

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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AUGUST
1943

Vol. 1, No. 10
25 Cents



Mustang ROUNDUP

California Polytechnic College Naval Flight Preparatory School

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Published monthly at no expense to the Navy

ABILITY REWARDED

Perhaps it was their good looks, dominant personality or what have you that was possessed by the 23 cadets selected from the Fifth Battalion to graduate with the Fourth Battalion. Perhaps Lady Luck was in the pilot's cockpit, taking these aviation cadets over their first hurdle in record time. Some of the Fifth who are still here, finishing the regulation 15 week's training, are wondering what formula was used to get the ticket of transportation to W.T.S. ahead of time.

The answer to their wondering is simple. The 23 men were selected on their academic achievements, athletic ability and their aptitude and fitness to become future naval officers. The men selected are to be commended on having that "extra" something that singled them out from the ranks.

All cadets should take cognizance of the above fact and apply themselves diligently to the problem at hand—that of making the very most of the opportunity they have here to show their ability in the academic field, athletic field and as naval officer candidates.

By Leonard Hedman
Fifth Battalion

THE EDITOR'S LOG

MARINES DIDN'T LAND

Editor's Note: Last month we reported that the Eighth Platoon, Batt. V (winners of regimental drill contest) was "composed largely of former Marines." Repercussions were loud and long, as exemplified by two letters quoted below:

From: Cadet W. G. Tarshis

Subject: Additional data submitted to correct a misconception

While the U.S.M.C. is an acknowledged affiliate of our Navy, no greater faux pas could be made than to label one of Uncle Sam's salts a Marine. In complimenting the 5th Battalion's 8th Platoon for their marching prowess, the editor (or author) commented that a number of Marines were included in the roster of the platoon. For all and sundry readers, the Navy personnel of said platoon request correction for what is believed an unintentional derogation. "Le misanthrope est Tres amusante," say the French, but former bell-bottomed trouser boys prefer to be recognized for what they once represented, viz — the nation's greatest branch of the service.

Perhaps the situation may be analogous to the mental struggle of Shakespeare's Brutus in his rationalization about Caesar. It is not that we love the Marine Corps less, but that we love the Navy more.

(Comes another letter on the same subject, this one from Harold Walters, parts of which we quote below:)

"... on page 7, column 3, paragraph 2, it states that the eighth platoon

was composed largely of marines. That is not true. There are six former marines, 14 ex-sailors and three former civilians. All the credit given Cadet Simons is just as it should be and he may be the best leader in the regiment, but a former sailor, now a wing commander, taught the platoon most of those drills."

PIN-UP GIRL

Not to be outdone by the army's magazine, Yank, and other "high-class" service publications, MUSTANG ROUNDUP has devoted the entire back cover to this month's "Pin-Up" girl. The staff hates to think of the cadets mutilating our "masterpiece" by tearing off the picture to "pin-up" in their barracks. So it might be appropriate to remind all cadets that it is **against regulations** to hang such pictures in their rooms. But, just imagine how nice it would look if you could "pin-up" beautiful Ava Gardner's shapely shape on the bulkhead next to your bunk.

WE TRAIN 'EM

Were we surprised to get a tear sheet from the Ely Record recently. There in one corner was a section devoted to news (???) of Yelland Field. The editor is none other than P. H. Drake who was MUSTANG ROUNDUP'S humor editor in July. Also on the Desert Flyer staff are W. P. Eberhart, Bigs Hardy, M. Bokar, Edgar H. Lion, Jr., R. J. Corbett and G. E. Smitman.



THE STAFF GOT TOGETHER—ONCE
... and Adviser Kennedy said "look at the bird"

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

ON BOARD

NEW CROP OF HAIR

Stubble-faced, bleary-eyed, half-starved and draped in the finest zoot suits and proud possessors (yet) of wavy hair, the 135 men of the reluctant Eighth Battalion crawled off the "G. I. milk train" and groped through the darkness on August 4.

Expecting to see palm trees under sunny California's morning sky, the "eager beavers" were greeted with a roar of "ten shun . . . hup tau, too slow . . . swallow that gum, cadet . . . yea lop toup reep hoe — and were marched down the barren streets of slumbering San Luis. The walk was a little hard on the men due to the lack of sleep (a forbidden G. I. word) and the fact that the local Chamber of Commerce rolls in their streets at 2030.

As the ambitious hopefuls marched up the streets of Cal Poly, they were received with the everlasting cry "You'll be sorry, turn back before it's too late!"

Then on to a hearty breakfast of that rationed stuff called butter and eggs and milk and sinkers.

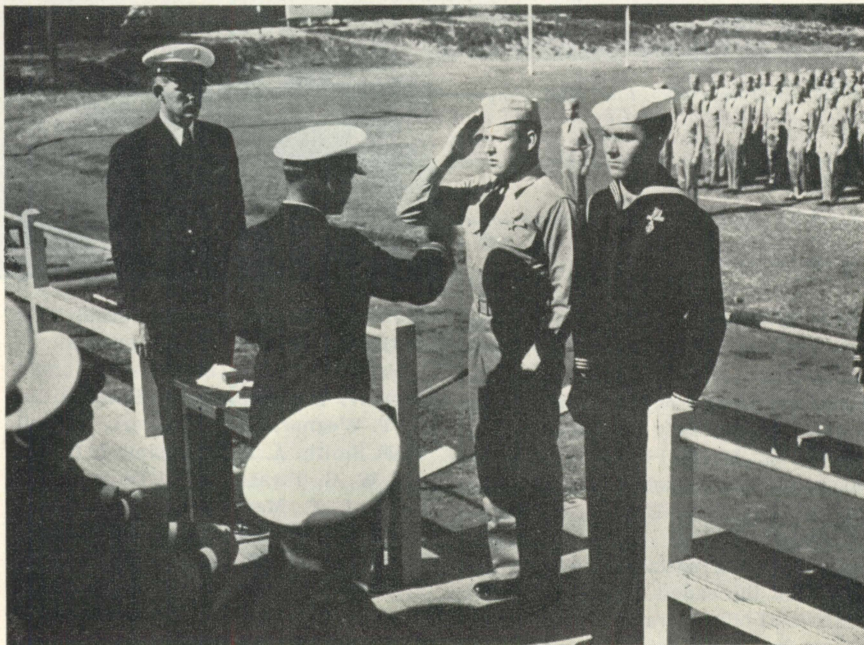
After a brief explanation of navy rules and regulations and a suggestion or two of what future the navy holds for them, the 8th Batt. cadets started the daily routine that will not be so confusing as the weeks roll on.

One of the new cadets was seen to push the hair out of his face and pop off in a clear, musical voice, "Gosh, some of these 5th Batt. fellows have been in naval aviation for over a month and still haven't flown a Corsair yet." Oh, well, his time will come . . . and how.

CADETS AND SEAMAN DECORATED

Two naval aviation cadets and a seaman attached to the enlisted staff at the California Polytechnic Naval Flight Preparatory School were cited and decorated during the Fourth Battalion's graduation ceremonies held on the Athletic Field August 3.

Cadet Regimental Commander Warren H. Van Kirk, holder of the Dis-



CADET WAGNER & SILVER STAR MEDAL
Seaman Fadde just got his Purple Heart Medal

tinguished Flying Cross awarded for "extraordinary achievement and gallant devotion to duty," heard Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook, officer in charge of the flight preparatory school, read a citation from the President of the United States outlining Van Kirk's exploits as a radioman-gunner in Marine Scout-Bombing Squadron 241 during the Battle of Midway. "With courageous efficiency and utter disregard for his own personal safety, Sergeant Van Kirk, then Private First Class, manned a free machine gun in the rear seat of his plane on the morning of June 4, and again during an attack upon a damaged Japanese battleship on the morning of June 5," the citation read. Van Kirk was transferred from the Marine Corps and assigned to naval aviation training three months ago.

The second cadet to be honored was former Marine Staff Sgt. Leonard K. Wagner, who was awarded the Silver Star Medal by Lt. Comdr. Cook. The citation, signed by Admiral W. F. Hal-

sey, told how Staff Sgt. Wagner and "twelve other Marines voluntarily exposed themselves to the enemy's intensive shell fire and bombing attack" in rescuing five comrades buried when an enemy shell hit near a bomb shelter. This action took place Oct. 14, 1942 at Henderson Field, Guadalcanal Island.

The Purple Heart Medal, for injuries received in action, was awarded to S/1st Class John E. C. Fadde, now attached to the Flight Preparatory school for limited shore duty. Bluejacket Fadde was on a destroyer in enemy controlled waters off Guadalcanal on Oct. 15, 1942 when the ship was subjected to a combined Jap dive bomber and torpedo plane attack. Of the 360 men on board, Fadde was one of about 35 men saved when the destroyer sank. Fadde suffered multiple wounds from shrapnel and machine gun but after four days on a life raft with other survivors he was picked up by another destroyer.

Lt. Comdr. F. W. Pierce, executive

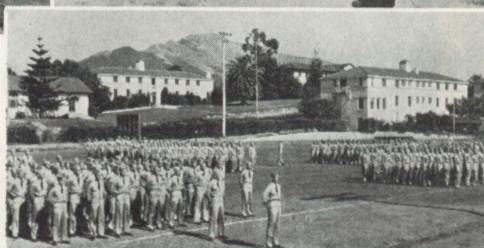
ON BOARD



TOP: (left to right) Van Kirk congratulates new Regimental Commander; Batt. IV marches into position; Van Kirk (holder of D.F.C.) hears Lt. Comdr. Cook read citation.



RIGHT: (left to right) Regiment forms; Cadet R. L. Pitman led honor roll to receive diploma.



officer at St. Mary's Pre-Flight school, gave the principal speech at the fourth graduation exercises held since the flight preparatory school went into operation at Cal Poly in January. Lt. Comdr. L. H. McPherson, officer in charge of the Cadet Selection Board for the 12th Naval District, introduced Lt. Comdr. Pierce. Lt. B. D. Haines, the graduating battalion's officer, also addressed the cadets. Lt. J. T. Miller, regimental officer, was in charge of the impressive ceremonies in which the entire cadet regiment of 600 men participated.

HONOR ROLLEES

With the completion of their course at this station, 40 members of the Fourth Battalion and 23 members of the Fifth Battalion were on the honor roll.

The 23 Fifth Battalion men who left for WTS with the Fourth Battalion all had grade averages above 3.59. The Fourth Battalion graduates number 92.

The honor roll:

Battalion Four (in order of standing) R. L. Pitman, L. P. Slater, C. E. Sparks, J. J. Ryan, L. C. Eckman, E. A. Worsley, B. P. Smith, P. A. Peterson, E. A. Stocker, C. C. Voelker, I. J. Warshaw, P. J. O'Neill, G. E. Poulsen, A. B. Wood, H. P. Tuman, J. F. Swick, C. M. Searles, S. J. Ware, G. W. Smith, R. K. Barr.

H. C. Phelps, J. M. Rossetto, B. C. McBride, J. L. Scott, J. Smethers, R. Young, B. A. Pierson, H. Goddard, R. P. Oram, H. L. Patten, Jr., R. J. Trainor, S. S. Taylor, M. J. Teague, R. C. Sunderland, Jr., D. J. Wardlaw, J. D.

Munn, J. L. Tilisky, R. D. Studdt, J. P. Sutherland, and G. H. Edmondson.

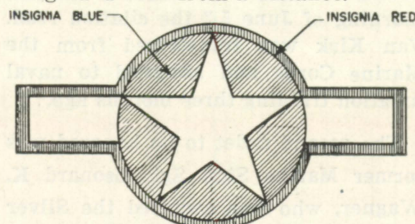
Battalion Five (in order of standing) W. L. Burnham, N. Robbins, Jr., E. T. Wegner, G. R. Lambert, W. Bell, P. F. Smith, A. M. Sylvester, J. L. Senter, W. G. Tarshis, J. H. Tooley, D. A. Lord, J. F. Mendes, S. E. Smith, R. Cumming, J. J. Bartol, C. R. Ross, C. E. Risley, Jr., F. T. Heffelfinger II, J. F. Reis, L. P. Guidi, R. E. Clarkson, M. J. Keiller and N. A. Pollack.

NEW INSIGNIA

The War Department announced this month that all United States aircraft are to be painted with a new insignia as soon as possible.

The standard national star insignia is to be retained, and in addition the new design calls for a horizontal white bar to be attached to both sides of the circle, with a red outline bordering the entire device.

This marks the second change in insignia since Pearl Harbor. The former red dot in the center of the star was eliminated after being repeatedly confused with the Japanese emblem, and the new design change has been effected to avoid possible confusion with the German cross in cases when the insignia is seen from a distance.



NEW AIRCRAFT INSIGNIA
... no confusion now

FIFTH BATT. NOTABLES

By John A. Zderic

Among the Fifth Battalion cadets are a number of ex-service men, many of whom have seen action in the South Pacific with both Marine and Navy units.

Benjamin Fotts served with the Marines on Guadalcanal as a radio operator and was attached to a dive bomber squadron, using the famous SBD. While on Guadalcanal he was often faced by constant Jap shell fire and severe bombing and strafing attacks. Nov. 10, 1942 marked Ben's worst day on the small island . . . it was his first day there. The troopship he arrived on was almost blown out of the water in the middle of landing operations by a fleet of Jap dive bombers. Later the Japs made a large raid on the landing parties as they were headed for Henderson field. The attacking forces, Ben reports, consisted of 27 bombers and a large fighter escort.

Most of Ben's time on the island was spent in foxholes or dugouts and was divided between operational work and fighting off sand crabs, which, he said, had that "chow line gleam in their eyes."

Jack A. Shropshire, like Ben, has seen a lot more of this war already than many of us will ever see. A navy man for three years, Jack served as a radioman-gunner in an SBD. He has seen action at Midway, in the Coral Sea, in the Solomons and was aboard one of the escorting vessels when Gen. Doolittle made his epic raid on Tokyo.

For his part in the Battle of Midway,

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Jack received the coveted D.F.C. and the pilot of his plane was awarded the Navy Cross. His plane made three hits out of four bombing runs; one each on a Jap carrier, heavy cruiser and battle cruiser. Incidentally, this proved to be the day when Jack almost turned gray. During the attack his ship caught four or five slugs and then ran into an AA shell, or as Jack says, "the AA shell ran into us." This was on June 4, the beginning of the Battle of Midway.

Before the battle was over, Jack saw his carrier, the Yorktown, sunk and was forced to land on the Enterprise which was an accompanying carrier in the battle.

Jack's squadron opened the fight for Guadalcanal by dive bombing shore installations and fortifications in preparation for the attack by the ground forces. His squadron was also the first to land on Guadalcanal which was quite a mess at that time. While there he participated in the large raid on Munda which proved costly to the Japs.

Fotts and Shorpsshire are not the only boys who have seen service with our far flung units. Others among these are: Harold Vassey, Aviation Mechanics mate, who served on the Yorktown; Bob Theur, also an Aviation Mechanics mate, who has seen action in the South Pacific; H. W. Smith, who served in the same capacity on the Hornet; Don Smythe, signal man aboard a cruiser; Anthony Sylvester, who has seen action from Murmansk to the Solomons on a light cruiser, D. "Doc" Steffanson, a pharmacist mate, and many others.

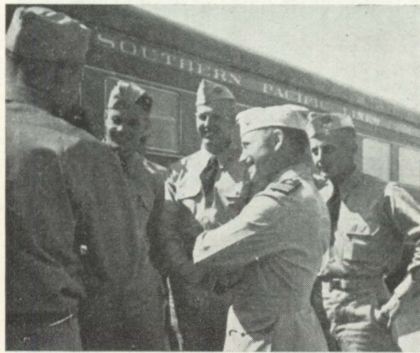
THE MIGHTY SEVENTH

By U. B. Jeter & L. E. Uman

Hair came and went as the Seventh Battalion took over Corsair and Vindicator halls. The hairy individuals have been clipped, drilled and started on their appointed rounds as a battalion destined to do great things at Poly.

The job of Battalion officer was taken over by Lieutenant (j.g.) David who in turn appointed K. J. Fisher as cadet battalion commander. Ken Fisher is well qualified for the job of handling the 144 men. His military life has been a long and eventful one. He completed C.M.T.C. training at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Meanwhile he joined the naval communications reserve, V-3, in 1938. He was called to active duty in

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CARRY ON, MEN

... says Skipper at depot

1941. He studied at the Indianapolis Radio school, (went to boot camp at Great Lakes before that) then to Moffet Field, Calif., and finally took radar training at Norfolk, Va. Ken was first assigned to sub patrol along the East coast but was finally shipped to Guadalcanal where he received his transfer to naval aviation.

By looking under the mattresses and in dresser drawers we found some other notable characters in the battalion.

Besides Fisher, former service men are: "Dutch" Hoffmiester, Coast Guard, called to active duty Dec. 7, '41, is now a platoon leader; G. F. Allard, Coast Guard, was in service 19 months before his transfer as machinists mate 2/c and is now left wing commander. (He was luckiest guy in Coast Guard—never went to boot camp.) L. E. Uman was a midshipman in the Merchant Marine Officers training school for ten months previous to his transfer and is now a platoon leader.

Athletes range from Livingston's

badminton to Shannon's football. "Gus" Shannon, Colorado, played two years varsity for Colorado U. and was voted "all-conference" in Big Seven both years. Another Colo. U. man is Bill Myers, Fort Morgan, who played guard opposite Shannon for one year. Another Colorado U. guard was T. P. Goodall. Rugby player is C. D. Stephens who was on the U. of Cal's rugby varsity for four years. E. J. Sorrenson played football for Utah State.

Basketball players are: "Red" Byus, San Francisco J. C., center; P. M. Baily, Colorado, forward.

Larry Crase played varsity baseball for Sacramento J. C. and J. T. Thorne played tennis at San Jose State and Sacramento J. C.

Vic Jeter, another Colorado U. man ran the sprints and was 220 yd. conference champ.

There are many other athletes but time limited the number that could be interviewed for this edition.

Size ranges from L. S. Livingston's five foot four and three/thirty-seconds of an inch to K. Beckman's six foot three and thirty-one thirty-seconds of an inch.

J. F. Lee sported the prize winning head of hair—two and a half inches over the ears—but those "hairs are gone forever."

A cannibal king noticing the beauty of one young girl about to be put in the kettle was heard to say: "Stop, I'll have my breakfast in bed."

Gosh, that blinker looks like a lightning bug with hiccoughs.—Exhaust.



SCHOLARS AND GENTLEMEN

They proved themselves, these 23 men of Batt. V.

ON BOARD

SUNDAY TEA DANCES

Many a Av/Cadet has discovered that the most inexpensive and probably most enjoyable way (of the unrestricted activities) to spend a Sunday afternoon is to attend the "tea" dances held in the Ships Store.

The music is furnished by the best name bands available (through the courtesy of the juke box) and the girls are from San Luis Obispo. These young ladies unselfishly give up their Sundays to come out to the station to help the cadets relax and enjoy themselves—a service which is really appreciated by the cadets.

A floor-show is usually put on in addition to the dancing. Tap dancers, singers, and similar acts of entertainment are included. Cookies are furnished by the wives of the officers and the fountain is open to give supplemental rations. The dances start at 1500 and last until chow time.

REFER TO LOG

By P. G. Arnold

In the very early morning of the 23rd day, in the month of July, in the 43rd year of the 20th century, before any creature at California Polytechnic, including the always sleepy cadets, was up, there was recorded in the log of the good ship Buffalo a most amusing report.

To wit:

"1250—Pungent odor was noticed, that of a skunk I believe. It smells terrific, ha! ha!"

On explaining such a report, Cadet Joe Gish, of first platoon, Battalion Seven, says:

"On my watch, the second security of course, the watch which enables all who participate to enjoy a full night's sleep, my peaceful rest was immedi-



DANCE HIGHLIGHTS
Queen Whitman & floor show

ately disturbed by a most exhilarating smell (a skunk perfume was properly diffusing according to the law of diffusion and was drifting in the vicinity of my ventilator). So refreshing it was that I (through my nose) almost decided to trace its source. I changed my mind, however, when I saw the very source trying to enter the quiet deck of Buffalo.

"It was a Polecat!"

Seeing is believing. Refer to the log.

SOCIAL SEASON OPENS

The Regimental dance held in honor of the graduating Fourth Battalion on the last day of July, according to one observer, "formally opened the summer social season at this station with the appearance of the enlisted men, resplendent in their gleaming (slightly snug fitting) summer whites."

This same observer commented on the new strategy of the stag line "which distributed itself about the floor making sure that no couple danced more than two steps in any one direction."

The Fourth Battalion will probably be the only battalion ever to be honored with two dances. The regimental dance on July 10th, at which time Miss Jeanne Whitman was crowned queen in the beauty contest sponsored by MUSTANG ROUNDUP, was to have been their graduation dance but the lengthening of the training period made it necessary to stage another dance on July 31. That, according to Ensign Klages, who has charge of the dances as Welfare officer, "is a situation which will not be repeated"—he hopes. The 24th Special Service orchestra from Camp San Luis Obispo provided music at both dances.

There are many of us who can resist anything but temptation.

Hortense: "Gosh, your heart is beating like a drum."

Sailor: "Yeah, that's the call to arms."



Wilbur just got a 4.0 in Theory of Flight

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GIVE ME LIBERTY

... and a taxicab, cause I'm in a hurry, brother

W. T. S. REPORTS

WE HEAR FROM W.T.S.

(Editor's note: Many Cadets from W.T.S. schools throughout the west have written to keep us informed. We have more material than we have space, but here are "potent paragraphs" from a few:)

Yelland Field, Ely, Nevada

From Henry Haggland (Batt. II and former staff artist and writer) comes this word—" . . . biggest morale-booster has been the fact that we are permitted to purchase and wear regular garrison caps—with gold braid and all. Most everyone owns one by now—all of them purchased through the mail from San Francisco. " . . . we checked out of code at 12 w.p.m. from the elementary course and should do 14 w.p.m. at the end of the intermediate. There is no blinker and though we are supposed to have Semaphore we never did get any of it.

Here's a picture of our day now: Bugle blows Reveillie at 0430. An officer makes an early morning bed check every so often so we either are all out of bed by then, or else we are ready to leap out of bed at the first cry of "Attention." At 0515 we go to breakfast—fried potatoes and bacon or hotcakes. Then we clean up our barracks for inspection, sleep, fly, write letters, etc. We eat again at 1100. Then go immediately to classes. Gym is at 1700 and we are taken into town on a bus for some military track. Then back to the field, clean up and supper. . . . We all live for the weekends. Most of the cadets have picked up steady girl friends here—and they dance at one of the night clubs in town. Others just indulge in a few restricted activities. . . . Here at Ely, with the town very feminine, quite a few of the cadets are falling in love.

Weber College, Ogden, Utah

From M. A. Ferguson, Jr. (Batt. II also former MUSTANG staff member) we hear the boys at Ogden " . . . are living in a pretty good Dorm half a block from the center of Ogden. We have an hour and a half a day to go downtown shopping and wolfing. The USO is next door and is considered in bounds. We are over there all the time playing ping pong, eating ice cream, and fooling around with the girls. We go to the USO dance every night until 2200. Taps is at 2210.

We have a swell flying field and a lot of good instructors. We have a good swimming pool and the toughest

obstacle course in the world. The first Batt. left today to go home three weeks. Hope we get the same when we graduate. Flying is the big thing and every one seems to like it. The food is very good and there is plenty of it. Weekend liberty starts at 1800 Sat. night and stops at 0300 Sunday, and from 1300 Sunday until 2200 Sunday. Every 4th week we get over-night liberty. All the demerits you get here have to be worked off at the rate of one hour for each demerit. This stops a lot of monkey business."

University of Utah, Salt Lake City

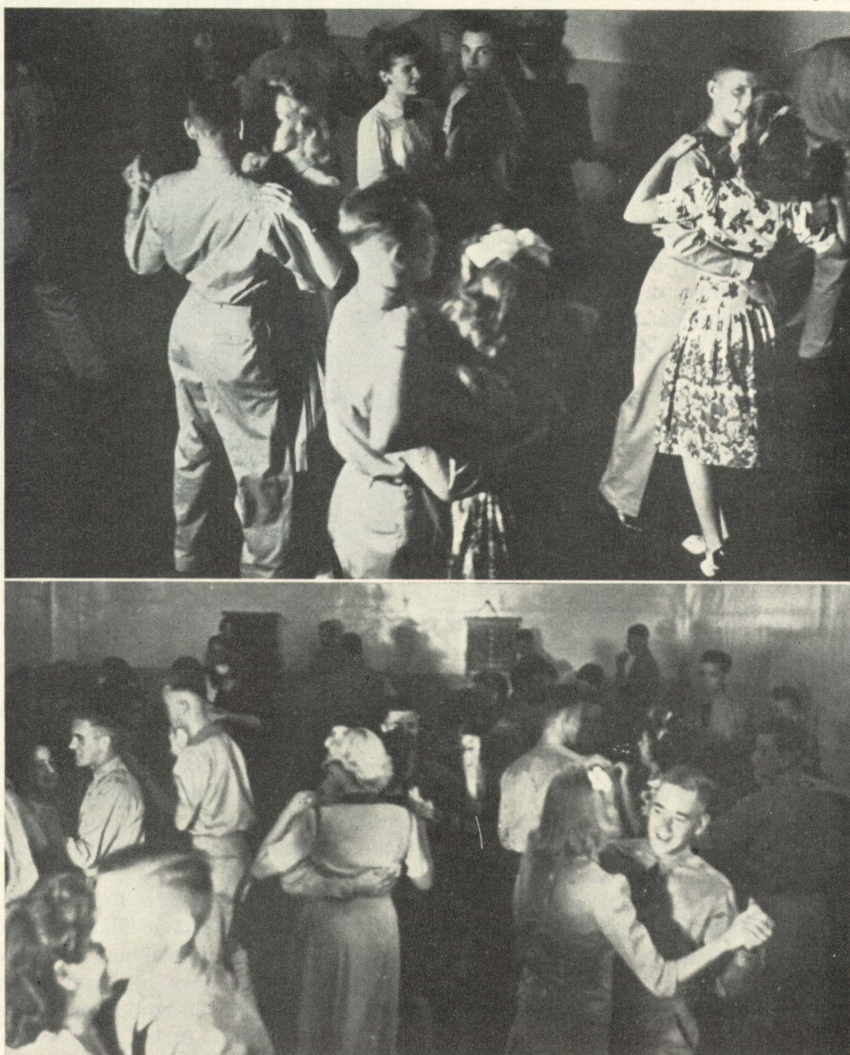
From Cadet Robert B. Holmes (Batt. I and former staff member) writes: **Quarters:** We sleep in the rear end of the stadium. Three large rooms in which are bunked some sixty or so cadets. Our two decker bunks have box springs—box springs, meaning a

slab of three ply cut from an old packing case, slid under a thin mattress.

Food: We eat in the college cafeteria. The food is sometimes good, sometimes bad. (Please tell Mr. Nogles, your "Maitre de hotel" at Cal Poly, that nothing could compare with his "pieces de resistance.")

Classes: We go to school from 1530 to 2130 (bed check, as usual, at 2200). First class is gym—then code, civil air regulations, engines, aerology, recognition, and navigation—half of them on three nights a week and the other half on the alternate three nights. (Yes, we go to school Saturday night—liberty begins at 2130 Saturday, and ends four hours later at 0130 Sunday—you think **you** lead a hard life!) Except for Civil Air Regulations the courses here are in continuation of the ones we took at Cal Poly.

(Continued on page 19)



HOW TO HAVE FUN
Or . . . Sunday afternoon in the Ships Store

DECK RAMBLINGS



"SKI'S" NEW UNIFORM
... get's salute-happy cadets

KACHINSKY PROMOTED

More cigars were passed out this month (see "Red" Passes Cigars) when R. V. Kachinsky, in charge of central office and crew, got his new "baby" in the form of a promotion from Y1c to Chief Yeoman. "Ski" is now the only chief petty officer on the station and until cadets get used to his new uniforms he'll probably receive plenty of salutes.

Kachinsky enlisted in the navy in Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1934. He went to battleships, USS IDAHO, until December, 1934. From there to the Asiatic Station, servings on destroyers for a year there, then to the South China Patrol on board the USS ASHEVILLE.

While on the ASHEVILLE, "Ski" was runner-up for the light heavy-weight championship of the Asiatic Fleet. It was also on that ship that he was bombed and served on the landing force under fire during the Japanese occupation of the China coast.

He was assigned back to the U. S. Fleet in 1939 and was on the USS NEW MEXICO until 1940. In 1940 he went to the USS MISSISSIPPI and from there to shore duty at the Naval Air Station, Alameda. He has been at Cal Poly since its commissioning as a naval aviation flight prep school in January. Ports visited by "Ski" stretch from "Rockland, Maine to Bali." He is married.

"RED" PASSES CIGARS

"Red" McClanahan, bicycle-pedaling seaman first class of the central office, had more than the usual "scuttlebutt" to distribute when he made his rounds one day last month. At each stop McClanahan left a cigar and the exciting news that he was the proud father of a seven-pound eight ounce boy born on the 23rd of July at the general hospital. Both mother and

baby were doing well, he reported.

"Red" took a ten-day leave starting August 2 in order to get acquainted with the new heir, Patrick Lester.

"BURBLEPOINT" BRACK

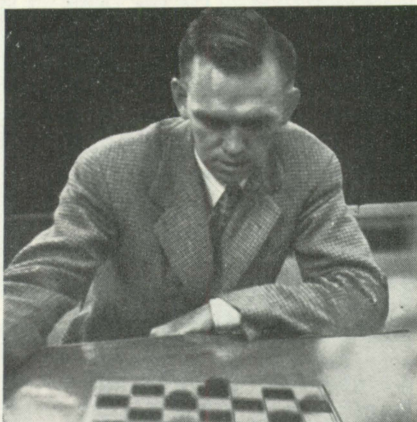
By P. E. Patten

Incoming cadets little realize the "outstanding" characters they are to meet in their brief stay at Cal Poly.

The Navy gives us about four weeks to orient ourselves before introducing us to Mr. Brack.

Unquestionably the most "unseemingly" instructor on the base, he is probably as versatile in his accomplishments as any yet found by the navy.

Mr. Brack, the "Mexican General who has never seen Mexico," gives one of the most thorough courses in the theory of flight ever received by a cadet at a Flight Preparatory school. Brack may well dote a dangling digit over the records of grades made by his classes. The astounding fact about this, is that the instructor has yet to venture forth into the atmosphere, stratosphere or troposphere, whichever the case may be.



"BURBLEPOINT"
... he's checker-minded

In addition to this major accomplishment, he possesses one of the keenest checker-minds south of San Francisco. He confines his "extra-curricular" activities in and around Cal Poly to checkers. However, if he could find some "competition" he would gladly alternate with chess.

In combining his two lines of endeavor, Mr. Brack has accidentally come upon a cure for airsickness. If the good prof. could have his way every navy plane would be equipped with a checker-board set. In his own words, "It relaxes the mind, and after all isn't airsickness partially a mental state?"

WILDCAT RAMBLINGS

SOCIETY ITEM: Relearning the niceties of a private home several Sundays ago were ten Fifth Battalion cadets, who were entertained at an afternoon party given by a group of San Luis girls. Cadets present were: **Paul Patten, Jack Halleck, Dean Beaumont, Jerry Senter, Dick Chase, Bob Skinner, Don Selby, Dave Lord, Richard Knowles, and Vernon Appleby.**

SIGHTS ASHORE: The **Norma Atkinson-Bob Skinner** and **Barbara Brown-Vernon Appleby** quartet dining at Matties, almost a weekly occurrence. **Bob Frederiksen**, the Salt Lake City gag-master, giving free entertainment at the above mentioned rendezvous. **Dean Beaumont** and **Irving Mord** dining with the Los Angeles girls who came for one week-end and stayed a week.

WHERE WILL I HIDE DEPT.: Kicking each other around the station were **Dave Lord** and **Wendell Bell** the night before they shoved off for WTS. Thinking the salesgirl said 45 cents was the price for each pair of gold naval aviator's wings, the cadets handsomely ordered three sets apiece. Too embarrassed to retract their order when they learned that the price was \$4.85 per set, they proceeded to plunk out \$15 each.

That same night these two cadets and **Stewart Smith**, who comprised the early graduating group from the third platoon, were recipients of wallets, gifts from the members of their platoon.

EGAN FRAMED

Frank Piper, Poly's ace carpenter and practical joker, "framed" Eugene Egan, good-natured director of navy instruction, by using a finely polished W. C. seat as a frame for Egan's photo. (See cut.)



EGAN GETS "FRAMED"
Where to hang it?

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

SENIOR BATTALION

SAGA OF BATT. 5

By Don Selby

The pessimism which accompanied the Fifth on its arrival at Poly changed to optimism soon after classes started, when it was decided that the school-work wasn't as impossible as reported. But that was before the boys knew that they were to be the "jinx" battalion of the station.

When the Third Battalion and then the Fourth Battalion received their new uniform issue, everything looked rosy, for the Fifth would certainly be next in line. But weeks passed and no uniforms were forthcoming. The Sixth arrived and were soon the possessors of the shining khakis and beautiful greens.

Nothing for the Fifth.

Meanwhile the usual math and physics finals, the Security Watches, the Sunday Patrols came as the inevitable night. And passed on.

No uniforms except for the seventh and eighth platoons which came already equipped from USC to join the ranks.

But this gripe could not last forever. And one bright day brought the order for platoon leaders to muster their platoons at specified times and report in alphabetical order to the supply office. Uniforms at last.

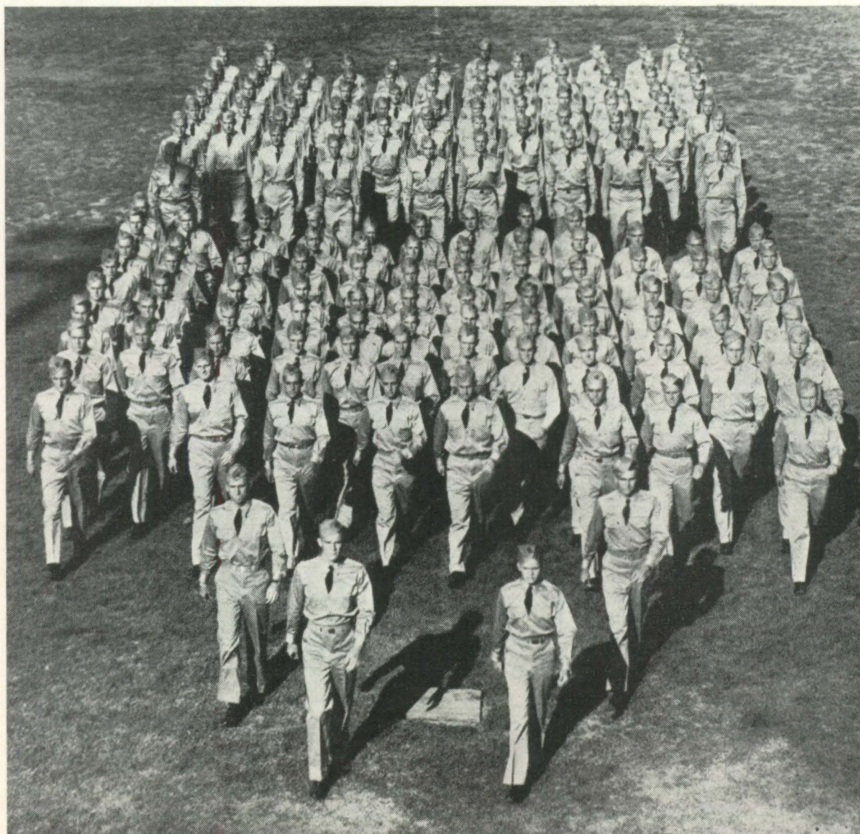
Then the picture really brightened. Before they knew it, they became senior battalion, with all the privileges that came with that status. And now graduation is almost here.

FIRST—SOMETIMES!

The "First," that sums it up nicely. Academically, there were a few rivals; athletically, there was some competition; but for Goldbricking—they stood out on top. The outstanding trait of this platoon is its independence which is the direct result of 22 gentlemen of the following types:

"Fussy" Burnam, the brain, battalion leader in grades; Lambert, the guide, who made even the platoon leader "fall in" on him; Hefflefinger, our wing commander, swimming, track, etc. star; Tooley, "the nose," platoon leader who always gave "left face" then "Fall out" (which yours truly insisted was a waste of time); Risley, better known as "Rissle"—the chess king; Clarkson, one of the "boys in the rear rank;" and Robbins, whose shoe shine was his pride and joy.

"Noisy" McDonald, he of the soft



FIFTH BATTALION MARCHES

... toward graduation, W.T.S., Commissions & VICTORY

tender type of voice that can only be heard with cotton in your ears; McGee, the "Greenville Terror," our passive Romeo; Rudd, who always mustered last; DuPont, from Colorado—and proud of it; Gillespe, of "Cadet Gillespe, Sir" fame in every classroom; Deeming, ace Goldbricker; Grattapaglia, known for creeping up in chow line.

Other components of the FIRST include those of rooms "O" and "OO"—the worry of every security watch. Begley, our smallest man, who "doubles" to keep up; Arriola, who—well, description is superfluous; Bluebaugh, of the "Indian Scout" type of salute; Bright, nonchalance is the word; Campbell — introduce him to your gal and he takes her home; Buhl, the former cop from Alameda; and then "Flex" Burnett, the mad man of the mat.

Thus, we have a panorama of all the "officers in a restricted sense" who make up the FIRST. They were 4.0 as mates aboard the U. S. S. Cal Poly. Let's hope all their landings are as good as their take-offs.

By "Cadet Robert" Livingstone.

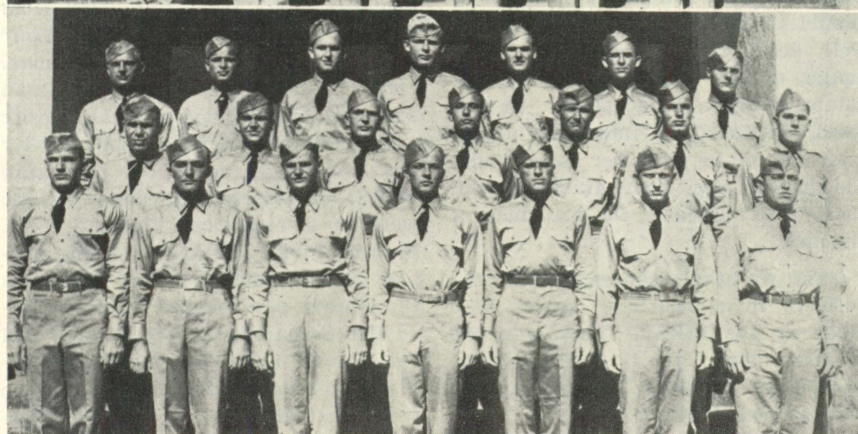
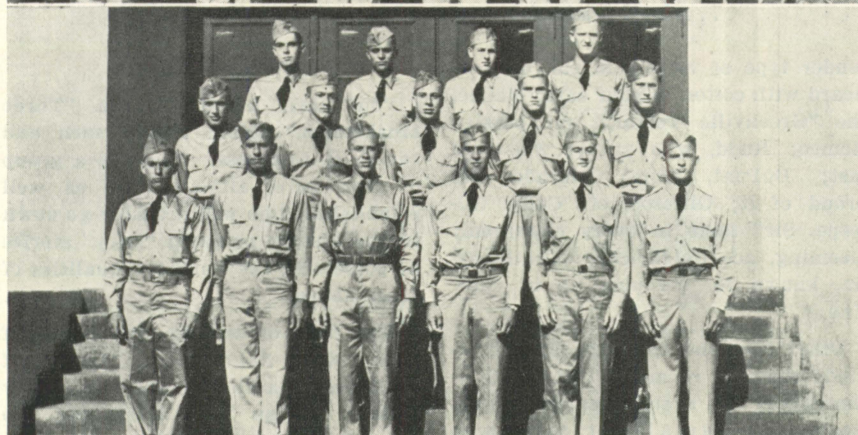
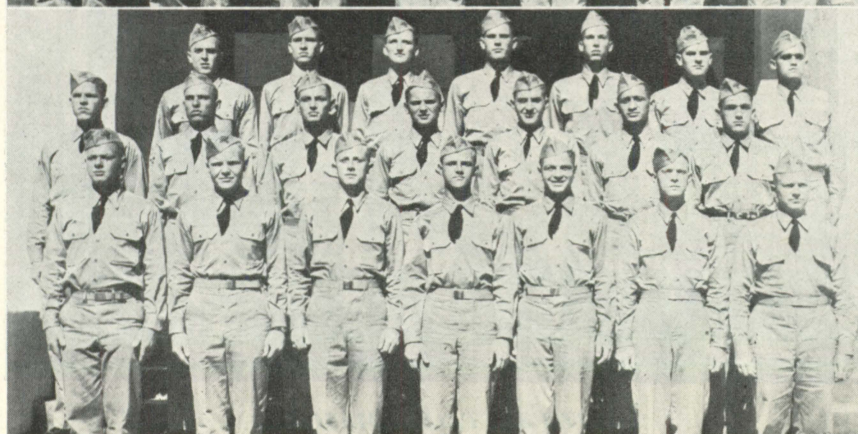
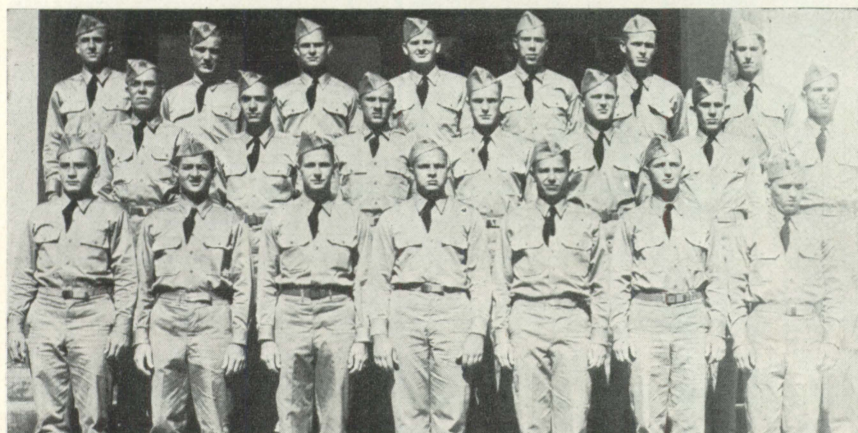
TWO'S A CROWD!

You have heard of the "Three Musketeers," Robin Hood's men and the U. S. Congress. There is a group of men here, although not as well established, who will probably go down in the history of naval "fairy" stories as possessing the combined qualities of those above.

The first of the 22 duces is Jeff "Quiz Kid" Bentley, our master of sacrifices in athletic endeavors. Every platoon has an "Iron Man" and Leo Bohanick, the "Dead End Kid" from Penn. is our best claim. "Lovable Lou" Caligaris, is the platoon's showman. Paul "Casinova" Charles is the man who gets letters from girls he doesn't even bother to write. Bob "Pretty Boy" Cummings, one of our premature W.T.S. candidates had done his job well as a classroom diplomat. "Mr. Five by Five," Norm Diel, is the plotting board's master. Earl Freels, is the platoon psychologist. Mild mannered Bob Goulart is our "technique" and "love lorn" adviser. Jackson "politically ambitious" Grover, has worked up from platoon leader to Battalion Ad-

(Continued on page 15)

GRADUATING BATTALION



BATTALION FIVE Right Wing

Platoon 1 (left to right)

Front row: B. Rudd, R. G. Grattapaglia, E. E. Campbell, J. H. McDonald, P. G. Burnett, R. E. Clarkson, R. E. Begley.

Second row: P. S. DuPont, N. Robbins, H. E. Bluebaugh, C. E. Risley, Jr., J. W. Gillespie, R. F. Deeming, M. L. Buhl.

Third row: F. T. Heffelfinger, G. R. Lambert, J. S. McGee, J. H. Tooley, W. L. Burnham, R. E. Bright, and R. Ariola. (R. E. Livingston not in photo.)

Platoon 3 (left to right)

Front row: I. C. Mord, R. L. Retalack, R. J. Knowles, R. W. Bruns, P. D. Elliott, M. T. Hatch, H. F. Stichter.

Second row: F. A. Arnfield, M. L. Adair, D. R. Selby, J. E. Halleck, D. A. Lord, D. A. Ellis, A. Adams.

Third row: D. C. Beaumont, W. D. Leuning, S. E. Smith, W. Bell, W. J. Garrett, R. H. Skinner, D. W. Hills.

Platoon 5 (left to right)

Front row: L. P. Guidi, W. R. Kreth, R. E. Brown, L. L. Lazarus, R. S. Frederiksen, J. B. Griffin.

Second row: J. T. Read, L. L. Stenovich, L. J. Russell, G. D. Ticehurst, J. F. Reis.

Third row: W. I. Easton, G. E. Moxon, H. W. Smith, M. E. Gill.

Platoon 7 (left to right)

Front row: H. C. Sample, R. D. Vollmer, H. B. Vassie, D. H. Smythe, J. E. Mills, R. J. Tipton, K. E. Van Orden.

Second row: R. E. Clapsaddle, G. S. Rose, C. F. Ross, H. W. Smith, A. A. Thompson, K. K. Thurman, W. W. Reasor.

Third row: D. C. Steffensen, R. H. Parrish, O. V. Marsh, F. W. Taylor, H. A. Goranson, D. L. Shattuck, R. E. Theuer.

GRADUATING BATTALION

FIFTH BATTALION

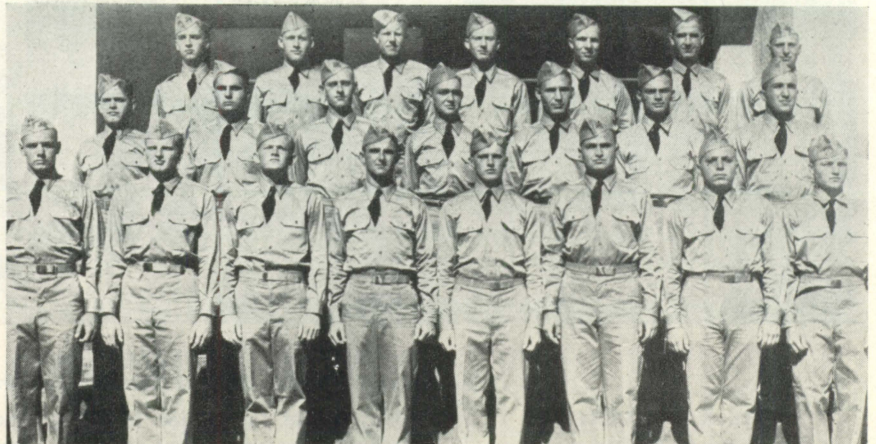
Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right)

Front row: L. Bohanick, J. E. Jensen, H. J. McManus, S. H. Lones, R. Cummings, J. F. Mendes, N. A. Diel, R. R. Valentine.

Second row: J. C. Grover, R. J. Goulart, W. Carmichael, E. A. Freels, W. I. Tanner, P. Charles, L. C. Caligaris.

Third row: R. G. Mauldin, I. J. Bentley, G. Stamper, C. H. LaMont, J. W. Lewis, S. L. Hemstreet, N. Harris.

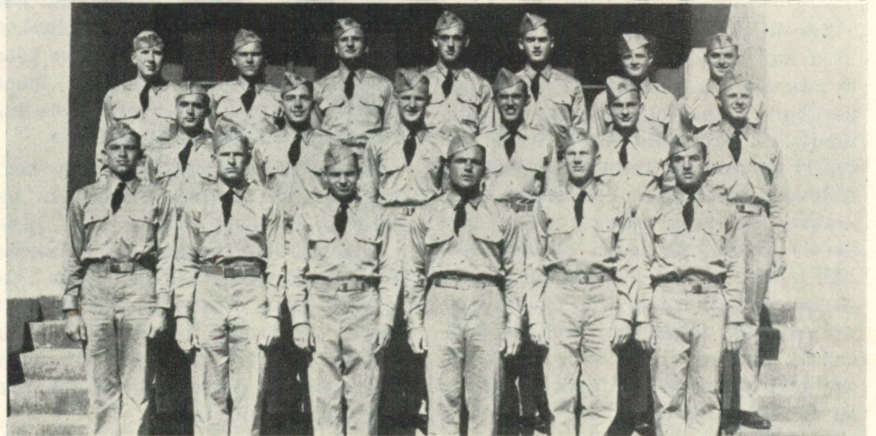


Platoon 4 (left to right)

Front row: J. J. Bartol, H. F. Elam, W. L. Smith, P. E. Patten, K. N. Bebb, E. R. Ewell.

Second row: D. X. Trexler, H. R. Bagley, A. W. Anderson, Jr., V. S. Appleby, J. A. Zderic, G. Kolby.

Third row: J. A. Gilbert, D. Vice, J. L. Cardwell, N. M. Stone, A. C. Haviland, C. S. Donaldson, O. H. Cowles.

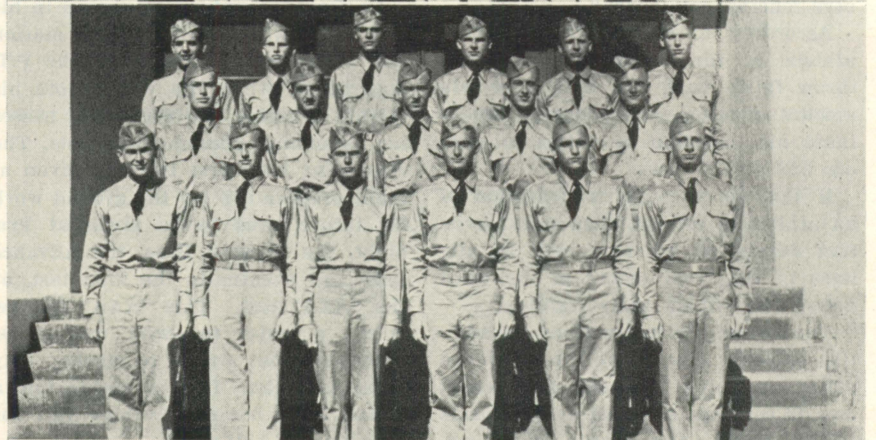


Platoon 6 (left to right)

Front row: I. Parker, J. A. McAtee, A. B. Rigler, T. Lopes, R. E. Lance, Jr., D. W. Mehaffey.

Second row: K. N. Johnson, B. Sullivan, J. A. Corbett, R. A. Smith, R. L. Lohan.

Third row: P. Mamasian, J. L. Senter, R. E. Chase, R. L. Kenoyer, L. Hedman, W. R. Fox.



Platoon 8 (left to right)

Front row: W. C. Weaver, A. M. Sylvester, J. E. Cusick, A. R. Newhart, Jr., E. T. Wagner, P. J. Dinella.

Second row: E. J. Tyreman, L. S. Barrett, L. J. James, J. A. Shropshire, W. G. Tarshis, H. W. Walters.

Third row: B. F. Otts, N. A. Pollack, H. T. Crocker, M. L. Trussell, P. D. Jensen.

Fourth row: J. A. Shannon, P. F. Smith, J. N. Simons, M. J. Keiller, A. A. Wegner, G. H. Wells.



SPORTS



SOCCKER IS NO SISSIES GAME

... casualty list runs high but those who live are MEN

THE NAVY ATHLETE

By P. E. Patton

The term athlete has been variously used and misused; generally misused to describe a person who excels in one particular phase of athletics. A prominent San Francisco sports writer recently pointed out the misuse with the following references: "the husky, venerable, big-league catcher who could hardly round the bases in less than half a day; the two-hundred and thirty pound football tackle who couldn't coordinate his muscular reactions sufficiently to jump rope with the girls; the mighty man of the track who could be out maneuvered by the most mediocre fencing enthusiast."

According to this writer, the true athlete is the competitor who can throw fairly well, run with a certain amount of speed, and generally coordinate his muscular activities to various and diverse uses.

If this sports writer's definition of an athlete is correct, then naval aviation cadets, all of them, will be athletes in the "real" sense of the word before they finish their training.

The swimming instructions, in addition to being a very fine life insurance policy, is going to teach each cadet how to coordinate almost every muscle in his body. The soccer game contributes to foot coordination needed to give you just the proper amount of rudder at the time when it may be needed most. The stamina furnished by track, the power and agility gained from wrestling, and the lightning-like reflexes resulting from basketball will all stand every man in good stead as a naval aviator.

SPORTS PROGRAM

The physical training activities during the past month have been varied, with each of the four battalions "majoring" in one or sometimes two particular sport activities. The Fourth

Batt., being the senior battalion, had their choice, more or less, of the less strenuous (???) sports such as basketball, baseball, etc. The Fifth have been enjoying themselves playing touch football with a little rugged wrestling thrown in courtesy of Lt. Thomas.

The Sixth Batt. was suffering daily casualties on the soccer field. In the words of Lt. Lang, "It's a great game . . . if you live through it." Splashing like school girls at the beach, the Seventh Batt. was enjoying itself in Poly's big indoor natatorium trying to pass the "E," "D" and "C" swimming tests in preparation of the Pre-Flight final swim test.

Lt. David, a swimming champ in his own right, was returned to this station and permanently attached to the P.T. department where he will devote his talents to seeing that each cadet passes his swimming classification tests. The swimming tests and training given at flight preparatory lay the ground work for future tests to be given at Pre-flight, the Reserve Base, the Advance Base and eventually the final test, or the "AAA" test. This "AAA" test requires a cadet to swim five miles, changing from stroke to stroke; stay afloat one hour, fully dressed; tow a person on a board or rubber raft for a distance of half a mile.

SOCCKER RESULTS—BATT. VI

Corsairs held first place as of July 1, with three wins, two ties and no losses for a total of 21 points. The Helldivers were second with three wins, one tie and no losses for 18 points. Mariners were third: one win, three ties, no losses, 14 points. Catalina fourth: two wins, one tie, one loss, 14 points. Corsairs fifth: no wins, four ties, one loss, 13 points. Ventura sixth: one win, two ties, one loss, 12 points. Avengers seventh: no wins, three ties, two losses, 11 points.

Wildcats eighth: no wins, no ties, four losses, four points.

SWIMMING RESULTS—BATT. 7

The Wildcat squadron of the Seventh Batt. led the field in the swimming meets which ended July 24, having four wins, no losses and no ties for a total of 20 points to their credit.

The Coronados and Avengers tied for second place, each having three wins, no losses and one tie for a total of 18 points. The Catalinas ran third with two wins, two losses and no ties for 12 points. Fourth place was hotly contested with three squadrons tying with eight points each. The Helldivers, Venturas and Corsairs each won one, lost three and tied none.

Ironically the Mariners (better sailors than swimmers) brought up the rear with no wins, four losses and no ties for four points.

MILITARY TRACK RESULTS

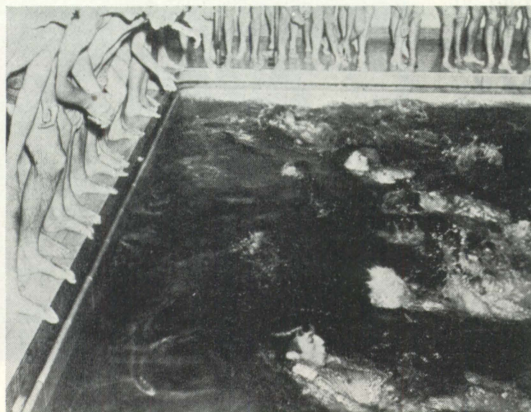
Three all-time standing military track records were tied or broken in the meets held during the latter part of July. The record was formerly held by Gay of the Corsair squadron, Vith Batt., with a time of 26:2.



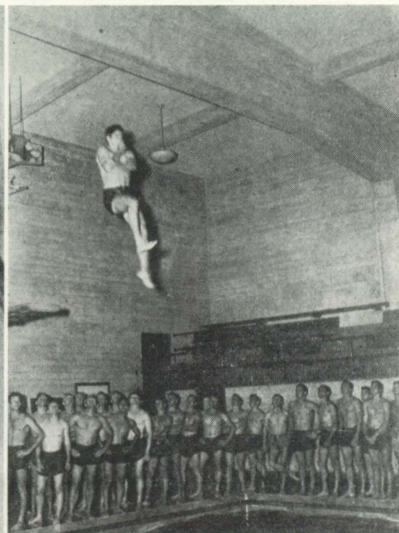
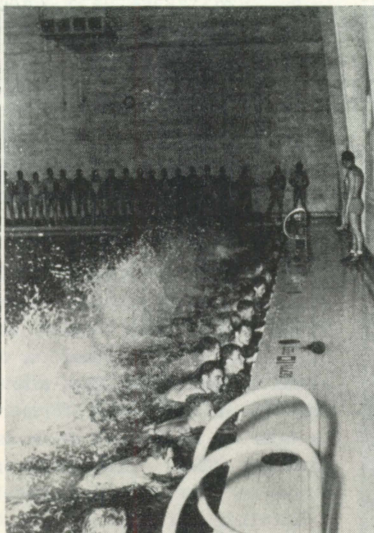
Okey, Gentlemen—the record is 12 min. and 30 seconds.

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

SPORTS



Left to right: Team mates cheer as backstroke nears finish line; half the class "kicks" while other half watches; "abandon ship" practice.



POOL RECORDS

T. Heffelfinger, Vth Batt. Wildcats, tied the two lap record of J. H. Wade of the III Batt. Avengers whose time was 1 min. 51:6 seconds. Dean of the IVth Batt. tied the Obstacle course record held by Singer of the VIth Batt. with a time of 1 min. 49:8 seconds.

The majority of the standing records are held by IVth Batt. men with a sprinkling of Third and Sixth Batt. men. Samples' (Helldiver, IVth) 10 flat record for the century dash will be a record hard to smash. Samples also holds the high jump record with a leap of 5 foot seven inches. Sunderland, also of the IVth Batt., holds another individual record in the running broad jump with a jump of 18 feet nine inches.

Teams of the Fourth Batt. hold records in the following: Hop Step and Jump, 66 yards, 12 inches; Carry Relay, 1 min. 30.9 seconds; High Jump Relay, 21 feet three inches.

Besides the two lap record established by Wade of the III Batt., he set a four lap record of 4 min. 7.3 seconds. Wildcats of the IIIrd also hold the spin relay record of 4 min. 7.3 seconds.

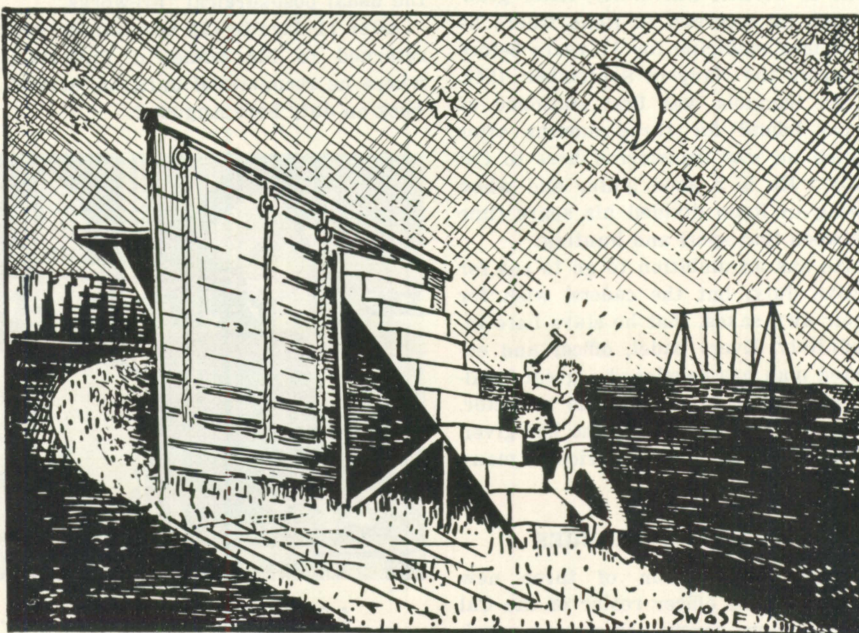
The Sixth Batt. holds its share of records, including the 220 yd. dash jointly held by Gay of the VIth and Phellps of the IVth and the obstacle course jointly held by Singer of the VIth and Dean of the IVth. Their eight man relay team set the 220 record with a 2 min. 51.1 second time. H. J. Airey (Wildcats) holds the speed and agility course record to the Block "P" (cross country) with a time of 12 min. and 30 seconds.

Without a doubt the Sixth Battalion has the outstanding swimmers of the regiment. Of 15 pool records set since the naval flight school was opened at Poly in January, the Sixth Batt. holds eight of the records with the Third Battalion as their nearest rival with only three standing pool records. The Fourth and Fifth Battalions each have two records to their credit.

Records held by the Sixth Batt. are: 200 yd. medley relay (Selover, Pommerenk, Monaghan, Knight) Wildcats, 2:27.1; 50 yd. backstroke, Stockton of Venturas, 41.02; 25 yd. underwater, Pommerenk of Wildcats, 15.01; 50 yd.

breaststroke, Slenning of Helldivers, 34.4; 200 yd. free style relay (Knight, Pommerenk, Airey, Monaghan) of Wildcats, 1:57.0; 200 yard free style relay (Monaghan, Donaldson, Pommerenk, Peart, Airey, Selover, Morris, Knight) of Wildcats, 1:48.5; Eight man crawl (same team as above) 1:47.1; Four man medley, (Selover, Monaghan, Airey, Pommerenk), Wildcats, 2:55.1.

The Fifth Batt.'s two records are held by McManus of the Avengers with a time of 25.09 in the 50 yd. free style, and Reis of the Venturas with a time of 36.09 in the 50 yd. breaststroke.



GOLD BRAID



"DOC" SAMUELS
... makes it *painless*

LT. COMDR. SAMUELS

When the new cadets first come aboard this station the first officer they really get to know is "our Doc."—medical officer Lt. Comdr. F. W. Samuels. "Doc" is modest and quiet and every cadet who has ever had occasion to meet him (and that means all of us) has not just one good word, but several to say about the Doc. As one cadet of the Fifth Batt. so aptly put it, "these inoculations are enough to scare the hell out of anyone, but the Doctor makes them as easy as eating candy."

Lt. Comdr. Samuels, a native of Reno, Nevada, left there to study medicine at Cornell University. After graduating he returned to Reno where he practiced medicine for 11 years before entering the Navy in September, 1942.

Dr. Samuels was first stationed at Mare Island for three months after which he was transferred here to Cal Poly. He is a good golfer and when living in Reno divided his spare time between that sport and hunting.

He has an ambition to go to sea for active duty, but the cadets' wish for their own sakes, that he stays here indefinitely. Every cadet, officer and enlisted man has developed a great loyalty and affection for him as a doctor, an officer and as a man who has given them help and fatherly advice on many occasions.

NEW BRAID CHANGES

With the addition of three new names on the officer roster of the Cal Poly station, several changes in posi-

tions have taken place, effecting an even more efficient working arrangement than heretofore.

From the staff of the Navy's indoctrination school at Quonset Point, R.I., came Lieutenant R. E. Harris to replace Lieutenant J. T. Miller as Training Officer. Lt. Miller thereby has been released to devote full time to his new duties as Regimental Officer.

Ensign K. G. Angevine, who was stationed at the recently closed Naval Flight Preparatory School at U.S.C., has taken over the position of Permanent Officer of the Day, allowing Ensign C. H. McGregor, former O.O.D., to take on additional work as a Recognition Officer. Ens. McGregor continues as Transportation Officer.

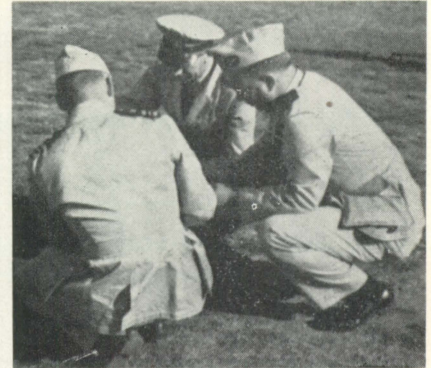
Returning from U.S.C. to this station, where he served briefly several months ago, Lieutenant (j.g.) J. M. David is now Athletic Officer and Battalion VII Officer.

Although there is no permanent Supply Officer here, Lieutenant (j.g.) O. W. Smith, who is attached to the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board in San Francisco, makes regular visits to this activity. He is assisted by Ensign K. S. Klages, who also continues as Welfare Officer.

QUIET FOURTH

Ensign C. W. Webster, recognition instructor, left for his home in Fullerton, Calif. to enjoy a 48-hour liberty over July 4th. While there he became ill with acute appendicitis. An emergency operation was performed at the naval hospital in Long Beach that night with Ensign Webster "enjoying" the usual post-surgical "fireworks."

After 11 days in the hospital, he was returned to his home in Fullerton, where he recuperated until his arrival back on duty here August 2.



SEVEN COME ELEVEN
... they all bet on *Eight*

VERSATILE ARTIST

The cover on this month's issue is reproduced from a water color drawing which Lt. Harry Bonath did especially for **MUSTANG ROUNDUP**. Last month a reproduction of his water color drawing, "Carrier Take Off," was used and more of his art is to be used in future issues.

Bonath, born in Bucyrus, Ohio, attended the California School of Fine Arts, and was enjoying a successful career in commercial art and advertising before being commissioned in the navy.

He has received wide acclaim for his artistry in water colors, with some of his work being shown in a "one man art exhibit" in Seattle. One of the Pacific Northwest's leading commercial art magazines devoted a great deal of space to Lt. Bonath's accomplishments recently. We quote a typical comment taken from this publication: "Mr. Bonath, perhaps the most versatile, is certainly the top ranking layout man of the Pacific Northwest."



LT. HARRIS
Training



LT. (j.g.) DAVID
P. T.—swimming



ENSIGN ANGEVINE
Permanent O.O.D.

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

GRADUATING BATTALION

(Continued from page 9)

jutant and is not satisfied yet. Watch your step, Admiral King.

Neil Harris, licensed pharmacist, is the medical adviser and relaxation expert. Sherman Hemstreet spends most of his time keeping Joe Jensen in line. Chuck "Ace in the Hole" Lamont, the glorified farmer from Paso Robles, is never to be outdone in a ball session.

Jack Lewis has had 3300 hours as an aircraft mechanic and still doesn't know a carburetor from a propellor. Little Sambo Lones, platoon leader and pretended "hard nose," is our candidate for special honors as an all-round swell guy. Gordon "Camp Fire Girl" Mauldin used the 9 to 90 policy, but always ended up with a nine year old.

Hal "Red" Mac Manus, the little fish, did his share of breaking swimming records. "Flash Gordon" Mendis, our second candidate for W.T.S. must know more officers than we thought. George Stamper is going to publish a revised edition of the "Principles of Flight." We have an Okie in the group, but Walt Tanner has disproved everything that we ever heard about them. Ralph Valentine is our wrestling champion who fears only women.

By William Carmichael

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Incredible, they said ten years ago! But now here we are in a big fracas with the planet Venus. The Terrific Third (of the famous Batt. Five of Cal Poly a few years back) is still intact and most of the crew are now pilots of the new rocket jobs, the F 99F's which boast a wing span of 37 feet with excellent maneuverability and fire power.

Cadets "Parade Rest" Bell, Wm. "Bendix" Lord, and Walter "Brennan"

Smith, who graduated earlier than their mates, are now squadron commanders and are flying the new fighters created by Vaught-Stokowsky, the F 111 U Comet. From the squadron's last radio report they are in echelon formation cruising about 1500 M.P.M. in the stratosphere, relative bearing of 361 degrees from the planet Neptune.

Platoon Leader "Pipe Down" Selby just gave me the message—in code at 99 words per minute, mixed letters and hieroglyphics, unidentified. We also hear that "Owl Eyes" Knowles, "4.0" Retalleck, "Curly" Garrett, and "Lapse Rate" Stichter have all completed their daily calisthenics right there in their rocket patrol ship—the "P.D.Q."

We also discover that "Powerhouse" Arnfield and "Softspoken" Adair were separated for a few hours when Fred had to pass his test in push ups. They both endured the emotional strain admirably.

We were interrupted momentarily by the Hit Parade and heard that No. 1 this week is still "Who Short Sheeted Hatch and He Never Even Noticed It," composed by three Navy Ensigns, "Guide Right" Adams, "Whoops" Leuning, and "Strangler" Hills. The song was altered and plugged by Lt. "That's the Thing" Skinner, whose combined musical talent and knowledge of navigation was useful for this. Oh! "Vocabulary" Ellis was the one who short sheeted Hatch.

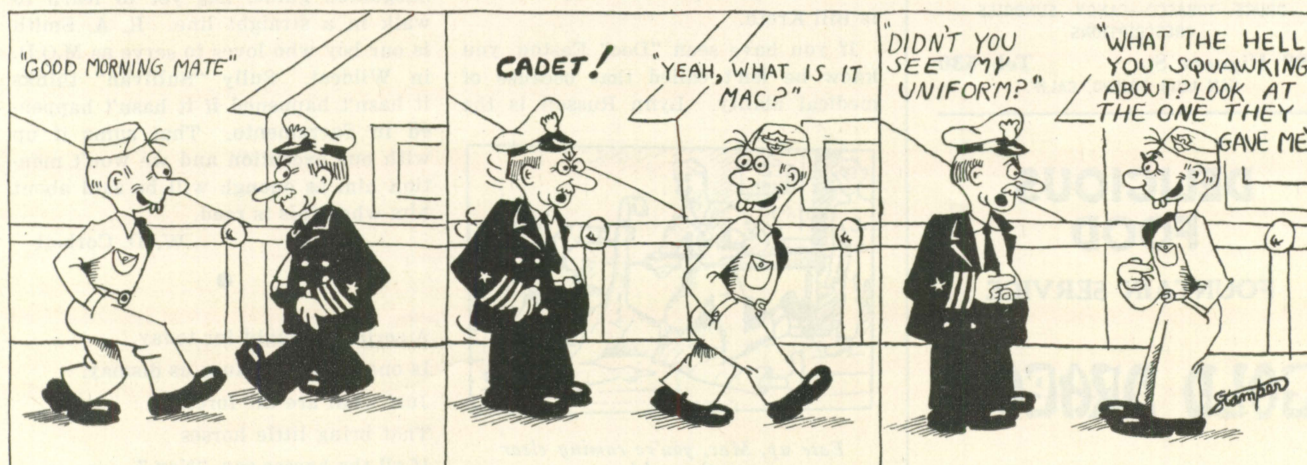
"Killer" Mord, "Tell My Mother" Bruns, and "Head of Table" Halleck are all playing hide and seek in a cumulo nimbus cloud during a Venisian occluded front. "Aye Aye, Sir" Beaumont just got his fifth frap for nothing more than getting "Crack o' dawn" Elliott out of the sack before 0930. Beaumon must now go on the grinder (again).

THE FORGOTTEN FOURTH

Most platoons can boast one or two characters but we of the fourth maintain that every man in our platoon is a fugitive from the man in the white jacket. The inmates consist of "Chief Character" Jim "Restricted" Cardwell, who was unfortunate enough to get the post of platoon leader. Joe "4.0" Bartol, who will have to associate himself with the Fourth Batt. at W. T. S. (Tough, uh, Joe?) Then there's Jim "Esquire" Gilbert, a combination Varga and Petty and a constant source of pin-up girls. Wilbur "the biggest little man in the platoon" Smith; Ken "Hiccough" Bebb, who can swim farther under water than most men can walk (on top of it.) Hank "Strangler" Elam, who in spite of his size and fallen arches, always pins his man. Neal "Stoneface" Stone, who'd give a month's pay for a three-day leave to Sunnyvale. Omar "Flash" Cowles, second cousin to Flash Gordon, who, to maintain his track ability, is the first man to town on Saturday nights. Other wearers of the "blue and gold" straight jackets are Vernon "In like a Burgler" Appleby, who fought it out with Bartol to see who would leave first (the local femmes must have persuaded him to stay.) Dean "Barrell" Vice, our likeness to Tony Galento, who loves to mix it in wrestling or on the soccer fields. Howard "Lovable" Bagley, who spends more time writing to Annabelle than he does on navigation. D. X. Trexler, the East Chicago Moonbeam, who can't get over why the ocean should have salt in it. Chas. "Long Distance" Donaldson, who is one of the phone company's chief supporters. John "Puritan" Zderic, who claims no interest in the fair sex, but we suspect burnt fingers.

The remainder of our feathered mer-

(Continued on page 16)



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GRADUATING BATTALION

(Continued from page 15)

chants take in Al "Sleepy" Anderson, who is always late to muster; Eldon "Slippers" Ewell, who runs close second; Arthur "Fingerwave" Haviland, who spends as much time in front of the mirror as in class; and our biggest man last, Paul "Body" Patten, wrestler delux and our representative on the Avila beach.

By Anonymous

THEY LOVE US HERE

Geniuses differ from other men in that their immortality is tangible, but lesser beings than these leave their marks upon this campus.

This fact is evident and proved so by our number one man, John "Apple Head" Reis, who holds records in swimming and track, as well as being high on the honor roll. Brother Guidi is also on the honor roll and is a match for any man on a soccer field. These two men have earned the salute of Platoon Five for they were among the few who earned the chance to go to W.T.S. with the Fourth Batt.

Bob "Gravel Throat" Fredricksen won his nickname by his ability at calling cadence. The "Terrific" Ticehurst who rooms with his countryman "Ambling Al" Stenovitch has made Al a general handyman with such statements: "Stenovitch get yourself down here and make my bed, dust the room, etc., etc."

Chief "pop-off" artist and general instigator of trouble is Smitty. After Brother Gill was short sheeted four times in one week he decided something should be done. It was—next night he had no bedding.

"Handsome" Brown and Jack "Blinker" Griffin come under the heading of "big operators." Rumor has it that women have been knocking themselves out over these two boys. Chief operator in charge of procurement, however, is Bill Kreth.

If you have seen "Doc" Easton, you know he isn't called that because of medical ability. Lynn Russell is the

only man in the platoon with flying hours. He has 35 to his credit. Jack Read, ex-glamour boy, is now rumored to be sticking exclusively to male companionship. Len Lazarus, alias "Hello Baby" and quiet every place but in ranks is to be congratulated for digging up the dirt for this document. The only man able to survive the rigors of being Platoon Five's leader is "Slapsie Moxie" Moxan who is famous for his "carrier" haircuts—namely, "flat tops."

SENSATIONAL SIXTH

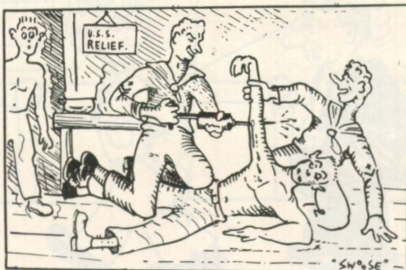
Here is a platoon that actually lives up to its title "Sensational." For proof ask Mr. Brack, our flight teacher. Speaking of sensations in our platoon, we have first of all, "Chick" Chase, a Berkeley boy, who in a week had them falling all over him. Next comes W. R. "Foxy" Fox from Richmond, the originator of stepping out when making squad reports. L. Hedman, is our wrestler and backstroke man. Ken Johnson still has not fulfilled his ambition to be the first to muster some morning. Bob Kenoyer gives free lessons in the "way we men handle 'em."

This platoon certainly needs a leader, and we have one in "Stoneface" Lance, whose judgment the platoon always agrees on. Bringing prestige to the Sixth was our sprint star, Roy "Ace" Lohan. Tommy Lopes and Jim McAtee are a combination—Tommy tells 'em and Jim laughs.

Give Pete "Mama" Mamasian a nickel and a telephone and he gets the girls—while the rest of us have to use Lifebouy. Coalinga's gift to the Navy is Mac Mehaffie. Al Rigler is our number two man for grades.

I. S. Parker, our ex-tennis star, comes in handy with his beautiful tenor voice when the rest of the fog horns get together. Jerry Senter, the misguided guide, has yet to learn to walk in a straight line. R. A. Smith is our boy who loves to serve as M.O.D. in Wildcat. Sully "Sullivan" thinks it hasn't happened if it hasn't happened in Sacramento. That sums it up with one exception and we won't mention him as enough will be said about him when this is read.

W. D. Corbett



Ease up, Mac, you're coming clear through!

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause us dismay.
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all the horses say, "Nay."

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

GRADUATING BATTALION

UNIQUE SEVENTH

Platoon Seven is composed of 23 of the world's most unique specimens of manhood. Babied along by the illustrious redhead, Sid Rose (known as Cadet Rose, Ma'am) these 23 men have rapidly moulded themselves into the most disorganized aggregation ever to appear at Cal Poly. As a matter of fact, there was only one time that this platoon could have been called organized. That was the time the "Terrific Seventh," with a hearty HUT TWO, made an attempt to run down the Skipper. Remember that drilling contest, fellows?

We still wonder how come "Lipstick" Vollmer's face was so red that Sunday night. "Good Gracious" Vassie has promised to make a muster, sometime. "Sarge" Van Orden doesn't get the chance very often but when he does the third squad takes an awful beating. "Tip" Tipton spends his time aiding and abetting "Hamfat" Thurman who excels in two things: namely, sleeping and chasing the fairer sex. "Two gun" Thompson is the living proof that Oklahoma is still invading California. Next in line is "My Girl Should Be Down Next Week" Theuer. We hope she makes it. "Stoneface" Taylor so far has been boss of his squad but "Old Doc" Steffensen was noted giving him some trouble the other day. In case there is ever a difference of opinion our own H. W. "It's Not Regulation" Smith takes matter in hand. "Shadrack" Shattuck, the Hillsboro flash, says he is ready, willing and able to take on any six men anytime and outdrink 'em all (pink lemonade, we bet). "Mother" Sample finally found some use for flight class—catching up on his sleep. "Unc" Ross is our contribution to the fourth Batt's graduation and we're proud of him.

"Caboose" Rhinehart, our marching anchor man, is paced by none other than "Right Foot" Reasor. "Gawd Help the Working Gail" Parrish is full of tales concerning women. "Joey" Mills is working on an invention to help him guide the platoon in a straight line. "Abe" Marsh still believes the marines are okay while "Noisev" Mahnkin maintains civilian life is the thing. "Fearless" Goranson was overheard saying, "I'm the most rugged guy in the platoon." "I'm a Lover" Clapsaddle might be first in everything else but he's last here with the exception of your truly,

"I Ain't No Wolf" Smythe.

EIGHTH AND THE FUTURE

It's Christmas in Tokyo and the "Rising Sun" has long since set. Cal Poly's marching champions of 1943 have gathered about a roaring log fire in the Nippy Hotel. Twenty years ago a great World War II had summoned this congregation to combat the advocates of totalitarianism. They have assembled at this reunion to re-live the experiences of their youth.

The party has reached its peak and Pappy Wells' dissertation on the prospects of introducing saki to the American public is being wasted on Precocious Dinella who is busy ogling with one of the Nippons nifty lotus blossoms. Master Simons, ever alert to monkey business in ranks, decides to terminate these international relations by sounding off with his infamous cadence. The Huff-Two-reep-four of the King of Kadence awakens "Knock it off" Shannon who lazily comments that it's just a "nasty break" for somebody and resumes his siesta.

Left-Flank Crocker attempts to cheer up Needlenose Newhart by assuring him that some day his woman will reach him if he can secure enough gas ration books. Such conversation impels a groan from Salty Sylvester and he continues to match sea stories with Shrop Shropshire—who would rather be beyond the hills in Idaho.

Hollywood Jensen grows tired of the inactivity and proceeds to toss pebbles at the waitress, in spite of Colonel James' attempt to discourage him by reading an Act of Congress which says he is a gentleman. The Wegner twins, A. A. and "4.0" fail to notice the demonstration for they are concerned with Shorty Weaver's pantomime description of his historic rasslin' match with Lt. Thomas back in the summer of '43.

The roar of a motor is heard close by and Sahib Cusick calls for an immediate investigation. Out of a Super F-4-Foonfish (wing span unlimited) steps Navigator P. F. Smith and his inseparable pilot, Tennessee Walters. Killer Kieller disembarks from the plane by means of a handstand—using NO hands for the feat. Georgia Otts sounds off with "stand fast" as Aerology Barrett traces the formation of a cumulo-nimbus in the distant heavens. At this moment, Lambchops Trussell draws a terse command to Column Right Tyreman who executes a shifty exit in time to join the communal singing of "Margie" in a birthday tribute to Nichv Pollack, who seems to have an awful lot of birthdays anyhow. To-

(Continued on page 19)

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OUT OF BOUNDS

A PILOT'S LAMENT

By "Doc" Tarshis and Don Smythe
I won't never be no pilot
If I never learn to fly it,
For practice is the teacher so I'm told.
I must master navigation
Ere I ever leave this station;
And the worry has me prematurely old.

To get me used to stratosphere,
They run me up a mountain here;
But I've still got terra firm 'neath my feet.
And if I never go no higher,
I won't never be no flier—
Will I ever get the ground from 'neath my feet?

Many years from now I'll wonder
If I made an awful blunder
When I tried to get the earth from
'neath my feet:
I'll be old and I'll be graying,
And I'll probably be saying,
"Will I ever really see the pilot's seat?"

Cadet—Why is it you have so many
boy friends?
She—I give up.

June: "Jim proposed to me last
night, and am I sore at him!"

Jane: "Why?"

June: "You should have heard what
he proposed."



Cadet: But, Betty, don't you trust me?

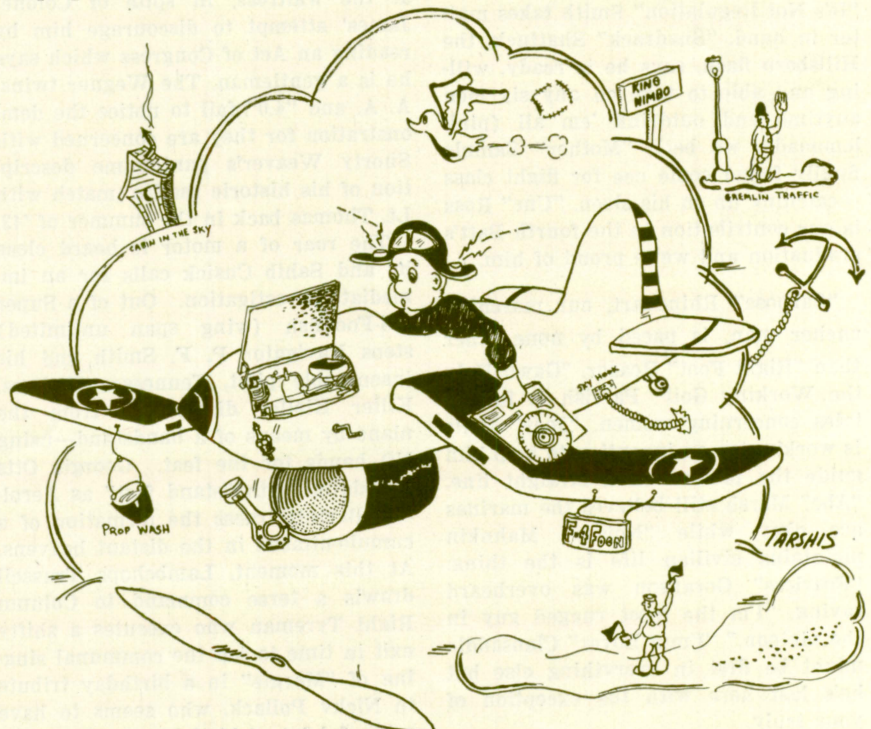
Betty: I'll go to the ends of the earth with you, but I refuse to park on the way.

Garbage Man: "Any garbage?"

Cookie down at the chow house: "Six cans please. We're going to make stew tonight."

Don't get up, Mrs. Snodgrass, I just came in to wash my hands.

If gold is where you find it, is silver under the Lone Ranger's fanny?



A CADET'S NIGHTMARE

Or . . . how it feels to fly an F-4 Foon

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

OUT OF BOUNDS

Dear Jack,

I just read in the paper that Cadets who don't smoke make better grades than those who do.

Love,
Dad

Dear Dad,

I have thought about it. But truthfully, I would rather make a "3.5" and have the enjoyment; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a "3.0." Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a "2.5."

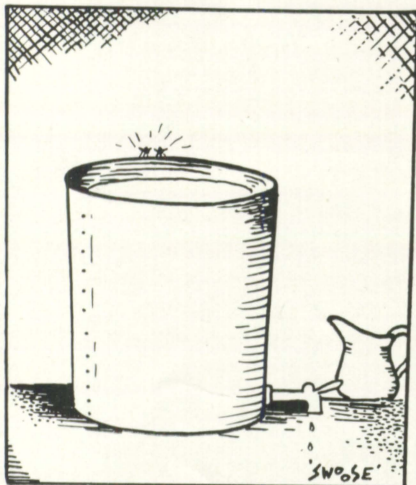
Love,
Jack

Dear Jack,

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Love,
Dad

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of one "dame thing after another."



*Come on, Joe, let's taken another dip.
They won't muster for 10 minutes yet.*

W. T. S. REPORTS

(Continued from page 7)

Flying: We are impertinently aroused from a fitful slumber at Oh! five hundred! After a few minutes argument with the mate of the deck we reluctantly roll out, partake of a Dagwood breakfast, and board a station wagon to travel 22 miles to the field, Salt Lake City Municipal Airport No. 2—located in the northeast quadrant of Hogan's dairy farm.

PLATOON 8

(Continued from page 17)

morrow Pollack will run to old Doc. (just a clean living kid) Tarshis to remedy the effects of this evening's saki.

Mustang Roundup, August, 1943

PICTURE GAL OF MONTH

Knock it off, cadets, we've got something to tell you about the little girl whose picture is at the right. Miss Vivian Sliter (get the "Miss") is 20 years old, was born in Oakland, but has lived in San Luis Obispo for the past 12 years. She works in the navy training office and says she likes it here. But can you imagine this! When asked how she likes the cadets, she replied, "I don't know any of them." Where's the cadet who wrote to the MUSTANG ROUNDUP'S lovelorn editor? (P.S. Don't bother her during working hours.)

Photograph of Miss Sliter picked by the Angelus Engraving Co., 857 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, as the "picture gal" of the month.



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(Advertisement)

VIVIAN SLITER
... picture gal for August

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