

Mustang ROUNDUP

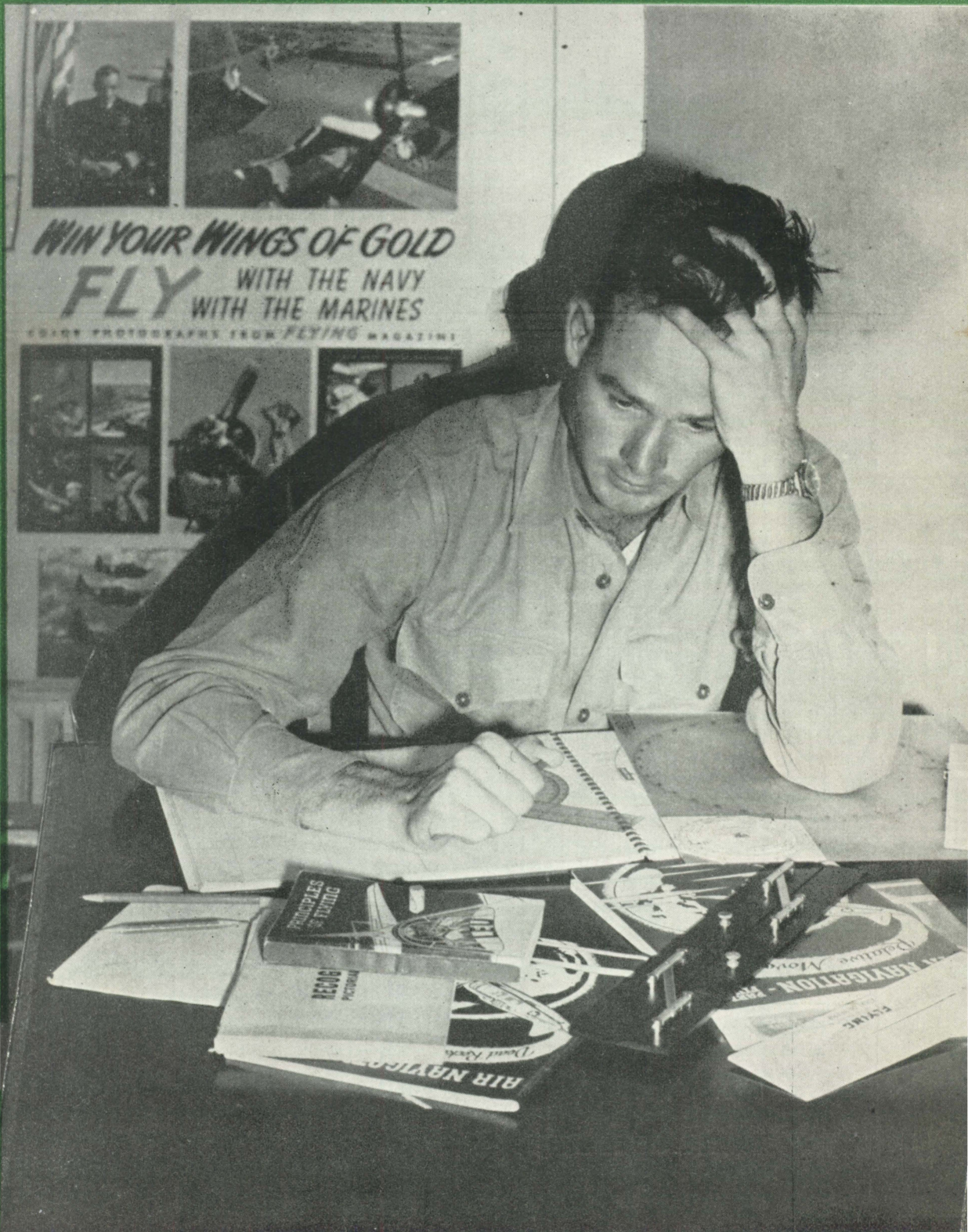
MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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SEPTEMBER
1943

Vol. 2, No. 1
25 Cents



Mustang ROUNDUP

California Polytechnic College Naval Flight Preparatory School

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|---|---|
| Julian A. McPhee <i>President</i> | Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook <i>Officer in charge</i> |
| C. O. McCorkle <i>Asst. to President</i> | Lt. D. W. Smythe <i>Executive Officer</i> |
| R. E. Kennedy <i>Publications</i> | Lt. Harry Bonath <i>Public Relations</i> |

CADET STAFF

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Cadet Leonard Uman |Editor |
| Cadet C. O. Stevens |Associate Editor |
| Cadet C. Rock |Assistant Editor |
| Cadet R. Mohar |Sports Editor |

Reporters

Cadets: W. M. Smythe, J. McCoy, T. O'Connor, W. Hart, E. Rogal, V. Morgan, S. Atz, L. W. Larson, P. Goodard, U. Knight, Q. Selover, V. B. Jeter, D. A. Welch, H. C. Ingle, W. Schroeder, D. B. Brown, J. M. Ellis, F. O. Jeffries, W. M. Smythe.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Cadet W. E. Stevens |Artist |
| Cadet W. M. Smythe |Head Cartoonist |
| Cadet J. Bassett |Assistant Cartoonist |
| Cadet W. J. Long |Assistant Cartoonist |
| Cadet Leonard E. Uman |Photography |

FROM THE SKIPPER

It is with satisfaction that I tell you gentlemen of Battalion VI of my pride in you, individually and as a battalion. I am proud of your having chosen Naval Aviation as the arm in which you can best serve our country; of the record you have attained during your tour of duty at San Luis Obispo; of your successful completion of this stage of training; and of the knowledge that you are to be members of the best combat team in the world. I shall be watching your future progress with the same feeling.

While I am on this subject, I would like to point out that your success in the Service will depend, in large part, on the pride you have in your organization—another training activity, a squadron, a ship, the Navy itself—whatever your “outfit,” you must be sure it is the best in existence. It will be the best if each of you does more than his share.

H. S. COOK

Lieutenant-Commander, USNR
Officer-in-Charge

Cadets are again reminded that there is NOT a Navy Air Corps.

NAVAL AVIATION is the correct term.

THE EDITOR'S LOG

REGIMENTAL BANNER CONTEST

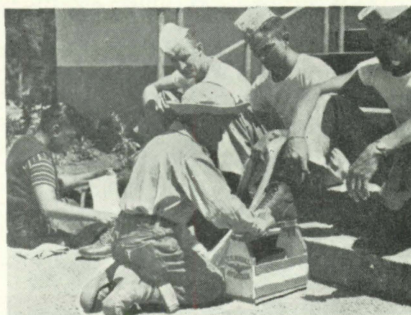
The Mustang Roundup announces a competition for an emblem or design for a Regimental Banner for use at this Naval Flight Preparatory School. This is not necessarily a contest for artists and a word description of your idea would serve the purpose.

The design should be kept simple so that it could be executed in cloth on an actual banner. It could include the Naval Aviation Wings Emblem and some other device or design or initials that might localize it to our own school.

If a drawing of the design is made it could be in pencil, crayon or ink. Keep it simple—submit as many as you like. It is the Idea we want, **not** a finished technique. A suitable prize for the winner, the name of the winner, and a Reproduction of the winning design will be printed in the next ROUNDUP.

PHONETIC'S? ?

Angelo Fisicaro, Seven's average man who never went to college, played on anybody's team, or belonged to any Greek-named organizations, is puzzled about why, in code, doesn't “S” stand for salt instead of sugar since “P” stands for peter.



SHINE?
“... easy way out!”

CADET-VALETS

Presenting two smiling sun-tanned lads, Francisco Simon and Ramero Martinez, who are just as much a part of the local scene at Cal Poly as the palm trees and “Hup-Taw.” Besides, they perform two welcome services which the cadets might not otherwise enjoy. We have heard them sounding off around the barracks looking for shoe shine business and issuing the daily paper as we file out from mess. Apprehensive lest they be mistaken for foreigners they hesitate to speak their native tongue, Spanish. They're real Americans and both have brothers in the service. Saludos Amigos!

IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE

The Editors of Mustang Roundup wish to thank all reporters and voluntary contributors to this issue. Without them it would not have been possible. In some cases Space did not permit the use of all material submitted. If possible and if the stories are timely they will be included in the next. This of course, also applies to cartoons.

EAGER-BEAVER, SHUTTER-SNAPPER

With two or three exceptions, all of the photos in this issue were taken by the Cadet Editor, L. E. Uman. He has met trains at three a.m., raced to the “P” to anticipate arrival of battalion, and even left his girl to the mercies of the other cadets as he covered the dance. His contribution of photographic excellence to this issue, in the absence of Mr. Kennedy, is appreciated. Incidentally, the return of Mr. Kennedy, after a month's leave of absence, is appreciated by the officer supervising this Publication.

ONLY A RESERVE

A young sailor, new to the Navy, was introduced to a crusty old Admiral in Washington last summer. Feeling somewhat abashed, the neophyte remarked apologetically, “I'm only a reserve, sir.” The old salt gave him a martinet stare, wagged a finger at him and said:

“Never use the word ‘only’ when you describe your status. The U. S. Navy as such never won a war, nor has the regular Army won one—without the aid of the reserves pressed into service from civil life. Always remember this: You WIN our wars. We simply keep the guns cleaned during peace time.”—Exhaust.

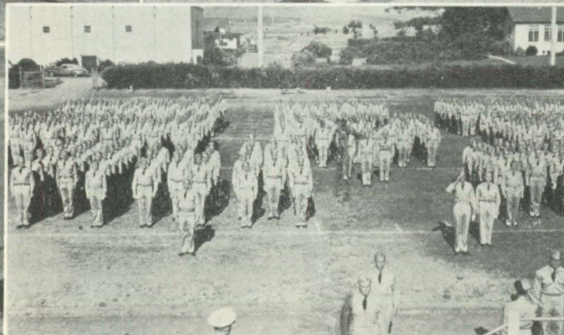
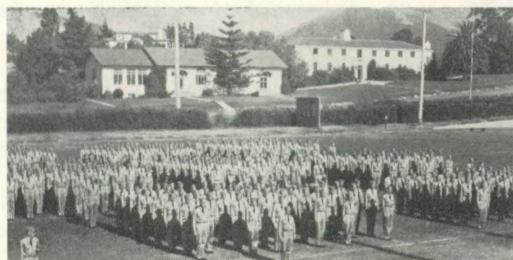
FLASH!!

Approximately fifty men from Battalion 7 have been chosen to leave with the 6th Batt. on Sept. 28. These men were rated on their ground school average combined with their officer aptitude rating.

And then she said: “Darling, I hope you are not on guard tonight.”

And the little cadet replied: “Nope, are you?”

ON BOARD



*5th BATT'S GRADUATION
Battalion review; Lt. Comdr.
Ruel speaks; Skipper congrats;
Reg. Comdr. Grover and Reg.
Adjutant Patton turn over com-
mand to Reese and Robinson.*



THE FIFTH MOVES ON

On Monday August 30th, Cadets of the Fifth battalion graduated from Naval Flight Preparatory School at Cal Poly in the best of naval tradition. The regiment was massed on the drill field before the reviewing stand in massed company formations.

Graduation began with surrender of regimental command by the graduating officers to their successors in the Sixth. Addresses were delivered by Commander Cook, Lieutenant-Commander Davis of the Cadet Selection Board at San Francisco, Lieutenant-Commander Ruel, of St. Mary's Pre-Flight and Lieut. (jg) Thomas, the battalion officer of the Fifth.

Lieutenant-Commander Ruel gave an interesting account of the path that lies ahead of those who complete their training here.

Commander Cook then delivered graduation certificates to each cadet. Noted, was the presence in the reviewing stands of the largest number of guests to attend a graduation.

BIG BATT NINE COMES TO TOWN

The morning of September 2 will well be remembered in the hearts of 230 Cadets from all over the United States.

The men of the Ninth Battalion were greeted at the station at 0300 and were informed that they were "in the Navy, now." By 0330 they were "squared away" and heading for their new life as Naval Aviation Cadets.

The car scheduled to meet the Cadets seemed to have taken a wrong bearing on the course, but they were greeted by Reg. Comdr. Reese's cadence cry, "up per rhe — up per rha" as they marched down the darkened streets of San Luis Obispo.

In all probability the records established by the previous battalions will be shattered by the Ninth Battalion when they take to the athletic field.

With such athletes as Grover Klemner, who has tied Ben Eastman's world's record in the 440 and holds his own record in the 400 meter run.—Howie Dalmar, All-American Basket-

ball star from Stanford University.—Irving Moore, outstanding pole vaulting protege of Cornelius Wanderdam.—Jean Lamour, another outstanding track man from Fresno, and many others.

The Ninth Batt. is also well represented with servicemen from the Navy and Marines, who will be a great help in developing their battalion to a crack outfit.

Among the servicemen is Squire Williams, a former Ensign, who received his commission eight months ago under the V-7 program at the University of Kentucky. He served with the Fleet for ten months as a Supply Officer on an Auxiliary ship in the South Pacific.

SIX MEN OF THE SIXTH

Because of their exceptionally high academic and officer's aptitude grades, six Cadets of the Sixth Battalion were selected to graduate with the Fifth Battalion on August 30. The six men holding the top honors were: M. Covill, J. F. Cook, H. J. Airey, J. L. Ryan, G. A. Perscheid, and M. J. Andrew.

ON BOARD

LIBERTY GREMLINS



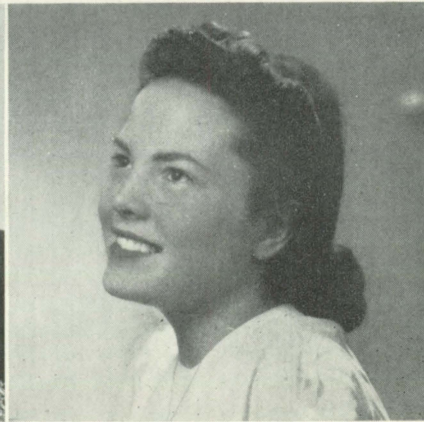
MARILYNN PIPER
C. P. Woodward, Batt. 8



MISS NO NAME*
V. Kirichenko, Batt. 8



MARGIE BODEN
D. V. McMahon, Batt. 6



VERNILE VERSCHOOR
J. P. Carney, Batt. 6



EILEEN VAN DREE
L. E. Uman, Batt. 7



ANNE JOHNSON
L. H. Crase, Batt. 7

BATTALION SWEETHEARTS

They call 'em "Liberty Gremlins," do the cadets of "sweethearts left behind." Our guess why would have something to do with the sweet-nothings most cadets imagine they hear when loose on liberty. Cadets from Battalions Six, Seven and Eight submitted photos

to a cadet committee and two representative "liberty gremlins" were picked from each battalion to be reproduced here.

* Miss No Name is a fictitious name given in the absence of this young lady's real name. Cadet Kirichenko is ill in sick bay and can not be contacted.

"THE INFANT EIGHTH"

By A/C D. B. Brown

"Reveille!—Hit the deck." Some day those words will be choked down some well-meaning mate's throat.

At 0530 August 4 the then brand new Eighth heard those now-famous words for the first time. Through one mind after another ran those familiar words to Irving Berlin's song "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

Excitement went from high to low as we pulled into San Luis Obispo. The excitement of something new plus the boredom of riding on a train for ten hours.

The march out—not being able to see your hands in front of your face after leaving the center of town. The often used call of "Go Back Before It's Too Late"—"Suckers," all added together to put us in a fine frame of mind.

A quick shower—ah! now for bed. "Hey, these beds aren't made up!" "Who short-sheeted this bed?"—etc.

The wonder of seeing dawn break! Something few of us had before seen except on a few occasions. The scuttlebutt goes around that they are training us for night fighters, so to accustom us to the dark they get us up in the middle of the night.

Scuttlebutt—there is a word—where it originated, few know—but what it means is learned in the first week!

Chow—a meal to the landlubbers! How we will remember our first breakfast of beans! Now we can eat almost anything! (no reflections on the chow hall).

"Muster on the double"—that means run! Trying to figure out what cadence meant and getting out of step in the process. The wonders of a first day!

We felt like civilians—no uniforms! We were getting them though.

Then the fellows from the older batts telling us how lucky we were! "Why, Seventh got in at 0500 and were up at 0530—and marched all day! You had it soft." "Heck, Sixth marched out in the rain."—We were lucky? I wonder!

They wasted no time in teaching us to march. We marched, marched, and marched! Who said this was a mechanized war?

Then the cadet officers were appointed!—Andrew Myser, an ex-Coastguardsman, our Battalion Commander. "Hey, Hooligan, when do we get our haircuts?"—Little did we know, then!

(Continued on Page 19)

CAL POLY NEWS

FORTY-SECOND YEAR

With registration of old and new students held Monday, September 13, the California Polytechnic School began its forty-second year of instruction in the fields of agricultural and industrial education. Although the number of regular students enrolled is the smallest since World War I, the institution is functioning normally with instruction being given in every major subject and most electives by a reduced staff of nine instructors. Actually, however, the college has been able to retain its regular teaching staff almost intact as to date 13 regular Polytechnic instructors have been assigned to teach in the Naval Flight Preparatory School. In addition to this group, the Navy required an additional 19 new instructors who have been added to the staff.

Instruction began September 14 for regular students and is proceeding with-out conflict with the Naval aviation ground school training being given on the campus.

STUDENTS STILL COME

That Cal Poly's success in agricultural and industrial education is recognized in many foreign countries and distant territories of the United States is a fact often proved by the number of students who enroll from the far corners of the globe. Despite the difficulties of travel in a war-torn world, the following students arrived here in time to register for the fall quarter: Max Elie Lescot, son of the president of the Republic of Haiti, came from Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Luis Chacon, son of a Bolivia farmer, came from La Paz, Bolivia and Gustavo Almeida, son of an Ecuador farmer, comes from Quito, Ecuador. On their way to the school are: Richard F. Tracy of Kapaa, Kauai, Territory of Hawaii; Howard R. Westlake of Lihue, Kauai, Territory of Hawaii and Thrainn Sigurdsson of Iceland.

NFPS IN NINTH MONTH

This month also began the ninth month of naval aviation ground school training which has been given by California Polytechnic college's Naval Flight Preparatory School. On September 28, the Sixth Battalion of cadets was scheduled to graduate making a total of more than 1200 men who have completed the training program and been graduated to the War Training schools for flight training.



McNICHOLL
Prexy-Pro-tem



ACTON
Sect. Pro-tem

FIRST ASSEMBLY HELD

Despite the smallest student body in recent years, Loren McNicholl, president pro-tem of the SAC, predicted at the opening assembly held Tuesday, Sept. 14, "that if we all get in and work hard, enter extra-curricula activities, and keep up our enthusiasm, we can make this a year that you will all remember."

McNicholl presided over the assembly which was held to acquaint new students with Poly's traditions, faculty and to give them an opportunity to see and hear Chief Julian A. McPhee, Poly's president whose many other tasks keep him away from the college much of the time.

President McPhee explained to the students how the naval aviation program functions in connection with the regular program, gave a review of the history of the institution and for the 11th year "laid down the rules" to the students. Not hard to obey, the rules are designed to make Cal Poly students a respected student body. But as Mr. McPhee stated, "Woe unto him who violates these rules—for out he goes."

Vernon Meacham, football coach, told students about the teams prospects this year and encouraged any and all men to turn out. Following his talk, Robert Kennedy, Poly's librarian, publications adviser, publicity director, told students what was planned in the way of publications and tried to "proselyte" workers for the library. Harold Davidson, music director, family relations man, and student affairs adviser, spent most of the assembly period trying to drum up business for the glee club. With the assistance of his henchmen, McNicholl and Bill Stansberry, new students were practically glee club members before they left the building.

RECEPTION AT MCPHEE'S

As this goes to press, President and Mrs. McPhee's annual freshman reception held at the McPhee residence on

the campus was scheduled for Friday night. The "Chief" had issued a general invitation for this year, making the reception for the entire student body and faculty instead of just frosh.

If the reception is as successful as in past years, Poly men will meet some of McPhee's six lovely daughters, will be served ice cream and cake, will shake hands with Poly instructors, will try to find something to talk about, and will eventually wind up in the front parlor to hear someone start a jam session at the piano. If anyone goes back to their dorms unhappy it will be different than ever before.

FOOTBALL REARS HEAD

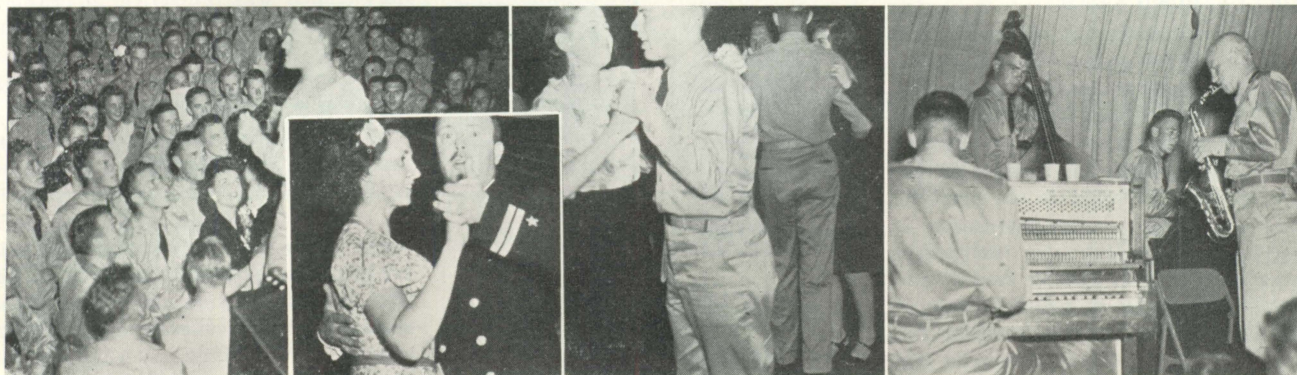
With everyone at Cal Poly expecting one of the smallest groups of regular students in history for the fall quarter, and with most of these in reserve programs waiting immediate call, 4F or under 18, no one dreamed of Poly having a football team this year. But out of a conference Saturday, Sept. 11 with college officials and officers of the Naval Flight Preparatory school came the green light on a college grid squad composed mostly of cadets but playing in the uniforms and under the colors of the Cal Poly Mustangs. Hardly had the official word been uttered before the call for football turn-out resounded through the barracks and brought more than 60 cadets to the field for a Sunday practice.

Loren McNicholl, former Student Business Manager and now prexy-pro-tem, is acting as student manager of the team and as this goes to press he is in the process of choosing two regular students as assistant managers. The Associated Students will handle all financial details of the team and the student body card holders will be admitted to all home games.

Coach Vernon Meacham, veteran Cal Poly staff member and head of the Voorhis unit of the college until that branch was closed for the duration, is busy working with Comptroller Don Nelson and Navy Executive Officer Lt. Doug Smythe to schedule the best games possible at this late date. Squad members are willing to take on any team on the Coast, including Cal, USC, etc.

In order to make the squad as representative of Cal Poly as possible, Meacham is anxious to have more regular students turn out. At present, Ericson, Mohr, Platz, Cady and Borges are the only Poly men on the squad.

ON BOARD



FIFTH BATT ROLLS UP THE RUG

Patton tells 'em . . . Lt. Bonath capers . . . Uman steals one . . . served with "jam"

FIFTH BATTALION DANCE

The "Fighting Fifth" ended its social activities at Cal Poly with a graduation dance that was thoroughly enjoyed by those attending. Officers present were Lt.-Commander Cook, Lt. Richards, Lt. (jg) Thomas, Lt. David, Lt.

Bonath, Ensign Webster and Ensign Klages.

Those among the civilian staff seen were, Miss Porter, Mrs. Underhill, Mrs. Lovejoy, Mr. Smith and Mr. Buck.

Entertainment featured community singing lead by Cadet Stevenson, and a hot jam session headed up by Cadet

Robert Skinner at the "ivories" assisted by Cadet William Schroeder (saxophone) Paul Goodall (bass) and Cadet Pancrest. Colorful decorations were furnished by the Fifth Battalion's interior decoration squad and dance music by an army band from Camp San Luis Obispo.

"RAVIN"

By G. S. Young

(From "WING TIPS," published by the Cadets of the U. S. Naval Flight Preparatory School, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois.)

In a recent conversation
I detected agitation,
And a frowning aggravation
Over something that I spoke.

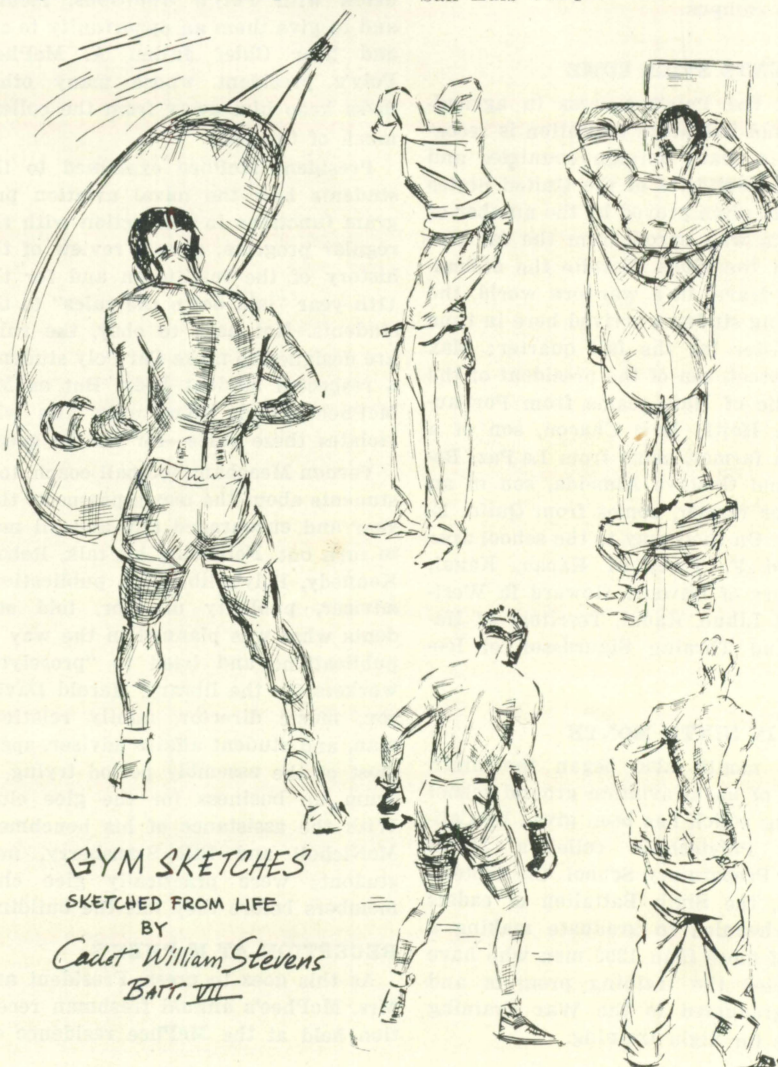
So in deep humiliation
And with cringing hesitation,
I present my explanation
In this miserable note.

I deserve annihilation
By some gruesome termination,
Or complete abomination,
For this ghastly thing I've said.

But allow me first to hasten
To explain the situation;
'Twas without premeditation,
Or may heaven strike me dead!

So without prevarication
And with no exaggeration,
I deplore my violation
With a burning shame—and therefore,

Will it sooth your irritation
If I swear, by all creation
To say NAVAL AVIATION,—
Never, NEVER, "Navy Air Corps."



W. T. S. REPORTS

THE FLEDGELING FLIES

By Cadet Robert B. Holmes

(Ed. Note: Last month we used excerpts from Cadet Holmes story about "Life at the W.T.S. school, University of Utah, Salt Lake City. Cadet Holmes has gone on to Pre-Flight but his account of "how it feels to fly" is still good copy on a subject of interest to all cadets)—

We take the planes out of the hangar, make the daily line check, and warm up the engine. Then our instructor comes out and wants to know why we haven't put the tail into the wind, why there aren't any chocks under the wheels, what we've done with his parachute, and what the hell he has ever done to deserve the current group of #%.*!/\$#& nincompoops that he is supposed to teach how to fly.

He gets in the plane, we taxi down to the runway, check the altimeter, oil temperature, oil pressure, elevator adjustment, carburetor heat, and start to make the clearing turn, preparatory to taking off. The instructor grabs the stick and slams on the brakes. After a few minutes of very loud silence we timidly ask:

"Is something the matter, Sir?"

That was a mistake.

"How many times have I told you to check your magnetos before you take off?"

We're no statisticians, so we check our magnetos and say nothing. We take off, climb to 400 feet, turn left, climb to 800 feet, and leave the traffic pattern, heading for our practice area.

Then it begins:

"Watch that nose! Keep those wings level! Look at that air speed indicator! Don't let that engine rev up! Don't ride those rudders! Keep your eyes open! Fly this airplane!"

Our practice period over, we head back to the field. Around the traffic pattern, ever so smoothly, check the wind, ever so carefully, cut the gun, ever so ———

"Damn it! Get that carburetor heat on!"

"Aye aye, Sir."

We glide dreamily on down——

"Damn it! Watch that air speed!"

"Aye aye, Sir."

We turn, and head down the runway——

"Damn it! Correct for that wind drift!"

"Aye aye, Sir."

Down, down, down——

"Damn it! Don't dive us into the ground!"

"Aye aye, Sir——I mean no no, Sir."

Somehow the plane gets to the ground, and we taxi to the apron. During this time our instructor acts very much as though he were riding with his mother-in-law. He says nothing and stares dead ahead.

We park the plane, chock the wheels, and walk to the "Ready room." Our instructor gets out our log book, writes a few nasty remarks in it, and tells us that as a flyer we would make an ex-

Then, with a gesture of magnanimity, he tells us that he won't wash us out today—come out again the next day, and he'll see if he can't get at the root of our troubles—but he's not the least bit optimistic about it.

This continues for seventeen hours in "Stage A," and an additional eighteen to twenty-two hours in "Stage B," then, still in Naval Aviation—wonder of wonders!—we are ready to graduate and travel on—where? Oh, either to Pennsacola, New Caledonia, Oklahoma, or perhaps back to San Luis Obispo. Who knows? We don't.

—Bob Holmes.

GRAND JUNCTION REPORTS

Ed. Note: Henry T Crocker, formerly of Battalion Five, Platoon Six at Cal Poly writes the following interesting account of life at Grand Junction, Colo.

This is a letter high in the praise of the virtues of WTS, Grand Junction, Colorado, to which it was our good fortune to have been transferred.

The chow; excellent (it has that home-cooked touch due to the personal interest of the cook). Liberty? Well as compared to NFPS, unlimited. If you toe the line and meet the mark, there are only a couple days a week when you don't get into town. For instance, liberty embraces two mornings per

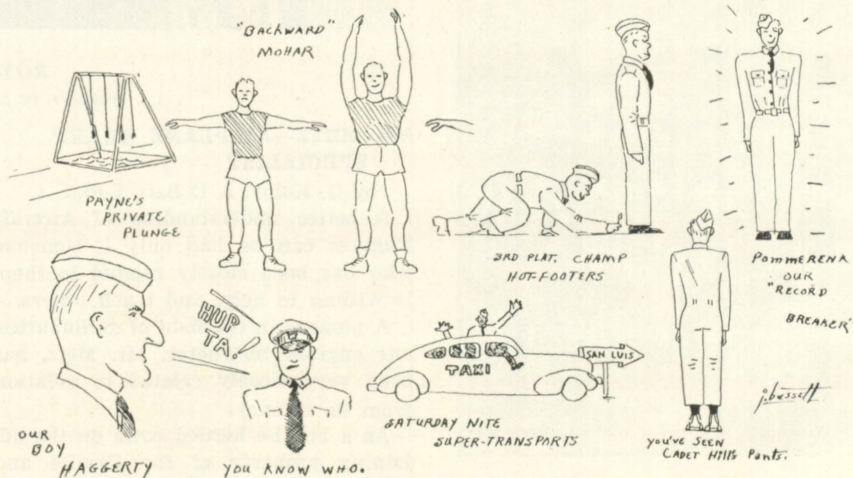
week, Saturday night 'til 1 a.m., and all day Sunday. Overnights are unheard of but you don't need them anyhow. To be a good flyer a little rest is almost essential.

Did someone mention girls? Why there seem to be a couple hundred—all attractive and unattached—to say that they're friendly is a masterpiece of understatement. Why man, they welcomed us with open arms. For instance, the local talent is providing a dance Friday night just so we won't be too lonesome. Yes sir, we got quite a wind-fall. If the boys at Boulder do any better, we'll demand proof.

WTS quarters are two miles out of town on a hill, the airport is six miles across the valley and the Mesa Jr. College (coeds included) is in town. Naturally this provokes a demand for transportation which is neatly solved by three antiquated buses (each platoon appoints a driver). Sometimes ours needs the personal attention of a couple of the fellows who were "ex-mechs."

If you can cop a 3.0 at Cal Poly you'll do okay here. Just a note on the discipline. Lt. Lackey, R.N.O. rules with an iron hand and often metes out punishment to suit the crime; but the fellows know where they stand and Pre-Flight should come easier after this conditioning. We all feel that he has the best interest of the fellows at heart.

Sure they have an obstacle course—we're not that lucky—You know that fourteen foot job at Cal Poly, well it's twenty here and everyone runs it at least twice a week—There's no letdown but disparaging remarks are few. Frankly we like it and you will too if you're fortunate enough to land here.



THE PASSING PARADE

DECK RAMBLINGS



SUMMER SEASON ENDS

Crew seen in whites for last time this year

WHO'S NEW IN THE CREW!

Four more bluejackets reported aboard NFPS from NACSB, San Francisco, recently to assume various duties on the station.

R. A. Riley, S1c USN, is a survivor of the USS WASP which was torpedoed and sunk. Riley flew as rear seat man in Dauntless dive bombers and is anxious to get back in the air. He says his worst experience was paddling around in the Coral Sea with depth charges going off. His duties at NFPS center around the Recognition Training Office.

Donald Swinney, S1c, USNR, a native Texan, has been one of Uncle Sam's bluejackets since July 1942. While on convoy duty in the Pacific, he was accidentally injured which caused him to spend several months in Mare Island Hospital. He is now settled behind a desk in the Central Office.

Cecil Etter, S1c, USNR, comes from Oakland, Calif. and was assigned to

duty at the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, San Francisco, since his enlistment last October. Seaman Etter is now performing all the duties of a yeoman striker in the Officer of the Day's office.

Frank Chandler, Y3c, USNR, of San Francisco, went through "boot training" in San Diego and was then assigned to duty in the Selection Office, NTS, San Diego. He was then transferred to NACSB, San Francisco and remained there until reporting to NFPS, San Luis Obispo for duty in the Navigation Office.

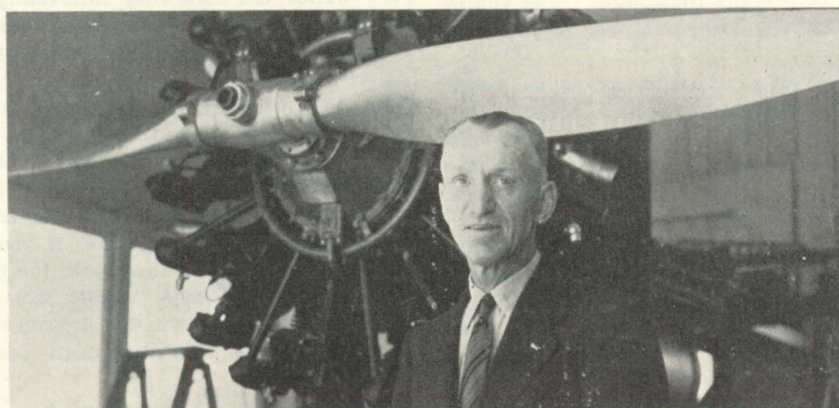
CREW IDENTIFICATION

(Left to Right): Chief Yeoman KACHINSKY—Central Office—In charge of crew; Seaman 1c RILEY, R. A., Recognition Office; Seaman 1c HERTEL, A. E., Gym Office; Seaman 1c FADDE, J. E. C., Gym; Storekeeper 3c WOOD, T. S., Supply Office; Storekeeper 2c REHBOCK, K. S., in charge, Supply Office; Seaman 1c WILSON, R. H., Gym; Pharmacist Mate 3c REYNOLDS, E. N., Sick Bay; Yeoman 3c HADEN, K. E., Central Office; Seaman 1c ETTER, C. E., O.O.D. Office; Yeoman 3c SNYDER, F. H., Post Office; Yeoman 3c CHANDLER, F. H., Navigation Office; Pharmacist Mate 3c SHUMAN, E. L., Sick Bay; Seaman 1c NAIA, M. J., Supply Department; Yeoman 2c BENNETT, H. W., Post Office and O.O.D. Office; Pharmacist Mate 1c SMITH, A. F. (on Transfer) Seaman 1c SWINNEY, D. B., Central Office; Pharmacist Mate 3c ROSE, T. D., Sick Bay; Seaman 1c McCLANAHAN, Supply Department. Missing in photo, but aboard Pharmacist Mate 2c MOREHOUSE, R. M., Sick Bay.

which was then called Sim's Prairie. His grandfather's homestead is now the present Wright Air field at Fairfield, Ohio.

Enlisted in 1916, Mr. Metz was connected with the United States Army Air Forces as a mechanic and pilot.

After World War 1 he worked for the Hanford Airlines as Chief Mechanic



ROY METZ

... pioneer in the field of aeronautics

MR. METZ—AIRPLANE HEART SPECIALIST

by G. Kolby, A/C Batt. 5-Plat. 4.

A better understanding of Aircraft Engines can be had only if someone who has been closely related to them is willing to help, and teach others.

A pioneer in the field of aeronautics, our engines instructor, Mr. Metz, has been very closely related to aviation from its infancy.

As a boy he herded cows on the adjoining property of the Orville and Wilbur Wright's first flying field,

is in charge of all servicing. He was later associated with Pan American Airways, Inc.

Recently, for a period of approximately one month, Mr. Metz has conducted classes in trouble-shooting for men preparing for line service and island duties at Pan American Airways, Inc., on Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay.

While at T. I. Mr. Metz was included in two 'test-hops,' accompanying the Flight Engineer, who was a former student of Mr. Metz.



"Hey, Dilbert! You just got a package."

SENIOR BATTALION

REGIMENTAL RAMBLINGS

By A/C E. R. Rogal

As the first strains of Freddie Koch's "Reveille" comes drifting through the barracks, all is quiet and serene, then pandemonium breaks loose as the Cadets realize there are only six sinks, three mirrors, and—for the more courageous, six showers.

Then the Mate yells, "Muster, on the double, for chow!" Return from breakfast, clean your room, muster for classes, after classes, chow, then everyone is in their room for a study period. The buglar, again, "Taps" this time—The Cadets hit their sacks—and then,—Reveille, again! Ah, me, for the life of a Cadet.

Have you ever watched "Mose" Mohan make chow disappear? The Sixth Batt. will put him up against the fastest eaters anyone has to offer.

Cadet C. A. Anderson claims he sure makes his roomies, Reg. Comdr. Reese and Wing Comdr. Rogal jump when he is room Captain.

—and by the way, did you know that our hard-bitten, nerveless, tobacco-chewing, hupenee hupenah, Texas, Regimental Comdr.'s first name is "SHIRLEY!"?

Tom Gay comes closest to being the Senior Battalion's choice for their sports champ.

The Ninth Battalion with its array of sport celebrities, snappy Marines, and all around good men are expected to establish some new records here, at Cal Poly.

Wanted: A picture of the "Kid" from Tiburon Tech, trying to make the obstacle wall.

Regiment's choice of "The girl they'd love to —" Carol Landis.

Next time you see Mr. Anderson, our well liked Navigation Instructor, ask him what "T T" means.

Wonder why "Hank" didn't introduce Lil to his best buddies?

As long as "Comic" Mackie and "Fateye" Boykin reside in Mariner Hall, you can rest assured peace and quiet will reside elsewhere.

Read the other day where an Army Mess Sergeant received the Legion of Merit for originating new menus from the leftovers. (I just hope Mr. Noggles doesn't get any ideas).

Cadet Fletcher, Batt. Comdr. of the Sixth, is bound to become one of the top fighter pilots in the Marine Corps.

The first Sunday the Regimental horse was available for riding, there were about two hundred and fifty ap-

plications! Poor Dobbin.

The Athletic Department now runs a special course in Engineering for talented Cadets—.

THE FAMOUS FIRST

The first platoon of Battalion six has more than lived up to the records set by previous firsts. All but a very few of our members were on the honor roll, the first nine places being held by us. Many athletic records were set by our men some of which we feel confident will not be broken. We are exceedingly proud of our men for themselves as well as for their achievements. Following is as extensive an individual prototype as the limited space will allow.

Al Pommerenk, an ex-marine, holds the dubious honor of our leader. To him goes the credit for our winning a place in the regimental drill competition.

Mike Cavill is a member of whom we are justly proud. Not only is he a fine athlete and an all-around good fellow, he has also established himself academically as one of the outstanding scholars of the Battalion. He heads the honor roll.

Fred Bussey is one of the most jovial and well liked fellows in the platoon. He has a well established reputation for timely remarks and a ready wit.

Ed Larson, is always around to take the edge off your appetite with delicious fruit from his family ranch at Loomis, California.

Gene Percival's ready smile and pleasing personality are always present to lend some cheer.

George Peart is almost unpredictable except for his eternal cigar and ever present radio. We became accustomed to these and discovered that George is really a fine fellow.

Bill Morris our other ex-marine is a perpetual threat to our sanity with his many dialects and dialogues. We may quote him as saying, "I was ovah theah!"

Max Donaldson is one of our outstanding trackmen and one of the easiest fellows to get along with.

Hal Airey's love for the sun and surf sometimes carries him away when it is time to muster. His aversion to physical labor didn't affect his fine scholastic achievements.

Mark Eddington's easy going manner is always a gentle relief from our fast moving program.

Dave Church is our outstanding artist. The miniature murals which decorate text books are a source of diversion from a drab routine. He also has a beautiful sister.

Al Otto is a character study in himself. His unintentional bits of humor often startle him as well as his colleagues.

Hugh Morris is a proud (?) possessor of an extremely fertile mind which often manifests itself in grotesque manual gestures.

Mike Michelson's inquisitive manner leads us to wonder whether or not two plus two is four. One must consider a minus two. Mike is an always will be, (Just curious to know).

Joe Ryan is an ex-member who left us for the Fifth Battalion. Obviously, by this achievement alone, he contributed much to our academic standard.

Sam Sandusky's quiet unassuming nature, is often appreciated in this far too fast moving curricula.

Don Monaghan's apparent ambition is to finish this stuff and move on. This is hardly prompted by a dislike but by an inherent impatience.

John Schmitt expended a great deal of his energy in getting the "old glide." He succeeded, but that was to be expected because he is a real "go-getter."

Jim Eakins has a silent but effective method of having his views brought to the fore. It was his quiet but forceful manner that brought us all to like him.

Paul Goddard's never ending joy was expressed by his roaring laughter. Through all his good times, he maintained a fine scholastic average.

Walt Selover would be an asset to any organization. His boundless enthusiasm never ceases to be admired. He is a well liked fellow who can find some good in anything.

Martin Andrew, or Andy is also an ex-member, having been chosen to leave one month early. The thing we miss most about Andy is his early morning humming. Among many other qualities, Andy's quick wit is outstanding. He could always be depended on for an appropriate remark. He is a member whom we were sorry to lose.

Bert Knight is California born and bred. He is a swell guy. Any organization could be proud to have him aboard. He has always held up his end of things in academics as well as athletics.

Bill O'Donnell left our group before we had more than started on this program. Even with this short acquaint-

(Continued on Page 14)

GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION VI Right Wing

Platoon 1: left to right)

First row: Donaldson, H. M.; Andrew, M. J.; Percival, G. E.; Peart, G. T.; Eddington, W. M.; Eakins, J. P.; Monaghan, D. L.; Schmitt, J. E.

Second row: Otto, A. P.; Goddard, P. L.; Selover, W. W.; Morris, H. H.; Pommerenk, A. C.; Ryan, J. L.; Larsen, E. A.

Third row: Covill, M.; Morris, W. J.; Sandusky, S. C.; Bussey, F. E.; Airey, H. J.; Knight, H. D., Jr.

Fourth row: Michelson, A., Jr.; Church, D. C.

Platoon 3 (left to right)

First row: Olson, D. L.; Foster, O. L., Jr.; Robinson, J. S.; Miller, J. T.; Smith, G. L.; McMahon, D. V.; Ortiz, J. E.; Moorbrink, A. C., Jr.

Second row: Forsgren, J. C.; Shaw, B. F.; Swan, N. K.; Smith, J. E.; Ronnie, S. J.; Bassett, J. E.; Tidball, H. E.

Third row: Pease, C. L.; Payne, W. J.; Hanni, G. C.; Tracy, D. K.; Anderson, C. A.; Michels, J. R.; Slenning, B. N.

Fourth row: Argentos, J. S.

Platoon 5 (left to right)

First row: Blaylock, S. A.; Germaine, R. V.; Perry, R. J.; Silva, G. F.; Todd, P. H.; McCoy, J. R.; Thompson, L. V.; Strybing, E. H.

Second row: Schaffer, R. A.; Holt, D. W.; Wells, R. E.; Coon, R. G.; Stack, W. E.; Tennant, C. L.; Traynham, R. H.

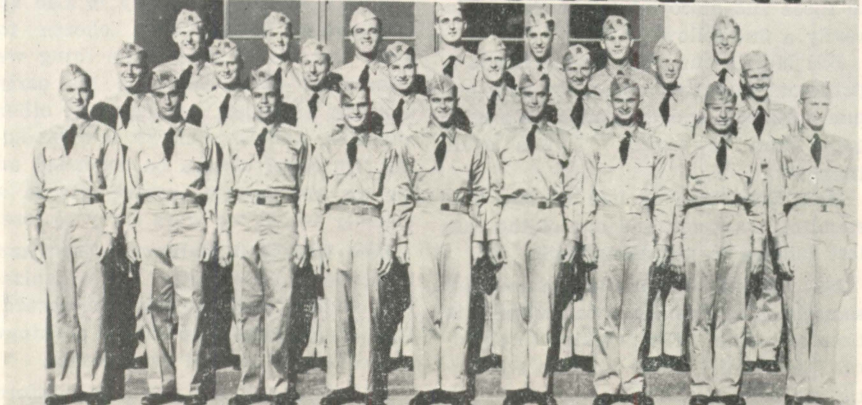
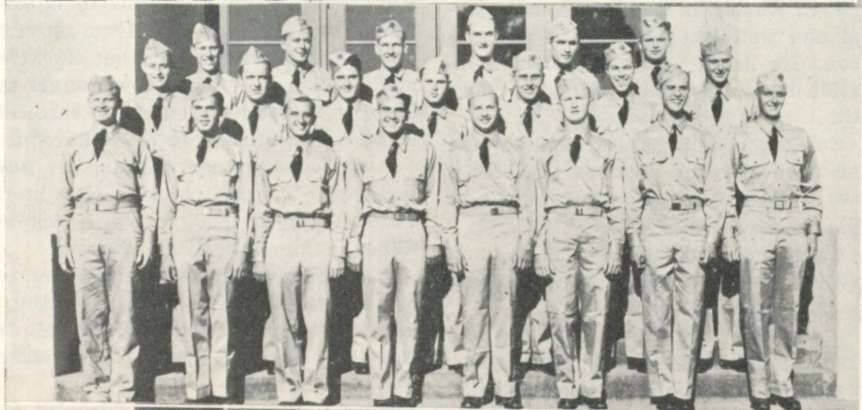
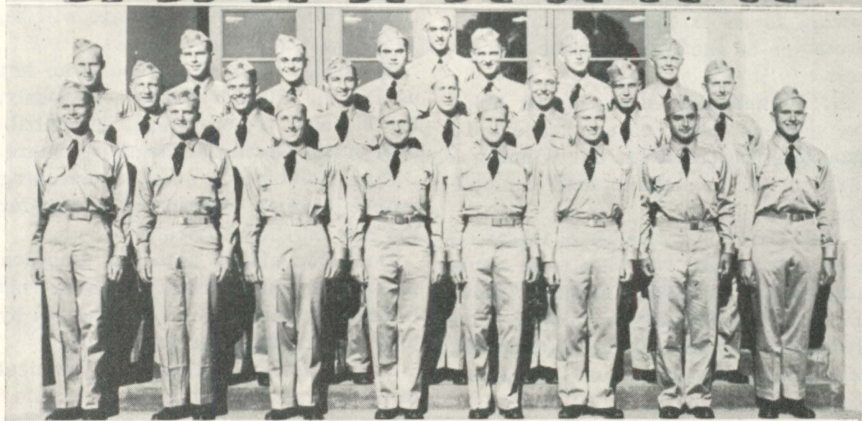
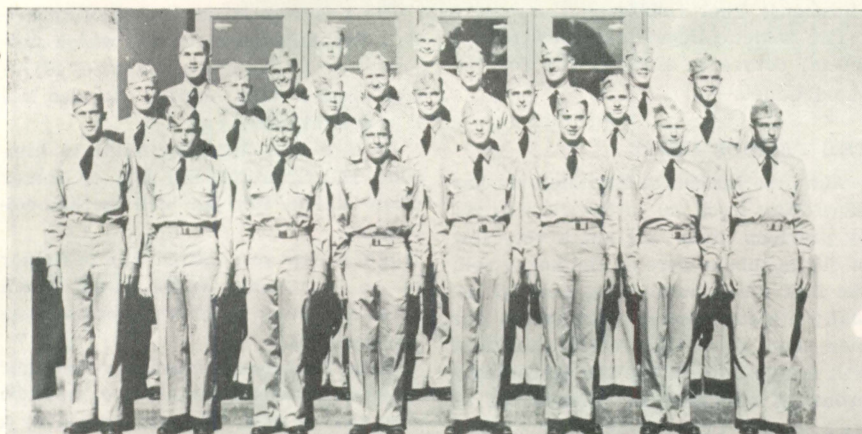
Third row: Peterson, R. M.; West, B.; Heltne, G. I.; DeLazzer, F.; Furtado, E. A.; Wiese, E. F.

Platoon 7 (left to right)

First row: Williams, C. L.; Bennett, R. P.; Stockton, R. H.; Douety, J. M.; Carillo, J. M.; Wild, B. F.; Bennett, M. T.; Dalton, R. G.; Brinker, E. W.

Second row: Singer, J. R.; Beauchamp, J. C.; Hegarty, J. R.; Uhte, R. F.; Widison, M. J.; Bemis, C. L.; Hardin, J. R.; Beckstrom, L. K.

Third row: Tveitmoe, O. A.; Wyand, D. M.; Vento, R. T.; Sheehan, F. F.; Beals, H. L.; Bradshaw, L. J.; Brown, W. A.



GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION VI

Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right)

First row: Gay, T. A.; Boykin, J. O.; Perscheid, G. A.; Adoradio, E. E.; Gilmore, J. F.; Fletcher, T. G.; Rogal, E. R.; Cook, J. F.

Second row: Hart, W. C.; Koch, F. L.; Mackie, R. E.; Colburn, S. A.; Hardin, J. R.; Reese, S. W.; Hirrel, C. L. Jr.

Third row: Fellows, J. C.; McDonogh, G. F.; Angolletti, S. V.; McHenry, W. B.; Kettleson, I. H. S.; Brunstein, P.; Hill, T. E.

Fourth row: Hamill, R. E.; Merriam, R. L.; Mohar, R. G.

Platoon 4 (left to right)

First row: Tolan, J. J.; Rock, C. T.; Evans, D. V.; Schumacher, W.; Silva, J. F.; Medlin, J. I.; Shimmin, R. C.; Sanchez, Y. G.

Second row: Frederick, M. I.; Savage, E. M.; Christensen, V. H.; Lischeske, C. R.; Larson, L. W.; Bucher, W. R.

Third row: Stevens, J. H.; Keyes, A. C.; Somers, L. W.; O'Drain, F. J.; Nammanny, N. A.; O'Connor, T.

Platoon 6 (left to right)

First row: Yaeger, C. W.; Finley, J. D., Jr.; Dacre, G. E.; Enser, W. H.; Wilde, B. L.; Sinicco, D. F.; Anderson, H. F.; Anthony, J. F.

Second row: Bernal, F. C.; Atz, H. W.; Haber, G. A.; Tibbals, D. C.; Barbee, B.; Gilfillan, R. D.; VanZandt, B. D.

Third row: Dean, W. I., Jr.; Williams, W. D.; Wyatt, W. C., Jr.; Barnes, W. J.; Wilson, D. E.; Anderson, C. R.; Dowling, K. J.

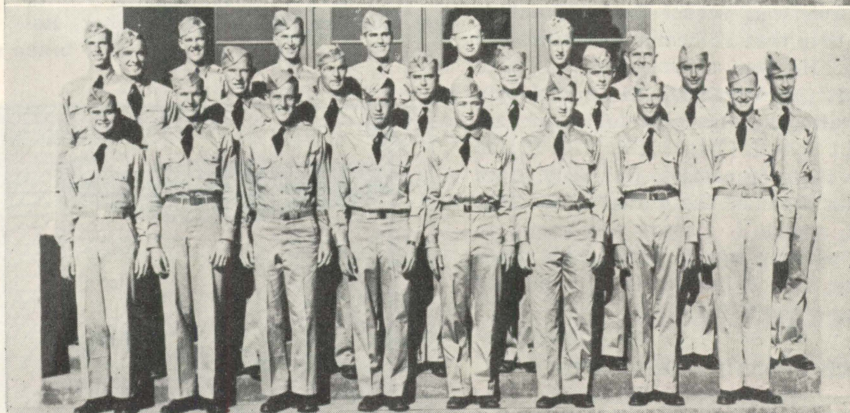
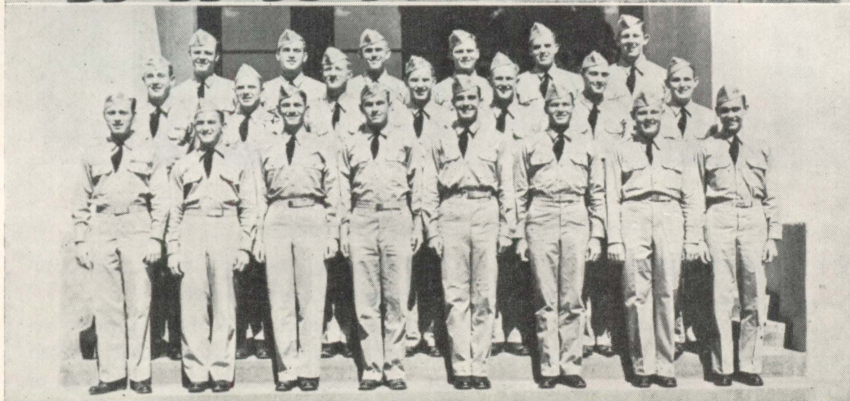
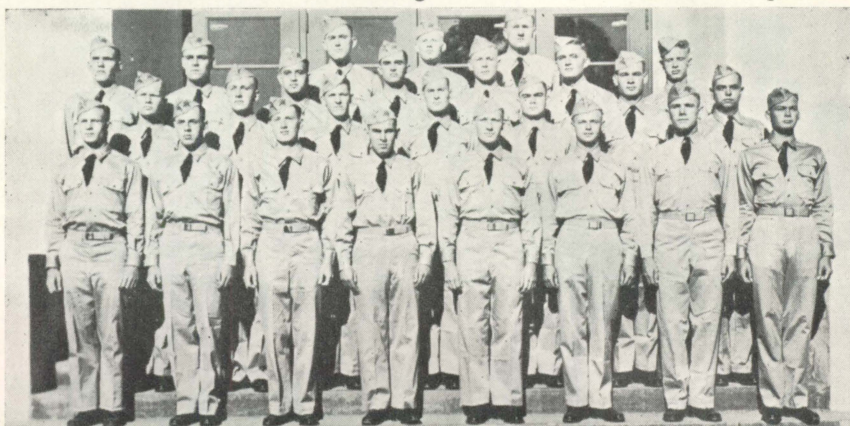
Platoon 8 (left to right)

First row: Weber, H. C.; Robbins, M. R.; Jones, P. A.; Sarff, G. L.; Tout, E. L.; Kelley, R. M.; Reddick, E. C.; Minchew, E. L.

Second row: MacDonald, N. K.; Morgan, P. V.; Ross, W. M.; Reese, H. L.; Hillesland, L. A.; Wyatt, R. W., Jr.; Krudwig, R. R.; Edge, D. E.

Third row: Phillyss, R. T., Jr.; Capson, L. R.; Pepper, V. H.; Seal, A. W.; Henderson, W. D.; Whitcomb, J., Jr.; Carney, J. P.

Notation: Cadets; Newmark, H. L.; Kiner, R. M., Absent when picture was taken.



SPORTS



LT. POLHEMUS

New PT instructor watches his tumblers

NEW P.T. INSTRUCTOR

Lt. (jg) Polhemus, new physical training instructor, was logged aboard August 22 to augment the present P.T. staff.

The Lieutenant is a native Californian, born in San Bernardino, Calif. He attended the University of Southern California, where he received his A.B. and M.A. degrees. He then undertook the duties of a Physical Education Instructor with the Los Angeles High School system. Later he became the Head of his department and at the same time coached his teams through several successful seasons of football and baseball.

With the gigantic expansion of the Naval Training Program, many competent officers were needed. The large majority of these were selected from the American School Systems, and it was thus that Polhemus came into the Navy. He was commissioned a Lieutenant (jg) March 31, 1943, and shortly thereafter he was sent to Naval Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N. C. It was from there he came to Cal. Poly. Here he has assumed the duties on the P.T. Staff, and he is already well-known to the tumbling squads. Among his other duties, Mr. Polhemus is to command the new Ninth Battalion.

SIXTH SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

By Robert G. Mohar

The Sixth Battalion in its fifteen weeks on board has broken many existing athletic records, setting new marks

in swimming, military track, and simplifying navy style soccer.

Military track came next, almost every previous record was either broken or seriously threatened. H. Airey, of the first platoon, ran to the "P" and back in 12:30 seconds. T. Gay, of the second platoon, broad-jumped 20'9" and has held the 100 yard dash record of 10.0 seconds.

Mike Covill, of the first, broke the running hop, skip and jump record by jumping 38'4". A new time of 2:51.1 seconds was set in the 8 man 220 yard relay by Bennett, R. P. Bennett, Wild, Uhte, Carrillo, Beauchamp, Bemis, and Brinker of the seventh platoon.

The very fast time of 1:41 for the obstacle course was made by R. Scabalund, also of the seventh.

Hart, Hirrel, Koch, Mackie, McHenry, Merriam, McDonough, Mohar, Rogal, Reese, Kettelson, and Hill broke

the tug-of-war record and set a new mark of 11 seconds flat. They are in the second platoon. The second platoon also holds the obstacle course relay record. E. Rogal, T. Hill, I. Kettelson, and R. Mackie made the course in 3:17.4 seconds.

In a regimental track meet the Sixth again took top honors, making 51 points against 45 for its nearest rival, Battalion Nine. Taking more firsts than has any previous Battalion, they swept all opposition from their path.

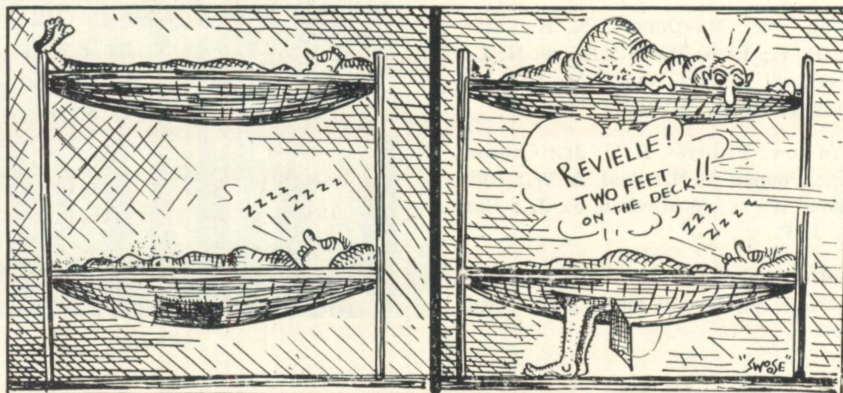
Eight first place banners fell to the Sixth. Tom Gay, Platoon 2, provided the greatest thrill of the meet by running the 100 yd. dash in 10 seconds flat—and in tennis shoes, at that. All in all, the brawn, speed and endurance of the men of the Sixth won the day.

INTRA-BATTALION BASKETBALL

Because of a medical restriction which kept cadets on the station Sunday, Sept. 12, the Sixth Battalion, under supervision of its Batt. Officer Lt. Lang, held an intra-battalion basketball tournament. Seven games were played before the final championship was won by the First platoon, which edged out the Eighth in the playoffs.

Final scores of the games were: Platoon 1, won over Platoon 3 by 34-22; Platoon 4 over Platoon 2, 24-16; Platoon 5 over Platoon 7, 47-41; Platoon 8 over Platoon 6, 49-20; Platoon 1 over Platoon 5, 42-26; Platoon 8 over Platoon 4, 31-18; Platoon 1 over Platoon 8, 43-32.

All men played good basketball and the following were selected as the All-Stars of Battalion VI: First Team—H. M. Donalds, forward (Platoon 1); F. De Lazzer, forward, (Platoon 5); W. M. Ross, guard (Platoon 8); McDonald, guard, (Platoon 8); and J. Silva, forward (Platoon 4). Second Team—F. E.



SPORTS



FOOTBALL . . . FRONT & CENTER
PT staff shows Lt. Comdr. Cook prospects on paper

Bussey, forward (Platoon 1); A. P. Otto, guard (Platoon 1); R. L. Merriam, guard (Platoon 2); R. M. Kelley, forward (Platoon 8) and R. Tveitmoe, center (Platoon 7).

SURPRISE DEVELOPMENT

A sudden decision by officers of this station declaring cadets eligible to play on Cal Poly's football squad in inter-collegiate competition as long as they keep up their grades has changed the complexion of the Mustang's 1943 prospects. With veterans and "all-conference" men from almost every college and university on the coast turning out for the first practice held Sunday, Sept. 12, Cal Poly will have the best team in its history. Already college officials are busy publicizing the squad as competition for the "Mr. Bigs" of the Pacific Coast conference and locker-room talk among the squad members shows no fear of a tangle with the University of

Poly's coach, Vernon Meacham, is being assisted by Lt. (jg.) B. Haines, All-American halfback in 1936 from the University of Washington, and a "brain trust advisory board" of all the other athletic officers on the station are giving plenty of their free-time help.

The next issue of the **ROUNDUP** will carry pictures of most of the squad members and complete coverage on practice, games, schedule, etc.

AQUATIC EIGHTH

By A/C H. C. Engle Jr.

Swimming has consumed most of the time and energy devoted by Battalion VIII to sports. At the outset, as with most cadet battalions, there were those that swam across the pool and those that swam from the top straight to the bottom. However, under the watchful eye of their instructor, Lieutenant (jg) David, most of them now swim at least a 45° angle to the bottom.

However, the Eighth did have some outstanding swimmers. Two of these aces were Sanford Huff and Bill Simkins. Cadet Huff was on the Granite High School squad at Salt Lake City, Utah. He was a member of three state high school championship teams produced by Granite, and also swam in some of the AAU meets. Cadet Simkins, in his second year of competitive swimming, swam on the University of California varsity squad; he was one of three freshmen on this squad. While at U.C. he and two fellow frosh broke the frosh medley relay record. Although the backstroke is his specialty, Simkins also set several meet records in other strokes while attending El Segundo High School in Los Angeles. He, too, swam in some PAA and AAU meets.

In the sports squad competition the Helldivers came out on top, with the Avengers close on their heels.

The Eighth Battalion meets its next challenge to bone and muscle in the field of tumbling and wrestling.

OPEN LETTER TO THE 9TH BATT

Undoubtedly you have heard something about the athletic and physical fitness program for naval aviation cadets. You probably are wondering just what it is all about and what it means to you.

In the first place you will receive basic instruction and squadron competition in swimming, gymnastics, and tumbling, wrestling, soccer, military track and basketball. This will be a foundation for the athletic work that you will receive at more advanced bases.

Through this and additional work in mass exercises and hiking you will get into good physical condition. Statistics show that the average cadet gains 8 lbs., increases his chest 1½ inches, reduces his waist 2 inches.

You will develop the will to win and recognize the value of a good healthy body exhilarated in the satisfaction that comes from a daily work out.

More important, you will build habits of conditioning that will carry over through your training period to the time when you are a full fledged pilot in combat, where physical condition often makes the difference between success and failure.

The Navy has been long aware of the fact that there is a high correlation between physical fitness and the ability to fly modern operational type planes. Men in top shape can stand higher altitudes, pull out of steeper dives, resist "blacking out," withstand fatigue better than those who are not.

Cadets from this station, who have graduated before you have set up enviable records in athletic achievement at pre-flight schools.

Regardless of your past experiences you will all have an equal chance here.

The fitness program in Flight Preparatory Schools is not designed to be all drudgery and hard work. A greater portion of it will permit you to let off steam and have a lot of fun.

Take this phase of the training with the enthusiasm and good spirit of preceding battalions.

You can not help but improve yourself thereby contributing to a group of the best pilots in the world who will ultimately hasten victory.

Lt. (jg) J. M. David
Physical Training Department

GOLD BRAID



LT. DOUG SMYTHE

... takes pride in twin sons, age 3-1/2 years.

MEET OUR GENIAL EXEC.

By P. E. Patton

Lieutenant D. W. (Doug) Smythe, Executive Officer at this station, was born in Strawn, Texas, and lived the early part of his life in and around Fort Worth, Texas.

Lieutenant Smythe attended Texas Tech and Western State of Colorado, graduating from the latter. At these schools he excelled in football, basketball, and track. Before entering the Navy in June 1942, Lieutenant Smythe was head coach at San Bernardino Junior College. His success there is indicated by his eight years of service at that school.

It is a natural thing for Lieutenant Smythe to be affiliated with Naval Aviation in view of the fact that he one time was a licensed pilot. Indoctrinated at Annapolis, Mr. Smythe's first assignment in the Navy was the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board at Los Angeles. From there he was sent to Pre-Flight at St. Mary's where he handled the class football competition. On January 7, 1943 he came aboard at Cal Poly and has served as Executive Officer since that time.

On a recent air trip with Commander L. H. McPherson in an SNJ, Mr. Smythe visited various WTS Schools in the Naval District. At Susanville and Beckwourth he saw our old friends Bruce Smith and ex-Regimental Commander Van Kirk. They both agreed that Cal Poly Cadets won't realize what a good thing they have until they leave.

At St. Mary's it was reported to Mr. Smythe that the cadets received from

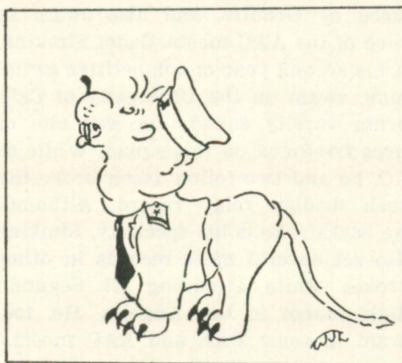
Naval Flight Preparatory Schools were much better prepared for the Pre-Flight work than those who have not had the benefits of such schools.

Mr. Smythe takes greatest pride in the fact that he has 3½ year-old twin boys, Tom and Pete. His main ambitions at the moment are to best Lieutenant Haines on the golf course, and to go to sea.

NEW CADET QUARTERS

Arrangements have recently been completed by the Navy to take over the facilities of the NYA unit at the base of the hill below the "P." Facilities for housing 200 cadets, mess hall, recreation hall, and gymnasium are available.

Necessary legal arrangements must be made and a few changes and repairs completed. When that is accomplished, much needed accommodations will be enjoyed by the increasing complement of cadets, which will probably soon reach a maximum of 850.



"It's a P-40-E, I can tell by the sound of the motor."

(Continued from Page 9)

ance we can truthfully say that we hated to see him leave. His mild manner was pleasing to everyone.

On Exodus we would like to give a vote of thanks to our patient instructors without whose aid this success saga would not have been possible.

SAGA OF THE SECOND

If we wanted to sound worldly we could say that the second is quite a cosmopolitan group, but it would be more appropriate and in accord with the spirit of our worthy organization to say that we are indeed a motley crew. We number twenty-five. Twenty-one men from a variety of states, colleges, fraternities, high schools, shipyards and farms,—and four ex-marines.

Our four Marines have done more than their share in carrying the banner of the second to the heights. Shirley (Reveille) Reese our battalion commander and Tom (Going to the dogs) Fletcher, left wing commander put our name in the higher circles while Ed (God's gift to the working girl) Rogal holds the club over our platoon and Jack (Drummer) Cook takes top honors as our navigator.

We likewise boast a contingent of four ex members of the Colorado Chamber of Commerce; Bob (Moose) Mohar (mention football and his ears stick straight up), Inor Kettelson who is famous for his "Cadet Kettelson, sir," Joe (Spider) Fellows our clown, and Bob (Sleepy) Hamill the dearth of the security watch.

Let's glance now at the California gang. There's Tom (Ears) Gay our track man, Emery (Smokey) Adoradio, Jack (Toughy) Gilmore, Russ Mackie the big noise in recognition, Jim Hardin the cut plug Dan'l Boone, Lowell (Sealed with a kiss) Brunstein, Sam (Angel) Angoletti, Sanford (Hungry) Colburn our yodeler, and Tom (Too young to be frapped) Hill.

We can't overlook those three buddies Walt (Dead Reckoning) MacHenry, Bob (Bubbles) Merriam or Nautical Jerry McDonough, Charlie (Socks) Hirrel the boy with the laugh and Jim (Fat Eye) Boykin.

DON'T THINK THIS AINT BEEN CHARMIN'

What? Why, the pleasant memories of Platoon 3 at Cal. Poly. It really isn't hard to recall the sound of dear old B. N. "Cumulonimbus, Ma" Slenning's "square away quickly" ringing clearly to everyone in the platoon except C. "A" "Late to Muster" Anderson, who by the way piled up a tremendous amount of fraps and mustered the 'Boys' for code review every other week.

After Ma's atten-hut has been sound-

GRADUATING BATTALION

(Continued from Page 14)

ed it can clearly be seen that J. C. "Pick Out the Queen and Date her" Forsgren is still dressing and expectorating his toothpaste of that morning; also "O." "L." "Look Here, Son" Foster is having trouble popping his eyes open—you see it is Monday morning and the boys have had a hard weekend which is nothing unusual for the 'Girl-killers,' Foster, D. V., "I only got ten letters today, phooey!" McMahon, and G. C., "Oh! What Beautiful Beasts Were There Last Night" Hanni. Then "Ma" starts the boys marching enroute to 'Dixie' for chow; while waiting to enter it is not hard to overhear the Ex-Marines, J. S. "Move Out Down There You People" Robinson and S. J. "Darn! My Average Dropped to 3.99" Ronnie, discussing the glories of the corps.

Well, the boys are now seated and J. S. "Mate of the Table Again" Argentos is trying to discourage H. R. "What Am I Going To Do When Both My Girls Get Here At Once" Twichell from drinking his per usual tenth cup of coffee, and watching in terror as the milk pitchers' contents trickle down B. F. "Tarzan" Shaw's throat as he dreams about the glories of 'Atlas' dynamic tension method of enlarging the biceps. Down the table a ways you can see in the eyes of J. E. "Step in Every Mud Puddle" Smith the dreams of five 4.0's in navigation and next to him the downcast look of C. L. "Fire Engine" Pease because he had to dust the bed springs one morning and found only \$10.00 instead of \$20.00. How about that?

Next we find Platoon 3 on its way to classes; J. E. "Youse Guys" Ortiz is in charge (everyone got a crack at running us into the ditch—they all did well too!). Well, J. E. "Hot Foot Crazy" Bassett gets all set to warm the very sole! of N. K. "Don't You Dare Cut My Hair Again" Swan, but Atlas he is caught cause "Let's knock that stuff off, huh?" is the command of Ort.; W. J. "Draftwood" Payne just keeps thinking about the obstacle course; you see, he isn't yet aware of the fact that swimming is over!

Time flies and next we find the boys, after a hard day's work, settled down for a couple hours of good hard study, oh yeah! Well, at any rate, they retire to their rooms and D. L. "Play Me Some More Swing Records, Buck" Olson is really hitting the books when A. C. "Shoot Me the Jam, Sam" Moor-

brink begins to chatter (in circles) about his good grades in recognition, ready—Now! Across the hall we find J. T. "Over and Under, Up and Down" Miller trying to get J. R. "I Gathered My Family About Me" Michels to buy some cigarettes of his own some day.

The only guy in the platoon that doesn't get the breaks is H. E. "I Want to Get Married Quick" Tidball and believe me, his roommates suffer—I know.

—D.K.T.

DREAM OF THE FOURTH

To celebrate the end of hostilities the FOURTH is going to throw the party that was planned for their first overnight at CAL POLY but didn't go through because of Cadet Regulations.

Lieut. Lang is presiding over the festivities; he rises to give an opening speech, "Gentlemen, I mean,"—that's as far as he gets for in walks John J. Tolan the speed king of the Fourth. His 151.32 mph. record for midget auto racing is now official. Tolan immediately musters the fourth and begins the roll call. Bill Bucher, who is still just as quiet as he always was lets loose with "Heh Suh." Vic "Lucky" Christensen is behaving lest he should get stuck again, although he surely wasn't stuck with "Patty." Dave "Fraphappy" Evans is still worrying about those fraps he got for missing P.T. Red "GI" Fredericks doesn't answer, but he phoned ahead that he would be there if he can sneak out the window. (An old CAL POLY trick). Art Keyes is there, he left his girls waiting outside. Leonard Larson dropped down from Colorado to let the boys know that the pills are still keeping him alive, and of course Lischeske is still singing of his girl in Red Wood City, with the typical Lischeske smile gracing his face. Jerrell Medlin knocks on the door with his hard head and busts into the room with his old room mate "Muscles" Nammanny in tow. Terry O'Connor the spark plug of the fourth as usual is the life of the party.

Frank "Zootsuit" O'Drain is there, zoot suit, hair cut and all. I don't know what Sparks Nevada will do without its biggest little spark for Cliff Rock is at the party also. "Doc" Savage is waiting for someone to put up their dukes so he can run. Bill Schumacher arrives with his caddy, Izzy Sanchez, who will provide the music for the party with his harmonica. He is playing a song written by that popular song

writer Joe Silva. Bob Skabelund is sitting in the corner mixing the chemicals for the party. Larry Somers is cutting his classes at "CAL" just to attend. "Old Faithful" Jordan Stevens still has that same old grudge to settle. "Rollo" Shimmins has closed his meat market but as usual has the situation well in hand. Tolan has now completed the roll call and Cadet Regulations are being broken by the score.

As Lieut. Lang has often stated, "You Naval Aviation Cadets are the pick of the Crop," I might add here that the fourth Platoon is made up of the choice pick of the crop.

THE FIGHTING FIFTH

The Fifth is known as the happiest platoon on the base. Do you know why? Although some fell by the wayside for different reasons, the great majority have fought their way through. Some of us had trouble with physics but "Bernoulli" furnished the needed lift. Everyone has their hopes of being sent to a certain N.F.S. school but the outcome of this is not your "pigeon."

Speaking of individuals the Fifth has its share. Bob Wells "Pretty Boy" may have a Mechanics Shop in Greely, Colorado but Ev' Strybing wouldn't allow him to work on his bicycle. George Silva (Cadet Silva Ma'am) is a hustler, it must be his voice. Ed Wiese, the best liked man in the platoon surprised everyone including himself by having one of the best records in the "balloon."

Burke West proved he was a good ex-marine by getting himself engaged to a local fem. "Skylark" Heltné used to be a nice boy but that was in College. By the way, what school did you attend, G.I.? Ev' Strybing claims he's from New York City, but I'll bet he spent most of his on the other side of the river. If you don't believe me listen to his lingo. Ed Furtado is our speed merchant, but he's very liberal with his money. Last month he gave his whole check away. Phil Todd has more "jive" than his legs can stand. With his laugh, and jitterbug talents he is a one man show. Grant Raswell Coon is a dangerous man with a gun. Notice he always has a gal no matter what be the odds.

Dick "Midget" Perry might not pack much weight but he's dynamite when it comes to brains and speed. Bob Petersen, "Come on, West, let's have some excitement, I'm almost broke." Chet Tennant seems to be the only man who can keep warm in the chow line. Who wouldn't with a new flight jacket?

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GRADUATING BATTALION

Bob Traynhorn is the most promising flyer we have. If he's restricted on a week-end, look for him at the Anderson. Frank Delazzar, "Give me Judy on Saturday night and I can do anything during the week." Bob "Muster on the double" Germaine has his dislikes, one is Code Review. Bob Schaffer "But I thought this was an 'R' problem." Ward Holt says, "Give me a picture magazine and I'll do my studying tomorrow."

This about closes the first chapter for the Fifth. My wish is that we meet again at St. Mary's.

YO MATES—THE SIXTH!

We're the "Cweam of the cwop." And so's the Sixth. And that's straight dope. Twenty-six of 'em in all.

To begin with, a straight dope from Arkansas, Andy Anderson, tall, tow-headed, and terrific with the gals. And speaking of gals—seldom spoken of, indeed. There's Cisco Wilde, a truly great lover, and that r-r-r-ite flank stuff of his has nothing to do with military maneuvers. And Wyatt and Wilson, from Denver for sure, went to church. Met two. Made dates. And speaking of sports-starting now. Four from Long Beach or thereabouts make the nucleus for all of the sports teams. A crack bunch—Barnes, Barbee, Anthony and Howdy Anderson. Of course, they're heavily supported—most heavily by heavier than aircraft Gilfillan, the "blowed-up" blimp. Also, Indian boy Enser claims he's not an Apache so he must be a mustang. Little Caesar Sinico keeps up the weeping and sees that the teams are not taken advantage of.

Then there's Yaeger, Yager, Yardley, and Yeckl. Charlie Yaeger should be mentioned with those who really get around. Bud Yager with Limpy Haber really know how to identify the fast fiftieth flashes in recognition. That's right, they sit together. And D. Dacre, whose picture is in many recruiting offices, believes he is an ace since he knocked off six zeros in recognition. Dr. Jeckl Yeckl and Cadet Yardley along with Porky Tibbals should knock down several planes some day, including a few of the enemy's. The Sixth lost a good boy. Bernal, a Marine in the Navy, probably didn't know the difference between a battleship and a chorus girl, but then he'd probably never seen a battleship. The leader of the "gang," Ken "There's No Strain" Dowling would be the leader by popular choice if the Sixth controlled the ways. Dad Van Zandt is the father of the "Gang," although he'd refuse any re-

sponsibilities for 'em if in a sane mind. Curley Finley will catch up on navigation when the course is discontinued—maybe. But then he wouldn't have to worry about navigation, the birds would guide or chase him into port. And last but not least, two drinking partners (cokes and seven up since that's all they can drink now) Schemmel Williams and Schemile Dean never quit fighting. "Vell, who vill pay for zis one?"

—H. A. W.

SMASHING SEVENTH

Throughout the history of mankind the number "7" has been associated with good fortune and success. There are some who claim that the great success of the 7th may be attributed to this phenomenon; however, we who were there are quite certain that it was a simple case of talent plus effort.

As a platoon, our career commenced with a definite 1st in the Battalion Drill competition, advanced to new records in both the 4 and 8 man relays, and reached a glorious climax when awarded the Dr. Samuels 'self-perpetuating' trophy for the greatest number of shot reactions of all time.

As individuals we are unsurpassed! Since our arrival at this "kultur kamp" each member has distinguished himself with outstanding prowess in one field or another. First and foremost record smasher is John "Iron Man" Beauchamp who led both relay teams to new records and cracked the broad-jump mark by a 'mere' foot. "Cad" Beals holds the "world's" record for orally "knocking things out of his noggin." "Becky" Beckstrom, one of the intelligentsia, holds records in Flight, Aerology, Engines, and Joviality. "Chuck" Bemis, on both relay teams, and claimant to the title of letter receiver par excellence. M. T. Bennett, another ironman, on both relays and one time holder of the obstacle course record. The other Bennett, R. P., holds the outstanding record of most time spent at this base in re liberty; this is confirmed by his grade average. Bakersfield's gift to softball, Jack Bradshaw, a natural Casanova claimant, a pitcher on two counts in softball and woo! "W.A. H.S. SO₃C Frap" Brown, our regimental cheer leader, all-around stout chap and only living example of positive triple camber. J. M. Carrillo, nephew of Leo, our favorite movie actor (?), member of both relay teams and favorite protege of Arthur Murray (it says here!). For irrelevant statements such as "I understand, but!", "Shorty" Dalton takes it. The "operating" duo, "Ari-

GRADUATING BATTALION

zona" Doughty and Fresno "Wildcat Style" Brinker, two of the smoothest. Battlescar Enterprise Hardin, the man (?) who lends the salty atmosphere to the 7th. J. R. "from Lardnose to soft-heart" Hegarty, our Dauntless platoon leader and Boston's gift to the Pacific Coast, who was instrumental in pushing us on to greater heights. Mr. "H" says, quote, I'm weary from pushing you people to all these records! unquote. John, the Avenger Singer, twice breaker of the obstacle course record. Dead-End Stockton, a diamond in the rough who polished off the backstroke record. Twent-Tveitmoie, leading man of the 7th. Uhte, relay member and co-holder of letters received. "Russ," man's best friend, Vento, league leader in fraps held until the inspection purge of August 20. A comedian unique. "Life's" pin-up boy for August, M. J. Widdison, the only Congressman in V-5. Ferd Wild, boogie-woogie boy and holder of new hop-step and jump mark. "Corky" Williams merits diStinKtion for receiving the widest variety of per-fumed fragrance in his woman's letters. D. M. Wyland, current holder of the obstacle course record and all-around good fellow. The hop-step and jump mark was held for one stupendous leap by "Bookworm" Sheehan, "Frisco's Finest!"

This is the glory of the "Smashing Seventh." A glory unseemingly vital to the general public, but vital in the minds of those who compose the two dozen strong. As the first leg of our training draws to a close we look back with pride and thanks; pride in Batt. VI which we believe to be the best ever, and thanks to the officers and faculty who have done their all to start us successfully on our way. May following Batts. share the same success that we have had; they can ask for nothing more.

—Franklin F. Sheehan.

THE FROSTING ON THE CAKE

Do you save the frosting off your chocolate cake for the final bite? So it is with the mighty Sixth Battalion and its EIGHTH PLATOON—always last but never least. Here they come now with their luggage on their backs. You won't believe it, but it looks as though they're moving again!

Old MacDonald had a platoon, ee-ay-ey-ay-oh; and he's calling out that cadence in true Marine manner. With that step you'd think Liberty Hound Minchew was trying to get in before taps again. And you can't miss Tackle Seol. He's big, he's heavy, and he's

probably whistling. "Might be Right" Henderson is still wondering why they wouldn't let him work his math problems on a slide rule.

And then of course there's Gold Brick Kiner. We were afraid that he wasn't going to be with us, but once we got him away from the officers' mess and those nurses at Camp San Luis, it was O.K. You just can't separate Smoothie Pepper and Stockingcap Phillips; and in case you can't tell them apart either, Pep is the one who gave the exhibition dance at our first Batt. hop while Phillips is the brainy boy who almost went out with the Fifth. And Slim Joe Whitcomb. He may be a whiz in Nav. class, but that night he was bringing those two women back in their car and still trying to get in by Taps, he really got off course.

That loud noise you hear is Windy Newmark, the baby of the outfit. Our nomination for model cadet is H. La Vere Reese and then his roommate, Muscles Reddick, who came so close to the obstacle course record. Well, here's John Paul Egghead Jones with his blood curdling laugh and those God-awful stories. And that joker Daddy Ross. Are you diggin' it, Doc? Yeah man!

Live alone and like it Capson and Dit-da-da-da Dit-da-da-dit Carney. He looks like an oldster but that boy can run. In case you can't see his face, that's Taut there—his nose buried in a gouge sheet and out of step as usual. Lindy Hillesland is probably devising some devious method to do that last physics problem and It's Absurd Morgan seems still trying to perfect that new cadence. Minnesota Scrapper Sarff looks as glum as if he had just swallowed a keg of nails.

And here comes Little Nap Reveille Webber. His love life ranges from thirteen to thirty-five. Hog Caller Wyatt can't be overlooked with that stride and that happy who-keers-smile on his face. Computer Edge Cook's very sad. Oh, why wouldn't those formulae work in recognition? With Betcher Robbins it must be love. No, his hands can't be in his pockets this time 'cause he's reading another one of those blue letters. And Barracks-Boy Krudwig. He never goes on liberty, and all his mail comes sealed up in tin cans.

And that's about it. There they go, all twenty-five of them. No, wait, there is still one more running down the road and trying to catch up. You can tell its Bowlegs Mike Kelly all right—he's still tucking in his shirt.

—Victor Morgan.

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PICTURE GAL OF MONTH

What's the matter, cadets. Are you bashful or hard to please? Here we are at Angelus Engraving company just sitting around twiddling our thumbs each month waiting for pictures of local cuties from which we can pick the "Picture Gal of the Month." What's the matter this month? No photographs—but one excellent soft pencil drawing by Cadet John E. Bassett of Center, Colo., (Batt. 6, Plat. 3) of a beautiful "43 dubarry." Now, of course, if Cadet Bassett sketched the above from life, we take back what we said about cadets being bashful.

Lady: "Could I see the Captain?"

Sailor: "He's forward, Miss."

Lady: "I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys."



INCOMING EIGHTH

Them day's are gone forever . . . too late to go back

OUT OF BOUNDS

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?"



Sailor: "What sports do you like best?"

Chorus Girl: "Those who are free with their money and known when to say good night and go home."

He did her wrong
He did her dirt
'cause now he courts
Another flirt.

One of our more conscientious flight instructors was demonstrating the effects of alcohol on the human body. First he inserted a lively worm into a glass of water which had no effect on it. He then inserted it into a glass of gin where it quickly died. "Now what is the moral of that little demonstration," he asked?

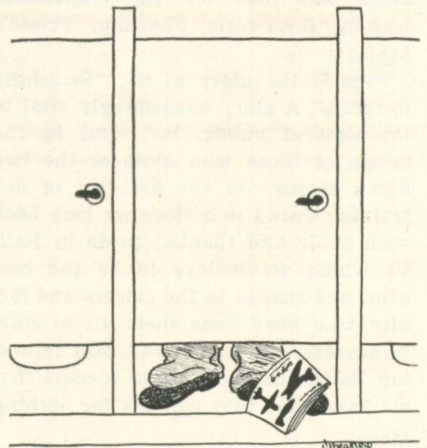
Cadet Glade—"If you drink gin you'll never have worms."

Mary had a little skirt.
She stood against the light,
Who gives a damn for Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight.

Mary: "I think Richard must have a lot of untidy officers in his squadron."

Caroline: "What makes you think so?"

Mary: "Well, he often writes and tells me that he had to clean up the officer's mess."



OUT OF BOUNDS

OFFICERS NOSE OUT CREW

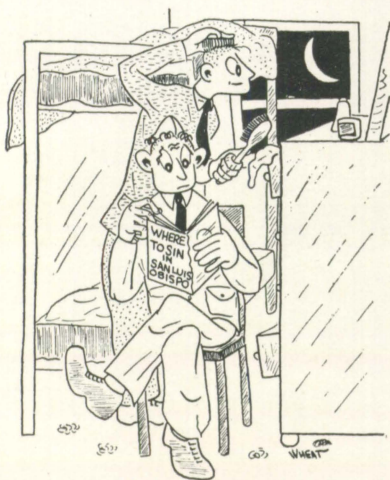
In a closely fought baseball game on the Cal. Poly. field, the officers of NFPS beat the enlisted men, by the close tally of 5 to 4. Both teams were evenly matched and it was anybody's game until the ninth. Hurling for the Goldbraid was Lt. (jg) Thomas, a veteran of college baseball. He had plenty on the apple and was never in serious trouble. Lt. Lang caught and "Talked it up."

For the crew, pitching honors were divided between s1c John Fadde and s1c Wilson, both from the Gym. staff. They pitched tight ball, and several of the runs made by the officers were unearned.



"What are nacelles, mother?"

I'm done with all dames.
They cheat and they lie,
They prey on us males
To the day that we die
They tease us and torment us
And drive us to sin—
Say did you see that blonde
Who just walked in?



LAMENT

The plane I got was tied with strings
And when it flew it flopped its wings.
The dashboard had some surplus junk
From some garage.

A dingbat here for timing eggs,
A gadget there for tapping kegs.
They'd strap me in and then they'd say
"Just jerk the stick and fly away."

Damn right!

"Just jerk the stick and fly away,"
Why wait for Gabr'l on All Man's Day
"We tell you, friend, it don't pay,
Life's too short here anyway."

I hadn't nerve to solo fly;
So I went up with an older guy,
In a flabby plane with two controls.
Shot to Hell, and full of holes.
At a thousand feet this silly plover
Loosed his wheel and dropped it over.
Said, "Now Bud, just fly away;"
But he couldn't fool me thataway
I just grinned and he turned blue,
For I'd loosed my wheel and dropped
it, too!

And then there was the one about
the girl that stole her mother's corset
and didn't have the guts to wear it.

(Continued from Page 4)

"Hey, Andy, when do we get our issue?"—I'm afraid we were on the point of being strangled by a patient man!

It seems as if choosing officers is like a shotgun wedding—"For better or worse—or else!"

We had our talks—Lieutenant Commander Cook, our Skipper; Lieutenant Harris; Lieutenant Miller; and on down the line. We sat goggle-eyed at the neat gold braid and insignia. "Gee, wonder if I'll ever get there." (Note: We paid attention—honest we did!)

Some day there will be great things said about Eighth Battalion. In the near future there will be shining heroes from the ranks of the new Battalion. Until that day it's—"Muster on the Double!"—"Stand Up and Sound Off, Cadet," "Knock It Off," "Taps—pipe down," and—"Reveille—Hit the Deck."

Oh, well. Some day!

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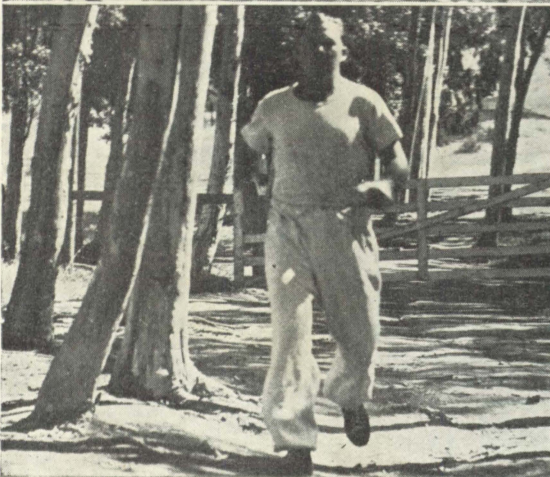
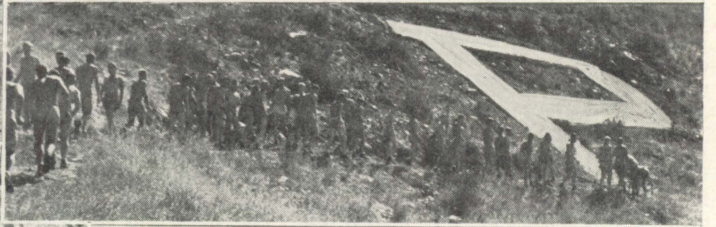
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 route . . . bovine curiosity . . . but the
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