

# *Mustang* ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE  
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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NOVEMBER  
1943

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# Mustang ROUNDUP

## California Polytechnic College Naval Flight Preparatory School

Julian A. McPhee <i>President</i>	Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook <i>Officer in charge</i>
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Cadet John Gleason	.....	Editor
Cadet Jack Morse	.....	Associate Editor
Cadet Earl Crabbe	.....	Assistant Editor

### Reporters

Cadets: Kenneth Hack, Bill Blackford, Frank Stewart, Jed Shields, A. N. Johnson, Jr.	.....	Staff Artist
Cadet William Stevens	.....	Humor Editor
Cadet J. E. Grogan	.....	Assistant Photographer

### CADET BUGLER EXPOSED

Early this morning a very secret investigation committee of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP very secretly investigated some ugly rumors concerning Tom Johnson, Regimental Bugler. The rumors were found to be true, verified by Editor Gleason and Staff Photographer Grogan, who fearlessly made the supreme sacrifice of getting up an hour early to get conclusive evidence of the malfeasance, and the MUSTANG is in possession of the proof—the pictures you see on this page. It has now been definitely established that Johnson goes back to bed after blowing 'Reveille.' As a matter of fact, he doesn't even get up, but blows it from his sack. One other rumor was disproved, however, and that is that he definitely does not have a tank of compressed air under his bunk to do the actual blowing for him.



*Let's Get the Guy that Wakes the Buglar Up*

# THE EDITOR'S LOG

### DON'T DO IT

There is but one way to learn what to do and what **not** to do here at Cal Poly, and that is by experience. Allow me but a few moments of your precious time, fellow cadets, and perhaps I can save your neck in the future.

DON'T fail to salute an officer; it brings dire results.

DON'T forget to clean your rooms on Friday and Saturday; there are inspections on those days, and we all prize our liberty dearly.

DON'T make a habit of falling asleep in classes; I did, and the final results were anything but pleasing.

DON'T forget that musters are for you, too; you don't want to march off any extra hours during liberty time.

DON'T neglect to read and **remember** your cadet regulations; you will be surprised at how often they can be broken.

DON'T forget the Don't listed above, and you won't make the mistakes that I did.

(Signed) DILBERT WASHOUT

### "—THIS AIN'T SCUTTLEBUTT—"

By Jack Morse

The other day when the regiment hiked up Pike Peak Jr. the cadets were a bit amazed as they reached the maximum. There stood Lt. (jg) Polhemus waiting to give them thirty minutes of mass exercises.

Cadet Marvin "Eager Beaver" Stienmetz was caught jumping head first from his sack onto the deck. When questioned about his actions, he said, "Give me all the demerits in the book

or give me death, but don't give me Military Track."

As the trend of conversation drifted toward the absence of Lt. (jg) David, Pete Bondoures said he would never forget those immortal words, "Grab the family jewels and keep your legs together."

T. J. Stitz, veteran of both Guadalcanal and a few makeup tests, mentioned that the soccer we play here is a mild game compared with the way the New Zealanders go after it. Protecting their toes with steel plates, they take for their opponents' shins—and to hell with the ball.

I can't understand why it is that all the P.T. officers get a gleam of satisfaction in their eyes when they see or hear a cadet moaning. Yet, according to reports from Sick Bay, the P.T. program is coming along nicely.

The spotlight for wrestling last month went to an unknown that had a five-minute tussle with Stanford's 200-lb. All-American Howie Dallmar. The basketball King said, "Hell, I didn't have a chance. If I'd licked him, I'd be picking on a little guy. Now, that I didn't. I'm a Lily Bender."

Some of the officers that should be credited with helping build Cal Poly with an efficient athletic program are:

Lt. (jg) "Huba huba huba" Lang
Lt. (jg) "Effortless" Thomas
Lt. (jg) "Let's Play Football" Haines
Lt. (jg) "Oh How We Love You" Polhemus



## ON BOARD

### ON THE AIR

By J. Morse

A Name Band to play for the 9th Batt's graduation dance! Scuttlebutt flew in every direction: some wanted Bob Crosby, others were intoxicated with the South American swing of Henry King. Finally, the word was given.

Jack Teagarden and his orchestra were actually under contract by the Ninth Battalion to continue their weekly broadcast at San Luis Obispo, and furnish the music for the select occasion. This was the biggest social achievement ever recorded at Cal Poly. It took eight Battalions to experiment with graduation dances, but the Ninth Batt. to produce a successful one. Credit goes to Regimental Commander Brady and all who took part in the various dance committees.

Evening gowns, dress greens, conservative floral decorations, and the orchestra of Jack Teagarden—made a perfect climax to every senior cadet.

### COLOR ASSEMBLIES

By Bill Blackford

On October 25th the first of the scheduled weekly color assemblies was held at 0800 in the Wasp. The officers, cadets and enlisted men of the station were assembled, the color wing filed in, and the proceedings got under way. The purpose of these weekly assemblies is to inform the cadets of any changes, additions, or corrections in station procedures, operations, or instructions. Arrangements with the Army base have been made whereby one of the chaplains will be present at each weekly assembly for the purpose of divine services. Hymns and Naval songs are sung by the cadet regiment, and any interesting personality that is in the locality is invited to address the personnel of the base.

### GREENS TO WAR

It happened! They dood it! Happy

days are here again! Greens were finally prescribed as the liberty uniform as of November 6th. With tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, Lt. Miller made the announcement at the weekly assembly preceding November the 6th.

No longer will the cadets have the embarrassing experience of being referred to as Army personnel. No longer will they slink through back alleys in the khaki uniforms when on liberty. Now the only trouble will arise when the cadets are referred to as Marines. Ah, well, such are the fortunes of war, or something.

### GOLDBRAID CHANGES

Several recent changes in officer personnel have been made at NFPS Cal Poly. Lt. J. David has been detached permanently for sea duty; Lt. E. P. Coe has been transferred to Hollywood, Florida, for temporary duty under instruction; and five new officers have come aboard.

First to arrive was Lt. (j.g.) Gillette, who recently was under instruc-

tion at Babson Institute. He will be in charge of the supply room. His home is in Grants Pass, Ore., and he has been active in the merchandising business for the last ten years in the Pacific Northwest.

Other new officers are: Lt. (j.g.) A. Carp, H-V(S) USNR; Lt. Carp has been a psychologist at the Cadet Selection Board in Los Angeles for some time. Lt. (j.g.) J. F. Eberhart, D-V(S) USNR, Lt. (j.g.) C. A. Stromgren, D V(S) USNR, Ensign C. R. Lee, D V(S) USNR, reported for duty in the physical training dept. under Lt. O. H. Vogel, who reported aboard last month.

### YES, SAYS NOGGLES

Despite rumors that "Scrooge" Noggles is planning to give cadets "stew" for Thanksgiving, verified scuttlebutt indicates the boys will have Turkey—and all the trimmings. For those doubting Thomases (no relation to Lt. (j.g.) Thomas), who still think otherwise, Noggles told the boys to go out and pick their own birds. (See evidence below—Say, who are we kidding?)



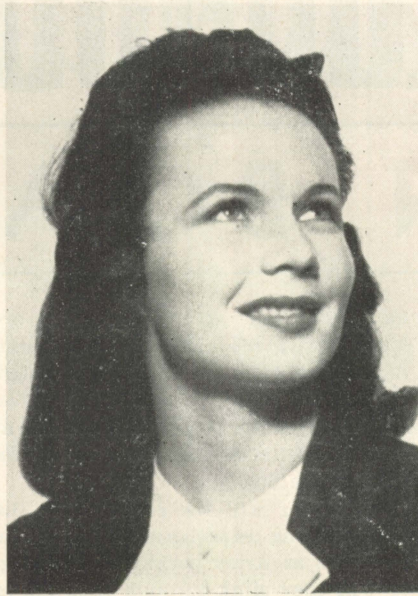
*No Noodles, Noggles  
Cadets want turkey for Thanksgiving*



# QUEEN CONTEST



ARDIS JEPSEN  
Ogden, Utah



GLORIA PORTER  
Atascadero



SHERRY RANDALL  
Palo Alto

## REGIMENTAL QUEEN

To the winner—an all-expense paid trip to Cal Poly. To the MUSTANG ROUNDUP—a bill for one round trip ticket from Ogden, Utah.

As this issue goes to press, Miss Ardis Jeppsen, Ogden City beauty, is enroute to Cal Poly to be crowned "Regimental Queen" at the Ninth Battalion's graduation dance. After the judges, Lt. Comdr. Cook, Lt. Harris, Lt. Bonath, and Mr. Kennedy, picked Miss Jeppsen as winner over some 50 contestants, they learned that John Pers (Batt. 9, Platoon 8), who had entered her photograph, was then in the hospital, with what was thought to be two broken arms. When Cadet Pers was informed that his girl had won, his recovery was so miraculous that he was attending classes next day. A full-page portrait of Miss Jennsen appears on the back cover.

Two "princesses" were also picked by the judges. Miss Gloria Porter, Atascadero, entered by Kenneth H. Hack

(Batt. 10, Plat. 4), was second choice, and Miss Sherry Randall, Palo Alto, entered by Doug Mohr (Batt. 10, Plat 4), was third choice.

Seven runners-up for top honors in the contest were: Terri Lane, Long Beach, by Max Wiley, Jr. (Batt. 11, Pl. 5); Tyke Broome, Pueblo, Colo., by Frank Stewart (Batt. 9, Pl. 6); Patricia Pixley, San Francisco, by Robert McKenzie (Batt. 9, Pl. 3); Hope Deter, Willows, Calif., by Robert Muncaster (Batt. 11, Pl. 4); Morina Williams, Salt Lake City, by Jed Shields (Batt. 9, Pl. 6); Dorothy Newman, San Francisco, by W. R. Cullen (Batt. 9,

Pl. 1); and Gerene Worley, Twin Falls, Idaho, by Robert Wirth (Batt. 10, Pl. 4).

Other entries in the contest are listed by Battalion and platoon as follows:

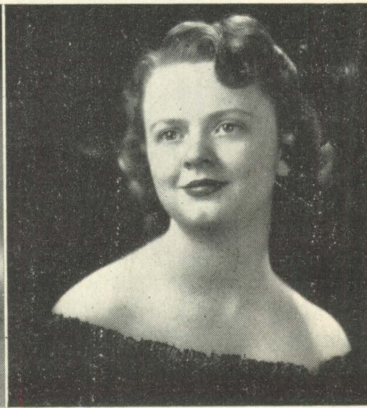
## BATTALION 9

**Platoon 1**—Callesta Rothe, San Francisco, by Frank Johnson; Mary Jane Rich, Salt Lake City, by Frank Root; Nancy Miller, Boulder, Colo., by R. N. Richards.

**Platoon 2**—Mary Jane Young, by B. N. Bellis; Lucille Phillips, San Jose, by E. C. Watkins; Olene Ferrini, Berkeley, by I. W. Tuttle; Nonnie Wagner, Palo Alto, by F. W. Carlisle.



TERRI LANE  
Long Beach



TYKE BROOME  
Pueblo, Colo.



PATRICIA PIXLEY  
San Francisco



# QUEEN CONTEST

**Platoon 3**—Cleo M. Case, Denver, by Charles W. Haines.

**Platoon 4**—Margaret M. Machold, Fresno, by W. N. Shubin; Gloria N. Haines, Napa, by Roy E. Thompson.

**Platoon 5**—"Keeks" Yater, Norfolk, Va., by Del Smalley; Peggy Howard, Coffeyville, Ka., by T. C. Bein; Ardella Sargent, Ogden, by R. E. Edens; Graceann Corbin, San Leandro, Calif., by R. G. Gager; Dorothy Jones, Salt Lake City, by Homer Warner.

**Platoon 6**—Marilyn Coxhead, Boulder, Colo., by V. Mizener; Luean Wilson, Denver, by A. B. Mooney; Pat Hiscock, Tucson, Ariz., by Frank Stewart.

**Platoon 7**—Edna Skinner, Portland, Ore., by M. S. La Franchi; Isabelle Neal, Salina, Kan., by Kenny Lawrence; Lettie Williamson, Washington, D.C., by J. C. Lybrook.

## BATTALION 10

**Platoon 1**—Thelma Gene Lewis, Swink, Colo., by C. E. Doney; Nancy Adams, Berkeley, by E. A. McCollum, Jr.

**Platoon 3**—Edith Leonard, Boulder, Colo., by R. O. Brenneman; Ruth A. Birch, Phoenix, by Chester A. Riley; Phyllis Crowe, Phoenix, by Joe S. Birch; Barbara Saxton, Oakland, by J. Sanginitto.

**Platoon 4**—Jeanne DeWeese, San Francisco, by C. N. Taylor.

**Platoon 6**—Betty E. Redecker, Pullman, Washington, by W. E. Androsko; Jackie Benjamin, Greeley, Colo., by Robert Burford; Marcia Wood, Boulder, Colo., by W. F. Niemann, Jr.

**Platoon 7**—Jeanne Sook, Los Angeles, by Robert Widholm; Pat Dobbins, Denver, by S. L. Peckenpau.



*Landscape Gardening  
a la Navy style—Hup ta, too slow*

**Platoon 8**—Norma Jean Downing, Whittier, Calif., by Joseph Samson; Kathryn Le Tevere, Denver, by Raymond N. Anderson; Marilyn Lord, San Luis Obispo, by D. L. Egger and Sal Guido.

## BATTALION 11

**Platoon 6**—Jerry Davis, Selma, Calif., by D. E. McClain; Helen Schachner, Anaheim, Calif., by Karl Zirkelback, Jr.

# ON BOARD

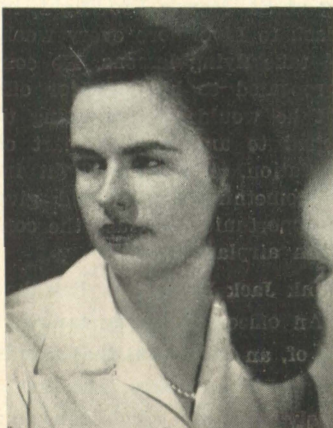
## REASON FOR OUR TROUBLES

By John Gleason

For the past several months the Ninth Batt. has unconsciously been playing host to two more or less unwelcome visitors, now permanent residents, from the Levant. While no one has actually seen these two Presences, we have, nevertheless, been paying homage to them several times a day ever since we've been here. Every morning when we hear the mate announce one of them, we rush to be first in line to greet him (I am speaking particularly of the 5th Plat.).

Who could I be speaking of but that sadistically playful old gremlin with the long blue beard and the coonskin fez, Mustapha Chow. But how does he receive us? By snarling up the laces when we struggle with our shoes, losing our caps, hiding our sox, putting wastebaskets under our feet, tripping us with his whiskers, and throwing chairs in our path and making us late as we head for his reception line.

Old Mustapha has a couple of cousins, too, one of whom, Mustapha Classes, we've already met. He's the gink that goes around homework pa-



HOPE DETER  
Willows, Calif.



MORINA WILLIAMS  
Salt Lake City



DOROTHY NEWMAN  
San Francisco



GERENE WORLEY  
Twin Falls, Idaho





*Top: Mrs. Cook cuts cake  
Bottom: Gleason hogs picture*

*Top: Lt. Harris Hoffmeister gets set  
Bottom: Is SHE always in the recording room?*

*Top: Navy Day dance scene  
Bottom: New version—squeeze—glideeeee*

pers and sprinkling Didn't-Get-the-Word Dust in your ears. He also has charge of changing the angles on plotters, mixing up the numbers of your computer, and who sits on your shoulder and whispers MRM in your ears when what you really want is Miles on Cus.

He also puts his hands over a cadet's eyes during a recognition test, too. He's been caught changing those 4.0's to 2.4's. That is when he wasn't changing them to 0.00. Why, there isn't a man in the regiment who won't swear he was the one who loused up his Nav. quiz. More than once the cadet in the next seat has caught him turning your plotter around backwards, and lucky for you. Needless to say, if this little gazabo ever gets into our hands, he'll suffer a fate worse than mere death.

However, there is one member of this tribe who is more or less welcome, and he is that Mephistolean fellow with the high forehead and leer, Mustapha Graduation. When this particular gremlin is announced the whole Batt. concerned goes hog-wild with joy as we rush to greet him, for his arrival means that San Diego is postponed for yet a while longer. But this little bearer of glad tidings is

not without peculiarly peculiar sense of humor, because he dearly loves to walk all over our glittering shoes, mess up our brand-new greens, and as we enter Hamilton Field, he's the guy who hollers "Column Right" when it's column left we want to go. Also, he's been known to mix up diplomas, or even steal them altogether, just for the laughs. And when the guest speaker puts on the wrong coat by mistake and reads four pages of the Farmers' Journal and Almanac, before he realizes it isn't his speech, he practically rolls on the ground. Obviously, this can't go on.

Now, this particular spandule, unlike the other two, has two to-be-fatal weaknesses—a positive passion for long, black, feminine, silk stockings (like cadets), and elixir of concentrated distilled sweatshirt. So what we're going to do is entice him into "Ptomaine Tavern" with the stockings when he arrives graduation day, get him drunk on Elixir, then ply him with Scrooge Noggles' own brand of slow death, and so kill him therebysaving the day. Then I, alone, am going to rush and put those long, black, feminine, silk stockings right back where he found them.

## HAPPY LANDINGS

By J. Morse

For nearly eighteen months Lt. (jg) David has taught swimming and general P.T. As a result from his exceptionally good work he has been granted his wish—assignment to an aircraft carrier. He was a graduate of Stanford University, is father of a three-year old girl, was swimming instructor at USC, St. Mary's, and Cal Poly NFPS, and has always been an ardent admirer of a Naval Aviation Cadet's position.

Lt. David loves flying. While instructing at St. Mary's Pre-Flight, he would dash to Livermore every weekend and take flying lessons. He constantly repeated to his superior officers that he would give anything to be attached to an objective part of Naval Aviation. A pilot, a flight instructor—something that would give him the opportunity to grasp the controls of an airplane.

We think Jack David now has that chance. An officer the Navy can well be proud of, an individual that stands high among his associates. The cadets of Cal Poly wish you good luck, sir; best luck!



# DECK RAMBLINGS



**CAPT. KIEBERTZ**  
...and friend

## HE WAS THERE

By Jack Morse

"For gosh sakes! You're twelve degrees too far to the right—do you realize where you'd be if you'd taken that course?"

Reluctantly Dilbert lowered his eyebrows and glanced at his plotting sheet.

Without giving the victim a second's thought the instructor continued his persecution, "Well, you'd either be talking to Davy Jones or twiddling your thumbs in some Godforsaken place—"

The gray hairs that cover the temples of (Cap't) Roland Kiebertz stood

on end as he mentioned these last words. He spoke as if he actually understood the results of such a mishap. What's more, he did.

For over twenty years Mr. Kiebertz has depended on flying for his bread and butter. He spent sixteen years in the Army as a blimp and balloon pilot. Working for C.N.A.C. (China National Air Corps), he flew supplies in India, Russia, Burma and all points east. He also piled up some flying time for American Air Lines.

Having acquired the role of "Sky-rail Master," and obviously understanding what was meant by responsibility, he was hired by Pan American Air Ferries to blaze the trail for a North African front.

From August 1941 to December 1942, Roland Kiebertz traveled 270,000 air miles. He flew bombers and supplies; he helped open small air bases; he was part of the nucleus that defeated Rommel.

As stated by a popular magazine, "Flight Officer Roland Kiebertz is credited with supplying the North African theater with 50 bombers. This was a great surprise to Rommel."

One thrilling experience the Cap't had was a forced landing in the middle of the Sahara Desert. He ate nothing but camel meat for three days. A bit of advice to the point-savers—camel meat tastes exactly like it looks.

Blimp crashes, forced landings, Messerschmitt battles, and dates with movie actresses, have all contributed their share of gray hair on Mr. Kiebertz's head.

To the fortunate men that have an  
(Continued on Page 21)

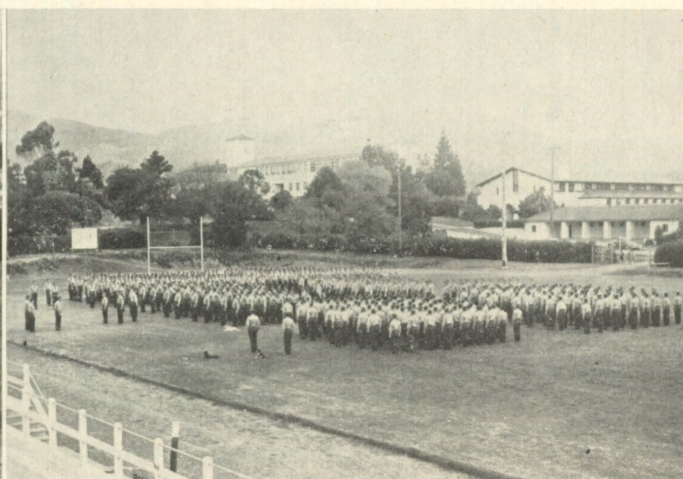
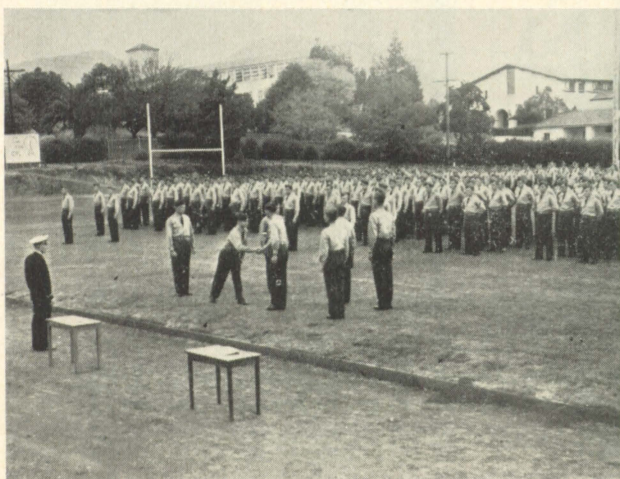


**LT. RICHARDS**  
skiing and flying

**LT. RICHARDS**

If you ever want to know anything about water-skiing, just ask Recognition Instructor Lt. Richards, who has done quite a bit of it along with aqua-planing and snow-skiing, and he says that for thrills it compares favorably with flying, which is another of his hobbies. As a matter of fact, he has a medal for his flying. A very large cardboard job bestowed upon him by his friends for having successfully made two forced landings in one day.

Lt. Richards, a Harvard man, left his post as credit manager of a large Chicago bank to join the Navy last January in order to more directly aid in the war. After receiving his indoctrination and recognition training at  
(Continued on Page 13)



**SEVENTH & EIGHTH'S GRADUATION**  
Brady takes over command . . . . . regiment on review

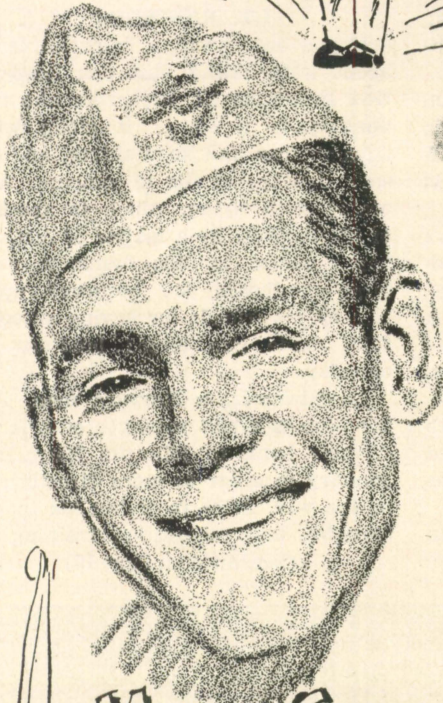


# Cadet Personalities

**WALLACE BRADY**

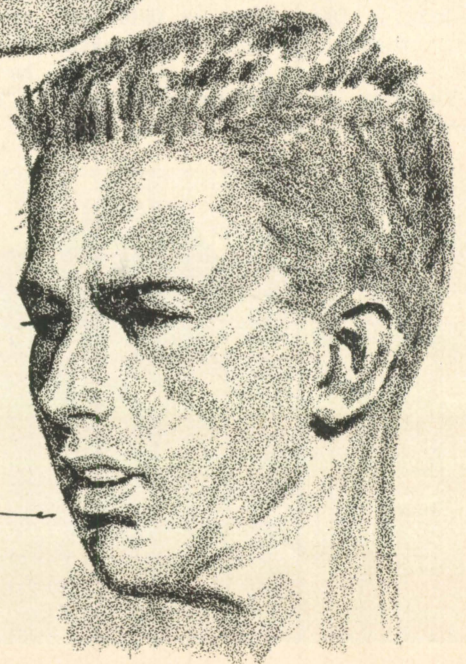
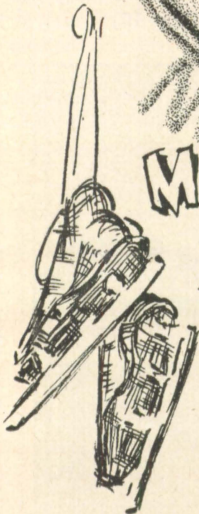
FORMER MARINE SGT.  
AND REGIMENTAL  
COMMANDER at CAL POLY  
HAS "CLICKENEST" HEELS  
AND SHINIEST SHOES  
IN REGIMENT!

CLICK



**MURRAY GALBRAITH**

SKATED 4 SEASONS WITH  
ICE FOLLIES... WAS PACIFIC  
COAST SENIOR FANCY  
SKATING CHAMPION



**GROVER KLEMMER**

HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD  
IN 400 METER RACE-ALSO TIED  
BEN EASTMAN'S WORLD  
RECORD IN 440 YD. RUN

William Stevens '43



# BATTALION NINE

## EPIC OF BATT.

By Jed Shields

Having just finished tumbling and military track (and vice versa), I lift my pen (with the aid of two cadets and a pulley), full intent upon turning back the clock on the life, such as it was, and pursuit of whatever cadets pursue, of the nurtured Ninth Battalion.

With the passing parade reading from left to right, do you remember that first night, dragging our bags and you-know-whats from the Southern Pacific's waterhole to San Luis castle? The some forty-odd miles that we jogged along to the tuneful drone of some burly ex-marine that sounded like a cross between a Lucky Strike auctioneer and P-38, only to be warmly greeted coming up McCain Way by some semi-psychopathics screaming vaguely about going back before it's too late . . . or being sure we would be sorry, and something about a square needle which print doesn't permit.

Finally, winning two out of three falls from a short-sheeted bed, we hit what is aptly called "the sack," and just managed to warm through the upper sheet when a voice shot out of

the night like a two-dollar pistol with "hit the deck!" I didn't even remember being in the game, so I had no desire to hit the deck . . . I was too tired to even deal Black Jack.

In the shortest period of time conceivable in the human mind, the door was beaten open, and a figure which looked for all the world like Karloff in khaki, roared like a Jersey bull something to the effect that life was to begin at this witching hour with a throwing together of the above-mentioned "sack," and another short march to Noggle's ptomaine tavern, where food (?) would be available to those sufficiently conscious to beat their gums.

After thirty-seven lectures and a movie on social "graces" (remember?), we were started on our way to be fighter pilots under the guidance of the world's greatest exponent of physical slow death, Lt. (jg) Polhemus. I can even now curse the system that taught the human mind to count past the figure "one."

Assisting Mr. Polhemus was God's gift to the Navy, by way of the Marine Corps, Wally "I'll Meet the Boys at Mattie's" Brady, and a good boy he was . . . for who else could make

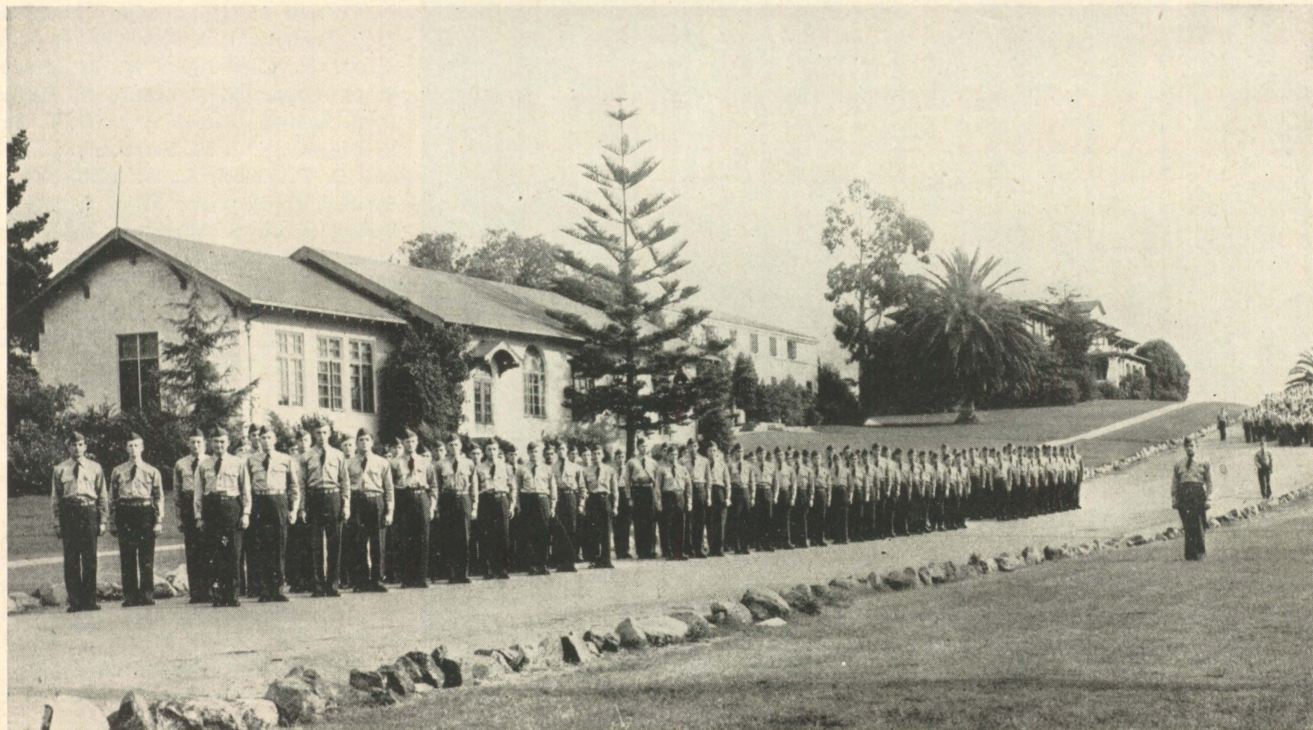
two hundred and forty men march as one, with a beat-up version of the King's English that sounded something like "B..Aaaa..t.t al...ionnnnnn, For'd Hooooooooh!"

Along with Brady, many a more character was among the greats, near-greats, and ingrates that was the Ninth For instance, rumor has it that Ed Culbertson has never been caught tapping the bird (drinking Old Crow to youse lads), reason being he was so full of Scotch when he arrived that he only has to drink a Seven-up and jump up and down three times, for a Scotch and Soda . . . closely following is Marvin "The Boulder Blimp" Steinmetz, who claims he has an invitation to fly with Lighter Than Air if he washes . . he'll be the blimp . . .

We couldn't finish without giving credit to the unknown author of that classic phrase that adorns the entrance to the Chow hall . . "Food Wins the War; but How Are We Going to Get the Japs to Eat Here?"

And we'd like to here pause and pay tribute to that unknown soldier of the Battle of San Luis Obispo . . the one man who stayed awake dur-

(Continued on Page 21)



BATTALION NINE

*Greens at last . . . once they thought Lucky Strikes sent them to war*



# GRADUATING

## BATTALION NINE Right Wing

PLATOON 1: (left to right) *First row*: R. Bills, H. V. Thompson, G. A. Brady, L. D. Olson, D. M. Durham, R. G. Whitfield, F. E. Johnson, F. K. Root, Jr.; *Second row*: O. R. Woods, J. G. Thomson, R. J. Dinsmore, J. C. Ingle, Jr., L. M. Edman, P. D. Steele, A. E. Geist; *Third row*: C. H. Behm, D. L. Turner, S. G. Whipple, T. J. Johnson, R. D. Kelly, E. M. Clerici, W. R. Fisher; *Top row*: R. B. Johnson, C. W. Schimpff, B. R. Hart, A. K. Clawson, C. E. Smith, D. F. Searle.

PLATOON 3: (left to right) *First row*: J. S. Graham, Jr., F. E. Haskell, T. L. Paul, E. F. Marker, T. L. Kilpatrick, M. McLennon, V. M. Newcomb, C. H. Gunther, Jr.; *Second row*: P. J. Koppenhaal, H. J. Haddock, Jr., W. D. Lance, A. E. Morgan, H. G. McKellips, Jr., W. B. Franklin, Jr., W. O. Knudsen, R. H. Hamilton, C. W. Haines; *Third row*: R. D. Burks, F. G. Lybbert, E. P. Jacobs, R. D. McKenzie, P. G. Frederickson, R. J. Glover, R. L. Harmon, O. G. Sargenti; *Top row*: F. S. Calvert, W. O. Brady, H. H. Moore, R. E. Fair, R. E. Hansen.

PLATOON 5: (left to right) *First row*: E. H. Dudley, M. E. Felton, W. B. Walker, G. H. Cartwright, W. R. Mitchell, R. G. Gager, R. J. Goelli, R. Bassian, E. B. Spinetti; *Second row*: T. C. Bein, R. Digges, Jr., J. M. Ferrante, R. E. Edens, C. F. Gobel, L. A. Willis, O. D. Smalley, D. Berwick; *Third row*: D. P. Denny, J. A. S. Wagstaff, R. D. Falconer, H. S. Hyde, Jr., G. H. Klemmer, C. C. Corsiglia, L. L. Alkire, J. O. Gleason; *Top row*: W. G. Urban, E. J. Culbertson, L. M. Ingram, H. R. Warner.

PLATOON 7: (left to right) *First row*: D. A. Haling, A. Juke, W. G. Luckhardt, T. Hatch, R. Teft, K. Lawrence, R. C. Horstman, J. Ralston, H. R. Way; *Second row*: R. Krinkel, R. Thurston, R. H. Henri, R. Hogan, R. Lutter, F. Wider, T. B. Landess, P. Hay; *Third row*: G. Longstreet, J. F. Leaming, C. M. Hopkins, A. N. Johnson, D. Jones, R. Grant, W. R. Anthony; *Top row*: J. L. Rocker, G. E. Knoblock, J. Lybrook, B. Bauman, M. S. La Franchi, B. A. Winn.



# BATTALION

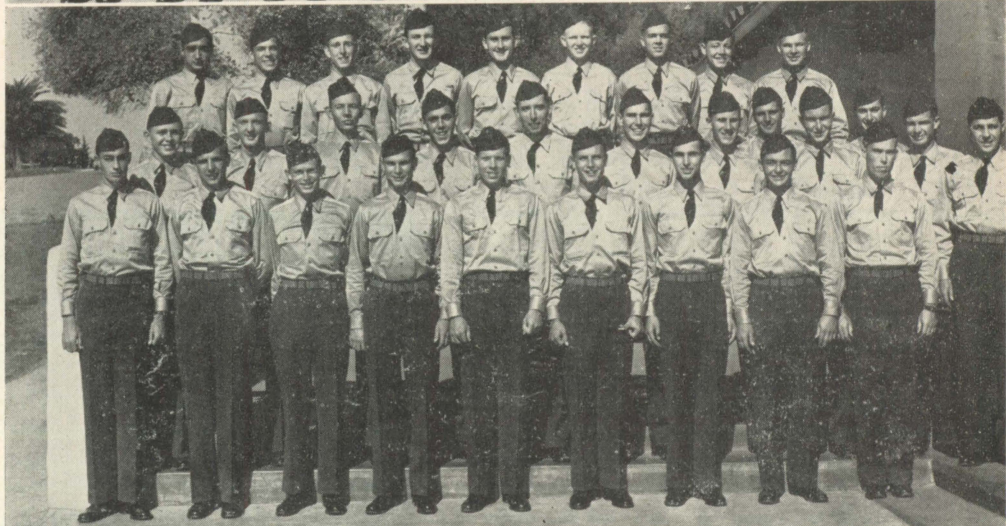
## BATTALION NINE

### Left Wing

PLATOON 2: (left to right) *First row:* N. F. Defenbaugh, C. D. Castles, H. P. Tharp, W. E. Condon, S. N. Williams, W. F. Patton, J. K. Hester, B. N. Bellis, F. S. Crane, G. McHardy; *Second row:* M. D. Zemanek, M. Nodtvedt, Jr., F. W. Carlisle, Jr., G. V. Diesslin, F. C. Watkins, W. B. Saylor, Jr., E. E. Evans III, J. B. Lamoure, F. M. Keeles, D. A. Anderson, K. E. Loyd, W. C. Blackford, Jr., R. J. Ham; *Third row:* R. W. Tuttle, Jr., J. A. Newton, L. E. Scott, W. J. Starkey, W. S. Cavalier, J. R. Garafola, W. A. Sturla, W. C. Reinthal.



PLATOON 4: (left to right) *First row:* J. L. Clark, W. N. Shubin, R. E. Winterbourne, R. J. Thompson, J. E. Coke, R. F. Hansen, D. C. Carroll, S. M. Conner, J. G. Porter, N. L. O'Brien; *Second row:* E. L. Chance, R. E. Thompson, H. G. Bunn, J. W. Craig, K. R. Crowell, M. J. Daane, J. L. Duncan, J. H. Buestad, J. H. Drach, T. L. Bettencourt, H. Nolan; *Third row:* V. V. Rinella, G. M. Carlson, W. J. Barnhart, E. V. Gardner, P. M. Smythe, A. H. Bayley, E. M. Hannay, S. M. Black, F. D. Adams.



PLATOON 6: (left to right) *First row:* S. Pittman, R. P. McElligot, F. E. McEwen, C. H. Schindler, M. P. Mitchell, W. S. Stubbs, S. D. Malstrom, J. Mizener, A. B. Mooney; *Second row:* D. S. Ulvin, H. N. Thruston, W. T. Mitchell, R. F. Nikkel, J. H. Morse, F. R. Stewart, J. W. Shields, W. S. Lotter, T. A. Denton, M. H. Steinmetz, C. Norris; *Third row:* E. W. Messenger, R. H. Lydon, D. H. Mast, L. Specht, J. C. Crowder, W. E. Taylor, S. J. Potter, R. Taylor, G. A. Miller.



PLATOON 8: (left to right) *First row:* H. L. Imsen, J. O. Edy, Jr., J. B. Cowan, K. L. Jacobs, W. B. Bush, C. A. Ludwig, C. F. Murray, Jr., C. McDaniel, B. M. Zager; *Second row:* L. D. Hansen, B. H. Watt, T. J. Fleischmann, P. L. Egeler, H. Dallmar, R. W. Gallimore, B. G. Moore, R. E. Mace, J. J. Moran, Rowler; *Third row:* J. D. Cook, R. W. Foster, Barrio, W. D. Daniels, I. W. Moore, H. J. Walsh, J. Gibbons, Jr., H. H. Dykes, Jr.





# BATTALION NINE

## BATT NINE DOPE SHEET

By John Gleason

Inasmuch as this will be the second and last Batt. 9 Dope Sheet, I think it only fitting and proper to commence the Unforgettable Ninth's Swan Song with a eulogy on the Ninth's pride and joy, namely, Reg. Cmdr. W. O. ("Wash-out") Brady. Also, he's in a position of power.

He got that voice and personality by being stuck as a drill instructor at San Diego where he spent the war until coming here to show off those form (?) fitting shirts. Hooch spent a couple of years as a laboratory technician at the Mayo Clinic under Dr. Ancel Keyes, who has done outstanding work on the development of the "K" Ration, and the eminent pathologist, Dr. E. C. Kendall, before going on the road and acting with a traveling stock company for a few years. One of the Pearl Harbor Day boys, Brady is also pretty sharp on the slip horn and Sax (Bassian of the 5th please note). And on top of all this he's reputed to have some pretty good phone numbers around Hollywood.

Speaking of slip horns, etc., reminds me of McElligott of the 6th platoon. He's one of the Ninth's jive-bombers and is quite a slush-pump artist, standing out in direct contrast to some other guy I know of. He organized his first dance band when he was 18 to play for some of the crowds that mobbed Yosemite Valley in the pre-rationing summers and has since lead a couple of others, but what with the draft and V-5, all that is a thing of the past. However, he still looks back fondly to the time he spent four days playing for a girls' league.

Poor old Stitz who's hobnobbed intimately with the Jap during the first attack on Guadalcanal and who has naturally met with quite a few other more or less bloody and hazardous adventures during the couple of years spent in the Marine Corps, ironically enough finally met his Waterloo right here at CP. A couple of weeks ago he broke his ankle on the high jump. And in practically the same minute Pers of the 8th decommissioned both arms by falling over the log barrier on the obstacle course. And here his girl won the Regimental Queen Contest and so is coming all the way from Ogden to see him—and him unable to use his arms. Who're we kiddin'?

As long as we're more or less on the subject of athletics, might as well include some of the scores made and records set by ye olde Ninthe. Of course, there's our all-star, triple-threat man, Klemmer, who holds the world's records for the 440 yd. and 400m., and more locally won the broad jump by making 19:06 to break the mark set last April by the Rocky Mountain "Big 10" Intercollegiate champion. He then broke the 100 by doing 9:09 beating by almost a full second the previous record of 10:04 set last January. The record for the high jump still stands despite the efforts of our best men, Klemmer, Grant, and "Rock" Rocker, who played 3yrs. 1st string Var. basketball for Cal., all tying at 5:10 to raise the standards.

To date we've broken only two records, but from the looks of things either Klemmer or Grant or both are set to beat that obstacle course. The best time is 1:41 and they did 1:41.5 and 1:42.5.

Grant's a good man, the best little all-round athlete—with but a couple of exceptions—that Lt. Thomas has seen in the last 2 yrs. He hasn't made any records—yet—but for a little man he certainly can travel up to the "P" and back in 13:07, and sailing 9:09 in the standing broad jump. This last hurt me deeply as I made 9:08.

But don't you readers get the idea that the Ninth hasn't its quota of brains despite propaganda to the contrary—because we have Frank "Hubba-Hubba" Stewart, the athletically

(Continued on Page 21)



ONCE THEY LOOKED LIKE THIS

But now . . . it's too late to turn back . . . so the 9th goes on



# JUNIOR BATTALIONS

## TENTH BATT. RAMBLINGS

By Earl Crabbe

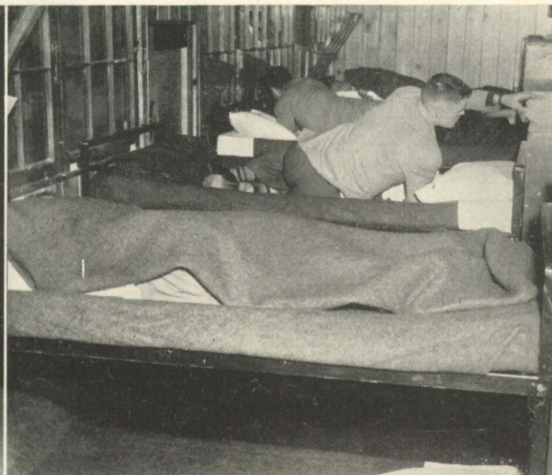
Just seven weeks after San Francisco, the boys in Bat 10 are divided into two general classes: those who think they're going straight to Pre-Flight and the less happy grinders who hope they aren't headed for San Diego. A sort of in-between bunch just wants to go some place to get away from Cal Poly.

Scanning around for interesting scuttlebutt, first choice this time goes to Cadet Robert Widholm, nominated as the one man who has no cause to complain about the lamentable situation regarding soft curves and frilly dress.

Cadet Widholm used to skate for the Ice Follies when he was a civilian, and also managed to wrangle a job as a skating instructor in Hollywood. From here the story gets bigger and better. His first pupil was Betty Grable, but also he found time for Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, and Shirley Temple, and several other choice morsels, while there. Probably he helped them get up when they took their spills, too.

Another good man is a cadet, for obvious reasons unnamed, who was mate of the deck of one of the NYA halls two days after the eleventh Bat came in. This ambitious beaver convinced several of the striplings that it was their obligation to address him as "sir," and also to swab decks in the morning while he sat reading the Yank. He probably had high officer-aptness to get away with it.

A stout fellow is Cadet Ed Rosso, who injured his knee on his second



## BATTALION ELEVEN ARRIVES *Who's the civilian? . . . Hitting the sack*

day here, and has been on sick call ever since. Rosso, a former Modesto Junior College lineman, has never marched a step since. He walks to classes, has never taken a lick of physical training, and does nothing but study and put on weight. However, when chow muster sounds, Rosso bolts to the head of the line at a great old rate—and if you don't have your feet set, well, it's too bad.

For the best story of the month, credit goes to Battalion Officer Lieutenant Thomas. Thomas told this one after several of the boys hinted that they were irritated at getting dysentery with the same meal. It seems that someone found a stewed insect in his pudding and took it to Mr. Noggle. Sympathy? No. Noggle had this to

say, "They ain't my flies."

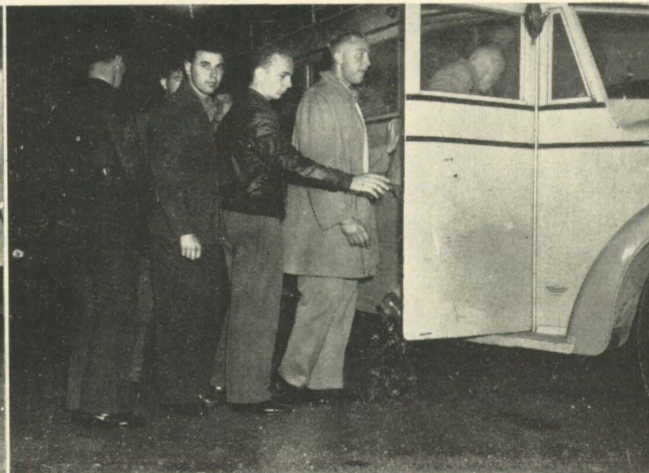
Proving that Naval Etiquette as practised here is strictly imported from the Marines, Platoon One organized a belt line to teach better manners to any individuals who got the whole bunch in trouble.

And in winding up, we leave you with this profoundly beautiful bit of philosophy, uttered by Ensign Webster just before a recognition test: "All you have to do to get out of here is relax."

(Continued from Page 7)

Columbus, Ohio, he came here last March, and expects to remain here for a while longer.

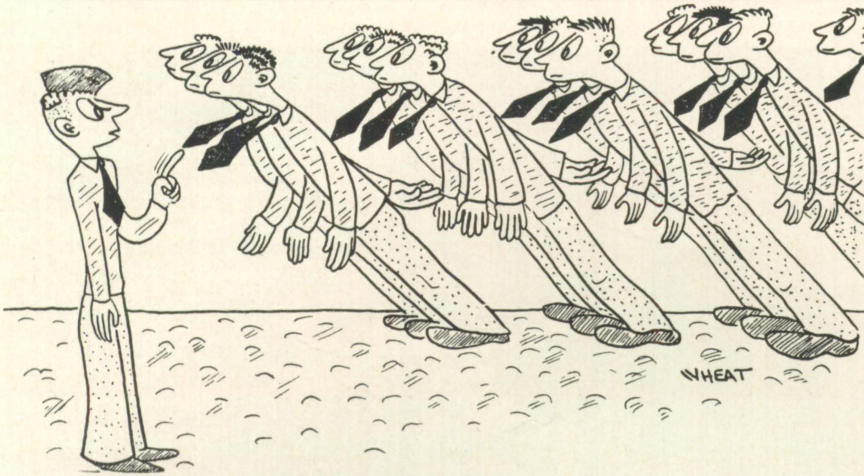
As his best friend has a half interest in a helicopter manufacturing company, he might go into that instead of back to the bank when the war's over.



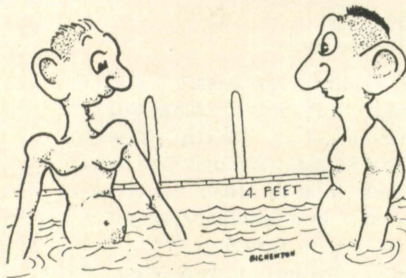
## THEY WOULDN'T GO BACK *. . . so they learned, Hup ta . . . but they rode this time*



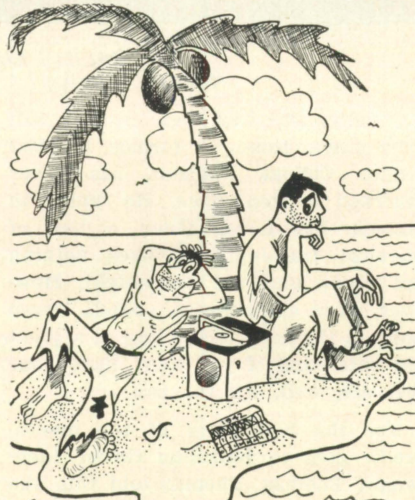
# MUSTANG ROUNDUP'S BEST



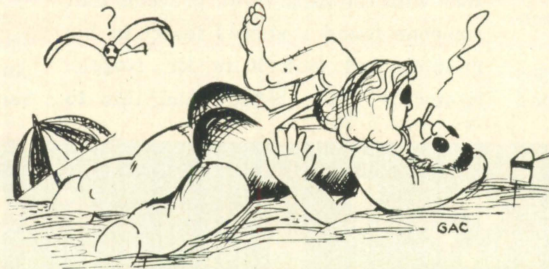
"Don't anticipate the command!"



"Why not? Everyone else does."



"Now we have semaphore at ten words per minute. . . bong. . . bong. . . bong."



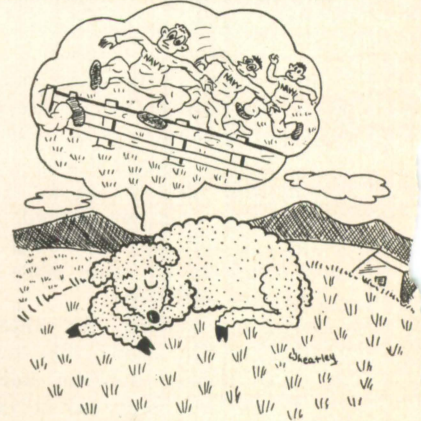
"Oh, you cadets say the sweetest things, but what's a SO3C Empenage?"



"There's nothing you can do now to change my mind about washing you out."



"Where's the cadet that's been practicing stratosphere flying?"



"... he had the only cake of Lifebuoy in the barracks."

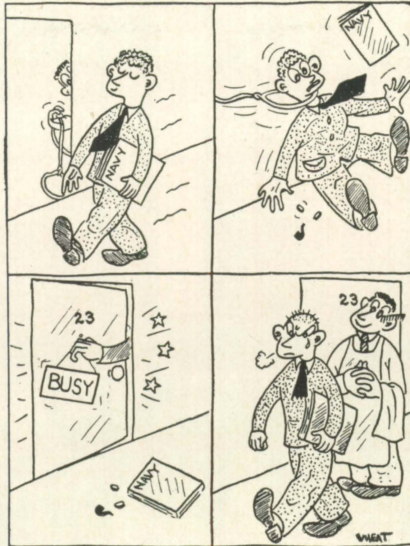




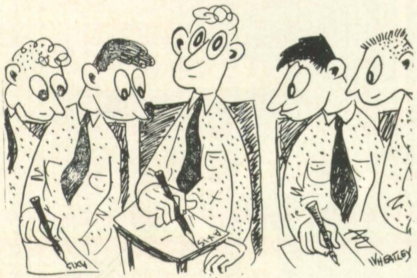
# 1943 HUMOR CARTOONS



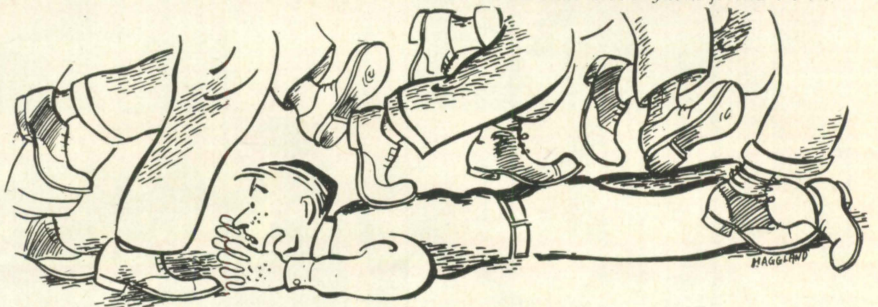
"Let's see, B-26 Marauder . . . 65 ft. wingspan. . . ."



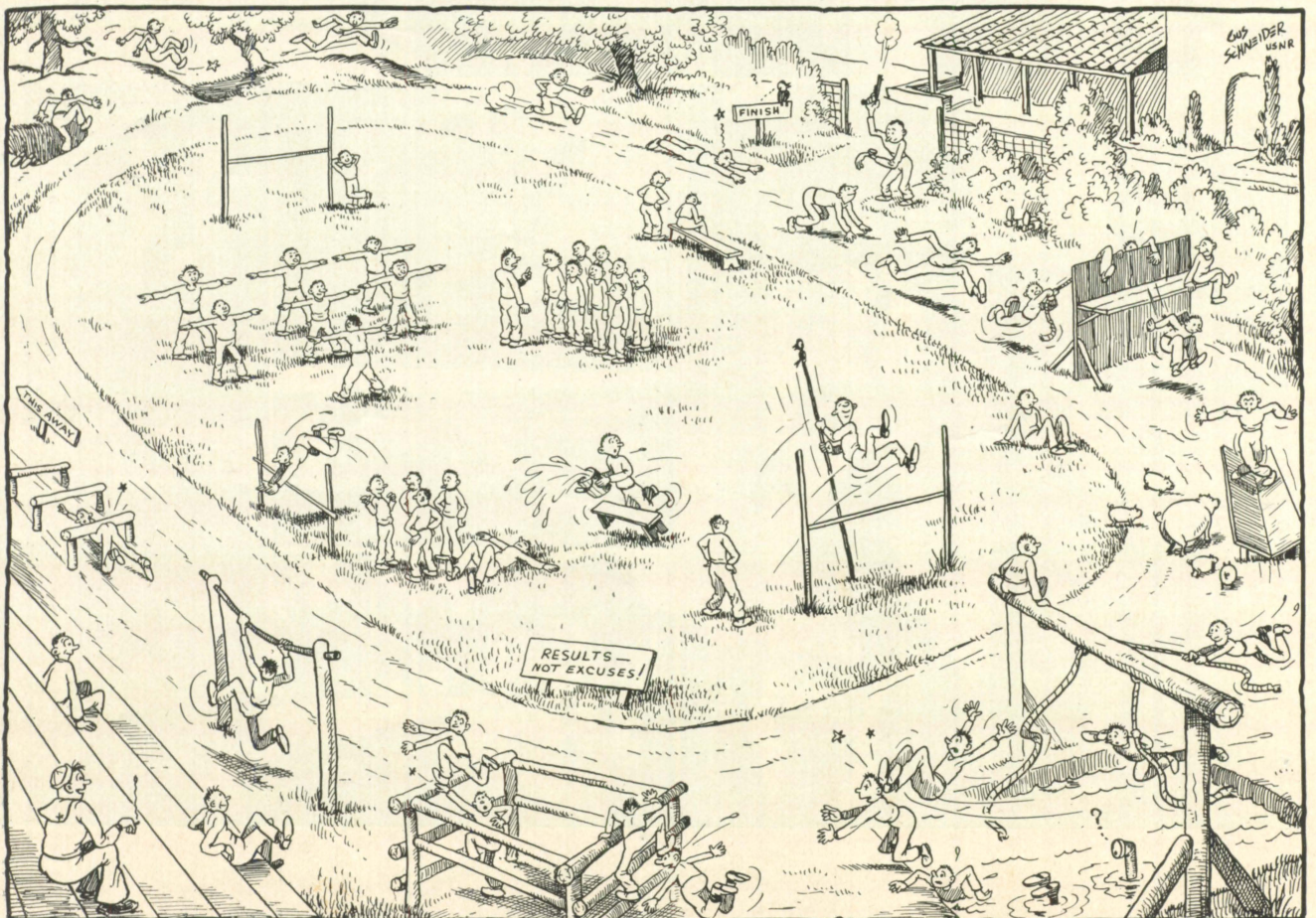
"This time I brought a friend . . ."



"Somebody's got to watch the blinker."



"Muster for liberty. . . ."





# IN A CADET'S DAY





# GRADUATING BATTALION

## THE "SOL" FIRST

For the first few weeks it looked as though the First was to be the S.O.L. platoon—we were stuck with every detail that came along. But under the capable guidance of our platoon leader, S. G. (Save your money and buy a beer) Whipple, we discovered we could avoid such inconveniences by hiding in the head—it got a little crowded, but it did the trick.

We were blessed with an all-round group of brains, brawn, and some joker named Hart who says he has a way with women. The intellectual end is upheld, and capably so, by Don "I don't care what the book says" Searle, and Paul "What, only a 3.9" Stiele. H. V. "Ghoulie laugh" Thompson, Dave "Who, me?" Turner, C. E. "Snffy" Smith, Bill "Flip" Cullen, and "Bull" Durham are supermen all. They manage to keep us in the running in all inter-squad competitions.

Our two most gifted musicians are A. E. "Just Like Dorsey" Geist, and T. P. "Rhapsody in Skivies" Johnson. Johnson is the regimental bugler, and has to post a guard at his door at night to keep cadets from getting to him while he sleeps. Besides T. P., there are two other Johnsons, and this keeps everyone busy telling them apart. F. E. "14-Karat" Johnson and R. B. "Silence Is Golden" Johnson. F. E. managed to sprain his ankle the first week, and has used it as an excuse ever since.

Jack "Knock It Off" Thomson is the only man in the 1st who had done any amount of flying—25 solo hours. A. K. "Why?" Clawson kept the cadet officers busy telling him why—in no uncertain terms. Richard "Where's My Hat?" Bills had a hard time remembering that the headgear is part of the uniform of the day. Bob "I Know a P-38" Richards hopes to crack the Recognition final wide open.

F. K. "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" Root left his heart in Utah, and about all you hear from him is a moan about getting to WTS at Ogden. Charlie "Seagull" Behm has one pet aversion—that is, being made of the table for chow. He can stow more chow faster than any other man on the base, and hates to stop just because somebody wants raisin bread. G. A. "I'm Not W.O." Brady has been in more than one embarrassing situa-

(Continued to Page 21)

## SECOND BEST

With fond memories of man and beast here at Cal Poly, the Second Platoon of the Ninth Battalion prepares to leave the sacred sanctums of this Naval Station. All that will remain of the Second will be the name it has written across some of the pages in this station's log.

The Second was gifted with its share of personalities when it first entered these awesome portals one cold, dark morning in September. Our ex-service men are holding up their end of the line to the very last day. McHardy, Crane, Castles, Defanbaugh, and Williams had all seen service with either the Marines or the Navy before they got the yen to fly for the Navy. Squire Williams had received his commission as an Ensign and was serving in the South Pacific when the flying fever hit him. McHardy served at our platoon leader for the first eight weeks of our sojourn here, and was then promoted to wing commander, and his place was taken by Crane. Cadet Castels acts as our wandering guide, and the men in the platoon will swear to the fact that he is equipped with an automatic pilot, judging by the way he guides without commands.

The second is comprised of men from all parts of the Western States, California, Utah, Colorado, and most of the other Western States being represented by their fair sons. That cadet with the worried look on his face all of the time and the doubt he expresses as to his possible chances of failure in any of the courses here, is "Dork" Watkins. In spite of the trouble that he is having with his studies, he is still top man on the battalion honor roll, and he is also leaving a good mark for the cadets of the following battalions to shoot at.

No one could miss the Porterville twins in our platoon. Anderson and Deislin are straight from the sticks, and darned proud of it, too. Lamour, the lad of football fame, has also proven himself one of the boys.

It would take much more space than your haggard reporter is allowed here to enumerate the individual merits of all the cadets in the platoon, so I will close by merely saying that I for one would have to look a long way before finding a better group of cadets.

By Bill Blackford.

## INFAMOUS THIRD

Although nothing need be said about the Infamous Third to make our presence here at Cal Poly linger in the hearts of our Officers and Instructors, we feel that it is only fair to the future battalions that we leave a record of our accomplishments as an incentive to lead them to a glorious and unblemished victory such as we have just attained.

The following members are in very good standing with Platoon Three, and since their arrival here, at Cal Poly, have contributed in the following capacities: Brady, W. O., who arose from a Marine to a Cadet Regimental Commander; Burks, R. D., now smiles once in a while, since he has risen from the ranks; Calvert, F. S., wonders if his new position as Battalion Adjutant is as easy a job as was his job as our Platoon Leader; Fair, R. E., who got in step yesterday—by mistake!!!; Franklin, W. B., became Platoon Mail Man so he could get his Colorado mail first.

Frederickson, P. G., will never go to Heaven 'cuz he gave his wings away; Glover, R. J., the lover, who has ideas of being a flight teacher; Graham, Basil, now owns a private wire to San Francisco; Gunther, C. H., taught the Marines how to shine their shoes; Haddock, H. J., who can stretch a sprained toe into three weeks of goldbricking; Haines, C. W., Hungry Haines now gets his squad out on time for chow.

Hamilton, R. H., proved that you don't have to know the instructor's daughter to get good grades; Hansen, R. E., president of the Brain Trust; Harmon, R. L., our harmonious cadence counter; Haskell, F. E., gets more fan mail than Sally Rand; Jacobs, E. P., Engine aptitude, 4.00.

Kilpatrick, T. L., "When Irish Eyes Are Gouging"; Knudsen, W. O., has a scientific explanation for everything; Koppelaar, P. J., his name's Pete, but he's by no means a Saint; McKellips, H. G., broke the swimming record on the obstacle course; Marker, E. F., finally read the nursery rhyme, "Goosey Gander"; Lance, W. D., can out-argue any five cadets in the platoon; McKenzie, R. D., operated a date bureau, but plans on settling in San Francisco, Pacific Ave., to be exact.

McLennon, M., rose from "Super Mouse" to "Super Rabbit"; Moore, (Continued to Page 21)



# GRADUATING BATTALION

## MARCHING FOURTH

Inspired by the cooperative marching of those brilliant executioners of commands, Bayley and Craig, the fourth platoon staggered off with first place in the recent regimental drill competition. Bunn has ordered a five-gallon silver loving cup (suitable for drinking purposes) in memory of this notable achievement.

Romance—ah!! Hansen's amatory record is sufficient to entitle him to an inside position for the biological pursuit race. However, he has several talented adversaries in the field capable of challenging his supremacy: Carroll, Coke and Winterbourne comprise a triumpherate of threatening competition, all adequately skilled in the delicate art of creating passionate "affaires d'amour." Nolan's sleek, wolfish appearance belies his innocent mental conceptions, but the local girls just won't believe he's out after their companionship.

The three ethereal figures forming the legs of our athletic tripod are Adams, Buestad, and Conner. At the pinnacle of this tripod towers the rugged figure of O'Brien, who overcame all obstacles in splashing his way to this enviable position. While Gardner concentrated on saving his strength for St. Mary's, enthusiastic Shubin spent his Sunday liberties falling off the obstacle wall, which generally enabled him to join the goldbrick detail during the week. The two Thompsons, Bob and Roy, both proved to be versatile athletes, excelling in every branch of the sports program.

Clark, Craig, Crowell and Drack upheld the fourth on the battalion honor roll with high overall averages.

Still clinging to fading memories of ivy-covered walls and shapeless coats are two men obliterated now by khaki. Duncan typifies the suave, self-assured Cal. extension collegiate, and Chance represents a perfect example of "why not" to send your boy to college. Bettencourt is still hoping that the navy will soon include a course in poetry appreciation as a part of the curriculum. He feels that all gentlemen should have a nodding acquaintance with the finer arts.

We had quite a time bringing our two reticent introverts, Black and Smythe, out of their shells, but finally their inferiority complexes were broken—woe is us. Carlson found an ideal



## DIVINE SERVICES

*Small at first but growing every Sunday*

playmate in the form of Rinella, and now the two little jokers stay awake all night planning new deviltry for the morrow.

Despite the wild and undisciplined life that Hannay leads, he remains in excellent condition, and should go far unless he succumbs to a life of dissipation. Doane provided the platoon with clarinet chamber music when radios were snafu. Our man about town, Barnhart, has traveled widely, and observed many green pastures.

Altogether, the fourth platoon is a motley crew of characters who should become excellent killers, or gentlemen, or both.

By James Porter.

## BIG PRISON FROLIC

By John Gleason

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, tonight's program is coming to you direct from Wildcat Hole's new escape-proof penitentiary. Warden Rod Edens is presiding over tonight's festivities, the 20th anniversary of the graduation of Bat. 9's 5th platoon from the Cal-Poly NFPS. Who would ever suspect that this benign old fellow was known as "Hardnose" Edens when he was leader of the 5th? Why, only yesterday this kind man removed two years from the sentences of those who had 99 yrs or more and who were over 50 years of age.

Edens raises his whip and the "Frap Happy Grinders" blares out with "Nobody Loves Me, I Wonder Why." The whole platoon is here except for Felton, who is flying in from Dry Bone Gulch, 50 miles away.

Over in the corner I can see Ed "Cubby" Culbertson, who was in lighter than air and is now district mgr. for Gen'l Motors, talking to Spinetti and Walker—doubtless trying to sell them one of GMC's new articulated, undulating, 15,000-HP high capacity blimps. A Visiograph message has just been received from Felton. He wants to know what his MH is if his TH is 098, Var. 10E. Ferrante, Berwick, and Bubble-butt Urban whip out their navigation instruments and plotting board which they always carry with them, and get busy on this problem of the century. What's this, three different answers? Well, three ans. are better than one—send him all three.

Someone just handed me a letter that dropped from Gouger Gager's pocket. Boy, this's better'n Esquire. At last, after 20 years, I find out what went on all one night when Edens, "Horn" Hyde, and Gouger were the guests of three young married ladies of virtue from Paso Robles.

And here is an example of what a little drink will do to Naval Aviators: Klemmer, Mitchell, and Smalley have stripped down to their shorts and are now doing 275 laps around the hall.



# GRADUATING BATTALION

Here's another brain-wave from Felton. He thinks he's in the vicinity of Tuscaloosa, Tenn. Will someone please tell him what his TAS is if the CAS 350, Press. Alt. 40,000, Temp. -67? This time "Goat" Gotelli, Ingram, and Willis get to work with their electrothought data analysers, designed by "Major" Warner, who always was pretty good at Nav. He got tired writing the calculations, so he and Rube Goldberg built this little gadget whereby you just think the numbers and the machine does all the work. Ah, here's the answer: 865K.

I see "Basson" Bassian hanging from a chandelier by his toes (neat trick if you can do it), and going through the recoil motions of how he machine-gunned five at once. And as I hear him simulating the sound of gunfire, I can just see those five clay pigeons shattering to bits. Strangely, Bein and Cartwright don't seem too impressed—they're making some vulgar digital motions.

Mr. Carl "Gootch" Gobel has just generously offered to entertain us with a solo number. Mr. Gobel will, ah, sing, "Why Do You Frap Me so Often," which is just suited for his peculiar kind of voice. Now, ladies and gentlemen, "Gootch" Gobel. Where's Mr. Gobel? You say Digges, Dudley, and "Big Jim" Wagstaff stuffed a blivet in his mouth and dragged him away? They said his voice hadn't improved since he was a cadet.

Here come Falconer, Corsiglia, and Alkire, and I can see by their dazed expressions that they've been talking to "Rock" Edens again. You say Ready Eddy has made you Honorary Citizens of Utah and given you exclusive fishing rights in the Great Salt Lake. Only there aren't any fish in the lake, and who wants to be a citizen of Utah!

Well, our time is just about up folks. We hope you've liked this informal little program, and to those of you who are still listening, this is John Gleason.

FLASH: Here's a bulletin from Ulysses Felton. He bailed out near Oshkosh, Fla., and is taking the train. He, too, missed by only one decimal point.

## SEX-Y SIXTH

One who writes the sea-going saga of the sixth is confronted with the discouraging prospect of finding his best effort unworthy of such a splen-

did and colorful group as the "Sex-y Sixth."

Tom Denton, who came west from Illinois for the Marine Corps, and south from San Francisco with the 6th, did such an exemplary job as left wing commander thru his first few weeks here at Cal Poly that he was recently made Sub-Regimental Commander.

John C. Crowder is a fitting leader for such a group of stalwarts and altho he is described by the local gush-girls as "the cutest man alive" we, to our sorrow, know him as a man of inflexible steel whose favorite expression of remonstrance is "But that's beside the point; what I require is results, not excuses"—a corny expression that has found universal currency but very little popularity thruout the entire Cadet Regiment.

The Utah contingency in the 6th is headed by the Silver Tongued Shields who has found his legal training an extraordinary boon in the Navy—what is the term?? Sea Lawyer? Well, maybe. Clyde Shindler, also from the U. of Utah never retires without giving the current mate of the deck a bad time. Jack Morris, from BYU, plays the organ at Sunday Chapel services and only occasionally hits an irreverent note that's faintly suggestive of Alexander's ragtime Band. Stanford Stubbs is the mailgettin'est man in the navy, and smiles smugly while the rest of us stand around long enough to learn that our angels have feet of clay—and no time to write.

Well-bred Stan Pittman, gentleman extraordinary from the Univ. of Cal., has been seen to shed his Midvictorian reticence on Saturday nites and according to an old wives' tale he is much favored in the halls of one of the local guildwomen. Will Lotter, also a Cal Lad, didn't let the fact he broke his leg prevent his finishing with the 9th. He is now back from the hospital none the worse for wear. Big Howie Thruston is a powerhouse on the commando course and has been seen carrying one of his less able fellows up to the "P."

Frank McEwan is our candidate for Mystery Man—all we know about him is that he's a close relative of Fearless Fosdick. Bob Nikkel comes from the College of the Pacific with lots of hub-a-dub-ah and stands without peer as a man devoted to gracious living. Marvin Steinmetz is infamous as the Boulder Blimp and has neurotic ten-

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PICTURE GIRL OF THE MONTH



Betty Feliciano is another pretty, young Cal Poly stenographer who seems to attract more than her share of attention from the cadets.

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# GRADUATING BATTALION

dencies of taking long leaps into the moonlight over the telephone.

Frank Stewart from the University of Colorado—no comment, except this posthumous note "Weep for Adonais for Adonais is dead." Joe Parliapiano has been eternized by Steinmetz's variation on a popular theme—"I came here to talk for Parliapiano." Jack Potter is a virtual mine of the latest scuttlebutt and keeps us all busy packing our bags so that we can take off for Diego or Corpus, as the case may be, on the slightest notice. Bill Mitchell from San Jose is conspicuous for Sat. nite gallantry and Mon. morning pennance on the Commando Course.

Alvin (Abbie the Baby) Mooney frequents Mattie's Thirst Emporium, and has been known to wake up in strange hotel rooms shouting "Take me out of here Coach, they're beatin' me to death." Jerry Misener is one of the swimming aces of the Battalion and thru the 16 hours of waking allotted him carries a fair haired Kappa on his chest. McElligot made his social debut with the 6th on its first trek to Matties and amply demonstrated those sterling qualities that will later admit him to Valhalla. Bobby Lydon is one of the nicest guys we know and, without question, one of the gamest guys in the game. Maelstrom has the body beautiful and a sharp eye in recognition along with a penchant for nacelles. Miller comes to us from a long line of Navy men, but obviously they neglected to tell him that "Muster" is a quaint Navy term meaning "Cadet, get t'hell wherever you're going on the double."

Next to Howie Thruston we'll take Mast on the commando course and give odds over Seabiscuit, or a mountain goat—take your choice. Vernon Myers is a still-life of morale as it should be in the Naval Aviation—Did you hear what he said after walking off 2 hours on the grinder Saturday nite? Earl Messenger recently lost his true love and has become one of the leaden eyed, but rumor has it that he is about to enshrine another. Specht, who came to us from the 8th, to whom he had come from the 7th, to whom he had come from the 6th—and so on ad infinitum, is one example of the super-saturated salt that has just undergone violent agitation.

### SOMNAMBULATING SEVENTH

Not expecting anyone to read this but the members of the Seventh Platoon, I will concern myself only with things that would interest us. So if you're not one of us, don't strain your eyes on this small type. You'll need

them in recognition.

The "Somnambulating Seventh" holds the record for having the slowest cadence in the Cadet Regiment. It's not that we are tired, but rather that we like it so much here that we take our time and enjoy all that is around us. Bill Bauman holds the big stick. He hails from "Chi," and has been in the Marines for two years. It didn't take Bill long to find out that if he wanted a left flank movement that he merely had to say "Right Flank har!"

The "Cathartic Kitchin" wasn't functioning to capacity until Rocker "the Rock" stepped up production by suggesting that the school be more LAX in their EXes, and thus the cadets could leave the chow hall on the run. Cadets Krinkle, Knoblock, and Juka have yet to learn what goes on at noon muster.

On the Sunday preceding graduation, Cadet Anthony suggested that we all stay aboard and practise our marching, but Cadets Lybrook, Winn, and Tefft wanted to use that time to swab the bulkheads in Wildcat Hall.

For variation, Hay and Grant march the platoon off on the right foot and count from five to eight instead of one to four. That's what I like about the Seventh, we're always on the ball and have lots of "hobba" all the time. I'm dying to mention myself. I'm the kid who counts, "Hut taw, hut taw." Lyrical, isn't it?

The spirit of cooperation hit a new high in the Seventh when we were called upon to run to the "P" and back for time. Cadets Jones, Le Franchi, and Longstreet volunteered to go for all of us and divide their times among us evenly. Someone must have loafed though, 'cause after dividing by thirty, our individual times were still worse than twenty-five minues. Cadet Horstmann is getting up a petition for having the "P" moved out to Mattie's, so that we can write ourselves in and out of the OD's office, thereby saving wear and tear on the Physical Training instructors.

I tried by best to mention all of you in this epic, but what the H—!. If I didn't you can find your name on the muster sheet, which I am selling at five cents the copy, or if you're a cheap skate, take a run down to the OD's office and take a look at the watch bill—you're all there.

By Alvin N. Johnson, Jr.

She was working her way through Cal Poly selling Colliers, but all the cadets wanted to take were Liberties.



# GRADUATING BATTALION

## RAGGED, RUGGED 8th

We remember the hearty welcome, "Go Back, Go Back, before it's too late," which kept ringing in our ears as we started the battle of San Luis Obispo. Most of us found our sacks short-sheeted that first morning. Dale "Dandy" Daniels learned the next day that the navy expects you to sleep full length.

Sarg Stitz and "Rockpile" Bill Bush kept the rugged eighth (also known as ragged eighth) under control. Bubbling Bennie Zager (Laughing Boy) was right at home here—only had to move over from the Poly hay barn to Kingfisher barracks.

The eighth was composed of many dynamic individuals including All-American "Smooth-Boy" Dallmar of Stanford basketball fame and Irving "Scooter" Moore. The day "Sliderule" Egeler came into his own was when in a moment of mental wandering he told Lt. Polhemus to "carry on, sir."

Nucleus of the powerful eighth was composed of superb fellows like Joe "Candy" Edy, Harry "Horses" Dykes, Jack "Marcoplous" Cook, John "have no fear when Cowan is near" Cowan, Dick "Light Breeze" Foster, Bob "Bell Bottom" Barris, et al.

Bob "Scuttlebutt" Mace could always be counted on to contribute the latest dope two days in advance. One of the I.Q. boys, Thomas "Flash" Fleishmann, is given credit for Poly's undefeated football season. Through Tom's phenomenal playing ability we were undefeated, untied, unscored upon and unplayed.

San Jose State gave us their best in early-rising Hank "Speed" Imsen and smooth boys John "Gibbie" Gibbons and Gallie Gallimore.

Texas-talking "Mac" MacDaniels claimed he was from Colorado—but south. Durham Doug Watt talked most about his Chico State girl. The strong, silent "super-cooled" fellows were Charlie "Grapevine" Ludwig, John "Tule Farmer" Moran and Larry "Send me to Ogden" Hansen.

Military track depleted our ranks when Sarg Stitz and John Pierce simultaneously fell on different parts of the obstacle course to receive a broken leg and broken arm respectively.

"Murphy" Murray, from Roseville, a "hangar flyer" spent most of his time flying down wind. Hank "What did you say" Walsh distinguished himself by having a San Francisco blond under alleged control. Kay "Bumble-Guffer" Jacobs was one of the better singers from Utah.

—by J. B. C.

(Continued from Page 7)

extra minute to see the scrapbook Mr. Kiebertz has kept—don't miss that opportunity.

To the less fortunate men that do not know the navigation instructor who has made famous the joke "Here 'tis—": Go out of your way to meet him, you'll never regret it.

(Continued from Page 9)

ing one full hour of Flight; which reminds me . . . If all the men who went to sleep in that class were laid end to end . . . they'd be a damn sight more comfortable.

As we ring down the curtain on the prep days of this, the senior battalion, we leave with those to follow the torch of ambition . . . the desire and hope of every man who has spent his childhood of learning in Cal Poly . . . To spend one full day giving Ensign "Note the Door Handle" Webster a Recognition test and Lt. "Crouch Sitting—Too Slow" Polhemus mass exercise . . . thumbs up, lads! the worst is yet to come.

(Continued from Page 12)

uncoordinated genius of plat. 8. Now Frank is somewhat unusual in that he graduated from HS at the age of 14 and has altogether spent some 9 yrs. in one college or another getting degrees in Poly Sci., Econ., and a couple of years of Law. When he was 18 he relaxed long enough to teach a HS social studies course. Even joined the CCC. Somewhere in his busy life he found time to be the editor of the Rocky Mountain Law Review, head of the now defunct America First Committee, State President of the International Relations Club, and be County Supervisor of WPA for a year or so. So with all this behind him, he flunks four of his second-to-last tests.

But there are others. Watkins for instance in the 2nd Plat. who right now holds the highest average, 3.82, in the Batt., closely followed by Steele with a 3.80 and Searle, 3.79, of the 1st. The Batt. average as of the mid-term, the last figures available, was pretty good. But not so good as to discourage any succeeding Cadets from hoping to attain our somewhat less than Stratospheric levels. We're happy, tho.

Willard Lotter's a good boy, too. Even though he broke his leg during our short-lived football flurry he's kept up his studying in the hospital and so will still graduate with us.

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# CAL POLY NEWS

## FAIR WARNING

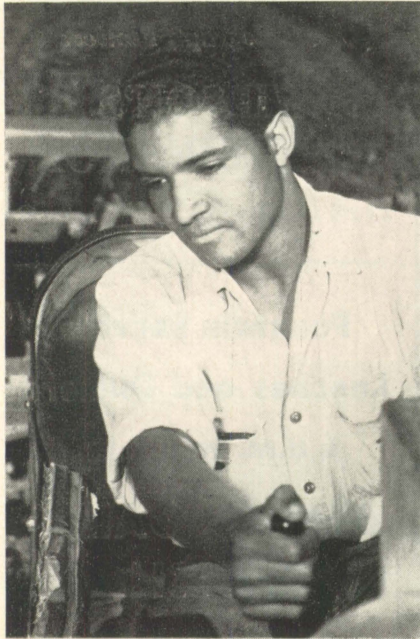
Tony Ayres, hardworking dairy student, has given the student body fair warning that they may have to find a new secretary. Tony has been hearing faint murmurs from the direction of his draft board.

## THEY WEREN'T DUDS

Twenty-four Poly instructors and Bureau of Ag. men had the experience of seeing real bullets (tracer) whistle by them as part of the demonstration of teaching techniques which the army presented for them at Camp Roberts on Armistice Day. They all came away satisfied that the army teaches "for keeps," not just for fun.

## LIVESTOCK SHOW

Meat Animal husbandry students are bringing their respective project animals up to the peak of perfection this week in preparation for the Great Western Livestock Show held in Los Angeles the last of Nov. and first few days of Dec. If the year isn't too unusual, Poly will probably walk off



**MAX LESCOT**  
*Son of a president*

## STUDENT OF CROPS

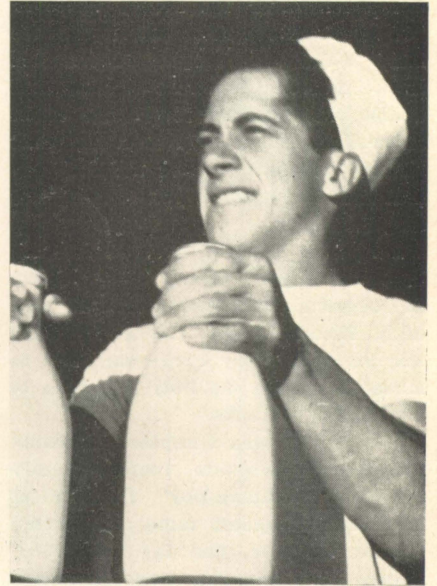
Max Lescot, son of the president of the Republic of Haiti, hopes some day to return to his native land as a full-fledged agricultural extension specialist, so that he may pass along to farmers of Haiti the latest developments in agricultural methods used in the States.

How did he come to enroll as an agricultural student at Cal Poly? That's easy, he'll tell you. He just wrote the Haitian Embassy at Washington, D.C., for the name of a college where he could study "practical" agriculture. The embassy asked the U.S. Office of Education—and Max entered the crops department in Sept.

Max, who speaks English and Spanish as well as his native tongue, French, was born in Port-au-Prince, and went to school there. When his father was Haitian ambassador to the U.S., Max went to high school in Washington, D.C. Later he went to a military-religious college in the south and last year attended the college of agriculture at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

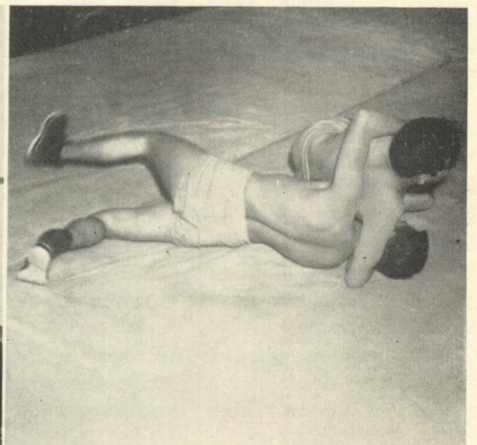
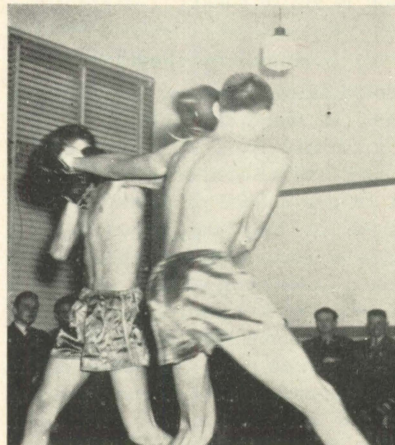
## SUMP'N TO CROW ABOUT

Again Cal Poly's student-owned hens have come home to roost after taking all the prizes at the California National Egg-laying test held in Modesto. This time they won the award for the highest net production record over a three-year period.



**TONY AYRES**  
*he's a secretary*

with most of the awards as it has in the past.



## SMOKER FUN

*Jewett's boys . . . Herman downs Chacon*



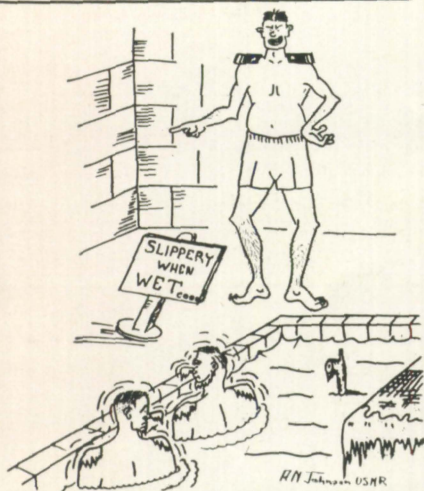
## DAVIDSON LEADS

*. . . but no one follows . . . just sing loud*

**Mustang Roundup, November, 1943**



## OUT OF BOUNDS



"That water's not cold! It's just your imagination."

G I this  
G I that,  
G I coat,  
G I hat.  
G I talk where 'ere I roam  
G I wish I could go home.  
Cadet Eldwin Dudley  
Bn. 9, Plat 5.

Cadet (phoning girls): Are you free tonight?

Girl: Not exactly free, but very in-expensive.

Boss: No, I'm afraid you won't do.  
Stenog: Yes, I will, to, if that's what it takes to get the job.

There was a young soldier named Neale  
Who went up in a big ferris wheel,  
But when half-way around  
He looked at the ground,  
And it cost him an eighty-cent meal.

Girls when they went out to swim,  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;  
Now they have a bolder whim—  
They dress more like her cupboard.

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