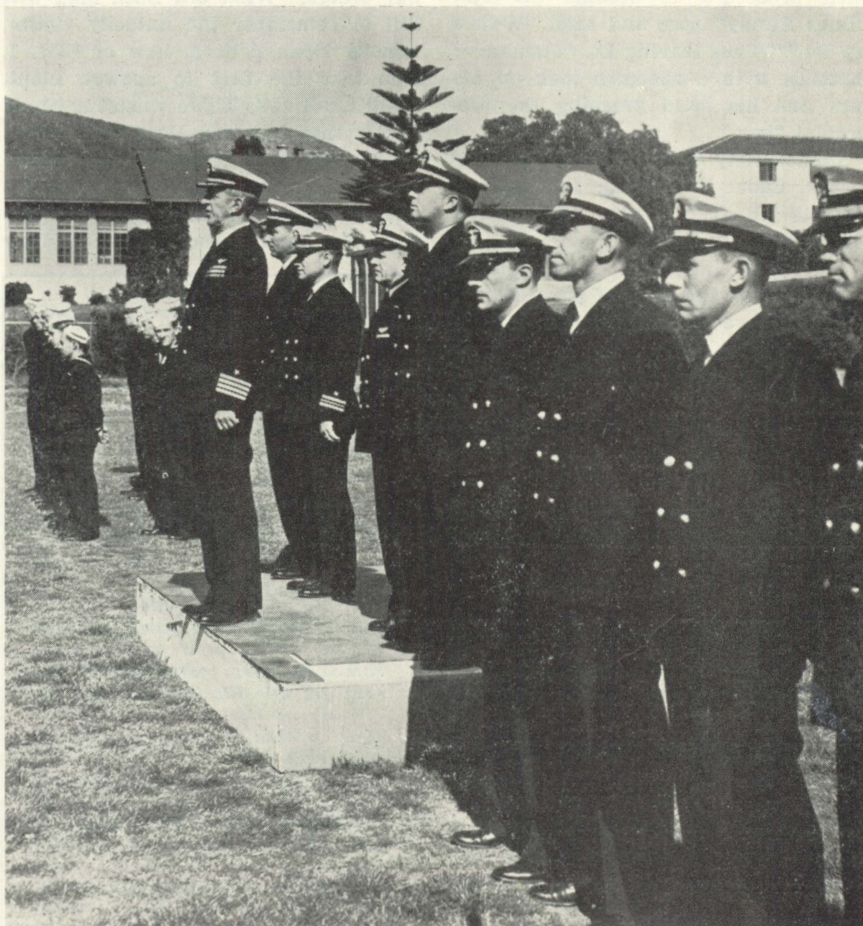
around "hypothetical" situations, and cadet Booth imitated the same "fictitious" officer in both instances. Several cadets received the mistaken impression that Booth was imitating a certain Lt. (j.g.) Lang; any such assumption is, of course, absurd. Incidentally, it is just a coincidence that Booth now spends his time crushing rocks, digging ditches, and cleaning "heads" on Mr. Lang's private little work detail.

The "Cadet Quartette," consisting of cadets Box, Bournier, Browning, and Booth, rendered two selections. "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" was an especially fine piece of harmony and the audience heartily showed its appreciation.

Cadet Coolidge was featured in a series of pantomimes which unquestionably were the "high spot" of the evening. His antics were "straight from Broadway," and we do mean good!

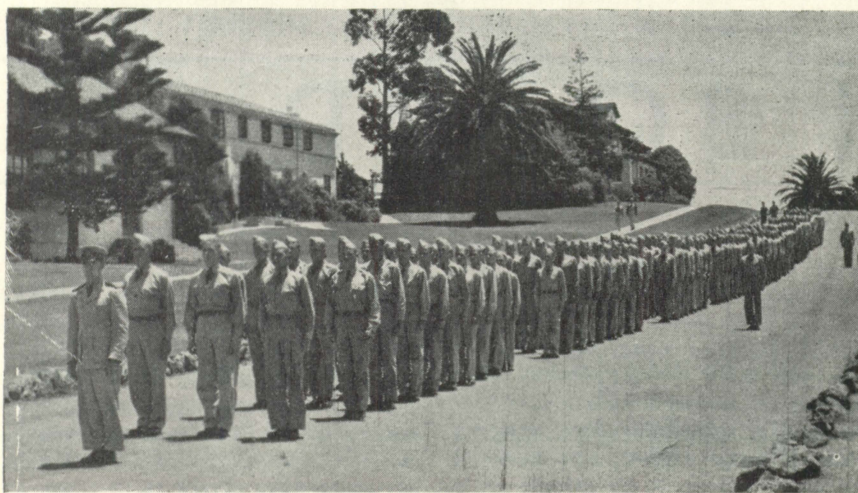
Pat McVay, crooner par excellence, gave out with four songs ranging from semi-classic to the latest in popular, and if the audience had had its way, he would have stayed right there on stage and sang all night. His treatment of "As Time Goes By" was the best yours truly has had the pleasure of "wrapping an ear around" to date.

About midway in the program, a cadet came on stage with a very serious expression on his "pan" and



CAPT. STEELE AT BATT. II GRADUATION
"... remember that the Navy needs you—keep fighting."

ON BOARD



BATTALION III
Leaving us soon after June 7 graduation

yelled, "is there a doctor in the house?" Dr. Samuels, thinking that someone had been injured, stood up and made himself known. The cadet then proceeded to assume his best "Bugs Bunny" pose and said, "What's up Doc?" Thus leaving Lt. Commander Samuels with a sheepish look on his face and his hand grasping the proverbial "bag."

Immediately following the "Doc" incident, Cadet Bill Siden, composer of "Wings Of The Navy," sang "The Green Eyed Dragon."

Last, but far from least, was a short play on the loves of Errol Flynn. The play was extremely clever, and its double meaning remarks had the entire audience roaring from start to finish.

Speaking for the regiment, we would like to offer our thanks to all of the cadets who contributed to this stellar performance, and our special thanks to Lt. Smythe whose cooperation made it all possible.

SAGA OF BATTALION III

By "Doc" Clausen

March 4, 1943 is a date that will be remembered until the dying days of the mighty 3rd Batt. Over 200 strong boarded the train at San Francisco for a destination that was to either make or break us in our careers as alleged Naval pilots. We left full of fight, fire or whatever you need to get through this place. At about 2300, the old S. P. pulled into San Luis and we were "greeted" by a nice bit of precipitation

that no Cadet will ever forget. After marching about 3 miles to Navy theme song "Hup, Hup" this still bewildered gang filed into the Gym to receive our orders. What 3rd Batt. man will fail to remember the unlucky victim, namely Dean Allison, now of Plat. 1, who was the first to answer Lieut. Lang's roll call. There wasn't a single fellow that followed Dean that didn't sound off with a boisterous "Here, SIR." After meeting our roommates and wondering what they were like etc., after making our beds "the Navy

A MESSAGE TO BATTALION III

You have had your initiation into Navy life and have successfully completed the first step toward getting your wings of gold. You are privileged to be a part of the Navy and through your record at this station, you have proved that you are worthy of this privilege. Keep working as you have here and you will successfully complete your training.

Flying a combat plane is not a simple matter and much of your success will depend on the basic knowledge you gain before you ever get into the air. The purpose of early training is to make knowledge second nature when the emergency arises.

The Officer-in-Charge congratulates you upon your successful completion of the course and sincerely hopes every one of you will continue to have the same assurance and confidence you have had here, for anything the future might bring. Good Luck!

H. S. COOK

way" we finally turned in for those few wonderful moments, only to be awakened by the one phrase most hated by Naval Cadets, "REVEILLE, HIT THE DECK."

After a few pep talks and some sound advice from the officers we finally started on what appeared to be a certain doom — our studies. The time passed before we realized it. We were worrying about Math and Physics finals, the Navigation Mid-term, and the forever present hindrance at Cal Poly Flight School—"BLINKER." Outside of trying to get Lift to equal Drag, learning about the dangers of Thunderheads, distinguishing a P-39 from a B-24 at a 75th of a second, our weekly jaunt up to the "P," that damn obstacle course and our "lovely" Blue uniforms, good old Cal Poly Flight Preparatory School will be the subject of many conversations in years to come.

The "Scuttlebutt" about the 3rd Batt. raising more hell than all previous Batts. will undoubtedly be remembered by our genial Battalion Officer, Ensign Klages, who should be given a medal for bravery beyond the line of duty. In spite of all this, I don't think the Officers of Cal Poly Flight School will challenge the fact that 3rd Batt. men are all regular fellows—true Navy men and after the Finale of this war is written, those very essential words—"CARRY ON"—will be fulfilled by each and every 3rd Battalion Cadet.

GRADUATION DATE SET

As this goes to press, June 7 is the day of days for the Third Battalion. Their well-earned week of rest which followed completion of finals was scheduled to end with graduation exercises. Packing of duffle bags was the next step in their program and then "kissing the boys goodbye" was to follow within a day.

Where they go from here is still a military secret, but most of them are praying to go "elsewhere than Ely, Nevada." According to reports from such reliable informants as G. A. Wheatley of the 1st Batt., "the place is swarming with wide-open spaces."

No speaker for commencement is scheduled as yet for graduation but the officers are trying to arrange for an "outstanding speaker."

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

CADET PERSONALITIES

TENNIS STAR HERE

By Thomas O'Riordan

Among our cadet notables is none other than the tennis star Cadet Irving S. Parker. Known to his intimate friends as Curly, Curly was reared in California, attending various schools throughout the State.

He has played in various tournaments in Colorado, California and Michigan, and in the National Tournaments. In the Nationals, he placed fourth. Curly also has played against Buddy Budge, Tilden, Perry and Kovac. As a matter of fact, Kovac is more or less his buddy.

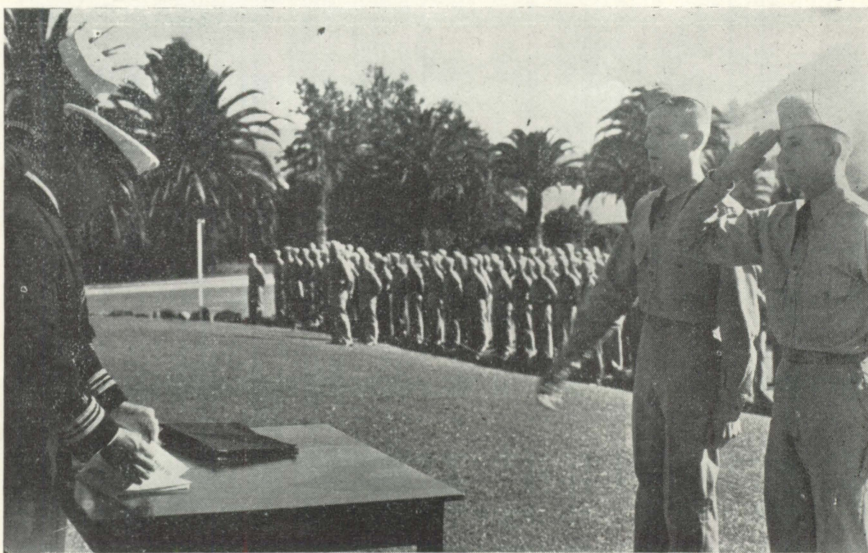
After a short chat with him, he told me the longest set he had to play was five sets and the stake was—a glass of beer.

FOOTBALL NOTABLE

By Thomas O'Riordan

We also have here with us a cadet who played varsity football at Notre Dame.

He is Cadet Paul Patten of Battalion Five. Known to a few as 'Pat.' He hails from Kenton, New York. Being



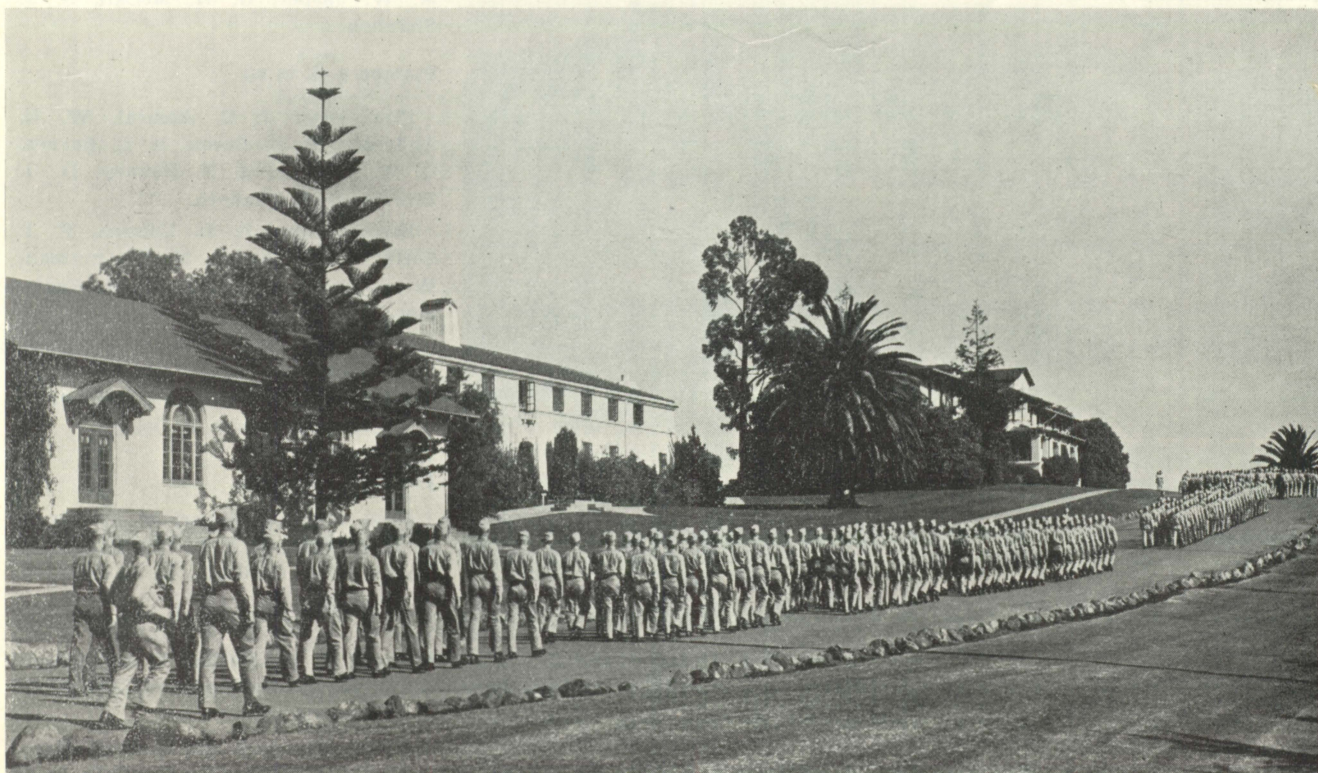
REGIMENTAL OFFICERS TAKE OVER

Miller & Bingham receive Skipper's congrats.

interested in football, he went to Notre Dame where he played on the varsity for three years and is a three year letter man.

Strange as it may seem, Pat has the luck of the Irish with him. He went through three seasons without receiv-

ing an injury. His luck even held when he was in the southern part of the States. He entered a rodeo for the first time in his life and with Luck riding with him he won first prize.



*THEY'LL SOON HAVE WINGS OF GOLD
... these cadets of Battalions II, III and IV.*

GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION III

Right Wing

Platoon 1: (l. to r.)

First row: D. H. Allison, E. A. Baguley, W. E. Banta, L. R. Baron, D. O. Beckwith, R. K. Bell, E. Bingham, L. P. Boatman, S. E. Boberg, B. E. Bradford.

Second row: C. Burns, C. E. Calderwood, G. E. Callahan, R. J. Cress, E. F. Cummeskey, W. E. Decker, C. P. Frazee.

Third row: R. D. Galloway, M. F. Gelhaus, A. T. Grant, W. S. Halverson, J. S. Harris, H. B. Heinz, M. Hoffman, R. H. Immel

Platoon 3 (l. to r.)

First row: J. M. Aicega, F. H. Amondson, C. H. Bailey, J. K. Bedford, R. J. Blaisdell, D. D. Boshard, H. Carlenzoli, K. J. Carr, W. J. Carrick, J. E. Carter, R. A. Cebulski.

Second row: D. E. Cobb, A. R. Dale, J. L. Davis, B. A. Dent, H. N. Ellsworth, W. R. Ford.

Third row: K. G. Gordon, W. C. Graham, T. B. Green, B. P. Hammarstedt, C. H. Howarth, F. D. Jacquot, M. W. Jasper, G. H. McCall, S. J. Shannon.

Platoon 5 (l. to r.)

First row: J. C. Amaral, W. E. Anderson, R. S. Bacon, R. L. Barnes, C. W. Beasley, A. S. Bonney, D. G. Bowles, D. H. Clausen.

Second row: B. L. Coburn, F. J. Cotta, C. E. Cowley, N. E. Crotteau, W. A. Davis, C. K. Duvall, K. Eggleston.

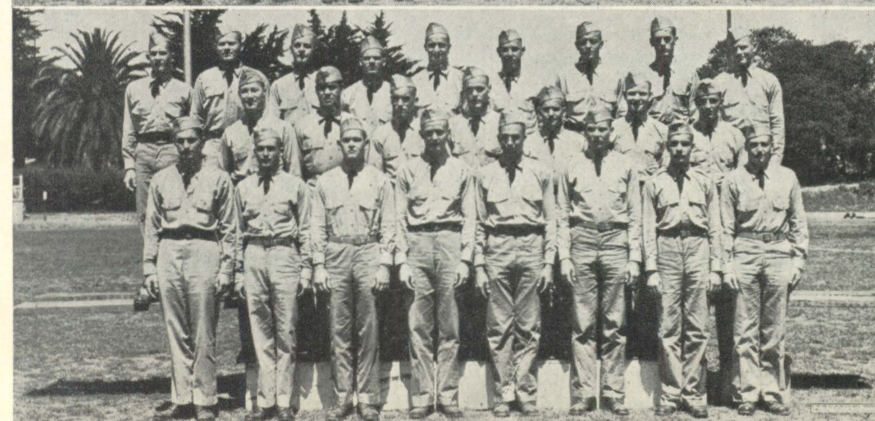
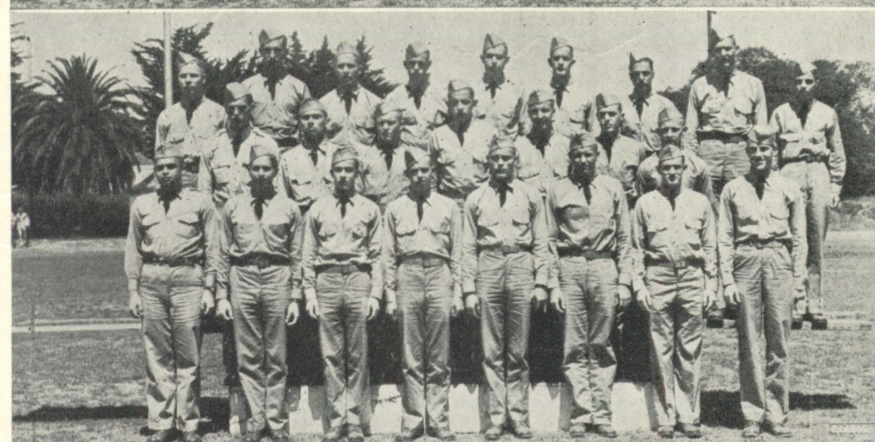
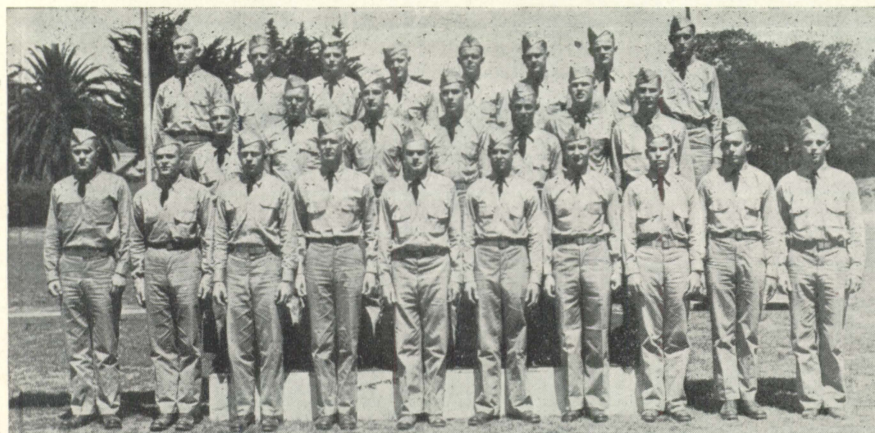
Third row: H. L. Elliott, T. Galeb, D. L. Giannini, L. L. Gilbert, J. R. Girard, J. L. Glans, F. D. Hammarstrom, S. H. Mayes, J. B. Osborn.

Platoon 7 (l. to r.)

First row: M. Bakar, M. H. Black, B. D. Blackhurst, J. L. Brennan, J. F. Butler, R. L. Callahan, R. R. Cook, D. C. Dickinson.

Second row: T. J. Donnelly, J. R. Ebbesen, J. W. Flitton, F. L. Gallagher, G. L. Garramone, R. C. Gates, G. T. Crowney.

Third row: J. S. Hahn, W. C. Hale, O. C. Harp, R. M. Howell, G. E. Jackson, P. P. Johnson, R. W. Johnson, W. J. Keane, M. P. Lawton.



GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION III

Left Wing

Platoon 2 (l. to r.)

First row: R. C. Gaddis, G. E. Glen, F. W. Iten, G. F. Johnston, J. A. King Jr., J. R. Langdon, R. B. Meyer, J. Mishork, V. G. Ohran.

Second row: H. W. Oldroyd, R. A. Peed, J. L. Potzernitz, F. Rengel, L. D. Richardson, E. L. Rosenthal, F. T. Rushmore.

Third row: W. P. Smith, W. A. Steenberg, E. R. Strong, F. L. Titus, R. J. Uhrich, R. K. Unsworth, H. L. Vincent, W. M. Watson, C. A. Wiggins, H. A. Winter, D. R. Workman.

Platoon 4 (l. to r.)

First row: A. W. Ball, J. R. Kehmeier, C. E. King, R. M. Lewis, E. H. Lion, A. N. Long, H. W. Miller, J. S. Miller, R. B. Newman.

Second row: C. Olsen, D. L. Pack, E. H. Powell, R. A. Purdy, G. A. Reta, N. E. Rodger, E. A. Schmitt.

Third row: D. C. Sherwin, C. A. Smith, T. N. Spence, M. D. Stewart, W. E. Streeter, R. E. Taylor, W. C. Turnbow, J. H. Wade, E. E. Walsh, S. J. Watson.

Platoon 6 (l. to r.)

First row: M. P. Gruenhagen, D. E. Hastings, J. J. Haun, O. R. Hill, J. D. Hudson, B. H. Johnson, E. Kirby, K. Kracaw, G. M. Ley, D. G. Lomholdt.

Second row: H. H. Luff, C. W. Mason, G. P. McVey, F. B. Rice, J. L. Richards, J. R. Rohleder, O. H. Sorensen.

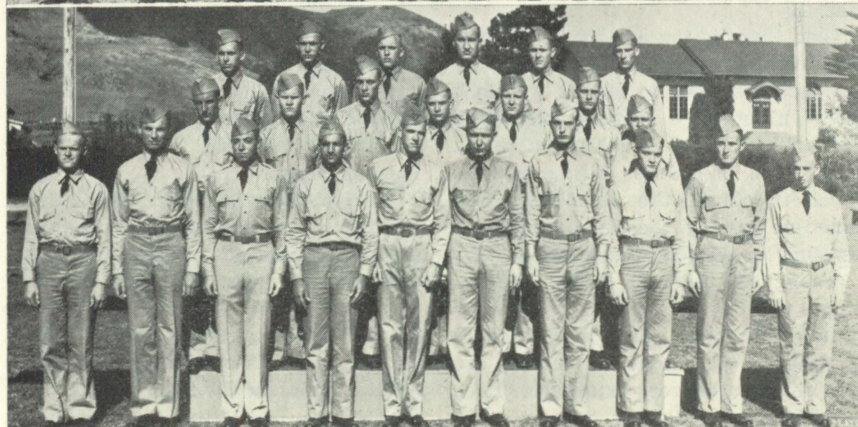
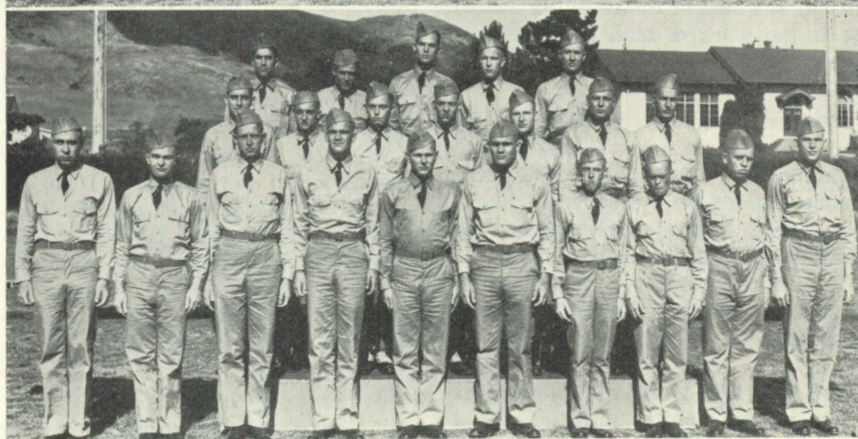
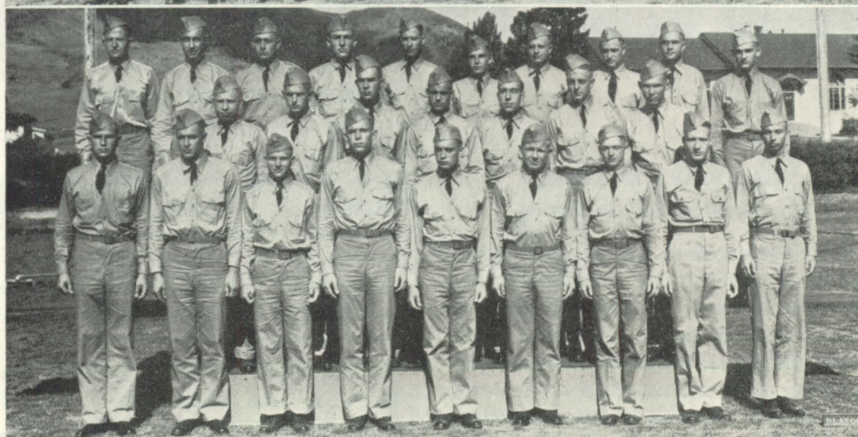
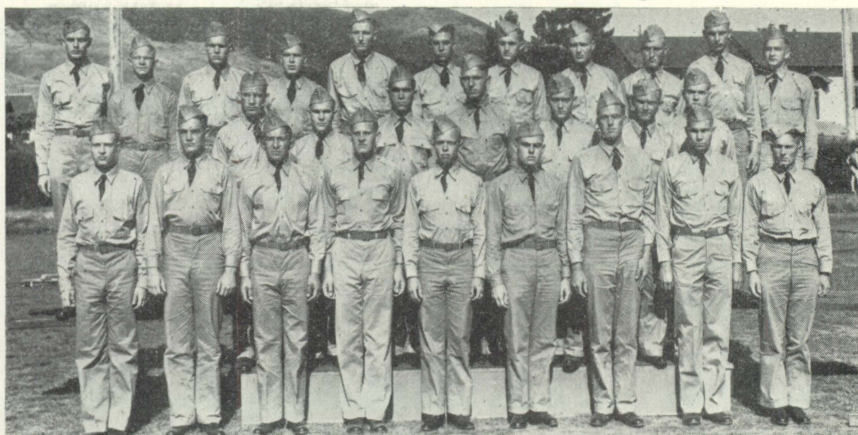
Third row: J. Torosian, H. E. Vickery, F. Wilson, W. R. Wilson, L. C. Young.

Platoon 8 (l. to r.)

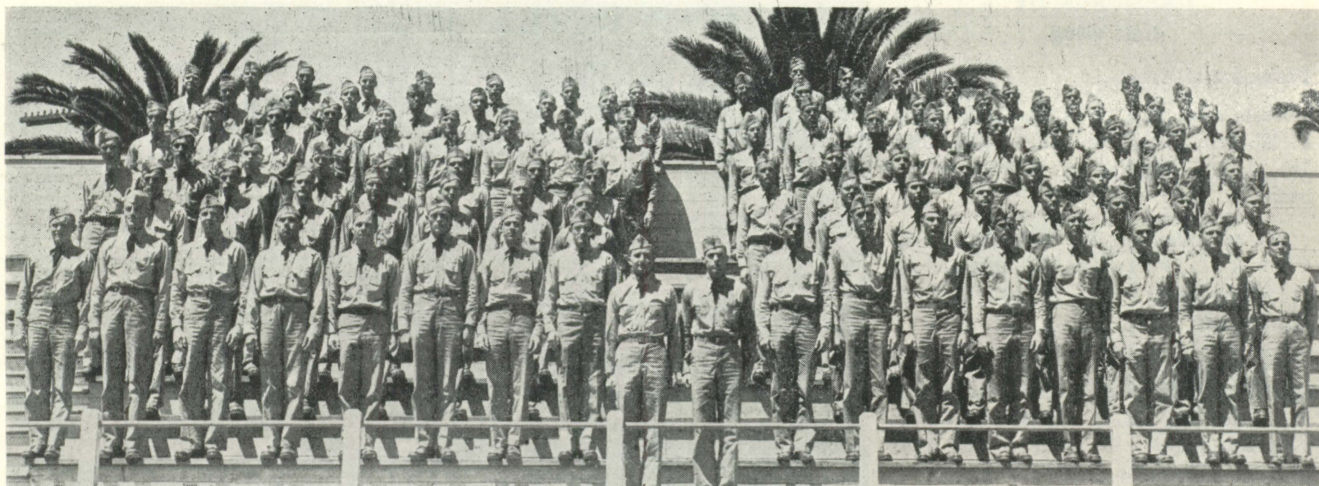
First row: H. J. Clark, R. E. Jeffrey, D. R. Jorgensen, F. J. Julian, M. S. Lewis, R. P. Lewis, J. E. McKinnon, M. W. Morgan, J. D. Pola, J. L. Parker.

Second row: J. E. Peltier, R. R. Planteen, R. R. Renaldi, M. S. Rich, B. F. Robertson, C. Robison, J. B. Seay.

Third row: F. W. Shaw, R. L. Sible, D. H. Smalley, N. O. Struve, R. A. Ward, C. I. White Jr.



GRADUATING BATTALION



RIGHT WING, BATTALION III
They claim to have the best of everything . . .

THE FLIRTIN' FIRST

By "Route-Step" Beckwith

The present war has brought about many strange things but one of the strangest is the 1st Plat. of Batt. 3. Was it coincidence, a trick by a fiendishly playful Providence that brought together such an assortment of weird characters? Or was it done intentionally by the men of the selection board? Be it the work of man or destiny, it is certain that Plat. 1 is quite a unique group of individuals.

Besides being a very different platoon from all others, it is also an outstanding one. Who won the swimming championship? Who excelled in track? Who shines in academics, marches the best?—(Editor's Note: Who did?)

Probably the most well known of Platoon 1's "odd characters" is Ernie Bingham, our Regimental Adjutant. Ernie is a more or less intelligent fellow who had, I believe, a pretty fair grasp on his sanity until he joined Plat. 1.

Then there is the amazing Gelhause, who whiles away his study hour playing checkers, goes to bed at 8 o'clock every night, and knocks off 4.00's regularly without cracking a book. Also, there is Calvert Burns, who is forced to obtain the necessary sleep sometime during the day, namely in Aerology or Airplane Engines.

Among us there is a Mr. Harris, whose vocabulary contains an endless number of similes, metaphors, figures of speech, etc., none of which are printable, but all very expressive. Then there is the boy Brooks, who supports

the U. S. Postal Service and the Bell Telephone Co. between Stockton and San Luis. (Editor's Note: Lack of space prevented us from using the intimate "info" which Beckwith wrote about each of the other Platoon I men—the lucky dogs!)

On the night of March 4, when the platoon was assembled, I looked around and said to myself, "My Gawd, what a bunch of queers." But now I have lived, eaten, slept, studied and fought with them for three months and, I believe, really grown to know and appreciate their rare qualities. Now when we muster for chow the first thing in the morning, I go out into the grey dawn, look around at all the sleepy faces and a feeling of comradeship surges through me and I say to myself, these are my friends, my shipmates, my buddies. Then I shudder and add, "My Gawd, what a bunch of queers!!"

THE SLOPPY SECOND

By J. R. Langdon

The Saga of the Sloppy Second began along with the rest of the infamous 3rd Battalion in the mud of the two miles from San Luis to our chicken coops.

We had all looked over the outfit on the train from Frisco and pretty well picked out the men we couldn't stand, and sure enough, everyone of them turns up in our platoon. When we got on speaking terms, which wasn't so easy, we discovered that we were quite a Rainbow Division in miniature. There were boys from Utah, Colorado,

California, Oregon, Missouri and even Okie Joe who never has been able to get Ensign Klages to understand him.

Lieut. Thomas introduced us to boxing and was introduced to butting to the tune of a little gash over the eye. Next day he appeared in headgear and calmed our Utah Oop down a bit. We remember that week when twenty-four of our twenty-seven kindergarten companions neglected to pass communications in spite of diligent preparation a day or two ahead.

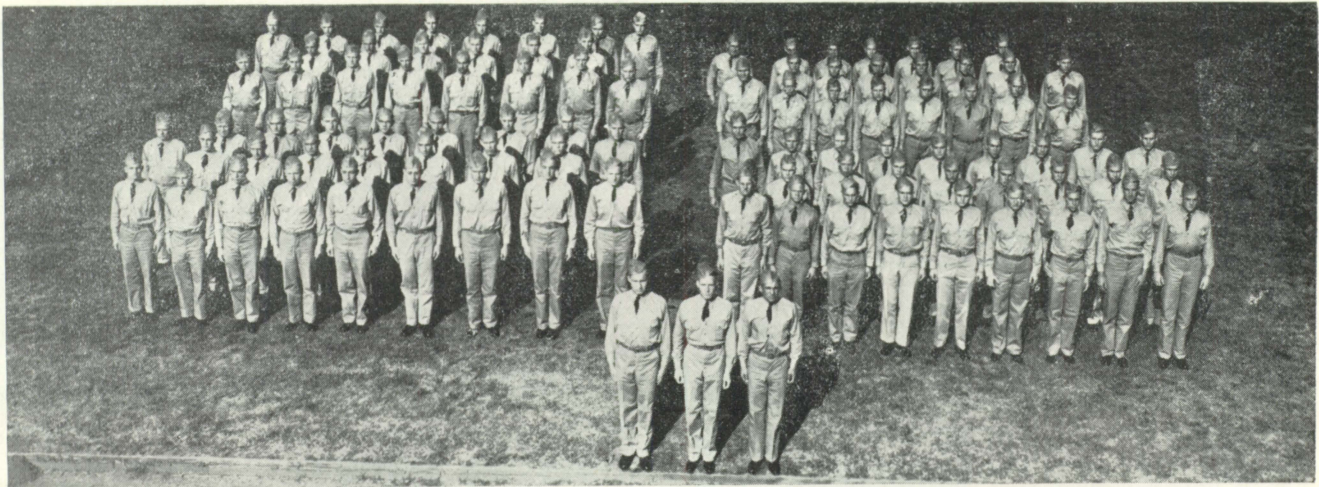
That calmed the boys down pretty completely for about half an hour after Lieut. Smythe finished which set quite a record in this outfit. This is the platoon of the busted flippers and sometimes only half of the platoon can swing in rhythm as the other half are wearing slings. We generally make up for that by having the guide and the platoon leader call opposite cadence—and usually go in opposite directions. The only time we were confused was when they sang out—"Stand Fast—Forward March."

We couldn't bother much with classes usually because there was always plenty of bull to spread or even a little blackjack—that's only if Ensign MacGregor doesn't read this.

The Navy probably hasn't decided yet what to do with the Second—leave them in a group and station them on one of the farther islands or spread them out to bring the gospel to the whole Fleet. Anyway, it's been fun at times, and from the amount of gold bricking done it couldn't have been too much work.

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

GRADUATING BATTALION



LEFT WING, BATTALION III
... but that's nothing, so does the Left Wing

THE THRIFTY THIRD

By Graham McCall

"God helps those who help themselves," and so Bat 3 Plat 3 helped itself to plenty of everything, study, exercise, vim, vigor, "vine," and "vomen."

When we were still strangers to each other, I can remember a tall red head named Fred Amondson who could gyrate and twist himself into more and smaller knots than a bosn's mate could tie. My roommate, Sam (S.T.H.) Shannon, the youngster of the outfit, from his line of Bronx could twist others into almost the same size knots.

Then Harvey "Sparrow" Ellsworth, who was last to everything, reveille, muster, classes, and even chow. Charlie Howarth looked forward each day to making our navigation teacher blush with a joke, and "Hardnose," a tolerant character was always around to put up with these fugitives from the draft board.

Hank "Grandpa" Carlenzoli could take on the bunch of us and come out on top. Barney Dent, a "Mate of the Deck Frightener" of the first water was a swell guy to stay friends with.

Skyscraper Don Cobb, ex-Cal Poly farmer, left in '41 "happy to leave this hole." Then comes face to face with Alma Mater via U.S.N.R. in '43.

Our track pace setter Karl Bailey got his start practicing on a barracks door. Mr. Jonathan Lamont Davis, a man of the world, sent his gal a watch to show her how faithful he is (to her memory). We're glad she didn't hock

it and come out here, em? Speaking of memories here's to Buffalo Bill Gentry, the best man among us. Good luck in the A.A.C., Bill.

We leave thanks for the grease-monkey, Bob Blaisdale, who taught our Lieutenants about airplanes.

Dean Boshard was the fightenest of the Third, he could wrestle his weight in men and books and win.

If we could mix Ken Gordon, Ken Carr, and Keith Bedford together in a barrell with Jim Carter and Bill Ford and add a dash of Dale Allan's brains, Johnny Aicega's good looks and boxing technique, a chip off of Hardnose and a few of that "overhead driller" McCall's muscles and we'd really have a dynamite squad.

A man of few words but many snores is Mels Jaspar, (the son of woodcutter).

The M. D. of our platoon, Bernie Hammerstedt left the Islands soon after "Pearl Harbor" to become Uncle Sam's backbone, and he's doing a job.

Everybody, I want you to meet "Hardnose" Bill Carrick, our platoon leader, whom we have put up with (or visa-versa). He has struggled for us and with us. He's quite a guy.

FAULTY FOURTH

By J. S. Miller

To mention all of our trials and trivialities would fill a good sized book, however, some of the more humorous happenings are worthy of note in this column.

Cadets Sherwin and Wade, Platoon

4's donation to the casualty list of World War 2, were injured in the line of duty when caught in a rush for pay checks.

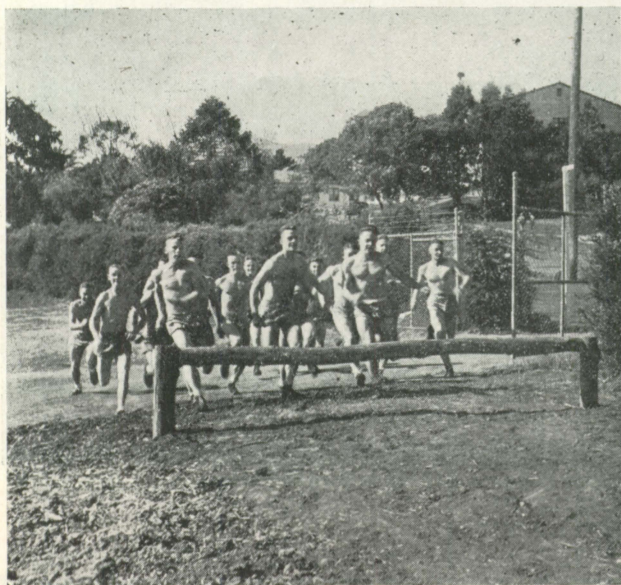
Last month General 'the crafty' Purdy unsuccessfully attempted to lure pilots into his subversive organization known publicly as 'Junior Commando Post No. 5353.' Among the candidates that rushed to join were "Watertight" Watson, "Eagle Eye" Pack, Emil "Out of step" Schmitt, "Winsome" Walsh, and Dick "the duck" Stewart.

Upon entering room No. 50 "skunk hollow" last week this columnist found the residents staging miniature three ring circus. Cadet Long was placing a vicious scissors grip around a pillow. Cadet Luis clad in issue "B.V.D.'s" was practicing tumbling top-side of the antiquated double decker. The only cadet that seemed in the least bit unhappy was Lion. The latter was bitterly weeping over the recent loss of his girl friend. This notorious female has been chosen for the dubious honor of being the "Onion Crop" queen of Plat. 4.

In scanning the more notable accomplishments of our platoon we note the following with pride: Miller J. S. becoming "Regimental Commander;" Miller J. H. W., no relation, securing scholastic honors of the Batt. for the first six weeks; Wade J. setting the ship's record of 4.07 minutes for the mile run; Smith C., master of the 88, the undisputed head of longhair music at Cal Poly; A. Long defeating all comers in the gentle art of wrestling.

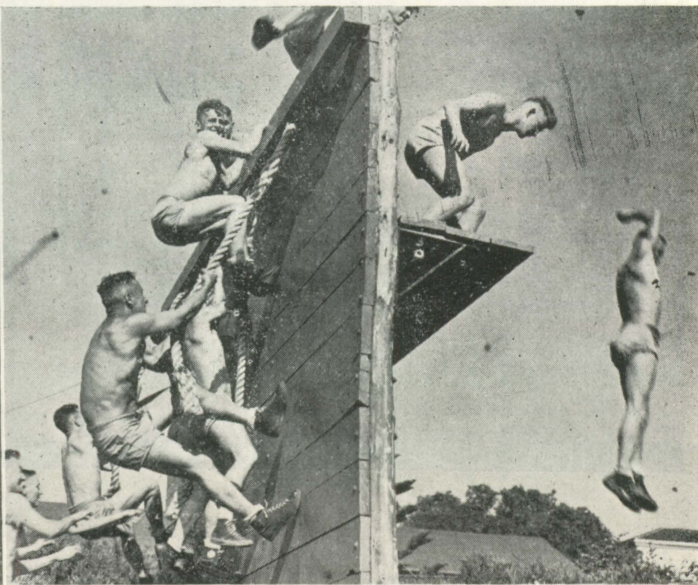
Continued on Page 13

S P O R T S



THEY'RE OFF

... anybody is who even attempts it.



OVER THEY GO

... pity those who don't

GOLDBRICKING WILL GET YOU

By Cadet H. Berry

You start out with a bang. Over a hurdle, through the sand! Gee, this is a cinch. All of a sudden a wall looms up in front of you. Oh, there's a way to get over. Some kind person has a rope hanging down from the top to help you over. After puffing, pulling, and stretching you finally get over and go tumbling down into the sawdust. You have one consolation; if you weren't in such good condition from

your P. T. exercises, you'd never have gotten over.

You stagger to your feet, run through a board trough and prepare for the next feat of daring. Ahead is another sparkling example of how the course got its name, for you next have to use your primitive instincts and swing across a pond of water on a rope. Most of the cadets get a free bath without even taking off their clothes. After floundering out of mud and water up to your knees, you continue on your

way. I'll bet you wished you'd stayed on the yard last Saturday instead of ..

Anyhow the main obstacles have been overcome and now it's just a matter of endurance. After climbing over a maze of logs, swinging hand overhand along parallel bars, going over a set of stairs, crawling on your stomach through sand, climbing a wall, and pulling yourself out of a couple of pits, you can see the finish, that is if you look sharp. Over another wall and into the home stretch



ANY TARZAN CAN DO IT

... but not all can keep dry

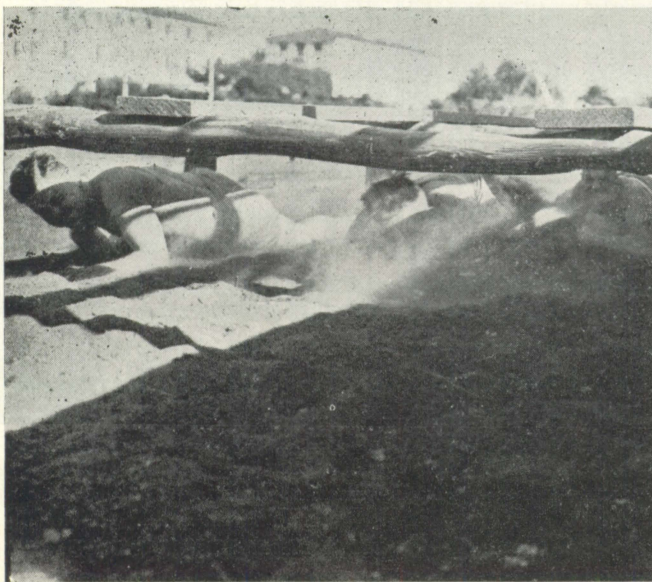


WATCH YOUR STEP

... A spill here will lose the race

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

S P O R T S



DON'T DIG IN
... keep moving and fast

you go. By golly, it is possible to get all the way around the whole thing in one try. Here's the finish line, now you can pass out in peace. What was that? Too slow! Go around again!

CADET VS OFFICERS?

By Emil Samuelson

This scribe has been hearing some scuttlebutt, or is it scuttlebutt, on that the officers are challenging the cadets to a race on the obstacle course. They stay that the cadets haven't a chance.

Lt. Lang says he's going to show the cadets how to make the wall in two motions namely "Hup Taw". He claims he's been practicing after taps.

Lt. Thomas has a new method that's really a hum-dinger. He goes up feet first. He claims that one of the physics teachers told him that the center of gravity is up in the chest. He figures that if you keep the center of gravity down low you can make it easier.

Lt. Smythe and Lt. Commander Cook have been working out in secret and

they aren't going to let anyone know what method they are using until the race.

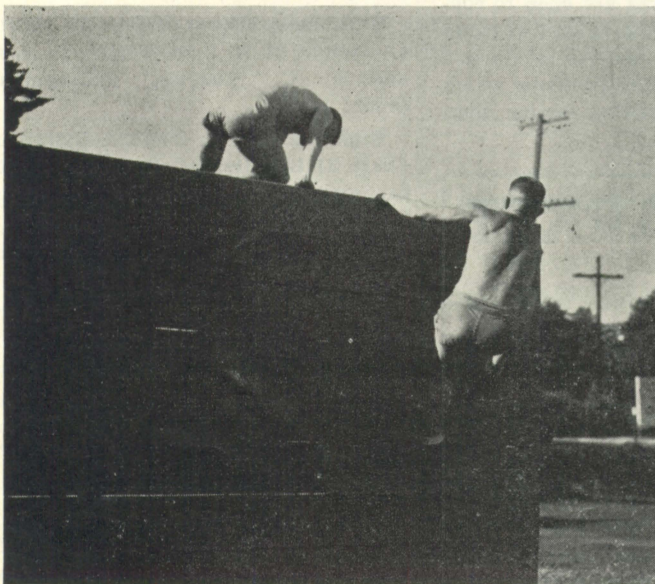
Lt. Commander Samuels claims he has developed a new serum,?? where by taking one shot he'll be able to clear the wall in a running hurdle.

Lt. Coe has a plot all his own, he figures by plotting the course before the race, taking into consideration the relative wind and the speed he can maintain, he has it in the bag.

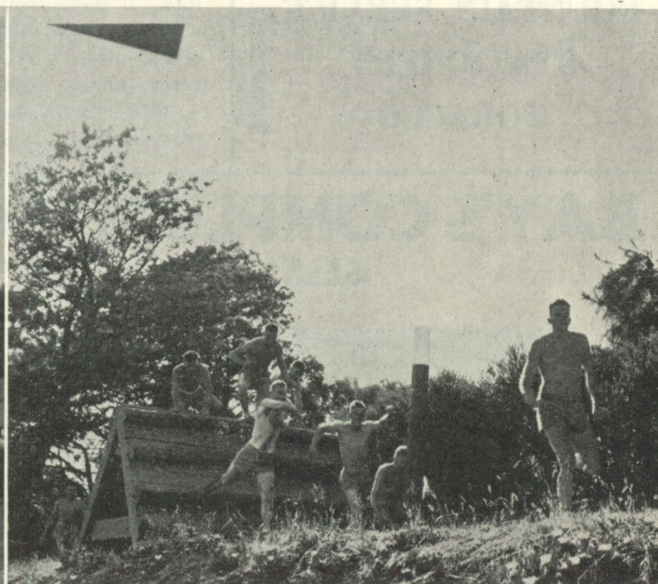
Lt. Bonath, Haines and Richards



LUMBERJACK'S DELIGHT
... like rolling logs but harder



CLEAR THIS
... and only three more to go



THE FINISH
... sick bay here we come

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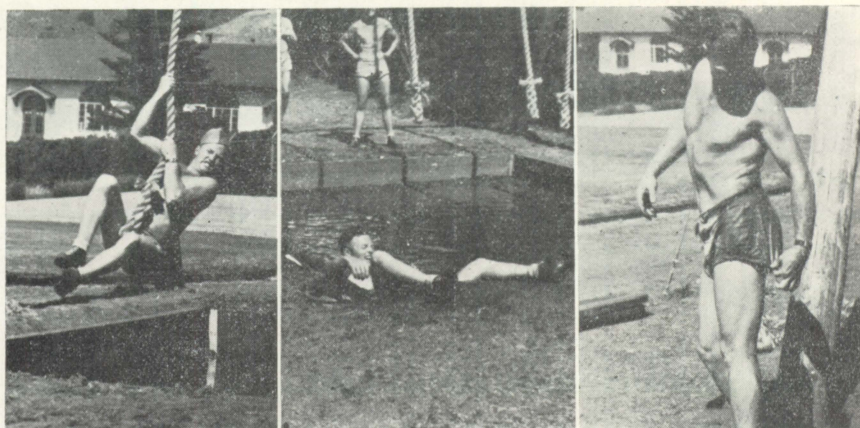
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S P O R T S



SWINGING, SWUNG, SWAM
"Dodo" Foreman proves himself a "drip."

aren't saying anything one way or the other. I suppose they have a secret ray or something to that effect.

O. K. cadets, what are we going to do about this. After an extra shot of saltpeter in the beans and a bowl of rice we will be ready for the challenge. How about it cadets?

ATHLETIC RECORDS

In other Navy publications that we have read, we have noted that each school has a group of athletic records. We especially noted one record from the Naval Preflight School at Del Monte which they seemed to think was a rather unparalleled feat. The record was that of forty-one push-ups by Del Monte's highest ranking athlete. If these records are open to contest, we would like to submit a group of our own. First, there is Ed Garza's record of one hundred push-ups which is more than somewhat better than forty-one.

MILITARY TRACK RECORDS

The latest data on the track records for Battalions as of May 1 are as follows:

100 yard dash: Harris, Wildcats (Batt. 3), time, 10.5; Campi, Coronados (Batt. 3) time, 10.5.

Two laps: J. H. Wade, Avengers (Batt. 3), time 1:51.6.

Four Laps: J. H. Wade, Avengers (Batt. 3), time 4:7.3.

Eight Man Mile Relay: Coronados (Batt. 3), time, 2:51.7. Team—R. Renaldi, C. Bobison, H. J. Clark, F. Shaw, R. R. Planteen, C. I. White, M. S. Louis, J. J. Campi.

Spin Relay: Wildcats (Batt. 3), time 3:33.0.

High Jump Relay: Helldivers (Batt. 4), Height 21 ft. 3 in. Team—D. Rasmussen, C. Samples, Palfreyman, Oman.

High Jump: J. K. Bedford, Helldiver (Batt. 3) Bull Gentry, Helldiver (Batt. 3) Samples, Helldiver (Batt. 4) Scott (Batt. 4) Height: 5 ft. 7 in.

Obstacle Course: Beckstead (Batt. 2) Time 1:57:5.

Cross Country Run: O. Dutcher, Avengers (Batt. 4) Time 14:00.

Hop, Step, Jump: Catalinas (Batt. 4) Distance 66 yds. 12 in. Team—B. A. Pierson, W. L. Ovard, G. C. Watts, D. F. Danielson, E. J. Felt, J. W. Mapes, P. Kline, L. Schneider.

Carry Relay: Ventura (Batt. 4) Time 1:30.9. Team—B. C. McBride, J. R. Munn, W. L. Calvin, W. O. Richards, H. L. Thorpe, K. F. Manchester, C. E. Dole, F. J. Waterman.

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GRADUATING BATTALION

Continued from Page 9

FIGHTING FIFTH

By Wally Davis & Al Bonney

We of the bewildered "Fighting Fifth" are near the completion of our first leg on this long wearing journey which seems more of a hearsay than a reality.

We wish to introduce the cadets in our platoon who gave their assistance in making life here at Cal Poly more tolerable. First we have our long-legged Texan guide Schuler Mayes, whose "Hup-four" could keep any platoon in step, then comes that fleet-footed, jovial "Doc" Clausen from Ferndale. His darn fool jokes made those long endless days seem a bit shorter; next in line is the bravest man in the 3rd Batt., namely Wally Davis, who gained his fame through a slip of the tongue one night when a certain Lt. was making his rounds at taps. Next we have our "bookie" Frank J. Cotta. His information on the "ponies" helped decrease the odds on the Saturday exams. Stepping on his heels is that man with the tremendous physique, Wayne "Muscles" Beasley, following him is "88 keys" Harry Elliott, the boogie-woogie man.

Roy "Budgy" Bacon, the crap shooter, is next in line. Budgy hopes to retire after the war if his luck holds out with those galloping dominoes. At the end of the first squad is Don Bowles, several people have had a hard time pronouncing his names, but he has been on the move ever since he got here. In moving along we come to the most envied man in the 5th platoon, Al "Boney" Bonney, the wild man from Denver. His uncanny ability to "get along" with a certain navigation instructor is the reason for his claim to this title. Then comes Dino "Bull" Giannini our Aerology Specialist from Westwood. His buddy, Ken "Heinie" Eggleston, another Westwood boy has developed into the prize wrestler in the "fighting fifth."

Calvin "Take a deep Breath" Cowley, our platoon leader is still trying to figure out whether or not he still loves Martha. Keith (AWOL) DuVall "two rolls and no coffee" is our worthy???? Right wing commander.

The other platoons may have outshone us in academics but when it comes to teamwork and just plain damn good fellows we rank at the top of the list. This war isn't over yet and our psychology is that "action speaks louder than words."

THE SALTY SIXTH

By M. P. Gruenhagen & E. Kirby

The "Salty Sixth" is considered to be the platoon with widespread talent. There are fellows of nearly every type. Tall ones, short ones, farmers, bankers, playboys, all joined together either by fate or destiny but whatever it was, it has brought together a platoon that is the envy of the 3rd Battalion.

We found that the "Salty Sixth" had Pat McVay, the "Golden Voiced Baritone" from the singing hills of Colorado. "Bull" Johnson who was always out for a good laugh. We mustn't forget Play Boy Vickery or Mousie Mason, the little man with the Commando tactics who will always fight at the drop of a hat to defend that foreign country Colorado. Then we have Blackie Hastings, our old standby who is always ready and willing to give us a helping hand in Navigation.

Now comes God's gift to the women of S. L. O.—F. Rice who, in a very short time will get first hand information on navigating from San Luis Obispo to L. A. Lest we forget, here is the little lad from the country, J. Hudson, the Fred Astaire who makes good in room 14. And there is our iron man with the bulging biceps, none other than Herky Kirby, the king of the obstacle course. John Rohleder, who could enter any eating contest, is one of our boys.

Here is our championship swimmer who states, "I swim like a rock and I dive like a feather but oh boy I sure

can wade"—Richards. Our most patriotic person in the platoon is J. Torosian. Those who know him will understand why. Our queen of the mat is terrible terror, bone crusher, Hill. Our boy, Don White is a scholar through and through, while here he studies all the time. We'll never forget the day that Lomholdt showed Bull Johnson the left jab, and the biggest surprise of the year was when J. Haun got up before Reveille. Our most ambitious character is Ley who plans to build his own home someday and raise a family of 15. Drummer boy, W. Wilson was broken hearted when Haun took his hot records home the other day.

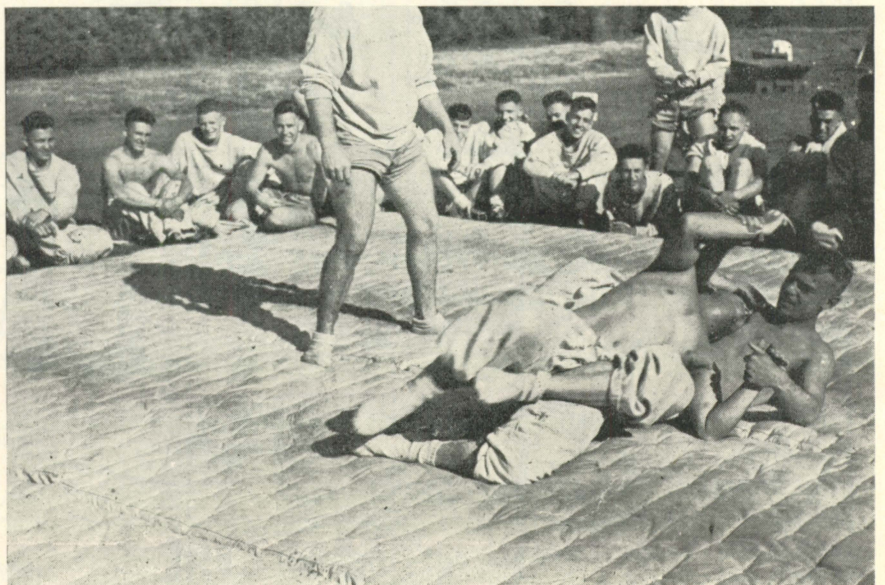
THE "SILENT" SEVENTH

By J. R. Ebbeson

While our platoon does not boast any "Phi Betas" or former R.O.T.C. "Generals," we have been able to keep our heads well above water in all phases of our curriculum.

Bill Keene has several outstanding sidelines: swimming, succor and romance. George "Ghost" Jackson had not only the will to "kip up" in sick bay for three weeks with Cat Fever, but came out fighting mad to step out the mile with the best of them.

Platoon seven's engine seminars are conducted by Verne Gallagher, platoon mechanic. Down from the plateaus of Colorado came "Little Big Red" Hale suffering with that old Hawaiian



BILL FORD ON TOP
Wrestling is part of the P. T. program

GRADUATING BATTALION

fever. Financial difficulties and math headaches of platoon members are kindly, quickly and quietly ironed out by "Morton Bakar" former "night club king" of Oakland. U. C.'s gift to platoon seven is that hard but level headed Orland C. Harp.

Perhaps unknown to most of the battalion, platoon seven has its own little church around the corner, conducted each Sunday morning between the hours of 0600 and 0700 by our own Holy Joe, "Bugs" "Bunny" Howell. R. R. Cook can not only take shorthand with the most talented secretaries of the training office, but is a real party man.

Our physique department is figure-headed by P. P. Johnson whose unhumanly dimensions are outstanding. Dwight "Three to go" Dickenson enjoyed reading the cadet regulations so much that he penned out three copies, longhand.

UNCONQUERABLE EIGHTH

By J. D. "Erroll" Pola

There is no need to make flowery statements about "The Unconquerable

Eighth." It has during its short stay here distinguished itself in every field it has entered.

First we have "Harry" Clark whose recognition ability is unquestionable; although it has taken him five months to accomplish. Now another cadet R. E. "Speed" Jefferey noted primarily for his exactness in never missing a muster. Next we have a very popular lad "Woodpecker" Jorgensen who receives daily at least one sack of fan mail. If you have seen any smoke near the cinder path you may rest assured that it could be none other than our own "Spearhead" Lewis. Need we remind you of our "Limber Limbed" Ray P. Lewis, incidently the broken arm is from falling out of a tree playing Tarzan and now we come to our famed pugilist "Big Jack" McKinnon.

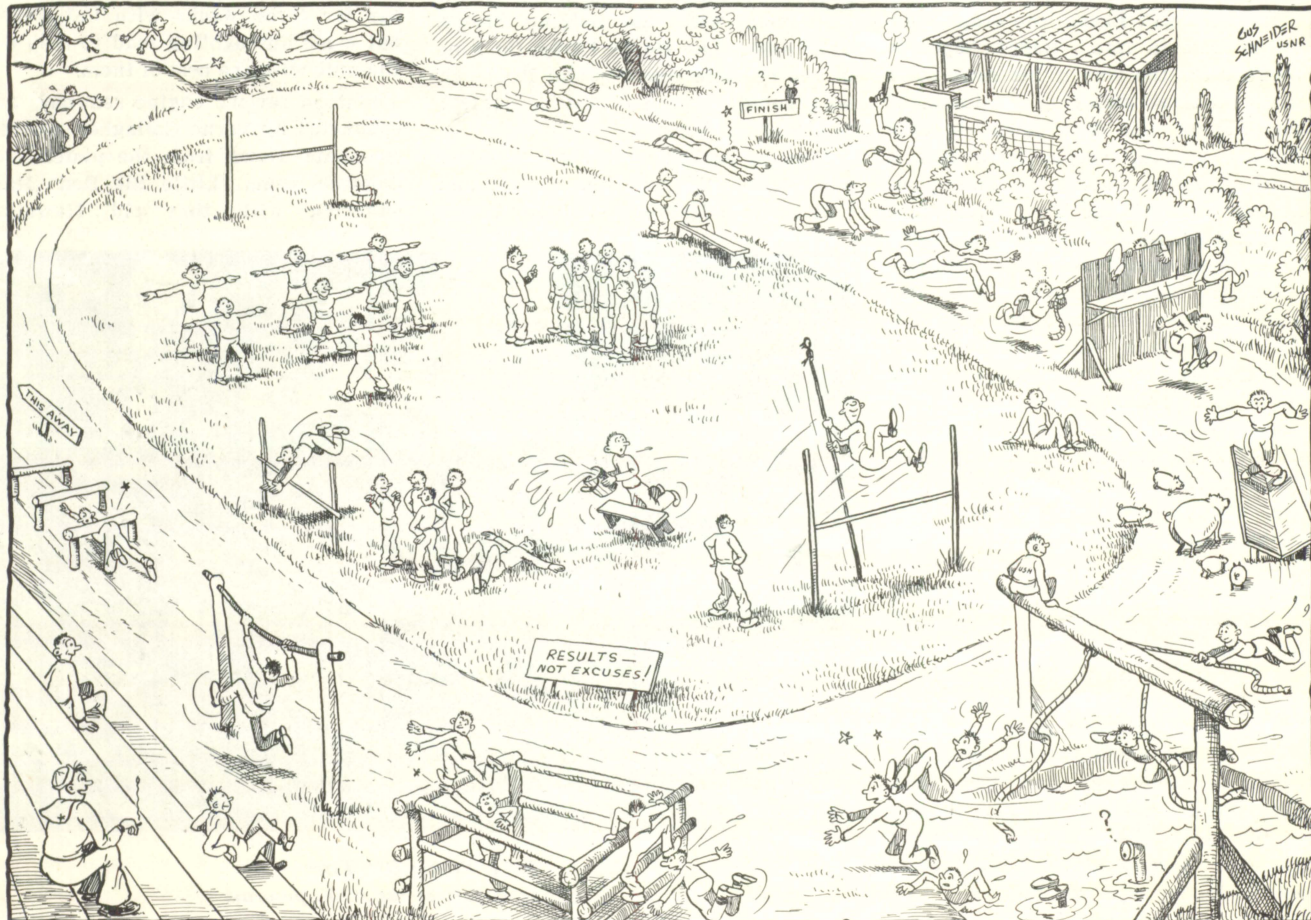
Every platoon has one, and in the 8th it is "Brains" Morgan originally a quiz kid now he has gone further up the ladder of success in the navy. It would be unfair not to mention "Flynn" Pola whose ability on the obstacle course is hindered only by the biggest obstacle himself. Now his

name "Pee Wee" Parker signifies his size, but not his determination to become one of the Navy's greatest pilots.

"Woodsman" Peletier, displaying his "body beautiful," which he says he owes to Lt. Lang's calisthenics. Sacramento is to blame for forcing upon us the unpredictable wonder boy, R. R. Planteen, Jr. Another lad who has done his bit for the 8th is Ricardo Renaldi his main topic of conversation is of the opposite sex.

"Thanks a million" Robertson hails from Colorado. Another out of state lad, "Legs" Robinson who is continually marveling at the scenery especially the bathing beauties at Avilla Beach. Not to forget "One Punch" Seay who with his go-gettum tactics amazes spectators and keeps Dr. Samuels busy at sick bay, and our illustrious Franklyn Woodbury Shaw, Jr. with his golden voice, sleek black hair, and impeccable dress, makes him the sharpest of the sharp. Now the strong silent type, Bob Sible whose athletic ability outshines all others. Not forgetting the Gremlin Charleston Isaac White Jr. The Grem is always

Continued on Page 14



DECK RAMBLINGS

EARN YOUR WINGS

By William Ivers

"Join the Navy . . ." Does that sound familiar? Could the second (lost) battalion possibly be disillusioned? For the last few weeks the boys of the "Lost Battalion" have spent their time plowing, shocking hay, planting flowers, and otherwise carrying on where the Cal Poly farmers left off (they've gone to war).

Of course none of this agricultural work will physically impair anyone, but it does seem to have a disturbing mental influence, for while we spend our time pitching hay, our buddies, the happy members of the "Sorry Second," are just plain "pitching"

While wandering about the campus in search of a nice shady spot to hide, we noticed a group of cadets pitching hay to the rhythm of "hup taw" (taw is two). "Every Thing Is Rosy" Kjar was holding up a pitch fork on which Bill Morton was leaning while resting his head on the sleeping form of "Sunshine" Earnshaw. Dick Crabtree was shocking hay with his own original method, namely, telling shady stories. "Dodo" Foreman and Bill Paterson were busily squinting through a transit. We heard Foreman say, "Jeeze, take a look at these legs, Bill!"

Incidentally, we really have some "sharp" truck drivers in our outfit. Jensen knows every bump in the roads and manages to hit them all. But the question that has everyone worried is, "Where has the great Ogilvie been during our many days of serfdom? Could it be that he has snared himself a "slender and tender chicken" somewhere in the vicinity of the training office?

Ah well! those gentle words from Mr. Howes, the bonus in pay, and that month leave were ample reward for our labors, so we shall always cherish the memory of dear old Cal Poly.

MR. SMITH COMES TO POLY

O. D. Smith, principles of flight instructor, came to the Cal Poly Naval Flight Preparatory School in January. "O. D." is a teacher who combines skill and understanding with a fine sense of humor to make his course successfully instructive as well as interesting. His method of teaching has made a basically tough subject comparatively easy, and he is justly proud that his classes have had less than a two percent "flunk" rate to date.

Before coming to Poly, Mr. Smith instructed at high schools in Idaho, California, and Washington, and immediately prior to his arrival here he taught a group of Army Air Corps cadets in Washington.

His hobbies are mainly sports. He has managed baseball, basketball, and football teams, plays a fairly good game of golf, and is a disciple of Isaac Walton's. Members of the lost second battalion will verify that his umping is "big league." He called them for Cal Poly's one-run defeat of the second batt's baseball team. Every few minutes some one would yell, "What's the situation there O.D.?" or "Wake that man up." Mr. Smith laughed it off and seemed to be getting more kick out of it than were the hecklers.

Carry on Mr. Smith!

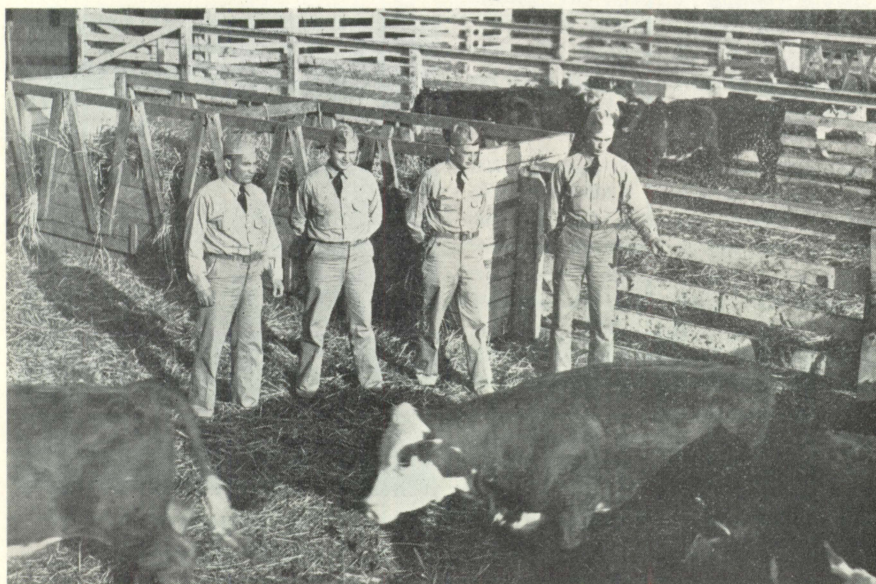


O. D. SMITH
"That's the situation. . ."



BATTALION II GOES TO HAY PARTY
"Little Boy Blue" Eckenroad . . . under a hay stack . . . fast asleep.

CADET PERSONALITIES



BACK TO THE FARM

Cadets Garza, Robert Handel, Art Grant and Don Cobb

ONCE AN ENSIGN

By Cadet H. Berry

Introducing Cadet Bob (Tex) Havins, commander of Battalion IV. Tex was born in Saguton, Texas but calls Brownwood, Texas, where he lived most of his life, home. He graduated from Howard Payne College and then took a P. G. course at Texas Mines. Soon after the war started, Bob joined the Navy's V-7 program and received his commission as an Ensign in the Navy in New York. He went on duty with the Atlantic fleet in August. After three months duty there, he was transferred to the Pacific Fleet as the commander of his own ship. Bob remained with the Pacific Fleet until he was assigned to flight training.

Bob is more or less a jack-of-all-trades. Before entering the Navy, he worked as a newspaper reporter, played semi-pro baseball, pro tennis, did some mining, and coached athletics at school. His favorite sport is tennis and his free time is spent in reading. His hobby is somewhere deep in the heart of Texas; mainly one of those Southern gals. Bob's main ambition is to fly a dive bomber for the Marines and cover the landing of some of his buddies. He has a very good basis for this desire; he was in the amphibious force in the Pacific which landed Marines. After the war, he would like to remain in the Navy Air Corps or back to Texas and raise polo ponies.

COW PILOTS

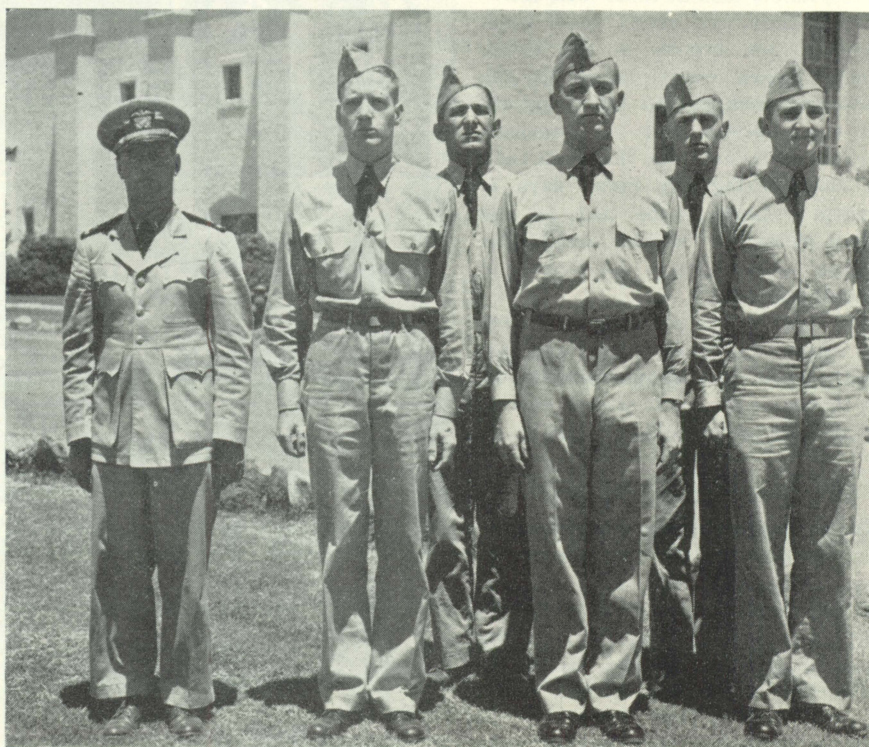
It is said that you can take the boys out of the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the boy. The boys shown above are former Star State Farmers (highest honor in Future Farmers of America organization).

IVORY POUNDER

By Thomas O' Riordan

Hold your hats mates, here we go again! As yours truly was roaming about the ship he came across this tidy bit of scuttlebutt: Last week as I was wandering past the Coops, the sound of boogie woogie music penetrated my daze. So naturally being curious I paused and entered to see what was the cause. To my great wonderment and surprise I saw the one and only Bob (Pistol Pants) Skinner beating it out on the ivories. After listening for awhile, I managed to tear him away from his several fans to acquire this bit of info. Bob played, or should I say pounded the ivories for several bands. Three of which, you all know, are Gary Nottingham, Art Rawley, and lately, Stan Kenton's band.

"Pistol Pants" was born in old sunny California. To be more specific, San Francisco. He attended various grammar schools and high schools and majored in music at S. F. State College. His hobby may be stated as music but his favorite pastime is the good old bone game. As a matter of fact, I understand he lost his pants in one game and had to dig ditches on the side to recuperate.



CADET OFFICERS FROM BATT. III

(l. to r.) Ensign Klages; Regimental Commander J. S. Miller, Left Wing Commander S. W. Iten, Battalion Commander N. O. Strude, Right Wing Commander C. K. DuVall and Regimental Adjutant E. J. Bingham.

GOLDBRAID

P. T. PERSONALITIES

By L. C. Dalton

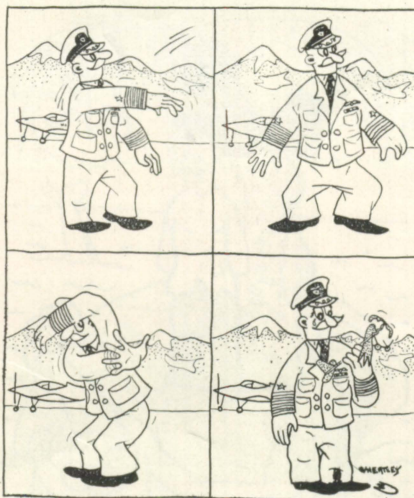
Lt. (jg) Haines is one of the West Coast's all-time great football players. All-American in 1936, Mr. Haines played in the Rose Bowl with Washington's Coast Conference champions against the powerful Pittsburg Panthers. Chicago's 1937 college all-star vs. professional champion game, saw Mr. Haines contributing to the all-star's victory. After one year of professional football with the Pittsburg Pirates, he returned to his native Oregon and was in his second year of coaching high school football when he entered the Naval service.

Incidentally, Mr. Haines and Mr. Thomas rivaled for gridiron glory in Washington and California's annual "pigskin" classic in 1936.

Mr. Thomas will long be remembered for his stellar performances in football and boxing at the University of California. Also well on his way to a coaching career, Mr. Thomas was directing freshman football at the University of California.

Lt. (jg) Lang is the same Lang whose basketball made history at St. Mary's. Mr. Lang also coached at St. Mary's and at several San Francisco high schools. He was the Pacific Coast's best basketball center for three years and has been mentioned for basketball's all-time all-American team.

The fact that Lt. (jg)s Lang, Haines, and Thomas are all stationed here at Cal Poly illustrates the statement that Mr. Lang has so often said, "It seems that wherever you go, you are always bumping into an old 'shipmate.'" Furthermore, aside from being acquainted through their rivalry in sports, the



three attended Annapolis for indoctrination courses at the same time and were stationed at St. Mary's together previous to coming to Cal Poly.

MISCELLANY

We are all happy to see that extra "half stripe" on the respective sleeves of Messrs. **Lang** and **Haines**. Congratulations, and keep up the good work.

Mr. Klages: Batts II and III wish to express their gratitude for your untiring effort and ingenuity which was the main factor in the success of both battalion dances and incidentally, insures the same results for future dances under his guidance.

Lt. Bonath has been assigned public relations officer in addition to his duties as instructor. His job will be to work with R. E. Kennedy on the public relations program and also to act as advisor on the "ROUNDUP."



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... we got 'em—and how!

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

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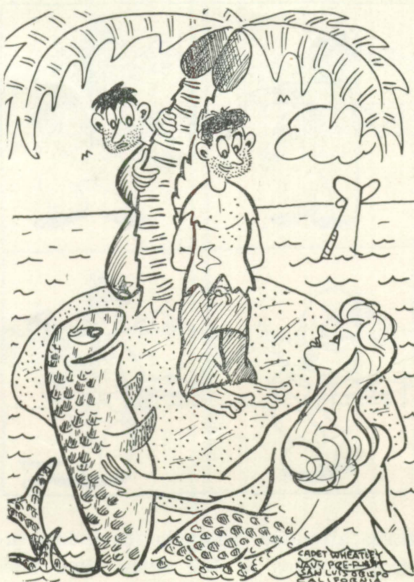
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OUT OF BOUNDS



"This time I brought a friend."

IS THIS YOU TOO

Once upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
On the train from Salt Lake City.
With every muscle tense from waiting
I began to contemplating
What a fine place this would be.

Would the officers be kind and gentle
Would I take another mental
This and more I sat divining
With my head at ease reclining
On the arm chairs velvet lining.

Suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping
Rapping at my chamber door:
Here was Poly, grand and glorious
Where the work was not laborious
All would be easy forevermore.

Much I marvelled at its beauties
Would there be a flock of cuties
Wonder what would be my duties
This and more I would soon know.
Right off the bat they called a muster
There we were all in a cluster
Where in the h— were we to go.

We had a little meeting
And were given quite a greeting
But no mention of the beating
That we were soon to get.
Next we went to class
They told us some would pass
So I began to fret.

Every day got a little harder
And I got dumber instead of smarter

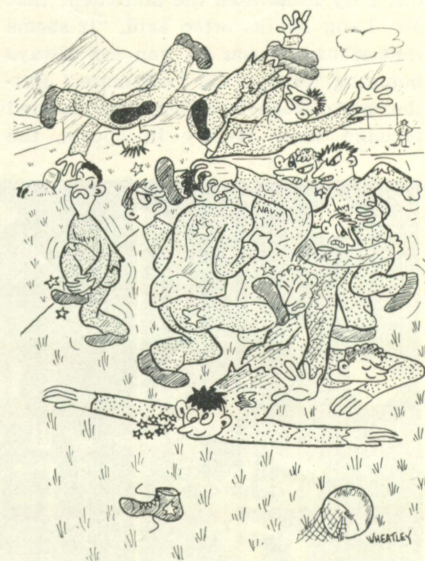
Then they took me to the barber
My God what he did do.
He got me in his little chair
And shaved away my pretty hair
To make me shudder at each view.
Then we met a guy named Lang
Who used the most perturbing slang
But out of him we got a bang
Until he taught us swimming.
Back and forth across the pool
While on the bank he would stand
and drool
With eyes a brightly gleaming.

The routine went on
And on me it did dawn
That I never should have gone
From my little home in the valley.
Why didn't I marry
And have babies to carry
So I could be home with my Sally.

Now I've got the squirms
For we're having our mid-terms
Feeling lower than the worms
So I guess that I'll soon blow.
And I'm sure that I will be
In that city by the sea
Of course it's San Diego.

ED SCOTT
IV Batt., 6th Plat.

At least one cade won't be adverse
to remaining here at Cal Poly for
another month. It seems he has a
"sharp chick" with a car and a "C"
card lined up.



*"Ta' hell with the ball! Let's get on
with the game."*

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

SCUTTLEBUTT

At Annapolis—

When a Plebe at Annapolis is asked by upper-classesmen to give the correct time, he must answer in the approved fashion. His answer is:

"Sir, I am greatly embarrassed and deeply humiliated that due to unforeseen circumstances over which I have no control, the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of my chronometer are such in accord with the great sidereal movement with which time is generally reckoned, that I cannot with any degree of accuracy state the exact time, sir. But without fear of being very far off I will state that it is—"

He then gives the minutes, seconds and ticks after the hour.

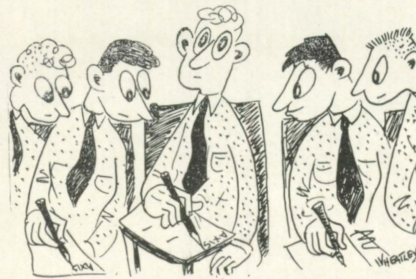
—From The U. S. Naval Academy Guide.

Continued from Page 14

trying, but most efforts are futile, and as for our cadet officers: platoon leader D. H. Smalley, the original all bark and no bite boy, and battalion commander, N. O. Struve, who may be hard nose to the rest of the battalion, but he's just "Pop" to us.

We know it would be impossible for the other platoons to keep up with our own advancements; superiority wins out. Good luck boys and no hard feelings.

The citizens of San Luis must be getting used to those week-end shows by now. When the newsreels come on there are always at least two-score cadets ready to yell out the airplane identification of everything from an A-20 to a Spitfire.



Somebody's Got to Watch the Blinker

SOUND OFF

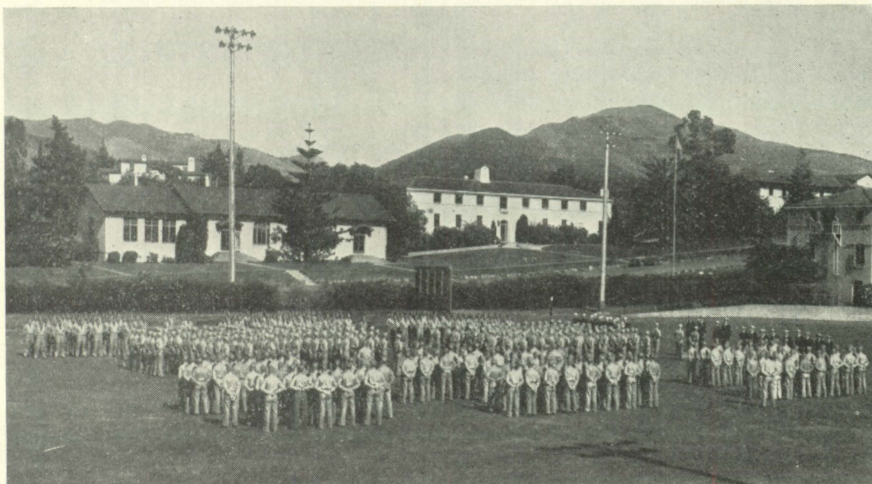
By Joe Gish

Sitting here studying for my mid-term in navigation makes me think of many things. I could be boiled down to one thing, namely (censored).

Which brings me to one thing letting you know I happened to become an aviation cadet on the (censored) ship Cal Poly.

Love, did it! My goil didn't love me 'cause I wasn't fit to be drafted. How revolting those days of the 4-h (single men with children) were. Nothing to do but ride around, on your C card and indulge in some of the more vigorous sports such as sitting on bar stools and lounge wrestling.

Why wasn't I drafted? It was bright and early one morning when I went skipping down to the local board. The rope that the Gestapo (F.B.I.) agents were dragging me with didn't mean a thing. Even from the lobby I could hear the doctors saying "you're warm," "you're warm" and with each utterance the voice drew nearer, until I felt a clammy claw clutch my shoulder.



BATT. II GRADUATION

... must have been scuttlebutt or is there a "Lost Battalion."

Mustang Roundup, June 7, 1943

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A voice shrieked, "Here's a cold one. To the furnace room quick, we haven't lost one yet today."

After being thoroughly warmed I had to be led to bigger and better things. The reason for this leading was that upon hearing that I was warm; I had plucked my one good eye from its socket which left me totally blind. This didn't stop the army though, because when you are on maneuvers you can always feel your way along the railroad tracks.

When asked if I had any dependents I told them of Egbert my tapeworm. They finally coaxed Egbert up by holding a dish of aromatic chicken broth at my lips. Finding that he was only three inches in diameter they were left no choice in the matter; however, a Gish is not to be outwitted. It seems that when I was a child my brother and I had been swallowing lit fire crackers for the hell of it. One had stuck in my throat and blown my head off. This and other deformities gave me a bad score so they decided to declare me 4-H.

My girl was very put out about the whole thing, and thought I had scuttle-butted about the whole thing. She couldn't see how my hunch back could keep me out. She left me.

At first I decided to kill myself to death, pleasantly by drinking too much alcohol, but in a fit of anger I decided to suffer a fate worse than death and join V-5. My old friends, Meadow Muffin, Jones the Evil, and Horace Mac Nurse had joined up so why not me?

As I approached the selection board about the matter, something in the back of mind kept saying "hup taw too slow." I should have known, but that's my pigeon now. It all seemed like a bad dream until one night about six weeks ago when in the dead of night I awoke with a scream and saw a face that said "hup, taw, too slow."

As study period is over I will bring this to a close. In the next issue Gish will tell you how after six weeks he had a chance to see an airplane but blinked.

What about that stray sheep who has been down at the mess hall mustering for chow with the Colorado cadets. . . Homesick?

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