

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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SCUTTLEBUTT
GALORE

Cal. Poly
News

DECEMBER
1943

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Mustang ROUNDUP



California Polytechnic College Naval Flight Preparatory School

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Cadet R. Vega <i>Staff Artist</i>
Cadet J. R. Grogan <i>Cadet Photographer</i>
Miss Patricia Kaiser <i>Advertising</i>

MESSAGE FROM NEW SKIPPER

It is with pride that I take over as Officer in Charge of Naval Flight Preparatory School at California Polytechnic. Having spent considerable time at other stations working at this and other Naval Flight Prep Schools, I am fully aware of the high quality of man produced. This is an important stage in your training. The groundwork laid here will show up throughout your entire Naval Aviation career.

Continue the effort and cooperation in the future as you have in the past, and you will be well on your way to winning your Navy Wings of Gold.

R. B. McPHAIL
Lieut., AV(S) USNR

NAPTCRO BLOOD DONORS

NAPTCRO, Los Angeles, officer and enlisted men, 60 percent of its personnel, volunteered blood donations to the American Red Cross.

NEW NAVY RIFLE

They say the Navy has a new rifle which fires so rapidly that it shoots eight times before you didn't know it was loaded.

FOXBITS

By J. L. Fox

The rate Lt. Thomas and some of the Tenth Batt.'s M.O.D.'s started off on the system of "fines" instead of "fraps," we thought we were going to be able to have Kay Kyser for the graduation dance.

* * *

It's finally happened. One of our duty or die boys was messenger, and rode up to the "P" on a bike to find a cadet. Well, this place affects some that way. . . . Too Baad!

* * *

Via a la grapevine, I hear that as officers we'll be able to wear white silk scarfs with our overcoats. Reg. Adj. Welte tells me that parachute silk is the very best material. That's all right; but what happens if we ever want to bail out? Hmmm!

* * *

Who was it that thought a "T.S slip" meant "Terribly Sad"? Kinda new here, aincha, Bub?

* * *

SAD STORY: They made the mistake in sick bay of putting alcohol on one of the cadet's sore back. Now he's broken his neck trying to lick it off.

* * *

What's this scuttlebutt about WTS being discontinued soon? Let's hope it holds off till we get there. I've no-

ticed most of the boys are mechanically inclined, and would really enjoy WTS. In fact, many of the boys from engines class are already spending their weekends tinkering with the MISSES in their motors.

* * *

I see Branden and some of the boys are getting hotel rooms over the weekends. Can it be because they don't get enough sleep here?

* * *

The 12th Batt. sure gave a salty appearance upon their arrival here. It made quite a few of us homesick for our "blues" or "Marine greens." Many of them are old hands at this game of war, having put in more sack drill than we have time in the service. Perhaps they have gone by more bell-buoys than we have telephone poles, or drank more torpedo juice than we have milk; but I'll bet in our short time here we've eaten as much stew as they have.

* * *

Have you noticed the hard time the small trees have along the route to our mustering grounds?

* * *

Tell me, was it malaria that caused Reg. Comdr. (3-2-3-4) Birch's hair to move south, or is it the late hours he keeps?

* * *

Boy, is there a quick overhauling on hair-do's after you hit this school! Instead of a "zoot," many of our boys now sport the "G.I. Zip."

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MUSTANG ROUNDUP STAFF
Miss Kaiser's presence increased staff size

ON BOARD

NEW SKIPPER

Lt. Robert Bruce McPhail, A-V (S) USNR, came aboard NFPS at Cal Poly Friday, 10 December, 1943, to take over as officer-in-charge relieving Lt. R. E. Harris, who has been acting officer-in-charge since the departure of Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook during the later part of November.

Lt. McPhail is originally from Boston, Mass., where he headed a firm involved in business organization and promotion. With Mrs. McPhail and their one child he lived at Brookline, Mass., just outside Boston.

Lt. McPhail received his commission in the Navy in May 1941, and was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Quonset Point, R.I., going from there to the Naval Pre-Flight school at Iowa City, then to the Navy Recognition school at Columbus, Ohio. He later returned to Iowa, and from there was assigned to Del Monte, coming from there to Cal Poly.

He attended Harvard Law school, following graduation from Dartmouth College at Hanover, N.H., and was also a student at Phillips Exeter Academy at Exeter, N.H.



NEW SKIPPER
Lt. Robert B. McPhail

"STRICTLY 4.0"

By Cadet E. Vern Konkel

Climaxing eleven weeks of hard work and pleasure, the far-famed Tenth Batt., en masse, enjoyed the finest dance yet held in these parts. The local USO was alive with inspired

cadets and beautiful girls, and there was not a person there who did not thoroughly enjoy himself.

Les Brown and twenty-six musicians-extraordinary supplied the music for the merry-making; their efforts satisfied everyone—young and old alike.

Congratulations must be extended to the committee in charge, including Bob Widholm, chairman; Ken Hack, Bob Bennett, and Murray Galbraith for the very fine manner in which all plans and arrangements were carried out. Pete Boudoures as usual did himself proud as chairman of the decorations committee, and with the USO's whole-hearted cooperation, the spacious ballroom personified all the gaiety and splendor of Christmas itself. Suitable refreshments bolstered the morale of all present.

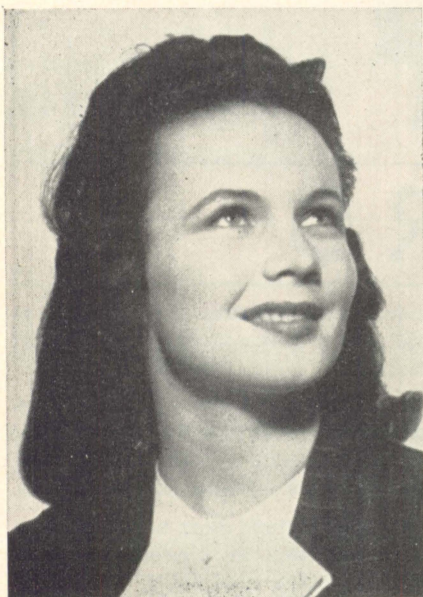
On the guest list was the staff of officers and instructors at Cal Poly, whose not so easy task has been to impart in us the all too numerous gems of wisdom necessary to become Naval Flight officers.

The beautiful Miss Gloria Porter reigned as regimental queen and guest of honor at the ball. Cadet Ken Hack was her lucky escort.



FAREWELL TO OUR OLD SKIPPER
Lt. Comdr. Cook relieved by Lt. Harris . . . at assembly of cadets

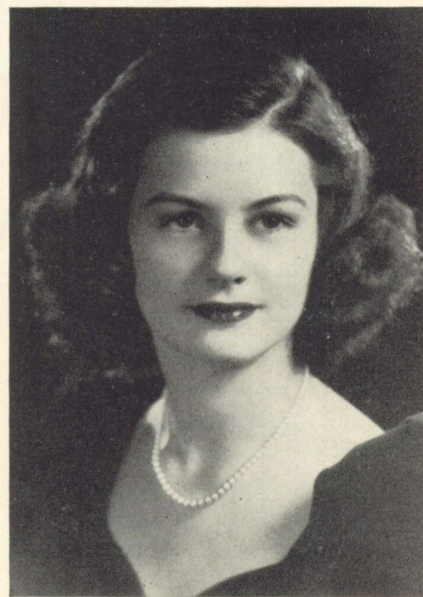
QUEEN CONTEST



GLORIA PORTER
Atascadero



BEVERLY HOFFMAN
Los Angeles



VIRGINIA ROOT
San Francisco

GLAMOUR, GLAMOUR

A crown of orchids, an engraved bracelet with Navy Wings of Gold, and the honor of being Regimental Queen of NFPS Cal Poly were bestowed upon glamorous Gloria Porter of Atascadero at the Tenth Battalion's graduation dance, December 20. Miss Porter, whose good looks and good fortune made her winner of the current Regimental Queen contest sponsored by MUSTANG ROUNDUP, won over some thirty other contestants including two Movie starlets. Cadet Kenneth Hack, of the Tenth Battalion's Fourth platoon, was the lucky cadet who entered Miss Porter's photo in the contest and shared the spotlight with her at the Coronation ceremonies.

The committee of judges, which included Lt. Harris, Lt. Vogel, Lt. Bonath and Mr. Kennedy, made their selection of the top ten contestants after much debate and consideration. Other winners in the contest were:

Miss Beverly Hoffman of Los Angeles was picked as second choice. Her photograph was entered by Cadet Eldon Anderson (Batt. 10, Plt. 4), who told the judges after the contest that Miss Hoffman played the lead in "Reveille for Beverly." Third choice was Miss Virginia Root of San Francisco, whose photo was entered by Cadet Lloyd Root (Batt. Pl. 1).

The next seven runners-up were:

Miss Jerry Rusconi of Sanger, Calif., entered by Keith Spaith (Batt. 10, Pl. 8); Miss Alice Busby, Willits, Calif., entered by D. R. Johnson (Batt. 10, Pl. 4); Miss Shirley Morton, Glendale, Calif., entered by W. T. Zechman (Batt. 10, Pl. 4); Miss Barbara Saxton, OOakland, Calif., entered by J. P. Sanguinito (Batt. 10, Pl. 4); Miss Clover Heffelfinger, Geneva, Ohio, entered by Philip A. Stamm (Batt. 12, Pl. 2); Miss Julia Peterman, New Orleans, La., entered by Harold Bowes (Batt. 10, Pl. 3); and Miss Dolly Devlin, Los Angeles, entered by Herb Flannery (Batt. 10, Pl. 6).



JERRY RUSCONI
Sanger, Cal.



BARBARA SAXTON
Oakland



SHIRLEY MORTON
Glendale, Cal.

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943

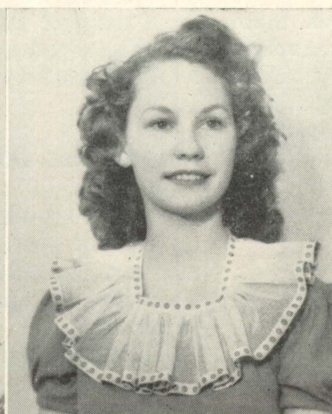
QUEEN CONTEST



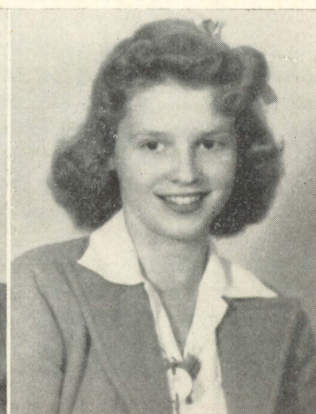
**CLOVER
HEFFELFINGER**
Geneva, Ohio



DOLLY DEVLIN
Los Angeles



ALICE BUSBY
Willits, Cal.



JULIA PETERMAN
New Orleans

Other entries in the contest were:

BATTALION 10

Platoon 1: Thelma Jane Lewis, Swink, Colo., by Chas. E. Doney; **Platoon 2:** Helen Herring, San Francisco, by J. W. Miller; **Platoon 3:** Edith Leonard, Boulder, Colo., by Richard O. Brenneman; **Platoon 5:** Katherine King, Corrington, La., by R. Richardson King; Margaret E. Swannell, Sacramento, by E. B. Anderson; **Platoon 8:** Marjie Oliver, Omaha, Nebraska, by Harold B. Clemens, Jr.; Doris Crespo, Berkeley, by R. Vega.

BATTALION 11

Platoon 6: Sophie Mae Mollay, Timpson, Texas, by Payton C. Ash; Shirley Dokken, Los Angeles, by Edward J. Porter.

BATTALION 12

Platoon 3: Dorothy Sorensen, Seattle, Wash., by Eldon Kinley; Marylin Fredricks, Chicago, by T. J. Mackey; **Platoon 4:** Bobbie Hallack, New York, by R. S. Martin; Gerry Wallace, El Dorado, Ka., by Herbert Mason; Irene Ratka, Otterman, Iowa, by G. A. Van Nausell; **Platoon 6:** Dorothy E. Brennan, Detroit, by Weston E. Somand; **Platoon 7:** Ann Biondich, Oakland, by Pete Napaleone.

NINTH BATT. DANCE

The 9th Battalion is credited with supplying one of San Luis Obispo's greatest social functions. On November 22nd over 200 Naval Aviation cadets received diplomas for finishing their first step in officer training. The evening was perfectly climaxed with a dance at the local USO Hall, music being furnished by the popular orchestra of Jack Teagarden.

Main event of the evening was the crowning of lovely Ardis Jepps as Regimental Queen. Miss Jepps was

selected from over 500 entries in the MUSTANG ROUNDUP queen contest, and was brought to the Senior Dance—all expenses paid.

Succeeding in what no previous Battalion has achieved, the 9th Batt's dance was a tremendous success. Girl friends traveled as far as 1200 miles to be present at the select occasion.

Credit goes to Cadet Regimental Commander W. O. Brady and his staff. It also extends to the senior men, who have put forth every effort to make their Battalion tops.



GALA NINTH BATT. DANCE

Top: Jack Teagarden's orchestra; Reg. Comdr. Brady interviews Queen Jepps; Bottom: Queen cuts cake; Cadet Piers escorts Miss Jepps from stage

ON BOARD

"SKY ANCHORS AWEIGH"

(Editor's Note: We've been asked to print the word's to "Sky Anchors Aweigh," but we had to rely on the memory of one of our lyrically minded cadets, so it may not be letter-perfect.)

Sky Anchors Aweigh, we're sailors of the air, we're flying everywhere.

For clouds or storm we're seamen of the sea,

Proud to shield our land of liberty.

For it's the skyline of defense, the Navy's flying might,

The first in every fight.

With wings of steel we'll never yield the blue,

So Sky Anchors Aweigh, sky-high.

Airmen of the Navy wings at sea, Watchmen of Columbia's fleet,

We numbered the call for victory, ready to fight, ready to die.

We love to defend America,

Airmen of the Navy blue, sky fighting for all America.

Give 'er the gun, ever alert, war to be won.

Sky Anchors Aweigh, we'll keep 'em flying high,

We're masters of the sky.

The Navy blue will blow the foe to bits,

To guard our nations, Naval Aviation.

It's the skyline of defense, the great-

est on the earth,
We'll fight for all we're worth.

The Navy blue will see them through,
So Sky Anchors Aweigh, Sky High!

REGIMENTAL COLORS

On the cover of this issue of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP you see the color guard with the new Regimental flag and the National Ensign, which were officially "unveiled" at the Nov. 30 assembly.

The Regimental flag was designed by Lt. Harry Bonath, and both flags were purchased at a cost of \$300 out of the Welfare Fund.

Fashion Note—Women are wearing the same things in brassieres this year.

FLASH! . . . We just learned that Cadet Hack and Miss Porter became engaged last week. Cadet Hack is to be congratulated on his choice of a very beautiful young lady. Perhaps it's not polite to congratulate the fiancée but we're going to congratulate her anyway for picking a man from Naval Aviation.

LIVE AND LIKE IT

By J. L. Fox

Not as a means of discouragement but in Flight a few days ago we were instructed on how to protect ourselves in high speed pull-outs and turns. Also what to do if you are going to crash at a speed somewhat less than the usual 300 M.P.H.

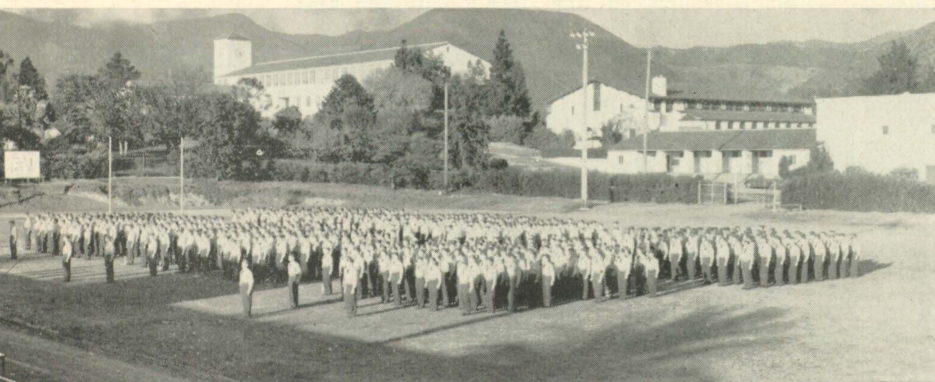
First we'll consider the turns and pull-outs. Here we are to use methods to keep our blood in proper position. If we fail to use these precautions we may first black-out and start selling pencils before we lose consciousness altogether. This isn't to be desired of course. No blind man makes any money unless he can play an organ and sing;—I can do neither.

If we are about to crash they tell us we'll snap forward on impact despite our efforts. Also we're told our skulls will be the objects that hit. Since our skulls only give $\frac{1}{4}$ inch this is highly undesirable. However, if we throw up our arms these crushed members will slow it up so our skulls obtain a $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch distance. This is better.

The best method of saving ourselves is as follows: Throw up your legs against the instrument panel, placing both feet firmly as fast as you can. This slows the head down considerably as the force is taken up by your large leg muscles, back muscles, and the large muscles in the neck. If these muscles are used up there are still bones to bend and slack up your jolt.

SUMMARY: After all this you may not be able to walk. If you can walk you may not be able to stay erect. If you can walk and stay erect you may not be able to shake your head. Your girl will never look at you again, but you're alive.

(Editor's Note: Personally, I'll take my chances on bouncing.)



NINTH BATTALION'S GRADUATION EXERCISES
They've gone on to WTS and we hope they win those Wings

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943

ON BOARD

SLEEPING IN FLIGHT

By Chas. E. Doney

There are mainly two kinds of cadets—them that sleep in flight class and them that don't, but would like to but are afraid of being caught. Them in the latter group usually are them that sit up front next to the teacher, and them that sit in back of the platoon leader and right wing commander. Them in the middle sleep in peace, unless Joe Birch has an eye in their general direction.

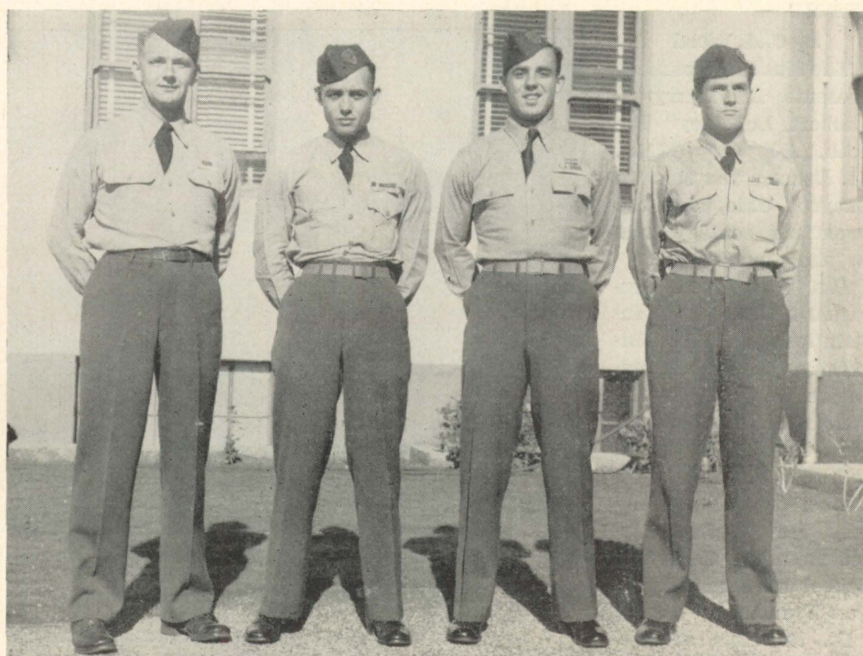
The teacher's suggestion that we stand up when we get sleepy brings forth the comment, "What for? You can't sleep standing up!"

There should be no sleeping in flight because we are gentlemen now, and it wouldn't be showing the proper respect to the guy with the P-39 up front when we do sleep. It makes him think that maybe the subject is dry, which couldn't be, 'cause we're all Junior Birdmen and we should be so wrapped up in the subject we hate to leave (we do, anyhow, as we have PT next!)

In the former group, we have some jokers who swear by a stack of plotting boards that they were just resting their eyelids or that they tossed all the nite before and hadn't slept a wink (which is a laugh, as we all have to be forcibly pried from the sack every morning whether we slept 12 hours or 4).



"Attention to orders! According to scuttlebutt, the laundry will be ready in two weeks."



CADET REGIMENTAL STAFF

Left to right: Wm. Androsko, Commissary officer; J. L. Brandon, Sub-commander; J. S. Birch, Commander; J. L. Welty, Adjutant

Lucky especially is the man who left a heartbeat behind. He sits there with his eyes on the cute wave in O.D.'s hair and dreams about HER who has a wave on the back of her neck of the same general proportions. He is snapped out of his reverie only by "Secure your gear," and all of the "The book points out that," "So much for that," and other stock quotations pass unhindered through both ears and on to the open and receptive minds of such guys that were frustrated early in their love life and don't get a bang out of daydreaming of Corsairs and screaming Zeros either.

Then we have the "total blank" who never changes his position of complete exhaustion all through the class and through sheer will power keeps his eyes open, and wonders when in hell Smith will let him go and die an awakening death in PT.

The man's fortune is made who invents a way to sleep with the eyes open.

I think that I will never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match the hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me—
For who on earth will kiss a tree?

I asked a young lady if she would wed,
With a smile in her bright, roguish
eye she said:

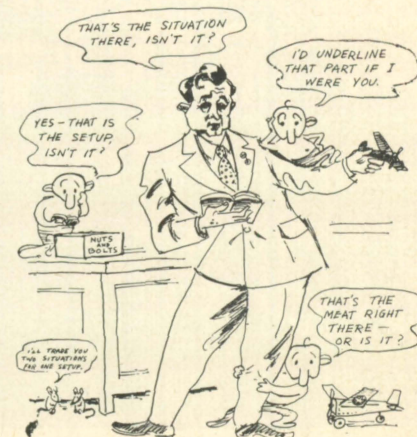
"Go ask father."

Now she knew that I knew her father
was dead,
And she knew that I knew of the life
that he led,
So she knew that I knew what she
meant when she said,

"Go ask father."

Gal: "Help me pick up your friend,
he's drunk."

Cadet: "No, he ain't. I just saw his
arm move."



THEORY & O.D.
ah... that wavy hair

GOLDBRAID

ARTIST

By C. A. Wood

The **Mustang Roundup** presents Lt. Harry J. "Robert Benchley" Bonath, A-V (S) USNR. Lt. Bonath was born in Bucyrus, Ohio, when the twentieth century was in short pants.

His widespread education included such institutions as the University of California, where he was on the staff of the famous campus humor magazine, Cal. Pelican, and the University of Washington. He was graduated from the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco.

Lt. Bonath's artistic ability led him to an association with an international advertising agency, Erwin, Wasey & Co., as art director. Later he formed a partnership, and started his own art studio in Seattle under the name of Bonath & Patrick, where a good part of his advertising work consisted of drawing and painting airplanes.

Lt. Bonath designed a mural in the library of the University of Washington, and has won distinction in many of the principal cities of the United States for his watercolor exhibitions.

After entering the Navy, Lt. Bonath was assigned to the Navy's Recognition school at Columbus, Ohio. Upon



LT. HARRY BONATH

... behind him one of his watercolors

completion of his recognition training he was stationed at the NFPS here at Cal Poly. In addition to duties as Senior Recognition officer at this base, he is also Public Relations officer, in which capacity he helps Mr. Kennedy, college publications adviser, supervise the **MUSTANG ROUNDUP** cadet staff.

Since Lt. Bonath has been at Cal Poly his various duties have taken up most of his time, but he has found time to do several watercolors of planes, several of which have been reproduced in this magazine.

He has a daughter who is married to a Lt. (j.g.) now on active duty in the South Pacific.

NFPS UNDER NAPTC

The Naval Air Primary Training Command has taken over control and operation of the Navy's 17 Flight Preparatory schools and 90 CAA War Training schools, including six flight instructors' schools, as part of the Naval air primary training program.

The Flight Preparatory and CAA-WTS units formerly were under the direction of 14 Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Boards, which now will function as regional offices of NAPTC. Regional office for this area is NAPTCRO at Los Angeles, under the supervision of Lt. Comdr. Henry W. Hill, USNR, officer-in-charge. Lt. Silas E. Roll, USNR, is Executive officer of NAPTCRO in Los Angeles.

The entire command is under Rear Admiral Elliott Buckmaster, USN, Chief of Naval Air Primary Training. Its other units consist of five pre-flight schools and 14 Naval Air Stations, scattered throughout the United States.



"Has either of you cadets a nickel?"

Question: "What's the difference between a spider and a fly?"

Answer: "You can't sew a button on a spider."

Cadet: "Gosh, but I'm thirsty."

Friend: "Wait a minute; I'll get you some water."

She: "There's a baby born in New York every minute."

He: "Well, don't look at me; I live in Buffalo."

Some girls are wise, while others are—well, otherwise.



OFFICERS ABOARD NFPS CAL POLY

A year ago it was two ... now it's nineteen officers

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943

DECK RAMBLINGS

VETERAN

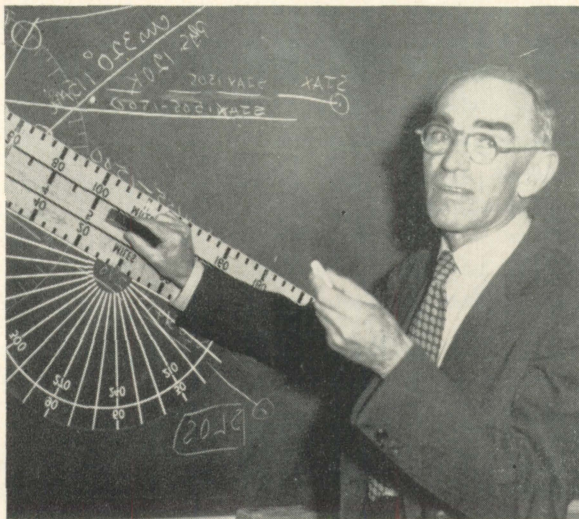
By Cadet O. J. Burns

"The best way to learn to do anything is to do it. We'll save a lot of time, you'll learn a lot more, and when you get stuck, shoot up your hand as an SOS and I'll be there. All right; let's get started." A short discussion on the new feature of the day, and John Hyer's Navigation classes dig in.

Salty, well traveled, humorous, and mellowed to the ripe age of 66, Mr. Hyer presents one of those personalities that everyone likes.

"When you mention me, just say General Electric and I were born in 1878." How much GE affected his career is doubtful, because that was one of the few companies he missed in his diverse travels practicing electrical engineering.

At 20 he joined the successor to the original Vigilant Committee of San Francisco (est. 1855), Company "C," California National Guards. As a member of the U.S. Volunteer Army, their group was the first to leave the States in the Philippine insurrection. Enroute they captured Guam, a Spanish possession, but in time to be the first infantry to arrive in the Philippines. Company "C" was in the siege of Manila and helped to capture that city. At the end of the war Mr. Hyer was



MR. JOHN HYER

... he's seen plenty of action, too!

one of the volunteers who offered to remain to clean up the scattered bands of rebels.

"Yes," he said; "your South Pacific war is much the same story today as then. The same pestilences of disease, the same jungle, and necessarily the same fighting. It's proved by the way the Filipinos are still harassing the Japs."

Returning after two years overseas he stopped off in Japan at Yokohama and Tokio.

In all, Mr. Hyer served 15 years with the Guards, watching his company change from infantry to Coast Artillery. He rose to captain before resigning in 1912.

His association with electrical en-

gineering runs from 1896 to 1927, when he joined the Cal Poly staff. He has been electrical engineer for the City of San Francisco. Numerous positions in all branches of the field with mines, mills, and electrical companies have added to that interesting personality.

"What do you think of the program as compared with past and future college days?" we asked.

"Well, I believe the big success of the Navy program here is due 90 per cent to the splendid cooperation we have had from the cadets themselves. The way this program has functioned has opened our eyes, and it's taught us instructors a lot.

"As for future college days, you fellas have ruined us. The old college 'Joe' boy will have a hard time. In fact, he won't be able to sleep four years of his Dad's money through college."

Continued from Page 2

I won't say for sure, but it appears reasonable to me, since I've taken Flight, that a woman streamlines her fuselage for the same purpose that an airplane designer does his product—namely, to better overcome resistance.

* * *

Before I close, I must mention Sick Bay. The call blows every morning, and all the sick, lame or lazy, run for Relief. Once there they are divided into two groups: those with athletic foot and those with sore throats. (Both get swabbed with iodine.)

Continued to Page 18



IT ISN'T THE GREMLINS

Left: Cadet Shaefer decided he wants to read more than his own mail

Top: Cadets Wood, Nichols and Leavitt decide they have something at stake.

Right: Crime doesn't pay!!

PERSONALITIES

ON THE NAVY

By O. J. Burns

When Al Hoyde, Batt. 12, Plt 9, gazed at the stars the night of his arrival, he murmured, "Just right for my celestial navigation."

But, woe to him, Poly has no such.

V-5 is old stuff to Al, who, though born in the States, lived 17 of his 19 years in Drumheller, Alberta.

At the tender age of 17 he refused a second Lt. commission in the Canadian Army after his high school ROTC. His ambition he said was to fly for the American Navy.

The day after he came to the States he had signed and was accepted in the V-5. That was a year ago.

He proceeded through WTS and

Pre-Flight at St. Mary's. But, and here's the hitch, he refused to sign as 2nd class seaman in case of washing out. Result—he was discharged.

As a civilian Al enjoyed life after the strenuous training.

It took an Admiral to see his reinstatement through.

Then the orders to report here for celestial navigation. And that's how the 12th Batt. got their only civilian.

Cadet: "Is this ice cream pure?"

Waiter: "As pure as the girl of your dreams."

Cadet: "Give me a packet of cigarettes."

McCain & McClain

Murl McCain, now of the 11th Battalion, made his points and Little All-America at the University of Arizona the hard way. In 1941 he stood up under a 35 to 7 defeat by the Fighting Irish at South Bend, and came back to be rated one of the greatest centers in Border Conference history. He met his equal though a couple of weeks ago in a Lt. (j.g.) Polhemus' innovation, "the spin relay." McCain used at little too much throttle coming out of his spin, and pulled a muscle in his right leg. Says he'll take Notre Dame to military track any day.

Cliff McClain, a platoon leader (the Simple Sixth), also of the 11th Batt., who ran up a batting average of .444 as centerfielder for the California Bears last season, tied the station record in the standing broad-jump this month, leaping a mere nine feet nine inches.

SPORTNALITIES

Ernie Talman: Platoon leader of the Fourth (Batt. 11), is one-quarter Cherokee. His name is a contraction of the original Indian name, "Tall Man." He was an end on the championship frosh football team at U.S.C. in 1942.

Emmett Stewart: (Second platoon, Batt. 11), played end at Arizona State Teachers at Flagstaff, and was previously boxing coach at Loyola University.

Angelo Maestri: (Sixth platoon, Batt. 11), was all-Coast center from St. Mary's. Here's a man who really knows his basketball game.

Al Steele: (12th Batt.) At 19 years of age, Al has already run a part of the minor league circuit, and despite bad breaks all the way, managed to make a name for himself. He was under contract with the Seals when just out of high school. He was shipped to Tucson, then Salt Lake City, and was called back to Seals to alternate with "Push 'Em Up" Tony Lazzeri. He won steady berth, but caught a line drive in the nose, and was out a season after being in hospital one month. He joined the Navy in April, 1942, and was shipped to the Oakland air base, where he played on the service team composed of all ex-professionals.

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943



GRADUATING BATTALION

SAGA OF BATT. TEN

By Cadet Chas. E. Doney

Batt 10-45 arrived at Poly as a foot-sore, weary bunch of future birdmen on the morning of Sept. 29, 1943.

There's really no use going into details of the long, forced march from the depot out here—we've all been through it. I might point out that as a marching commander that night, we had an awfully small guy with such a mighty voice. We also set a new record as far as not getting sleep is concerned. We arrived at 0500, and our day began (as if you didn't know it) at 0530, at which time we were formally initiated into the ritual of chow hall niceties and consumed enormous quantities of good (?) nourishing (??) food (???).

The rest of the week was spent in learning the intricacies of close order drill. The Navy has a theory that if you can teach a group of men to walk over 10 yards and remain in step, you instill in them the fighting spirit necessary. As one cadet gloomily remarked, "It seems like a hell of a roundabout way to learn to fly."

We began classes the next week, and have been consistently plugging away since. Although some of the weaker members will winter in 'Di-ego,' the rest of us seem to be well on our way to positions of esteem in Naval Aviation.

For the first two weeks we were mentally and physically belabored into believing we were the "sorriest bunch of bums" that ever hit the joint, and were afraid to turn around lest the wrath of the Navy Department fall upon us. We developed a deep and abiding hatred of at least one or two regimental cadet officers, and a slightly leery attitude towards the advantages offered us. We figured that as Naval glamor boys, we were entitled to the cream of the cream, which is partly true; but also learned that, to repeat an old adage, "In order to efficiently give orders, you have to be able to obey them"—and believe me, that was hard to take.

After three months, our change from the civilian to military life has been steady and complete. We found new friends and better ones, developed new methods of goldbricking, and in general were instilled with the first element of a pride in service that is unequalled anywhere.

Batt Ten has one of the finest scholastic records ever established here—

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943

partly due to the initial ability of its members and partly to the dependable system of teaching employed by the Navy. Although athletically it has been only average, from appearances of barked shins and bruised knees, spirit has not been lacking, especially on the soccer fields.

The general consensus seems to be that no one here had studied so hard and so regularly before his entrance here. We all admit the Navy has a very good system in this respect—there is a definite assignment every day, and they go on whether you do or not.

That about winds up our short history here. If you know anyone in the Tenth Batt, you can readily see why Regimental Commander Birch once intoned in his dramatic, stentorian voice, "Every one of you guys is a joker!"

THE FIRST

By Chas. E. Doney

The leadership of the First Platoon has been passed around like the proverbial Christmas tie. First we had "Brittle Bill" Johnson (now right wing commander), who relinquished his position to Dan'l Doran, who in turn gave way for "The Deacon" Gardner, who also holds the doubtful distinction of being senior bugler.

Then we have Al Bolton, the boy who makes silly mistakes in his homework and gets 4.0s in weekly tests.

Vic Henny's the man to come to when you want general information. His is a triple nationality—Dutch, British and American. "Frappable" Graydon is our boy in anything that requires a high avoirdupois and not too much effort.

Ex-Coast Guardsman John J. Hus-

sion relates a tale of how he drove from West V. to 'Frisco, when he received his orders, and the only ticket he got was one for speeding on the Bay Bridge.

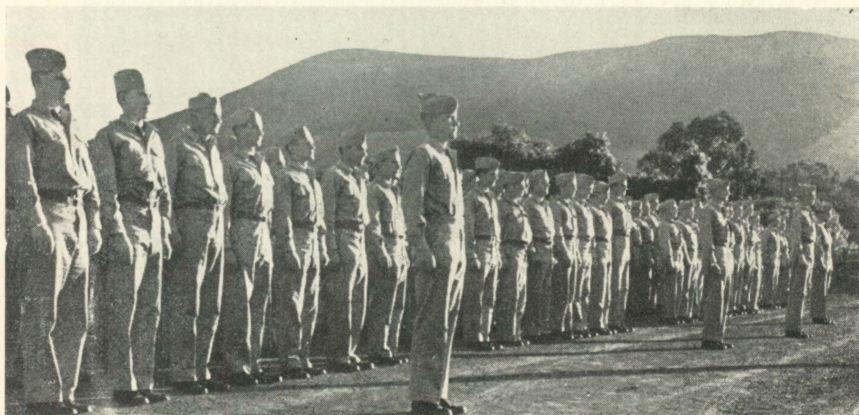
"Bunny" McCallum has received his orders to report to Annapolis some time in June. We hope his interest in Naval Aviation never wanes. Fred Martin is a popular boy on account of the many packages he receives from home, which are equally fought over and devoured by the platoon and the ants. J. J. Frayne holds the position of most frapped man in the platoon. "God's gift to young girls" Phillippe likes to tell of his many conquests.

Strictly H. P.'s in the outfit are Popp and Rentsch, who sojourned to Santa Barbara recently to ride in some SNJ's. Shenklin and Soppe lead quiet lives in Room 31 trying to figure out ways to keep out of trouble.

Should you see a pipe around Mariner with a Cadet attached, it's probably G. W. Walkup. Chemical brains include Glen Walters and U. U. Tucker, both former Cal men. The only man in the platoon to hold a pilot's license is W. J. Welty, who worked for United Air Lines for two years.

Colorado men include Jack Jannay, former cowman; George Zimmerman, who's trying to find a ring to send back to Greeley; and C. E. Doney.

Carryover from the Ninth is T. W. King, who spent some time in sick bay. Quietest man is Higginbotham, who seems to have something to look forward to, judging from the torried letter he receives. Utah gives us R. C. McLymonds, who also is bothered with woman trouble and code tests.



BATTALION TEN MUSTERS
Muster for this, muster for that, muster, muster, etc.

GRADUATING

BATTALION X

Right Wing

Platoon 1 (left to right):

First row: R. C. McClymonds, C. P. Sweet, D. T. Gardnes, E. Ketchum, Jr., C. E. Doney, J. R. Janney, J. L. Phil-
lipo

Second row: P. R. Shenklin, Jr., J. J. Payne, G. G. Zimmerman, R. N. John-
son, T. U. King, U. J. Welty, G. U.
Walkup.

Third row: D. C. Doren, R. J. Gray-
don, A. A. Balton, Jr., F. W. Popp,
Jr., E. A. McCallum, Jr., V. E. Henny.
Fourth row: V. J. Soppe, F. M. Mar-
tin, G. A. Waltus, J. J. Hussion, E. J.
Stephens, U. U. Tucker, L. U. Rentsch.

Platoon 3 (left to right):

First row: R. O. Brenneman, J. R. Gro-
gan, Jr., D. G. Jensen, T. J. Cook,
R. O. Driscoll, Jr., G. Hammill.

Second row: W. C. Fagerquist, W. W.
Coakley, H. R. Bowes, H. M. Smith,
T. W. Cullington, N. Lewis.

Third row: D. H. See, J. S. Birch,
C. H. Schaefer, C. A. Riley, J. W.
Dougherty, C. A. Wood.

Fourth row: J. P. Sangenitto, R. Bell,
R. M. Prater, H. H. Nichols, J. K.
Leavitt, E. V. Konkel, R. W. Paige.

Platoon 5 (left to right):

First row: R. R. King, O. C. Lang,
R. W. Reynolds, G. M. Jensen, W. H.
Oser.

Second row: P. W. O'Brien, B. F.
Mourer, J. C. Pratt, F. W. Vigil, R. L.
Stevens.

Third row: E. J. Arnold, P. E. Gucor-
lotti, E. B. Anderson, R. L. Lowery,
W. F. McCalip, E. W. Whitney.

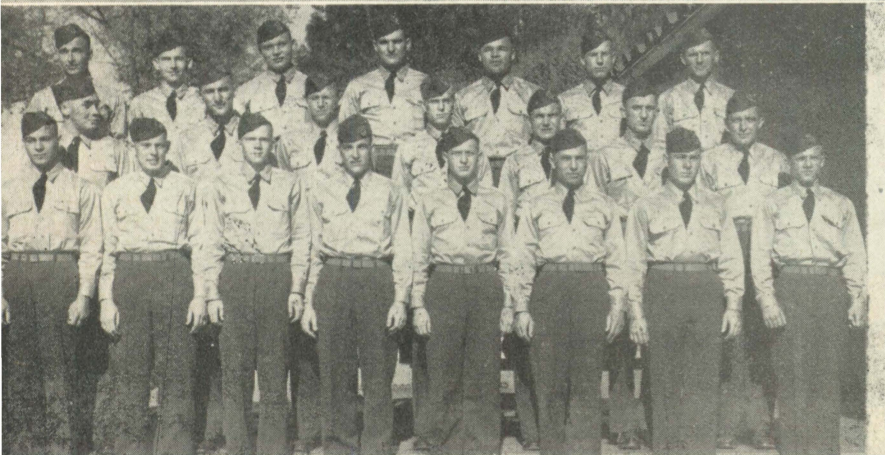
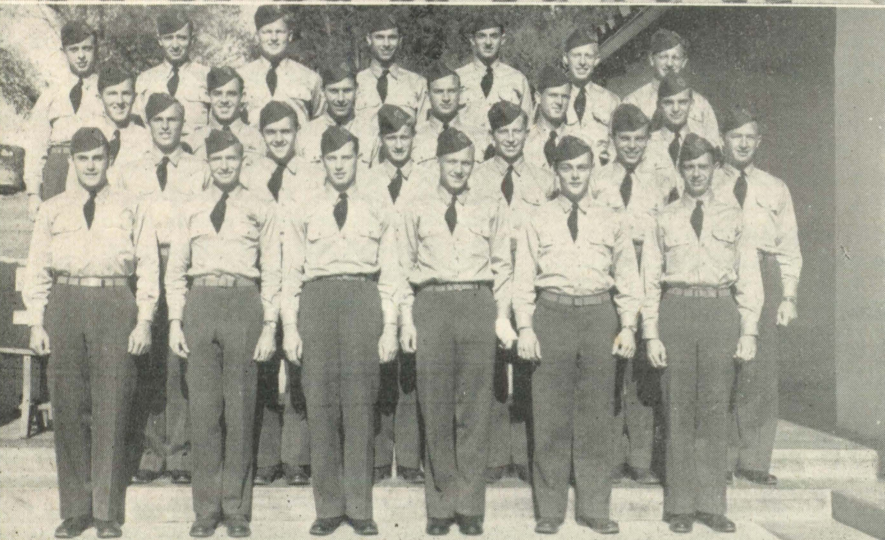
Fourth row: G. L. Sumsion, L. W.
Lloyd, P. E. Delaney, Scribner, E. R.
Rosso, E. R. Crabbe.

Platoon 7 (left to right):

First row: P. H. Dolan, R. C. Wid-
holm, R. E. Stanbridge, D. W. Parton,
M. S. Gray, D. J. Isom, J. L. Prentiss,
.B. H. Sutton.

Second row: T. E. Stone, R. W. Bea-
ton, J. E. Duffy, Jr., G. M. Holcomb,
F. J. Pitto, L. R. Dorney, H. R. Chris-
tiansen.

Third row: F. W. James, G. M. Allred,
H. J. Frederic, C. A. Latcham, R. H.
Scott, H. R. Hand, H. E. Stoner. Not
in picture: A. D. Calaway, S. L. Peck-
enpough, G. Kiser.



BATTALION

BATTALION X

Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right):

First row: G. L. Wilson, J. H. Tuttle, W. G. Kock, A. O. Milton, T. Shamshorian, G. Duke.

Second row: T. E. Dawson, L. C. Whitby, C. E. Showalter, E. C. Anderson, R. V. Linsley, V. W. Welch, H. B. McCaulley.

Third row: R. E. V. Ramsing, R. S. McNeil, J. W. King, H. H. Recek, J. C. Larsen, R. A. Prickett, J. E. Hooker.

Fourth row: J. S. Ehret, E. W. Seymour, J. A. Wathen, D. O. De Long, J. W. Miller, L. E. Stark, A. F. Corbetta.

Platoon 4 (left to right):

First row: W. M. Kendall, J. L. Fox, J. Wever, J. L. Welty, W. T. Zechman, J. Montana.

Second row: R. Hirschfield, W. R. Veale, R. P. Bennett, C. E. Hussey, C. N. Taylor, J. E. Nelson, A. L. Thomas.

Third row: T. R. Van Wagoner, C. Mohr, R. J. M. Kirkland, P. C. Boudoures, W. F. Brown, G. G. Spanos, A. B. Fredhold.

Fourth row: D. R. Johnson, L. W. Kimrey, R. B. Wirth, A. M. Karp, K. H. Hack, K. H. A. B. Branson, H. F. Urban.

Platoon 6 (left to right):

First row: B. B. Boldeman, T. A. Lude, R. B. Gardener, R. F. Burford, J. A. DeGrace.

Second row: G. M. Dick, W. F. Niemann, Jr., H. R. Howser, J. L. Brandon, W. L. Androsico, W. H. Ahren, H. L. Christensen.

Third row: D. R. Schmidt, R. C. Roberts, J. R. Glynn, R. F. Driscoll, D. Egbert, R. J. Kynoch, J. Corrigan.

Fourth row: K. Huffman, Jr., V. C. Clark, P. H. Lehigh, R. L. Abrott, H. P. Flannery, F. M. Stoltmann.

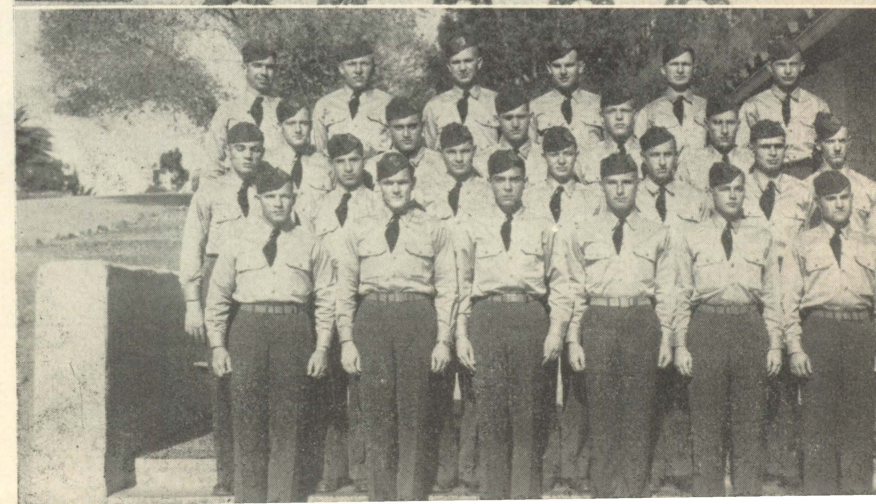
Platoon 8 (left to right):

First row: R. A. Haaser, M. C. Galbraith, F. W. Hearne, S. G. Whipple, H. B. Clemens, Jr., S. D. Guido.

Second row: H. D. Wilson, R. Vega, G. D. Jones, J. B. Ballantyne, W. R. Morrill, H. S. Rapp.

Third row: L. D. Cowen, P. Cali, R. K. Spaith, R. N. Anderson, J. Samson, D. L. Egger.

Fourth row: J. P. Gennoy, Jr., R. K. Christiansen, J. A. Taylor, H. O. Craig, R. K. Elam, R. D. Sorensen.



BATTALION ELEVEN

ENTER 11TH BATT.

By Cadet R. V. Matteson

Just seven weeks ago the 11th Battalion struggled through the mud to the tune of that unforgettable "Hup-Ta-Y'Louft," by the men who could set a cadence that would strike fear into any young cadet's heart—W. Brady.

Many a young cadet **thought** that this was one war he should have stayed out of; but as the days rolled by, every cadet **knew** that this was one war he should have stayed out of.

It may be that the thought was in the best interest of the rest of the regiment when they located the "Fighting 11th" at that far-distant NYA City. Apparently, the idea was to get us as far away from every thing as possible and still keep us at this station. Regardless of the motive, the fact still remains that it is a hike half way to the "P" to reach the 11th Batt. barracks. It's really great up there though—everyone on the station can hear our muster bell but us.

Some of the more outstanding cadets from the NYA cliff dwellings include "Knock it off" or "Bear a hand" Dawson. Cadet Dawson, being the 11th Batt. Commander, is in a position of power.

The 11th naturally has its quota of Marines, as do all other Batts. The Marines are a great bunch of boys, though, with many an encounter with the Japs to tell about. Speaking to one the other day I find that he has been through some of the worst of jungle warfare, but he thinks "Pol-hemus' Special" (up to the "P" on the run), tops it all. Among the 24 Marines in the 11th there is a Cadet Smith who saw over two years of active service on the U.S.S. Enterprise. Mr. Smith

finds Cal Poly a lesser nervous strain but offering an overly amount of wear and tear on muscles.

Among the outstanding platoons in the 11th is the Versatile 8th. Better known as the "Hobba Hobba Boys," the 8th platoon has been setting records both in the class room and on the athletic field. The 8th has also been recognized by an unquestioned authority as to their superiority over all competition on the drill field.

Thus goes the 11th, ever marching forward—more up and down that mountain than anywhere else—setting new marks for others to shoot at. So, leaving you till next time, when I'll return with more names and happenings, I say in parting, "This Navy is no bowl of Gravy."

11TH BATT. PERSONALITIES

By Cadet R. W. Mahin

Practically unknown among the rest of the regiment are the members of the 11th Battalion, who isolate themselves somewhere in the vicinity of the "P." Owing much of their success to the patient and popular battalion commander, Ensign Angevine, they have completely taken over and militarized the former NYA barracks.

Since the beginning of Batt. 11, Cadet Ted Dawson has been in command. Cadet Dawson was born an ardent Texan, although under current pressure he will undoubtedly switch his allegiance to California.

Among the many service men in the Batt., all of whom deserve mention, is Cadet Rex Smith. At present Cadet Smith is left wing commander, but his Marine discharge lists some ten major engagements in which he participated as machine gunner stationed aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise. To men-

tion a few of those battles his discharge lists: Wake Island, Feb. 24, 1942; Tokyo, April 18, 1942; Midway, June 4, 5, 6, 1942; and Tulagi, Aug. 7, 8, 9, 1942. Probably his most successful engagement occurred in New York, where he left a diamond with Miss Julia Ann Ready of Conover Modeling school. Wing Commander Smith has two ambitions: 1, to become a good naval pilot; 2, to become an equally good geologist.

The 11th also has its share of intellect. There is Cadet Arvo Van Alstyne of the fourth platoon, who, besides picking up a letter on the Yale crew, graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa with a major in international relations. Cadet Alstyne is from New York and more recently from Hollywood.

Another college notable comes from the equally notable second platoon. Cadet Bill Van Vooris was known at the University of California as editor of the only magazine that didn't have to take off its hat to Iowa, the California Pelican.

On the sports side, only a few of the many men can be mentioned here. In the sixth platoon there is Cadet Aug Maestri, all-coast basketball center, from St. Mary's, who also boasts a daily letter which includes a comic strip of the "Phantom," from one Barbara Ashe of San Francisco. Also in the Sixth is Cadet Clifford McClain, baseball star from the University of California and at present platoon leader. Holder of three Culver Military academy hurdle records is Cadet "Doc" McKee of the eighth platoon. Culver accounts for Cadet McKee's unusual military bearing. Also a sport is Cadet Bill King, who imported one "Cutie" Johnson last weekend, much to the pleasure of Platoon Six in particular and the Battalion in general.

Cadet: "I suppose you dance?"

She: "Yes, I love to."

Cadet: "Great! That's better than dancing."

Seating himself with difficulty, a slightly inebriated souse leered at the woman next to him in the bus. "Shay, you're the homliest woman I've ever seen," he exclaimed.

"Well, you're the drunkest man I've ever seen," she returned with a show of spirit.

"I know, madam," the souse answered; "but I'll get over that in the morning."



CHOW LINE
When I got there, the cupboard was bare

BATTALION TWELVE

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN . . .

By Cadet Duke Black

Had it been daylight when we dismounted from the Iron Horse, which undoubtedly had conveyed Dan'l Boone westward but had more lately been pressed into service to carry our eager persons from San Francisco to S. L. O., the gaily colored ribbons adorning the chests of the Ensigns, Chiefs, Master Tech Sergeants, privates and seamen, would have made more impression on those who came to meet us at the station.

It was the night before Thanksgiving when we arrived, and as 500 feet pounded on the pavement in unison on our march from the station, many were the happy thoughts that this would be the first Thanksgiving in the U. S. for several years for many of us. Then Boom! The realization of what we had let ourselves in for dawned upon us some time within the next few hours.

My greatest surprise came when they talked about being "frapped." I didn't know whether it was a crack at my mental condition, about which I am sensitive, or an action against my physical being, about which I am also sensitive.

Now that we men have left our dusky maidens and coconut swipes in the Solomons and New Hebrides; our Tontouta Rhum Veaux and Anisette in New Caledonia; our shipboard Torpedo juice and whatever else (de-icer fluid from B-24s, so help me), we've been accustomed to in our varied and divers travels, it has been brought to our attention that such extra curricular activities must cease as we take up our studies here at Cal Poly.

We really have an assortment of men and names and places represented in our midst. Disregarding personalities, we have some beauts in the way of cognomens. Not to be outdone, though, take the names of some of the places from which the men came when they received order to NFPS. We have Ugi, Segi, Santa Barbara (?), Adak, Aiea, Efate, and, of course, from places we all know as having put in some time: Ford Island, Seattle, Guadalcanal, etc.

Quite a number of these men have come from ships of our Fleet also: destroyers, carriers, sub-chasers, and transports. One amongst us was in the armed guard aboard a Dutch merchant



A SALTY CREW IS BATT. 12

60 ex-Marines & 220 ex-fleet sailors with plenty of color

marine, and the most unbelievable of all, one civilian, Al Hovde, has wormed his way into our ranks.

Also these men have seen a lot of action in the widely spread war zones, both in the North and South Pacific and the North and South Atlantic. One man, a rear seat gunner, Dick Leonard, flew off the Hornet on search or attack, and when he returned, the ship wasn't there. They landed on another carrier that happened to be around the vicinity. Cadet Bousalis and his pilot were shot down in the Solomons, and were adrift on the blue Pacific for about 60 hours before they reached a small atoll. Still others have dug into foxholes on Guadal, Munda, Vella Lavilla, Kiska, and wherever our forces were fighting.

Then, too, with no discredit intended, we have the results of various forays and skirmishes from 5th and Broadway in San Diego; Market St. in San Francisco; Wabash Ave. in Chicago; and Basin St. in New Orleans. The War Department hasn't yet designated a campaign ribbon for these engagements, but it is understood that the authorization for one is forthcoming.

Well, Kay-dets, about time for my next class; and you know what that means—hobble, hobble!

12th BATT NOTES

By O. J. Burns

Hometowns of these ex-service men stretch from Maine and Vermont to California, where it never gets cold.

Average overseas time runs about

15 months. The longest continuous stretch goes to ex-chief Dick Leonard, with four years.

To fully three-quarters of the Batt, this was the first Thanksgiving in two years Stateside.

Al Steele, Plt 9, holds the double distinction of beating out the former Yankee star, Tony Lazzerri, for the second base berth of the Frisco Seals, only to lose it by catching a line drive squarely in the nose.

First week's grade average definitely proved the length of time many of these men have been away from the books. Let's not quote figures.

Already started are the plans for the Senior Batt Hop. First under discussion was the possibility of an en masse leave to take over the main room of one of Frisco's leading hotels. Plan nipped in the bud by well meaning superiors. Other ideas are as likely to be more conventional.

A pair of former ensigns wonder at times if it is all worth while. "Why," said one, "do they always have j.g.'s in the ads? Don't ensigns ever have pretty girls?" Unquote—said ensign has one of the most beautiful of women.

No cries of—"better go back before it's too late," or "You'll be sorry," greeted the arrival of Batt. 12. More than a few have no desire whatsoever to revisit their former stations overseas. Dan George, Plt 3, asked to be put on a transfer list out of New Zealand, only to find the night of sailing that he had been wrong. Ho hum.

SPORTS

ENSIGN TO CADET

By Dave Marin

Down in Austin, Texas, a young athlete who recently completed his first season of high school football counts among his most treasured possessions an autographed picture of one Theodore Roosevelt Dawson. This picture was given to Bill Bible back in 1940, when Ted Dawson was captaining one of the University of Texas' strongest elevens, coached by Bill's father, the famous Dana X. Bible.

Today this same Ted Dawson who left his mark in the southwestern gridiron is known to many on this station only as a commander of Battalion 11, but down Austin way football fans still wear a special smile when they recall the day that the crashing guard led the underdog T.U. team in a victory that knocked Southern Methodist University out of a Rose Bowl spot.

This smiling cadet officer with the genteel drawl is not an easy man to forget. Before recently resigning his Naval commission as an instructor at Del Monte Pre-Flight to enter V-5, he made many friends among officers and cadets alike; and became good copy for the San Francisco newspapers when he again held down a guard position on the Pre-Flight team.

Although he's an ardent admirer of the "muster on the double" system, Dawson is a leader that has the respect of his men for every letter of the word. They know him as an officer who has seen the Navy from both sides, and one who's with the men rather than over them. He entered the V-5 program to "see some action," but

you'd have to talk to someone like D. X. Bible to find it out.

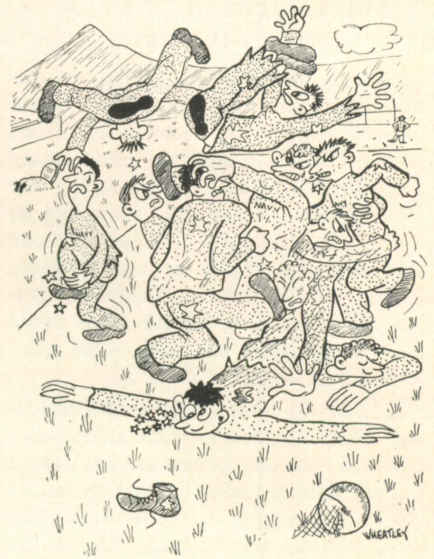
When Dawson received his degree in business administration at Texas U. in 1940, he turned down several pro-football offers to take a post as athletic director of Lamar College in Beaumont, Texas. After a brief stay at Lamar he resigned his job and entered the Cadet Volunteer Specialist Program in V-5, and was sent to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he received his indoctrination training. After a tour of duty at Chapel Hill, he was transferred to Del Monte.

It was there that he decided to step down from the teacher's rostrum and assume the role of a student. He'd taught the theory of flight just once too often. Now he's out to put a little of it into practice. After all, this 200-pound Texan was never much of a theorist, anyhow.

OBSERVATIONS

By L. C. DeVenney

For the past few hectic days we have had the misfortune of coming in contact with what we commonly call "mass murder" exercises, designed to make us strong and our muscles bulge. On getting the feet six inches off the deck when one is on one's back, one naturally expects to be able to lower them at very frequent intervals; but, alas, the cadet must spread his legs, raise them over his head, do outlandish and strenuous performances with them, lower them finally, and then lay them on dear old terra firma, without any noise. At the end of these exercises, when the arms are to be lowered quickly and silently, we have in our midst one lovable chap who has



"The hell with the ball, let's get on with this soccer game."

not had enough of this torture. He slaps his hands to his side, not only allowing him, but all his "friends," the privilege of continuing this treatment.

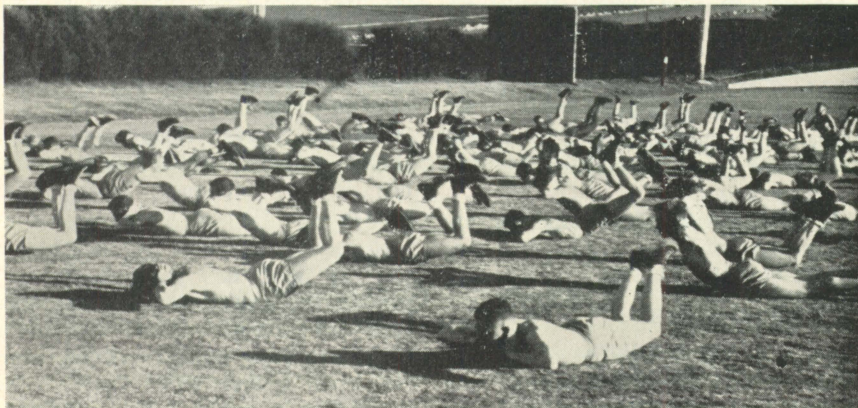
We were then introduced to the noble art of grunts and groans, or what, we civilized (?) people, call wrestling.

Bone-Crusher Thomas showed us a few of the more delicate ways of breaking a friend's back, of snapping his neck to a 180 degree angle, etc. One of our more eager cadets got a stranglehold on another poor, unlucky partner, whose face was able to acquire a very pretty, deep, purple hue. Bravely trudging farther into the deep, dark depths of torture, our hero was confronted with a combination arm-breaker and stomach-compressor. Eyes pop, bones creak, gasps are plainly audible, after which our patient crawls from the operating table, rolls down a very welcome hill painstakingly reaches the grass, and blade by blade makes his way to the rest and solitude of his room.

But, of course, he has just five minutes to reach his next class. So he climbs into his uniform and blossoms forth from the dorm, a happy, simple soul, feeling he has achieved the heights of perfection in wrestling, little realizing that tomorrow he, too, may be taking pills for a broken arm.

"Captain, is this a good ship?"

"Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage."



*PART OF HARDENING PROCESS
No sagging muscles or flabby paunches here*

WTS NEWS

HELLO FROM ONTARIO

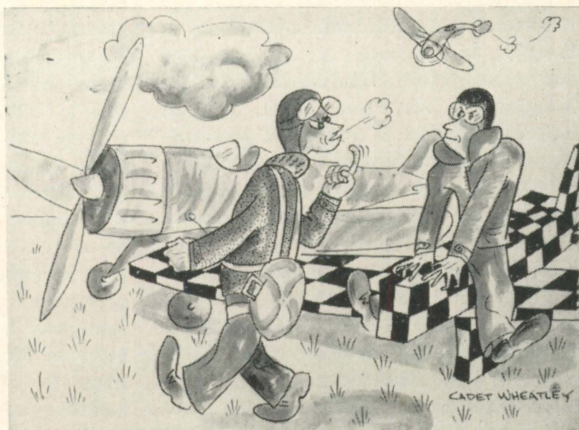
(Editor's Note: The Boys from Ontario, Oregon, Lewis & Clark college WTS followed our request, and herewith the dope about Ontario.)

The Lewis & Clark college sounded like a nice co-educational campus in a nice-sized city. We felt sure the population of Ontario would be around 12 or 14 thousand people. None of us could picture a college town with any fewer people than that. (Ed. Note: They hadn't heard of Cottonwood, Ariz.)

It was about 0100 when the train pulled in to Ontario. A broken-down school bus was the transportation. We were making various comments at the driver and asking him if he had ever heard of Lewis & Clark college. Later we found out our driver was Mr. Don Taber, the coordinator for Lewis & Clark.

Instead of a nice campus, a large barn confronted us. Our quarters are an old Japanese gym which the Japs turned over to the city at the outbreak of the war. They thought it was a goodwill measure, but we all agree it was a decisive victory for the Japs.

Seriously, though, we have begun to like it. We all sleep topside in a room almost large enough to fly in. Classes,



"No, no cadet! Our plane is over here!
That's the wind tee!"

chow, study (not heard of), and the recreation, are all downstairs. The citizens of Ontario have equipped the recreation room.

The town is a fair liberty town. Each Saturday night a group of women have a dance, at which they furnish girls, sandwiches, cake and punch. We get liberty each Wednesday night (1830-2330); Saturday, 1830 until 2200 Sunday. We can go to town on either Monday or Friday afternoons if our flights are arranged right.

We are three miles west of town. The airport is one-half mile north of the barracks. Each day we pass through "mudders" lane on the way to flight. At present we are flying Piper Cub Cruisers.

Mom (Mrs. Chester) makes sure we are not underfed. The food is a service man's dream. All meals are like the ones mother used to make. Thanks to the "dead eye" shooting of some of the boys, we have been having pheasant for Sunday dinners. Usually we have chicken on Sunday, but all meals are tops.

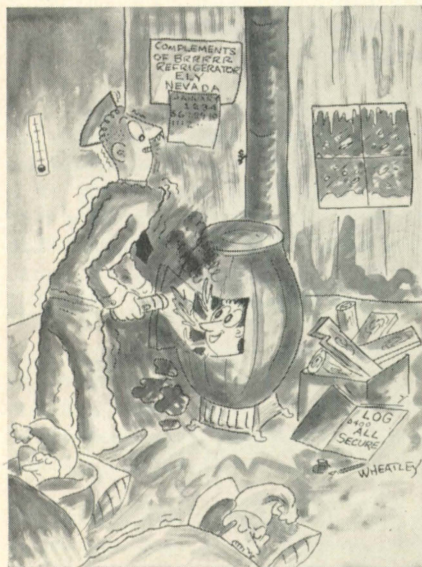
We roll out at 0550 and crawl into our sacks at 2120.

Life can be grand at times, even at Ontario. So, goodnight, children—dream of us having overnight liberty every weekend.

Love & kisses,
THE BOYS FROM ONTARIO.

WTS SHORTS

Cadet S. W. Reese, former Reg. Comdr. here, was listed in Tale-Wind, official publication of NAPTCRO, Los Angeles, as being the best all-round leader at Cottonwood, WTS during November.



"Throw another log in, will ya' please?"

Mustang Roundup, December, 1943

ANGELUS ENGRAVING CO.

857 So. San Pedro St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PICKS THE PICTURE GIRL OF THE MONTH

Patricia (Patty) Kaiser has created a sudden influx in cadet business in the college library where she started working last month.

She also is ably handling the advertising for **Mustang Roundup** so if you want to get acquainted just join the staff.



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GRADUATING BATTALION

SMOOTH SECOND

By De Long and Duke

In introducing our slap-happy crew the first should be our genial platoon leader, H. B. "Knock it off or I'll frap you" McCaulley. We learned all the tricks of the trade from our two ex-Marines, Andy "I wake up screaming" Anderson, the Bronx Para-Marine, and Chuck "I want to go home to Betsy" Showalter, who still carries his Tennessee accent when convenient. George "Glad to see you show" Wilson was a former Coast Guardsman, Bud "I hate Regimentation" Stark joined our motley crowd from the 8th Batt. The dreamer department of our platoon is handled by our intellect "10 and 4" Ramsing. John "Peg Leg" Ehret is the boy on crutches all week, but come weekend liberty, he was rarin' to go. And every platoon has to have one, so we had John W. King, Esq.; 'nuff said. "Tiny" Recek, a shrunken 6 ft. 4 in. in his stockings, carries on all of our high-altitude business.

Ah! all the boys are gathered in the bull session! Wes "Taken by surprise Seymour is telling us how to collect fraps. We were interrupted by the phone, and Theodore "Skinhead" Samshoian rushed to have the daily chat with Doris. What!! You've never heard of Doris? Jake "I'm dreaming tonight of my Blue Eyes" Larsen is thinking of the girl he left behind. Alexander "I don't Provoke" Milton is busy sleeping. The boys are all discussing the big grudge match between Mariner's redheaded Irishman, Dick McNeil and Buffalo's mild-mannered "Tornado" Prickett. Tony "Coors" Corbetta is sitting over in the corner on

a pile of letters diligently reading his fan mail. Our permanent Dilbert, John Hooker, is earnestly trying to figure out which is his right hand. Jim "Cadet Miller," Sir," our quiet, bashful lad, hasn't said a word all evening. Ray "Crooner" Linsley is serenading us with hot jive. George Duke plays a good game of soccer, but someone should tell him you play it on your feet. Buffalo's representatives just walked in: "Blister" Tuttle, "Geronomo" Welch and "I hate Reveille" Whitley and "Curly" Watson. Tom Dawson, our big operator, just walked in from a hot date in company with Dean "Romeo" DeLong, the boy who keeps telling us he used to have curly hair. Bill "Chugalug" Kock is reminiscing his carefree college days. This ends our platoon roster; but this is only the beginnings, so "On to WTS.

THE THIRD

By Cadet Charles A. Wood Jr.

The eager Third Platoon furnished the Tenth Battalion with two Battalion Commanders and a Regimental Commander. What a life of woe resulted from this. First there was Joe Birch, who divides his time between sick bay and San Luis Obispo, and laments about the chaplain's duties he performs. Familiar last words by Regimental Commander Birch—"And don't forget to stuff my sack, Bell." Second, there is R. O. Brenneman—'nuff said.

The Third Platoon will always remember . . . "Bathless" Joe Grogan, the platoon leader who used to be a shutterbug and is still snap happy. It is rumored that he spent too much time on the Islands with the Marines where the sun got him, or was it vice

versa? . . . Frapless Cap Hammill . . . "Honk" Bell, who wishes he were Brenneman's brother, so that he could spend all his time on Southern California beaches. . . . Hank Bowes, champ skier from Colorado, whose local "woman" can smoke a cigarette in the rain. . . . "Dort" Dougherty, who leads the toughest life of all, for he is the bugler's roommate. . . . Nolan "Cousin" Lewis, the most envied man, for he has the only girl that remained true to him while he has been at Poly. . . . Chet Riley, who likes to consider himself the best looking cadet at NFPS. "Putter" Prater is a favorite in recognition, for he has built gasoline models of many warplanes.

Joe "Zootsuit" Sangenitto is Right Wing Commander Johnson's pride and joy. Joe has stood at attention whenever in ranks for three months, but even this harsh punishment has failed to keep him quiet. . . . Policeman Cal Schaefer, who writes 15-page letters daily to an Oregon duck. . . . Tom Cook, who can step on a soccer ball and break his wrist (Ripley please note). . . . The unfortunate Don See, who met that "certain one" only two days before he entered this "solitary confinement. "Long Tongue" Paige and "Mirror Boy" Nichols' excitement over their first contact with the Pacific. . . . Yes, my name's O'Keefe," but I am NOT Irish. . . . Liberty Hounds Meyer and Driscoll.

Continued from Page 9

Can this really be part of California out here? The song, "I'm Dreaming a White Christmas" may become an actuality.

* * *

Those who fail to make muster on time hide so as not to be taken for officers. You know what an officer is: he's the guy who comes along on a horse during a particularly long hike and asks, "What's the matter? You tired?" . . . and you and the horse just look at each other.

* * *

Many of our heavy-bearded boys are having their troubles keepink clean-shaven in the short spare moments they get. I'm among those whose shave religiously . . . every Sunday, I mean.

* * *

Well, I shall close now while still able, and bid you a fond cheerio. If you're ever near by, drop in and visit for a spell. If I'm studying when you come in, just wake me up.



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GRADUATING BATTALION

ABUSED FOURTH

By J. L. Fox

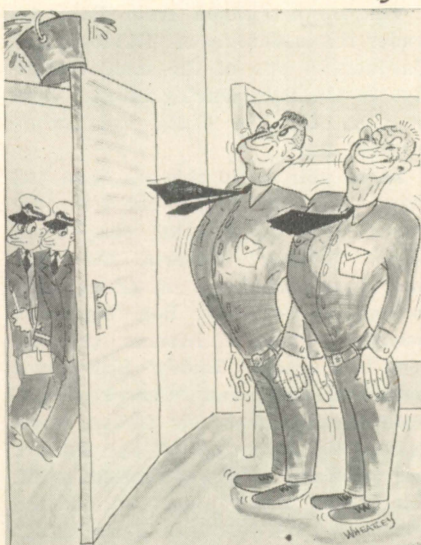
The unprecedented, unpredictable Fourth. What a screwball bunch of guys! Never in my life have I seen gathered into one group a bigger percentage of characters. First our platoon leader, Kendall. Duke is a jitterbug at heart; right now he's between jitters. Then we have our two gorgeous Greeks, Boudoures and Spanos; they keep a constant civil war going. Also we have Smoothie Hack, who can throw more bull than a Congressman. Never will I forget how good Cadet Mohr became after his speeding ticket, or how steady Kirkland stood in ranks, or how Brown and Bennett rambled on the soccer field. Neither will I forget Van Wagner. He could get away with murder with everyone but the barber.

We have our share of ex-service men. Welte, an ex-Marine, has seen over three years' service. Johnson, also an ex-Marine, has had experience as a rear-gunner. Zeckman, another one, has been Over There. By the way, have you noticed the resemblance between our new little brown-spotted Satchel Jr. and "Pudgy" Zeck?

Kendall and Fox are Coast Guardsmen; Duke a snappy 1st Class Seaman and Fox a class 3rd Class Signalman. Had a tough time in Communications, didn't you, Thomas, Karp, Urban, etc.? Well, who didn't?

Hats off to our hero, Wirth; he was the only one to engineer a date with our chow-house Mary. I can't leave out "Let's blow this firetrap" Wever, or the brains, Nelson and Fredhold. Will you ever forget the time Dillbert Veale (as in chop) missed his name in Code during Communications? Well, the way he saw it, it t'weren't funny. Don't let me forget Bull Montana, our rugged fullback; or our star in basketball, Herschfield. Kimery, our golfing star, is an eminent member of our Platoon; as is "Don't wait for me" Hussy. Almost last but not least is Bransen, who always makes too much noise. Well, that just about winds it up.

I've never spent three months with any better group of buddies. I mean it sincerely when I say there wasn't and isn't a heel in the group. So, until we meet again, I'll—Opps, sorry Taylor, you were almost late again. Adios, fellows; see you in the clouds.



FICKLE FIFTH By Cadet Earl Crabbe

To write about such an outstanding and different platoon as the Fifth is a difficult job, because you can't choose from among such a group of characters without slighting some.

Anyway, here are a few vital statistics about the Fifth: Californians have a majority of 12 men in the total of 23, and Colorado runs second with 6. Utah has 2, and Louisiana, Mississippi and Wyoming 1 each.

W. F. McCalip, late of the Marines, is farthest away from home. He calls Natchez, Mississippi, his stamping ground, while R. R. King, who used to be an SBD tail gunner, comes from New Orleans, 120 miles closer.

More men come from Sacramento than any other single place, and among them are Platoon Leader Reynolds and Alexander Vance Price. Price, who carries Dumbo for a nickname, writes to a girl named Fatim up in Sacramento, who has aroused a lot of curiosity. Everyone is looking forward to seeing her at the Battalion Rat Race.

The Battalion jester is J. T. Scribner, who is nominated as the man we'd like most to be with while marching off extra duty hours. It'd be a dull place without Scribner and Goldbrick Ed Rosso, who is excused from any and everything except eating, by order of the doctor.

John "Chicago Kid" Blair wins this place in the Hall of Fame by being one of the few men in captivity who got a 4.0 in the Navigation midterm. To the First and Second Platoons this may not sound so wonderful—but in the Fifth—GREAT God!

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GRADUATING BATTALION

SEXY SIXTH

The Sixth Platoon from Batt. 10, under the leadership of "Rubber Lips" Gardner, is one of the most distinctive in the Batt. During its stay here at Cal Poly, the Sixth has accomplished much.

To be able to do this we have had many able men. To list but a few we have: That sentimental chap from Reno, "Ubangi" Roberts, the only man from the heart of Africa ever to come to Cal Poly; Bob "My heart belongs to Marcia" Nieman, the platoon love expert; "Buddy" Huffman, a former G man, and "Cherokee" Kynoch, straight from his Indian reservation. Not to be left off our list are two members of the regimental staff. The first is "Andy" Androsko, and the second is "You bunch of lousy bums" Brandon, the Regimental sub-commander. Both are ex-Marines.

On the humorous side there is Jerry (Fearless Fosdick) Dick, who is ably assisted by Jim Corrigan. Two members of the Ale and Quail Club are H. Howser and R. Burford, who would much rather chase the quail in San Luis than drink the ale there. In the realms of sports we have Ray Driscoll and Bill Ahern, two future greats of the ball court. Also in our midst is the most punctual man in the Batt. He is Frank "On the Beam" Stoltman, who has never been late for anything yet. Every platoon must have a man of distinction—in the Sixth he is "Egghead" Egbert, a lad who will go far in this field.

Some of the members of the Sixth whose actions speak louder than words are Henry "Clean the Bulkheads" Le-

geigh, Thor "Muscles" Lude, John "Smoothie" De Grace II, and Barry "Musclebound" Boldreman. There are many other fine lads among us, but owing to lack of space we can't mention them.

The Sixth has hung up a fine record during its stay here at Poly, and it is, with tears (?) we depart. However, we are all looking forward to our next stop on the long course of training. So it is here that we of the Sixth bid you all a fond farewell.

THE SEVENTH

By L. R. Dorny

Beneath the camouflage and shackles of the Seventh's close order drill strides many a personality, yet unbroken by the soul-trying rigors of military life. The young, the weak, the vitamin-deficients succumb without a struggle—their individuality disappears into the cosmos. Not so with the Seventh!

"Sir" James, ruling with a rare combination of discipline and squareness, that after three months has never brought a word to his discredit as a leader or as one of the boys. "Scotty" is likeable, influential, athletic and going places. "Dad" Isom, the grand old man of the Seventh, finds a wayward son in "Amour" Christi-ana-sen. Chet Latchem utters a mighty prayer for a return to the hunting grounds of the Colorado U. Campus. Sutton is quiet, solid, a brain, and a sure bet to make good. Cowboy Joe Prentiss is torn between two loves—his ironshod pony and his nylon-clad queen. Cadet Pito is the boy with the prize package from over in the valley.

Bob Widholm publicly denies that he attended Cal Poly in preference to a scholarship to Vassar. The female satirisms are purely for laughs, and a layover from an act in the Ice Follies. Beaton, prize winner in a national intercollegiate literary contest, finds it tough to apply Chaucer's third Tale to a plotting board. Harold Hand, demon athlete from God's country, Wyoming, has plenty of hubba-hubba to carry him through. Then there is Cadet Gray with his daily 0300 shave sessions, "Horseshoe" Parton, who drew a watch on the night his girl passed through town. Stanbridge, silent, nice and steady, and Stoner, big, fat and lovable, are both unfortunate victims of circumstances. Calaway explains the nacelles in a three-quarter view of a Lancaster, while Duffy tells of how he boosted his officer aptitude rating no end when he commanded the platoon through five minutes of "shot-gun drill."



GRADUATING BATTALION

Gleaning the register, we recall Patsy Peckenpaugh, the boy with the wandering brown eyes equally convenient for Saturday's skull sessions or nightly quiff prowls, nor shall we forget "Cherry Blossom" Dolan and his deals of vice and corruption. Harold Stoner, athlete, gentleman and scholar deluxe; with a touch of boyish humor. H. Frederic, a subtle power of friendship is his, but still he cries, "I'll never smile again!" Allred is our proven platoon dark horse, and erstwhile candidate as God's gift to Pismo Beach. And to brain George Kiser, from the whole platoon, best wishes for a speedy recovery.

FIGHTING EIGHTH

By Frank W. Hearne

"Last to muster, last in the chow line, and last in the hearts of the mates of the deck," would be a fitting introduction to any of the various characters which comprise the "Fighting Eighth."

From the brief illustrations that follow, you should be able to recognize any of these cadets without hesitation.

In the morning—any morning—one would undoubtedly hear these immortal words:

"Get out of that *!—?*!—!*——! sack!" and, "Why, we don't muster for three minutes?"

That would be Christiansen and Cali respectively.

After mail call, the question, "Who lives on Fruitvale Avenue in Oakland?" is always followed by, "Gimme my mail!"—The pleading voice of Arturo Gennoy.

Lamplighting time on the drill field is siesta time for Vega. "Is Elam here?" These are famous last words at any muster. An off-color grin denotes Whipple, the marine. Have you heard the latest? If you haven't, just ask Guido. And if you want to win an argument, don't let Wilson in on it. When platoon leader Haaser gives out with, "No bags today," the inevitable reply from Morrill is, "What the hell were they issued for?"

The pessimism department is headed by Rapp and Craig, who are always sure that they will be restricted over the weekend.

If you ever want to use the phone in Catalina Hall, open the door, and behold Sorenson and Egger.

Should you see a tangled heap come hurtling through a doorway and land on the deck, it would only be Spaith



"Oh, Boy! But that steak was good!"

and Taylor showing their love for each other.

When the bulkheads of a room begin to bulge, it is certain that Samson is trying to make Jones quit smoking by means of hypnosis. Any pleasant sounds from the Eighth usually originate in the golden voices of Ballantyne and Galbraith.

If peace and quiet were to reign in the platoon, Clemen and Cowen would be the only survivors.

"I say, Pete, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know: sort of a low and behold!"

Little Mary Smith while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor robin with one of its wings broken lying in the grass. So she picked it up, like the good girl she was, and took it into her house and fixed its wing. And when it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big blue sky. O.K., Mugs; let's see you try and make something dirty out of this one.

MATHEMATICS PROB. NO. IV

John and his date drive due north at a speed of 45 MPH. Joe and his date drive south at a speed of 20 MPH. and stop in 36 minutes. Both parties are gone for three hours, yet Joe gets farther with his date than John. Explain.

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GREAT WESTERN SHOW

Despite greatly reduced enrollment of students in the meat animal husbandry department, all phases of instruction are being maintained at the same high level as in years past. Practical experience gained through conducting livestock projects is one important part of this system of training, and an essential phase of this is the exhibiting and selling of fat animals at the Great Western Livestock Show.

Twenty-two of the 26 students enrolled in meat animal husbandry showed the following livestock, purchased by them through the project fund and raised for the market: two carloads of fat steers, nineteen individual steers, five pens of three lambs each, four pens of three barrows each. Although this year's Great Western Livestock Show was one of the largest in history, with entries from thirteen States, Cal Poly students still did exceptionally well with their project animals.

Ervin Turek, showing a 225-pound barrow which he purchased out of the Cal Poly herd, won the Grand Champion individual fat barrow class over all breeds, which sold for 50 cents per pound. The remaining two hogs in Turek's pen of Champion Poland Chinas in open class sold for 21 cents per pound. Turek also won first prize for a pen of crossbred lambs in open division.

A group of Cal Poly students showing a carload of Shorthorns won Reserve Grand Champion in the open division. Poly students also won second prize carload of Herefords in the open division. Other winners from Cal Poly in the beef classes were: Reserve Champion Hereford, open division; Reserve Champion Shorthorn, open division; two first prize Herefords and one first prize Shorthorn other than the Reserve Champions; two second prize Herefords; three second prize Shorthorns, and three third prize Shorthorns.

Other winners from Poly in the sheep classes were: second prize pen of Southdown fat lambs; third prize crossbred pen lambs; fourth prize pen Southdown fat lambs.

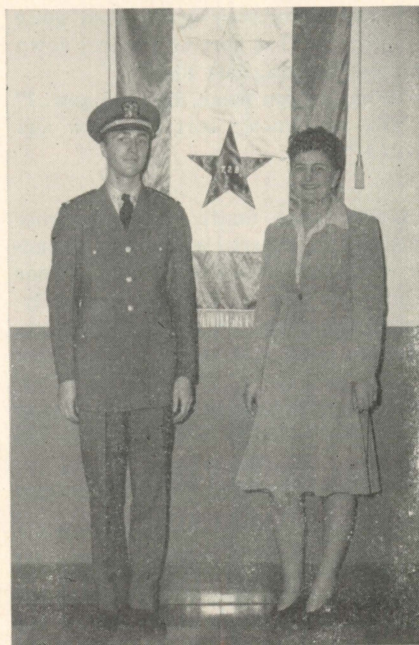
Other winners from Poly in the hog classes: first pen of crossbred, open division; third prize pen of Durocs



*ERVIN TUREK & GRAND CHAMPION
won over all other breeds at Great Western show*

in open division.

A former Cal Poly student, Wilbur Davis, now operator of a San Luis Obispo ranch, won a Grand Championship with his 90-pound crossbred Southdown lamb.



*ANOTHER STAR
Elsa Maha greets Ensign Thomsen*

WINTER BEGINS

The fall quarter ended on December 3 with final examinations and the enrollment for the winter quarter was held December 6. Christmas vacation for students begins noon, December 23, and continues until January 2. Polytechnic instructors will teach through the vacation period as relief instructors for Navy instructors taking short leaves.

XMAS BANQUET

The annual Christmas banquet was held Dec. 20 for the first time in history of campus. With the Navy taking over the college's third cafeteria for increased cadet complement, council members decided to splurge with a free banquet being held at the Gold Dragon for all student body card holders.

Cadet (reading statistics): "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies."

Rommate (reading the Funnies): "Then why don't you chew cloves?"

The girl I left behind me,
I think of night and day,
For if she ever found me
There sure would be hell to pay.

HUMOR

Two girls were standing on a downtown corner. After they had been standing there a while, one of them turned to the other and said: "Let's move to the middle of the block; they seem to think we are waiting for a bus."

If gents could read
What little girls thought,
There'd be more dating
Than there ought.

A rattlebrained sailor named Snork,
Had his head sliced in two like a cork;
The unfortunate fellow
Walked through a propellor . . .
And didn't allow for the torque!

I've got the perfect news story for you, Sir!
How come? Sailor bite dog?
No; a hydrant just sprinkled one.
—The Exhaust.

A small boy saw his first elephant in his front yard, and immediately he called the police.
"Chief," he said, "there's a queer animal out here in my front yard. He's picking flowers with his tail."
"Yes," said the chief, "and then what does he do?"
"Never mind," was the answer; "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

If love is blind
And lovers can't see,
Then why the hell
Don't someone love me?

"What two kinds of wood make a match?"
"I give up."
"He would and she would."

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