

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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NEWS

MARCH
1944

Vol. 2, No. 7
25 Cents



Mustang ROUNDUP

Published Monthly for
Cadets of the
NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY
SCHOOL
and students of the
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE,
San Luis Obispo, California
by the Publications Department
of the college at no expense to the
State or Federal Government

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

When the 13th first made entree to "Ye Olde Chow Hall," the remarks were in general favorable as regards the food, but as time passed growls were given instead of compliments. No, the food hadn't changed, the quality nor quantity either. Instead we are growing accustomed to the chow and simply because the administration didn't profer the variety of Antoine's in New Orleans or Vanucci's in San Francisco we grew bored and tired of the routine stuff.

I have never ran across men who were altogether pleased with the food they were receiving and especially in the Navy. If we stop and consider the circumstances I don't believe we'd growl nearly so much. The administration here is on a point system and consequently has a hard time procuring food. And even though this an agricultural district it is not a marketing area, thus most food comes from Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Where else in this man's Navy do we find side dishes like little Mary and all her co-workers doing everything to make a cadet's life a happy one? Reconsider cadets, and you'll find it's not bad after all.—J.F.M.

EDITOR'S LOG

SOMETHING NEW

By the time this issue of MUSTANG ROUNDUP is ready for circulation, some cadet, officer or enlisted man will probably be "ten bucks" richer and the Cal Poly NFPS will have a name for its new weekly paper. The new paper will in no sense compete with MUSTANG ROUNDUP but will provide the cadets with up-to-date news and official information . . . something which is difficult to handle in a monthly.

The advent of the new publication, financed from the cadet welfare fund for free circulation to cadets, will give MUSTANG ROUNDUP a chance to devote more space to literary and artistic contributions of cadets. While the new weekly will devote much space to coming events and spot news happenings as well as sports, the monthly magazine will remain a pictorial review, with monthly coverage in retrospect.

Lt. Harry Bonath, public relations officer, will guide the destiny of the new paper. Good Luck!



EDITOR McGEEHAN
... hard at work

CAL POLY MYSTERY

What has become of "Sad Sack?" Scuttlebutt has many answers. The wise say the sorrowful, little son of cross-bred K-9 went with the 12th Batt. to W.T.S. because he had all the gouges. Other authorities will argue that he chased the cows once too often. A sound solution is that Lt. (j.g.) Hoba Hoba Polhemus threatened him with two weeks of tumbling and he took to the hills and has never been seen or heard of since.

THAT'S RIGHT—4.0

"C. B." Brakke, a 13th battalion struggler, has gained fame for his straight forwardness with all of his instructors. When quizzed in classes, our hero, every inch a gentleman, rises to his feet, sounds off in true cadet fashion, and then says, "Ya got me chum."

ANY MINUTE MAN

The next time Lt. Richards wants to start one of those VOLUNTARY (?) bond drives, Kenneth A. Call, Pl. 2, Battalion 1-A adjutant, from Butte, Montana, wants to be his helper. He can strike up an appropriate pose at will and if necessary, Call says, he'll oblige Lt. Richards by putting the gun at the prospective customer's back.



MINUTE MAN
Lt. Richard's helper

Mustang ROUNDUP

ON BOARD

CADETS CITED

Two cadets from Battalion 1-A and one cadet from Battalion 2-A were scheduled to be honored at the graduation exercises of Battalion 13, according to word received from Lt. R. B. McPhail, officer-in-charge.

Cadet Jonas Metzler, Pl. 1, Batt. 1-A, formerly Chief Yeoman (A.A.), was to receive a Presidential Unit Citation for participating as a member of the crew of the Enterprise in eight major engagements from Feb. 1, 1943, to Nov. 15, 1943, during which the Enterprise independently sunk or damaged 35 Japanese vessels and destroyed a total of 185 Japanese aircraft.

Cadet William J. Cooper, Pl. 3, Batt. 2-A, formerly Av. Radioman 2/c, was to receive a commendation from his former squadron commander for skillful and effective service

as a gunner on a patrol bomber which was attacked by 14 enemy planes on September 28, 1943. Cooper, the commendation states, "distinguished himself by accurate gunnery and ability to anticipate enemy action . . . shares credit for two enemy planes and causing enemy to break off its attack."

For reasons of security, the deed for which the third man received a confidential commendation can not now be disclosed. It can be stated, however, that Cadet Russell Snyder, Pl. 5, Batt. 1-A, formerly Arm. 2/c (C.A.), was included in a commendation addressed to his air group for meritorious air action in a comparatively recent and successful engagement.

CREAM OF CROP

The word which Lt. McPhail, officer-in-charge, brought back from Kansas City wasn't designed to leave cadets at this NFPS with a

carefree attitude. The essence of his message to cadets, upon his return, was "Naval aviation is not seeking quantity but quality. The navy has all the flyers it needs. The losses haven't been as high as expected. Replacements are all that are needed now."

BIG "E" SKIPPER

When Admiral Hardison visited the Naval Flight Preparatory school at California Polytechnic, he talked with a number of cadets who had served under him when he was skipper of the aircraft carrier Enterprise. Among the former Enterprise men were two 12th Batt. men: E. L. Drake, aerial gunner who served on the Enterprise from July, '42, to October, '43, and who was in five major battles on that ship, and D. Bevier, Jr., aviation radioman, who saw three major battles on the Enterprise and was on the Hornet when it was sunk. In the photo below Drake is on the left and Bevier on the right of Admiral Hardison.



REAR ADMIRAL HARDISON VISITS CAL-POLY NFPS

Greets Lt. McPhail renews acquaintance with cadets who served under him

QUEEN CONTEST

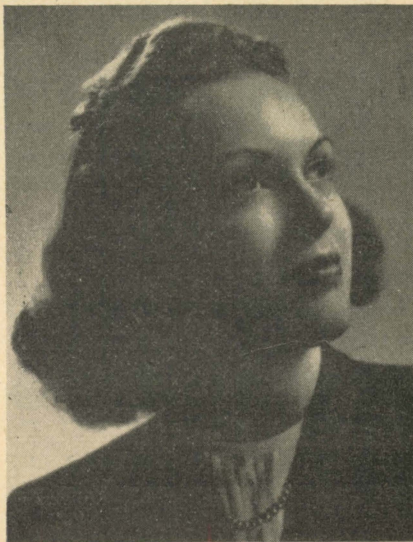
BEAUTY & BRAINS

Beauty and brains is the combination which the 13th Battalion sought for its Battalion Queen. The judges found that combination in Miss Jane Eilertsen, beautiful Seattle, Washington, girl, who is a graduate of the University of Washington and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic fraternity. Miss Eilertsen, entered by Cadet R. W. Rippey, Batt. 13, Pl. 9, works in the ticket office of the United Airlines Seattle office. Rippey became acquainted with her in a "lengthy" business transaction involving the purchase of a ticket from Seattle to Chicago.

Picking the winner for Battalion 13's contest, was, according to Lt. Harry Bonath, more difficult than in any previous contest. A total of five judges were brought in to assist and the final choice was the result of "secret" balloting after a previous vote found each of the five judges voting for one of the girls whose photos are reproduced on this page. Other judges were: Lt. Richards, Ensign Angevine, Mr. Kennedy and Seaman Fadde.

The four runners-up were: Miss Marjorie Moran, La Fesia, Texas, entered by Jacque Elliott, Ila Sohlberg, Santa Monica, entered by Allan Tickle; Margaret Ana Smith, Westminster, Md., entered by Dilbert Gremlin; Carol Reid, Chicago, entered by Miles MacDonald.

Other entries in the contest were: Norma Hapson, Hollywood, by J. G. Hawleman; Jane Thompson, Kansas City, Mo., by A. J. Leavitt; Ruth Lock, Cleveland, by Edwin P. Fischer; Elaine Carroll, Wallaston, Mass., by Maurice D. Carroll; Rose Marie Warren, Dallas, Texas, by D. H. Fannon; Pat McNamara, Auckland, New Zealand, by William H. Bittner; Marian Sund, La Jolla, Calif.,



JANE EILERTSON
Queen from Seattle

by Lester O. Keigley; Marian Lorden, Boston, Mass., by R. Tonry; Bernice Buckland, Great Falls, Montana, by W. A. Middleton; Beverly Lindbloom, Chicago, by William Winn; Marianna Staton, New York, by William W. Lake; Irene J. Sulik, Stratford, Conn., by John Sanko.

Doris Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla., by Frank L. Allen; Vera Miller, Wilmington, Calif., by L. D. Olsen; Mary Sobol, Bayonne, New Jersey, by C. M. Seloby; Beryl Ancker, Los Angeles, by Hoyle C. Pennington; Thelma Smith, So. Braintree, Mass., by Maurice D. Carroll; Muriel Hufft, Oakland, by Mellin N. Havenstein; Mary Lee Morrison, Miami, by Edison Navamo; Mary Ellen Spicer, Portland, Ore., by F. M. Wildman;

Madeline Harris, Alhambra, Calif., by R. P. Nielsen.

Edith Ann Valbracht, Carrollton, Mo., by Richard S. Winn; Catharine Touloupos, Burlington, No. Carolina, man, Milwaukee, entered by G. M. by C| N. Pappas; Bernice Genner-Kania; Irene Baugh, Denison, Texas, by George Lark; Kittie Jo Kelly, Los Angeles, by P. R. Heim; Dottie Ritterback, Weehawken, New Jersey, by J. B. Duquene; Esta Tompores, Des Moines, Iowa, by La Verne L. Cheely; Barbara Davies, Hamilton, Ontario, by J. P. Murphy; Bernie Lou Thornton, Seattle, by Donald E. Lapham; Bonnie Jensen, Chicago, by W. L. Ellis, and Edith Hamann, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota, by W. R. Sloan.

FUTURE TENSE

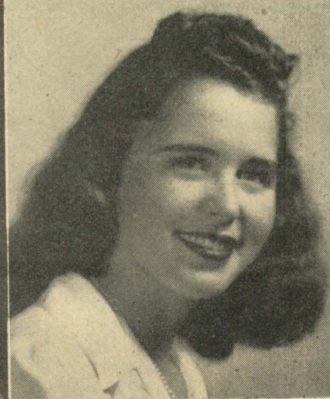
(Editor's Note: In all previous issues of the Mustang Roundup the write-up of the graduating battalion's dance has been in the past tense, which we know, of course, violated the cannons of good journalism, when you consider that the magazine usually came out the morning of the day the dance was held. With all previous battalions, the editor stuck out his journalistic neck knowing that the dance would probably come off precisely as reported. However, the Thirteenth Battalion is definitely DIFFERENT. The battalion has had hard luck ever since it was named the 13th—and although WE (editorial "we") are not superstitious, there is no use inviting trouble. Therefore, we resort to the age-old phrase—"as this goes to press," etc., etc.)



MARJORIE MORAN
La Fesia, Texas



ILA SOHLBERG
Santa Monica



MARGARET SMITH
Westminster, Md.



CAROL REID
Chicago, Ill.

13th DANCE



A HARD CONTEST TO JUDGE

... it took a secret ballot to satisfy the five judges

As this goes to press the Thirteenth Battalion's St. Patrick day graduation dance is **PROBABLY** going to be held. As this goes to press the latest scuttlebutt indicates that the place will **PROBABLY** be about two and a half miles south of town on the Edna road, in a picturesque setting surrounded by atmosphere.

All this probability is the direct result of the untiring and unstinting work of two demon organizers, Cadets C. F. Richter and L. B. Britt. Where previous battalion's had the comparatively easy job of arranging for the use of the commodious Santa Rosa street U.S.O. on Monday night (a time when few Dogfaces would feel hurt to have the Cadets use that hall), the Thirteenth had to have their dance on Saturday night when every available dance hall in the buzzing metropolis of San Lewey is jumping. But due to the efforts of Richter and Britt in arranging to have 75 beautiful damsels from the Desert Battalion Incorporated of Hollywood as blind dates for some of the lads, complications arose. But all the complications in the world couldn't dampen the enthusiasm of the 13th.

The dance committee, chairmaned by Dick Madden, worked hard and had most of the difficulties overcome—as this goes to press. Exceptionally fine St. Patrick's day decorations were constructed by Phil Car-

doza and Bill Boden and the committee which worked under them.

As this goes to press it is **DEFINITE** that Billy McDonald and his Royal Highlanders will supply the music. The committee also guarantees that ice cream and cake will be served during the intermission.

A feature of the dance is scheduled to be the coronation of the Battalion Queen, Miss Jane Eilertsen. "King" Bob Rippey will be her escort and Regimental Commander Ned McGettigan will place the crown on her head and present her with a gift from the battalion.



MILLY McDONALD
His Highlanders to fling

The dance will begin at 2000 and will last till 2400. Scuttlebutt says those who attend will be granted an "extended" liberty.

The committee which engineered the affair includes among those already mentioned: Jim Leavitt, Bill Boden, Jim Reed and Jack Brickell.

INSULT TO SLO?

What would the San Lewey Chamber of Commerce say if it knew that the Desert Battalion girls were organized by Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and co-workers to provide feminine allure and build morale for service men stuck off in God-forsaken holes like the Great American Desert? Would the local Chamber interpret the arrival of the bevy of comely damsels as a direct reflection and stigma to the fair name of Saint Luis the Bishop? No matter what the answer, the girls are to arrive, thanks to the efforts of Cadets C. F. Richter and L. B. Britt.

Richter and Britt felt that lack of eligible girls in San Luis caused many cadets in previous battalions to stay away from their own dance. The only answer, they agreed, was to import girls, and in such quantities as to provide dates for all who wanted them. These two potential Hollywood promoters immediately started burning up the long-distance wires—result a green light for 75 Desert Battalion girls.

The girls are to be brought in two buses, lodged at the best hotels in town, and wined (?), dined and danced at the cadets' expense.

ON BOARD

GIMME LIBERTY

By John F. McGeehan

Gimme death brother, I'll have no more of this cadet liberty. Pat Henry would cringe and turn in his grave could he glimpse at what's classified LIBERTY at Cal Poly. To think a great American offered himself up to martyrdom so his fellow men could walk the streets of life happy and carefree; and after they tuck him six feet under he's stabbed in the back by an N.A.P.T.C. memo. It's absolutely demoralizing.

Here's a typical Saturday nite for a kadoodelr in San Lewey: You borrow a saw buck from your roomy, double time it to Saratoga, grab a cab and you're on your way to town. Upon your arrival you join the milling crowd of doggies and walk the streets with a bewildered expression on your face. You decide there's no percentage in walking about in a square search so you see what the cinema has to offer. . . . Hoot Gibson in "THE SMOKING BARREL," is playing at the Elmo, but you decide that's too rich for the

blood. You continue up street to see what gives at the Fremont. A pretty good show alreet, however, liberty expires before seats are available. Aw, the hell with it, I didn't want to see a show anyway. Walking away from the ticket box you run onto a fellow cadet that sez there's a honey of a dance at the Labor Temple, just oodles of women, so naturally it's the Labor Temple. Upon entering you're immediately clipped a buck, but you say to yourself "That ain't so bad," because you think there's tomatoes inside (Brother you've never been fooled until you search for cuties at the Labor Temple).

Once inside you maneuver your way to the dance floor thru one or three hundred doggies and you begin to think that possibly it's a stag dance not seeing any of the fairer sex about. Once getting a bird's-eye view of the dance floor you see 15 or 20 ghastly looking specimens jitterbugging around the floor. You gaze at the unusual spectacle for a while and at times you think you

can muster enough courage to ask one of the goonie birds to dance, but you never get around to it. You glance at your watch and see there's but fifteen minutes remaining of your liberty. Mad thoughts run thru your mind. . . . Advisory Board, Twenty & Four, San Diego, etc. You make a mad dash for your coat, make quick exit, hail a cab and it's back to the asylum for another week. This of course is one of the better liberties in San Lewey.

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

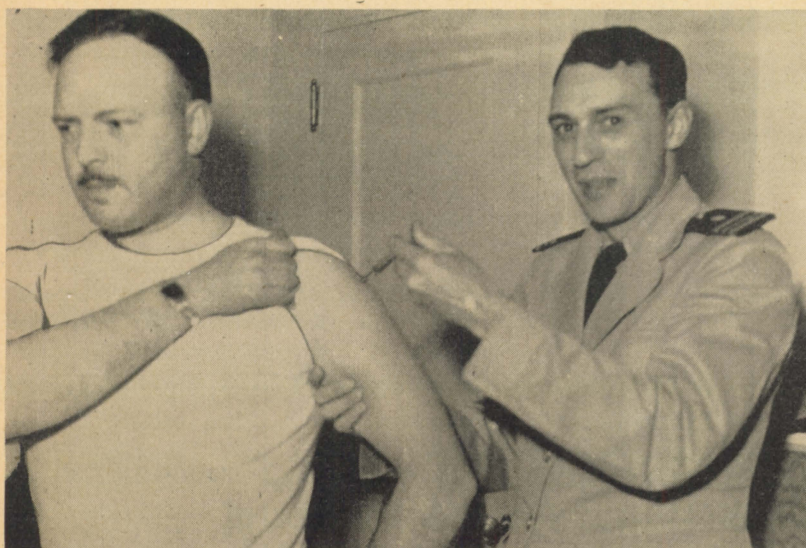
Girls when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim—
They dress more like her cupboard.



TWELFTH BATTALION'S HOP

Top—Roba, Hoba Polehums . . . Congo line . . . King Buckingham and Queen Paxton
Bottom—Who's the Doggie? . . . Queen cuts the cake . . .

ON BOARD



*EVEN THE OFFICERS GET IT
Lt. Bonath pales as Dr. Samuels poses*



*DR. TAGETT
... from duty on Midway*

SICK BAY'S "REP."

By Jack Carruth

Just a word of warning to the un-initiated, sick, lame and lazy: Steer clear of that "oh so charming building" known as the U.S.S. Relief. You enter the door and are met by a fiendish pharmacist mate with a large grin and a larger hypo needle. Believe me, brother, when you leave that building you'll be in more dire need of relief than you were upon entering.

Confirmation of this statement was given the entire first batt. (44) recently when Dr. Samuels had us excused from P.T. so we would have time to recuperate.

Therefore fellow sufferers, the next time you see a pharmacist mate pass you with a big grin on his face just tap him gently between the eyes with a sledge hammer and go on your merry way.

SICK BAY'S STAFF

(Editor's Notes In defense of the U.S.S. Relief and its crew, which perhaps could defend itself better, we wish to state that the above written article is the opinion of "one" cadet. A more general opinion was expressed by one cadet like this: "these inoculations are enough to scare the hell out of anyone, but the doctors and staff at sick bay are at least sympathetic when they jab you.")

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

Head man at sick bay is Lt. Comdr. F. W. Samuels, who has been medical officer here ever since the first contingent of cadets arrived back in Jan. 1943. A native of Reno, Nevada, Dr. Samuels studied medicine at Cornell University and then returned to practice in Reno. He had a private practice there for 11 years before joining the navy in September, 1942.

Dr. Harry A. Tagett, Lt. MC-V(S) USNR, arrived at Cal Poly Feb. 21. He returned to the States just before Christmas having served as medical officer with the C.B.'s overseas since August 8, 1942, mainly at Midway Island. He went on active duty with the Navy in April 1942. He took undergraduate work at Ohio State University and is a graduate of the University of Rochester, N.Y.

Dr. John M. Rogers, Lt., DC-V(S) USNR, arrived at Poly on Jan. 19, being transferred here from the Na-

val Training station at San Diego where he had been on active duty since Feb. 24, 1943. He is a graduate of Baylor University of Dentistry in Texas in 1929. His practice was in Dallas, Texas.

Assisting the doctors are the following enlisted men on the staff: Donald Mar Harshbarger, PhM1c, USN (Medical Field Technician); Ralph V. Henrickson, PhM2c V-6 (USNR (Aviation Medicine Technician); Elliot Phillip Markowsky, PhM2c V-6 USNR (Dental Technician, general); Ernest Wayne Burke, HA2c V-6, USNR (general duty); and James C. Chimerakis, HA2c V-6, USNR (general duty).

CADETS OF THE NAVY

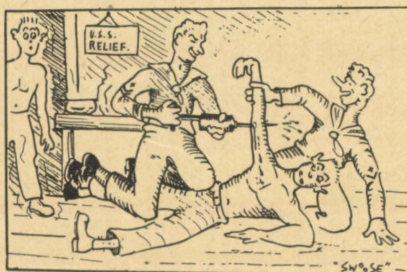
By R. L. Read
Batt. 13, Pl. 7

We're cadets of the Navy.
Brave and strong we'll be,
When we wind up our training
To fight for Victory.

While in school preparing,
The men before us fly,
Keeping the U.S. pilots,
The best that's in the sky.

Pilots of every service,
Are brothers in the air,
They've kept our flag a waving,
And we aim to keep it there.

We're cadets of the Navy.
Flyers we will be,
We aim to win this Battle,
And our aim means Victory.



"Ease up, Mac. It's coming clean thru"

PERSONALITIES

"P" FOR PATRICK

Regimental Commander Ned P. McGettigan had his heart set on becoming a naval flyer for a long time, however, the Navy was in dire need of Engineers as well as pilots when he graduated from Stanford's Engineering School in 1940. Ned was commissioned as Ensign E-V(S) and was ordered to duty at Mare Island Navy Yard and from there was transferred to Pearl Harbor Submarine Base.

Not satisfied to leave well enough alone (like a madman), he applied for cadet aviation training and his application was accepted.

The Regiment is proud of their commander and he has the respect of all his fellow cadets. To sum Ned up in a few words—He's a gentleman and a scholar and it's a cinch he'll go a long way.



NED McGETTIGAN
... once an Ensign

aboard the U.S.S. Curtiss. Selly held Fred to a hard fought draw. Don't get ruff with this boy.

KNOWS ANSWERS

Cadet Gil Kania, Hales Corners, Wis., has been awarded the Distinguished Service and Purple Heart Medals. Gil, served aboard the U.S.S. Ranger and was later transferred to the U.S.S. Independence. There's not much that this cadet doesn't know about carriers.

MUSCLE MAN

Richard F. Tonry, muscle man of the 13th (not behind the ears) is the only man that can make Lt. (j.g.) Thomas, wrestling instructor, holler "pappa." Dick held the New England Interscholastic Wrestling Championship while attending high school in Boston, Mass.

Tonry hails from a flying family, his elder brother is the executive officer at the Naval Air Station, New Orleans, and his younger brother is a cadet at W.T.S. school.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

Ens. Werner, while checking on cadets in Buffalo Hall during study period, found Cadet Dave Green writing letters instead of hitting the books. "Cadet, why aren't you studying?" "I've completed all of my studies for the evening, sir." "Are you a 4.0 student?" "No, sir, I have a 3.9 average." "Not good enough, cadet, FIVE AND ONE."

Handsome: "Can you read my mind?"

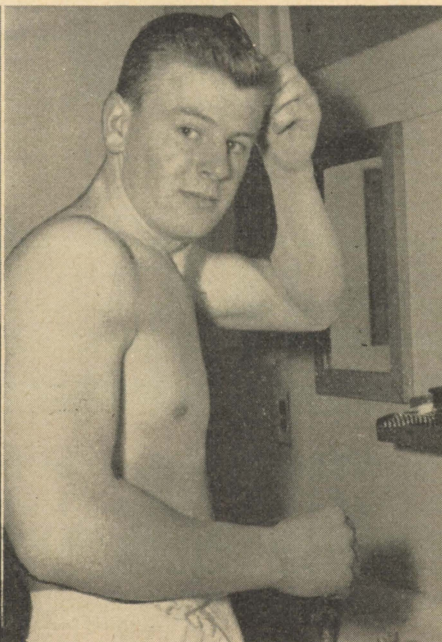
Beautiful: "Yes."

Handsome: "Go ahead."

Beautiful: "No, you go ahead."



"KID SMOKEY"
... draw with Apostoli



GIL KANIA
... Purple Heart

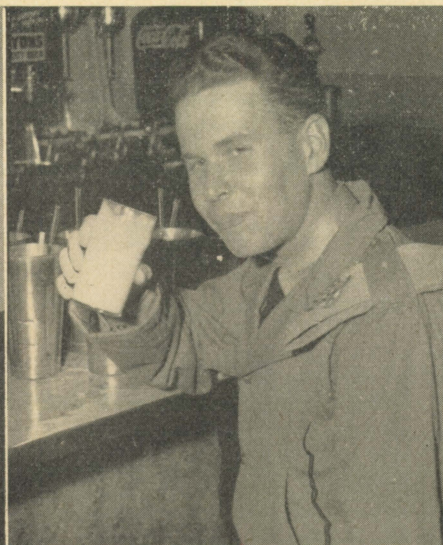


DICK TONRY
... threw Lt. Thomas

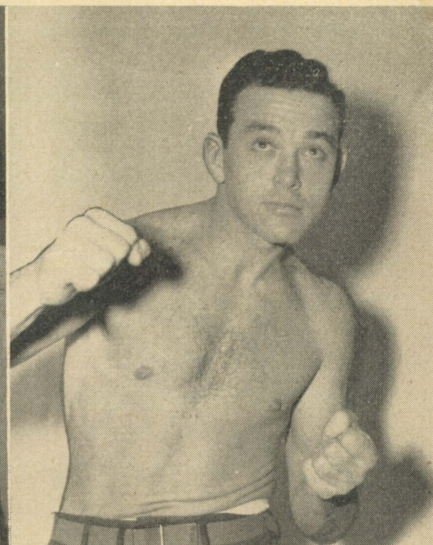
PERSONALITIES



PHIL CARDOZA
... art's his middle name



"DOC" STOUT
... a gallon and five shakes



LEO CENTER
... Louis's successor?

COVER ARTIST

This issue's cover was drawn by cadet Phil Cardoza, Campbell, Calif. Art work is nothing new to Phil, he completed the commercial art course at San Jose State College and worked professionally for the Deck Art Studio, San Francisco, Calif.

Upon enlisting in the Navy, Phil's talent was soon discovered. His work and ideas sold many bonds and much insurance throughout the Twelfth Naval District.

●

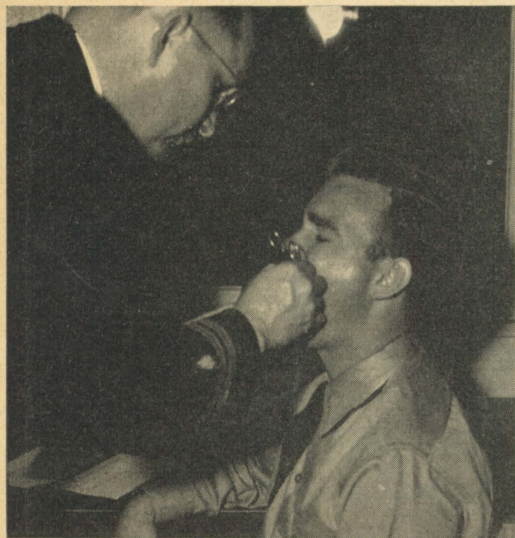
If gents could read
What little girls thought,
There'd be more dating
Than there ought.

STOUT NOT STOUT

F. M. "Doc." Stout, distantly related to Lt. Comdr. Samuels, was five pounds underweight on arrival at NFPS. Due to rugged (he says) duty with Seabees which caused him to be underweight, the navy gave him special permission to TRY and gain it back. He had a one week deadline to meet. Dr. Samuels "prescribed" Cal Poly milk shakes taken at frequent intervals. Excused from P.T. for the week, Stout ran up a terrific bill at the Ships Store. His record was a gallon of milk and five milk shakes in one day. He gained the weight.

LOOK OUT JOE

Leo Center, Batt. 1-A, has quite a pugilistic reputation. With two Madison Square Garden "golden glove" amateur bouts under his belt, Leo has won 23, K.O. 21, lost but two out of 46 amateur bouts. He turned Pro at Savannah, won six, K.O., seven and lost two—and was picked by "Ring Magazine" as best light-heavyweight prospect in the country. While in Navy Camp at Norfolk, Center trained with Fred Apostoli, who in a world-wide syndicated story, suggested Leo as possible post-war successor to Joe Louis.



DR. EGGERS and PATIENT
... dental office still in boxes



CORPSMAN INSPECTS PATIENTS
... they walked in ... but will they walk out?

GOLD BRAID

TRIALS OF A BATT. OFFICER

Ensign Del Fishback, battalion officer of the Thirteenth, is to be commended for a job well done. Ensign Fishback arrived here from Del Monte Pre-Flight School when the 13th was just beginning their up-hill struggle. Whipping two-hundred and fifty cadets fresh from the fleet into this sort of life is a man-sized job in any language, nevertheless, once getting hold of the reins he had the cadets well in hand.

A batt officer leads a Mr. Anthony type of life. The following are a few of the routine complaints:

"Sir, I've got a watch coming up this week-end and my girl is coming to see me from Seattle. I haven't seen her for two years and besides I've been restricted for the past two week-ends."

"Sir, when will the checks be in? I haven't been paid for three months."

"Cadet McPhutt Sir, I'd like to get a 48. My aunt lives in Los Angeles and I haven't seen her for 5 years. . . Oh yes, I have a girl in L.A. too."

"Mr. Fishback, that bag I bought in ship service is worn out, do ya



ENSIGN FISHBACK
... a "good guy"

think our batt will ever get those brown bags?"

"Why did you leave the grounds against restriction, cadet?" "The food hadn't been agreeing with me so I went out to Matties to get something to eat."

Ensign Fishback had the following to say about the Thirteenth: "I

believe the 13th Battalion had a good ear to the ground to get advance scuttlebutt from the 12th Battalion, the first all service Battalion; consequently the men of the 13th didn't go astray as often, knew the correct answers, and correct procedure to keep out of difficulties.

The 13th, nevertheless, had it's share of adversities, but they have been a well-mannered and a hard working bunch of men."

Thank you Ensign Fishback, we the men of the 13th think you're a pretty good guy too.

NEW CHAPLAIN

The new chaplain aboard is Lt. (jg) Frederick W. Marsh. Chaplain Marsh arrived aboard February 24th, coming here from Farraguet Naval Hospital.

The chaplain was graduated from Oklahoma City University, Southern Methodist University and completed the naval chaplain's course at the College of Williams & Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

He is well pleased with his duties here at Cal Poly and he entertains the hope of remaining here long enough to enjoy some of the Chamber of Commerce weather.

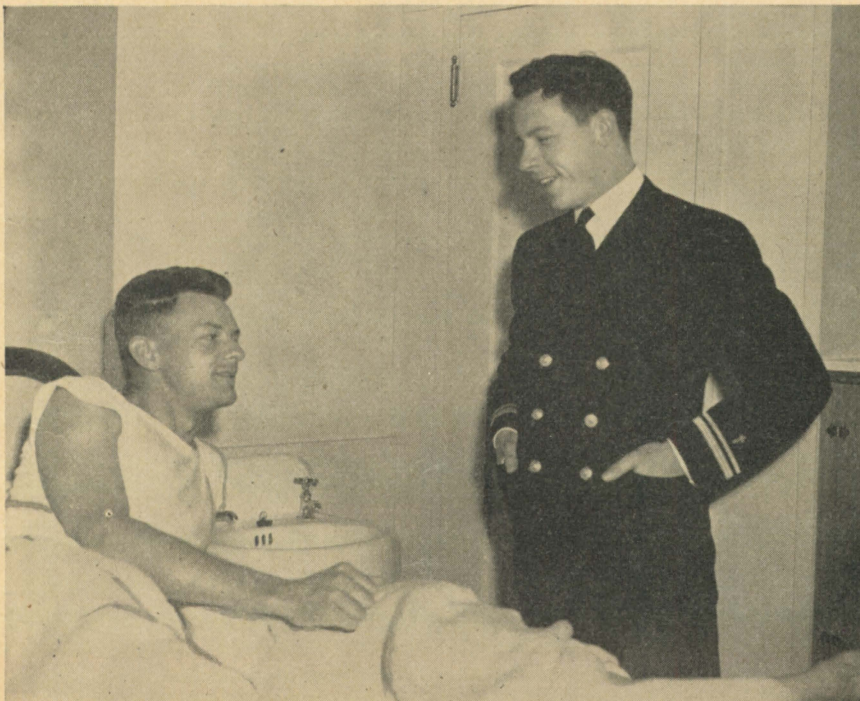
Any cadet with the blues to sing is welcome to his office at 111 Langlye. Kleenex will be available, a waterproof bulkhead is being installed and everything is being done to make a good cry comfortable.

GETS FIRST VISIT

First man to be visited by Chaplain Marsh was Cadet Harold Berggreen, Batt. 1-A, Pl. 6, who was laid up in Sick Bay with an infected leg. Berggreen, a native Californian from Napa Valley, flew with NATS to Pearl Harbor from Noumea, New Caledonia, where he had been attached to the Flag on shore duty for 14 months. From Pearl he returned State side by cruiser.

* * *

Mary had a little skirt.
She stood against the light,
Who gives a damn for Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight?



CHAPLAIN MARSH MAKES ROUNDS
... his office equipped with watertight compartment for crying

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

INSTRUCTORS

NAVY-GATOR

"Just a dry-land navigator" is the way tall, lanky Vernon Meacham describes his experiences in the subject which he teaches at NFPS. Another example of versatility among teachers, Instructor Meacham dropped his executive and teaching duties as head of the Voorhis unit of the California Polytechnic college at San Dimas (Los Angeles county), and began teaching navigation at Cal Poly way back in the days when the NFPS first began.

Recently the Meacham family ac-



VERNON MEACHAM
"Dry-land" Navigator

quired its sixth ration book with the arrival of a baby boy, bringing the off-spring total to one girl and three boys.

Instructor Meacham received his B.S. degree from the University of California in 1924 and taught as a vocational agricultural instructor at Gilroy high school and Manteca high school before becoming a member of the faculty at Cal Poly in 1929. Between 1929 and 1938 his teaching duties were divided between the Dairy and Physical Education departments. When Cal Poly's citriculture and horticulture branch was established at the Voorhis school in San Dimas in 1938, Meacham was transferred here and remained at that branch until he began teaching in the Navy program here in July, 1943.

At the Voorhis unit, Meacham's duties included administration of that branch, teaching such subjects such as mathematics, political science, physical education and coach-

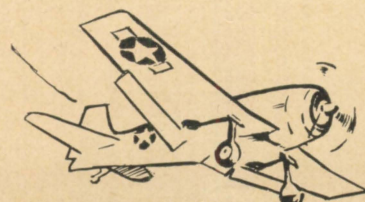
Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

KNOW YOUR NAVY PLANES

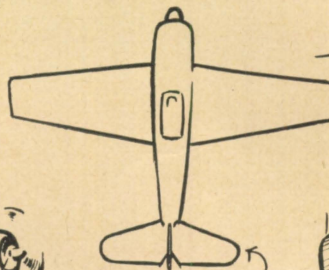
by LIEUT. HARRY BONATH, USNR

No. 1 The GRUMMAN F6F HELLCAT

"A NEW WORD FOR SPEED, RANGE, CLIMB, AND MANEUVERABILITY!"

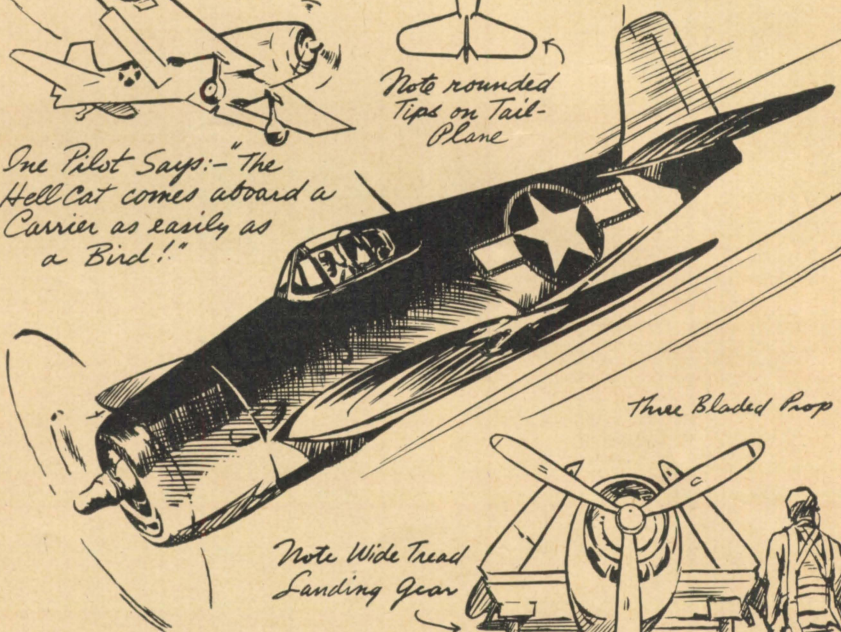


The Pilot Says:—"The Hell Cat comes aboard a Carrier as easily as a Bird!"



Note Low Mid-wing
—Straight Panel
inboard and
Sharp Dihedral
Break

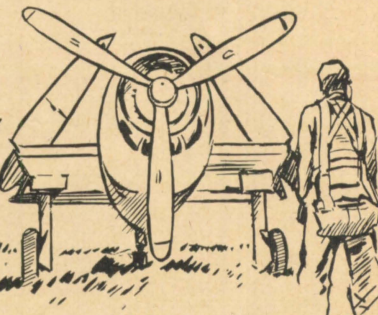
Note rounded
Tips on Tail-
Plane



Three Bladed Prop

Note Wide Thread
Landing Gear

Folding Wings to Permit
Compact Storage



NEW INSTRUCTORS

Three new instructors were added to the NFPS teaching staff last month:

Justine K. Dyche, brought here to teach physics is now teaching communications. Dyche received his B.A. degree at College of Pacific in 1919 and has been teaching math and science at Watsonville Union High school for the past 20 years.

Glen H. Strain, teaching navigation, received his B.S. degree at Colorado State A & M. college in 1940. He has taught high school courses

at Albin Wyo., and ground school subjects at the Army WTS at Colorado State in Ft. Collins.

Edward Kirlin, teaching navigation, received his A.B. degree at Creighton in 1940 and his M.A. at the U. of Iowa in 1942. He taught at Dolling college, Des Moines, and ground school at Colorado State WTS. He has almost completed his requirements for a private pilot's license.

He: Smoke?

She: No, thank you.

He: Drink?

She: Nope.

He: Neck?

She: Oh, no.

He: What in hell do you do?

She (cooly): I tell lies.

GRADUATING

BATTALION XIII

Right Wing

Platoon 1 (left to right)

First row: J. D. Wright, J. W. Ross, R. E. Melville, E. J. Malone, R. S. Lone, J. N. McKee, J. C. McJilton, Jr., D. J. Tennyson, E. C. McGettigan, and R. C. Rose.

Second row: J. F. Young, R. M. Bronson, J. R. Hanna, A. E. Johnston, J. J. O'Leary, A. J. Leavitt, K. V. Kludt, and J. B. Dods.

Third row: W. W. Wilson, J. C. Ryan, M. B. Siemion, H. L. Yahn, W. J. Radonich, Jr., D. B. Crouse, G. E. Billings, J. P. McCullough, and B. B. Patterson.

Platoon 3 (left to right)

First row: R. Lunch, A. J. Dariano, B. M. Orrison, R. W. McCulloch, W. L. Ellis, E. Pinney, D. E. Lapham, J. P. Murphy, W. C. Harris.

Second row: H. R. Higgins, G. H. Lark, J. F. Richards, A. G. Parkin, R. E. Heyne, R. D. Pineo, W. E. O'Connor, J. L. Daniels.

Third row: R. M. Powell, L. D. Keighley, G. M. Jensen, J. A. Reed, B. B. Munsey, E. H. Hill, E. D. Osborne, P. R. Francis

Back row: K. A. Fossan, D. E. Nogler.

Platoon 5 (left to right)

First row: M. N. Hauenstein, D. J. Hughes, R. E. Gilberg, G. F. Carney, J. T. Hutchens, W. D. Hawkins, R. L. Canaris, J. B. Duquesnel, P. H. Cardoza.

Second row: E. P. Fisher, J. W. Boden, D. D. Daniels, J. C. East, R. B. Hale, D. E. Cote, E. L. Lawson, F. G. Thompson

Third row: J. N. Larson, I. N. Fannon, M. J. Callewaert, J. K. Elliott, J. W. Blevins, F. M. Wildman, and R. C. Lamont.

Back row: L. L. Cheely, and G. H. Conbol.

Platoon 7 (left to right)

First row: K. G. Walling, J. M. Browl, R. P. Timoney, K. D. Easton, G. M. Daniel, J. C. Johnson, C. R. Q. Bennett, R. R. Brown, and C. L. Pollard.

Second row: S. J. O'Connor, G. P. Fin-A. V. Bartz, A. W. Schulte, G. R. Wather, L. J. Sullivan, E. C. Haber, and S. A. Grover.

Third row: W. C. Brog, N. A. Janousky, J. E. Pearson, L. A. Beyer, E. E. Carson, H. C. Blanton, R. L. Reed, and C. E. Walter.

Platoon 9 (left to right):

First row: W. G. Rennar, N. R. Lowe, F. A. Dandrea, W. Weisberg, R. W. Rippey, R. Krinsky, C. G. McNeal, H. S. Depee, and J. B. Gilberg.

Second row: J. H. Brickell, R. J. Madden, D. C. P. Grantvedt, O. E. DeGraffenreid, C. Eavenson, Jr., H. B. Slettahaugh, R. E. Hughes, and R. R. Reinhart.

Third row: A. B. Wolpack, R. E. Nissen, P. R. Heim, L. C. Campbell, G. Abraham, and W. J. Gunther.

BAT 13 PLATOON 1

BAT 13 PLATOON 3

BAT 13 PLATOON 5

BAT 13 PLATOON 7

BATTALION

Platoon 2 (left to right)

First row: J. G. Hauteman, J. P. Rooker, L. D. Bedford, V. L. Goodlaxon, R. W. Atkinson, J. W. Singleton, E. S. Smith, M. W. Davis, N. P. De Marino.

Second row: R. J. Burson, R. D. Brown, A. R. Salvador, W. J. Hunter, J. E. Williams, C. G. Scanlon, J. M. Welch, and W. W. Hunter.

Third row: R. B. Telfer, J. H. Coyle, R. L. Van Buren, G. F. Van Dusen, S. W. Chellegren, L. L. Ricks, J. K. Hall, and S. G. Zinicola.

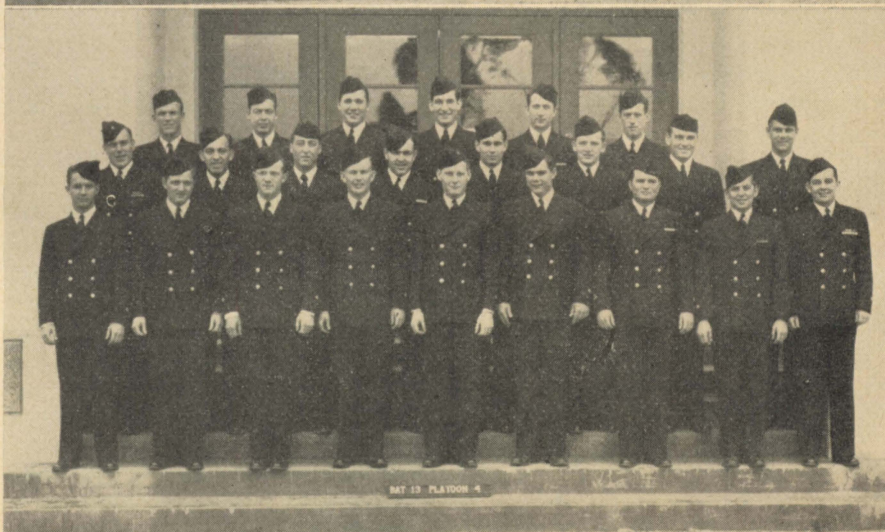


Platoon 4 (left to right)

First row: P. H. McConihay, K. J. Best, D. F. Clark, L. I. Olson, L. L. Lindenmayer, J. D. McClure, L. F. Brodnansky, R. P. Nielson, and F. L. Allen.

Second row: L. M. Metz, C. N. Pappas, H. W. Leaming, R. W. Mitchell, E. H. Boerner, W. H. Bittner, W. J. Bowden, and R. T. Conley.

Third row: H. C. Pennington, L. B. Britt, J. H. Bechtold, C. F. Richter, L. R. Bauer, and W. C. Pride.

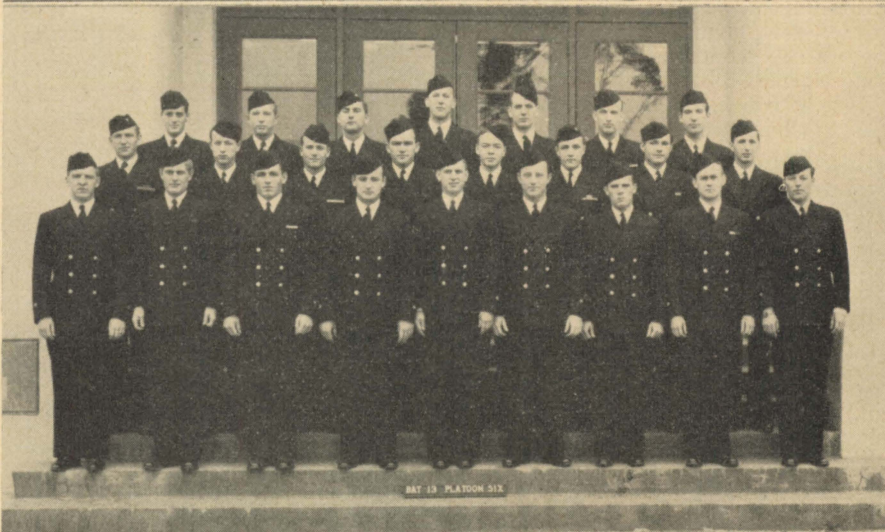


Platoon 6 (left to right)

First row: T. L. Sloan, D. L. Ashton, R. F. Tonry, G. E. Tokar, M. K. Akers, M. O. Sheeley, J. Kantor, R. S. Winn, and R. H. Marsh.

Second row: C. T. Serr, R. W. Lund, J. A. Madere, R. C. Savell, H. Horton, A. D. Slaght, H. C. Stringham, and F. L. Barcott.

Third row: C. R. Stevens, W. B. Jett, P. J. Lucas, S. H. Tucker, L. R. Zabel, F. D. Hardacre, and J. A. Wilbur.



Platoon 8 (left to right)

First row: M. D. Carroll, J. Savko, W. L. Winn, G. W. Alexson, P. C. Austin, B. H. Dixon, J. E. Navarro, F. H. Creger, R. R. McCausland.

Second row: C. M. Selobyt, D. G. Blaney, C. P. McCoy, J. F. McGeehan, G. W. Baker, R. G. Brakke, M. R. MacDonald, and R. H. Carlson.

Third row: W. R. Burkhardt, A. G. Tickle, G. M. Kania, D. Green, and W. A. Middleton.



GRADUATING BATTALION

LUCKY (?) THIRTEEN

By John F. McGeehan

The 13th Battalion displayed a great deal of quality coupled with quantity doing their tour of duty through this school.

We will go back a few months and remember a bleak December morn when 250 tired and tried men from the fleet debarked "The Valley Special" from San Francisco.

We were herded into what resembled ranks and marched through the town, over pastures, up mountains and after what seemed like a five-mile jaunt arrived at our destination. We were then given a stimulating talk (at 0300 in the morning) by the officer-in-charge, and then allowed forty-five minutes shut-eye. We were named the 13th, a number apropos to the circumstances, because a few "daze" prior to Christmas is a miserable time to start any type of training. The two other battalions aboard were granted Christmas leave, but not us because we were the unlucky 13th, were we not?

Yes, we had a rough beginning and as far as that goes we've had a rough time of it clear through, however, we gritted our teeth, stuck out chest, and decided to make the best of it. With all considered we feel our mettle has been proved.

As the saying goes "Your luck is bound to change," and we were the



BATTALION THIRTEEN
... marching along in Sunny California

first battalion to be measured for blues. The 12th was the first to wear them, nevertheless, we were the first measured and definitely the first battalion photographed in the new attire. It looked as though mother fortune had finally cast an eye on our battalion, but then one sad day a new set of academic requirements were received at the Training Office and the dice came up snake eyes for our struggling boys. We must pass all finals regardless of average, but to compensate for this they dropped the physics course from the program after we had knocked our brains out for six weeks completing the course. Cadets who had failed

the subject were not exempt and still had to pass a re-examination, however, the other battalions just tossed the lil' blue book in the trash can, where it rightfully belonged.

They say it's tougher as you go along, but this kid is from Missouri and they'll have to show me.

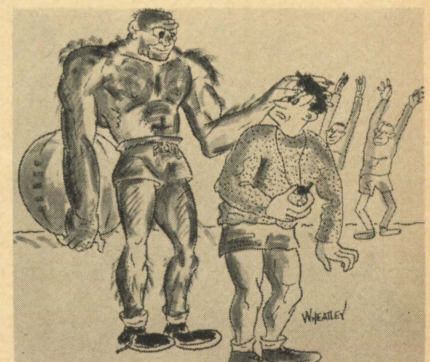
We are told "Nothing comes easy," and we're all men enough to realize the worth of this philosophical remark. We had to exert ourselves to carry us through; and we are constantly exerting ourselves everyday whether we realize it or not, because exertion has become a habit with us and we will retain this habit until they pin those kilded sparrows on our chest.

We have established the basic foundation here at Cal Poly for our future training and it's my guess the men of the 13th will come thru okay.

The best of luck to you all.



REGIMENTAL and BATTALION THIRTEEN OFFICERS
Standing—R. D. Pinco, A. J. Leavitt, W. E. O'Connor
Sitting—P. C. Austin, D. L. Ashton, E. P. McGettigan, D. E. Lapham,
K. V. Kludt, A. D. Slaght



"Say, Mac, do I gotta do this one-two stuff?"

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

BATTALION 1A 44

COURSE PLOTTED

By Paul Holcombe

As Batt. 1-A slowly creeps from hiding and doggedly attempts to stay on the course, sore muscles and over-taxed brains notwithstanding, we settle down under the able guidance of Ensign Werner and head into the home stretch.

"Bug Eyes" Finch is still amazing the Battalion with the weird expressions he can twist his sad face into. Along with the urging of "Muscles" French, he keeps the boys in good humor. The Gifford, Rease Nursery is in fine shape and if there is nothing to the contrary in Cadet Regulations as to the minimum age for female companions, we'll allow the "Cradle Robbers" to continue seeing their 14-year old admirers.

"Boogie Woogie" Thompsen will not be allowed to play piano in church in eight to the bar tempo, so we were told by Mr. Werner.

The "Dirty Indian" Gifford is trying hard to keep Platoon 1 from treading on Mr. Werner's toes—too hard. "Three Star" Wolford and his mob, including "Whistler" Hansen, is endeavoring to keep his charges in tune. Incidentally, he's really doing a swell job.

In spite of all the sleepless nights and overworked days the Batt. is more than holding its own. Whenever it rains in buckets, you'll hear the right wing out marching and screaming, "Delayed Navy Cadence," with Mr. Moore in charge bellowing in his gruff voice, "Sing Out."



LT. McPHAIL PRESENTS CITATIONS
Beybler and Hendricks receive unit citations

SILVER STAR

When Marine Corporal Lloyd Wiggins came aboard with Batt. 1-A, adorning his uniform was the Silver Star medal which he had been awarded for completion of a dangerous mission involving penetration of enemy lines while on Guadalcanal. For reasons of security, the deed for which he received this award can not yet be fully described.

"Wiggy" joined up in Washington, D.C. the day after Pearl Harbor. His home is in Helena, Oklahoma.

UNIT CITATIONS

Warren H. Beybler and Nathan R. Hendricks, both Platoon 9, Batt. 1-A men, were awarded presidential unit citations during the graduation exercises of the 12th Battalion. Full details are withheld for security reasons.

LIKE A ROCK

Joe R. Bishop, platoon leader of Pl. 2, Batt. 1-A, disagrees with the P.T. instructors who say you can't practice swimming out of class. Everytime Joe takes a bath (no remarks, please) he tries to practice the back-stroke combined with the breast-stroke and frog-kick.



LLOYD WIGGINS
Silver Star Medal



JOE BISHOP
... proves his point in tub

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BATTALION 2A 44

SMALL BUT MIGHTY

By A. F. Blain

Yes, fellows this is another one of those G.I. outfits composed of servicemen of the fleet with every thing from privates to Chiefs. Incidentally this is the smallest battalion to enter Ye Old San Luis Obispo. They tell us that it is a great advantage, but who are we to judge that. Time will tell! The majority of us have been eyeing that much talked about "P" with a certain amount of fear in our eyes. These veterans around here can tell some gruesome tales about some of the excursions up and back on the double. But due to rainy weather we have not as yet been able to test our physical abilities. Something which we are rather happy about.

Ah! Yes, But that is not the only thing we have to be thankful for. They must have noticed us coming and figured we could never pass physics so they dropped it from the course. That is really a lucky break for all of us. Gosh, I almost forgot that four hours of liberty we received our very first Saturday in school. Ah, but those four hours really raised the old morale.

Now when we first arrived here we found that there were a few among us that didn't seem to understand the art of bunk making. I wonder if it could have been that they don't have bunks out on the islands. But after getting slips on their bunks every day for a week they soon began to catch on in a hurry.

We have our troubles also, don't think for one minute that it is all rosy. Why, our first week here we nearly washed away. After being here a week they issued us our rain-

coats and since then it has refused to rain. This code is enough to make a man bat his head against the bulkheads. The last thing you hear before going to sleep is some (eager Beaver) practicing di's and da's. The first thing in the morning is some one trying to distinguish "B" from a "D".

Like every other Battalion we have our full quota of characters. Our outstanding character could be started out with our Battalion Commander none other than the Michigan State Golden Gloves Champ of 1941, Cadet Charles J. Pavich. Ex-Sgt. Pavich was also Champ aboard the USS North Carolina.

All of you have seen our Battalion Executive but due to his shyness I am afraid all of us don't know him so well. He is Ex-Chief Yeoman, Cadet Floyd T. Samms. He is a real navy salt, having five years active duty to his credit.

Well, of all things to do, it seems as if we have an ex-paratrooper in our midst, our Battalion Sub Commander, Cadet Dorset B. Trotter. Cadet Trotter is one of those boys that decided he would rather fly in a plane than jump from them. I don't blame him, that is really rugged duty.

I guess of all the men here in Pre-flight, this cadet training goes harder on our beloved "lover", Cadet Jack (Sleepy) Vassar. Sleepy is one of these fellows that amazes everybody with his attraction for women. He helps the boys with their navigation in return he demands help in writing his numerous love letters. Some people are naturally lucky.

Cheer up boys we have stood it this long we can last a while longer.

TEXAS ROPER

Roaming around among the cadets of Batt. 2-A is a true cowboy, ropes and all. If you've noticed someone practicing twirling ropes that's Cadet Paul "Tex" Montague, who hails from a 5000 acre ranch in the Lone Star State. He's done his fancy roping in Dallas and Ft. Worth stock shows and at two World's Fairs.

His brother, a Marine, was killed at Tarawa. Tex, an ex-Marine aviation rear gunner, hopes to settle that score.



PAUL "TEX" MONTAGUE
Relaxes with his hobby of rope twirling

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

FUBAR FIRST

If the assumption were true that "everybody has heard of the first"—this article wouldn't be necessary. But for those few who haven't, those few who are still living in the civilized world, those chosen few who still consider themselves human beings, I dedicate this masterpiece(?)

Eleven weeks ago we came to dear old Cal Poly, a group of fairly average servicemen who at least thought they knew what the score was. Nobody had even a slight idea of what was to come. Take Wilson, for instance. He was a good Marine, (there actually is such a thing) but that was eleven weeks ago — now he thinks he's a P-40. Tsk! Tsk!

Of course there are a few who haven't shown any visible signs of having passed the burble point and gone into a stall—I said there were a few. Take Brain-Trust Billings—it's rumored that he has an original knowledge formula from Tibet—the less he studies, the higher the grades.

4.0 Hanna and Dilbert McJilton also belong in this group. How nice it must be to wonder what happened to cause your grade to drop to a 3.9.

Another strange case is J. Bovee Dods (I'd put in his first name too, but if I did he'd break the other arm.) Thanks to two weeks in tumbling we now hear "hobba, hobba cadets, hobba, hobba" every muster.

The two who should get most of the credit for keeping this platoon on its feet and not its heard are the Ginsberg twins, Young and Johnston. This pair has kept everybody in a light mood, if perhaps a little puzzled. Where either one of them gets the idea that he has any reason to kid the other, only the Prophet knows.

From this platoon several batt. officers were picked and among them were Blue-blood Kludt and Mustang O'Leary. These two have done a good deal of elbow bending since we arrived but only one point has been made clear—DON'T try and make the Motel permanent headquarters.

By D. B. Crouse

Boss: No, I'm afraid you won't do.

Stenog: Yes, I will, to, if that's what it takes to get the job.

SQUALLING SECOND

Sitting around the barracks the other night, who should saunter in but Welch, with another of his "legends." "Here's how it was — I'm beatin' my way down Hollywood Blvd., mindin' my own business when along comes this—this beautiful big blonde creature. You know—one of them things. Well—" and so it goes, night after night.

W. J. Hunter sez: "I'm tellin' ya fellas, I've never done anything like this before. I mean—do you think it'll be alright?"

Then something must be said about the "luscious bodies", Operator Hunter's cousin has been bringing up here from L.A. What fine material.

Hauteman was heard saying, "He can't kid me, I know strawberries grow bigger than that in West Texas."

Van Buren—Ah, yes, so much is there to say about the great Hux that the solution can only be "I don't get it."

Davis comes in after an exam and when the report gets around that he made a 3.6 he says, "Oh, no—that can't be right—everything checked perfect when I turned in my paper."

Chellegren in the shower singing anything from "Carmen" to "Who

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ALYCE JOHNSON

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DAVID GRIFFIS

GRADUATING BATTALION

Slapped Annie on the Fannie."

Ricks gets a phone call about twice a week from Kennedy, Texas—when asked if he was in love, his only reply was, "You fruit."

Singleton's local operating is quite the topic among the boys.

Atkinson, Salvador and Rooker are all in love so anything they may say or do is somewhat excusable, probably.

The entire platoon has built up a reputation for its drilling superiority and all our success is due to the capable handling of the "mob" by Bedford "the Magnificent." Although we have set no scholastic records, the platoon is intact, except for two victims—one rigorous of P.T., other "wine, women & Liberty."

By Effius Claudius

THOISTY THOID

Looking back on a cold December night, who will forget the dreary trudge from the local station to Cal Poly (3 miles), and "Skipper" McPhail's "pep" talk at 3:00 a.m., quote, "It's a great opportunity but you'll never make it."

We were blessed with "Dilbert" Reed as platoon leader. The boy who led us in and out of many situations. Good or bad, he always got us there.

Our intelligence department consisted of "Brains" Murphy. (Always on time), "Tex" Munsey, the crying tumbler (who will undoubtedly major in this sport at Pre-Flight) and "Muscles" Dariano, who has more brains per pound than allowed.

We will never forget "Sparks" Heyne, who was found chewing up his desk in a four-word-a-minute code test. He never could understand how "One Punch" O'Connor got his hair cut. (Editor's Note—NEITHER COULD I!)

"Sinatra" Higgins does a navigation problem in less time than Don Nogler can get from Cal Poly to the local Pub. But Keigley gets the grades. He's our cage star who helped us trounce Battalion Twelve.

B.T.O. (big time operator) Daniels told Harris he won't be able to see out of the cockpit at W.T.S., so he is taking a correspondence course in Blind Flying.

"Phone Booth" Powell, our hero and gift to the Mess Hall Queen's (who varies inversely as the education), claims "Shaky" Orrison will be in a thousand pieces on the completion of the program. "Breakfast" Lunch and "C.B." Lark are the best example of "good" shipmates. Sometimes one consoles the other with a lamp stand. More of a peaceful nature, handsome "Chops" Osborne, the rumba king of the slop chute always gets the wrong seat. Ellis says they don't have P.T. on Munda but we get it here every day. Much to "I'm a Dane" Jensen's distress. Just look at my ankle!

"Frap" Fossan always arrives at the wrong place at the right time. Richards seems to have a swell collection all his own. He's continually flunking with "4.0's".

If "Speed" Parkins takes to planes like he takes to cars. WOW! His shipmate "Front Row" Pineo rates the stars of a Battalion adjutant.

How did "bashful but nice" Elston Hill make it back after some of his liberties? AND what does "Kodiak" Pinney do on his? Hmmm!

Francis has been saving himself for "Imogene", but we're saving him for the end. By R. W. McCulloch

FEARLESS FOURTH

Undoubtedly the most unique platoon in Battalion 13 is the Fearless Fourth.

They've never been known to stand at attention for over two minutes. But, at chow musters, who's always there first naturally it's the daring members of our quiet group of gentlemen.

Not a noisy group of fellows, merely a group of men intent upon getting through this muscle building (?) course. They've never been known to squawk because "Huba Huba" Polhemus said, "Just five more miles men and we can go back." This is merely a sample of the type of men in this platoon of platoons.

We have quite a few personalities (?) in the Fearless Fourth. "Put that man on a tin-can" Conley, being one of the foremost of this sad line of individuals.

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

Next we have Lou (Native Son) Brodnansky who has the honor of being the only man in the history of Cal Poly to out-talk "Burble-Point" Brack.

"Wabblepump" Metz, McConihay (The Sleeper) and Mitchell (The Lover) are the dynamic trio who first invaded the hard to pierce hearts of SLO girls.

"Hair-cut" Bechtold, "Black Label" Best and "Double Header" Leaming are the morale builders of our platoon.

Our handsome platoon leader, Donald "Please Fellows" Clark has finally given up the idea of trying to get a date in S.L.O.

"Frap me again" Pappas, Olson and Lindenmayer were on time for at least two musters during our pleasant visit here.

Bauer, "The Mental Wizard," lost five pounds last week because he only got a 3.8 in Navigation.

McClure and Bittner, "The Bottle Babies" will never sample drinks with funny names again. They couldn't take code for three days—said the dits and dahs all sounded like little gurgles and big gurgles. Seems to me they finally reached their burble-point.

Then we have "Girls don't mean a thing in my young life" Pennington. "More food and less talk" Richter is another outstanding man—he made the obstacle course in 20 minutes flat. Needless to say, that is a RECORD.

Pride and Bowden are a couple of good southern boys—one more week and both will be cutting out paper dolls.

Boener, "Jitterbug", is in love. In fact, it's a proven fact that he sits by the hour and admires his luscious one.

Neilson and Allen are the long distance lovers (whup—lovers) of our platoon.

Since there is only one sad case left in this group, and I'll sign my name and quit.

By Pat Britt

FIVE'S AN ODD NO.

On the 22nd of Dec. some 26 odd men (very odd) were mustered at

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

the old Ferry building, San Francisco. This group was later to become the immortal fifth. A chubby chief yoeman was placed in charge and we haven't been able to get rid of him since. Had a hard time breaking him in—or is it vice versa—but the tree bore fruit and a very efficient and capable platoon leader was born. Flowers to J. W. Boden.

It will be rather sad to see the old fifth break up. It's a long tough trail and the powers herein have tried at every turn to apply the coup de grace, but with little success. You can't keep a good platoon down.

A brief glimpse of a few of the lighter moments:

The two old men of the platoon, namely Calleweart and Conboy. Their usual greeting, "Hello, Pop," "Hello, Grandad."

The three Musketeers: Chelly, Daniels and Duquesnel, who adorn their room with the most enticing pictures but need outside help in writing their love letters.

Lake making a bee-line for the dispensary with Blevins running a close second. Here's to your future health, men.

Hutchins and his love life with Shirley Temple. It netted an autographed photograph anyhow, old man. What did you expect?

Fannon and his all-out campaign against horse play in ranks. A rather touchy subject to say the least.

Cardoza and his mustering sheet. All present? All present.

Lawson with his unoosual Tennessee accent.

Cote, our basso profundo, and those three famous notes from the Desert Song.

Carney rushing into Room 101 with the old familiar phrase, "Hey Brain, what did you get for that true heading?"

Elliot rendering his favorite ballad—"Ever since I met you Venus."

East and Hale fighting for the right to be table captain. Somebody gave you a bum steer, lads.

Larson with his never ending smile. Hawkins and his proverbial NOW?, as the mate announces a muster. Hauenstein, better known as

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GRADUATING BATTALION

"Popoff" with his "What now, Jocko?"

Gilberg and Fisher, the quiet type—hmmm. An asset to any organization. Wildman, the lad who distracts the attention of the president's secretary. She's cute too.

Thomson, our luggage salesman. Also a head hunter of long standing. Canairs, the messenger from Batt. 12. He liked us so well he stayed.

By Roger, Wilco & Lamont.

SULTRY SIXTH

Staggering over the much vaunted finish line of Cal Poly's three-month mental teardown course, the frustrated sixth presents its various assortment of ex-fleet personnel, better known now as Cadets.

Heading this little array should be none other than "Blood & Guts" Stringham, from the Halls of Montezuma to platoon leader. "Van Bibber" Stevens, a mild mental giant and Stringham's roomy. The two "Shoeshine" boys, Zabel and Hardachre, who keep shinola in business. Tucker our glorified bus boy. And above all, that contribution(?) from the C.B.'s — Tonry, who's rather chase the bovines in the pasture than work those annoying "N" problems.

Our mustering petty officer, Kantor—P-O-S-T, H-A-R-C-H! And also a slight mention of the sixth's donation to Battalion officer's roundtable, Ashton and Slaght. Cadet Sheeley usually annoyed at the prevailing system of aerology instruction (Quote: "I know I could do better" Unquote.) We also have "Pappy" Sloan, ex-Chief, coming from the Aleutian area. Among the ranks can be found that practical navigator (celestial navigator, too) Cadet Lucas. Also any attempts at imitating Frank Sinatra usually can be traced to "The Music Stopped" Tokar. Jett is a rabid believer in the communication class phrase—"It'll come to you, fellows." The whole platoon's little habit of gently(?) singing Tonry's musical ditty on the way to class (Sam-Sam, etc).

Junior Horton, who will jump at the slightest request to hustle after navigation grades or any other vital information. Cadet Lund still attempts vague recollections as to how

those confusing Cosines, Sines, Right Angles, etc. were absorbed during the Math. course. Somehow it seems that the whole platoon has been inoculated with recognition and P.T. by-words, namely: "Ready, Now," etc., etc.

Marsh continues to heckle his roomy, Barott, at the dinner table and elsewhere. Barcott retaliates with cutting remarks. Johnny Madere still wonders what happened to his overcoat that night.

By James Wilbur

* * *

SHARP SEVENTH

Among the various hep youngsters now stationed at old Cal Poly (Hemus) one platoon seems to have an excess of characters whom one might call . . . men of quality.

Some of these officer candidates have already been at advanced training, J. M. Brown, "Ming" Daniels and "Sandcrab" Brog, of course at the time they were enlisted men.

On the ordnance end of the platoon we have "Gunner" Carson who can be seen daily giving Boresighting instructions to characters like "Wathen the Weasel".

Sharpies in this noble organization who surpass "Sinatra" with the women are "Casanova Grover" and "Shamless Shulte" known as Albert to the feminine gender.

Smoothies of the outfit whose "Operating" is above "par" are R. P. Timoney and the former tail gunner on Blimp K-9X-2, Eddie Haber. Incidentally that K-9X-2 sounds almost like a Cal Poly weekly quiz.

Getting around; Cuck Wolters was stationed at Ford Island, Hawaii for so long, that they offered him a commission as a corner stone in the administration building. "Eager Alden Bartz" make a quick change from the USS Yorktown to a roving destroyer under enemy fire . . . I call them "The enemy" as if I were to call them what I'd like to I'd be Diego-bound.

Then there's "Coatless Easton" and "Leo the Grappler" who keeps various establishments in our "Liberty town" on a paying basis. Name-ly Mattie's.

This famed group aided and abetted by N. Y. A. Janousky, Esq., and G. P. Finney (Admiral Striker) is always up promptly at reveille and

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GRADUATING BATTALION

off to chow in proper formation. Proper formation meaning . . . they look like members of the Lost Patrol.

The Lucky Seventh is also honored by the Gleen Club of Room 94, the selections for which are arranged or rerainged by Jr. Pearson, this cadet is the rascal who is to receive the poison Oak Leaf Cluster for not missing his gymnastic instruction for more than three days in a row.

Thus, through the united efforts of Right Guide Steve "Soupy" O'Connor, "Killer from Kaneohee Walling", Squad leader Beyer, cadets Blanton and Read, Platoon Seven looks forward to tomorrow under the direction of R. R. Brown . . . "Da Little Corporal."

By Old Chet

THE ERUDITE EIGHTH

The Flight Prep Schools must be set up so that when a character is enlisted in the V-5 program he is immediately assigned to platoon eight. This theory bears out and follows through becuz the 8th platoon of Batt 13th really has an overshare of colorful characters. . . . Dave Green, the only civilian in the Battalion, is our candidate for the brainiest man of the 13th. . . . Pat McCoy the recognition genius, has progressed as far as recognizing the difference between a ship and a plane (pretty good when you consider they only allow a 100th of a second to make such a daring decision.) McDonald is the boy with the golden voice; the only difference between him and Nelson Eddy is that Mac is better looking. . . . Blaney's only comment on red weekly marks: "They're more colorful." Carroll, the boy from Boston, holds up every class with irrelevant questions; he just wants to see how smart these instructors are. . . . Our platoon leader Tickle can always be heard saying "All right you gize, the next one that duz it gets five & one," he's the only plat. leader that hasn't issued a frap. Then there's the mystery whistler, a clever kid, indeed. Lt. (jg) Webster and fifty frapped cadets couldn't catch him at his

trick. . . . Mr. "Got Rocks" Creger intends buying out Sears & Roebuck, Monkey Wards and other such small firms after the war in order to do away with competition. Middleton and Carlson are the boys who say little but pass every subject. . . . Roommates Winn and Savko had a tough time squeezing through the Venturi Tube, but the boys had the stuff. Sub-Battalion Commander Austin has gained fame on his yarns about the sinking of the "Lex" and he's also the telephone operator's light . . . Yowsah??? Burkhardt doesn't have the "D.T.'s", just gets a lettle nervous that's all, he's a plugger and is not to be denied.

We've had a ruff time of it, however, our answer to this is—Nothing comes easy, bub.

By J. F. McGeehan

NIFTY NINTH

Starting off as the step-child of Batt. 13, the ninth platoon had a rather inauspicious beginning. However, in two weeks the ninth had added several men, transfer from Batt. 12 and later arrivals for Batt. 13, and was no longer looked on as the step-child.

Appropriately, we shall begin with Lou Campbell, platoon leader. Lou, or "Loupy" as he is called by his many friends, was a chief specialist before coming to V5 and Cal Poly. "Loupy" has given generously of his time to make the 9th a good platoon, militarily and spiritually (not the kind of spirits you think, bub.)

And now to the rest of the cadets. Mustering petty officer George Abraham doesn't say much but has one of the ten highest grade averages in the platoon. Assistant platoon leader, Dick Madden, is a colorful character—head of dance committee, etc., etc.

Always smiling is Frank Dandrea, the Mickey Rooney of the 9th. A native Californian with a southern accept is Hal Depee. "Deep" claims to have picked up the drawl in boot camp. Larry Eavenson always had trouble finding time to do his navigation night problems. Seems he had other night problems.

Ready for anything, that's Don Grantvedt, better known as "Abalone," because of a misunderstanding he once had. Then Dick "Eager Beaver" Heim's grades show the results of hard study. He can't even tell you about San Luis night life.

Now we come to West Point Kimsky—who earned his nickname by

(Continued on Page 22)

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CAL POLY NEWS

PUBLISHES CATALOG

Ted Howes, head of Cal Poly's horticulture department, was pleased and surprised the other day to receive a flower catalog, devoted exclusively to camellias, which had been published by a former student, Gordon Courtright.

Courtright is now the owner of the East Bay Nursery in Berkeley, Calif. and is considered to be quite an expert on camellias. He is also doing his part for the war effort by supplying the Navy with the vegetable seeds used for planting on the islands in the South Pacific to supply fresh vegetables to servicemen.

FLYERS RETURN

Last week Cal Poly instructors were visited by two former students, now both lieutenants and navy flyers.

Lt. (jg) Bob Soule, an aero student in 1939-40, went into the Navy in 1941 and was commissioned July 1942. He was assigned to a torpedo squadron at Norfolk and remained there for 10 months more training before going aboard ship. Lt. Soule just returned from the South Pacific in which he was in four major engagements, the details of which are still restricted data.

Soule mentioned that he saw Lt. (jg) Ralph Hanks while in the South Pacific and confirmed the report that Lt. Hanks, a former Corps student here, had become an "Ace" by shooting down five Zeros in less than 24 hours. He also had seen Lt. Kenneth Holmes, another Corps student, in the South Pacific.

Lt. Roland Bridston, who attended here and at San Dimas, talked with Mr. Meacham and others about his experiences in the South Pacific.



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SONG WRONG

After weeks of painstaking research, Professor Spelman Collins, sheep husbandry expert at Cal Poly (now teaching in the Navy program) finally translated the latest song rage, and then shook his head and muttered, "The song's wrong."

"Mare's eat oats," says Professor Collins, "and Does would eat oats too if they could get them." "But never in all my year's of experience have I seen little Lambs eat ivy."

FAN MAIL

Max Lescot's fan mail is steadily mounting, according to his fellow students who jealously watch Max open letter after letter from far-distant points.

As the son of the president of the Republic of Hatii, Max is naturally a subject for fan mail. However, it wasn't until a series of photographs and stories about Max were released by the Cal Poly public relations department that Max's fan mail was a "serious problem."

A Chicago girl being initiated into a club was requested to write to Max as fulfillment of initiation duties. Other recent letters have come from Canada, Arkansas, and etc. One photo and story on Max was circulated to 200 California papers, others photos were used by the Acme, NEA, Associated Press nation-wide news service.

The February issue of THE AMERICAN FARM YOUTH magazine carries a feature story and photo of Max.

(Continued from Page 21)

his reply, "Dat's West Point style," when asked why he marched so oddly.

One of the platoon's better athletes is N. "Toopie" Lowe, who backs up whatever he says with a mean left hand. Bob Nissen of Arroyo Grande and Atascadero is right in his own backyard and is quite a Tiger on Saturday night. Bill "Shorty" Renar is king of the chow hall and a ladies man. Dick Rippey, Casanova of the 9th, had the honor of winning the queen contest with his girl's photo.

Willie Weisberg is the crooner. Tony Wolpack, from Joisy, is the wit. Bob Reinhart is the grinner. Henry Slettehaugh is the "brains". Sub-wing commander Joe Gilberg used to be an ensign but look at him now.

Clarence McNeal is the quiet type. Ed Hughes is obviously from Missouri. Oliver De Graffenreid's name twists instructor's tongues. Walt Gunther is a sight on the dance floor.

By J. H. Brickell

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CREW NEWS

OLD TIMER

J. B. Poollet, Y2c, USN, Regimental Office, boasts of 16½ years naval service, 17 years married life, and a sixteen-year-old daughter. Competent observers say that he doesn't look a day over 16 himself, however, a look at his record of service disproves those contentions.

Poollet's first duty was at the Lighter Than Air School, Lakehurst, N.J. From there he went aboard the USS TEXAS and while on that ship held the lightweight boxing title for two years. After a tour of duty ashore, he went aboard the USS MARYLAND on which he was wounded when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. After seven months in the hospital, he was transferred to NACSB, San Francisco, thence to his present billet at NFPS, San Luis Obispo.

CREW CELEBRATES

The crew of NFPS really went all-out on March 2nd when they dropped anchor at Mattie's for a special dinner and an evening of entertainment a la Navy. The crew and their ladies found it to be over and above their standards for an A-1 party. The only complaint registered was one voiced by Y3c Chandler who became so interested in the proceedings that he left the party without obtaining any replenishments for his lunch counter in the lower left hand drawer of his desk.

WELCOME ABOARD

New among the members of the Central Office force is Crafton St. Martin, Y3c, who recently came aboard from NAPTCRO, Los Angeles. St. Martin was formerly attached to the U. S. Naval Air Station, Livermore, Calif., as cadet transfer yeoman.

* * *

We welcome aboard Richard Benne, RM1st, and J. L. DeVold, EM3c, who reported March 2nd from NAPTC, Kansas City, for temporary duty in connection with installation of additional radio code instruction equipment.

* * *

Another newcomer is Dale S. Martin, RM3c, who came here from NFPS at Natchitoches, La. He is going to assist in the Communications classes.

Mustang Roundup, March, 1944

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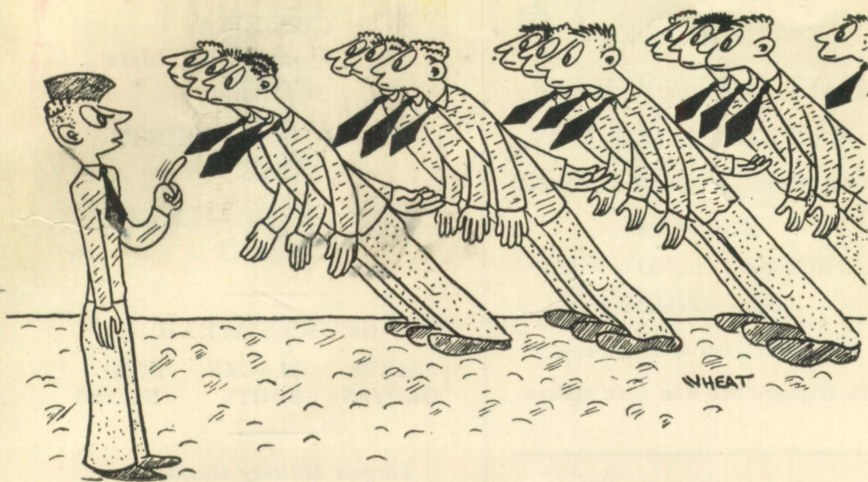
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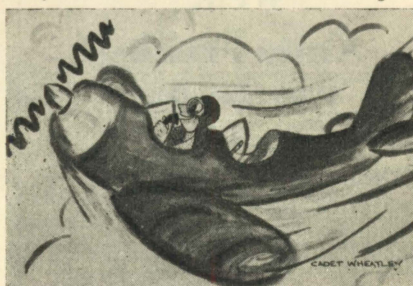
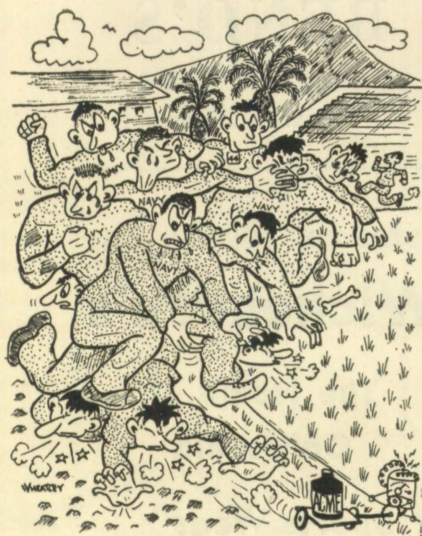
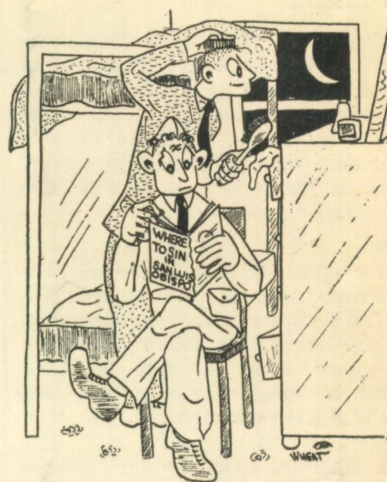
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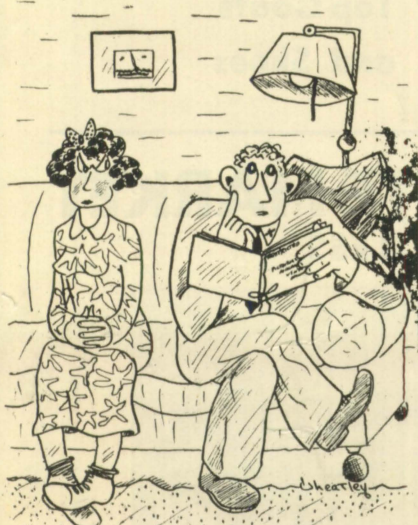


"That's better, Cadet, you were more relaxed that time"

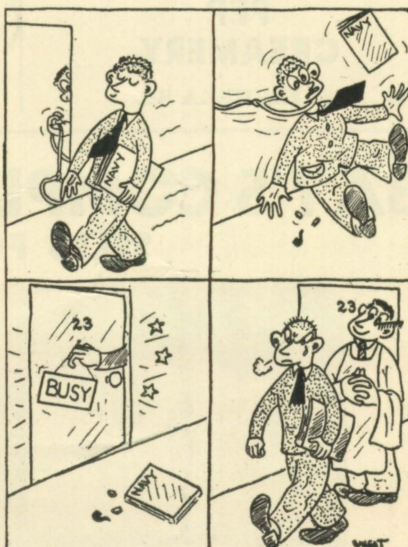
All the cartoons on this page were drawn by Cadet Greg Wheatley who went through NFPS Cal Poly with Battalion 1, 1943. Wheatley still sends us cartoons, a favor which we greatly appreciate.



"Can I borrow the Hellcat tonight, sir?"



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



"This time I brought a friend"