

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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Mustang ROUNDUP

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SCHOOL

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Gerald Pearl.....	

BE PREPARED

Like heroes, officers are made, not born. As a man looks deep into himself to find that extra something which will carry him through "his moment," so an officer must be ever ready to draw upon his ability.

The sailor who swims back to save a comrade, or the Marine who returns a "hot grenade" to the enemy, has discovered something in himself that he was not previously certain of.

The officer who gives or carries out the commands must be constantly prepared to draw upon a store of knowledge he has systematically laid away to meet the specific task.

Heroism calls for individual preparation, and every human acquires its background in his own way.

Success as an officer is largely dependent on knowledge previously gained through standardized methods. It is not an intangible quality, and must be there when needed.

The conclusion is obvious! Make the best of your opportunities to build up your store of knowledge today so that you may draw upon and apply it tomorrow.

Cover Photo: A bit of NFPS "corn." W. G. Tanner, complete with tattoo and diapers, portrays the "New Year"—a la Navy style. C. J. "Tiny" Parker has his hands full as "Father Time." Photographed by Adviser R. E. Kennedy and Cadets Fred Lyons and Clark Moore.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Having taken navigation at Cal Poly from Mr. Hyer, your article in the Mustang Roundup of Dec. 1943 (page 9), was of most interest.

Moreover, I discovered (I hope before it was too late), that my continued difficulty in my present navigation classes here at St. Mary's has been due to the fact that either Mr. Hyer (via the Navy) is teaching Navigation in **another** manner **or** that I am doing my work **backwards**. Please inform me as to the proper method before finals take place at this base.

Anxiously,

Av/Cad. L. E. UMAN,

St. Mary's Pre-Flight

(Cadet Uman, editor of the Sept. 1943 Mustang Roundup, is just trying to get our goat. He knows the engraver reversed the negative, causing the photo to be printed backwards. But we know that Uman always did his navigation this way, anyhow.—Ed.)

* * *

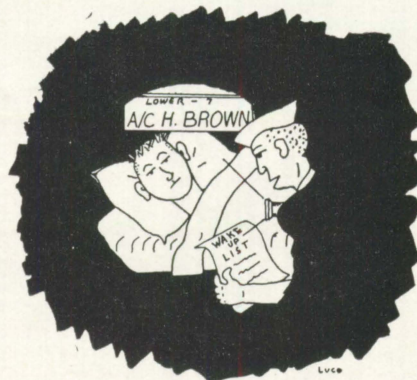
Sir:

Is it possible that certain civilians who frequent the campus have never learned the fundamental respects shown to the National Emblem? If not, it would be desirable to call to their attention this courtesy.

It is a gesture of respect and courtesy that at sunrise and retreat, outdoor activity cease and the position of attention be assumed while uncovering the head until Colors has been secured on the Bugle.

(Signed) Av/Cad. DUKE BLACK

* * *



"Are You McFillerbrittle?"

John Little, not the little John of Robin Hood fame, pulled the trick of the month by measuring all blanket folds with a protractor on his tour of duty as mate of the deck. Slim Jensen was the only lucky man in Corsair to get by with a properly made-up bed.

* * *

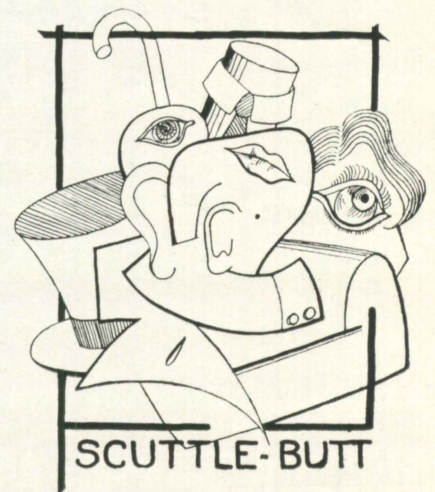
Eldon Kinley finds the connections down at Pismo almost completely in hand of the senior Batt.

* * *

H. C. Lee, glorious little man, is now available for counsel in all disciplinary cases. Naturally his advice goes at a Price.

* * *

With the securing of campaign bars except for greens, much of the erstwhile color of these WAC shirts is gone.



SURREALISM
by Cadet Pieper

Mustang Roundup, January, 1944

Mustang ROUNDUP

ON BOARD

XMAS LEAVE

By R. V. Matteson

As the cadet regiment arose on the blue Monday of December 27th, there was a tint of weariness in the air here at Cal Poly. This could be attributed to two causes: first, the Eleventh and Twelfth Battalions had just returned from a much-welcomed Christmas leave; and second, the Thirteenth Battalion had just arrived from parts unknown, and wasn't sure whether they liked it or not. The Thirteenth boys were depressed because they had been here just long enough to begin to suspect what was in store for them.

On the other hand, the upper battalions were looking sad for the simple reason that they had been here just long enough to know what was in for them after their Christmas excursion.

The Christmas leave was a big success in the minds of most all the cadets participating. The greater majority of the boys traveled to Los Angeles or San Francisco to visit relatives. The most depressing fact, to the average cadet, about the Christmas leave was, "Cheez, but it went fast."

11TH OFF

It was really a big send-off! That's what they say about the 11th Battalion dance. The 11th did itself up in top-notch form when it imported a supplement of belles from surrounding communities to "dig the jive" of Stan Kenton's famous name band.

The event started at 2000 with the numerous battalion and regimental officers welcoming all at the receiving line. At 2015 "the Man with the Band" Kenton raised his baton, there was a blare of trumpets, and the first dance began. Stan Kenton's orchestra, which by the way plays for the Bob Hope show, is one of the best name bands on the coast. A big success wherever he has appeared, Stan Kenton continued to mow 'em down with rapturous rhythm at the 11th Batt. doings.

The USO is to be thanked generously for their cooperation in the use of their building, and the all-important function of helping many cadets to obtain some solid chicks.

At 2200 an intermission was called for refreshments, including ice cream and cake. Then following the intermission, the event of the evening, the crowning of the Regimental Queen, was held. Miss Dorris Frese, hailing from Alhambra, Calif., was the hon-

ored Belle. Miss Frese was accompanied by Cadet P. C. Harrison of Batt. 11, Platoon 7.

Cadet Regimental Commander T. R. Dawson presented Miss Frese with a crown of orchids and also presented her with an engraved bracelet as awards for her winning the MUSTANG ROUNDUP queen contest.

Following the crowning ceremony the orchestra put on an exhibition of solid jive which was solid enough for the most confirmed jitterbugs.

The last dance was at 2400. Thus the 11th spent its last evening as cadets of the NFPS at Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo.

FLEET SCHOOL

With the graduation of the 11th Battalion, Cal Poly NFPS becomes exclusively a "fleet" Naval Flight Preparatory school. All cadets of the 12th, 13th and all succeeding battalions are drawn from Navy and Marine personnel.

Thus the entire cadet complement of nearly 900 future naval aviators and officers will be "Mustangs" in the true sense of the word. A "Mustang," as you mates know, is an officer who has come up from the ranks.

Consequently the nickname of Cal Poly and the name of this publication takes on new significance for the cadets of this NFPS.



INSPECTION
... going

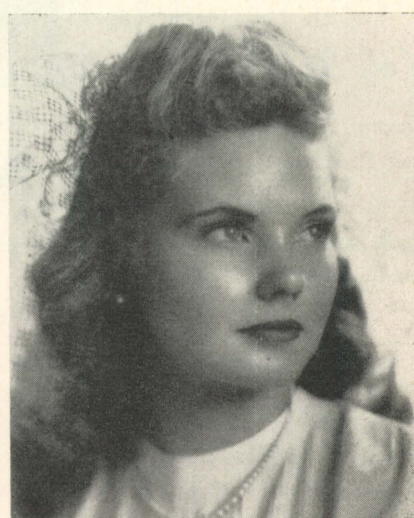
QUEEN CONTEST



DORRIS FRESE
Alhambra



TERRI LANE
Long Beach



PHYLLIS LARSEN
Salt Lake

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Beautiful Miss Dorris Frese, 18-year-old Alhambra coed, was unanimous choice of the judges as the winner of the "Regimental Queen" title in the January contest sponsored by MUSTANG ROUNDUP. Miss Frese's photograph, entered by Cadet Palmer C. Harrison, Battalion 11, Platoon 7, was one of the 56 photographs of "girl friends" submitted by cadets.

In addition to being crowned "Regimental Queen" with a coronet of orchids at the Eleventh Battalion's graduation dance Jan. 17, Miss Frese was presented with an engraved Naval Aviation identification bracelet and enjoyed an all-expense paid trip from her home in Alhambra.

Miss Terri Lane of Long Beach, Calif., entered by Max Wiley, Jr., Battalion 11, Platoon 5, ran Miss Frese a close second for the honor of reigning as queen, and Miss Phyllis J. Larsen of Salt Lake, entered by Wallace H. Allen, Battalion 11, Platoon 5, was third runner-up.

Contest Editor Bill Dirks and Editor-in-Chief D. P. Marin report that Battalion 11 had the most entries with 37 photos; Battalion 12 had 15 entries, and Battalion 13 had four entries. Platoon 5 (Batt. 11) and Platoon 8 (Batt. 12) tied for number entered with eight apiece.

Judges were Lt. Bonath, Ensign Angevine and Mr. Kennedy, who pick the winners on the basis of "probable beauty as indicated by the photograph" with no consideration being given for proximity of the contestants' home to this base or from what Bat-

talion her "boy friend" hails.

This is the first contest in which the MUSTANG ROUNDUP has reproduced the photographs of all the entries. A glance at the opposite page will give you an idea of what faced the judges in selecting a queen.

Following is a list of all contestants by Battalion and platoon:

Battalion 11

Platoon 1—Verley Hoffman, Mitchell, South Dakota, by T. B. Thomas; Imogene Randall, Salt Lake City, by Orin R. Woodbury.

Platoon 2—Nancy Jennings, Buffalo, N. Y., by B. W. Wallace; Peggy Baw, Wheaton, Ill., by F. G. Fitzgerald; June Reeder, San Diego, by Emmett Stewart; Gerrie Evans, Los Angeles, by Emmett Stewart.

Platoon 5—Joanne Scowcroft, Palo Alto, by G. C. Woodward; Gerry Wright, San Jose, by Herbert Moore; Margaret Foster, Downey, by Dante Jacuzzi; Eleanor O'Boyle, Santa Barbara, by J. H. Wilson; Ellen Cooney, Chicago, by D. J. O'Connor.

Platoon 4—June Loder, Long Beach, by Marvin W. Dirks; Hope Deter, Willows, R. G. Muncaster; Merrylyn Wickenden, San Luis Obispo, Bill Dirks; Lura Carter, Bakersfield, by G. A. Matrofini; Jobi Sears, Tucson, by Murl M. McCain.

Platoon 5—Ida Lou Dixon, San Diego, J. R. Miller; Karen Kirk, Berkeley, Marc Woessner; Carolyn Lount, Oakland, Marc Woessner; Elizabeth Hawkins, Los Angeles, W. W. Gildner; Gloria Durley, Ely, Nevada, by Ralph E. Thomas; Marthann Peterson, Denver, N. R. Berggren.

Platoon 6—Peggy Martin, Cheyenne, Wyo., Wayne McConnell; Delma Giersch, South Gate, James R. Yost, Jr.; Shirley Dokken, Los Angeles, E. J. Porter; Helen Schachner, Anaheim, Karl Zirkelbach; Patricia Anderson, Hanford, Joseph Soares; Jerry Davis, Selma, C. E. McClain.

Platoon 7—Nancy Acheson, Glendale, G. S. Jacobi; Elaine P. Miller, Tucson, F. W. Enke; Jean Potter, Los Angeles, by Marshall Gram.

Platoon 8—Mary Jane Spaeth, Los Angeles, by C. F. Spaeth; Barbara Fulton, Glendale, by C. E. Millikan, Jr.; Mary Boland, Philadelphia, by C. E. Veach.

Battalion 12

Platoon 1—Audrey Falvey, Los Angeles, by B. L. Giddings.

Platoon 3—Betty Jean Shoop, Moscow, Idaho, by R. E. Forson; Dorothy Sorensen, Seattle, by Eldon Kinley; Bobbie Menit, Santa Monica, by R. L. Leonard.

Platoon 5—Margie Bujcviski, Little Rock, Ark., by W. H. Crowson.

Platoon 6—Sharon B. Walder, New York, by L. M. Reiner.

Platoon 8—Ester Brandsel, Seattle, by L. W. Moody; Doris Kluseman, Los Angeles, by J. S. Evans; Carolyn Jones, Lancaster, Pa., by W. P. Austin; Vivian L. Molkenbuhr, San Francisco, by Joseph Moore, Jr.; Joyce Clark, Eugene, Ore., by W. L. Bailey; Ethel Grand, West Chester, Pa., by Ray P. Timoney; Betty Rue Salley, Lincoln, Mo., by A. Bruin; Virginia Bower, Hamden, Conn., J. R. Williams.

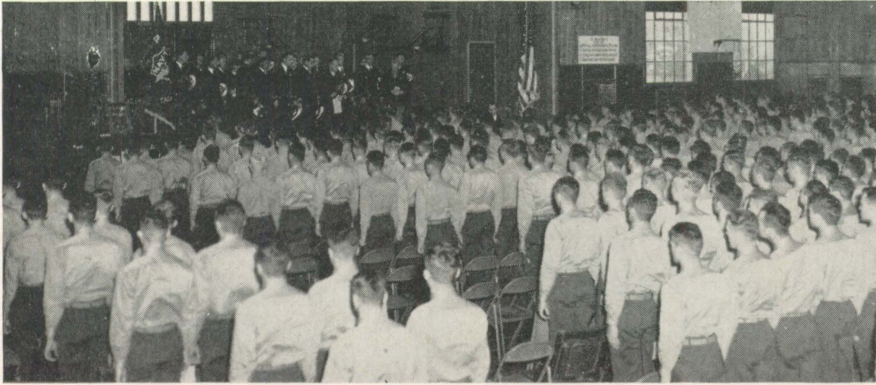
(Continued on Page 6)

QUEEN CONTEST



JANUARY QUEEN CONTEST ENTRIES
... and the judges had to pick just one as Regimental Queen

ON BOARD



GRADUATION OF THE TENTH BATTALION

... they were leaving at an "opportune" time said the new Skipper

(Continued from Page 4)

Platoon 10—Jean Muller, Denver, by O. H. Gaylord.

Battalion 13

Platoon 5 — Dorothy Slagle, Ft. Wayne, Ind., R. E. Gilberg; Ruth Vining, Sacramento, by Jim Bennet.

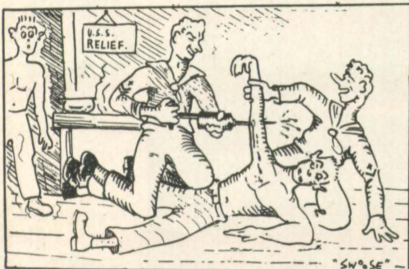
Platoon 8—Vivian Baker, Los Angeles, by R. H. Carlson.

Platoon 9—Pat Carmody, Hollywood, J. A. Prusz.

* * *

NAVY ON INCREASE

Navy Secretary Knox reports that the Navy now numbers 1,400,000 enlisted men and approximately 130,000 officers, a total of 1,530,000 men. A \$24,850,000 naval appropriation bill, the largest in history, has been approved by the Senate Appropriations Committee. The bill contains \$9,000,000,000 for more new ships, and \$6,500,000,000 for naval aviation, in addition to pay, maintenance, subsistence, training and other funds.



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

HUP, TWO . . . BLUB!

By Duke Black

The other morning while marching to chow to the tuneful drone of Hup, ta, three, four, the cadence was suddenly cut short with a "splash, damn, splash, damn." As a well-disciplined unit, we continued on without a pause, sans cadence.

On closer inspection by Battalion Commander Clark, it was found that Sub-Commander Rogers was missing. Retracing his steps to where the stirring voice of Cadet Rogers had ceased, he discovered Mr. Rogers waist deep in the ninth hazard of the obstacle

course between the barracks and the Navy mess hall.

Inquiring further into the tragedy, it was discovered that Mr. Rogers was marching on the port side of the Right Wing. Being darkest on that side, he failed to see the death trap until he was in it.

This hazard is the result of someone's misguided conception and interrupted labors on campus improvements, i.e.s, a hole some four or five feet deep, which insists upon collecting rainwater.

The consensus is that Mr. Rogers is still convinced he has enemies in the camp, and is secretly trying to ascertain the name of the miscreant that gave him the "deep six."



PAY DAY

Get 'em here . . . cash 'em here . . . spend 'em here

ON BOARD

NOT EVEN A RIPPLE

By Dan R. Morgan

While tossing off a couple of shots the other day (I'm only kidding, sir), the course of conversation, as chance would have it, drifted to the universal subject. We discussed the unhealthily sterile surroundings, both here and in the "city." We came to several conclusions, all of which are pertinent. And so the following was resolved:

1. That the administrators of our welfare don't really object to there being two sexes—not really.

2. That such places as "Dago," "Frisco" and other of the more important Naval Centers are hoarding WAVES, thereby directly affecting the morale of the Cal Poly personnel and thus indirectly the entire naval flight program. Also, we all know that the ship's company is straining at the leash, longing to "get off to the war," to "whip Tolo" "to get it over with," and we sympathize with them.

3. That everyone, from Eleanor to Sand Street Sadie, has lauded the efficiency of the WAVES, and we can see from the recruiting posters that they would have a decorative effect scattered here and there about the campus.

4. That after an eight-week stretch under the present conditions, we feel that it is no worse than the South Pacific—it only seems worse.

* * *

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste;
His reach was 36 inches
And hers was a 46 waist.



QUEEN CROWNING
Miss Porter in December
JUST A MEMORY

The Tenth Battalion bowed out of NFPS, Cal Poly, in style the night of Dec. 20 to the music of Les Brown and his troupe of entertainers. Although few cadets now at Poly were in attendance, many of the officers and instructors remember the evening as a very successful social event.

Miss Gloria Porter of Atascadero was presented as queen by Regimental Commander Joe Birch. Her escort, Ken Hack, was not only lucky enough to be able to take her to the dance, but had become engaged to her only a few days before.

* * *

First Mother: "Has your boy learned anything yet as a cadet?"

Second Mother: "Yes, he can now open a beer bottle with a half dollar."

* * *

The Scotchman dropped his gum in the chicken yard and thought several times he had found it.

NEW PRECEDENT

With each new battalion new precedents and traditions are established. The outgoing 11th Batt. is turning over to the Naval Flight Preparatory school a sum of money in excess of \$200, which is to be used to purchase some useful equipment to benefit future battalions or the officer complement of this NFPS.

Cadet T. R. Dawson, regimental commander, said that such a tradition is often carried out at other naval stations and that the money so donated could certainly be put to a good use. Whatever is purchased with the money so donated will be known as the "Gift of Battalion 11" to the Cal Poly NFPS.

* * *

NON-PROFIT BUSINESS

Although cadets are able to purchase most of their needs in the Ship's Store, many items which they want are not available on the station. Consequently several instructors have been conducting thriving non-profit business ventures for the convenience of the cadets who can't get to town except over week-ends, and then only after most stores are closed.

Biggest item desired by cadets is air mail envelopes and air mail stamps, which, strange as it may seem, are not always available at the campus post office during hours when cadets are free. Other items being purchased the non-profit way are razors, swimming ear plugs, etc.

* * *

"I'm a man of few words. Do you pet?"

"No, but you've talked me into it."



BATTALION TEN'S GALA FESTIVITIES
Les Brown gives out with the music . . . while the crowd dances

ON BOARD

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Eleven W.T.S. schools await with open hangers the arrival of some 222 men of the 11th Battalion.

The recent readjustment of naval districts has opened three new northern schools: in Wenatchee and Walla Walla, Washington, and Ontario, Ore. The other schools available include five in Arizona: Tucson, Thatcher, Holbrook, Cottonwood, Prescott; two in California: Beckwourth and Susanville.

The 11th is the first battalion to have its selection lists handled entirely by the cadet staff. If divided evenly an average of two and a half men from each platoon will have to be allotted to each W.T.S. on the list, so naturally not all can be satisfied.

The 11th will leave here on or about Jan. 18 and classes are scheduled to commence at W.T.S. on Jan. 21.

* * *

FULFILLMENT

Little boy saying prayers:

"Now I lay me down to sleep and pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc. "... and I want God to make me good and strong so I can swim, and climb, and hike, and, like Mummy says, be a good soldier-boy. Amen."

Same boy—ten years later at Cal. Poly N.F.P.S.:

"O Lord, why did you take me so seriously?"

—Maurice Wallace.

* * *

SENTIMENT

My, how I long for the day

When I can walk with pride

Down to the railway station

With diploma by my side.

Just before I step aboard,

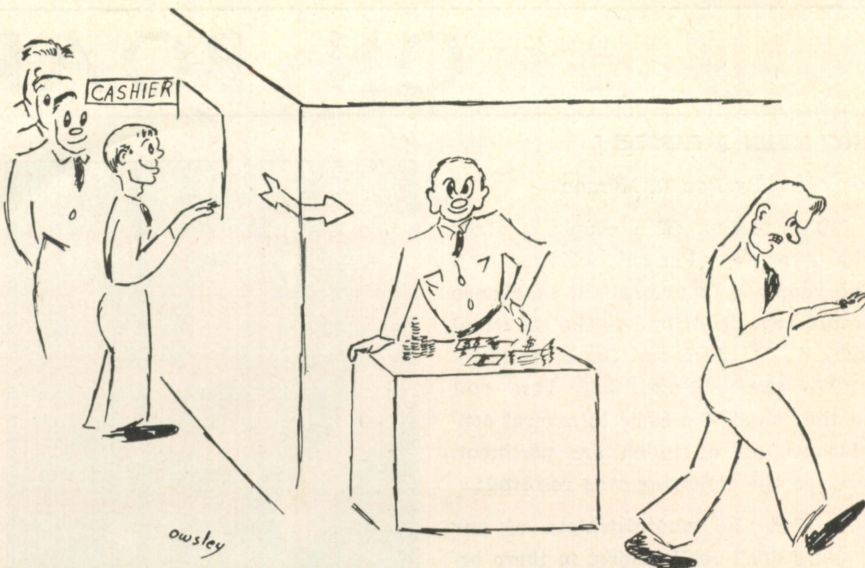
And when the whistles blow,

I'll take a moment off to

Tell this place a thing or so.

—Maurice Wallace.

* * *



"Easy Come, Easy . . . oh, yeah!"

INSTRUCTORS

ON THE JOB

Five new instructors were added to the staff of the NFPS recently.

James Cox, navigation instructor, is a graduate of Randolph Field and taught 18 months for the Army, most of which was at the 12th A.A.F.F.T.D. in Phoenix, Arizona. He's a graduate of the University of Southern California, where he studied Pre-Medicine and Pre-Law. Among the many aeronautical licenses which he holds are pilot's, navigator's and meteorologist's licenses.

E. B. Bass, engines instructor, taught at the Lemoore Army Air Base and at North American's B-25 Army school before coming here. He holds a C.A.A. Aircraft Engines Instruments license.

Junius Bowers, physics instructor, is a graduate of Arizona State Teachers' college. He taught at Gilbert High school, Gilbert, Arizona, from 1942 to 1943.

Two of the most recent additions to the faculty are T. M. Rickansrud and Joseph F. Danskert. Mr. Rickansrud, who will teach Physics, came from Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Danskert, who is assigned to engines classes, came from La Grande, Oregon.

* * *

RAPID PROMOTION

We understand that Instructor Hal Duncan is waiting his commission as a Major in the California State Guard. Although Mr. Duncan took many years of R.O.T.C. training, his expected promotion to the rank of Major is without a doubt a "success" story.

It came about when Major Kiebertz, navigation instructor, and part-time R.O.T.C. instructor at the high school came down with the flu. Mr. Duncan filled in for him at the high school.

* **

"Is your boy friend broadminded?"
"Yes, that's all he thinks about."



SUNDAY RECREATION

Claire McPhee and Jackie Lewelling with Cadets Klusmire and Grover; dancin' to the juke box!

INSTRUCTORS



MRS. UNDERHILL
... cadets' sweetheart

MRS. JULIA A. UNDERHILL

By August C. Kroll

Each graduating battalion has its queen. But if there were another title such as "Regimental Sweetheart," I think we'll agree that Mrs. Julia A. Underhill has gained permanent possession of it. She is always ready with a smile and a cheerful word of greeting for cadets about the campus.

There are many who will long recall having gone to her with personal troubles and having come away very much relieved. Cal Poly does not boast a chaplain, but then, no other station can boast of a Mrs. Underhill.

These things are familiar to many of us from personal contact with Mrs. Underhill during our four-week math class, but when we look into her past we find many more interesting facts. For instance, we find she is a graduate of Northwestern University. She also attended the exclusive Elgin Academy of Elgin, Ill. She attained her B.S. degree at the University of Washington at Seattle. This was, however, not enough for our "Sweetheart." She decided early in life that the world was full of interesting subjects, so after World War I she took two years of graduate work.

What's more; Mrs. Underhill is an author of some note. Her master's thesis was published in the "Nature Magazine," and its merit was later largely publicized. She also had several non-fiction articles published in the "Australian Naturalist," of Melbourne.

Teaching aviation cadets one would expect our favorite teacher to be a

great flight enthusiast; while this is probably true, we find she has only once flown in a plane. That hop was made from Dover, England, to Calais, France, in an eight-passenger French plane piloted by a Frenchman.

She has traveled far and wide. She spent two years in Hawaii, residing in Maui, Hawaii, and Oahu. Her other travels included a trip to Europe in 1931, during which she spent six months visiting England, Norway, France, Switzerland and Italy. While in Italy she spent some time observing the wonders of Rome, Venice and Trieste. She visited Mexico in 1941-42, and resided in Mexico City and surrounding area.

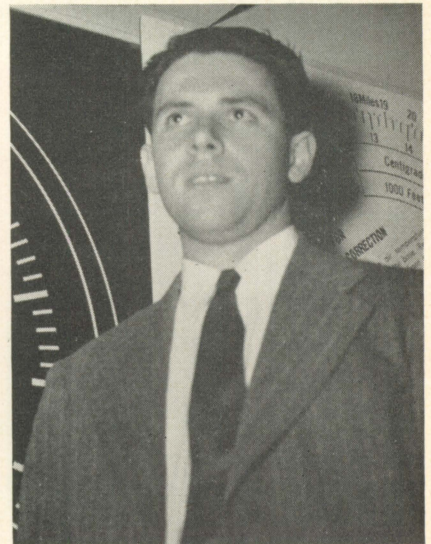
Her professional life has been extremely varied, and includes employment in the accountant's department of the Northwestern Railway Co., Chicago; work in the famous Palama Settlement as Director of girls' work in Honolulu; as a high school principal in the State of Washington, where she holds a lifetime teaching credential.

Mrs. Underhill homesteaded near Billings, Montana, in 1910, where she met Mr. Underhill, a native of Kentucky, and also a homesteader. World War I left Mr. Underhill a disabled veteran until his death in 1939. "Perhaps this explains to some extent my attitude toward cadets," she said.

"I am back in the teaching profession today," she said, "because of the shortage of teachers and my desire to help finish the job started in 1917."



"I was just restin' my eyes,
Mr. Brack"



MR. BABITZ
... he's got a canary

MILTON BABITZ

By Duke Blake

Mr. Babitz and I have a lot in common. According to his own confession, when he arrived at Cal Poly to teach Engines and Physics in February 1943, he didn't know anything about Navigation *either*. That's where the similarity ends, for he *had* previously read a Navigation manual several years before. He claims that by keeping one lesson ahead of Battalion II in the Navy manual and recourse to what he could remember in the other one he had read, he gave a fairly reasonable facsimile of a navigation instructor. One and all agree that this facsimile has developed into the real McCoy.

Born in New York, Mr. Babitz immigrated to the Golden Land of Opportunity at the tender age of four years, where he has lived ever since. His education began in San Francisco, and he isn't through yet. He attained his B.S. in chemistry at the University of California in 1937, and his teaching credentials in 1938. In 1939 he received his M.A. in Educational Psychology.

Math and chemistry were painlessly administered by Mr. Babitz to unsuspecting high school students in San Francisco for a few months when he was forced to leave the Bay area because of unfavorable atmospheric conditions. (Ref. Mr. Jones.)

In Red Bluff, Calif., he taught math and chemistry for three years, until he returned to San Francisco. At the new Lincoln High school he consti-

(Continued on Page 23)

GOLDBRAID



LT. THOMAS
... he bats 4.0

LT. THOMAS BATS 4.00

By O. J. Burns

"Lt. Thomas is 4.00 in any league." That was the opinion of Batt. 10, and they should know, for several of them had the honor of pouring sand into their pockets, sewing them up, and carrying said sand around for a week. When asked about it, he smiled and said, "They got the point. We had no more trouble with hands in pockets."

Lt. J. Perry Thomas has pulled more than a few of the extraordinary since his entrance into the Navy. It was because of his good friend, Lt. Comdr. Frank Wickhorst, former line coach at Cal, that Thomas came into the Navy in a D.V.S. capacity. In March of '42, when he was still supposed to be home waiting his appointment as a j.g., he was already an Ensign boning his way through the six-week prep course at the "trade school" in Maryland. (Annapolis to you, mate.)

Probably better known for his football exploits at the U. of Cal, where he played halfback on the same club with the unforgettable Sam Chapman for three years, Mr. Thomas also has a record of never having been knocked out as a college boxer. For two consecutive years he reached the semi-finals in the Pacific Coast Inter-Collegiates. Instead of coming out of Cal with a degree in P.E., he received an A.B. in Economics. Just to complicate things he returned to his alma mater as assistant football and boxing instructor.

Aside from these physical education activities, Lt. Thomas has done personnel work with the Simmons Co. of "Beautyrest" fame. He has dabbled in

salesmanship and labor situations.

Following his training period at Annapolis, he was assigned to St. Mary's. He had occasion to view ex-service men going through there, and had this to say about them: "Excellent men. Because of their military background they were an invaluable aid. They were no angels, though; that same background made them pastmasters at the art of goldbricking," he added.

"What's this we hear about you knowing the name of every man in your Batt. and classes?"

"Quite true; but I don't think its anything unusual. After all, it's the only way to be fair with all of you fellows. Supposing I know you by sight but not by name. When I come to grade you for officer aptitude, I might give what I thought a just grade to somebody else. That's what I mean by fairness."

Oh, yes. His son, aged three, is being groomed to fill his daddy's shoes at California, and slated for the All-American team of '62.

* * *

NEW OFFICERS

Two new officers are to be added to the officer complement aboard this station within the next week. Dr. Rogers, a navy dentist, is to report on or about Jan. 19, and Lt. (j.g.) Hansen, new regimental adjutant, was to report about Jan. 15.

* * *



"Cccold? Oh, Nno, SSSir—I'm just Vvibrating with HHHhealth!"



ENSIGN ANGEVINE
... his boys are leaving

ENSIGN ANGEVINE

Popular battalion officer for the 11th is Ensign Kenneth G. Angevine, formerly permanent O.O.D. here. Ensign Angevine was commissioned Jan. 22, 1943, and his first assignment was to the Flight Prep school at U.S.C., which functioned from Feb. to July, 1943. On July 21, Ensign Angevine was transferred to Cal Poly, where he has been ever since.

Prior to being commissioned, Angevine was a naval aviation cadet at Los Alamitos Air Station near Long Beach. He went from there to Iowa Pre-flight for a short indoctrination course.

Angevine graduated from Western Michigan in Kalamazoo in 1938 and in 1939-40 he attended North Western at Evanston, Ill. His majors were commerce and physical education. He played varsity basketball and baseball while in college.

Naturally, this handsome officer is married.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Ensign O. Falkenstern, navigation officer, received a birthday card on Friday, Jan. 7, and with this lead, his civilian co-workers in the navigation office decided to "throw" a birthday party.

Milton Babitz called his wife and broke the news to her that she was to bake a birthday cake and deliver it to the navigation office within a few hours. Mrs. Betty Ohlin, navigation office secretary, provided the coffee.

No formal invitations were issued, but word got out somehow and for a few minutes the navigation office was the scene of a happy birthday party. When your reporter arrived nothing was left but crumbs and coffee grounds—but they were certainly good.

GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION ELEVEN

(From the Notes of Joseph Washout)

By Dave Marin

I sat down to write for Joe, cuz he's—well, you know—and this is a story he wanted to see in print before he left boot camp. Said it would back up the stories he told his buddies down there where men **are** men, and a frap (spelled frappee, according to Joe), is something with whipped cream and cherry on it.

Before he got his gouges mixed, Joe was going to publish the expos of the Eleventh in book form—said something about calling it "Two Hundred and Fifty Guinea Pig;"—but his sudden change of environment left the world another sort of unfinished symphony (a silly one, at that).

As we lifted him aboard the south-bound a few nights back, a sheaf of notes fell from one of his inner pockets, and it is what I have gleaned from these—some of them pretty badly saturated (so was Joe)—I set down here.

The Eleventh drew the "loaded cubes," says Joe on the back of an unfinished N problem, and from this we can gather that he didn't like the whole affair from the very beginning. It seems young Joe came aboard the station from the same direction he left it, and during the trip met up with a card-sharp named Tex Dawson. Before the conductor had called out Santa Barbara, Joe had lost everything he possessed, including four war savings stamps and his only pair of shoes, in a game called Beaumont Red-dog. The forced-march from the station that cold and friendless morning was just too much for him, especially in bare feet.

They were against us, the author says in another chapter (written down on the margin of a Beaufort Scale), or they wouldn't have isolated us in those (and this I deleted) NYA barracks. After all, he concluded, ten other battalions had never even been near them, but we were the Eleventh. Yes, we were the Eleventh!

Remember how they had us stow all our civilian gear, and then announced that the supply depot was undergoing an inventory, and to be patient? Well, Joe did too, and as you might have guessed, made an issue of it. The officer who discovered him attired in a sheet in the rear of the Golden Dragon that night, compromised with ten and four, but Joe was a "people's voice" type, and soap-boxed his way to 30 and 12 and a two-

month restriction.

When the rest of the class was taking code at ten words a minute, Joe was studying recognition, and since he had to make up his sleep in Theory of Flight, he never quite got around to reading his Aerology. When he reported for the final in his weather class, he was a little under the weather himself.

While he was packing his sea bag, Joe set down some interesting comments which seem, more than his other scribbings, to justify his belief that he was a member of a jinxed batt.

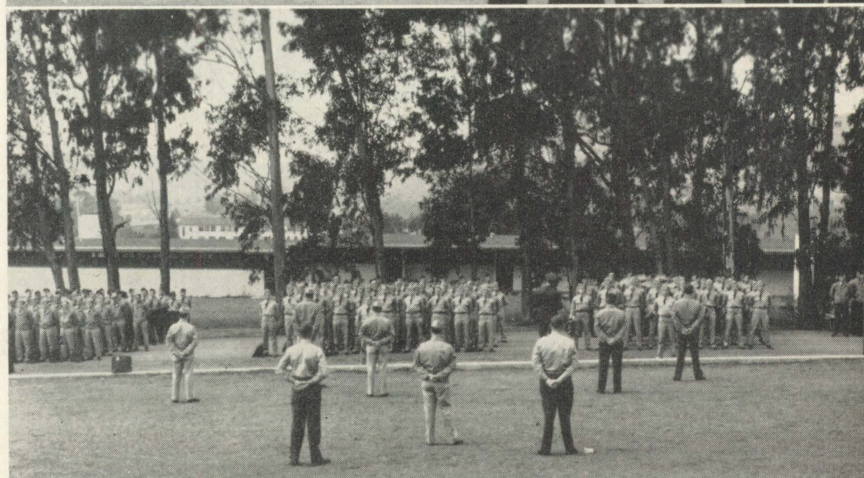
He saw no reason why he was among the first to have to cross green pastures to make a wrestling class in a gym he claims was formerly an ice-house (actually NYA Shop), or why they gave him two typhoid shots, when he stopped to ask the corpsman if he were related to a guy named Louis Schmaltz in Brooklyn. And when they requested him to purchase

war bonds (he says the gun was actually loaded), he looked jealously at the "Keep 'Em Flying" poster on the wall, and set down the following: "We buy 'em; you fly 'em." Incidentally, Navy Public Relations sent the slogan back, postage due.

Well, you can see by now that Joe did have a story to tell. But, unfortunately, Quink is soluble in alcohol, and the remainder of the notes I have in my possession are so completely confused with some love letters from a girl named Beldrop Fud (as I make it out), in Memphis, and the 3.60 gouge for the fourth physics exam, that I must consider my promise kept, and this narrative ended.

Editor's Note: For the benefit of Joe's friends (and the Marine he owed \$10) his new address is F.P.O. 26. He regrets his inability to contact them before sailing, informing us that his sixteenth yellow fever shot left him completely incapacitated.

(Continued on Page 15)



BATTALION ELEVEN MUSTERS
... and Ensign Angevine gives the orders of the day

GRADUATING

BATTALION XI

Right Wing

Platoon 1 (l. to r.):

PLATOON 1 (left to right) *First row:* J. E. Melarkey, C. A. Robson, A. C. Welch, Jr., R. S. Tonnesen, J. I. Brudie, P. F. Zaugg, O. R. Woodbury, J. N. Hays, J. N. Anderson, L. Hurley, R. D. Lowe. *Second row:* L. M. Fanning, D. E. Guichard, M. H. Kaplan, J. D. Glomb, T. B. Thomas, R. K. Elam, E. A. Cochran, Jr., W. E. Dunning, R. A. Hill, F. H. Sieling. *Third row:* F. J. Cheplenko, R. F. Richter, V. S. Cerro, E. C. Clark, L. L. Holmes, O. N. Clemensen, C. W. Roesner, D. M. Turner.

PLATOON 3 (left to right) *First row:*

R. R. Sears, L. J. Brownson, J. F. Runkel, D. W. Sweetman, J. Russo, W. W. Nickols, L. J. Colbert, D. J. Riordan, L. G. Osborne, D. J. O'Connor, L. M. Wert, Jr. *Second row:* N. N. McCain, Jr., J. Goodman, D. Jacuzzi, F. S. Blenkinship, G. C. Woodward, J. McCabe, E. J. Sherman, P. O. Mattei, P. E. Tay, E. B. Pardee, C. D. Taylor. *Third row:* J. D. Murphy, E. K. Knudsen, D. B. Strangman, L. S. Pay, J. F. McDaniel, H. C. Moore, J. H. Wilson, J. C. Sharman.

PLATOON 5 (left to right) *First row:*

V. S. Stebenne, J. B. Gardiner, W. W. Gildner, W. P. Witzemann, W. E. Murphy, M. T. Wilson, M. R. Woessner, F. K. Coulter, F. E. Endzell, R. E. Thomas. *Second row:* J. R. Neves, W. M. Webster, J. Vasquez, R. J. Cardwell, T. C. Cowan, J. McGuire, H. J. Walker, G. C. Kiser. *Third row:* N. R. Berggren, W. H. Allen, M. Wiley, T. C. Davies, H. Stratford, R. J. Cardinal, C. E. Vogel.

PLATOON 7 (left to right) *First row:*

P. C. Harrison, G. J. Klusmire, A. W. Townsend, W. E. Dorman, Jr., F. W. Enke, C. H. Andreason, C. E. Fisher, Jr., W. J. Shea, Jr., A. C. Mathews. *Second row:* C. M. Allen, Jr., B. J. Abrams, H. S. Holden, K. E. Hart, M. J. Gardiner, D. V. Barker, W. H. Gathje, G. M. M. V. Miller, R. J. Hagopian, M. C. Graves. *Third row:* T. B. Hayward, Cram, A. L. Day, Jr., G. S. Jacobi, M. E. Grant, W. G. Des George, S. R. Fenton, Jr.

BATTALION

BATTALION XI

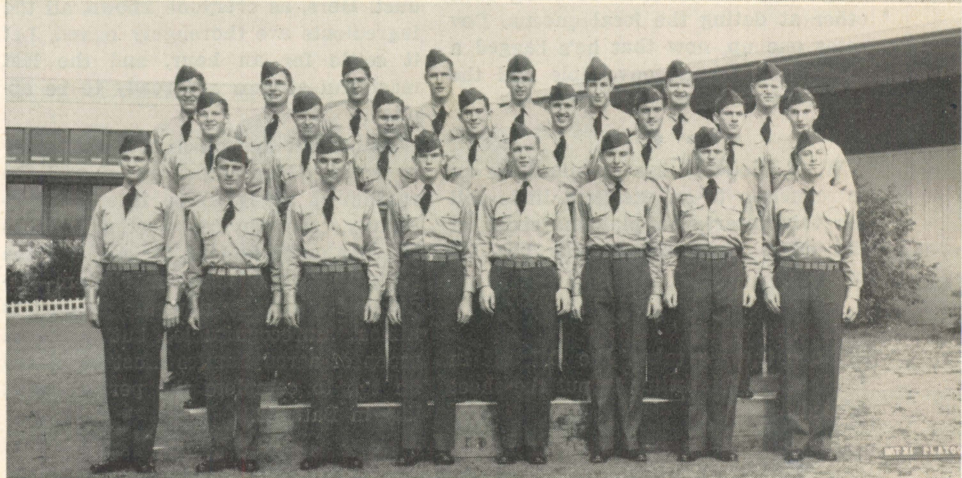
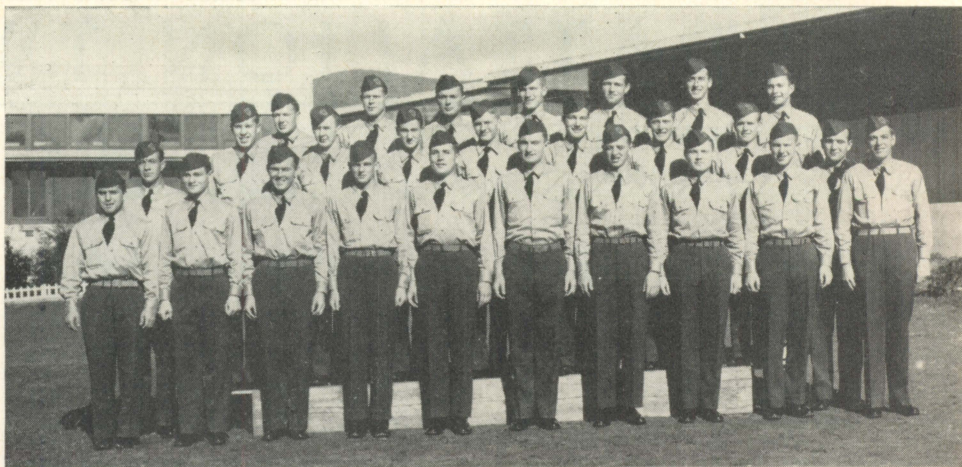
Left Wing

PLATOON 2 (lft to right) *First row:* A. M. Foster, B. A. Shelton, H. A. Small, C. A. Moore II, J. J. Muckey, K. L. Patterson, B. House, Jr., R. H. Kearns, D. Lasell, B. W. Wallace. *Second row:* E. E. Higgins, C. L. Keck, D. C. Sidak, R. C. Atchinson, I. C. Thompson, E. L. True, L. D. Hall, C. J. Park, A. J. Smith. *Third row:* W. H. Van Vooris, E. J. Hurst, R. H. Keenan, E. L. Kelly, Jr., J. G. Zisch, F. G. Lyon, Jr., C. E. Modecke.

PLATOON 4 (lft to right) *First row:* D. E. Tolman, D. P. Martin, N. G. Rhodes, M. W. Dirks, J. K. Luce, W. E. Hunter, R. E. Smith, H. A. Galloway, S. G. Wathan, O. N. Putman. *Second row:* J. W. Gibler, R. V. Rebois, A. S. Dickinson, N. W. Pieper, R. G. Muncaster, H. D. Tuttle, G. A. Mastrofina, A. C. Kroll. *Third row:* G. Mosle, J. B. Haver, W. Helm, L. A. Richmond, J. P. Le Velle, A. Van Alstyne, C. M. Coker, W. L. Burdick. (Absent, R. E. Ristenpart.)

PLATOON 6 (left to right) *First row:* T. R. Dawson, R. C. Ward, W. F. McConnell, R. A. Hamilton, C. W. Kitchen, E. B. Nelson, J. L. Soares, Jr., R. W. Malim, W. T. Anthony. *Second row:* L. R. Minor, Jr., R. L. Stresser, F. J. Gerber, R. E. Garver, E. J. Porter, G. W. Metzger, D. J. Owsley, Jr., C. E. McClain. *Third row:* P. C. Ash, G. W. King, R. E. Kehoe, K. J. Zirkelbach, A. L. J. R. Yost. (Absent: B. J. Meder.)

PLATOON 8 (left to right) *First row:* R. K. Van Stone, C. E. Veach, E. R. Montgomery, R. V. Matteson, R. S. Kerl, J. P. Poxon, W. A. Joest, D. M. Nelson. *Second row:* R. L. Moody, A. C. Olsen, K. D. Morrison, R. A. Patterson, W. C. Ott, R. P. Miller, E. R. Molinar, R. R. Knapp. *Third row:* G. E. Martensen, G. S. Rolens, W. F. Noh, C. E. Millikan, D. G. McDonald, T. D. McKee, C. S. Spaeth, R. J. Matthews.



BATTALION TWELVE

BATTING THE BREEZE

By "Jug" Burns

I, "C" Rogers, better known as the Rajah, holds the unqualified distinction of snaring a berth on two great Marine Raider legends.

For his work in the first, Col. Edson's famous men, he ended up in New Zealand after a nice siege on Guadalcanal. Here men, enter the lady! Beauteous at sixty summers, Mary Wearm, with grey hair to guide Raj, has induced him to return to her native land after the war. In his own words, "A lady you didn't have to make love to, but with everything else to make you want to come back."

In San Diego he hooked up with the illustrious funny man, Hank Batis, to form their own Raider battalion, whose antics in that region are fabulous. Composed strictly of overseas men, the two lead their fellow cohorts in every available foray. The result of this Raider group netted the Raj, and Hank as well, a glorious week in 'Frisco and a stay at this station. At this writing, Rogers is sub-wing commander and Batis is battalion sub-commander.

* * *

Bill Joliffe and his roomie, "Crush" Carlson (can't say if that's from the ladies or not) are both cooking for deals to avoid St. Mary's. In reality, they don't fear our future home (us lucky ones—I wonder if I'll be there), but both have excellent connections down Florida way, and would like very much to see Jacksonville again.

* * *

The lover twins from the third platoon, DeVenney and Forsom, are running neck and neck in outdoing each other at dating the local queens. Dev rates one up, now that he's bagged a collegiate with a convertible and the necessary coupons.

* * *

W. T. McGrath has promised me an introduction to an excellent little doll for this insert. As platoon leader of the often "red" seven, Mac has his worries.

* * *

Since they've taken the O.J. off in favor of Jug, it's time to put the sheet to bed.



RAJAH and FRIEND
... they were 'Raiders'

CADET RECIPE

By O. J. Burns

Take some coffee, never brewed, an egg always too well done, a pair of doughy hotcakes, and let set for ten minutes. Muster rapidly to witness specks thrown on a screen, that can't be distinguished from a pair of flies, throw in a quick smoke, your favorite brand, then a dash of little "a" or "g" times big "W" over "t." Slip in another quick smoke, add a piston or two, watching carefully so as not to overflow the container. Then the mixture is ready for the piece de resistance.

A steady jog over to the auxiliary gym will whip it up for the real frappe effect. The Polhemus touch, which gets too much publicity, cannot be denied in turning out the finished product. Here, as everyone knows, all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Let it settle for an hour, and the last masterful strokes are ready to be applied.

Be certain that all fixes are properly in order, add a slight breeze, and the rhythm is ready to be inserted. Personally, the rhythm section of the Waring outfit is tops for me, but the Navy has other uses for rhythm—dadt da-dit, etc. By now the product is almost unrecognizable, but a small scoop of aerodynamics must be placed on top to complete the perfect cadet day in Batt. 12.

BUSTED ILLUSIONS

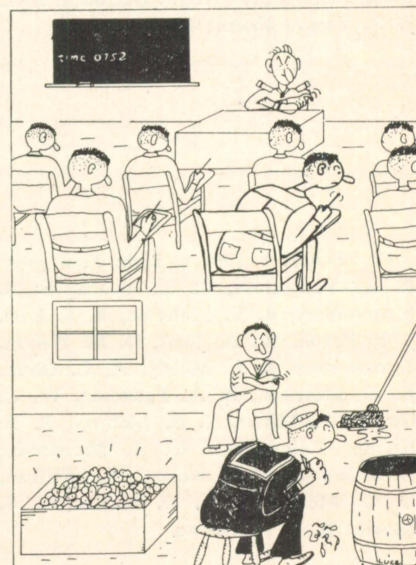
By Duke Black

I was surprised one morning several weeks ago while marching to mess shortly after Zero hour (0000), at hearing the muffled sound of tramping feet and the throaty voices of over a hundred men raised in song. I immediately looked about, expecting to find an MGM cameraman, sound-recorder and extras, thinking that the saga of American manhood at Flight Prep was in the filming. At any instant our "hero" was to rush forward and announce in short-pants (Ed. Note: Was that the uniform of the day?), that theirs was to do or die for Alma Mater.

Instead it was merely our ex-zoot suiters giving forth with their marching hymn, which from time to time varies from barracks to mess to class and from "Little Orphan Annie" to "Give Me Ten Men."

Naturally, as I thought such was the custom, I began probing my mind for a suitable marching chant for the 5th of the 12th. After discarding "The Strip Polka," "Rosie the Riveter," "Pistol Packin' Mama," and others of the same ilk, and realizing that anything else was beyond the ken of us ex-swap jockeys and seagoing bellhops, I decided this picturesque and romantic old custom was doomed to death with the advent of the change of student body from civilians to servicemen.

However lamentable this may be, the ultimate result is inevitable as we do not have time to learn a new repertoire, and besides, I like those that I know, even if Emily Post frowns upon their use in public or a mixed crowd.



BATTALION THIRTEEN

LUCKY THIRTEEN

That greatest of all bits of scuttlebutt which has been circulating around Cal Poly since the arrival of Battalion 1 back in January, 1943, at last is coming true. The members of the Lucky Thirteenth Battalion are the fortunate cadets to reap its benefits first.

Two weeks ago the entire battalion was measured for new service blue uniforms. The uniforms are scheduled to arrive prior to the graduation of the 13th Batt. Hereafter all incoming battalions will be measured for service dress blue uniforms and will have them issued to them during their eighth week.

The M. Born & Co. of Chicago, has the Navy contract for tailoring the service dress blues for all NFPS cadets.

If the blues arrive in time, the 13th Battalion will be the first battalion to have their graduation pictures taken in blues and will be able to attend their graduation dance attired as prospective naval officers should be attired.

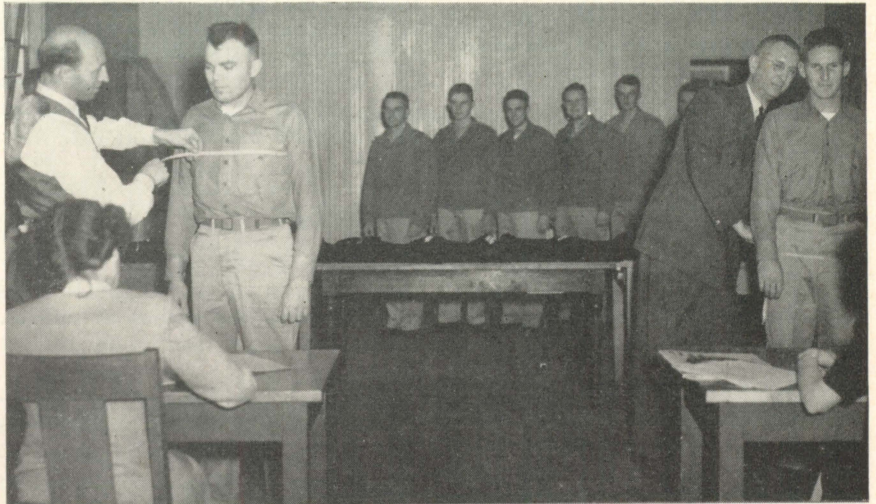
* * *

SUPERSTITIOUS??

The Thirteenth Battalion may look to numbers superstitiously, and attribute its difficulty with the class room work to luck. This is to be expected. For as the 11th departs there goes the last civilian Batt. to serve aboard the station.

These new battalions are composed of men who have in some cases been away from school and its counterparts for as much as four years.

* * *



THE LUCKY 13th BATTALION
... they get measured for service dress blues

GRADUATING BATTALION

PLATOON ONE

By E. A. Cochrane

Despite three strange Marines who were cast into the midst of our fine platoon of civilians a pseudo-fraternal life soon developed in the group under the influence of such as Jose Collegios as "fearless Freddy" or "They Can't Frap Me" Guichard, "Mouse" (known to some as R. A. Hill), "Tarzan" Dunning" the swimming fool, and Roy Richter, "the walking Life-buoy ad."

In the dark, damp, moss-encrusted end of our barracks where Phil "the Philosopher" Zauggi keeps his bird egg collection (and we hide our worn copy of *Spicy Detective* and empty

beer bottles) there dwells several rare specimens: Dave (the square root of X equals the purple heart) Turner, the physics wizard; "Timoshenko" Chelpenko, permanently endeared in our hearts for his determination in spite of all odds to march our platoon through the side of the chow hall; and then we have Deacon Woodbury, who spends his liberties writing his new book, "The Sex Life of the Savage Southern Californian." Clem "I love chow here" Clemenson was caught grubbing for worms and beetles the other night.

Booked on several counts the other night were cadets Tonnesson, Anderson, Hays, Roesner, Welch, and Holmes, in one of S.L.O.'s best anti-

vice raids—how's that for keeping up the old frat traditions?

"Hairless Joe" sometimes known as "The Voice" Cerro, "Lonesome Polecat" Clark and "Pappy Yokum" Block are continuing to operate a still in the cave where they live, and they show up sober for muster quite often.

Platoon "lovers" are "Jim Jam" Melarkey, Chuck Robson, J. I. Brudie, and Guichard, who have all been carried away by war hysteria — poor fools! Lucky gals!

"Sacktime" Hurley, solo sacktime specialist, and Thurle Thomas run off with the "character honors!" Glomb is our "Dilbert."

And so the Fighting First passes in review.

SPORTS

A FRANK MERRIWELL

Ed Porter, from the 6th Platoon of the 11th Batt. has piled up quite a track record for himself.

At Excelsior Union High in Norwalk, Calif., he holds all the hurdle records.

Ed attended Santa Ana Junior College in '41 and '42, where he holds the high hurdle record at 14.9 seconds. His best for the low hurdles was 23.7 seconds. A collection of seven trophies and enough medals to qualify him as a Nazi field marshal have been dragged in by Porter for these events.

At Occidental in Los Angeles in 1942 Ed won the coveted Iron Man Trophy for the best points in one year's competition in track and the jumping trophy for the broad jump at 22 feet 8 inches. His best 100-yard dash was 10.1 seconds.

In 1942 he placed third in the high and fourth in the low hurdles at the International J.C. meets

Here at Cal Poly he broke the broad jump record, which now stands at 20 feet 8 inches. Porter claims he should have broken the obstacle course record also, but that he is not a "mudder" and consequently fell short a few seconds.

In passing, perhaps it should be mentioned that this Frank Merriwell of our age has played considerable football in high school, j.c., and at Oc-

cidental. Ed played halfback and had developed quite a wing for passing.

Porter joined the Marines in V-12 in 1942 and continued his education at Occidental for several months until he was called for flight training.

* * *

NEW GYM

Perhaps you've noticed the new auxiliary gym. If you're in the tumbling or wrestling classes at present, you've no doubt had close contact with it.

The extra gym, located at the far northern section of the station, has just recently been cleaned up and converted from an N.Y.A. metal shop to an auxiliary gym.

Moving of mats and other such preparations have been completed, and the wrestling and gym classes are now being held there. Eventually there will be lockers and showers installed, but until then, the classes using this gym will dress at the Wasp and double across the station to the new "Polhemus-Thomas Torture Hall."

* * *

NEW SWIMMING RECORDS RECORDS BROKEN

A four-man swimming team from Platoon Four, Battalion 11, shattered



UP, UP, UP
To the "P" and back

two local swimming records in a meet held Jan. 8.

The team, composed of W. Helm, Jr., L. A. Richmond, O. E. Tolman, and C. M. Helm, sidestroke, and Tolman, free style, set a new time of 2:38:5 in the 200-yard medley relay.

* * *

NEW BATTALION OFFICER

Ensign D. M. Fishback, who came aboard NFPS, Cal Poly, last week, has been assigned as battalion officer for Battalion 13.

Ensign Fishback was commissioned in January, 1943, and had one month's indoctrination at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. His first duty was at Del Monte Pre-Flight, where he was stationed for nine months in various capacities, varying from the athletic, academic, and military divisions.

He graduated from the University of California in 1936 and has been track coach and instructor at San Mateo Junior college since that time. While at the U. of Cal., Fishback was on the track team in '35 and '36. In '37 and '38 he ran the low hurdles and quarter mile for the San Francisco Olympic club.

He is married and has a boy two years old and just three weeks ago he became the father of another boy. His wife and children are in San Francisco, but he expects to bring them here as soon as they can locate a house.

* * *

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!



CADET GLIMPSES
... around the old NFPS at Cal Poly

Mustang Roundup, January, 1944

PRE - FLIGHT NEWS

FROM ST. MARY'S

Ed. Note: Cadet Leonard Uman, who was Mustang Roundup editor in September, boasts of the fact that he finally made Pre-Flight, a feat of which he was a little dubious. Now he gives us "the word" about St. Mary's.

"To start out with, this whole base is peculiar. It is the first base that is not intended to be an elimination base. It is divided into three departments: physical, scholastic and military—and are important in that order. A typical day follows:

- 0615 Reveille
- 0645 Muster for chow
- 0745 Muster Mass Exercise
- 0815 First Minor
- 0915 Second Minor
- 1030 First period military
- 1130 Second period military
- 1245 Chow
- 1400 Third period (scholastic, two hours)
- 1600 Sports Major (Voluntary—but compulsory ?????)
- 1840 Chow
- 1945 Study
- 2200 Taps

The sports are as follows: football, soccer, basketball, boxing, wrestling, swimming, track (military), gym (tumbling), hand to hand, Judo tactics—a minor only).

A cadet must choose one of the above, with exception of Judo, for his sports program, and will participate for five weeks and then he will have his second choice. Each platoon is assigned two minors (one hour each), every two weeks. (Yes, it's possible to run the 2¼-mile lake run twice in a row by majoring in Military track or boxing and having track or boxing as a minor also. Even three times if you have track, boxing and track. That's St. Mary's, Men!)

The scholastic periods include navigation (celestial), meteorology, recognition. The military subjects include besides drill three times a week with rifles, essentials in naval science, first aid, self-preservation, code, blinkers, semaphore, code flags, and seamanship. These military subjects are changed every three or four weeks.

At least two nights a week radio broadcasts or road shows or even first-run pictures are shown here. There is a dance every Sunday and a show every Saturday night for those that rather stay aboard. Liberty MAY be granted on the fifth weekend unless sub-squad swimming, unmarched duty, or unsatisfactory grades prevent it.

Mustang Roundup, January, 1944

The only by-words here are "Be a Tiger." Any cadet that can be a tiger will find plenty of competition here.

Grades are a result of what and how you do your work, and strange as it may seem, in spite of "scuttlebutt," many battalions never have any wash-outs in their 11 weeks here. Those who do wash are sub-swimmers and poor code and blinker men. The new system permits the later being held over for extra time on these subjects.

There are 1800 cadets and 300 officers here now. Each platoon of 40 has its own Platoon officer (an Ensign or J.G.), who attends all classes and formations with them. Platoons are formed according to swimming ability.

Discipline and steadiness in ranks and classes is the point stressed here, as this is considered the last indoctrination training cadets will receive.

It's not really as impossible as reports would have it. It is within the scope of each and every cadet who enters NFPS—if they would only buckle down and dig. The physical training program toughens one's attitude toward war, and I can assure you that if any of these St. Mary's tigers ever tangle with a non-tiger (Nazi-Aryan), that unhappy one had better reconcile himself to the process of "adoption" if he wants a family—if you know what I mean.

Remember, it's "Results not Excuses" that will make you a "tiger."

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LOS ANGELES

PICKS THE PICTURE GAL OF THE MONTH

Miss Jean McFarland is the new cashier in the Poly business office. She is single, not even engaged, and she lives in San Luis Obispo with her parents. She came here a year ago from Idaho and went to J. C.



Miss Jean McFarland

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DAVID GRIFFIS

GRADUATING BATTALION

THE SECOND PLATOON

By Dilbert Lasell

The second platoon is made up of 29 characters ranging from junior Einsteins to the lowest form of Mongolian morons.

Our most outstanding man is Bruce "Sad Sack" Wallace, who as battalion sub-commander, sits in the halls of the High Lama. None of the rest of us have reached such fame, but as characters, some of us have hit the high spots. Take our Cal "Deke" Bill Van Vooris, who comes from Burlingame and speaks with a British accent.

Bill "I'm Really Sophisticated" House acts childish just to keep his morale up. There's "Shorty" Parks, cover girl par-excellence, who was fated an upper bunk. "Knock-it-off" Kearns is equally concerned with sleep and next week's liberty. Howie Small is one of the "Hubba Hubba" boys and our candidate for the hottest pilot from our ranks. Foster and Stewart, our college "Marines," are a pair of opposites.

Cocky Vern S. will never let a well-turned ankle go by, while Al lives in fear of the day he'll have to salute his fiancée, an Ensign in the WAVES. C. S. "Neal" Muldoon, who hopes that no one will ever find that C. S. means Cornelius Sylvester, is sold on the idea that if he sleeps on the top of his sack he'll never have to make it up. "Stud" Patterson has a very limited vocabulary, so he makes up for it by shouting his few words loud and often.

"Scotty" Tompson is far-famed for his RED hair, which he claims once laid flat in a "Hollywood." Andy Smith has finally learned to wear his hat right. Add "Enger-Beaver" Keck, who never told anyone why he tries so hard; "Muscles" Sheldon, a man with an undying hate for the watch bill, and "Tyron" Fitzgerald, apparently a lad of no vices whatsoever. L. Hall is the man who really wants to fly (draft dodgers please note). Keenan, the Beta, has mastered the art of relaxation while everyone envies Bob Atchinson for his mythical sister.

"Colorado" Zisch has an unlimited fund of conversation—for which his Chamber of Commerce probably pays by the word. Then there's J. C. Moore, the man with the WORD, eternally and unflinching. Don Sidak is our local Okie from San Diego who screams in his sleep. And Lyon's the guy who sent out picture postcards of himself with "Lyon Takes to the Air!" printed across his chest. J. J. Muckey

is that smooth gentleman whose tastes can be listed in three sweet words: wine, women & song. Last but not least is my bunkie, Earl Kelly, who never quite gets to bed by taps.

* * *

PLATOON THREE

Platoon Three is composed of fine old American names, such as Jacuzzi, Russo, Goodman, Runkel, and Wert—but it is the model platoon. Like all model platoons we have our platoon leader, Sears, drunk with power, always beating his gums at us between cadences.

The big operators are Blankenship, the "Canon City Kid," who shines shoes in the dark; Sharman, "There's no stopping him with women," and Goodman. Goodman's latest conquest is one of our dimpled chow-house sweethearts.

Overheard around campus: Woody: "I'm wiped out! it's an X and I've got a Z." Jacuzzi: "I'm no wop; my name's Dante Jacuzzi." Tay: "Naturally, it's a Mitsubishi 01, look at the flush rivets in the tail." Mattei: "Well, fellows, that's the way it goes—ye can't win them all." Riordan: "Roughly, I would say about 1,915,600.2 pounds per square inch, Sir." McCain (complete with Arizona dialogue): "Why, ye button-nosed kid, you're in the wrong program, big boy, and they's goin' to be a thorough investigation made." Knudson: "Can I borrow a couple more blankets, eight ain't enough." Russo: "I'm not fouled up, my name's Russo."

Pardee and Shannon, the "Gold Dust twins," finance the week-end visits here of the entire Cal Pi Phi house. Pardee, "the mouse that looks like a mole," is a big man built close to the ground. Fur-lined bathtub of the week goes to Taylor, ex-Marine and lover of Eskimos and Geisha girls, who was with the second wave landing on Guadalcanal. O'Connor, another ex-Marine, is an expert on gismos and navigation.

Another prominent Big Man is Sweetman, our curly-headed laughing boy, who can be found most anytime relaxing under a table somewhere. From South Pasadena comes Strangman, Dilbert II, who would rather sleep than listen to a two-hour lecture in "Engines." Most talkative is Pay.

"Bleed eyes" Browson plays the piccillo daily. McGabe says to tell you he's engaged to a girl—but what else would one get engaged to. "Rubberlips" McDaniel smokes Dream Castle and London Dock and subscribes to

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GRADUATING BATTALION

the Sacramento Bee. Ozzie and Runkel are a couple of V-12s who insist they're ex-Marines.

All platoon meetings are held on Nichols' bunk. Most any morning at 0500, Moore can be seen hanging by his toes from the upper bunk picking up blankets, sheets, and recognition books from the floor. Old man Colbert, San Francisco ex-fireman, still spry for his reputed "54 years," musters with the boys daily. No matter who musters, it's always, "All present, Sir," from Colbert, but you can usually count on Dick Wilson and "Bay Area" Murphy being there.

* * *

PLATOON FOUR

Let's look at a typical day in the lives of the well-known Fourth platoon. It is hard to say when the day really begins, but Cadet Mastrofini usually breaks out at 0400. But officially it's REVIELLE—HIT THE DECK sometime during the "night" at 0500.

The "hard nose" platoon leader, Ernie Tollman, never likes to sleep so he wakes up everyone—gently, of course. Kroll is always the lucky one; he has at least 15 minutes more sleep than the rest of us, while Helm runs him a close second. Finally, cadets thump out of their sacks and dream their way to the washroom. Finally, all are ready for the "dazes" work.

Noggles is our first stumbling block—chow. This is after a half mile hitch down the hill to the tune of "I've been working on the railroad," and other such noise with a chicken and rooster accompaniment.

Finally navigation, amid the plotters and plotting boards and candy bars. Richmond always insists on reading his computer to two places before he is satisfied.

Next comes the physics class. What a class! Drop your pencil and miss Newton's three laws. Moncaster never lets the professor sneak any point by unchallenged. Between his and Van Alstyne, our Yale Phi Beta, the class is never dull. Somebody has to wake Wathen every time we leave a class, but we're proud of the fact that we've never left him anyplace.

Then comes flight. At this point, the Fourth platoon wishes to take credit for the nickname "Burple Point," although not copyrighted it is very fitting. (Ed. Note: Mr. Brack was so christened by cadets of the Fifth Battalion—See!) Gipler and Mr. Brack never could agree as to what to do in case of a vertical spin.

Pieper found out Putnam's feet were immune to a hot foot—he even used

a whole package of matches (package and all) to rouse him from his—er—slumber.

Then Recognition. Mosle had his usual bet with Dickinson and won. Kroll never could see the screen—but then somebody must have been looking.

P.T. should not be forgotten. In Soccer and Military track the fourth shined. Coker and Muncaster made a two-man that was hard to beat. Tuttle always went wading in Obstacle No. 3 and Burdick went after him.

After day was done and "Joe Foss" Smith had straightened his bunk, after Dirks had collected all the queen contest pictures, and Hunter had made his bunk check, and Rebois had put out his incense burner, it was usually sweet dreams for most cadets, but not for the Fourth. First there comes the mate pounding through to fall over the "mate trap." Then a few more people tramp through looking for Coker. Finally, all is quiet only to be interrupted by Webster going on one of his numerous watches.

The Fourth had a corner on Battalion leaders—left wing commanded Smith; left wing adjutant Kroll, and, of course, Mustang Roundup Editor Marin.

* * *

VERSATILE FIFTH

By "The Three Buddies"

The Fifth—God's gift to femininity! The basis of our success lies betwixt our lust for lovin' and our craving for for flyin'. Our motto—All for One and to *!?!@—!?! with you! Just ask old 5' 17" Bob Miller, right wing commander and ex-Marine.

Oh, oh, cadets. Knock it off. Here comes Stooze "Mac" McGuire. And look who's over there—yep, the only platoon leader to muster his detail for the use of the head.

"Tomp" Davies stalks around the barracks all day lookin' for naughty little Av/Cads and frapping their—, you know what's. To his face he's addressed as Mr. Davies, but off the record language unbecoming an officers is often used.

Chuck "Rapid Robert" Cowan takes his "apple-polished" position at the head of the platoon. He's a good guide, too, of course. From the rear Cardinal can't be mistaken.

Geo. Cardwell is the only man in the Platoon who ever threw Lt. Thomas on his fannie in wrestling class. Endzell is our boy who manages to

(Continued on Page 20)

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GRADUATING BATTALION

uphold the academic standards of the Battalion. Stenbenne and Tommie seem to drown their sorrows without any trouble.

Mr. Neves is small, but oh,—those bedroom eyes. Woesser and Vogel are perpetually moanin' about sumpin'. If it isn't a bad gouge it's some undeserved fraps. Cassanova Wiley spends the balance of his day in Long Beach, figuratively speaking, of course. She's cute, too—and affectionate too, if what she writes on those pictures is really meant for "our" Max.

Yea, Wilson's a good kid when he's awake. He really moves around the obstacle course. Webster (4.00 we call him) is the one man who can rightfully moan when the instructor gives him only a 3.90. As far as taps is concerned, it's only a routine affair for "Fritz" Coulter, because soon after he's gone with the wind—(we're only kidding, Mr. Angevine).

After all is supposed to be quiet, we can hear Modest Johnny Walker muttering in his sleep, "I'm a naval officer; I'm a naval officer." Then there's "Frank Sinatra" of the Coast Guard, Witzemann, standing at attention on the front porch at the request of Lt. Thomas. Vasquez is one of those sincere ex-Marines who's gunnin' for the sky. When Murphy finishes telling of his experiences in the service, we have to fumigate the room. Because of a freak mishap, 10th Batt. Kiser shares his chow with us.

Drawing up the rear of the detail staggers the three "buddies." Alphabetically speaking, they're "I never touch it" Allen, "Dream Boy" Berggren, and "Buddy" Gildner.

* * *

PLATOON SIX

By R. W. Mahin

Since the early days of Battalion 11, the Sixth Platoon has held a reputation peculiarly and uniquely its own. To start things off, the platoon broke the all-time record for the number of failures in Math and Physics; but soon balanced that by earning more athletic liberty than any other platoon. It is now known as the "Brawny but Brainless" Sixth.

The Sixth has given more than its share to the leadership of the Battalion. To head the list there is "Tex" Dawson, regimental commander, and the Left Wing Adjutant Anthony. The former Left Wing Commander Doozier was also from the Sixth, as are the two Commissary Officers, Kehoe and Mahin. Cliff McClain, platoon leader, handles his command with the same skill as he used to handle the

baseball at the U. of Cal. Of course, one of the men who have the thankless job of blowing reveille is Cadet Jackson, who bunks with the Sixth in Avenger B-2.

On the athletic side there are the "sharks" Meder and King, who can swim the fins off a dolphin, and Porter, who holds the broad jump record. Ex-Marine Ash does all right in wrestling, and undoubtedly there is no other cadet besides "Goldbrick" Minor who can do his tumbling warm-ups in only two trips down the mat. Ang Maestri and "Swede" Marshall are our basketball players.

The members of the "Simple Sixth" come from many states. Owsley and McConnel from Colorado, Gerber from Minnesota, Jackson from Utah, Kitchen from Missouri, Marshall from Wyoming and Dawson from Texas. Ward is from Willows, but nobody can figure what state that is in. Is it any wonder that Yost receives little support for his Los Angeles propaganda!

For entertainment there is Gates' radio, Metzger's clarinet, Zirrel Bach's sarcasm, Hamilton's props and Stresser and Soares. Garver's laugh and cracks while at attention might fall into this class. Since this is about the Sixth, Nelson's 4.00s might as well be called humor.

In spite of their reputation, the Sixth is a hard-working platoon, and all its members are headed for W.T.S.

* * *

LUCKY SEVEN

Platoon Seven, composed almost entirely of men from the 11th Naval District, started their tour of duty aboard NFPS Cal Poly at 0400, 27 October 1943. Their first assignment was to swab down and make the bunks in the other barracks for the cadets who were arriving from San Francisco.

The fighting seventh is also known as the Lucky 7-11. Got its name from being 7th Platoon of the 11th Battalion. In the SO3C (Seagull to you, mate), where the men are quartered you will find one of the best-natured platoons ever to be assembled.

Cadet Townsend, platoon leader, is a good military man beside being a swell fellow. Cadet Shea, who is one of the few Marines to get into the Fighting Seventh, spent a few months over on the Solomons, where he was a rear gunner on an SBD. The fellows get a kick out of Shea, because every time the Marines land on another island, he gets out his little soapbox and gives a little speech on how good the Marine Corps really is.

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Cadet Fenton, a good swimmer and also a good tumbler, broke the standing record in tumbling by doing a running forward roll over 10 mats. One thing that really brings a roar from the fellows of the Seventh is Fenton and his impersonations.

Platoon Seven had the distinction of having Palmer C. Harrison in the squad. And Harrison had the distinction of having his girl win the distinction of being Regimental Queen for January.

The other cadets of this platoon are M.P.O.'s (Muster Petty Officers), the men who get all the blame . . . and Abrams gets most of it. Barker is the man who had a cold ever since he arrived, Enke and Dorman caught Barker's cold. Gathje was a former M.P.O. who was glad to be relieved of that job. From New Mexico came Des Georges and Allen. The remainder of the men are Andreason, Day, Fisher, Klusmire, Hagopian, Grant, Graves, Hart, Hayward, Miller, Mathews, and Jacobi—and of course Gardiner, who likes his sleep. One man, Holden, gets so many letters, he perhaps shouldn't be listed.

* * *

EIGHTH PLATOON

By C. F. Spaeth, Jr.

Standing always at the very end of the line, be it for chow, class, gear, or pay, is the 8th Platoon. There is but one occasion on this station which calls for the 8th Platoon to be first—reporting to sick bay for shots.

This numerical backseat, however, goes no further; in every other respect, this is really the "first" platoon.

Its leader, "Red" (not for his hair) Millikan, was publicly congratulated by Lt. Miller for the platoon's drilling

performance. Though when the Lieutenant called his name at that time we all thought he was going to be frapped.

The quality of this platoon is the result of each of its individual members. For example, we have our own mobile public address system in the person of Sir "Hipp" McKee. Our 4.0 men, "Snapper" Nelson and Bill Milhous, will rank among the top in the whole regiment. "Red" Millikan had a most efficient assistant in "Lower Red" Miller; and this man really has spunk!

"Zoot" Ott provided the portable radio. "Poss" Rolens just sat and stared. Homer Long nearly broke his leg; he's the only man who managed to escape from Lt. Polhemus and his gang of P.T. stormtroopers.

Neb (for Nebraska) Knapp performed an experiment in bio-chemical explosions for which we will always be ducted a virtual night school in which grateful. Alden Olson (just Olie) con-he sewed together navigation casualties. "Old Dad" Noh and his associate, John Poxon, organized the persecution which fixed the nicknames all over the barracks.

Two ex-Marines, Charles Veach and R. K. Van Stone, deserve our thanks for first organizing and drilling the platoon.

Our last wish, that as many of us as possible go "as a unit" to the same W.T.S.

* * *



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MUSICAL BILLS

With one of the smallest but most cosmopolitan music departments in many a moon, Music Director H. P. Davidson has been able to provide little in the way of "public entertainment" this year, but in his own words, "we've had lots of fun practicing."

The "Four Bills," a quartet composed of Bill Riggs, Bill Ericson, Bill Armstrong and Bill Stansberry, were doing fine and had presented a program at the County Dentists' conference. Then Bill Riggs had to go back to the farm to help his folks. That left three Bills and along came Max Lescot, son of the president of the Republic of Haiti, to fill in the fourth spot. Now it's the "Three Bills and Max." But Bill Ericson, also a super-pianist, is going into A-12 this month and unless Davidson can find another Bill it's going to be just "Two Bills, Max and Mr. X."

The cosmopolitan atmosphere which lingered around the music department for some time is thinning. Gustavo Almeida, Luis Hernandez, both from Ecuador, and Luis Chacon, Bolivia, formed a little trio which provided a great deal of entertainment, at least for the rest of the members of the music department, with their songs and native rhythms. But Almeida is going back to Ecuador—so now Chacon will be able to get in more Bolivian music.

A new quartet has been formed and Davidson promises to "unveil" their efforts some time in the near future before the student body. Two of the four are the Blake twins, Ernest and Everett. Bob Milton is bass and John Shafer is first tenor.

SURPRISE TEAM

Hardly anyone, including Coach George Ilg, expected Poly to have much in the way of a basketball team this year. After defeating the San Luis Obispo high school Tigers in the first game of the season, Coach Ilg announced the next game with the Camp San Luis Medics would probably be the last of the season. When the Medics failed to show up for the game and the Los Osos Valley All-Stars (better known as the Poly Faculty) had to substitute, it made Coach Ilg mad; probably because even his advance knowledge of his varsity team's system didn't help the faculty squad which he was captaining. The All-Stars suffered a defeat (blisters on both of de feet) which ran up into the astronomical figures of about 44 to less than half a dozen points for the All-Stars.

To prove the Poly Varsity could really win over competition stronger than those Los Osos Valley All-Stars, Coach Ilg re-scheduled the game with the Medics. A thrilling last minute finish gave Poly a 34 to 30 victory over the Medics.

As this goes to press, another game has been scheduled. This time with the Morro Bay Colored Coast Artillery team.

Squad members are: Bill Ericson, Art Eberhard, Don Fiester, Red Philbin, Charles Trigg, forwards; Grant Braun, center, and Howard Westlake, George Procsal and Wes Norton, guards.

* * *

Lady (to porter): "Have you a ladies' waiting room?"

Porter: "No, ma'am. But we have rooms for ladies who can't wait."

* * *

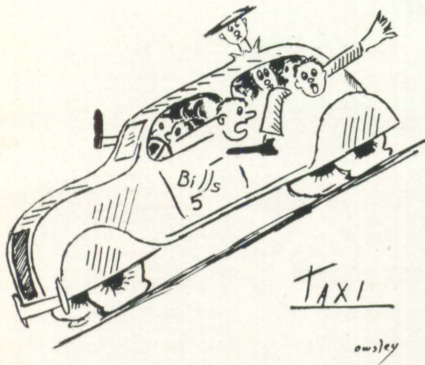


MUSICAL BILLS

Riggs, Ericson, Armstrong and Stansberry

Mustang Roundup, January, 1944

HUMOR



"Room for one more!"

"Well, I might as well put the motion before the house," thought the chorus girl as she danced out on to the stage.

* * *

She's the kind who whispers sweet nothin' doin's in your ear.

* * *

"Did you volunteer or were you drafted?" one of the selectees at the Receiving Unit asked another.

"Well, it was like this: My number came up. I had no dependents. I passed my physical. So I volunteered."

* * *

Cadet, walking into selection board: "Gimme that ol' sales talk again—I'm getting kinda discouraged."

* * *

Siman Sailor sez: When a fellow puts on the dog for a girl she should expect a little pawing.

* * *

I bought my girl some garters
At Woolworth's five and ten;
She gave them to her mother—
That's the last I'll see of them.

(Continued from Page 9)

tuted a one-man Physics department, recklessly tossing vectors, velocities, and forces at the adolescents.

Mr. Babitz is happily married, and has a canary, to boot. It has been suggested that he give it (the canary) a course in navigation so that it can return to its cage.

He dabbles in photography, but assures us that Hurrell need never fear for professional competition. His wife has suggested that he discard photography for a more productive hobby, such as gardening. At present he is gardening, but insists that he hasn't given up photography.

Mustang Roundup, January, 1944

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