

Mustang ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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Mustang ROUNDUP

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GOING SOMEPLACE?

Get that chip off your shoulder, Sailor and Marine; These people realize you're ex-servicemen. Most of you are pretty cocky about your past service—of which you do have a right to be proud . . . but not overbearing. Some of you have had close calls and are maybe even living on borrowed time. Even granted that a recount of your tales are interesting, don't try to shove down other people's throats the fact that you're from the fightin'est outfit that ever split a bottle of beer.

Someone evidently believed you are capable of doing a certain job and of doing it well, otherwise the greater part of you wouldn't be here. It sounds stuffy, but put yourselves above pettiness.

You've asked for it every time you've been slapped in the puss. You get extra hours. Why? Someone's gold bricked or doped-off. You're not conscious of it, but a transition must take place to complete your change from enlisted men to officers. That transition is taking place here—now.

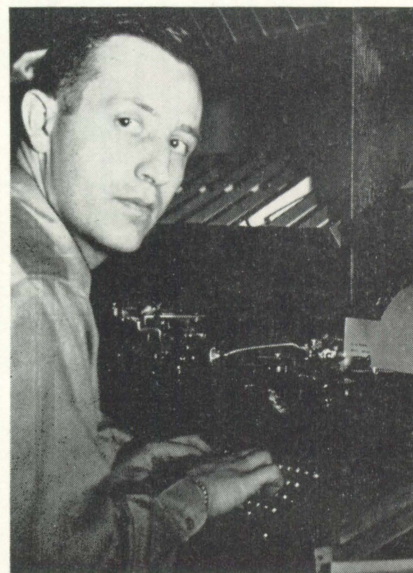
You weren't drafted here and there are two exits . . . keep your sights on the one at the front door. Remember you're not just ex-enlisted men, you are Naval Aviation Cadets on your way to becoming commissioned officers—and good ones, too.—Black.

EDITOR'S LOG

PURPOSEFUL WRITING

A fellow called up the MUSTANG ROUNDUP office and asked how he could get an article in the magazine. We told him to spread a copy of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP out on the floor, get down on his hands and knees, place his article squarely in the center, fold the edges of the magazine over and tie with string.

Of course, we're kidding! That get's the article in the Mustang Roundup but it won't be widely read that-a-way. We want articles from every cadet who has any desire to write anything. Just bring your contributions to the library, (top deck, Saratoga), and if Mr. Kennedy is there, walk out and come back later when you can use it as an excuse to get acquainted with the little blonde who works there.



EDITOR BLACK
edits in "spare" time

OBSERVATION POST

By Duke Black

As usual, the 12th Batt. pulls through again—first. For a time it seemed as though the 13th would be the first Batt. to graduate in their blue uniforms. The best scuttlebutt to be had as this goes to press is that the 12th Batt's blues will arrive just prior to graduation . . . we hope long enough prior to let us climb into them.

* * *

The thought has just occurred that these new top-coats might make good barter in a hock-shop. Just an after-thought as a throwback to the old days. Remember, Mac?

In the Navy, the word "Mustang" has been symbolic of enlisted men attaining their commissions. And if the conglomeration gathered at this station isn't a "Roundup," brother, I'll put in with you. Hence the title of this publication assumes a double meaning for us Kaydets.

* * *

Cover Photo: When charming, vivacious Claire McPhee, one of President J. A. McPhee's six beautiful daughters, consented to be our VALENTINE COVER GIRL she didn't know she was going to be placed in the center of a pack of WOLVES who made up a part of this issue's staff.



STYLES IN FATIGUE

Joe-college Canik . . . Merchant of Venice Kay . . . Man About Ayres

ON BOARD

ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION

As this goes to press, Rear Admiral Hardison, who recently relieved Rear Admiral Elliott Buckmaster as Chief of Naval Air Primary Training, was scheduled to arrive with a staff of 12 officers for a formal inspection of this Naval Flight Preparatory school on Sunday, February 13.

The inspection party was to arrive from Los Angeles after having stopped at the Regional Office there.

The Naval Air Primary Training Command at Kansas City under direction of Rear Admiral Hardison has control over the Navy's 17 Flight Preparatory schools and 90 CAA War Training schools, including six flight instructors' schools. Its other units consist of five pre-flight schools and 14 Naval Air Stations.

TWELFTH ROARS OUT

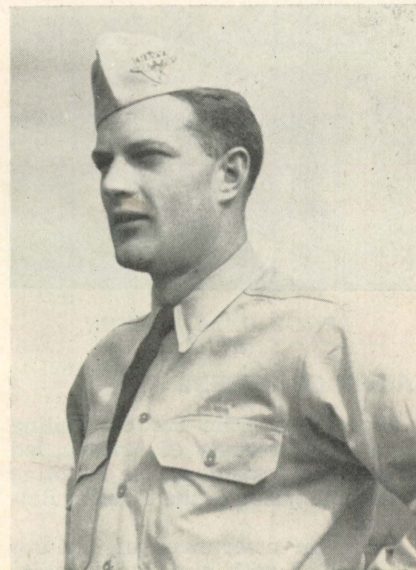
By O. J. Burns

Alvino Ray scratched his head in amusement, the customers at \$10 a copy were in stitches, and the officers and faculty were in a constant dither as to what would happen next. With a relish that only the notorious Twelfth could muster they threw a dance unequalled and unsurpassed in these parts.

From the first rhythmic airs by the fine Ray organization at 2200 on the night of Valentine's Day till his Sweetheart medley at midnight there was something doing that even the Master of Ceremonies, Maurice Wallace, could not foretell.

Comparable only to the famous Hellzapoppin', the evening started rather smoothly with the usual greetings and introductions up to the unique crowning of the beautiful and vivacious Miss Peggy Dale Paxton as Queen by Regimental Commander Bill Clark.

Following the intermission, all hell broke loose in the form of spontaneous entertainment by the band and cadet performers. At the first break in a smooth waltz, everyone stopped



W. E. CLARK
Cover-boy Commander



LT. KITTLE
New Exec.

NEW EXEC. ARRIVES

Lt. George M. Kittle, new executive officer, came aboard Feb. 3 and relieved Lt. Vogel, acting "exec." since Lt. Harris was transferred to Corpus Christi.

Lt. Kittle came here from the U. S. Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, Michigan, where for a year he was executive officer and disciplinary and training officer for the cadet regiment.

He was commissioned in June 1942 and graduated with Class 5-42 from Quonset Point, R.I. indoctrination school.

Previous to his naval experience he was prosecuting attorney for Philippi, West Virginia. He graduated with an LLD degree from the West Virginia University in 1928 and immediately began practicing law. His wife is at present residing at their home in Philippi.

bewildered, wondering if dance Chairman Bill Hall had run off with the money to pay the band. But nay, 'twas only the mock show of the Cal Poly physical training program.

Most embarrassed of all was Miss Audrey Falvey of Los Angeles escorted by Red Giddings in the midst of a very romantic "Stardust," when she was snared by six stalwart men, whirled till she was dizzy, and then drafted to lead a conga that had no end.

Gardenias to the USO for the swell set-up, four roses to the decoration committee for their Valentine and Sweetheart motif, lilacs to Alvino Rey and his entertainers for their splendid music and cooperation, hibiscus to the officers and faculty for their good-humored acceptance of the gags directed at them, lilies to the lucky parents who were able to attend for just being proud, carnations to the dance committee for a lively show, and orchids to the cadets and their gals who made the program possible and successful.

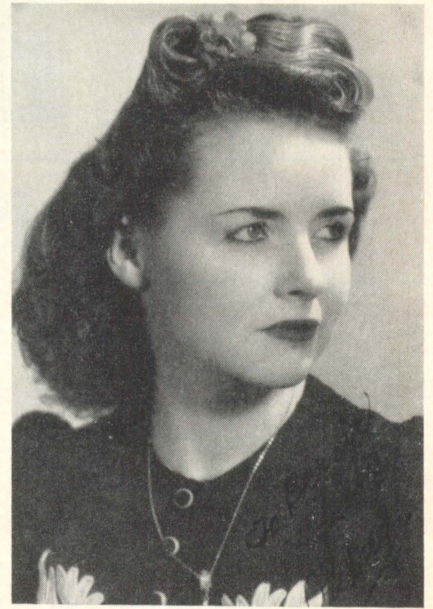
QUEEN CONTEST



PEGGY DALE PAXTON
Tucson, Ariz.



CATHERINE CHRISTOPULOS
Sioux Falls, S. D.



AUDREY FALVEY
Los Angeles

QUEEN OF QUEENS

Miss Peggy Dale Paxton, hailing from the University of Arizona, led 60 other contestants in the balloting to become queen of the Twelfth Battalion.

From an assortment of pictures that started with pint size snaps to the best portrait photographer's work, Miss Paxton's photo, entered by Bob Buckingham of the First platoon, was awarded two first votes a second and a third by the judges. On yonder page judge for yourself, mates.

To the winner an all-expense paid trip here to become queen of the dance, a beautiful, heart-shaped locket, a lei of carnations, and an opportunity to see his nibs, Brother Buckingham for the first time in two years.

Pressing Miss Paxton right into the final vote was Miss Catherine Christopulos of Sioux Falls, South Dakota entered by John Boosalis. Miss Audrey Falvey of Los Angeles submitted by B. L. Giddings was third.

Lt. McPhail, Lt. Bonath, Ensign Lee, and Mr. R. E. Kennedy of the Mustang were judges.

Other entries were:

Platoon 1: Phyllis Anderson, Pueblo, by W. D. Bradbury; Helen Thomas, Los Angeles, by George Farley.

Platoon 2: Clover Heffelfinger, Geneva, Ohio, by Phil Stamm; Betty Sue Baker, McAllen, Texas, by G. W. Baker; Betty Rupp, Portland, Oregon, by R. J. Keefe; Eleanor

Lehmann, Chicago, by W. D. Tanner; Jeanne Geisendorfer, Cincinnati, by E. R. Thompson; Betty Olsen, Portland, by Hugh Junor; and Lucille Weaver, Napoleon, Ohio, by Eugene Mann.

Platoon 3: Marilyn Fredericks, Chicago, by Tom Mackey; Jane Whitehurst, Gilroy, Calif., by Bill Hall; Millie Stanks, San Jose, by R. E. Leonard; Jeanne Rultan, San Jose, by Fred Corson; Beverly Carter,

Lima, Ohio, by George Bruncker; Dorothy Griffin, Seattle, by Elden Kinley; Mary Rollins, Corvallis, Ore. by Charles Kollins; Hilda Kimbrough, Thomasville, Georgia, by Earl Hattaway; Alice Wilkinson, Weott, Calif., by Lloyd Huse; Georgia Boosalis, Farebault, Minn., by L. C. Deenney; Anna Lee Hite, Dayton, Virginia, by Dan George; Marie Beck, Hollywood, by Robert Klahorst; Terry Lakey, Escondido, Calif. by Bill Clark.

Platoon 4: Catherine Powell, Sparta, Mich., by M. Y. Murdock; Arlene Huston, Omaha, by S. H. Mayo; Marge Christensen, Chicago, by R. S. Martin.

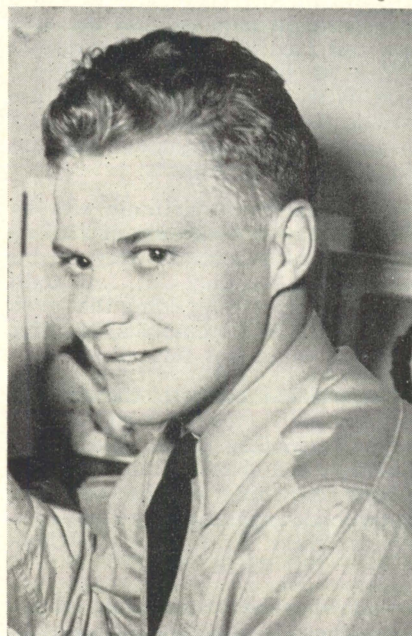
Platoon 5: Grace Hart, San Diego, by A. O. Laminack; Harriet Grunal, Chicago, by George Herbert; Mary Ross, Brookline, Mass., by Kenneth A. Coyne.

Platoon 6: Melba Persful, Madison, Ill., by A. N. Morris; Charon Welder, Los Angeles, by L. M. Reiner; Elizabeth Monks, Denton, Texas, by R. B. McKinley.

Platoon 7: Gladys Tesp, Los Angeles, by Dave O'Connell; Vivian Weir, Midvale, New Jersey, by William Dear; Marge Miller, Indianapolis, by R. W. Sharpe; Gloria Van Doren, Teperance, Mich., by R. W. Benson; Ann Simpson, Los Angeles, by Pete Napoleone.

Platoon 8: Marion Cody, Los Angeles, by R. K. Salley; Anita Kuntz, Detroit, by R. K. Salley; Juanita Gaolsby, Brenard, N.C., by Jack R. Williams; Doris Kluseman, Los An-

(Continued on Page 6)



"KING" BUCKINGHAM
... two years is a long time

QUEEN CONTEST



*GIRLS . . . GIRLS . . . GIRLS
Hard to choose one from these . . .*



*. . . AND MORE GIRLS
. . . or these*

ON BOARD



ALVINA REY'S ORCHESTRA
... fifteen bucks ...

(Continued from Page 4)
geles, by J. S. Evans; Garnett Schmitt, Cincinnati, by L. Riley Townsend; Catherine Walsh, Los Angeles, by J. C. Wood; Vivian Molkenbuhr, San Francisco, by J. A. Moore; Marjorie Warrell, Dallas, by James L. Etchieson; Betty Brown, Los Angeles, by A. J. Grossman; Natalie Robin, Los Angeles, by A. J. Grossman; Loreen Smith, Hollywood, by Grossman.

Platoon 9: Marydean Hovde, Bellingham, Wash., by A. L. Hovde; Elsie Roberts, Shreveport, Louisiana, by Lyle Gillespie; Helene Seaborn, Alameda, Calif., by L. D. Carlson; Phyllis Schofield, Houston, Texas, by Rupert Rock; and J. S. Hammerman, with a gal in every port entered: Harriet Bruski, Chicago, Ruth Bressman, Newark, New Jersey; Blossom Preyser, New York; Fay

Gornish, Philadelphia, and Sylvia Caplan of Baltimore.

Jean Muller, Denver, by O. H. Gaylord of Platoon 10 was the final entry.

DANCE COMMITTEE

Under the able leadership of Cadet Hall, chairman and organizer extraordinary, the 12th Batt. dance committee executed one of the most varied programs yet to be seen at a graduation dance. Not content with just the music of the world-famous Alvino Rey orchestra, arranged by Cadet Grossman, the committee appointed Extrovert-extraordinary Cadet Wallace assisted by Cadet Yant to provide entertainment—and what entertainment it was.

Intrusted with one of the more sacred jobs were Cadets Murdock

and Jollife who arranged the "blind" dates. Cadet Hammerman, that man who knows the way to many a woman's heart, arranged for the favours in the form of small Navy wings. Cadet Gaylord, art director, planned and worked out the decorations which were of course in the Valentine theme. Cadet Burns did a fine job with the dance publicity and the handling of the queen contest. Burns was assisted by Cadet Black. Cadets Drapper, Strybing and Field had the job of collecting the mazuma.

STOP CHECK FORGERIES

Due to the increasing problem of theft and forgery of government allotment and allowance checks, the Treasury Department requests that all servicemen pass on to their dependents the following advice:

(1) Never endorse a check until you are in the presence of the person who will cash it.

(2) Be sure you have a deep, substantial mailbox. Have your name clearly printed on it. **KEEP IT LOCKED.**

(3) Whenever possible, arrange with the carrier to deliver the check personally.

(4) Notify Postal authorities immediately of any change of address.

(5) Cash your check at the same place each month.

(6) Cash your check yourself! Don't send children to cash checks. Such a practice encourages juvenile delinquency.

(7) **DO NOT FOLD, OR MUTILATE ALLOTMENT OR ALLOWANCE CHECKS. THIS IS IMPORTANT!**



CROWNING MOMENT
Miss Frese in January



DANCE COMMITTEE
Good or bad ... they're to blame

ON BOARD



CENTRAL OFFICE STAFF
Chief Davis and FDR went fishing together

CENTRAL OFFICE DOPE

There's a sparkle in his eyes as the Central Office's new chief, Chief Yeoman(AA) B. C. Davis, tells about how he and President Roosevelt used to go fishing together. "Yes, sir," states the Chief, "I was on the Houston for five years—almost as long as President Roosevelt—and I went on three of the President's annual fishing trips."

Chief Davis served his first duty on the Saratoga (8 months) and then went to the Houston. Before coming here he was with the regional office in Los Angeles for 22 months. (He's single too—girls!)

Other changes in the Central Office staff finds G. Najarian, Y3c, from the L.A. Board replacing Snyder, Y2c, who was transferred to the L.A. Board. Another Schneider (note the difference) is P.W., Y1c, who has been here about a month.

Hottest news to leak out of the Central Office this year, was the marriage of K. E. Haden, Y2c, to Miss Mildred Marshall of San Luis Obispo on February 7. They had thirty and six for a honeymoon. Haden has been here since April of last year.

Another "old-timer" is F. P. Chandler, Y3c, who claims he's only been here since last August—but no one knows for sure.

OUR SAD SACK

From Kingfisher to Hellcat across the length and breadth of our station, no being is more devoted to the brow-beaten cadets than our self-adopted mascot, Sad Sack. He's more than just a dog. In essence, he is the example of the life all cadets intend to lead when and if they ever get through this program. Just think how wonderful, how positively stupendous it is going to be when each one of us can actually be the recipient of SYMPATHETIC talk and AFFECTIONATE pats on the head. —Maurice Wallace.



ENSIGN KLAGES LOOKS FOR DIRT
... and finds it in "Hardnose" Bruncker's face

NAVAL AVIATION CADET

Being a Naval Aviation Cadet
Is often looked at with much
regret.

The curriculum is met with very
much frown

By men and (boys) of service re-
nown.

Going through Boot Camp for a
second time,

Well, to them it just doesn't
rhyme.

Often you hear, "If I had a say,"

Believe me we would have liberty
everyday.

As for marching, I would soon dis-
pense with that;

And P. T., Well, I don't care if I do
grow fat."

The complaints are many; too nu-
merous to mention,

But if I wouldn't hear them I
would stand at attention.

For the Service, it just wouldn't be,
If complaints weren't uttered by
you and me.

So as long as we are Aviation
Cadets

Let us keep on with all our frets.
If these utterances should ever
cease,

I'm afraid our U.S.A. wouldn't
win the PEACE.

By Jerry Pearl
Plat. 6, Batt. 12

PERSONALITIES

MARINES SLIPPING?

Spokesman for many of the ex-Marines here at Poly is Maurice S. Wallace, Batt. 12. On December 12 Cadet Wallace took a few minutes between classes to write the editor of Newsweek a note expressing an opinion that the Marine Corps must be slipping. Fellow ex-Mariners Elwin R. Thompson and Ralph W. Welch were co-signers of the little opus which was printed in the January 24 issue of Newsweek.

We reprint herewith their nationally publicized opinion:

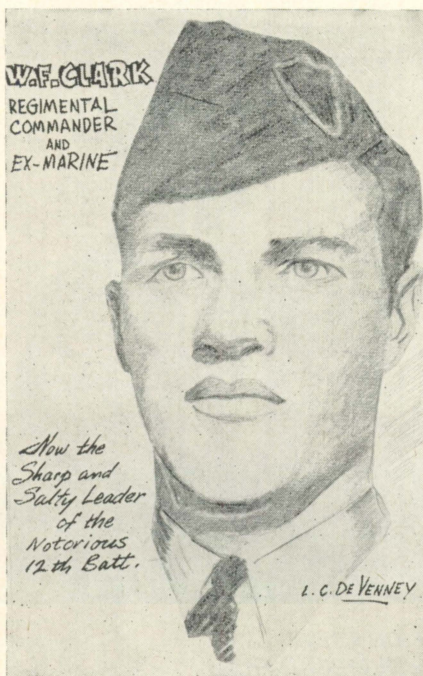
The Marines Are Slipping

We ex-Marines attending flight school here read Newsweek with relish. It keeps us informed as to the Southwest Pacific area we know so well. In your Dec. 13 issue, though, we read: "Ground fighting was limited to patrol skirmishes, the liveliest of which occurred when five Marines ran into a 75-man Jap patrol and wiped out 74 of the enemy without suffering a single loss."

From our point of view, Marine Corps standards have suffered a severe setback. What happened to the 75th Jap?

Cadets Maurice S. Wallace
Elwin R. Thompson
Ralph W. Welch
U. S. Naval Flight Prep. School
California Polytechnic
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.



Mother 13th Batt. Cadet: How's your boy doing at NFPS.

Mother 12th Batt. Cadet: Oh fine, he's reached the grade of AWOL and now they invited him to sit in with the Advisory Board.

She: Don't you love a night like this?

He: Not ordinarily, but I'll try.

A cute little trick from St. Paul,
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
The dress caught on fire,
And showed her entire,
Front page, sports section, and all!

"DIT" IT TOO MUCH

Surprised was the expression on Code Instructor Kennedy's face one morning when he read the carefully printed (Navy style) message on the code room blackboard. It seems that at least one cadet has finally caught on to the "secret" and wanted to give his mates the benefit of his inspiration. So we quote:

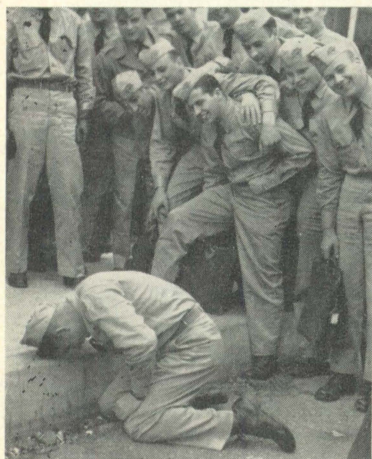
"DO YOU FIND IT HELPFUL TO POUND YOUR HEAD ON THE SIDEWALK BEFORE CODE? OR DO YOU FIND THAT YOU HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO STUDY AND RELAX? DO YOU USE YOUR SPARE TIME TO CUT OUT PAPER DOLLS AND MAKE PAPER AIRPLANES? IF THE LATTER—STICK WITH IT BECAUSE YOUR THE MAN THE NAVY WANTS. HOWEVER, YOU CAN BECOME AN IDEAL RADIOMAN AND PILOT BY THE FIRST METHOD."

Next day Instructor Kennedy found disciples of both methods in his classes. Cadets Cootes tried the head pounding, (to no avail he says) and R. L. Rock, Jr., decided the paper dolls had the best future. Flavel Guier decided if he was ever going to get code he would have to get in the mood. (See photos below.)

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

"What's worse than being a bachelor?

"Being a bachelor's son."



HOW TO BECOME AN IDEAL RADIOMAN AND PILOT
... pound head on sidewalk ... cut out paper dolls ... a man the navy wants

PERSONALITIES

BRAVERY RECOGNIZED

Cadet R. M. Powell, 13th Batt. formerly G. M. 2/c U. S. N. received a letter of commendation which was read by Lt. McPhail at the 11th battalion's graduation ceremonies.

This letter was from Powell's former commanding officer and told how, Powell, during action against the enemy aboard an unnamed naval vessel cleared a jam due to a misfire with utter disregard to his own personal safety. Powell's quick action, the commendation stated, saved the lives of all the men in his trust.

The details of this letter will be published when the aforementioned action is released to the public.

... OR CHARACTERS

It's hard to define the difference between a "personality" and a "character" around here, but since we seem to have more of the latter—here's some:

Joe Branch, from Sacramento, is an ex-dance band drum beater, master mechanic, amateur boxer and race track driver. Joe has a store of fun and thrill packed stories to tell anyone anytime. He can even equal Batis in his memories of joyous parties thrown in questionable parts of San Francisco.

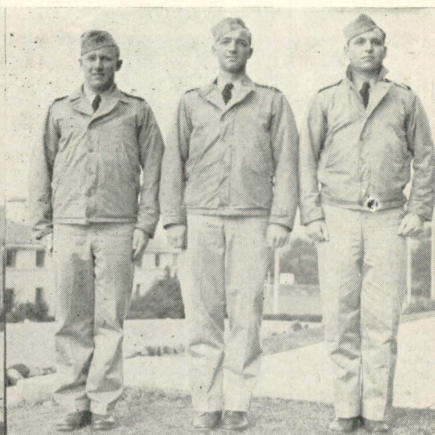
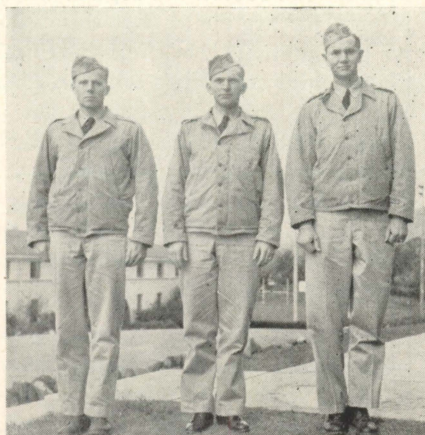
* * *

Napoleon, that's actually his name, but we don't know whether his "bones comes apart" or not—but some of the P.T. instructors seem anxious to find out. A hard worker and close confident to anyone who needs a friend, "Pete" has won many a new friend.



COMMISSARY OFFICERS
Malouf and Mason

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944



BATTALION 12 OFFICERS

(L. to r.): Schillo, Price, Hattasway, Klahorst, Spake, Morris

A TOOTH FOR A TOOT

We're wondering if all these ditches being dug around the campus are the direct result of Frank Gergoretz losing his tooth that night he came in slightly . . . displaying his loose pivot tooth. We know it went down the basin, Frank—but which one?

IN BUSINESS

J. (Jerk) S. (Sugar-daddy) Hammerman, the big-butter and paint man who entered five "sweethearts" in the queen contest, isn't afraid to take a chance. Once he risked his entire bankroll (\$50) on a wild scheme to perfect a process that would guarantee ink sticking to waterproof fabrics, such as book covers. He left a good job as commercial

artist with the design department of McCall Fashions, where he was under contract, to try and work out the much-needed process with an equally well-to-do partner (another \$50). At the point of losing a \$1000 forfeit for failure to produce the new process for a company which had contracted for it, Hammerman took the same ingredients which his highly paid chemists couldn't produce with—and in disgust mixed them all together—BINGO—the secret process. Hammerman and his partner sold the process to Du Pont and his royalties roll in. If you want to get rich—just ask Hammerman . . . he's got a million ideas—a million of 'em.



GERGORETZ AND TOOTH
. . . gone, not forgotten



INVENTOR HAMMERMAN
. . . does own janitor work

GOLDBRAID



SKIPPER McPHAIL
... in "War or Peace"

"NEVER FAIL" McPHAIL

By John F. McGeehan

In a recent edition "Football in War and Peace" by Clark Shaughnessy, Robert Bruce McPhail (our skipper) is rated as one of the finest quarterbacks of all time. In 1925, Dartmouth was national champion and gained fame as being recognized as the "brain" team—given this title because they could put on the field a team, without one player under second-string rating, every man of which was, then or later, a Phi Beta Kappa. (It was McPhail who succeeded Eddie Dooley and broke into the first string line-up as a sophomore, playing with Miles Lane, left half; the immortal James Oberlander, right half; and Horton Hooker, fullback. Shaughnessy picked this backfield as one of the twelve greatest of all-time.

McPhail was invited to play with the East team—in the first East-West game, but due to Ivy League precedence, had to refuse the invitation. Dartmouth, as national champion, was invited to play in the Rose Bowl, but this offer too was declined because of the above-mentioned precedence. In 1927 McPhail was elected captain of the Indian team and led them through a brilliant season.

It is taken for granted that Dartmouth had a great backfield in '25

because the record sez so, but there is vent for argument that this wasn't the greatest backfield McPhail played with and here's why: In 1943 Del Monte Pre-Flight School put a "country fair" backfield on the turf for the spectators to gaze upon . . . Len Eshmont, Paul Christian, Parker Hall and Jim McDonald, each and everyone an All-American a few years back.

Well, here's the way the story goes—California and Del Monte were winding up their '43 season, the Pre-Flight team was slightly in the lead, 48 to 6 with thirty seconds remaining to play . . . Cal was **threatening** to make a first down so the Del Monte coach in his moment of despair ordered McDonald out, Lt. McPhail in, and then the backfield read Paul Christman, Len Eshmont, Parker Hall and Robert McPhail. Cal's drive was immediately nipped in the bud and the game ended Del Monte 48—California 6.

Whether or not Lieutenant McPhail was directly responsible for the drive is really not known, nevertheless, he was definitely instrumental because he was a member of the organization. For playing those thirty gruelling seconds Lieutenant McPhail gained the distinction of being the oldest player to play with a major team in 1943.



ENSIGN CHARLES LEE
... no easy job, his

EXPERIENCE WITH 12

By Duke Black

The honor (?) of being battalion officer for the first battalion composed entirely of ex-servicemen from the fleet, flew down lightly last December and landed on the broad, rugged shoulders of Ensign Charles Lee. The 12th Battalion extends its sympathy to Mr. Lee for the problem it has been.

Ensign Lee reported aboard Cal Poly in December from Del Monte where he had been pre-flight platoon instructor and athletic coach.

Commissioned in San Diego, Jan.



P. T. OFFICER STAFF
... they build (?) the Navy's men of iron

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

4, 1943, he was sent to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for indoctrination. His first duty was at Del Monte.

Lee graduated from San Diego State where he had been active in varsity sports, having made letters in football, track. He was coach at San Diego Army and Navy Academy and just prior to his commissioning was coach at Hoover High school in San Diego.



LT. (j.g.) WEBSTER
... note the new braid

OLD TIMER

"One of the oldest living inhabitants of Cal Poly NFPS," is the way Lt. (j.g.) Charles Webster speaks of himself. Webster is one of three officers stationed here at this time last year who is still here; the other two are Lt. Comdr. Samuels and Lt. (j.g.) Byron Haines.

Lt. Webster celebrated his first anniversary of service at Poly on Feb. 8, having come here just a year ago direct from the navy recognition school in Columbus, Ohio, where he went for indoctrination and training after being commissioned Nov. 11, 1942.

Among his first duties were those of part-time tumbling instructor, personnel officer, first mess treasurer, visual aids officer and organizer of the recognition department. Although he also started the B.O.Q. he is not a bachelor. He is married and has two daughters; one three

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

INSTRUCTORS

MEET MR. COX

By Les Pollard

This distinguished gentleman, one of our instructors in navigation, has a past well worth mentioning—although there are a few things he says are better unmentioned.

At the age of eleven, James Cox began the more important of his experiences with a tour of Europe. After graduating from high school he was appointed an Annapolis cadet—a week later he was given a medical discharge.

He then started his college training at the University of California in Los Angeles. During this time he worked in a bank, as he says, "in order to get the feel of money." From UCLA he transferred to USC and studied Pre Med. and Pre Law for three years.

In the meantime he started to work for Western Air Lines and was there when war was declared. He left this position and enlisted in the Merchant Marine as a Third Officer—but his final physical was an obstacle he could not pass.

He returned then to USC and took a course in aeronautical science, and upon completion of this course enlisted in the Army and was sent to Randolph Field. At Randolph he studied navigation and flying.

He was then sent to Thunderbird Field as Assistant Director of Aca-

years of age and one born last March 15. He was promoted to junior grade on Jan. 1.

Prior to his commissioning he was principal of the adult evening high school at John Muir high school in Burbank, Calif. Previous to that he was acting boys vice principal and teacher at John Burroughs junior high in that city. He graduated from Fullerton J.C., got an A.M. degree in Political Science at the U. of Cal and did graduate study at U.S.C. for his M.A. degree in educational administration.

FROM "DAGO"

When Ensign Lee came aboard he was greeted by one of his San Diego State college fraternity brothers, Code Instructor R. E. Kennedy, who has been publicity director and



MEET MR. COX
A flying navigator

demic Training and soon after was appointed director. By this time he had acquired over 700 hours in the air. He holds a pilot's license.

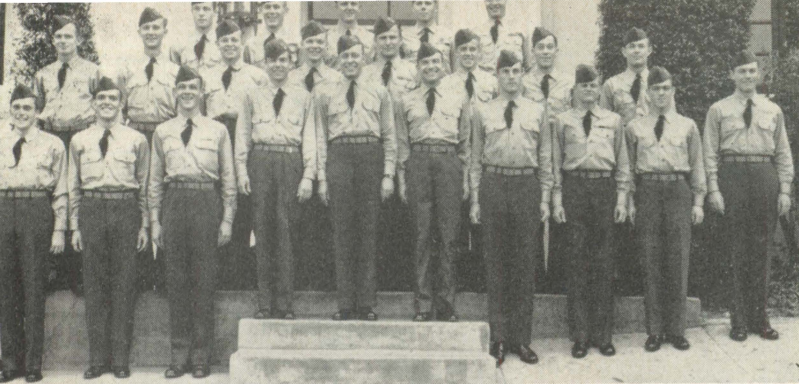
Fifteen months of Army life was sufficient, and after recuperating from a combined illness of pneumonia and appendicitis he was released by the Army to teach on the Cal Poly staff.

Father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."
Cadet: "May I see it?"

journalism instructor on the regular college faculty since 1940. Now another San Diego State college man has been added to the NFPS staff.

The new "Aztec" is Lt. William S. Bruner, of the Recognition department, who taught English composition at San Diego State from 1940 to 1942. A resident of San Diego for a number of years, Bruner was a top-flight fiction writer for the better grade "pulp" magazines, specializing in action-adventure stories.

After leaving San Diego State, Bruner taught as a civilian at the Santa Ana Air Base during 1942. In February 1943 he was commissioned in the Navy and went to Columbus, Ohio, for indoctrination. His first duty was at the Livermore, N.A.S.



GRADUATING

BATTALION XII

Right Wing

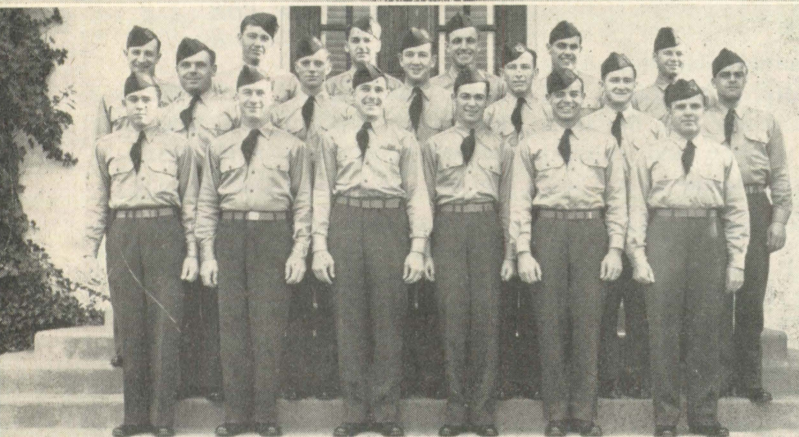


Platoon 1 (left to right)

First row: M. G. Culbertson, J. L. Scott, M. D. Ewing, C. G. Martin, E. H. Albers, G. Farley, W. D. Bradbury, C. D. Shoemaker, J. E. Marceau, R. L. Joyner.

Second row: B. L. Giddings, E. W. Dieckman, H. L. Nelson, R. C. Buckingham, J. Fruit, G. L. Draper, L. D. Hobbs, J. E. Talbott.

Third row: L. L. Root, Jr., W. W. Ellis, W. E. Hoff, P. J. Schillo, J. M. Mullin.



Platoon 3 (left to right)

First row: J. A. Gebauer, C. J. Kollins, C. J. Burns, L. C. DeVenney, R. E. Forson, L. I. Huse, F. Gergoritz, Jr., E. H. Kinley, J. G. Boosalis.

Second row: D. L. Jensen, R. F. Dobyns, D. R. George, R. N. Dowlan, R. C. Klahorst, F. M. Guier, J. E. Hannan, T. J. Mackey, E. Kelley, Jr.

Third row: R. L. Leonard, F. B. Corson, G. H. Brunker, J. D. Cain, J. B. Little. Not present: W. E. Clark, W. T. Hall, E. Hattaway.



Platoon 5 (left to right)

First row: G. E. Cleveland, P. J. Burkhart, G. M. Herbert, G. J. Kay, R. A. Ayers, C. T. Ziegler.

Second row: J. G. Canik, A. O. Laminack, J. R. Higgins, J. E. Driscoll, S. Giroud, Jr., W. E. Fulton.

Third row: B. L. Black, J. K. Ballard, L. J. Worm, H. L. Wirth, K. R. Coyne, H. F. Lillebridge.



Platoon 7 (left to right)

First row: J. L. Bronk, G. F. Van Dusen, R. W. Schlotterback, H. G. Lee, B. F. Yant, R. P. Cappelletti, B. A. Moe, P. J. Napoleone, R. W. Sharpe.

Second row: J. E. Taylor, S. M. McDowell, Jr., W. T. McGrath, C. E. Williamson, W. R. Benson, L. J. Kennedy, M. T. Gatch, R. C. Savell, D. J. O'Connell.

Third row: W. Dear, I. C. Rogers, H. C. Batis, F. Galmish, Jr.

Platoon 9 (left to right)

First row: H. C. Nelson, D. J. Hughes, J. E. Rogers, R. L. Canaris, J. E. Pospahala, D. Bevier, Jr., C. W. Jensen, L. E. Gillespie, R. L. Rock, Jr., J. C. Johnson.

Second row: J. E. Daniels, J. K. O'Leary, L. D. Carlson, Jr., M. L. Mendezoff, A. L. Steele, J. G. Hamerman, W. E. Andreson, W. R. Schomburg.

Third row: G. T. Hove, A. L. Hovde, L. L. Morrill, E. L. Drake.

BATTALION

BATTALION XII

Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right)

First row: M. S. Porter, R. G. Odom, R. W. Welch, U. L. Simons, G. W. Baker, G. W. Alexson, F. M. Wildman, E. R. Price, R. J. Keefe, M. S. Wallace.

Second row: W. H. Marquis, B. Wilkerson, E. A. Mann, S. F. Blomgren, W. G. Tanner, E. B. Mieller, Jr., D. R. Morgan, J. J. Muessig, H. J. Junor.

Third row: P. A. Stam, E. R. Thompson, D. P. Russell, N. K. Newton, E. F. Mahoney.

Platoon 4 (left to right)

First row: R. R. McCausland, S. G. Vojkovich, R. C. Moore, F. W. Stephens, B. L. Weaver, A. J. White, A. W. Rudolf.

Second row: R. Skinner, B. L. Price, H. B. Millard, M. Y. Murdock, J. B. Moraine, J. P. Ussher, R. Rogawski.

Third row: R. S. Martin, J. M. Staggs, J. B. Timmons, H. A. Sparks, R. P. Puthoff, S. H. Mayo.

Fourth row: J. W. Thomas, H. A. Myhre.

Platoon 6 (left to right)

First row: H. Strybing, R. W. Machiewicz, W. E. Somand, H. N. Morris, M. B. Stark, L. M. Reiner, E. J. Theroux, H. A. Medlock, R. F. Maynard, K. G. Smith.

Second row: C. K. Roberts, R. M. Stengle, C. W. Shindlebower, L. R. Urbauer, F. G. Thompson, H. H. Schaper, H. A. Spake, G. Pearl, L. Z. Nichols, B. V. Smith.

Third row: R. B. McKinley, C. W. Vogelsang, M. L. Pilie, L. L. Wilcox, D. L. Swenson.

Platoon 8 (left to right)

First row: B. K. Salley, J. C. Wood, L. R. Townsend, J. R. Williams, Jr., L. W. Moody, W. L. Bailey, K. J. Weaver, G. H. Dailey, R. Warrender.

Second row: J. S. Evans, J. A. Moore, Jr., J. L. Etchieson, W. J. Morris, Jr., A. P. Bruni, R. V. Stewart, Jr., W. N. Wilson, W. P. Austin.

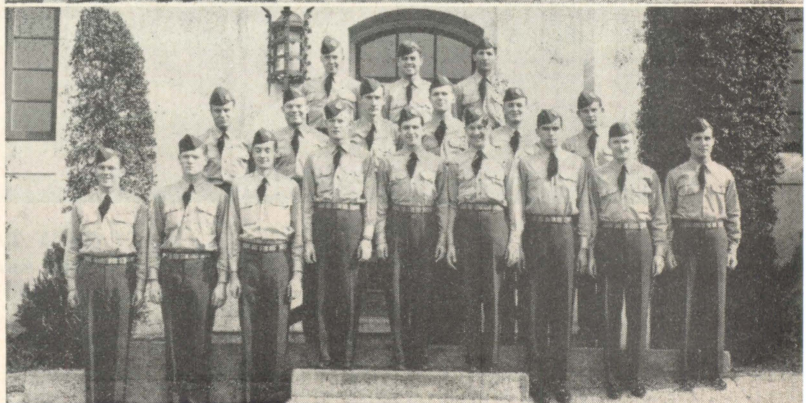
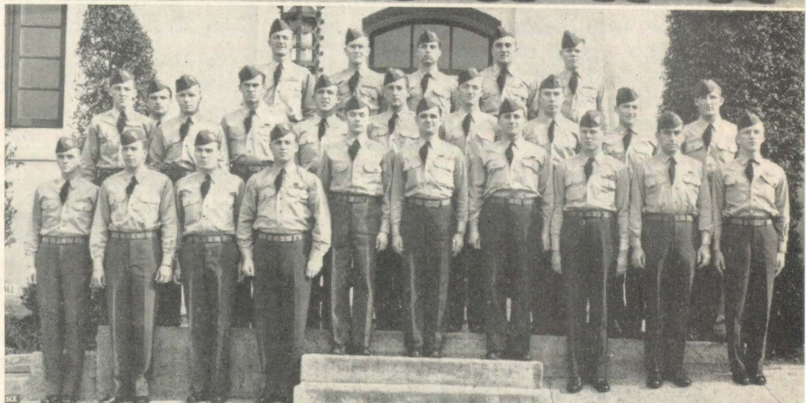
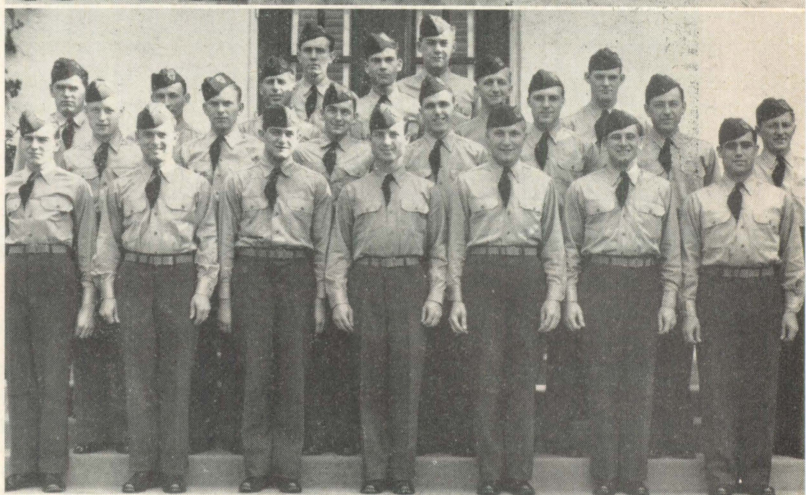
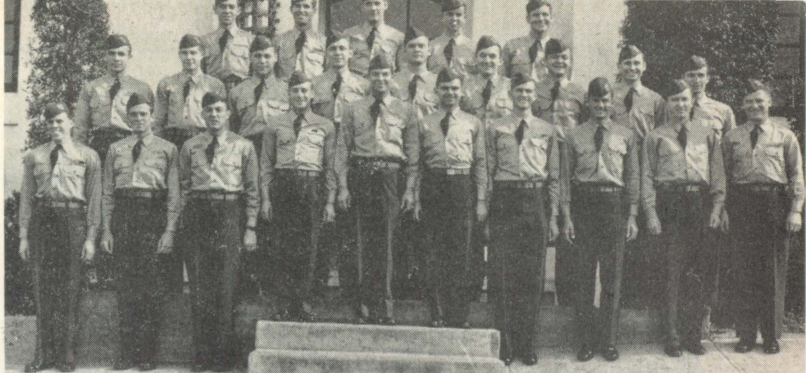
Third row: S. R. Amato, A. J. Grossman, R. Whiles, S. L. Simon.

Platoon 10 (left to right)

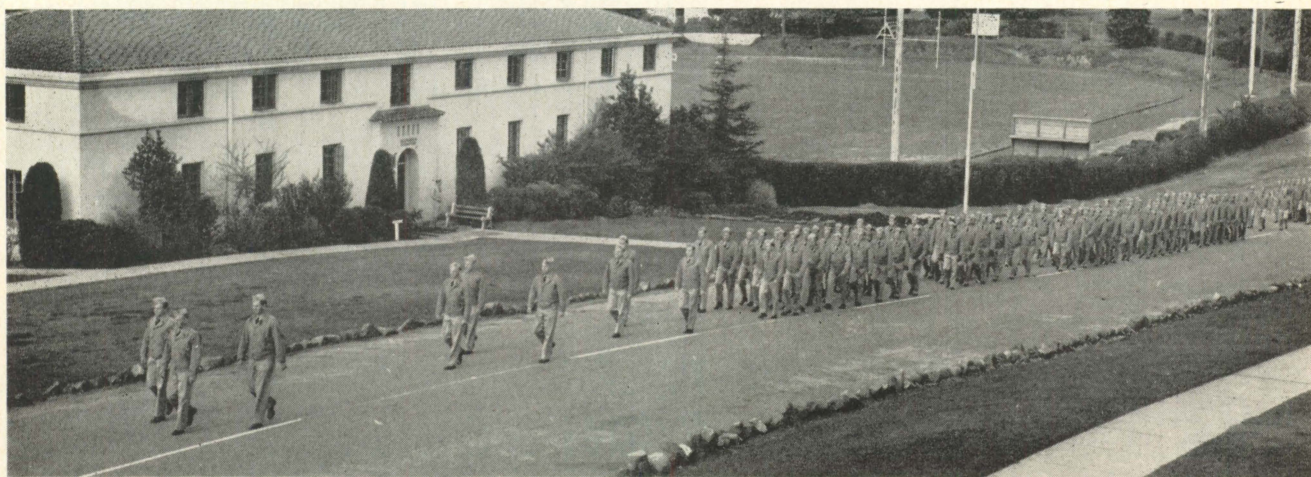
First row: H. A. Small, R. J. Matthews, V. R. Kelsey, W. R. Cootes, V. S. Stebenne, M. C. Field, W. S. Sears, J. W. Ranne, W. J. Shea.

Second row: J. Russo, G. W. Cardwell, C. E. Vogel, C. D. Taylor, O. H. Gaylord, D. J. Riordan.

Third row: K. L. Denver, C. T. Trammell, T. P. Terbay.



GRADUATING BATTALION



MARCHING OFF TO WAR AGAIN

They've all seen action before and hope to see it again

THE TWELFTH BATTALION

By O. H. Gaylord

One cold clear morning not so long ago, 275 prospective Cadets were roughly deposited in San Luis Obispo. Thus the Twelfth Battalion came into being. Composed of a motley group of men—Sailors, Marines, and one civilian—they were the most colorful Battalion to arrive.

Herded into formation, whisked out to Cal Poly—by foot, they began the first leg of a long tour of State-side duty—so they thought. After a refreshing 45 minute rest, the Cadets were ready and alert—to go back to where they'd come from.

Throughout the first week, several items were brought sharply if not abruptly to their attention. In the course of one day, each and every one found that Navigation ran a close parallel to Einstein's Theorum and that only geniuses and child prodigys received 4.0 in Recognition and Physics.

Physical Training was presented as a recreational period immediately

followed by a Revival in the guise of Math. Cadets were given their choice of a slow lingering demise in Wrestling or of speeding up the action to a few bare minutes under the watchful eye of a certin Tumbling Instructor.

In due time the Mess Halls were visited and found to be healthy places in which one lost his appetite and then beat a hasty retreat to Ship's Service for a quick Malt.

After a month of hard work and varying experiences, Cal Poly found itself in possession of a new Jr. Batt—namely the 12th, which had become immured to the rigors of Training.

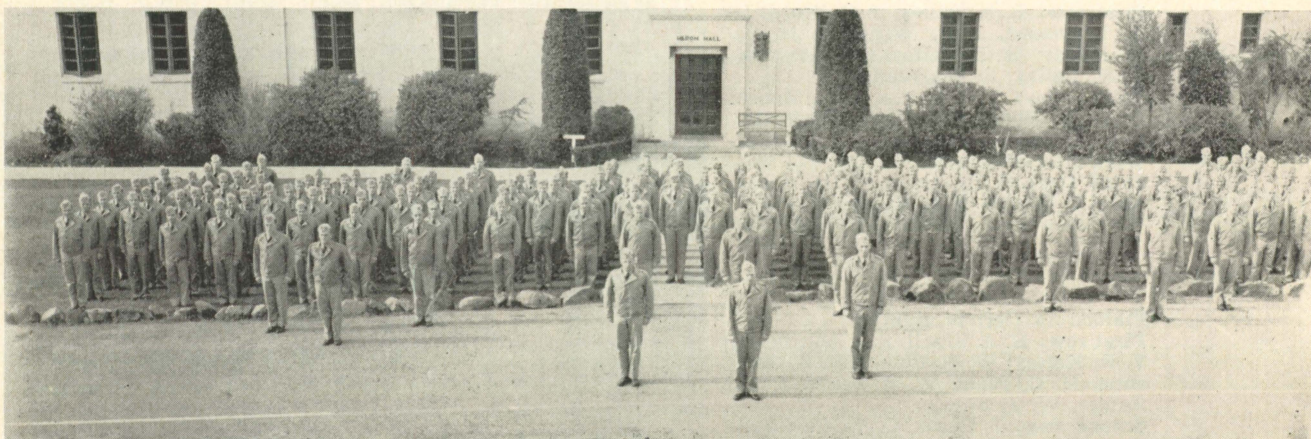
The Mid-terms were taken and the 12th became the much vaunted Seniors—ah Life! Seniors. Liberty is beginning to become something special. You don't just go to a show then secure; no — you go to two shows—then secure.

A new interest in P. T. has cropped up. One Cadet was seen hurdl-

ing the road barricades — twenty minutes later he was carried into Sickbay, much to his chagrin. Another Eager Beaver, accustomed to jumping into pits on the obstacle course, forgot himself one morning behind Wildcat. It took the combined efforts of three strong men to get him out.

As classes draw to a close, various Instructors learn the extent to which their efforts have been received. "Dew Point" Jones discovered that one cadet could sleep with his eyes open—in fact he answered several questions quite intelligently while rocked in the restful arms of Morpheus. Other Instructors were surprised at the ready knowledge and usage of the phraseology peculiar to their respective subjects, i. e., "Ready? Now!" and "Burble Point" being among the leading terms adopted.

With finals capping the Academic Schedule at Cal Poly, only the Graduation is firmly established in Atas-school in San Diego.



BATTALION TWELVE

Cal Poly's first all-fleet battalion set the pace

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

BATTALION 13

INTO THE STRETCH

By John F. McGeehan

The Thirteenth approaches the mid-way mark badly beaten and sore. . . The instructors are still giving out with the phrase "It'll come to you, cadet," and the relatives are still writing "We know you can do it." Frankly, folks, we're beginning to wonder and we don't mean maybe.

With everything considered our Batt is rolling along as per scheduled. So far we have consumed something like one hundred and sixty-seven formulas, are part way through twelve "out of the world" subjects, and if our strength holds out, most of us will graduate. . . (get out of cloud eight, Jackson.)

Cal Poly isn't so bad, is it cadets? We're getting good chow??? A thirty-six every week-end (three hours and six minutes) . . . and if we're ever able to pass our weekly exams and make this strenuous liberty we enjoy the privilege of indulging in a touch of libation in the pubs that serve a seven course meal but do not serve hard liquors. Why cadets, life isn't so glum for us, we haven't been looking at it in the right perspective.

Our beautiful blues have arrived. However, no official word has been passed as to when we will be able to don them; but they are here and that's the real dope.

As a word of warning to cadets—You'd better get hot and start lining up a cutie for a graduation dance. We realize that most of us can't conceive in our wildest dream that we will ever graduate, but just in case you get lucky and do, ya don't want to be caught short come dance time. Negotiations are being made presently to bring a top-notch band to Cal Poly for the grand occasion. As yet nothing is definite, but we can rest assured we'll have the best.

Brace up boys, we've managed six weeks of this stuff and with a little hoba hoba, we may reach the end before we know it. The best of luck to you.

13TH TAKES 12TH

By J. H. Krickell

"We came, we saw, we conquered," said Lou "Soupy" Campbell, captain of the 13th Battalions' cagers, after their 27 to 21 win over the 12th Batt. Feb. 2.

Although the game got off to a slow start and the score was comparatively low, floorwork was featured. Batt. 12, the challengers, were never quite able to match the class of "Clare Bee" Campbell's quint. Paced by such greats as Steve O'Connor from Colgate, "Big Bill" Radunich from Santa Clara U., Les Keigley from the U. of Detroit, Stan Challengren and Capt. Lou Campbell, who formerly wore the colors of Colorado State, the 13th held control of the entire tussle. Among the outstanding subs for the boys from "Skonk Hollow" were "Toppie" Lowe who played last at Corpus Christi and Eddy Hughes.

Outstanding for the senior aggregation were Reg. Comdr. Clark and "Tiger" Smith. "We weren't hot" was the only comment from number 12's dogs. A few were willing to say that it was a good game.

Campbell's club is ready to take on all comers. Possible games would be with 1A44 and the officers. Also being considered, according to Dick Madden, the outfit's public relations man, are games with some of the local Army quintets.

13TH BATT. "CHARACTERS"

By S. J. O'Connor

The 13th Batt., comprised of servicemen from the fleet, is filled with personalities ranging from Ensigns, Tech. Sgts., etc., now all classed as CADETS.

Our regimental commander is Ned McGettigan, ex-Ensign who served out in Pearl Harbor and Mare Island as an engineer. Karl Kluat, Platoon 1, has the honor of wearing the "Purple Heart," being put out of action while on duty on the U.S.S. Minneapolis.

Lou Campbell, our basketball organizer and a former Colorado U. man, can also knock out a mean piano if given the chance and the right mood. With that as a background, McDonald's voice from the flourishing 8th Platoon could send out some fine entertainment.

The 8th Platoon has another notable in the form of the former South Pacific Lightweight champion (1940-43)—Cadet Seloby. From this same platoon comes John F. McGeehan, California Junior College golf champion in 1940 and also winner of the Penn. Intercollegiate Championship.



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BATTALION 1A 44

BLUES, 1A44 STYLE

Nestled high in the lofty mountains of beautiful, sunny Southern California, twenty feet from eagles nests and half a number 17 coupon's worth of shoe leather to the nearest civilization there is located the "Gloomy Sunday Club for dissipated Ensign-strikers" and its members. Do we have troubles! Heed our petition for sympathy, those of strong heart.

Where will I begin? Where did it really begin? Before dawn a union member's day was behind us (Warm up, they called it, and so it has been since.) A short hike to the summit of a mountain whose height merits use of oxygen gear. Descending, one was reminded of a P-38 pilot's feelings in the execution of a 9-G dive. Following this gentle descent several contortionists displayed their skills at cleansing barracks to the satisfaction of inspection parties. On to breakfast—boon to stomach, solace to blistered feet and inverted arches. Then the jog to class (to settle the stomach, I presume). What is it but tumbling we encounter! Tongues hanging out and fanny's dragging, we don zooty athletic attire. Present status—guinea pigs, heading for an ice-house wherein a distorted form of hari-kari is practiced. About this time goanings—"why was I ever born" or "what did I ever do to deserve this" are heard. Even more fitting are these after we unfortunates have been subjected to this antedated negative after-life. —Did I hear "double-time back to the gym?" Now who's crazy! But no... it's true! We're actually **running** back to the gymnasium. At our destination we shower, dress, and it's on to Navigation. Ten minutes of this and we're wondering how it was possible to drive from San Bernardino to San Luis Obispo without the aid of compass, plotter and direction finder. Physics leaves its headaches. A touch of nostalgia for the Kentuckian whose home encompasses droves of woodpeckers in Communications. The Dali-like picture is completed as Mathematics and Recognition are added.

Seriously, however, we as cadets are glad to have this opportunity to serve in accordance with the highest Naval standards, and though the situation isn't nearly as dark as it may seem, we'd not hesitate in requesting this training again should it be offered with no more than the bare essentials for sustenance of life as an enticement. America means this much to us. What does it mean to you?

TRACKING

When you get the job of tracking,
Don't use just your hands and eyes;
Use your very heart and soul, Boy.
Track 'em smooth across the skies.

Keep those cross-hairs on the target,

Never lag and never lead,

Or a pilot's life may answer,
And a woman's heart may bleed.

Never mind those hours of drilling;
Get that feel and get that touch.

Your's is an important job, Boy.
We rely on you so much.

Makes no difference, though the other boys

Work hard and never tire,

You must be right on the Money,
When your order comes to "fire."

When you get the job of tracking,
Don't use just your hands and eyes;
Use your very heart and soul, Boy.
Track 'em smooth across the skies.

By F. M. Stout
Batt. 1-A-44, Pl. 2

CHICKEN

In spite of breaks and lames
It always is a treat
To forget our aches and pains
When time comes round to eat.

The first guy says she's swell,
The second Oh me, Oh my's,
The third one says, "Oh well",
The fourth one merely sighs.

And so on down the line,
Each fellow directs a glance
Waiting for some sign
Of a possible romance.

But these girls who dish the chow
Are extremely wise and clevah;
They stick closely by their vow
By repeating no, no, no, nevah.

—Maurice Wallace

Cadet: "For two pins I'd stop this car right here, and kiss you."

Girl: "Here, take them. My hair will fall down anyway."

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

FOULED-UP FIRST

The "fouled-up first" is well named in many ways—for example: geographically, we are as representative as Congress, and many, long, and bitter are the arguments in consequence. We are even lamenting the recent departure of a comrade who hailed from Alaska, which is, admittedly, going to ridiculous extremes.

"Moon" Mullin, the Regimental lover, has been known to devote entire study periods to the day's fan mail. "Citrus" Fruit, who may not be removed from the Mess Hall, hails from Pa., and was in the Marines for two months before they convinced him he didn't have to wear a lamp on his cap.

Marceau—the man who takes the muster—has apparently weathered weeks of rooming with Adjutant "Dihedral" Root, by popular acclaim, the most sarcastic man in the bunch. "Mouthpiece" Martin, the Platoon Ancient, was confined to Sickbay for a week with pink toothbrush, caused by excessive gum beating.

Nelson is our aquatic star. Dubbed "Mae-West" by his buddies, he is unsinkable. Our glamour boys come next—"Honey" Hoff, 200 pounds of lovable manhood, and "Babyface" Buckingham, whose good looks are only exceeded by his brains.

One of the most fascinating characters is "Dit-da" Draper, an extwidge, who has been known to babble Dutch Morse Code in his sleep. This rather wierd habit is condoned and encouraged by "Make-Me-Know-It" Shoemaker, Draper's bunkie and Platoon Personality Kid. "Wheat-Germ" Schillo, an ex-Paratrooper, is our nominee for All-American Boy.

Our Fuehrer — "Fluid" Farley, amuses us on the march with strange commands, and a cadence that seems to be seeking its own level. Our "Dilbert" is "Smiles" Bradbury, and it is a good thing for the second squad that he has finally learned how to do a right face. He remembers because he sucks his right thumb.

Messrs. Dieckman and Elkey are ex-Aerologists. The latter holds the station record for the freestyle profanity event, having shocked his roommates late one night by swearing for the better part of an hour without repeating himself. George Hobbs' one claim to fame is that in all his years as a Corpsman, he never carried a bed pan.

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

PLATOON TOOOO!

So de rast uv you platoons tink your gud, eh? Wal, you aint got a ting on us, see? An wuts more by a cumparitivly stanpernt you dont no nuttin cuz we got de bast of de wast an de eest an de sout an de nort. Wy we got guys wid reel smart branes wut gets lotsa for-o's in clases an subjeks wut dey neva had seed or hoid uv befor an den we got guys dat cum frum big citys an touns an frum fitin an fyтин in de Looshun llans or de Sout-Paceefik wid manee difrunt an vereed expeerences an not to manshun all de guys wid sech middel names like Rodney an Coondog an Bartolomew an Waldo an Bruno an Strott an so fort (dis is not a middel name).

Mabee now you udder mugs will begin to get de idee dat it takes reel stuff an class to rate wid us guys. Wy do you not dat we wuz even gud an sinceer enuff to donate one uv are vary bast lads to do toiteenth Batt wid a roil sandoff to de guy con-coined an dont taink dat Bearcat didnt reely appresheate all we did cuz now hes de mane man fur de marall uv his presen platoon. Dey is shure luky, yeh-man.

Soon now we wil leev dis luvly place an go eech are mary way to dat WTS ware we wil continyou to be de britest an bast in evreeting we encounta an nutting an nobudy kin beet us cuz we got guys wid smart branes an reel classy middel names like Rodney an Coondog an Bartolomew an Waldo an Bruno an so fort (so fort is not a name, plese.)

By Maurice Wallace

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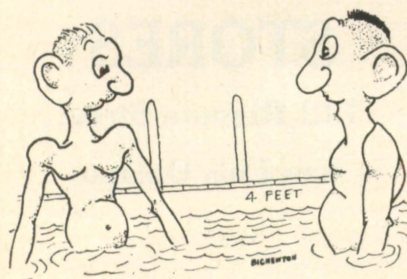
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DAVID GRIFFIS

GRADUATING BATTALION

THIRSTY THIRD

My first memory of Cal Poly was my thirst. The assimilated colors of murky blue, and hazy green were only dissipated at sight of the eleventh Marine, "Basil" Dobyns, now Batt Commissary officer, with a jug on his dresser on that morning of our ghastly arrival in November.

Since then the "Third" has always been thirsty, but managed to bag four Battalion officer jobs, two Regimental offices, the dance chairmanship, and assignments for the Mustang.

Regimental Commander Bill Clark with a pair of L. A. liberties, a beautiful chick, and an elegant profile leads the group in the art of "making out." His roomie, Bob Klahorst, Batt. adjutant, prefers Hollywood and his honey.

"Hat" Hattaway, the Regimental chow master, does his best to outdo the almost-Marine Gunner, Earl Kelly. Bill Hall, dance chairman, and Dan George, basketeer dead-eye, both ended up engaged in this place. George Bruncker went from the Dilbert platoon leader to the same style wing leader but prefers Loving Arms in Tucson to either.

John Boosalis, who was just short of being Mr. Queen, can be seen figuring his average any time of day or night. J. D. Cani insists three months here is too long for anybody. It must be when R. N. Dowlen puts his lassie on the train at Sunday noon, rather than that night, to come back to hit the books.

Fred Corson, in the act of the season, "but I did change four of them, and look a 4.0." J. E. Hannan winning nickels from Handsome John Little in recognition only to loose them at horses on Saturday night.

Tom Mackey, my bunkie, and Bob Leonard, the San Joe twins who almost made a 48 what it implies. "Dee" DeVenney, who with Mackey made those nice posters, runs toward the Elk and artist combined.

"Slim" Jensen, wing commissary officer, almost gouged his way through the "D" test in swimming by standing on the bottom of the pool at the 6 foot mark. F. M. Guier was constantly loosing his carrier in navigation. Ex-speedboat title holder Lloyd Huse, on his third beer, ready to whip Rec-sharper Joe Gebauer, rolly-polly humor man.

Roy Forson, tap dancer par-excellence, originally of the lover twins had to forego the title when his roommate Eldon Kinley stepped in to surpass all comers. Yes, and that magnificent tenor, Frankie Gergoritz who can't forget the ripple of 'Frisco.

—By J. O. Burns.

FOUNDERING FOURTH

There is one in every Battalion and the 12th is no exception. Platoon Four is composed of such characters as R. C. Moore, who would seriously argue with "Burble Point" that the air in a plane's tires would effect the rate of climb, or Cadet Murdock who would never fail to ask, "Must we know THAT for the exam."

Our Cadet Weaver evidently loves lighter than air duty judging by the size of his girl friends. Cadet Stephens is our muscle man and a confirmed woman hater (he says.)

We often wondered why Cadet Staggs had to leave navigation class so often, but now it can be told—he stands a voluntary MOD watch outside Room 208, Saratoga.

Our home - breaker McCausland while waiting for his date meets date's husband, also waiting—exit McCausland. Reg. Sub. Comdr. Price goes on the wagon every Monday. Have you ever met our frap champion who vacated his room to make space for his roommate's pet lizard. Cadet Martin, a wolf at heart, always marches with eyes right or left—never ahead. Cadet Puthoff has priority on the mail—receives three a day from a certain miss. Chow Hound Malouf, our commissary officer, loves to relate how he won the battle at the canal single handed.

"He-Man" Myhre sure can drink. He uses Seven Up for Coke chasers. The "telephone kid" Moraine has a little red book that has some choice numbers. Our "Wonder" navigator does all his plotting with his eyes closed. Music Butcher is Cadet Mason who makes a sound resembling a frog with a frog in his throat. Cadet Ambrose has a wonderful "line" but he seems to have taken the hook.—By Rudolf.

●
Taxi Driver: I take the next turn, don't I?

Voice from the rear seat: Oh yeah?

●
Did you ever sell brushes?
No, why?

Well, you better get one and start selling. That's my husband at the front door.

GRADUATING BATTALION

SUPERIOR FIFTH

It is the general opinion that the genius who compiled the muster list for the 5th completed a master stroke which can never be duplicated, i.e., getting so many oddly assorted characters in one group so small as ours.

For instance, we have "Lover" Kay and "Salty" Ayers, the boys with the convenient arrangement. They toss a coin to decide which class which one shall sleep through, the other taking necessary notes of the Instructor's endeavors. "Beat-em" Coyne, the man with the Most MOD time, keeps his gums in a constant state of laceration, being afraid of marching off someone else's fraps.

Anti-photogenic Geyer has a pronounced distrust of cameras. It is fascinating to march behind Cadet Geyer, the way he bounces denies the fact that he's in step. As has been brought out before—each has its Dilbert—ours is S. Junior Girourd. Dilbert has developed the amazing faculty for being able to plot 181 degrees East or West.

Somehow or others, Ballard insists on holding a private Reveille of his own from the Head each morning. We understand from rumor circulating about that he's from the Big E.

How do these innocent kids get their women? Charlie Cleveland offered the use of fifteen of his sixteen girl friends for the Batt Dance—heigh ho. Master Burkhart, the well meaning Navigator, manages to always be caught without his trousers for inspection, chow musters, etc. "Dew Point" Boston, everybody's friend in Aerology on Saturday.

"Blood"-hound Fulton apparently has developed female trouble in Pismo. Webster's does not contain the adjectives appropriate for giving a livid word picture of Cadet Canik. The Casanova of the 5th, "Nip Spam" Worm is above all earthly things in his latest amour with a certain young lady in S.L.O. There is nothing much known about "Hawk" Higgins, the super-sleuth—a man of few words in Navigation.

Driscoll has an excellent working knowledge of procedure at Cal Poly. To us he's known as "Bum-Dope". "Junior Atlas" Lillebridge likes to furnish Lt. Thomas with sparring partners. C. T. Ziegler has discovered the necessary technique to keep his women from joining the Waves. And his roommate—the candlelight specialist—strikes matches by the hour to study after taps.

"Radar" Herbert, the mental genius of the unit, lay sobbing him-

(Continued on Page 23)

SINLESS SIX

The Sixth is distinguished not for scholastic standing, not for athletic ability, certainly not for military bearing, but for the fact that it is a Platoon of characters. Every man is a character from our Platoon leader, "Sad Sack" Pilie, down to our last man in everything, Muscles "Dirty Face" Reiner.

"Sad Sack" Pilie is afflicted with a mania for falling in holes. Morning after morning the Sixth will be marching to chow, Pilie blissfully strutting along beside singing "Uurp flup deeb rub," when of a sudden there is a crash, gurgle gurgle, and we know that "Sad Sack" is at it again. "Surely he's dead this time" we say to one another. But no. He bravely crawls out, wipes the mud out of his eyes, wrings out his tie, and carries on.

Then we boast "Cueball" Spake our very likeable Battalion commander, and "Great Lover" Morris, his adjutant.

On down the line we have "Fatty" Theroux and his boy "Ensign" Swenson. "Fatty's" day came when the tailor, measuring him for blues, informed him that his bow measured four inches less than his stern.

Another feature of the Platoon of Characters is "My Boy" Nichols. "My Boy's" obsession is spike toothed Arabs. It seems that one quiet Sunday afternoon, "My Boy", in the company of this reporter, got into a bottle. (How should I know where he got it). Then things began to happen. The silence of the Sabbath was broken by shrieks and groans. Wild, spike toothed Arabs with dive bombers were chasing "My Boy" all over the place.

Then we have "Foo Foo" Maynard. "Foo Foo", though big and black and hairy, always has an exciting smell about him.

And of course we can boast "Dihe-dral" Pearl. He's quite a boy too. And "Buckshot" McKinley, who has a number of shrapnel holes where it's embarrassing. And "Beaufort 12" Wilcox, who's been accused of being three parts wind.

And of course "Butercup" Shindlebaur, who had a hard time convincing "Burble Point" Brack and "Crankcase" Collins that his name isn't Schicklegrubber, or Shingleblower. And "Burro" Smith, who, it's rumored, would rather chase mules than women.

On down there's "Bottled in Bond" Somand, and "Babyface" Strybing. "Ears" Thompson and "Seabisquit" Roberts, and 'Mellowed with Age' Shaper.

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GRADUATING BATTALION

SEVENTH CRAPS OUT

Don't know quite where to begin on the story of the rugged seventh, often called the "red seventh"; don't know why we've got a "2.3" average. All kiddin' aside though, they're a swell bunch of fellows. Now you take "Bronx" McGrath, he's one of our ex-platoon leaders, just four more and we would have all been platoon leaders; of course that's not counting the ex-wing commanders and mustering petty officers. Seems McGrath went to Pismo Beach once too often, meanwhile forgetting there is no overnite liberty.

Like any other platoon we have our so-called "angels" who haven't been frapped (they haven't been caught), "Tyrone" Taylor, "Eager Beaver" Sharpe, "Cick" Yant, "Tiny" Bronk, McDowell and last but not least "Ensign" Benson who gripes about being squad leader, claims it's too much work. Our rugged boys consisted of ex-Marine Rogers who served with Col. Edson's raiders, "Spicy" Dear a true sea-going sailor set out on a cruise to Manila and ended up coming back from Cape Horn three years later. "Arnie" Moe while but it was never like this. At has been out in the Pacific quite a the present he's courting a beautiful damsel who works in the office—sorry no names or telephone numbers.

"Luscious" Lukes served with the Merchant Marines and has seen many countries such as enchanting India, darkest Africa and many others but none of which beats "dear old Cal Poly."

We mustn't forget our outstanding character, "Hank" Batis, good for a laugh at any time; he almost drowned in swimming, claims he swallowed his gum, but we know different.

After three wonderful months at Cal Poly we must make our departure, which is a very "sad occasion". The seventh platoon will probably never be forgotten. For further comments see the advisory board. This is only a condensation, believe me there is much more.

By P. J. Napoleone

EIGHT BALLERS

In the year of 1944 AF (after finals) there existed a fighting group of men (fighting to get through Cal Poly). Officially known as 8th Platoon, 12th Battalion. Due to factors creating instability, centrifugal force and Einstein theroms the Fighting Eighth was diminished in numbers.

At that two of our most prominent men were picked for left Wing Commander and Sub-Commander; A. L. Bruni, and L. W. Moody. "Bourbon" Bill Bailey, our platoon leader is a natural born leader of men. The nickname came by him natural like too. "Sleepy" Salley, the capable assistant platoon leader, is one of Bill's most ardent admirers. It's been a mystery to some of us as to how "Big Dog" Weaver came by his handle.

We are fortunate enough to have two musicians in our midst, but more fortunate that they did not bring their instruments along. One of these characters in particular, "Sad Sack" Simon has turned gray overnight worrying about navigation. The other the erstwhile professor of the Bernoulli theory, Cadet Grossman, has tried applying this principal in all makes of modern carburetors.

When advice is needed in regard to medicine, Cadets Townsend, Moore and Morris are usually the ones to consult. Two of them are in the U. S. S. Relief at the present and the other is on the verge of collapsing any time.

Our mustering officer 'Beat Em' Williams has everyone excelled in never being satisfied. A new set of teeth is being fitted for his particular and peculiar case.

Cadet Amato has been named Tony by one of our favorite instructors Major Roland Kiebertz. In any other platoon "Red Mark" Dailey would be in a class by himself. But it so happens that he was fortunate enough in being a member of the Fighting Eighth where red marks are no exception. Cadet Austin is our Jitter-bug King and quite a hit with the ladies. There are some Cadets who are of the quiet type! Cadets Evans and Warrender. They are wise in that word of mouth never gets them in trouble. Whiles is quiet in some respects but not all—everyone knows when he is around. We had a very special Cadet who, even though he has been returned to San Diego has made himself quite famous by trying to take a bath with his clothes on after lights and bunk check, so coined the phrase "Bath Tub" Wil-son.

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

SCOUT PATROL 9

Introducing the Characters (Yes, Indeed!) of the unhappy ninth. If you ever see a plane trailing behind a formation, you can readily assume he was in the ninth, as we are always last—but not least.

Leading character in sun-lamp commando, "Gildersleeve," Patrol leader, Gillespie—he has an Uncle teaching Navigation here who looks just like him (guess who!) The most outstanding character comes from Polar regions (a bear if I ever saw one)—best known as "Ish-ka-bibble" Rock, code specialist and the man that is always in a fix with his Navigation fixes—famous for his weekly board meeting (ask the boys).

For information of all hands (salty!) the platoon is divided into three Patrols—first is Fox (Silver)—then Beavers (Eager)—and Birds (Yard). Looking them over—first Jensen, he doesn't know the difference between sleet and rain (what a laugh). Pops-pa-hala better known as "Half-a-step" or "Hoba Halla" (Polhemus' Boy) and Black Fox of the Foxes—he's not happy and doesn't like the Navy—Do you? (Heil Rosy!) The man for love advice—Lochinvar Hamerman—don't he look it? Drake, Fox Patrol Leader (also Tenor)—busy man he—looks like love in bloom.

"Listen you boys of 1A44 or I'll be forced to run you boys to the "P"—besides, I'll lose my job"—that's Jollife of the Beavers (Eager). Hovde — better known as "Stud Horse" because of his walk—has a secret yearning for playing "Winkum"—which by the way, he is quite good at. "Crush or Crash" Carlson is a killer with the women and a rugged individual. "It's a bird—NO!—It's a plane—NO!—It's Steele, the man on the flying trapeze—athletic from head to foot—has athlete's foot and muscles in the brain. Take note of his complexion—it's those obstacle course mud baths that did it. Bevier and Nelson—"What! no 4.0's this week? (either can quote the book down to the last semi-colon).

Little man Canaris—"Are you trying to give the man a bad time?" (Frankly, yes). Andreson the man with the "question mark" eyes. — D—m! this bunk—only took 25 minutes this morning—give me the surf, let me be a Beachcomer, or send me back to Oklahoma. Mendseoff—sez "Why is that?"—I'm just asking—"go ahead, give me an argument"—give him anything but don't let him start crooning. The balance of the platoon is known as the silent quintet. That's all brother—Rack 'em up—By J. S. Hamerman.

TEN GREW

The mighty little tenth, or the platoon that grew from six to twenty-two, can boast of several accomplishments while aboard this station. Although every member of Platoon Ten got a late start with Battalion Twelve, it has been singled out to furnish most of the talent for our "Tuesday Revival Meetings" in the gym. Cadet Ranne, a prodigal Toscanini, leads our song fests with a graceful wave of his mythical baton, while Cadet "Limpy" Sears is Mr. Ranne's accomplished pianist.

The Tenth is a motley crew composed of ex-Sailors, ex-civilians and a few misguided Marines who thought "Stateside duty" would be all liberty and no tumbling (they hadn't heard of Huba-huba Polhemus).

The civilian complement of Plat 10 is in itself a unique assemblage in a Battalion otherwise composed entirely of ex-servicemen. Boulder, Colorado contributed Gaylord who is our leading exponent of "sack-time all the time." A special Revue is held for him after each class.

There is a constant debate as to the relative "goldbricking" opportunities of Seagoing Bellhops and Swab-jockeys, but for some reason the ex-civvies, Riordan, Vogel, Hamilton, and detail know they had the softest touch.

Our platoon is ably cajoled into unforgettable performances on the drill field by Platoon Leader Trammell. Vital Statistics indicate that "Cootie" (according to Physic's Prof. Rickensrud) Cootes and "Wake-up-singing" Bagwell were somewhat allergic to said Instructor's course, and a question concerning a star's light refraction was still below the horizon of our twosome at the last check.

Mustering Petty Officer Field was quite a tumbling enthusiast, and "Flat-top" Deaver, ex-Am 1-c tried diligently to initiate a bewildered ex-Marine into the mysteries of an aircraft engine. This little Marine was none other than Terbay, who is well known for his loud protests of "I'm no Corpsman!!"—your reporter however, believing in the old axiom of 'Where there is smoke there is fire', made a personal check and caught "Corpsman Terbay in the act of practically strangling members of Batt 1A44 in an effort to feel their pulses.

Reporter Kelsey thinks that last seagull that flew over was an SBD-4, and that two dits make a dah.

Finally in looking back, the Tenth's ex-Marines and Sailors say that their tour here wasn't any worse than out in the Islands.—By V. R. Kelsey.

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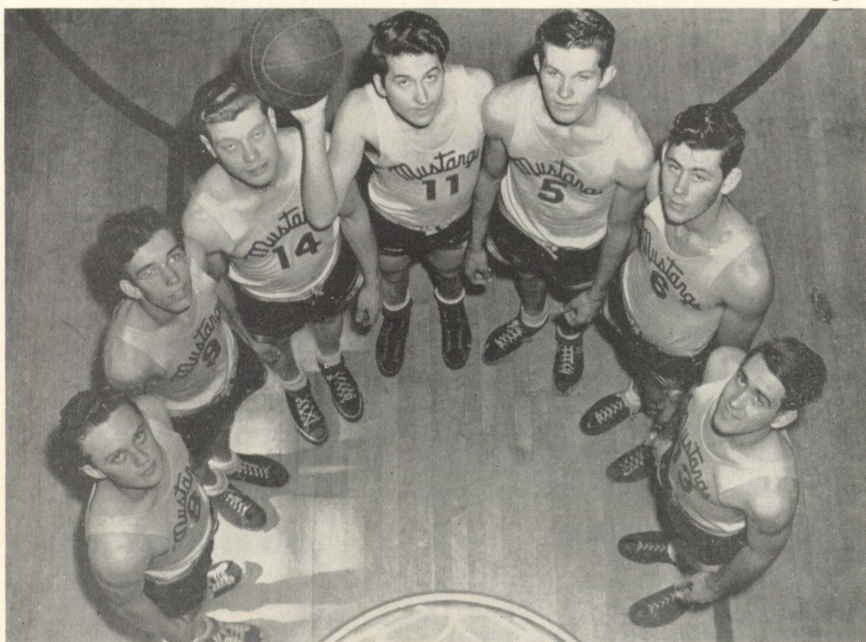
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"CAFETERIA" EDUCATION

College education on the "cafeteria plan" for the returning servicemen—take the courses you like and as much or as little as you want—is one of the post-war plans of California State Polytechnic college as proposed by President Julian A. McPhee to the state board of education which met in Sacramento Jan. 25-28.

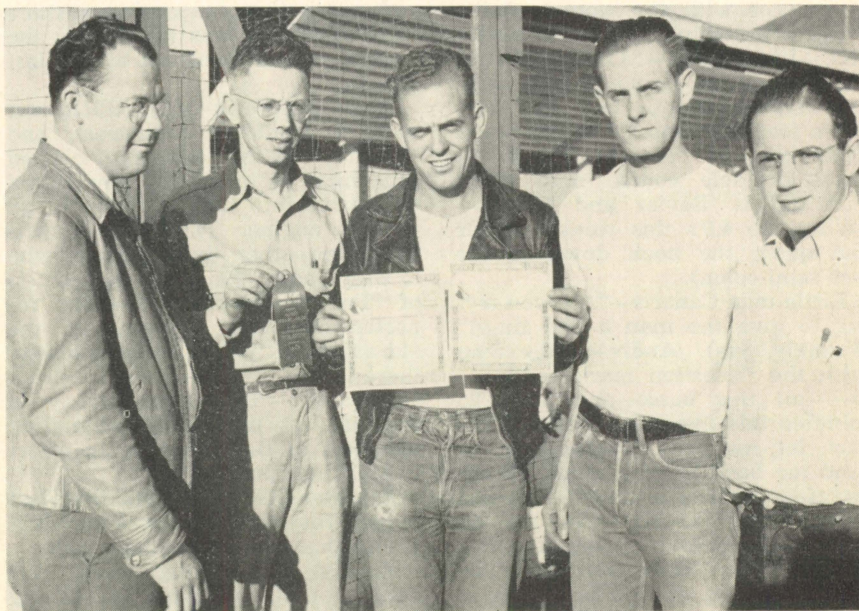
The short-course, concentrated educational program at the state technical college would be in addition to the present two-year vocational, three year technical, and four-year bachelor of science degree program at Cal Poly. President McPhee believes that returning servicemen will demand as much variety in time requirements as in course offerings.

Indications are that the number of men who will want college training in California will be large. Surveys already made show that there will be great numbers of demobilized ex-servicemen whose expenses will be paid by the government, men undergoing vocational rehabilitation, also at public expense; persons changing from war to peacetime industries, and thousands of college-age boys and girls who will spend wartime savings on education.

The state technical college, which has served California since 1903 with an understandable program of vocational and technical offerings, is not restricted by tradition or directive to any particular kind or level of instruction, President McPhee explains. Work may be offered

in an almost unlimited number of agricultural and engineering fields, on levels from the acquisition of particular skills leading to a single job, to the four-year college graduation. All instruction at the college is developed around the project method, in which students produce thousands of dollars worth of agricultural and industrial products annually.

Experience in "compact education" is being gained by the faculty at a buffet dinner.



*SUMPIN' TO CROW ABOUT
"Feather merchants" receive egg-laying awards*

in the war-time training of naval flight-preparatory cadets at the college. About 800 cadets are in training at all times, 250 graduating and a similar number entering each month. Extensive educational offerings are compressed into the three-month program.

SEVEN UP TWO DOWN

Not the calibre of team that Cal Poly usually put on the floor in pre-war basketball days, this year's team surprised everyone, even themselves, by winning seven games and losing only two in a nine-game schedule.

Fighting to the finish in a vain attempt to make the last game of the season a victory, the Poly quintet were nosed out by the San Luis Obispo high school Tigers 23 to 22 on Feb. 1.

The squad included: Don Fiester, Mel Eberhard, Bill Ericson, Red Philbin, forwards; Grant Braun, George Procsal, centers; Howard Westlake, Charles Trigg, George aught and Wes Norton, guards.

Following the game, the squad was invited to Coach George Ilg's home where Mrs. Ilg and Mrs. Gene Egan were co-hostesses to the boys

HUMOR



NOONAN
Asiatic 5th's Queen

One when I was small
I never did at all,
But now I find I can
Cause I was born a man.
—Maurice Wallace

“What two kinds of wood make a match?”

“I give up.”

“He would and she would.”

Visitor (at asylum): “Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?”

Attendant: “Sure. The people here aren't as crazy as that.”

Mary: I think Dick must have a lot of untidy officers in his battalion.

Caroline: What makes you think so?

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

“Have some peanuts?”

“Thanks.”

“Want to neck?”

“No.”

“Give me back my peanuts.”

(Continued from Page 19)
self to sleep the night he turned in a 3.8 paper in Navigation.

Last but not least, even if he is my roommate, A. O. Laminack, alias “Short Horn”, hasn't yet heard the latest story about Texans in California. Of course it is needless to say anything about myself except that while in the infant stage I was dropped on my head—on purpose.

by B. L. (Duke) Black

Mustang Roundup, February, 1944

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