

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE **Archives**
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NAVY DAY ISSUE

•
Elmer Writes
Home

•
Big Send-Off

•
600 Men on a
Horse

SWEETHEART PARADE

•
Graduating
Battalions'
Photos

•
Art by Cadet
Stevens

•
So Little Time

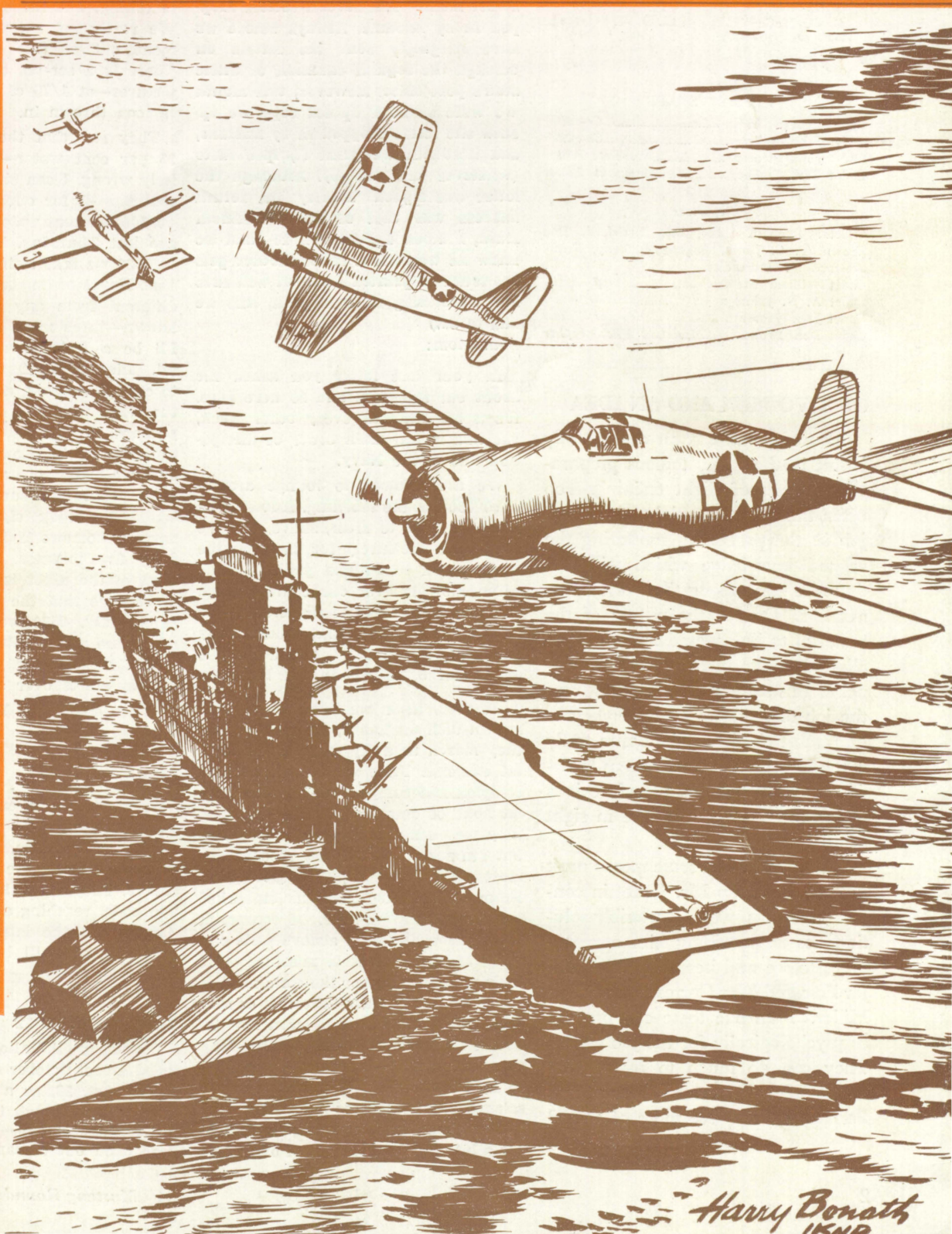
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OUT OF
BOUNDS

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Cartoons

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CAL POLY
NEWS

OCTOBER
1943

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25 Cents



Harry Bonath
IKND

Mustang ROUNDUP

California Polytechnic College Naval Flight Preparatory School

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OF TWO MEN AND AN IDEA

Too often an earnest desire to fly is lost in the many tedious preparatory courses of flight training. Too often the cadet loses sight of the real job in the process of mastering the related knowledge which will one day rate him among the world's best aviators. Due to the nature of the material to be covered and the time allotted to its mastery, the personnel of this station are insulated from the job of flying to a greater degree than most civilians. The desire to fly is the impetus which causes us to deliver our best efforts, therefore it is imperative that this end be in sight at all times.

It is obvious that some means must be found to keep Mr. Cadet in contact with his war. A possible solution lies in providing him opportunities to see and hear men like Major Foss and War Correspondent Bob Miller. Men like these can prepare us psychologically for the job ahead. They can do much to insure that every cadet delivers his best efforts. Perhaps we may see more of them?

—CADET J. ELLIS.

THE EDITOR'S LOG

A MISDIRECTED LETTER

(Editor's Note: The boxes installed in each barracks for contributions to this magazine have long been a disappointment to members of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP staff. The most we ever got out of them were several cigarette butts, one cigar butt, the beginnings of a mother rat's idea of Home, Sweet Home—and several letters dropped in by mistake. Always before we have obligingly sent the letters on through the regular channels of Uncle Sam's post office. However, this month we were so hard up for copy we opened one letter dropped in by mistake, and herewith we print it, ipso facto (whatever that means). Although the letter was signed "Elmer," the return address was that of Cadet Kenneth Hack, Platoon 4, Battalion 10—and we know he won't care if his mother gets the letter in printed form—it will save her translating it to English, like we had to do.)

Dear Mom:

In your last letter you asked me about our schedule, and so here goes. It's a bit different every other week, but this is the main order of dissipation due to the Navy.

We are allowed to lounge around until 0530 in the morning. Allowing us plenty of time to dress, shave, etc. We must amble leisurely for chow on the double with or without pants at 0545. After chow is over our courses start. Our first class is domestic science—we have to make our bunks, square away our gear, sweep and swab down the decks and bulkheads in our barracks.

At 0700, after we have those well-known dishpan hands, we muster, and they march us away to get some mental exercise. First we get an hour of complex and complicated physics, then an hour of dots and dashes—at least, they may come in as dots and dashes, but I'm sure that they are recorded by most of us as—*87%43"@:~"@@!!!. From 0900 to 100 finds us embarked on navigational courses. Of course, at least one of the boys always yells out, "One of my aircraft is missing." 1115 finds us mustering for the class headed by Madam Grundy—chow. It doesn't take long around here to learn how to act in the mess hall, but it takes less time to forget it—therefore, fraps. 1145 to 1230 finds us again indulging in the science of all sciences—domestic; polishing shoes, and generally trying to get a bit of enjoyment out of our over-

work. 1230 musters us for announcements. Lieutenant Thomas, the battalion commander, always has something of importance or impotence to say to us—usually how many fraps we received the day before. 1300 takes us to math—need I say more! At 1500 we muster and march to recognition (I don't know why I keep mentioning marching, but that's all we ever do.) We really get a great deal of enjoyment out of this recognition class. There is a screen, and we get to see pictures—at 1/75 of a second with no cartoon thrown in.

They say that the human body is 95 per cent water—someone is definitely wrong. I can cite examples to the contrary—I, for one. I am now 99 to 99/100 per cent water, as of two weeks ago last Thursday. You see, Ma, 1600 to 1730 we take swimming. May I say that Naval swimming is 100 per cent different from any that I have ever known—three more weeks of this and I'll be a full-fledged fish—scales and all. Lieutenant David doesn't seem to care if we sink, as long as we do it the Navy way. The Navy decides that perhaps we are a bit hungry by this time, so off to chow we go. 1930 till 2115 we make poor attempts to accomplish what I'm sure only Einstein could do—study eight hours of abnormal homework in one hour and forty five minutes. 2145 brings taps. Most of the night is spent waking up to be sure that the mate of the deck is on duty. 0530 we hear in a loud masculine voice: "Revellie—HIT THE DECK!!!" and the whole 67&\$@DE process starts over again.

Your loving son,
ELMER.

WELCOME NEWS

Sweet music to ears of Tenth Battalion cadets was announcement that starting with them, blinker would be dropped from the communications course. They will take only semaphore and code, reaching a speed of 14 wpm (actual) in the latter before leaving here. Blinker will be given hereafter at Pre-flight.

THEY EARNED IT

Cadets of Battalions 7 and 8 enjoyed a cool October day at Morro Bay Friday Oct. 22, as a bit of relaxation after going through the strain of final exams. Biggest worry that day: how to keep sand out of sandwiches.

ON BOARD

BIG SEND-OFF

By John Gleason

Hep, Hep, soocha swellegant jive convention as CP has never seen came to an end on early Tuesday morning of the week the 7th and 8th Batts. bid a fond farewell to Flight Prep. The boys really did themselves up proud, importing a bevy of chic chicks to augment the supply of local belles Mrs. Cook dished up from the front burner. And with ninety-seven of the winsomest women to be culled from the Rainbow Girls, the Telephone Co., and other well-springs of feminine talent ready and awaiting the prehensile arms of the future birdmen, the cadet who got bounced for being stag should have spent the rest of the night running the obstacle course; he just didn't get into the grab-bag soon enough.

The SLO USO gave us a lot of much-appreciated assistance in the way of a ballroom, setting up the Navy Day motif decoration in conjunction with Lts. Bonath and Haines, Ens. Klages, Mrs. Cook, the Cadet Regimental Commander, Dutch "I Am the Law" Hofmeister, his sub-commander, Gus Shannon, Pete Alby, C.O. of Batt. 7, and seven or eight other stalwart cadets. And the serving of coffee, ice cream, and Gold Wings surmounted cake at the half.

This affair was also a redletter day insofar as we at last took our greens out of mothballs, and so could really strut our stuff. You could practically hear the feminine hearts turning flip-flops inside their formals—and that's one thing Lt. Polhemus doesn't teach in tumbling.

As Cal-Poly's supermen arrived they were received at the ballroom by Lt. Cmdr. and Mrs. Cook, Lt. and Mrs. Haines, Lt. Cmdr. and Mrs. Samuels, Lt. Hains, Batt. Officer of the seventh, and Lt. and Mrs. David of the eighth; Lt. Cmdr. Hunter, USNR, Athletic Di-



ACE OF ACES
Major Foss tells 'em

rector at St. Mary's, Lt. Cmdr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Lt. and Mrs. McKillup, from the USCG base at Morro Bay, Col. and Mrs. Speratti, the new C.O. of Camp SLO were the guests of honor, and also invited were Mr. McPhee and Mr. McCorkle, president and ass't. respectively of CP and all Navy instructors, along with Lawyer Shipsey, who's in charge of SLO's Navy Day celebrations, and Mayor and Mrs. Kimball were also very much in evidence to lend their support and good wishes to those leaving. It seems like the King-for-a-Day seniors were as generous as Lend-Lease to everyone except to their own dear buddies of the ninth and tenth.

The music was supplied by the Special Service Unit of Camp SLO. Really a solid group of melody makers as any goove-gremlin will acclaim. There were several "names" in the orchestra, but because of regulations it's verboten to mention them in print.

Altogether, the officers, guests, the 140 cadets and their dates, had one good time, and its their consensus that it's going to take some fancy stepping by the ninth and succeeding batts. to top it.

MARINE ACE

At the graduation of the sixth battalion, America's number one ace Major Joe Foss delivered to the massed regiment an address in which he stressed the necessity for adequate preparation of pilots. He told of a great and increasing need for men who can not only fly but for men who can take orders also. After his address to the regiment he delivered an exclusive talk to the graduating battalion.

Before he returned to Goleta where he is stationed at the new marine air base, he demonstrated a few aerial acrobatics in his Corsair over the campus. The major has returned to the country to form a squadron of his own. Before he left Cal Poly he said, very casually, that he expected to see many of us in his squadron before much time is past. There is no grade too steep nor course too difficult if that end is in sight. We'll be looking forward to that, Major Foss.

WAR CORRESPONDENT

By John Ellis

In the second week of October the rumor factory here at Cal Poly was working overtime. One afternoon the word circulated that a famous war correspondent would be aboard that night to tell us firsthand something of the Jap fighting man and his equipment. That evening many of us were surprised to see a civilian dining with the Skipper in the mess hall. The stranger was a small man in a gray suit with a big grin. Here was Bob Miller, war correspondent extraordinary: a man who had just returned from a year of reporting from the scenes of battles. A man who had spent

ON BOARD

a year in the South Pacific, had spent five months on Guadalcanal, had been the first correspondent to land there. He is one of the few men who saw the beginning and the end of that campaign. He had worked with Marine intelligence when most of their staff had been wiped out in a Jap ambush. Here was a man who could tell us what we wanted to know. After he had spoken that night he consented to answer questions. He answered every question that a regiment of aviation cadets could think to ask.

The story he had to tell was not encouraging. Our preparations for offensive warfare in the South Pacific were inadequate. In the first stages of the campaign the equipment that our forces had to use was not as good as that which they faced. What was won and held in the earlier stages was won and held by good thinking and even more by guts. The only plane that we could put in the air against the Zero was the Grumman Wildcat F4F. This is not as good a plane as the Zero, but the caliber of our pilots compensated

for the inferiority of the craft they flew. Our supplies were so low that captured Japanese food accounted for two out of three of all meals had on the island.

On the lighter side, Correspondent Miller told about a colonel of the Marines who was forced to send his tank unit into battle in a cocoanut grove that was not considered good terrain for tank operations. Therefore the colonel issued orders that the tanks were to proceed the length of the grove and return immediately, destroying whatever guns and other equipment they could on the run.

The unit was commanded by a lieutenant from the South. The lieutenant took the tanks into the field and proceeded to duel with the Jap guns against orders. He stayed there for the better part of an hour. When the tanks finally returned a little worse for wear, the colonel was damn mad. The hatch of the first tank opened slowly and the lieutenant popped his head out. Then the colonel let loose. After he had finished, the Southerner

drawled, "But, Colonel, we were having such a good time."

Mr. Miller noted that the job done by the PT boats off Guadalcanal in the final stages of the battle was probably the factor which decided victory in our favor.

He concluded by saying, "There is a serious tendency to either under or over estimate the ability of the Japanese. Either tendency could prove fatal. Know this: the Japanese were defeated, defeated beyond any doubt; but it was a hard job. They equaled us in both tenacity and courage. In the end our supplies got through. Theirs did not."

600 MEN ON A HORSE

By Don Brown

We've heard of three men on a horse; but—well, 600 is about three too many—so the horse tells us. The horse in question is none other than the regimental horse purchased with money from the Welfare Fund, so that cadets on liberty with an inclination to rough it could do so—and how!



SIX HUNDRED MEN ON A HORSE

...is at least three too many, says disgrusted regimental horse

ON BOARD

Have you ever tried saddling a horse?—you tenderfeet, I mean? It's a lot of fun, depending, of course, on what you mean by fun.

Our horse seems to be very impolite. The other morning I tried putting a—what-do-you-call-it into his—ah—her—at—its mouth, and it very calmly stepped on my toe. Who's been teaching it manners?

This affair was full of surprising incidents. For instance, whenever you see a person saddle a horse in the movies (and until a few short years ago I was very much interested in that sort of thing), the saddle just sort of slips on as if it were meant for that horse and that one alone. When I tried to put the saddle on this one, it slipped around (the saddle, I mean), like it was about three sizes too big for the animal. Maybe I should have tried to fit it for size, but there apparently wasn't anything around for measuring it, so I just took one at random. (I hope Lt. Comdr. Cook doesn't have me put in the brig for this.)

After a brief but intensive struggle, I showed the critter (Western influence) who was boss. Then, calmly picking myself up out of the dirt which surrounded the place (and it seemed to have a peculiar odor for dirt) I proceeded to throw the saddle on like a real cowboy does. That didn't work, for every time I threw, the horse would do a fancy jitterbug step and evade me. I finally mastered the business and got the saddle on, but it looked very unstable up there all by itself. Guessing that the pieces of leather and rope that dangled underneath were for tying it on, I used them for that purpose. Not knowing any fancy knots, I tied them in an "everyday, granny" bow—which seemed to work.

By the time I got the horse ready to ride, I was politely informed by the cadet next in line that my time was up and it was his turn to ride. Oh, well—maybe next time I'll be second in line.

SWEETHEART PARADE

We present the staff's choice of the sweethearts of cadets from Battalions Seven, Eight and Nine. From Batt. 7 we picked Collen Van Noy, entered by Cadet D. A. Berrett (Platoon 9), and Jackie Smart, entered by Cadet E. Chituras (Platoon 10). From Batt. 8 we picked Bernice King, entered by Cadet L. G. Specht (Platoon 6), and Larrine Burton, entered by Cadet C. Clyde Woolstenhulme (Platoon 6). From Batt. 9 we picked Ardis Jeppsen, entered by Cadet John Pers (Platoon 8), and Frances Greenburg, entered by Cadet Ray Ham (Platoon 2).



Collen Van Noy



Jackie Smart



Bernice King



Larrine Burton



Ardis Jeppsen



Frances Greenburg

ON BOARD



CADET WINTERBOURNE

Quote ... I don't like stags ... unquote

NAVY CROSS HERO

Cadet Joseph Lee Brandon, who moved in with the Tenth Bat. as a transfer from the Marines, is the holder of a Navy Cross, awarded for rescuing an officer from a burning plane following a crash in Quantico, Virginia, on October 20, 1941.

Brandon, although severely burned in the wreck, managed to return and carry Lieutenant William Dean, of Hopkins, Minnesota, to safety before the burning ship exploded. He was awarded the decoration by Marine General Giger at the North Island Base several months later.

A native of Jonesville, North Carolina, Brandon served ten months in the Pacific Area as a radio gunner on a torpedo bombing plane. He is adjutant officer for the Tenth Bat.

ORCHIDS TO MRS. COOK

On behalf of the many V-5 men who have passed through the portals of Cal Poly, this writer wishes to thank Mrs. Myrtle E. Cook, wife of Lt. Comdr. Cook, for the grand work she is doing in providing a bit of social life for the cadets aboard.

With the help of Mrs. Culp, Mrs. Cook has worked hard to coordinate military life with social life. Every battalion, with the exception of the first, has had the opportunity of be-

coming acquainted with the Rainbow Girls. These young ladies are not only present on Sunday afternoons in Ship's Service, but also on special occasions.

BATTALION SIX'S DANCE

Two views of the best-decorated dance

Soon after the Fourth Batt. exchanged sport suits for G.I., it was suggested that there should be Sunday services held aboard. No music,

(Continued on Page 17)



NINA MATHEWS SERVES 'EM

...and do the cadets like it ... but definitely

DECK RAMBLINGS



ENSIGN KLAGES



SK 1/c REHEBOCK



SK 3/c WOOD



S 1/c McCLANAHAN



S 1/c NAIA

WAR OF SUPPLIES

Cadets and officers who daily fight the "Battle of San Luis Obispo" are dependent on "supply lines," although they are probably less appreciative when a shipment arrives than were the weary Marines who held Guadalcanal. However, when an issue of raincoats and rubbers preceded a rain storm, even the most cynical of cadets had to admit that the supply lines to NFPS at Cal Poly were functioning.

Credit for making the navy supply department here run smoothly is due

Ensign K. S. Klages and his staff of four enlisted men. Lt. (j.g.) O. W. Smith, NACSB in San Francisco, oversees the activities of the department on his regular visits here. K. S. Rehbock, SK 1/c, is in charge of the actual handling of the thousands of items of equipment and supplies which are issued here. Assisting him are T. S. Wood, SK 3/c, L. M. McClanahan, S 1/c, and M. J. Naia, S 1/c.

Each cadet at this station receives his first uniform issue of 19 items, which with additional equipment is-

sued at other stations is designed to last until the cadet finishes the training period and is commissioned. Worn-out or damaged issue can be replaced by purchase.

The athletic equipment issue is actually in the form of a loan, and is not considered part of the uniform gratuity.

IF WE HAD ICE . . .

Two former members of the Ice Follies are doing their stretch here as members of the Tenth Battalion. They



G.I. CLOTHES ISSUE
...displayed by Supply Dept. personnel



WHEN THE RAINS COME
Cadet Bassian seems surprised that it fits

DECK RAMBLINGS

are Robert Widholm and Murray Galbraith, who skated five and four seasons respectively, in all parts of America, with what is generally rated as the greatest ice extravaganza in the business.

Widholm, a native of Minneapolis, Minnesota, attended the University of Minnesota for a short time before becoming a professional skater. He enlisted in V-5 at Seattle, Washington, and had his papers transferred to the San Francisco command.

Galbraith is a little out of the ordinary in that he never learned to skate until he was 16 years old, although he lived in Canada and was the son of a former professional hockey player.

He took up skating while living in San Francisco. A brother, Ensign Sheldon Galbraith, who is now a flying instructor, was also a member of the Ice Follies cast. Cadet Galbraith was a Pacific Coast Senior fancy skating champion. After touring the whole country with the show, he lists Washington, D.C., as the worst place he ever stayed.

LADY NAVIGATORS

Three women, all with scientific and mathematical bent, aided and abetted by extensive university training and teaching experience, are giving cadets at Cal Poly the elements of navigation for use against our country's enemies. They are Miss Hope A. Jordan, a graduate of the University of California; Mrs. C. L. Johnson, an alumna of Stanford; and Miss Florence R. Anderson, whose alma mater is UCLA.

Miss Jordan, who majored in science

and mathematics at UC, taught physics and chemistry first at Hayward High school, then at Ventura High school. She came to California Polytechnic to teach mathematics and science in 1922, and remained at this institution until 1933. During the last six years here she taught college mathematics almost exclusively. Because of a change in the program at Cal Poly, she left in 1933, and taught for some time in the City schools. She returned to Poly last February to teach mathematics after taking a short Navy course of instruction at Liberty, Mo., under Commander Harrell.

Mrs. Johnson was teaching at C.A.A. school before coming to Cal Poly. She did graduate work at the University of California after leaving Stanford, and has gotten as far north at Alaska in her travels. Her husband is with the Army air corps, but Mrs. Johnson prefers instructing the Navy to any other teaching, she says. "The cadets are all swell fellows," she remarked; "but some of them had better wait till there are signposts in the Pacific before they try to navigate there."

Miss Anderson, who holds an M.A. in mathematics, did her graduate and undergraduate work at UCLA. A native of Los Angeles, she taught for several years at Compton Junior College before coming to Cal Poly last March. According to Miss Anderson, the cadets "are very fine fellows," and she enjoys teaching mathematics very much. Her hobby is ice skating—she was learning when she came here—and she's still enthusiastic about her summer in Mexico two years ago.



*RILEY AT SWITCHBOARD
helps keep it open 24 hours*

THE LIFE OF RILEY

One of the ambitious enlisted men aboard this station is Anthony Patrick Riley, 21 years old, French-Irish, native San Franciscan. Riley, in the regular Navy, saw most of his duty on the late U.S.S. Wasp which was sunk by enemy action. He flew as a machine-gunner, or rear-seat man, in a Douglas divebomber, and saw his first combat action at Guadalcanal and Florida Isles. He was aboard the Wasp when she went down, and his story of that action will be printed in this magazine.

Riley majored in Fine Arts and Drafting in high school, and he figures maybe some of his talent along this line led to his being assigned to the Recognition department here. Formerly he was with NAS in Alameda, under R. Adm. Harrill, then to Mare Island Hospital. He was with the NACSB in San Francisco just prior to his assignment here.

Questioned about his ambitions, he said, "Aeronautics fascinates me. I'd like to be one of the nursemaids for the child 'Aviation.' I want to watch it grow: make myself part of it."

Although Riley likes it here at Poly, he says "It's probably the best duty a guy could get in the Navy—next to flying," he wants to get back into action. "There's a lot of us Limited Duty guys going back out there. I, like they, have a few scores to settle."



*THREE LADY NAVIGATORS
Miss Anderson, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Jordan*

GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION 7's WOES

In the middle of the night, with the sauce of fraternity life yet on our lips, the crimes of commerce still on our hands and the toils of shipyard labor buried deep in our conscience, we, the members of Battalion 7, were greeted as we stepped off the local milk train to be indoctrinated into Naval Flight Preparatory routine. As our baggage was snatched from us we snapped to attention and marched out of the slovenly habits of civilian life into the gates of naval tradition.

As we tottered aboard at 0500, it was evident that the majority of the cadets aboard had not been on our reception committee to meet us at the train. But none of us turned back.

We went through the various academic courses like a dose of salts (it says here). Then came the midterms, and some cadets realized that Mattie's wasn't the best place to study. In fact, some of them traveled south to San Diego by the sea for the winter.

Most of us sailed through swimming, tripped through tumbling, and fell over the obstacle course.

Weekend wrestling at Avila and trying to probe the local feminine atmosphere shared the Seventh's social spotlight. The Seventh should be complimented by the other battalions for its thoughtfulness in eating weekend meals ashore whenever possible—thereby easing Cal Poly's dietician's labor troubles.

Eighty of us were allowed to give the Navy's traditional Hip Hip Hooray for only two battalion's graduations. Fifty of us will log as cheering for three battalions. Thanks to the "Bug" seven of us will have cheered for four battalions (the eighth counting as part of the seventh).

But no matter what our position is at present, we have all appreciated having Lt. David as our battalion officer and are glad we have assimilated some of the naval knowledge to which we have been subjected here at this station.

BATT. 8's CHARACTER MUSTER

By Don Brown

We've been on the base for two and a half months, and we still haven't gotten our wings—but are we sharp? The scuttlebutt has it that we get our wings in a few weeks now—oh! Well, so it is 48 weeks (we hope).

We still don't know all about everybody in the battalion, but we have

found out a few things about a few people. Ya want a frinistance?

Cadets with other members of their families also in the service are plentiful—here's a few: Andy Myser—father's an officer with Army Air Transport Command, brother, 1st Lt. in QMC "somewhere in North Pacific"; John Hegarty—uncle a Lt. Comdr. in Navy; Marshal Fox—father is CPO in Navy; Robert Dinsmore—uncle a colonel in Army; Jack Phelps—father is major in Army.

For our own service flag: Bill Hart was with USMC for 3½ years, saw duty in South Pacific and went to Q.M. Sea School; Ole Woods also in USMC for 3 years, with duty in South Pacific

as radio operator; Andrew Myser was a quartermaster instructor in the USCG and also served with the diplomatic corps at Rotterdam.

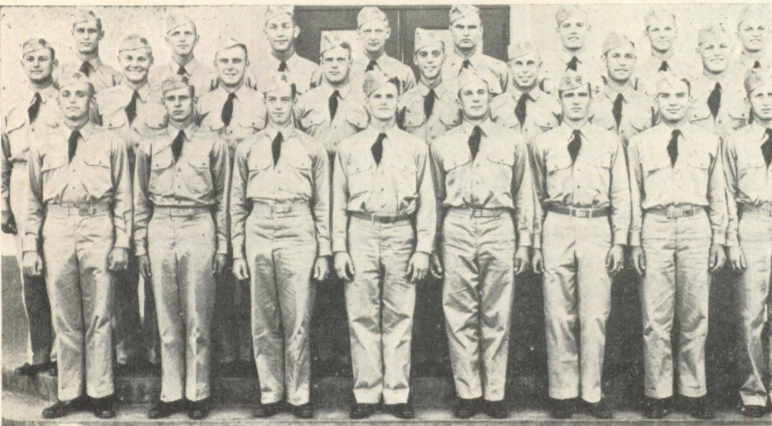
General characters of interest: Dave Anderson worked as a stevedore at the Pacific Naval Air Base, Hawaii; Fred Hillebrandt went to college at Hasler Gymnasium, Denmark; Glenn Menhennett (as Irish as Pattie's pig) went to college at Notre Dame; Sanford Huff, senior bugler here at Poly, came from Utah (along with about half the cadets on the base), where he participated in State Championship swimming meets in high school; and all the rest of the boys in the battalion but we just didn't have room.



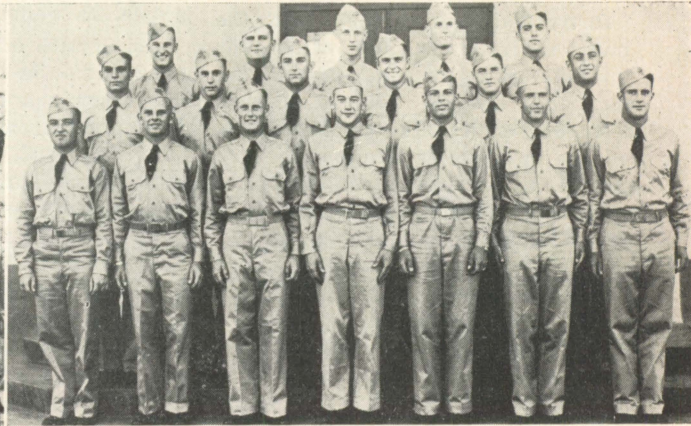
A CADET'S DREAM

from an oil painting by Cadet Wm. Stevens

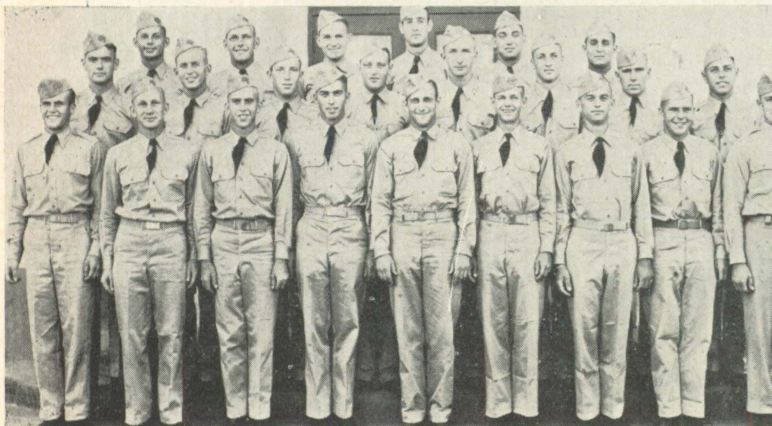
BATTALION SEVEN



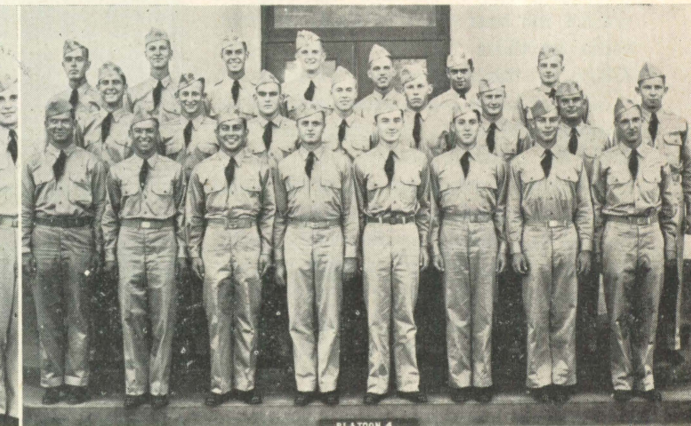
PLATOON 1: (left to right) *First row:* V. B. Dean, P. W. Wagenbach, L. D. Michaelson, P. S. Hofmeister, D. U. Johnson, L. F. Coward, P. F. Arnold, W. A. Creer; *Second row:* R. H. Lenson, V. H. Hider, N. L. Barnes, C. G. Callard, P. J. Genereux, J. R. Cleek, H. G. Watts, W. E. Trumbull; *Third row:* W. E. Sharp, M. H. Smith, B. L. Smith, L. R. Livingston, H. Keyser, H. E. Meyer, W. H. Bryant, E. C. Merrill.



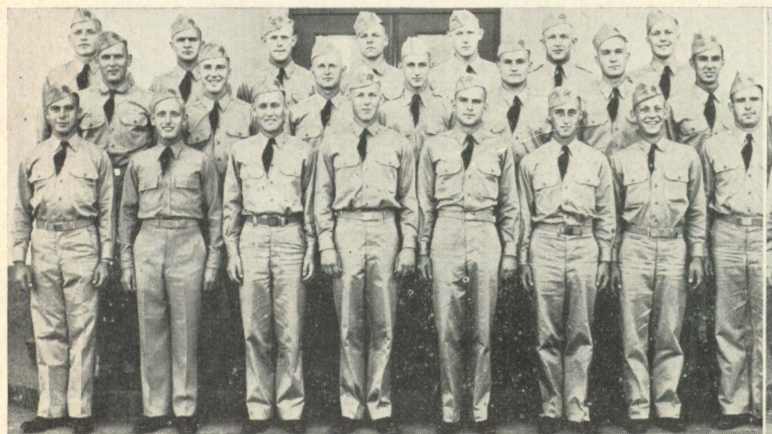
PLATOON 2: (left to right) *First row:* L. S. Livingston, R. K. Jensen, R. G. Ottesen, W. H. Gates, L. E. Uman, Q. C. Goode, F. C. Danner; *Second row:* Dr. R. Stephens, R. E. Newman, L. H. Crase, V. B. Jeter, D. A. Welch, P. F. Albi; *Third row:* J. T. Thorne, B. C. Boothby, B. W. McGrady, J. C. Byas, J. A. Sheppard.



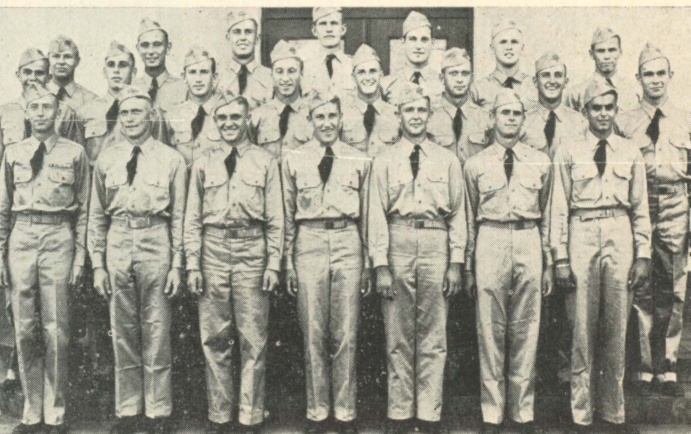
PLATOON 3: (left to right) *First row:* C. L. Tonnesen, B. W. Muggleston, J. F. Miles, J. W. Pefley, R. M. Mitzberg, J. F. Lee, N. F. Lingsch, J. R. Wailes, H. R. Miller; *Second row:* H. A. Linquist, H. H. Sorensen, E. C. Nelson, J. B. Vaughan, T. E. Scheurich, P. R. Wells, W. C. Havcran, R. E. Price; *Third row:* T. G. Sawyer, L. G. Shannon, R. D. Thompson, E. L. Timble, W. M. Smythe, C. D. Stephens.



PLATOON 4: (left to right) *First row:* T. P. Goodall, J. Labrasco, G. Fratis, D. D. Watson, H. P. Wolfe, V. DeSciote, G. F. Allard, E. R. Wallace; *Second row:* R. H. Koobatian, J. L. Cooley, P. M. Bailey, R. S. Bean, J. M. Burger, R. H. Brock, A. Fisicaro, A. W. Knudson; *Third row:* H. G. Amundsen, K. H. Beckman, F. C. Jones, J. J. Devine, D. A. Berrett, L. E. Bushey, E. F. Anthony.

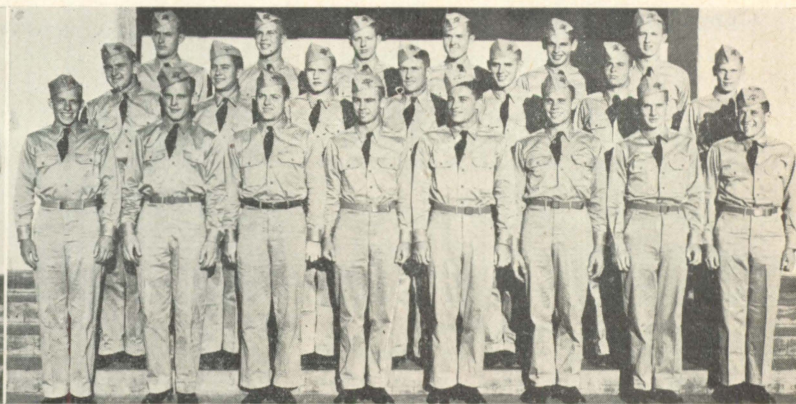
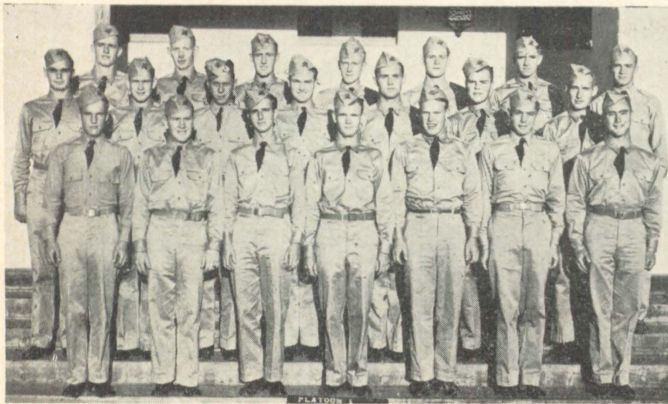


PLATOON 5: (left to right) *First row:* M. Smith, R. W. Larson, C. M. Lincoln, C. C. McCall, W. L. Peck, D. E. Markham, R. R. Mitchell, A. N. Sharp, C. C. McCall; *Second row:* L. M. Phillips, R. B. Ulm, R. W. Meyer, E. B. Scofield, S. P. Dotur, J. E. Simmons, W. N. McNaughton; *Third row:* R. J. Kenney, B. R. Myers, D. M. Pfeifer, A. C. LaGrange, W. J. Long, J. T. Staup, D. M. Ruhkala.



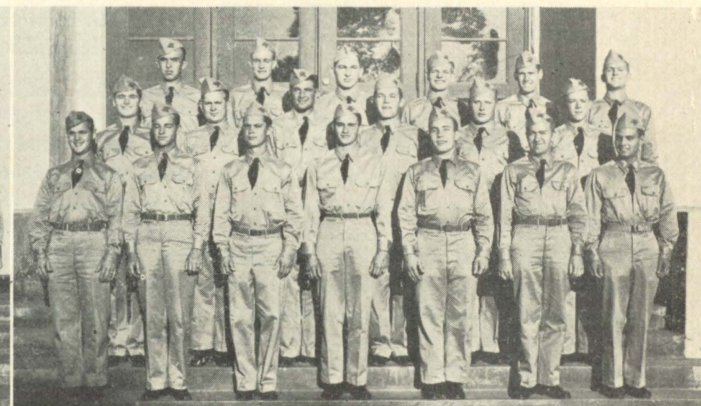
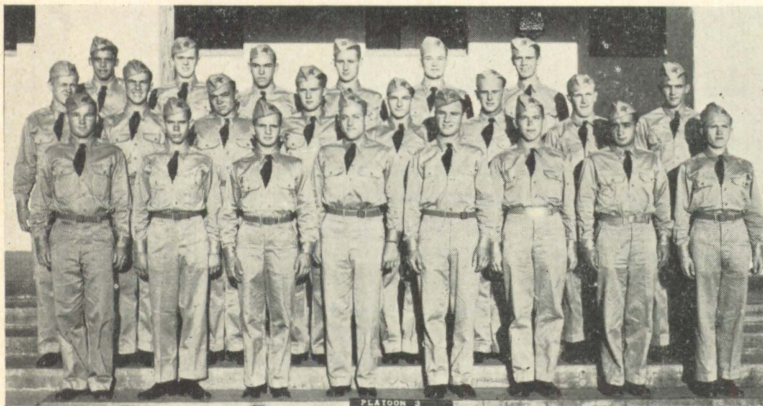
PLATOON 6: (left to right) *First row:* K. J. Fischer, J. D. Clayton, V. B. Stevenson, R. Page, E. Chituras, P. F. Baldwin, H. S. Helbing; *Second row:* B. Spaulding, J. P. Walpole, E. Sanford, J. J. Pinzini, L. Reed, J. Gardini, F. Mercadier, F. Wider; *Third row:* R. C. Whitman, W. Strauss, P. Wilson, S. E. Walker, V. J. Marincik, E. G. Giavia, C. E. Jarman.

BATTALION EIGHT



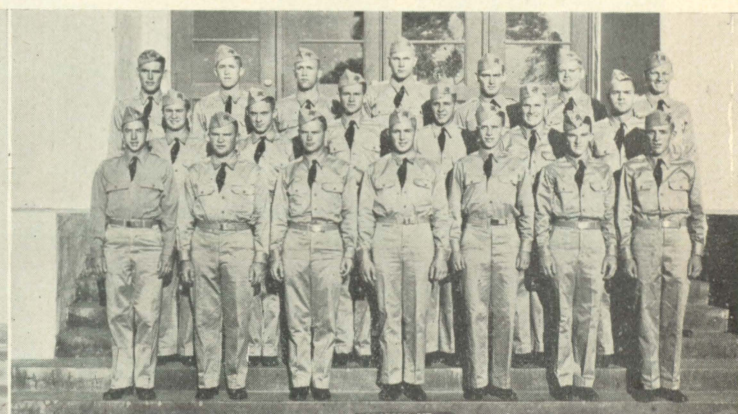
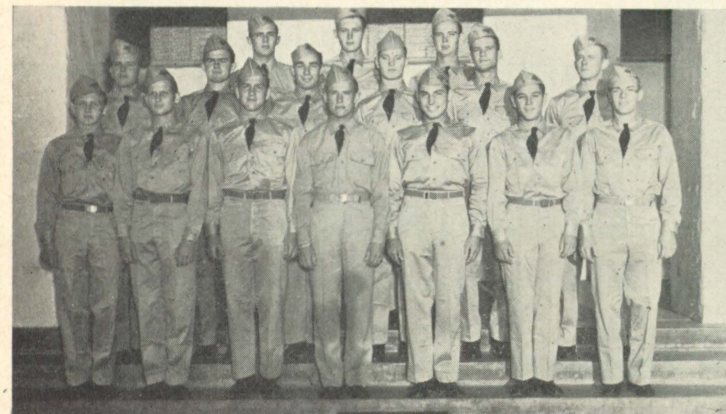
PLATOON 1: (left to right) *First row:* I. S. Huff, G. F. Menhennett, C. J. Harris, H. C. Ingle, M. J. Bagley, D. B. Brown, J. M. Ellis; *Second row:* H. H. Larsen, A. F. Latteier, H. M. Kimball, B. N. Bellis, E. J. Purcell, H. Johns, A. C. Myser; *Third row:* W. T. Cannon, G. R. Cummings, E. L. Pankretz, S. E. Gilchrist, R. W. Godwin, H. F. Phelps, D. L. Hubbs.

PLATOON 2: (left to right) *First row:* D. G. Smith, D. L. Reese, L. E. Janke, D. R. Mosher, E. W. Stratton, D. Johnson, M. H. Tadlock, J. R. Butterfield; *Second row:* J. F. Russell, A. W. Rosenbach, F. B. Ward, E. L. Melton, K. R. Funsten, P. E. Stark, L. D. Morgan; *Third row:* W. T. Meinhold, A. E. Rickers, J. D. Rush, N. M. Doyle, D. L. Christianson, H. J. Martin.



PLATOON 3: (left to right) *First row:* S. B. Marsdon, M. N. Bombard, C. O. Pistole, J. W. Morris, F. D. Miller, R. M. Moore, V. V. Rinella, J. K. Williams; *Second row:* J. L. Hegarty, H. J. Parker, J. W. Gilson, C. P. Woodward, E. K. Spencer, R. O. Neilan, R. V. Wade, H. R. Ruweler; *Third row:* P. J. Tendoesschate, R. H. Ross, A. J. Zimmerman, R. W. Allen, C. O. Nielson, E. H. Gunther.

PLATOON 4: (left to right) *First row:* C. B. Hart, R. J. Heming, D. S. Judd, G. S. Craddock, J. R. Holland, E. L. Christison, L. W. Downard; *Second row:* R. L. Eckel, F. G. Lybbert, H. C. Fredericks, K. G. Clark, F. Hillebrandt, L. E. Ellinwood; *Third row:* A. D. Janssen, J. A. McCullough, W. S. Dounies, M. R. Bush, F. O. Jeffries, D. G. Lambert.



PLATOON 5: (left to right) *First row:* J. E. Wells, W. B. Navin, B. B. Brewer, J. H. Bunce, M. R. Fox, J. A. Messina, G. R. Mulkey; *Second row:* H. M. Quam, R. J. Souey, A. W. Steele, P. E. Osborne, E. G. Murray, A. A. Blooding; *Third row:* P. M. Osburn, M. E. Powers, G. E. Taggart.

PLATOON 6: (left to right) *First row:* L. G. Specht, J. H. Souza, H. L. Smith, C. D. LaFleur, C. C. Woolstenhulme, C. F. Silva, W. D. Wilson; *Second row:* J. J. Robanser, F. L. Barrett, D. L. Anderson, W. R. Rytting, D. F. Nelson, P. W. Bradford; *Third row:* H. Boel, W. E. Patton, D. C. Jacobs, W. A. Simkins, W. A. Lowe, R. G. Savage, W. H. Schroeder.

SPORTS

SPLASH FLASHES

In Poly's swimming pool, where Lt. David is handing out a type of life insurance policy on which each cadet can collect himself, some of the cadets with a strong swimming background assisted the instructor.

The senior battalion's most accomplished swimmer was Jim Cooley of USC. Jim Burger of Colorado U. and Gene Anthony of College of Pacific are also top-flight swimmers.

Some of the cadets in charge of life-guarding the pool on Sundays were Bill Simpkins of U.C. backstroke fame, C. L. Anderson of Hawaii, and Hal Fredricks of U.C. From the ninth battalion came Joe Edy of Piedmont High and Colorado College, Jerry Mizner, Ohio State collegiate champ, P. L. Egler of Fullerton J.C. and Stanford, and Jim Coke of C.O.P.

Don Sorenson, tenth battalion "sprout" of Alameda high and San Jose State fame, is one of few people to swim the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay. R. Bell, a cadet from Santa Maria high, also shows great promise.

NO PLACE TO GO

Cal Poly, with one of the strongest football teams in the history of the college, holds the title of "undefeated, untied, unscored upon—and untried."

Just two weeks after Poly began beating the publicity drums about its big (95 men turned out—mostly veteran college gridsters) 1943 football team, orders came from the executive officer for all cadets to turn in their



*G. Klemmer
Speed King*



*K. Warner
Blocking Star*



*Nelson
Passing ace*

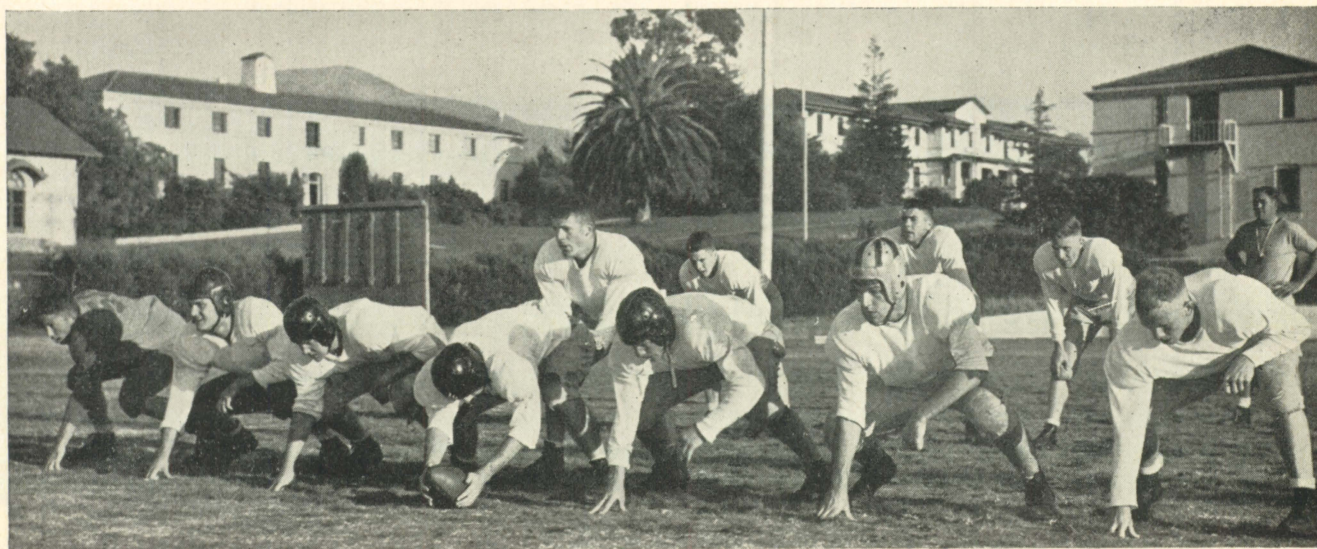
suits. The order was no great surprise, since Poly's mad scramble to line up a good schedule after a belated start had brought few offers, and most of those too far away to fall within the 48-hour maximum governing the length of time cadets could be away from the station. The executive officer had gotten the "unofficial" word by that time concerning the probable change from 15 to 11 weeks, and probably his decision was based to some extent on the difficulty that would be involved after the course of instruction was compressed four weeks.

Lt. (j.g.) "By" Haines, head navy

coach of the team, and his assistants, Lt. (j.g.) Perry Thomas, Lt. (j.g.), "China" Lang, can talk (without fear of dispute) about how their team of cadet stalwarts could have taken apart any team on the coast during 1943—but they never got a chance to prove it.

The roster of the Cal Poly squad (while it existed) looked like a listing of almost every college and university west of the Rockies. Men like Grover Klemmer, halfback from Cal and 440-yard world title holder; Dewey F. Nelson, halfback from the University of Utah and passer par excellence who

(Continued on Page 17)



*ALL DRESSED UP & NO PLACE TO GO
Poly had a team but couldn't get a schedule—sad story*

W. T. S. REPORTS

LOVELY, LOVELY ARIZONA

By L. E. Uman

(Editor's note: Mustang Roundup's rip-snorting editor-photographer Cadet L. E. Uman, who left with the lucky 7th Battalion men, wasted no time in giving us the details about WTS at the University of Arizona. His letter was received Oct. 4.)

Some people have it and some people don't have it, but it doesn't much matter what it is, here at the University of Arizona—we are sure to have it.

I'm not too sure about other WTS schools but if any man or officer tells you that you will soften up or forget ANY of your subjects at WTS in Tucson, just show him this schedule and watch his eyes bug out:

0600—Reveille
0630—Chow
0700—Shore boat leaves for Gilpin Field
1245—Shore boat leaves for the U. of Arizona
1300—Chow
1330-1500—Physical training
1515-1715—Navigation (M.W.F.); Aerology (T.Th.S.); Recognition (T.Th.S.)
1715-1745—Communications
1750—Chow
1845—Drill
1945-2045—Civil Air Regulations (three weeks) Aircraft & Engines (five weeks)
2155—Tattoo
2200—Taps

In general this is an ideal spot to have this sort of training. The weather is far superior to San Luis Obispo (Ed. Note—SLO Chamber of Commerce please do not notice.) and I imagine to Colorado also.

The campus is "cluttered" with coeds, and although the ratio is 3.25 women to every man, there isn't even enough time to watch them. Liberty hours are 1800 to 2400 Saturday and 0800 to 2100 Sunday.

No one blows a bugle or even wakes you up. The rooms are the finest imaginable and only two cadets in them in spite of the fact that they are 20 by 15 feet.

About the only difference between this base and Cal Poly is the increased individual responsibility and the flying.

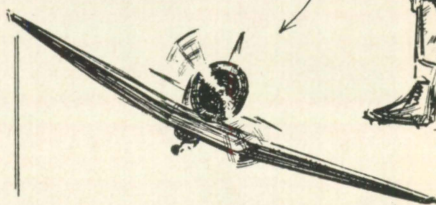
Of course, all of the fellows like to think that all we are here for is the flying. As the schedule shows one half of the day is spent at Gilpin airport,



• 0600—HIT THE DECK !

• 0630—CHOW

• 0700—SHORE BOAT LEAVES FOR GILPIN FIELD



• 0245—SHORE BOAT LEAVES FOR UNIV. OF ARIZ.

• 1300—CHOW

W.T.S.!

HERE'S A SCHEDULE RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM CADET UMAN (7TH BATT) HE'S STATIONED AT UNIV. OF ARIZ.

• 1330 TO 1500—PHYSICAL TRAINING



• 1515 TO 1745—NAVIGATION—AEROLOGY RECOGNITION—COMMUNICATION

• 1750—CHOW

• 1845—TO 2045—DRILL—CLASSES

• 2200—TAPS

William Stevens '43

which is 20 minutes by shore boat (bus) from the university, that looks almost true. But three cadets are assigned to one instructor and each flies for 40 minutes and studies while he is waiting to go up or after he has come down.

This is the only base in the U.S. that starts its men in a big ship. We fly the Waco UPF-7, which is 220 HP and intended to be used by advanced students. (No complaining there.)

As a matter of fact I have yet to hear anyone complain about anything but the fact that we have to wear ties at ALL times.

The civilian instructors are for the most part rather young and as interested in the cadets as are the three officers at this base.

Our Skipper is Lt. Harris who is a naval aviator and well liked by the

men here. Our flight officer and Exec. officer also are Lts.

There are many other military organizations on the campus so salutes and courtesies are predominant.

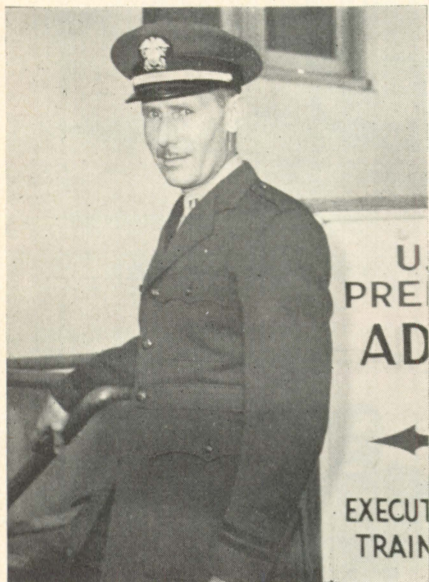
It might be well to mention the type of classes that go on far into the night. Recognition is not too difficult but foreign planes are taken up as well as all U.S. and British trainers.

Code starts at the navy 10 wpm. (an actual six) and works up to 14 per min. (Actually 14, mate.) Navigation is practically all plotting board work and the aerology is really rough.

We study CAR (Civil Air Regulations) for three weeks and start Engines. All of the subjects except Code and Navigation start right from the bottom and work up (even if it takes three-fourths of a period to do it.)

(Continued on Page 14)

GOLD BRAID



LT. MILLER
Regimental Officer

REGIMENTAL OFFICER

On Navy Day of this year, Lt. J. T. Miller, regimental officer, celebrated his first birthday as a commissioned officer in the U.S.N.R. Commissioned Oct. 27, 1942, and trained at Quonset Point, R.I., Lt. Miller was assigned to Cal Poly NFPS as his first station. He has been successively permanent O.O.D., training officer, and regimental officer, since July of this year.

For the 17 years prior to his commissioning in the Navy, Lt. Miller was an executive of the Meredith Publishing Co., publishers of *Better Homes and Gardens* and *Successful Farming*, serving them as Director of Research.

His home is in Des Moines, Iowa, where he attended Drake University. He is married, but has no children.

His hobbies are hunting, fishing, riding, canoeing on the rugged side. These hobbies were given a good test two years ago when he made a three-weeks unguided trip into Canada—and came back safe and sound, with whiskers. He also likes tennis and music.

EXECUTIVE CHANGES

Lt. R. E. Harris, training officer since his arrival at this station in August, has been promoted to executive officer to fill the vacancy made when Lt. D. W. Smythe, executive officer here since last January, was transferred to the NACSB at Los Angeles. Lt. Harris is continuing with his duties as training officer also.

NEW P.T. DIRECTOR

Latest addition to the commissioned officer complement on board Cal Poly NFPS, is Lt. O. H. Vogel, new director of athletics.

This is Lt. Vogel's fourth assignment since leaving the indoctrination course at Annapolis after being commissioned June 1942. His first assignment was to the sports department of the Iowa Pre-Flight school, Iowa City. From July '42 to Jan. '43 he was head baseball coach and also football coach there.

In January, when the NFPS schools were established throughout the country, he was transferred to the University of Southern California where he was athletic director of the P.T. program from January to March 9, when the school closed. Until his new as-



LT. VOGEL
New P.T. Director

signment to Poly he was with the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board at Los Angeles.

Previous to his commissioning in the Navy, Vogel was on the coaching staff at the University of Iowa. He was head baseball coach and assisted with football and basketball coaching there for 18 and a half years. He played pro-baseball with the Chicago Cubs for two years before accepting the coaching job with the U. of Iowa.

Although Vogel completed three years of an engineering course at the University of Illinois, he changed his course and graduated with a degree in education. Later he received his Mas-

ters degree at the U. of Iowa in physical education.

He was well on his way toward his Ph.D. degree in physical education when his Iowa teams began to lose, he said. "I dropped the idea of a Ph.D. degree in favor of winning more games," he added with a laugh.

Lt. Vogel is married, has two sons, 16 and 17 years of age, and expects to move his family from Los Angeles as soon as he can locate a suitable house here in San Luis Obispo.

SO LITTLE TIME

When the NFPS course of instruction was recently compressed from 15 to 11 weeks without eliminating anything (to speak of), except such minor things as study periods, some cadets began to complain (to themselves, of course) about being overworked. We have it from reliable sources that if it hadn't been for our new exec., Lt. Harris, another order from "Washington" would have gone into effect that would have necessitated the barber making the rounds of the barracks and cutting the cadets' hair in their respective bunks after taps. We shudder to think of what one of Bucks' two and a half minute specials would look like if done in the dark with no protests from the sleeping cadets.

"CREWS NEWS" BOWS

"Crews News," a single-sheet news bulletin devoted to the doings of the bluejackets at this station, made its appearance on the base three weeks ago. The editor, publisher and business manager is S/lc Donald Swinney. In addition to the above duties, Seaman Swinney also delivers the paper.

Visitor: "Are you the executive officer? I'm Mrs. Stone. I have a grandson serving in your navy."

Exec: "Yes, madam. He's away on leave just now attending your funeral."

Lovely, Lovely Arizona

Continued from Page 13)

We have been told that we are to become officers and flyers and as far as I can see this is one station that will more than do its share in preparing its men to fill their jobs competently.

As an ex-Cal Poly cadet my advice to any one that is graduating from that "Foggy Factory" would be to request WTS training in "Slippery Rock," Kentucky, and then you will be sent right to Gilpin Field, Arizona.

BATTALION NINE

DOPE SHEET ON NINE

By John Gleason

As I sit down to write this little report on the "Lucky Ninth" I can hear "Comdr. Gootch" Gobel giving out with the music from his room across the hall. Just what the melody is I can't say, sounds like something written for a fog horn. But "Brotherly Love" Gootch has enthusiasm if nothing else.

I was roaming through Kingfisher one morning hunting up material for this when I luckily ran into "Rockpile" Brush, lately of the Marines. Rockpile (he once had charge of a detail of rock-breaking prisoners at Goat Island in S.F.) has been around some—the Marshall-Gilbert fracas, Salamua, Lae, the Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal, spent four hours in the water after the Yorktown went down, and is currently fighting the Battle of SLO. During one of the battles in which he was a 20mm gunner he tells of seeing a Jap suicide pilot crash his plane into a gun crew, killing some 50 men. And then in another engagement his ship received a torpedo hit just below and to one side of where he was standing; the concussion resulted in his

getting a collapsed lung. He knows of several cases in which our own gunners downed our own planes, so maybe the good Ens. Webster has something after all.

And then there's the 2nds Chuck Castels, who was there when "Butch" O'Hare knocked down those five Japs, was an AA gun-pointer on the Minneapolis when it escorted the Lexington into the Battle of Salamau, and was in Pearl Harbor the Wednesday after. Says he'd never experienced anything quite so depressing as the sight of all those smashed ships with the knowledge that they were ours. But then he had the satisfaction of seeing a Jap torpedo plane stop a 5-inch AA shell; there wasn't enough left to make a splash.

Ben Zager's right at home here since his Alma Mater is CP, graduating last June. He took CPT here, so he should have an edge on some of the rest of us later on. Even if he is in his own backyard, he admits that things aren't quite the same, especially when he watches his old still-civilian friends and their cars go tooling by.

There've been a couple of engage-

ments announced here since the ninth's arrival. The 5th's Merle Inghram and Irving Moore of the 8th are two that I know of. Moore won the Junior Pole Vaulting Nations at NYC for the S.F. Olympic Club by vaulting 13 ft. 10 1/8 in. His fiancée, a snappy little blonde from Oakland, has a stable of horses a couple of miles from St. Mary's. Now all he's got to do is get to SM.

Merle's bride-to-be, a cute blonde at College of the Pacific, is just counting the days until the 5th's Common Man gets his wings.

Homer "Major Foss" Warner's a good man; lettered in football, was chosen the Athlete-Scholar of the year, and was in his 3rd year of pre-med at U of Utah. He's also one of the top men of nine. Plays the harmonica, too.

Jed Shields, also of U of Utah, was quite a BTO around the campus—one of those guys who's always on committees for this'n'that, on the staff of the U of U Chronicle, etc. He wrote a scandal column so good he lost his other friend. Besides taking a Law major and getting a degree in Political Science, he also acquired quite a

(Continued on Page 19)



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To the bright lights and the noise... all I ask is a taxi*

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GOLD DRAGON

BATTALION TEN

TENTH STAGGERS IN

By Earl Crabbe

At 0400 on September 30 the Tenth Battalion stumbled into Cal Poly. Lights in the various halls flashed on and from somewhere in the gloom a voice called out: "You'll be sorrrrrrry!" The Tenth may not have been sorry then, but on the following Tuesday when it learned it was to face a schedule compressed from 15 to 11 weeks with no schoolwork eliminated, some of the boys probably had misgivings.

In passing it should be remarked that the Tenth set some sort of record by getting no sleep whatever before starting its first day here. For that reason, many of the excellent speeches lavished on it at that time fell somewhat short of their desired effect.

After the first week Joe Burch, a husky Marine with a nineteen months record of service on Russell and Guadalcanal Islands and an all enveloping baritone voice took charge as Cadet Commander. Burch had some small trouble shouting down the passing trains for a few days, but now a two engine freight goes by unnoticed when he is speaking.

Lieutenant Thomas, the Battalion officer, calls the men together and delivers a short heart to heart talk whenever he feels that the Tenth is not living up to the standards of future Naval officers and gentlemen. This happens on an average of four to six times a week.

Among us are two former professional skaters, Robert Widholm and Murray Galbraith, who toured with the Ice Follies for several seasons. Widholm went to University of Minnesota and was in the Follies of 1939-44. Galbraith who formerly attended San Francisco Jay Cee has been a professional for over three years, and was with the Follies of 1940-44.

Kenaz Huffman Jr., a graduate of the University of Colorado, worked as a fingerprint classifier in the identification division of the F.B.I. for a year and a half. His father is, of all things, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. Huffman also did time at the George Washington University Law School in Washington, D.C.

Having a way with molecules, apparently, Arthur Glenn Walters of Berkeley, California, took his B.S. in chemistry at the University of California in 1943, and was a laboratory assistant while there.

George Gus Spanos of Stockton, California, had two brothers who attended Cal Poly back in civilian days. George, along with his brothers and a sister, formed a baton twirling team which won prizes at the California State Fair, and performed at football games. Spanos is also quite a tap dancer.

Also included in the tenth is Paul Revere Shauhlin, a former goldminer from Juneau, Alaska, who attended Sacramento Junior College and the Colorado School of Mines. At Sacra-

(Continued on Page 17)



JUST A ROUTINE JOB
...but it makes the C.O.O.D.'s life interesting

OUT OF BOUNDS



No Place to Go—

(Continued from Page 12)

last year completed more passes for more yardage than any other college star in the country; T. J. Fleischman, outstanding Southern Calif. prep school star and outstanding back on Cal's frosh team last year; Jean B. Lamoure, all-conference tackle from Fresno State; Homer Warner, three-year letterman from the U. of Utah; Gus Shannon, Rocky Mt. conference guard from the U. of Colorado, and scads of other equally great ball players practically weep over the situation which found them "all dressed up and no place to go."

Tenth Staggers In

(Continued from Page 16)

mento he was a member of the fencing team.

The Tenth possesses another rare bird—a man who attended Cal Poly while a civilian. He is John Ehret, who managed the football team here last year.

And so the Tenth Bat staggers on. One remarkable thing has been achieved. Despite the additional studies profane language has been eliminated entirely. We can make this statement because no one has been fraped for it since the Tenth arrived.

If anyone is sorry about the whole thing, he hasn't said so yet—out loud.

"Remember when Dorothy Lamour came out on the stage in her sarong—how quiet it was?"

"Yeh. You could hear the Cadets waiting for a pin to drop."

A girl who wears a cotton stocking,
Need never give her door a locking.
A girl who chooses other makes
Gets all the runs and all the breaks.

"Confound you," roared the Admiral,
"why don't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, instead of addressing this letter to the 'intelligence officer,' you addressed it to the 'intelligent officer.' You ought to know there's no such person in the ARMY."

Sailor: Gosh, you say you've never been out with a sailor? Swell, where will I meet you, baby?

Girl: Meet me at 2100 on the star-board side of pier 7.—Exhaust.

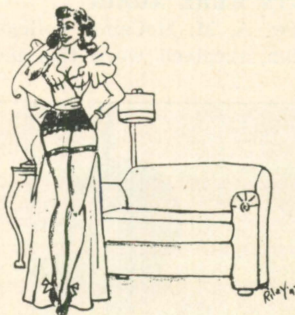
"Have a good time at the party, daughter dear, and be a good girl."

"Make up your mind, mother."

At a recent Rainbow dance, a young lady noticed a cadet wearing an unusual identification bracelet. Taking the cadet's wrist she read: "Hands off! He's mine! Julie."

We dove down 30,000 feet, and all my sins flashed before me. It was so interesting I made the pilot go back and do it eight times more.—Exhaust.

A navy wife in the East, unable to be with her husband when he got a ten-day leave on the West Coast, received this card from Hollywood, which undoubtedly contained a typographical error: "AM HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME. WISH YOU WERE HER."



Hello, USO?—Have you any lonely sailors who would like some entertainment tonight?

Orchids to Mrs. Cook

(Continued from Page 6)

no organ, no chaplain—but Mrs. Cook saw to it that these wrinkles were ironed out. Today, Sunday services are inspiring many cadets.

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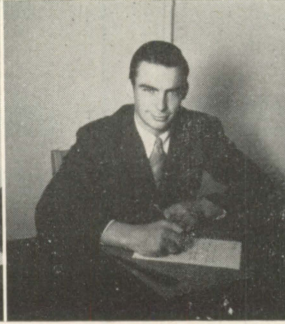
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CAL POLY NEWS



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Treasurer

STUDENT OFFICERS ELECTED

Although the regularly enrolled student body is so small this year that the election of student officers was conducted by standing vote during a special assembly held October 14, the newly elected officials are taking their duties seriously, and expect to make a good showing despite lack of numbers.

Harold Sketchley won the presidential chair by a close margin over Al Smith. Smith on the next call of votes was the unanimous choice for vice president. Tony Ayres was elected secretary, and his roommate, Bill Armstrong, is the new treasurer.

Wayne Collins won the post of athletic manager over three other Poly sportsmen.

John Jaixen, student business manager, has the tough job of keeping track of all student funds—a job which is no easier this year even if there are less funds.

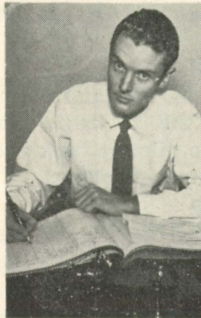
S.A.C. members elected were: Dave Cady and Don Addis, representing Meat Animals; Don Fiester, Crops; Tom Ross, Aero; Bruce Day, Poultry; and Ben Broersma, Dairy.

EL MUSTANG JR.

When Poly's publication department discontinued publication of its weekly paper, "El Mustang," and its yearbook, "El Rodeo," as an economy measure last fall, it found that the new "Mustang Roundup," being a monthly magazine, could not offer much in the way of news. Don Seaton, now a Marine at Redlands University and then an ex-"El Mustang" editor, promoted a one-sheet mimeograph paper which he called "Messed-up Roundup."

The need was felt again this year for a weekly news sheet, and with the aid of Loren McNicholl, then acting as prexy pro-tem, a new paper, "El Mustang Jr.," was born. The first

issue was devoted almost exclusively to news of the coming student election, and seemed to catch on with the students. Blake "Ace" Zavitz, one-time Mustang Roundup circulation manager, volunteered to keep "Junior" alive, and with the help of Wes Norton and Don Fiester, has published several two-page issues to date.



JAIXEN
money..



ZAVITZ
news..

VETS HERE AGAIN

Dr. A. M. McCapes, college veterinarian, received word this month that

this campus has been chosen for the second consecutive year as the meeting place for the annual meeting of the California State Veterinary Medical Association. The meeting will be held January 4, 5 and 6, according to word received from Dr. John M. King, San Jose, president. Dr. McCapes is now working with Dr. E. G. LeGonne, Oakland, program chairman, on details of the program to be presented.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Two South American students enrolled in California Polytechnic's agricultural division were instrumental last month in making a conference between Polytechnic administrative officials and a visiting Peruvian educator a success. Although unable to speak English, Senor Augusto Garcia Cuadrado, Director of the Centro Escolar Rural, Jauja, Peru, got a clear picture of the organization of the college and the State Bureau of Agricultural Education through the interpretative abilities of Luis Chacon, from La Paz, Bolivia, and Gustavo Almeida, from Quito, Ecuador.

All conversations between Senor Garcia and the local educators were translated from English to Spanish and vice versa by Students Chacon and Almeida, who alternated at the difficult task during the two days Senor Garcia visited the college. The college officials learned that while Senor Garcia was primarily interested in the problems connected with reorganizing rural elementary schools in Peru, he was also desirous of learning what he could about the possibility of agricultural training wherever it might best fit into

(Continued on Page 19)



SI, SI, SENOR
Student Almeida, Senor Garcia and Mr. McCorkle

Mustang Roundup, October, 1943

OUT OF BOUNDS



"I don't give a damn how many pills you took, you put those pants on right."

Dope Sheet on Nine

Continued from Page 15)

rep as a parlor athlete. To those who knew him intimately, he was known as the "Erroll Flynn of U of U," and not wholly for his looks. According to him, Ogden has some really good-looking numbers (which fact will be loudly confirmed by "Hardnose" Edens of the 5th). As a matter of fact, his girl friend lives just two blocks from the WTS there. Cmdr. Cook please note.

For general all-round illustriousness the 2nd is right at the top, with George McHardy. Pagliacci McHardy is one bright boy. By the age of 23 he's been Director of Music in Chicago for NBC at 200 doubloons per week, the tenor soloist for the Carnation Contented Hour and Uncle Walt's Doghouse, has gotten engaged to a super-looking blonde who's also a soloist for NBC, played bit parts for the Chicago City Opera, and was a Marine radio operator for two years on a C-47. *Whew!* At this rate he's going to burn himself out by the time he's 27. He got his start in life singing for women's clubs while in H.S. One of the club chairman's husband was a big shot in NBC. One thing led to another, and there he was pulling in the stones hand over fist. Ah me.

Well, boys, that's 30 for this issue; don't let the wild, riotous night life of San Luis Obispo lead you into sin. If it should please, leave the address with the editor.

Good Neighbors

(Continued from Page 18)

their educational pattern in Peru. Both interpreters said that Senor Garcia seemed very impressed with the college and the type of instruction which is given here.

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