

Mustang

ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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Than Ever

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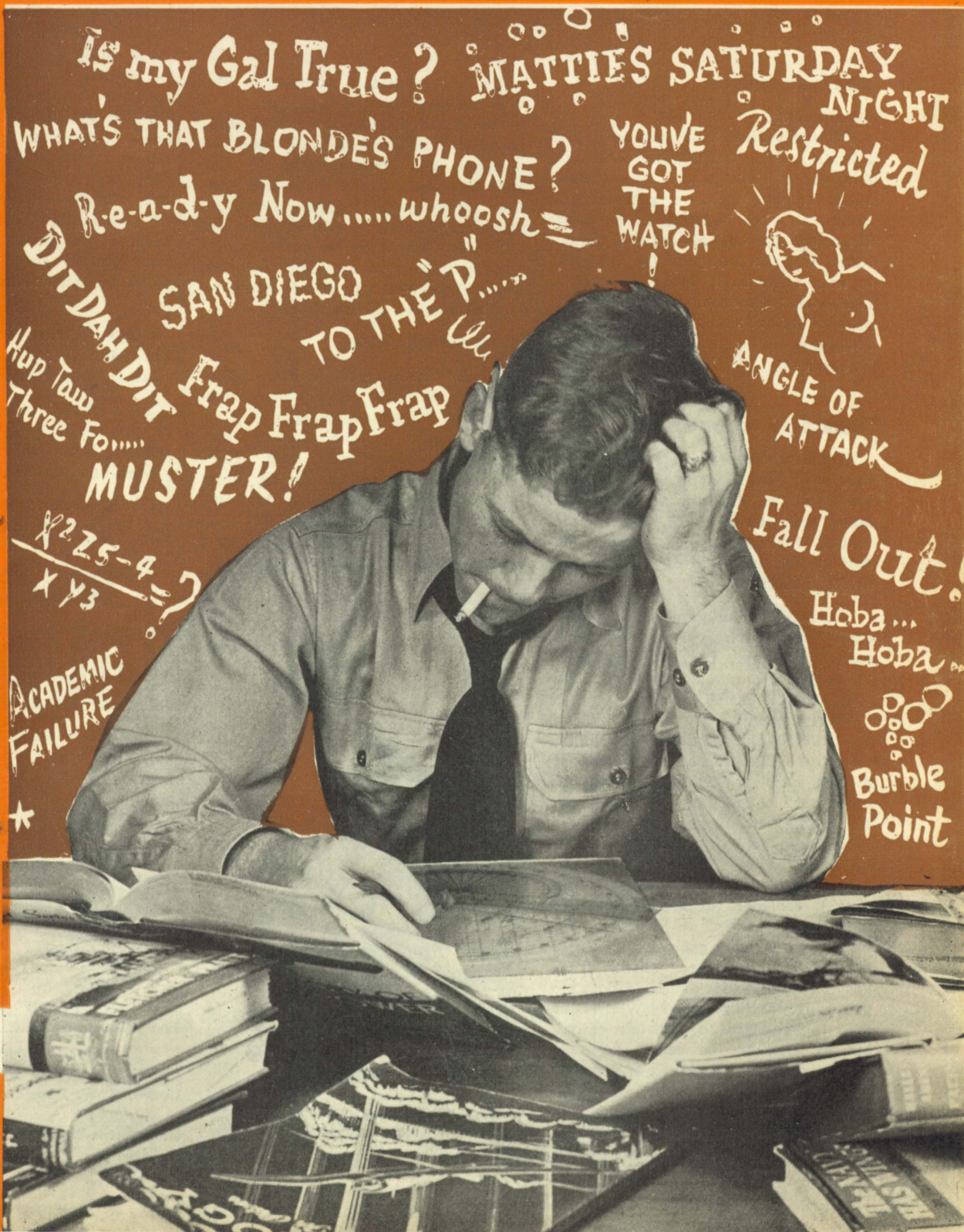
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GOLD BRAID

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POLY NEWS

APRIL
1944

Vol. 2, No. 8
25 Cents



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



"BUG-EYES" CAUGHT IN ACT
... sniffs out scented letters as a hobby

MYSTERY SOLVED

Dear Editor:

For some time letters from my girl friend(s) have been going astray. I decided to hide in the bushes near indicator and make a photographic record of what happens to the mail. Enclosed (see cuts above) are the results. You can recognize the C.B.O.W. as none other than "Bug-Eyes" Finch, that womanless envelope-sniffer whose passion for scented stationery is only surpassed by his uncontrollable desire to be a P-40.

Signed: Lost Male.

ADVICE TO GOUGE LORNE

(Editor's Note: Just by way of proof that Cal Poly cadets sometimes do get as far as Primary, we print this letter from Cadet L. E. Uman, who edited the Sept., '43, **MUSTANG ROUNDUP**, and who is now at the N.A.S., Livermore:)

"... rather than give you the low-down on a Primary Base (which is really the 'nuts', i.e., damn good,) I would prefer to give some **ADVICE TO THE GOUGE LORNE**.

"Every member of the Navy from the **COMING** down through the cadets, are aware that a great many cadets, at one time or another, indulge in some sort of gouging. Although all are aware that it goes on, only the cadets seem to be unaware of the far-reaching results.

"Ignoring the possibilities of being caught, consider the cadets who are not sincerely trying to 'dope off,' but would just as soon get a higher grade without any additional effort. It is not impossible for such cadets to gouge in flight-prep or W.T.S., or even in Pre-flight, to a certain extent, but at primary the cadets seem to become aware of the effects of gouging. To say that there is never any gouging from this stage on would be foolish. However, cadets this far along

begin to realize that gouging is like cheating at solitaire.

"Many of the subjects we have studied do not strike home until after we complete the training program, but even now many of those so-called 'useless, time-wasting' subjects taken at flight are starting to pay off with big dividends. No longer do cadets study to keep from 'washing out'; they are mastering subjects to enable them to fly better under all conditions."

FROM SUSANVILLE

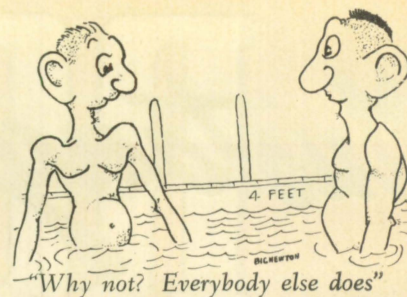
E. P. McGettigan, former Reg. Comdr. with 13th Batt., writes from W.T.S. at Lassen Jr. college: "... this is really a nice station. The weather has been slightly cold. However, we have been able to fly every day since we arrived. They keep us going like mad all day. However, that is to be expected, and there are a good bunch of fellows here, so things could be much worse."

FROM COTTONWOOD

"Cottonwood," according to Cadet Carl Richter, who graduated with the 13th Batt., "is not exactly in the desert,



WHAT DO YOU FIND YOU MISS MOST AT CAMP, CADET?



but it might just as well be. It is a small community, and the local 'pubs' are the hangouts for cadets—(Coca-Cola and 7-Up in quantities). Our day starts at 5 a.m. with half the school going to flight at 6:15 and the rest ground school. In the afternoon, the others go out to the field. P.T. is still the groans and grunts for the cadets. Liberty is from 1900 to 4045 each day except Saturday, which is from 1800 to 0300 and Sunday from 0800 to 2045, with a 50-mile radius for our wanderings." Already some of the boys have soloed, and Richter expected to do the same after eight hours' instruction time in N3N's.

Noggles: What's wrong with the fish, cadet?

Cadet: Long time no sea.

Cadet: Gosh, it's so dark in here I can't see my hand in front of my face.

Chick: Don't worry, Sailor, it isn't in front of your face.

A GI girdle is just a contraption to keep the WAVES out of the WACs.

Mustang ROUNDUP

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R. E. Kennedy Photographer
Miss Patricia Kaiser Advertising

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

ON BOARD

CRAZY TO FLY

When cadets of Batt. 1-A heard that the incoming 3-A battalion included five men who had given up commissions as officers to become cadets the almost unanimous opinion was, "have they lost their minds?"

Not the first former commissioned officers to go thru NFPS Cal Poly as cadets, these men made up the largest number ever aboard at one time. They want to fly . . . and they were willing to pay the price, namely, the resignation of commissions and giving up those hard-won gold stripes.

Cadet Ralph Jenney was formerly a full Lieut., being aircraft structure officer in charge of assembly and repair at the Naval Air Station, Seattle, for the past two years. He was a graduate of Yale in 1941, majoring in industrial engineering.

Cadet A. P. Snyder, formerly a Lieut. (j.g.), with Naval Intelligence, spent 16 months in the Central Pacific doing photographic interpretation. He graduated from the University of California in 1941.

Cadet J. P. Fuller, formerly a Lieut. (j.g.) with the Seabees, was doing airport construction engineering for 14½ months in the Central Pacific. He graduated from Kansas State in 1940.



THEY WANTED TO FLY

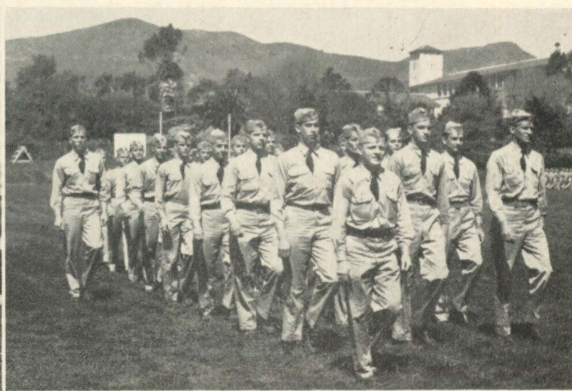
(l. to r.) Snyder, Rowland, Fuller, Lt. McPhail, Bono & Jenney

Cadet Paul E. Rowland, formerly a Lieut. (j.g.), was a communications officer with the Fifth Amphibious Force for 23 months. He received his B.S. degree in agriculture from the University of Georgia in 1940.

Cadet Thomas Bono, formerly an Ensign, was deck gunnery officer on the USS Alabama for 16 months. He

received his B.S. degree in psychology at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1942.

You kissed and told,
But that's all right;
The guy you told
Called up last night.



REGIMENTAL DRILL CONTEST

Winner this week (April 3) Platoon 9, Batt. 1-A; second, Platoon 2, Batt. 1-A

ON BOARD



SHERRAN ADAMS
Battalion 1-A's Queen

THRU THESE PORTALS

It was Hollywood Guild night at Earl Carroll's! R. E. French, whose home is in Alhambra, had heard of Earl Carroll's slogan, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful women in the world," and it was not hard to imagine finding our "hero" seated at one of the tables in that most famous of nighteries.

From all that dazzling beauty, which passed before French's eyes like champagne bubbles, he singled out a brunette lovely whose sparkling eyes and radiant smile seemed to make him glow all over.

With a technique of his own, French



DANCE COMMITTEE

Wilkins was the boss, but they all did their part

arranged an introduction and learned that the young lady was an aspiring high school actress visiting Earl Carroll's as a guest of the Hollywood Guild. Her name was Sherran Adams and in Brawley, Calif., her home town, she was considered a most talented young actress, having played the lead in many high school plays.

When Battalion 1-A's queen contest was announced, it was only natural that one of the entries should be a photograph of Miss Adams, submitted by Cadet French. Although a large number of entries were submitted, Miss Adams was the unanimous choice of a jury of officers, whose choice adds proof to their own statements that they "are qualified to judge such matters."

As winner of the contest, Miss Adams received an all-expense-paid trip to Cal Poly, where she reigned as queen over the Battalion 1-A graduation dance, after being appropriately crowned in picturesque coronation ceremonies.

Other entries in the queen contest were:

Lottie Liese, Columbia, Mo., by G. D. Mathews; Nelsyne Nottingham, Long Beach, by Vic Kirichenko; Dolores Felton, Seattle, Wash., by Weston Main; Norlyn Hoff, Los Angeles, by Bill Rease; Anne Bertsch, Fort Thomas, Ky., by E. F. Ravensberg; Irene Early, Eureka, Calif., by L. M. Anderson; Jean Bachman, Seattle, Wash., by W. L. Ferguson; Peggy Woodland, Seattle, Wash., by John Woodland; Doris Perry, Alhambra, Calif., by J. H. McDermott; Anne O'Kelley, Atlanta, Ga., by Roy Cowan; Carrol Strickland, Brawley, Calif., by O. D. Cryder; Estyl King, Washington, D. C., by T. W. Holmes; Mildred Marsiano, Detroit, Mich., by Stanley Tefft; Florence Mulline, Belton, Texas, by B. Nicholson; Pat Thompson, Eagle Rock, Calif., by B. H. Shortett; Jerry Jenson, Los Angeles, by Bill Rease; Christine Lay, Kingsport, Tenn., by L. D. Harris; Betty Ruiz, Santa Barbara, Calif., by Frank Uecker; Catherine Scallon, Oklahoma by H. A. Moore; Claire Rossi, by M. A. Ihle; Gloria Orona, Los Angeles, by C. R. Metcalf; and Juanita Hutchinson, Jacksonville, Fla., by Carl Hansen.



FEAST OR FAMINE

... when the Desert Battalion arrives Cadets smile again

Little Bo Peep is losing sleep
Running round to dances;
Let her alone
And she'll come home,
A victim of circumstances.

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

ON BOARD

THEY DOOD IT!

Responsible for the gala success of the Battalion 1-A graduation dance held at the Log Cabin Inn, Saturday night, April 8, was a committee of 15 stalwart men headed by Chairman M. J. Wilkings, a Los Angeles City College boy whose experience at such matters was proved by his able handling of this event.

The rural setting of the Log Cabin Inn was appropriately decorated with an Easter Motif, arranged by Cadets M. J. Beatrice and L. M. Anderson. The music was provided by the name band of radio fame, Dick Jurgens.

Not to be outdone by the 13th Battalion, Battalion 1-A also was host to the Desert Battalion girls from Warner Brothers. Two bus-loads of feminine allure arrived Saturday afternoon and provided dates for some 80 fortunate cadets.

With all the barracks on Bunker Hill being unused because of the decreased complement of incoming battalions, it was an easy matter to house all the visiting ladies in barracks. Arrangements with the Desert Battalion were made by Cadets L. L. Doling and F. C. Winninger.

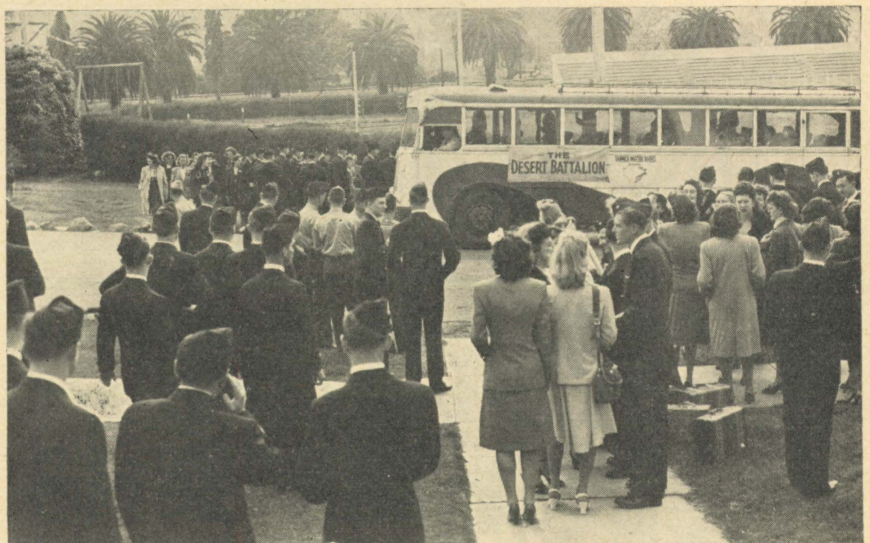
Other members of the dance committee were: J. W. Truax, publicity; W. H. Berthold, housing! R. P. Mann, gifts, favors; V. Kirichenko, queen contest, and W. M. Main, E. O. Kinney, D. D. Farnsworth, F. W. Johnson, R. B. Painter, and J. Wayman Green, contacts.

HEY, YOU KID!

Pleasantly surprised were cadets of the Regiment on Monday, March 27, when the combined efforts of the Welfare Officer and the Chaplain brought a



*NO MUSS NO FUSS
... they just climb on a bus & there they are*



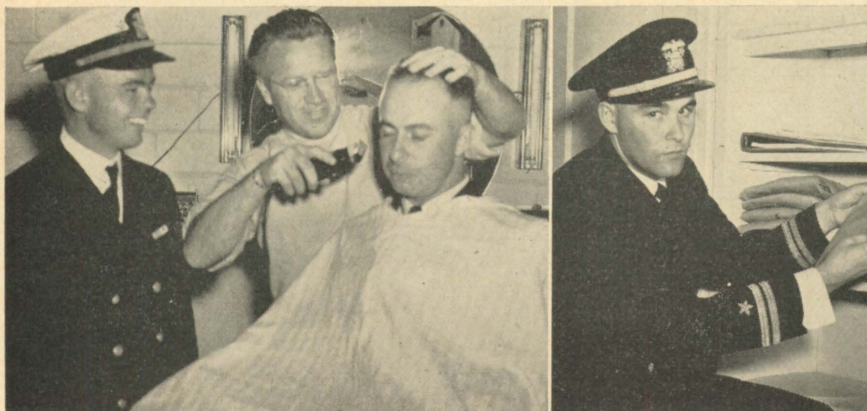
*CHOW TIME FOR DESERT BATTALION
Food will win the war. . . . Madden gets a second chance*

bevy of USO girls, via three hay wagons, to the Poly gymnasium for an unprecedented week-night dance. Music was provided by the Camp San Luis Obispo army dance band under direction of Sergeant Mollison.

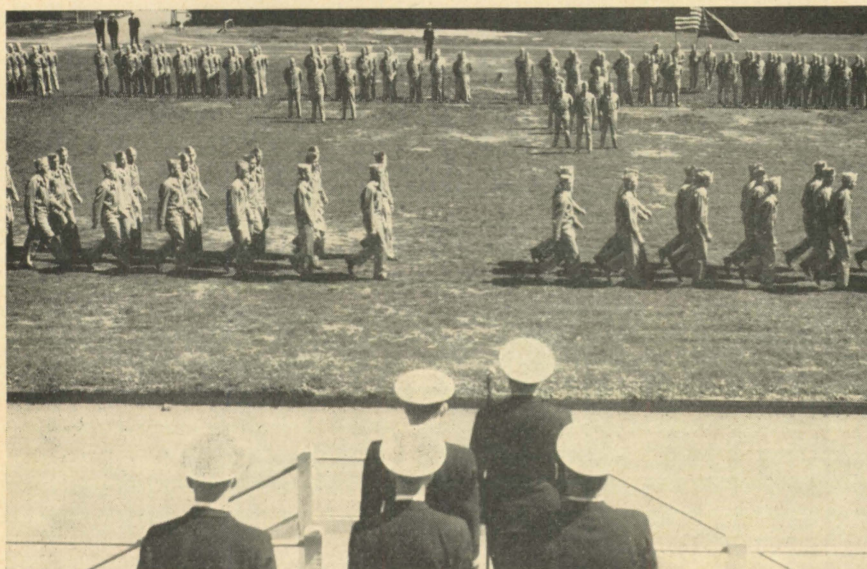


*HORSE COLLARS & HAY
... gave atmosphere for the week-night Barn dance*

THE REGIMENT



YOU'LL BE SORRRRRRY!
Former Ensign Bono gets clipped. . . . Once a full Lt.—now A/C



LT. COMDR. HILL REVIEWS REGIMENT
... compliments school & picks Platoon 5, Batt. 2-A as tops

"Skipper" McPhail has announced that such entertainment will be repeated as long as it does not interfere with studies.

REGIMENTAL REVIEW

"The Naval Flight Preparatory School at California Polytechnic College is one of the most outstanding NFPS schools in the nation."

That was the compliment passed along by Lt. Comdr. H. W. Hill, officer-in-charge of the Naval Primary Training Command regional office, Los Angeles, during an address before cadets at the regimental drill, March 20. Lt. Comdr. Hill told the assembled cadets that the inspection report made by Read Admiral Osborne L. Hardison, after his visit to the school in February, indicated Poly's superiority. Further complimenting the school's cadets, civilian instructors, and officers, Lt. Comdr. Hill stated that his own inspection reports from the WTS schools and Pre-flight schools under his command show that cadets completing their ground school training at this NFPS are superior in navigation to cadets from any other NFPS being sent to the same advanced schools.

Drill competition performed before Lt. Comdr. Hill was won for the second consecutive time by Platoon 5 of Battalion 2-A, under the leadership of Platoon Commanded R. J. Kelly. Platoon 1, Battalion 1-A, was second; Platoon 4, Battalion 1-A, third; Platoon 3, Battalion 2-A, fourth.

LAST TO SEE O'HARE

Probably the last man ever to see No. 1 Air Hero Butch O'Hare alive, is Cadet Alvin B. Kernan, Platoon 2, Battalion 1-A. Cadet Kernan, son of Frank L. Kernan, Wyoming rancher, was an Aviation Ordnanceman, flying with Lt. Comdr. John Phillips, as turret gunner. Phillips was one of the first pilots to volunteer to fly with O'Hare in pioneering a new tactic against night-flying Jap torpedo bombers.

According to a story in the March 11 issue of Saturday Evening Post, O'Hare's squadron, attempting to protect a task force, was flying by instrument high above the task force waiting to pounce on Jap torpedo planes who have discovered that night is the safest time to get away from our Hellcats and AA fire.

The Jap torpedo planes began a ren-

THE REGIMENT



ALVIN KERNAN
flew with O'Hare

devious after dropping flares that illuminate the entire U. S. task force . . . men on the ships wonder what's happened to O'Hare's squadron . . . wonder why the Japs don't start their attack . . . radiomen keeping tab on Butch's position by intercepting his inter-plane conversation motion to listen . . . it's Butch's voice:

"Andy, we're in them. You take what side you want."

"I'll take port, sir."

Next we hear Phillips: "Butch, do you see those flares over there?"

Then Butch's voice came in clear, "Phil, you'd better turn on your cockpit light. Looks like we're in a thou-



HAT CHECK "GIRLS"

. . . cute, but where did you get the shiner, Vidaurri?

sand Japs. I want to be sure I'm drilling the right guy." Butch is talking again, "Phil, this is Butch. I think I got me a Jap."

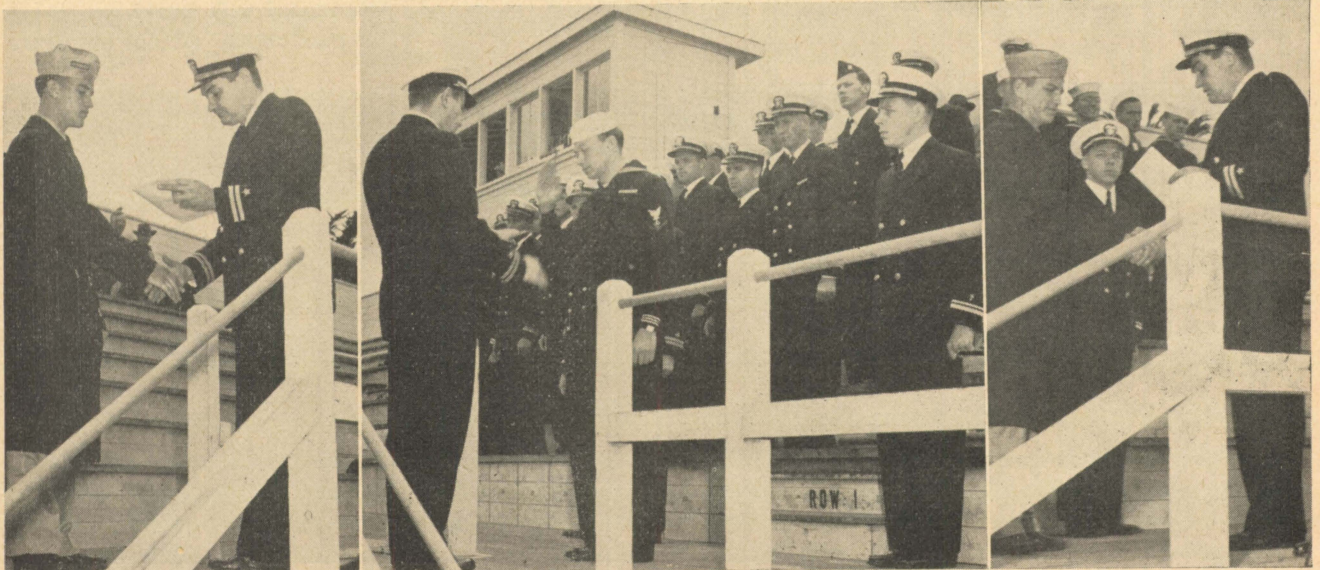
Phil's voice, usually calm, comes in, excited, "Butch, there's a Jap joining up on you, coming in high! I'm instructing Kernan to shoot at him!"

Phil gets a Jap . . . tries to get an answer from Butch . . . then Phil calls over the radio, "Butch, this is Phil, Butch, this is Phil" . . . over and over . . . no answer.

Milling over the area, Phillips demands of his turret man, Kernan, "What did you see last?"

"I saw a Jap coming up on Mr. O'Hare. When you gave me permission, I opened up on the Jap and I saw my tracers plow into him. I think I say the Jap fall off, and out of the corner of my eye I think I saw Mr. O'Hare wing over, too."

Kernan, who joined the Navy in March of 1941, was assigned to a Tor-



"SKIPPER" McPHAIL GIVES CITATIONS
Cadets Metzled & Kernan of Batt. 1-A & "Foxhole" Wilson

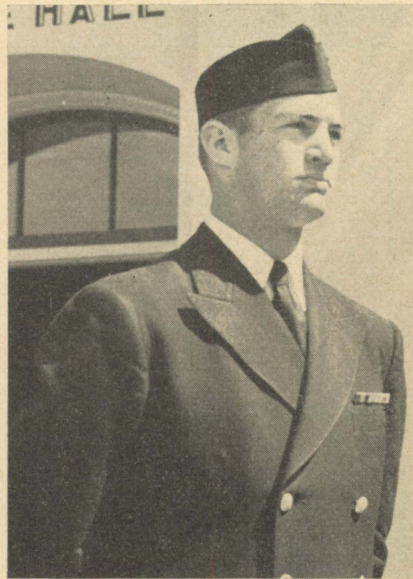
BATTALION 1-A

pedo squadron aboard the Enterprise as his first duty after training at N.T.S. in San Diego. He served on the Enterprise through all the battles in which it was engaged. After the Battle of Midway he was reassigned to the Hornet. He served aboard the Hornet until she was sunk.

Kernan had received his orders to Flight prep school prior to the landing operations on the Gilberts and the raids on the Marshalls, and sweated these engagements out, hoping he would eventually see NFPS.

He tells about two narrow squeaks which he went through with Lt. Comdr. Phillips as aerial gunner. Once they had their gas tanks shot away, but made it back to the carrier on the last drop of gas. That same afternoon they went out again and had the elevator controls shot away. While Phillips controlled the plane with the trim tabs, Radioman J. L. Sullivan crawled back in the tunnel of the tail and spliced the cable, using his radio antenna and an empty 50 calibre cartridge.

It isn't true that cadets spend all their spare time on "wine, women and song"; many of them don't care for music.



*CADET WOLFORD
regimental commander*

And then there was the eager attorney who stayed up all night trying to break the widow's will.

1-A Cadet: Why do you go steady with a girl like that?

2-A Cadet: She's different from other girls.

1-A Cadet: How?

2-A Cadet: She'll go with me.

M.O.D: Sir, the bugler is AWOL.

O.O.D: Where did he go?

M.O.D: Dunno; he just blew.

HUP, HUP, HUP, FOUR!

By R. O. Bolin

Regimental Commander Richard D. Wolford, whose home is in Eagle Rock, near Los Angeles, came to Cal Poly direct from Bougainville, where he was serving as an ARM 2/c. Previous to this time he had done duty in many of the other well-known war sectors, some of which were Unmak in the Aleutians, Munda, Guadalcanal, and Sugi Point in the South Pacific.

While at one of these bases, Wolford was awarded the coveted Navy-Marine Medal for his rescue of a pilot from a burning plane. He also has the Naval Expeditionary Medal.

His military background is almost hereditary, as his father is a Lieut. Colonel in the Army. He also gained some of his military bearing as a student of San Diego Army and Navy Academy, where one of his physical education instructors was Lt. (j.g.) C. Lee. Besides his Navy service, he was a corporal in the Army for nine months.

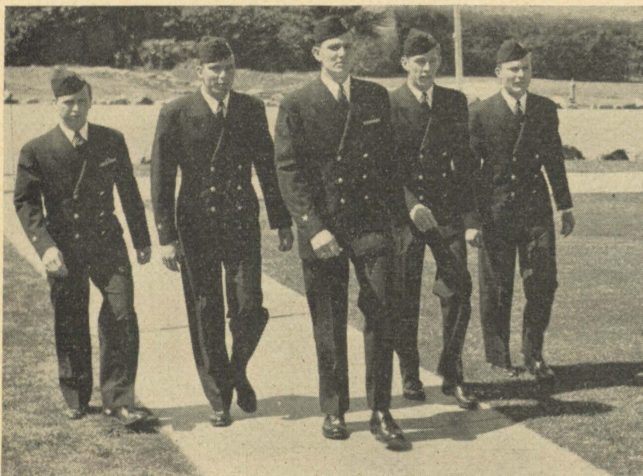
Soon after Battalion 1-A came aboard, Wolford was singled out to guide the battalion as cadet battalion commander, and after two months of good work was given his fourth star and the job of guiding the regiment.

There was once a lady named Eve,
Who caused husband Adam to grieve:

When asked where she'd been,

She replied with a grin,

"I've been absent without any leave."



*RIGHT WING OFFICERS
Rippe, Thomas, Gifford, Hansen & Parker*



*LEFT WING OFFICERS
Dunaway, Dugan, Kall, Mc Clane, Bloecher*

PERSONALITIES

SAGA OF BATT. 1-A

By Paul Holcombe

As cadets of Batt. 1-A hoist anchor and get under way for our next port we all wonder what the future holds for us. In spite of the few inevitable wash-outs, the majority of us have come through with flying colors.

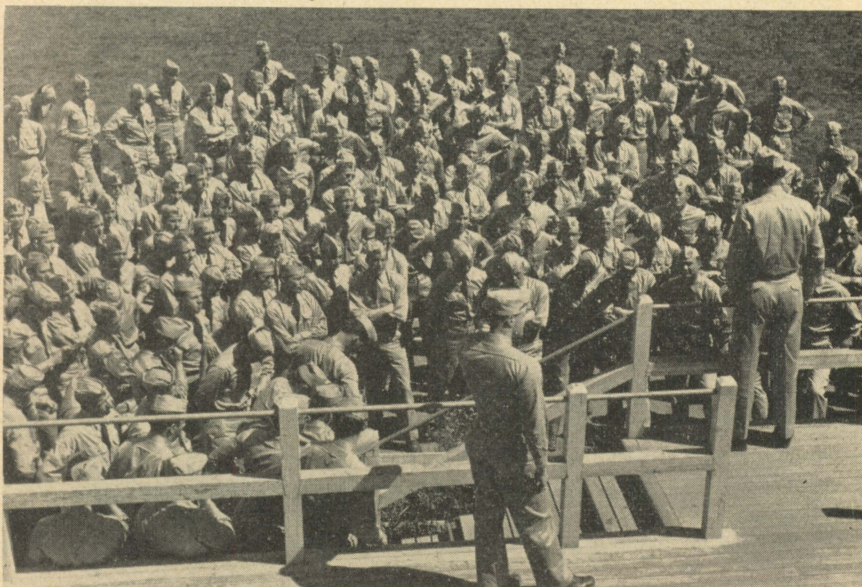
The battalion boasts the honors of the hottest basketball team to ever grace the boards of this NFPS. Led by the able C. E. Wolfe, the team took on and defeated all-comers.

Ensign Werner is to be complimented upon indoctrinating the battalion as a whole with a military attitude.

The battalion was made up of men from all parts of the fighting world. Marines from the South Pacific, sailors from the world around, Sea-Bees from far-flung outposts. Heroes, characters, individualists — all banded together working for one objective—"Navy Wings."

For heroes, we can recall offhand Lloyd Wiggins, ex-Marine corporal, who was awarded the Silver Star for bravery on Guadalcanal; Stanley Tefft, aerial gunner with 215 missions against the Nips; Alvin Kernan, gunner in Butch O'Hare's squadron; Brooks Powers, ex-Marine private, who was 18 months with Carlson's Raiders and operated behind enemy lines for 31 days on Guadalcanal.

Platoon 9 boasts the honor of one of the youngest master technical ser-



BATTALION 1-A GETS THE WORD

... direct from Ensign Werner ☞ and it's the straight goods, too

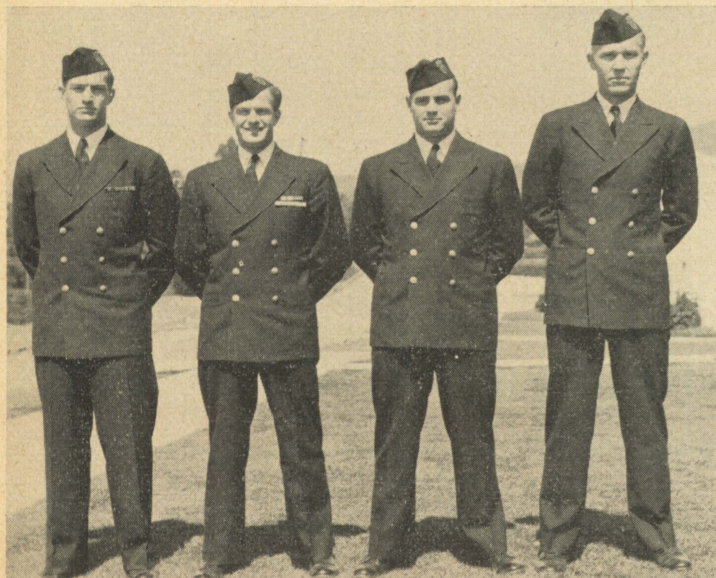
geants in Marine Corps history—at the tender age of 18, Leo O'Biecinas had three up and three down, which is a real honor in the Marines.

Battalion 1-A 44 is one of the "saltiest" ever to come aboard NFPS Cal Poly. Out of the two hundred or more survivors of the three months' battle of San Luis Obispo we have veterans of every major battle fought in World War II, eye-witnesses who can narrate their experiences and add the final touch by saying, "I was there; I know."

Now, as we pass the first obstacle of our V-5 course, and start the upward grade to our goal, we would like to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the cordial and friendly treatment we have received since we first came aboard from instructors, crew, and officers.

Cadet (phoning girls): Are you free tonight?

Girl: Not exactly free, but very inexpensive.



REGIMENTAL STAFF
Wolford, Rechcygl, Wicks, Larson

Mustang Roundup, April 1944



PLATOON COMMANDERS
Mann, Ravensburg, Gracey, Clark, Powers, Yount,
Hake, Metzler, Bishop

GRADUATING

BATTALION 1-A 44

Right Wing

Platoon 1 (left to right):

First row: R. D. Wolford, L. G. Wiggins, R. E. French, W. J. Finch, D. S. Thompson, M. F. Geiler, V. Kierichenko, R. O. Bolin, D. A. Trulsen. **Second row:** B. H. Shortell, R. B. Parker, R. J. Scherler, R. L. Stafford, J. Metzler. **Third row:** A. C. Brown, H. J. Gifford, S. M. Gibson, R. S. Shell, C. E. Wolfe, W. D. Rease, J. L. Woodland, C. T. Hansen. Not in picture: S. W. Tefft.

Platoon 3 (left to right):

First row: N. H. Berthold, M. E. Lutz, L. L. Doling, W. L. Ferguson, M. J. Wilkings, R. E. Baker, J. P. Redding, J. L. Stephesn, W. G. Alford, Jr. **Second row:** F. G. Wininger, G. H. Rohm, H. N. Riddle, M. J. Beatrice, G. P. Siler, W. R. L. Smith, R. L. Cowan, Jr. **Third row:** J. F. Seal, J. J. Monro, Jr., W. E. Winkler, L. D. Harris, W. B. Senkewitz, G. B. Smith, W. E. Clark.

Platoon 5 (left to right):

First row: C. M. Brown, R. L. Marshment, W. M. Main, R. H. Ott, R. W. Morse, R. J. Snyder, C. R. Metcalfe, F. E. Starke. **Second row:** W. J. Thomas, F. N. Crawford, C. T. Norness, E. O. Kinney, J. H. McDermott, Jr., T. A. Haugen. **Third row:** D. R. Fields, J. E. Sarver, O. George, E. M. Quick, M. Barton, M. A. Ihle, R. P. Mann.

Platoon 7 (left to right):

First row: M. E. Bowe, F. M. Hodges, P. D. Newsome, J. A. Shurick, A. A. Elias, R. G. Clemmer, D. L. Rippel, N. F. Wicks, R. D. Thomas. **Second row:** M. Pinkard, F. A. Fesser, M. R. Golden, S. L. Owsley, C. P. White, R. M. King, J. E. Perry, V. L. Yount, Jr. **Third row:** H. A. Moore, P. R. Sims, I. S. Norris, J. R. L. Morin, J. W. Patchen, J. I. Carruth, O. D. Cryder, T. W. Holmes, Jr.

Platoon 9 (left to right):

First row: J. A. Prusz, J. V. Baboval, W. A. Glowasky, F. R. Vecker, J. E. Lopez, G. F. Michels, S. M. Howe, Jr., R. J. Chezik. **Second row:** L. G. O'Bieunas, T. E. Alexander, V. Hoque, W. K. Guy, B. C. Nicholson, N. H. Johnson, A. P. Wilson, F. S. Wiater, N. R. Hendricks. **Third row:** J. K. Lindsey, G. O. Matthews, C. D. Gatewood, W. C. Lauritzen, J. S. Kanowicz, C. J. Pippin, L. M. Anderson, W. H. Beydler, E. F. Ravensberg.

BATTALION

BATTALION 1-A 44

Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right):

First row: R. D. Townson, J. G. Creasey, A. B. Kernan, R. W. Brower, J. R. Bishop, R. G. Smith, E. L. Fly, F. M. Stout, F. D. James. **Second row:** T. H. Makey, J. W. Schroeder, J. T. Lindsay, J. J. Bachnick, W. McLaughlin, E. D. Williams, O. I. Pimley, D. Z. Chapman. **Third row:** K. A. Kall, S. R. McMurry, R. G. Larson, W. D. Duggan, C. W. Shroyer, F. E. Daggett, J. W. Dunnaway, L. E. Center.



Platoon 4 (left to right):

First row: B. Powers, J. C. Hall, J. Winton, W. E. McCullum, W. A. Kru-sor, F. Orloff, L. Z. Keller, G. O. Mur-phy, J. M. Lamon. **Second row:** J. R. Cheney, A. G. Bloecher, G. F. Rechyol, D. D. Farnsworth, L. N. Piechan, J. E. Wade, W. Papola, G. M. Bercher, A. W. Doutel. **Third row:** J. W. Truex, F. W. Johnson, R. T. Barman, H. B. Pinkstaff, R. B. Armstrong, J. E. Mc-Clane, E. A. Laurin, J. C. Gratias, R. L. Morgan.



Platoon 6 (left to right):

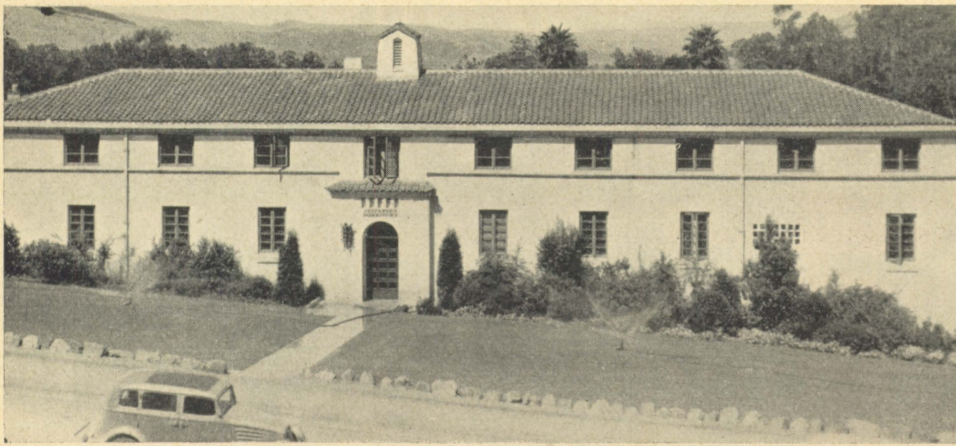
First row: J. A. Anderson, L. G. Lof-tus, D. G. Blaney, H. O. McMain, Jr., L. F. Scharmer., J. L. Ross, R. J. Mad-den, V. L. Bell, S. B. Potts. **Second row:** C. K. Jones, Jr., L. L. Cheely, T. M. Hunter, G. F. Carney, L. W. Friend, J. A. Kirchem, J. P. Eagan, R. A. Meyer. **Third row:** P. B. Lloyd, D. L. Gibson, D. F. McGougan, Jr., W. G. Brown, D. W. Frantz, J. H. Albritton, J. R. Hake, J. L. Moore.



Platoon 8 (left to right):

First row: T. A. Jakobson, A. T. Hous-ton, K. L. Wingo, E. Phillips, C. O. Reynolds, G. J. Destifano, E. A. Cole-man. **Second row:** H. L. Biell, J. A. Beckmann, B. Scher, R. D. Thomas, C. K. Gray, H. B. Painter, J. W. Green. **Third row:** L. E. Barret, J. C. Ander-sen, W. B. Mills, R. Gracey, U. J. Spiering, P. L. Conrad, E. H. Smith.



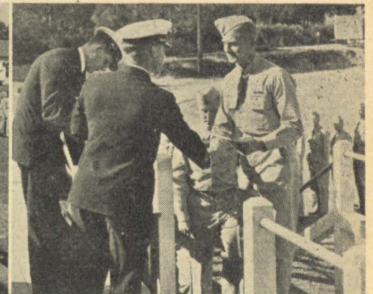
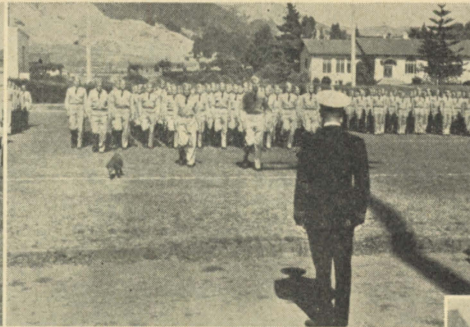


Jespersen Dorm . . . called Corsair by Navy

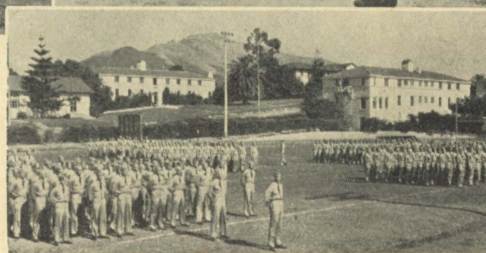
AROUND

Since the Naval Flight Preparatory Polytechnic College in San Luis Obispo, California, naval aviation cadets have graduated to conquer other phases of the program, "Wings of Gold."

This institution, through its long history, to have had a part in the training of naval aviation cadets during the conflict continues, this institution produces the "finest fighting pilots in the world."



Graduation Day always a spectacular occasion



View of 1400-acre campus & farm of Cal Poly

THE CAMPUS

atory School was established at California Obispo in January, 1943, approximately 2500 ted from this institution, and have gone on rogram which leads to those coveted Navy

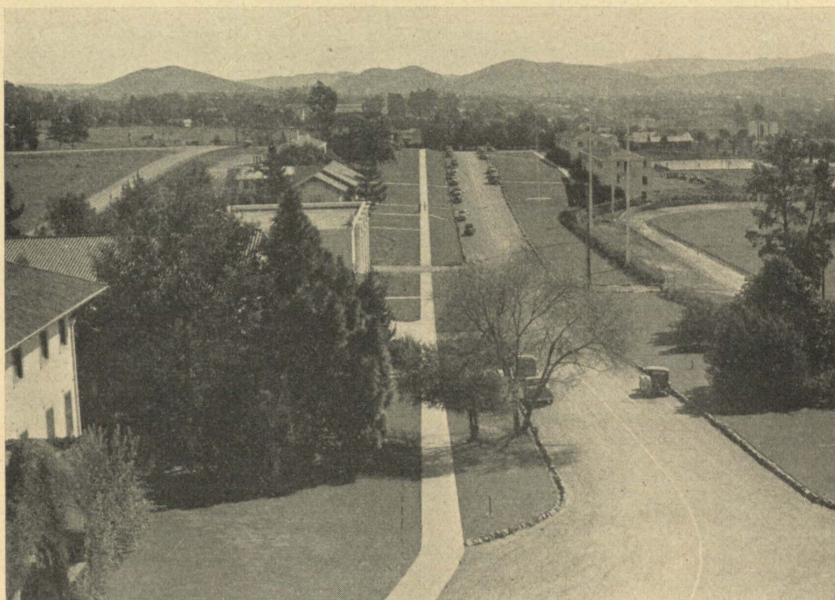
administration and faculty, has been proud ng of these men. While the present world ill continue to be at the service of the Navy en in the initial phase of a program which n the world."

The California Polytechnic College campus at San Luis Obispo is nestled in the hills almost in the geographical and population center of California. The college property at San Luis Obispo includes 1400 acres used in the major campus and farm, with modern buildings for all major fields of instruction. Cadets have seen this property from the vantage point of the mountain ridge above the "P" . . . one of the more rigorous cross-country trips "advised" by the P.T. department "for the view."

Although the Navy training program is using the major portion of all the campus buildings, dormitories, classrooms, etc., the college still has approximately 50 civilian students, most of whom are agricultural students. These students have dormitory and dining hall facilities on the campus, and are able to conduct their studies satisfactorily.



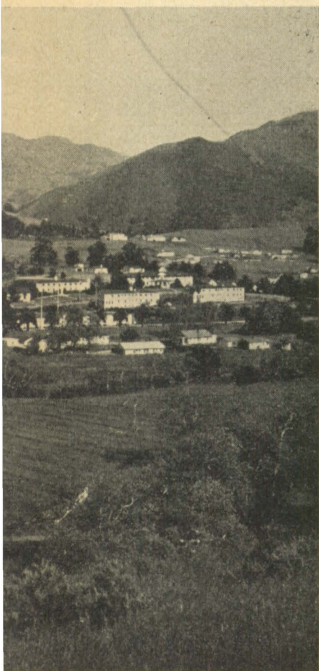
Crandall Gymnasium



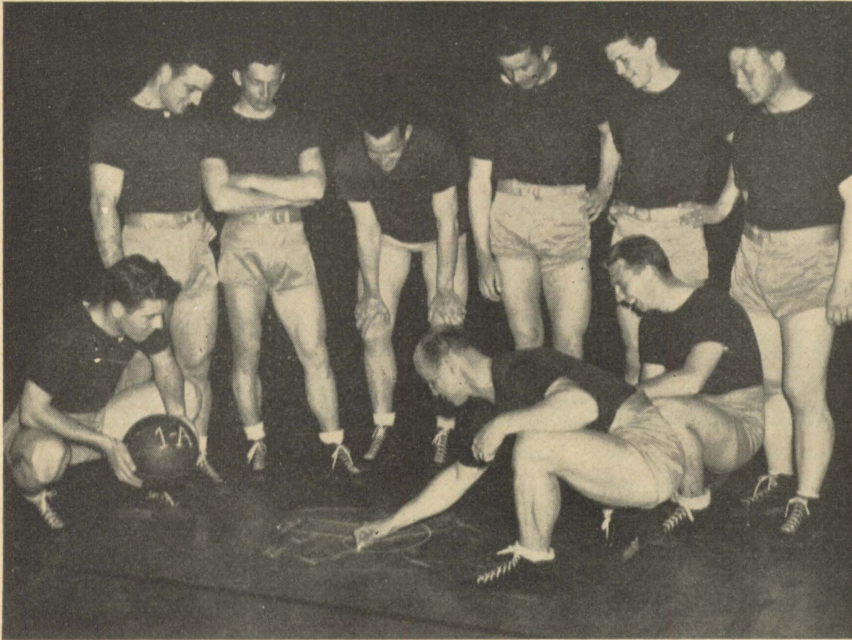
Dormitory Row



Administration Building . . . called Saratoga by Navy



PERSONALITIES



BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Holcombe, Clemmer, Ripple, Gifford, Wolfe, Woodland, Stafford, "Capt" Wicks & Fesser

CASABA HANDLERS

Let by that clever ball handler, Noel F. Wicks, former Marine Corps Pfc, who did some fancy basketball playing back in Seneca, Illinois, Battalion 1-A's basketball team had no trouble in capturing the hardwood floor honors while here.

Rea Gordon Clemmer, a former Marine sergeant, made the Missouri All-State high school basketball team. Duane L. Ripple, former Marine staff sergeant, was on the Minnesota All-Conference basketball team in 1938 and the All-State Baseball team in 1941. He graduated from Gustavus Adolphus college, St. Peter, Minn.

Hobson John Gifford, former Marine Corps platoon sergeant, played basketball on the Northeastern State college team, Tahlequah, Oklahoma. Carl E. Wolfe, former AMM 3/c, played basketball and baseball at L.M.U. and majored in Phys. Ed. John L. Woodland, former AOM 3/c, was on the University of Washington baseball team.

Ronald L. Stafford, former HA 1/c, was on the basketball team at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., Paul Holcombe, formerly an AM 1/ with the NATC, played high school basketball back in New York state.

Love is the only game that is not called off on account of darkness.

JUST CHARACTERS

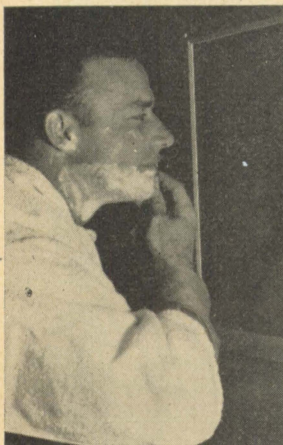
R. E. French is that lucky man who came here right out of civilian life. His luck held out and his girl friend, Miss Sherran Adams, of Brawley, won the beauty contest.

We can't mention French without mentioning William J. Finch, his roommate, who is better known as "Buy-Eyes." "Bug-Eyes" is the professor of foolishness, the man who keeps Vindicator in stitches. His impersonations range from a P-40 in its take-off to the antics of a monkey searching for fleas. (See page 2 for more of Finch's antics.)

"Dur" Thompson, Pl. 1, keeps Vindicator lounge in a harmonious state. An accomplished pianist, "Dud" can also "beat it out" and does so to relieve the tension experienced by all cadets just before exams. "Dud" hails from L. A., and was a former "Bosun's Mate" 1/c and kept vigilant watch on a certain Pearl City tavern.

Bill Dugan had a birthday party last week. His girl sent him a big cake and an elegant photo of herself. Dugan was formerly a CY (AA)-and was in on the initial invasion of Guadalcanal and its subsequent occupation. He also was in the initial invasion of Bougainville and altogether spent 22 months in combat sea duty outside continental limits.

E. F. Ravensburg, commander of Platoon 9, Batt. 1-A, was a drill corporal in the Marine Corps, so maybe that has something to do with the way his platoon marches. Ravensburg went 3 1/2 years to Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio.



R. E. FRENCH
lucky Romeo



THOMPSON
8 to the bar



HOLCOMBE
Ye editor



BATT. OFFICERS
Holmes, Moore & Anderson

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

PERSONALITIES

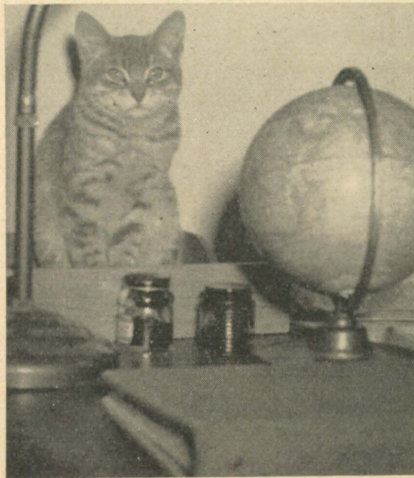
Stanley Tefft, Pl. 1, is the survivor of some 200 bombing missions against the Japs in the South Pacific area. He was shot down three times and wounded severely. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and recommended for many other citations. Exceedingly modest about his exploits, Tefft has disclosed to some of his more intimate buddies the details of some of his experiences—and his buddies say they “would make a book.”

Leo George O'Bieunas, Pl. 9, a former Master Tech. Sarg. in the U. S. Marine Corps (the boys with the tough reputations), valiantly forced himself to undergo the peril of the Poly swimming pool and emerged wet but victorious. Leo achieved the highest non-commissioned rank in the Marine Corps after only 12 months of service and at the tender age of 18 years.

Robert L. Cowan, Jr., once reputed to be the “Frap King” of Battalion 1-A, says he thinks somebody has passed him up now—but he can't figure how they did it. Cowan was one of those “crazy” Ensigns who resigned his commission to become a cadet. He took industrial management at Georgia Tech for 3½ years.

Orville L. Pimley, Pl. 2, 1-A, was an ARM 2/c for 2½ years, and spent five months of that time on Guadalcanal flying as a gunner in a S.D.B. He wears the Purple Heart and was cited by Admiral Metcher.

Harry Painter, Pl. 8, 1-A, was a Sgt.



*Hoba Hoba
Vindicator's M.O.D.*

in the Royal Canadian Air Force for a year and a corporal in the Marine Corps for about two years. He wears Air Gunner's Wings for overseas duty having seen action with an Air Transport & Utility outfit that covered all the Pacific areas.

Charles W. Shroyer, Pl. 2, 1-A, was an Aerographer 3/c. He was aboard the tanker USS Neches when it was sunk by Jap torpedoes.

N. R. Hendricks and W. H. Beydler, both Pl. 9, 1-A, were aboard a naval vessel which was torpedoed three times during the invasion of Guadalcanal.

CAT ON WATCH

Cadets of Batt. 1-A who moved into Vindicator from their previous Terrace Residence found their new home vigilantly watched by Hoba Hoba, the cat. Whenever the Mate of the Deck decides to go out for a short beer, or has a little poker session with the C.B.O.W., he turns the duty to Hoba Hoba.

It, and I refer to the cat as such since I've never had the time to investigate its sex, slowly and very sternly makes the rounds to be sure the barracks and its contents are safe and secure. The Batt. Officer's dog, Skipper, and Hoba Hoba have the usual spats with cat on the side of the victor.

WARTIME REUNION

Nearly a hundred former Cal Poly students, with wives, girl friends and husbands—yes, Cal Poly used to be co-educational—had a wartime reunion recently in San Francisco. The committee in charge included Navy Chief Harry Wineroth, Lt. Charles Solomon, Sgt. Joel Cohen, and Antone Stam of Pan-American.

Small voice in the night: Honey, your good conduct medal is scratching me.

She: What makes you think this is the night for wild oats?

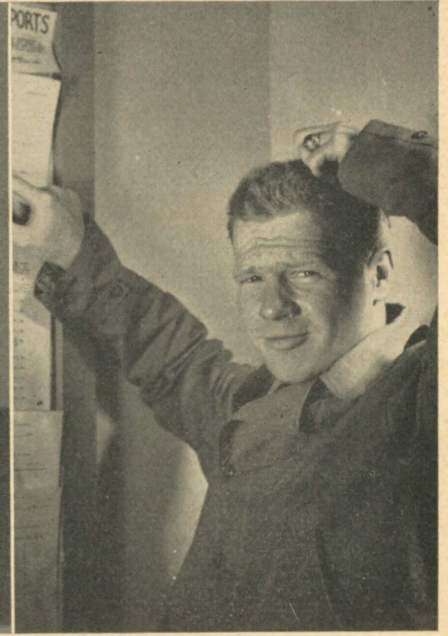
A/C: Your eyes have told me so.



*STAN TEFFT
... 215 missions*



*O'BIEUNAS
M.T. Sgt. at 18*



*R. L. COWAN
... frap king*

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GOLDBRAID



ENSIGN WERNER

Ensign A. C. Werner, Battalion Officer of 1-A 44, received his indoctrination at Chapel Hill, N. C., in February of '43. He was then assigned to Del Monte until November, at which time he came to Cal Poly.

While at Del Monte he was in the Military and Mass Murder department, and here he perfected his tortures whereby he could produce any type of misery for cadets in training.

Ensign Werner graduated from the College of Springfield, Mass., with the class of "40." He is married and has

a nine-months-old girl. While at Springfield he ran up a total of nine letters in football, basketball, and track. In his senior year he captained the basketball team, which won the All-New England championship.

Ensign Werner was president of his class for three years, and president of the student body in his senior year. He coached Allegheny College for three years and upon leaving for the Navy he left with the elated feeling that comes from knowing that his team was undefeated.

He started his present job as Battalion Officer on January 19, 1944, at 0500, and to this day he has never ceased taking care of his 262 charges. For a person to take over 200 former servicemen and in 11 weeks turn them into officer candidates is in itself no small job. But Ensign Werner claims he has liked his job, and his diligent efforts on behalf of the battalion have not gone unappreciated. There have been gripes and groans, but now that the time has come to say goodbye to him, we all sincerely hope that our future officers will take the attitude he has with us: "Hard work, hard study, and play fair and square, and you'll come out on top."

Each and everyone of us thank him for keeping us on the straight and narrow path, and those of us who sometimes felt like going "over the hill just a little ways" had only to think of Ensign Werner, and we were back on the right track.



STRICTLY GOLDBRAID SPORT

Lt. (j.g.) Klages makes tough return . . . once, anyway

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

INSTRUCTORS

8-BALL BOWLS

One of the real "brains" of the Cal Poly faculty and a regular guy, too, is "Doc" Woodford E. Bowls, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

"Doc" Bowls began teaching at California Polytechnic in 1937, as head of the Physics and Chemistry department. He had received his A.B. at the University of California in 1932, his M.A. in 1935, and his Ph.D. in 1937. He had been a teaching assistant in Physics at U.C. from 1933 to 1937.

When the NFPS program began in January 1943, "Doc" Bowls was a natural to teach the Navy's Physics course. Although "Doc" found many things the matter with the course as the Navy prescribed that it be taught, he didn't have the slightest idea that anybody back in Washington, D.C., would ever take his complaints seriously. So "Doc" was just as surprised as the cadets, perhaps not so happily, when the Navy dropped the Physics course from the NFPS program about a month ago.

But you can't cross up a versatile man like "Doc." He took the navigation charts, etc., etc., home, and gave himself a home-study course in a couple of nights, and there he was—a new navigation instructor. A man with his mathematical background is handy to have around.

His courses were tough, but the cadets always found him fair and more than willing to give extra coaching to any serious-minded student.



DR. BOWLS
Physics & Pool

"Doc" is married, has a daughter about four years old, and is now in the process of learning how to play pool (8 ball) mathematically. When he gets his formulas worked out, he vows he will clean up on some of his fellow faculty members who have been taking advantage lately of his inexperience.

A long skirt is like Prohibition. The joints are still there, but they're harder to find.



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GRADUATING BATTALION

THIRSTY FIRSTY

By R. S. Snell

In maintaining the first position in the Battalion, we have not failed in every respect, as is only too noticeable. The real merit of our quaint organization does not lie solely in its academic and militaristic accomplishments. Although our academic record is something to be looked up to.

Among the English speaking people there are those who possess annoying abilities as impersonators, and it seems the 1st Platoon's more than inherited its share. Those of you who have never witnessed a P-40 in a power dive ending in an ear-splitting crash, all done with a twist of the lips, should contact our priceless Mr. Finch. Cadence, although formerly adapted to the Military program, can be called in the funniest places. Eh, Mr. Reese?

Of a strong character we boast of Mr. Gifford who, although seldom seen with a full headdress, is said to be related somewhat to Sitting Bull, at least they both sit.

Ye reporter could drop in on "Wiggy" and Gat Trulsen, who undoubtedly would be found over some of "Gentleman" A. Brown's Poey Bait.

Our course here has been very rugged, and its effects are more clearly observed in Cadet Thompson than in anyone.

Somewhere along the way, someone threw a Whistler and Holcombe into a pot and gave them a good stirring. In the outcome, Smithy received a new roommate.

Wanted, one straitjacket in Room 15, and one note for a fine canary.

We have had a grand time, and, needless to say, the grandest time of all has been had by "our boy" Goddard.

We have survived all types of ordeals, including the "catsup episode," late from liberties, fraps, and even "Ma" Metzler's platoon leadership.

As we go on, we know that the Whistler will go on whistling. Thompson will still play "boogie," and the whole platoon will land right side up in a perfect three-point landing—those points being hard working, perfect leadership, and never forgetting how to have a good time.

It has been a streamlined course, but we have all benefited by it. We say adieu, and it is more than a guess that we will go further than W.T.S.

DWINDLING SECOND

By Joe R. Bishop

Now that our time draws near at

dear old Cal Poly, the time comes for our last word to the world. This Platoon, now numbering but twenty-four, came to Cal Poly unaware that this orifice holds all the horrors of this war. The new phrase, "Liberty and not boats," may be taken literally.

In reality—to quote Bob "Shyster" Brower, "This is the foundation of our new career and we love it." Haba, haba, cadets.

As in any other outfit, we have our characters. From one extreme to the other. "Trigger" Kernan to "Killer" Kall, ex-Marine to ex-Sailor, feather-merchants and regulars. Oh, yes, then we have "Sure Fire" Dugan, who is set apart by love.

But now, with the situation well in hand, we are quite ready to depart for the next "port." Except "Tiger" Pimley is getting up in the air about Aerology, "Battler" Center and his dits and daa's. Radioman Townson is now saying, "It didn't affect, affect, affect me" (code happy). Now "Dew Point" Shroyer says, "On to Frisco," with many followers.

Hence, now that we have retrieved all our brood from (I hope I count 24) "Mattie's" and "The Motel" (thanks to Chaplain Marsh). It brings tears to our eyes as we think of leaving. Kenzie "Killer" Kall will tell you the fair young ladies here have done everything to make our stay very pleasant.

A parting thought to those aboard: "It's the grand old American way, men."

RUSTY THIRD

Who's the strictly G. I. platoon of the battalion, and why are we? If in question over cadet rules and regulations, our platoon leader, W. E. Clark, knows (who said anything about Clark's nose?).

As we move down the ranks of the gentlemen with the stars on their caps, we find "Don Juan of the Chow Hall" Winnegar with his double to the rear, left flank, right oblique, and halt command.

Also, we have Riddle as Commissary Officer replacing his roommate, who took the noon train south. We'll pause here for a few minutes' silent prayer for all the fellas who have departed the platoon since that fateful January 19, and at the same time one for we who are left—we'll need it.

R. L. Cowan traded his two star adjutant's job for the presidency of that exclusive organization, the "Frap Club," but recently was relieved by Siler.

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

W. H. Berthold could probably run General "Ike" a close race for campaign bars, having been in nearly all the major Pacific engagements and awarded the Air Medal and Gold Star. The hash mark kid, Rohm, has his share, too, mostly for duty on the bridge of a "tea can." Oh, yes, W. G. Alford, Jr., fought the battle of Alameda for two and a half years, his roommate, "Little Boy" Baker, must have been somewhere before he came here.

When W. L. Ferguson walks in his room, his stationery automatically flops out on the desk. His pen should be getting trained by now, too. It writes the same "Jean" on all his letters. W. E. Winkler likes to write letters, also, but Mr. Werner seems to think he should be studying from seven to nine.

Since we're over in this corner of the dorm, we'll mention M. J. Wilkings, who has his hands full as head of the dance committee, but still he finds time to go to L. A.

His roommate, Senkewitz, along with G. B. Smith and Seal, are rather on the quiet side — girl's here's your chance—it's leap year, you know.

It took Jack Stephens two months to work up to squad leader, and then lost it one day. How about that!

Wonder why Munro always brings back ice cream on Saturday nights? Maybe it has a cooling effect on his throat. "Nigger" Lutz boasts the hardest posterior in the platoon. Now, here's L. B. Harris on deck. He's usually parallel to it, or in a good sleeping position.

W. R. Smith is trying to instigate a course in "How to get out of P. T. in three easy lessons." No outfit would be complete without its musician and that's where Beatrice comes in.

And that about covers the trusty third, so yours truly, L. L. Ooling, will sign off for the day.

FITFUL FOURTH

By F. W. Johnson

As we gaze into the past of some of these promising cadets, we are amused to find that the tales that can be told are really very funny. For instance, did you know that Bob Barman was the guy who caused the zoot suit to be the rage on the West Coast? Remember when you used to listen to Jack Armstrong on the radio? We have that "All-American" boy in our own little Fourth platoon.

There are two fellows in the platoon who are in a deadlock as to deciding

which is the "flabbiest." Personally, I'd say Jack Truax would run a close second to the winner. Probably the mightiest of little mites is Cadet Dou-tel. A wrestler and a sportsman with a reputation in our mat class. The most romantic individual, judged by his contacts, is Platoon Leader Powers. No doubt the best bit of dirt is about a lad who specialized in impersonations. A sort of "triple throat" man. How about it, Jack? With the characters in our platoon, you could write endlessly, but Time is short.

FIGHTIN' FIFTH

By C. R. Metcalfe

This tale has to do with the one and only Fightin' Fifth, rugged individualists summoned from the far-flung corners of the globe. The rapidity with which this platoon has undergone changes of command and personnel has only been exceeded by our versatile sister republic, Argentina.

Among some of the amusing events that we will never forget is the time "Slim" Kinney stepped into the gopher hole and rolled over twice during battalion drill. Or when Cadet Metcalfe did a wrong flank movement and walked half-way across the drill-field solo. Phsst—Marshment's girl friend wrote she thought that he could sing much better than Frank Sinatra, and not only that, but he is much better looking than Sinatra!

On the more serious side, we wish to express our appreciation of the fine tutoring we have received. Do not know what we would have done without the sympathetic coaching of Mr. Strain, our popular Navigation instructor, or how in the world we would ever have completed that math final without those extra study periods given by Mrs. Lovejoy. Also, Mr. Metz is tops with us, as are all of our instructors.

The big event of the week is our Saturday night recreational period. Many cadets of our platoon proceed to San Luis Obispo for a hilarious evening. A few of us who are restricted, financially embarrassed, or just disinterested, spend our Saturday liberty in the barracks listening to the platoon's only radio, shining shoes, writing letters, or gathering around for little "bull" sessions.

For instance, we walk into room 31 on a typical Saturday night and note the military-like appearance. Flight specialist Ihle is snappily sprawled on a lower bunk attired in khaki trou only. "Pinchy-Pinchy" George,

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GRADUATING BATTALION

our APD man, is in top bunk relating stories of love and Aleutions. Gathered around, participating, are Cadets "Bush" Haugen and Cadet Ott (formerly C.B.), who say Rome could be built in a day. Also Battalion Adjutant Thomas and Platoon Leader Mann very seldom miss these get-togethers. Indidentally, Thomas is the only man in the platoon who can keep up with Hoba-Hoba on our weekly hikes. Cadet Mann's fancy turns a little more to love, and he does seem to sport that tired look.

Cadets "Ten Spot" Barton, "Romeo" Main, "Red" McDermott, "Muscles" Morse, "Lucky" Brown, "Killer" Crawford, "Silent" Fields, "Snappy" Snyder, "Frisco" Sarver, and "Auctioneer" Quick are all members of the Fifth who can be found on almost any given Saturday night at Mattie's. We recommend Mattie's to the incoming Batts. as a fine place to eat, drink, and find rain-coats.

SINFUL SIXTH

Calling all biology students, you supply the microscope . . . we'll supply the specimens, perfectly preserved in alcohol, and only slightly damaged by the wear and tear of the past few months. As we gaze upon the vast assortment of "Bottles" . . . we mean cadets . . . one begins to wonder just WHAT he's been living with since arriving at Cal Poly.

Of Cabbages and Kings (?) Frank "Ish Kabibble" McGoogan, the Tank, someday hopes to dance with a girl. Third assistant supply leader Johnnie "Baby-face" Ross, heavyweight boxing champion of the North Atlantic fleet, ex-freshman football flash at Fordham and Casanova of the U.S.O. Jerry Anderson, the human physcrometer, reaches the dew-point without precipitating. Our up-and-coming platoon leader, Jim "Don't Call Me Fat Boy" Hake, expert motorcycle champion and drill-master de luxe.

Another famous athletic personality is "Mermaid" Kirchen, intercollegiate swimming champion and at present still struggling with the "D" test. Ah . . . Mr. America of 1944 . . . "Tyrone" McMain, the "foo-foo keed"; more scent than a French lady of leisure. Runner-up for the "glamour boy" title is Don "Eager-Beaver" Frantz, the Sixth platoon's gift to the mess-cooks. The musical profession is well represented by LeRoy "Prince" Scharmer, whiskey tenor, and choirmaster of the Cadet Chorus. Just wondering if Jim "Crabs" Moore remembers his first shave.

Survivors of the 13th Battalion's purge included such sterling characters as "Rabbi" Krinsky, treasurer of O'Reilly's Fish and Chowder Club, cosmopolitan and man-about-town. His latest "heartbeat" was heard to sigh that he was a cross between Victor Mature and W. C. Fields. Honorable mention goes to Dick "Whaddaya Shay" Madden, president of the "Clean Living Boys' Club," and chairman of the local W.C.T.U.

The Sixth will never be forgotten. For further information consult the "Board" and the "Who's Who" of San Diego.

POETIC SEVENTH

By F. M. Hodges

We really think we need a hearse
But will carry on with a bit of verse.
This will introduce you to
A bunch of fellows tried and true.
Half of them sailors, half Marines
And as cadets no longer green.

First Cryder, navigation shark,
Clemmer, just out for a lark.
Elias, he who always giggles,
Fesser, change step! Wiggle.
Golden, just doesn't understand,
Hodges, one who also ran.
King, the boy with out-sized ears,
Moore, he drives us into tears.
Morin, I just can see that,
Nairn, the lad with chest so flat.
Newsome, but not quite so new,
Norris, sub platoon commander, phew!
Owsley, one of our heavyweights,
Patchen, of the fiery face.
Perry, who gives that code a struggle,
Rippel, with the girls just loves to
snuggle.
Sims, better known as Ruggles,
Thomas, our foremost four-oh man,
White, he's just a Navy man.
Wicks, he of the shiny pate,
Yount, hurry now or you'll be late.

And now, as we're finishing up our course,

By work a credit to any horse,
We all will say it was not folly,
That got us through at old Cal Poly.
We'll tell you we'll never rue the day,
"Be it December or early May,"
That we gave up soft jobs in the fleet,
To give our all on blistered feet.

AGILE EIGHTH

By Deacon Thomas

Gentlemen, I give you the "Eighth"—ah, yes, the "Agile Eighth." Here we stand high on the hill in front of Kingfisher, with chests out and chins in, proud as the Stars and Stripes that wave over Cal Poly. Yes, gentlemen, after ten weeks of toilsome drilling

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

GRADUATING BATTALION

and concentrated coaching on discipline in ranks, we have become absolutely the G. I. platoon of Battalion 1-A-44!

Ah, Mr. Coleman, we don't talk in ranks, remember! And straighten that hat. But now things are squared away and Mr. 4.0 Gracey (he's the plat. comm.) takes over. Right Hach! Forward—Harch! And so we're off to class.

The first man we note as we march along is "Hopalong" Jacobson. Never let it be said that Jake is ever behind, because he's usually a half-step ahead.

Then there's Mr. Painter, better known as Reverend Beasy. He's the Romeo of the Eighth, and really charms the feminine world. But, of course, he's just a little way ahead of Mr. Gray.

Gray ain't bashful, but he has a heck of a time getting started. And for some reason's he's always the last one out of the mess hall! Oh, well, if I knew Elaine, I'd be lost, too! And then there's Mr. Anderson.

Andy's always plotting reciprocals. And, of course, there's "Card" Beckmann. He makes out the gauge for Navigation.

Distifano's favorite plane is the "shpiffish." And there's Leon, too. He's another of our Romeos, but the only one with a bouquet of roses and an accent!

Conrad and Huston are our good men. And then, there's Spierling. He's our recognition boy. He could recognize a "Mitsubishe Shu Shu" at twenty miles. The guy in the first rank with the broken grappler is Smith. He tried to push his fist through a wall.

Four of those noisy guys in the back are Wingo, Phillips, Scher, and Reynolds. Wingo is the man with the "Helloow."

The guide man is James W. Green. To start with, we had two James W. Greens, which fairly complicated things at the office, but now one is gone, so everything is straightened out.

And then, there's "Tough Luck" Mills. The other day he received word from his "Texan Honey" that "The whistle's blown and the game's over"!

And, of course, last (and almost least) is the guy on the end. He's the mustering petty officer, and let me tell you, he deserves a lot of credit. His name is "billiards" Thomas.

Then there's the gal we named "Checkers" because she jumped if you made the wrong move.

Mustang Roundup, April 1944

THE NASTY NINTH

By John S. Kanowicz

At the beginning, the Ninth was a small platoon totaling 12 men. As the days rolled by we kept adding a few men from here and there, and finally came up to standard size.

Appropriately, as befitting his rank, we shall begin with our platoon leader, Elmore Ravensburg. "Elmer" was a former drill instructor at Georgia Pre-flight, and through his ability brought the platoon through in fine "military" shape.

As mustering petty officer we have Troy Alexander — doesn't say much, but what a wiz in Navigation. Assistant platoon leader Leo O'Bieunas, who has a swell time pestering and arguing with his roommate, Gene Mathews, better known as "Moon."

Then we have Gerry Michels and Arnold Wilson. Gerry is always pulling his seniority as the man with the most time in . . . as an A/C. While Wilson never worries about a thing except the hair falling out of his head. We have "First Nighter" Hendricks—whose first night at Mattie's rang up the curtain.

Naturally, there have been some men who are always late. Most famous in this category are Lauritzen and Howe. Lauritzen always seems to be at the central office while Howe's excuse and most common wail is: "I just got back from P.T."

The gal Lothario of the group is none other than Flash Lopez, a native of S. L. O. He knows all the phone numbers, and best of all, the gals.

Pippin begs the Mate to let him sleep a few extra minutes. Lindsey walks to classes normally, but when P.T. comes around he limps as if his feet were ready to fall off. Then we have Prusz, the tap dancing kid—who is always out of step.

Then Beydler, the 6 foot 3 inch boy who always keeps the platoon at a steady pace with his 60-inch steps. Baboval, the only ex-Marine who needs a valet to keep his cap on straight. In time, Nichols will be quite bald; he loses his hair by pulling it out—over Navigation.

Last, but not least, there is Guy Glowasky and "Once over lightly" Johnson. Just to mention their names is enough. As for myself, just another character.

Mother: "Where do bad little girls go?"

Babs: "Most everywhere, Momma."

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CAL POLY NEWS



*CAPT. DEUEL
Back for a chat*

CAPT. DEUEL VISITS

Capt. Joseph C. Deuel, former director of athletics, dormitory superintendent, librarian, stopped off here re-



*LT. SOULE
... told about Hanks*

cently after accompanying some army personnel to San Diego. Capt. Deuel is with the army air forces personnel division at Biloxi, Miss.



*SENOR VERDEJO
... from Argentina*

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!

If little Red Riding Hood lived today
The modern girls would scorn her.
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner.

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PAMPUS TO CAMPUS

Antonio Verdejo, representing the national department of agriculture in Argentina, was a campus visitor recently. He was interested in the method of instruction at this college, coming here for the express purpose of seeing how Cal Poly does things. In Argentina, only those planning to attend the University ever go to high school. Senor Verdejo doesn't see just how he is going to get an "Argentine Polytechnic College" under way.

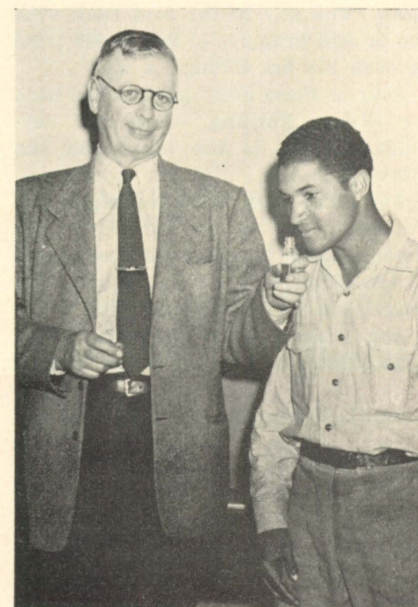
The cadets had been going over the usual obstacle course — swimming across a pool of dirty water, running up a bank, climbing a seven-foot wall, scrambling through bushes and barbed wire, and finally climbing a mountain.

The Lieut. shouted to one of the cadets as he came to the end of the jaunt:

"How do you like it, cadet?"

"Where I come from, sir, we have to go through country like this just to get to the privy."

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



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... says Max to Mr. Kidder*

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SCIENTIST VISITS

A distinguished visitor to the campus recently was Dr. E. N. Gathercoal, professor-emeritus from the school of pharmacy of the University of Illinois. Dr. Gathercoal is a world-renowned authority on pharmaceutical drugs and plants. Accompanied by Mrs. Gathercoal, the scientist visited the various agricultural and industrial buildings and heard how the Mustangs "learn by doing."

Dr. Gathercoal arrived here with Monroe C. Kidder, special employe of the college developing the state's output of essential drug plants. When Mr. Kidder heard that Max Lescot, son of the president of the Republic of Haiti, was here at Poly, he looked up Max to get some contacts for importing some lemon grass plants which are grown in Haiti for the extraction of citronella oil, basis for lemon flavorings. Kidder has produced a substitute citronella oil from a variety of eucalyptus tree.

Voice from Passing Car: "Engine trouble?"

Voice from Parked Car: "Nope."

Voice from Passing Car: "Tire down?"

Voice from Parked Car: "Didn't have to."

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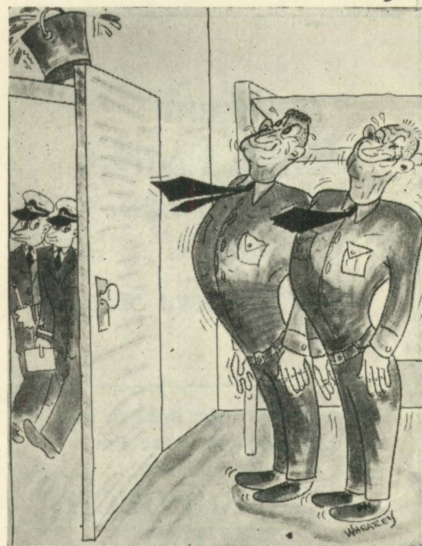
"Has either of you cadets a nickel?"



"Hey, Dilbert! You just got a package."



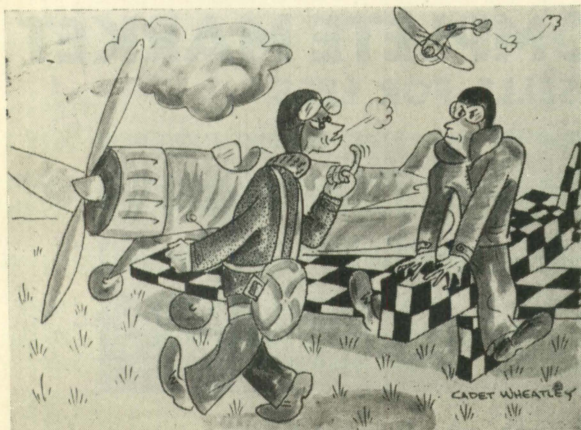
"Good training for Hellcat pilot"



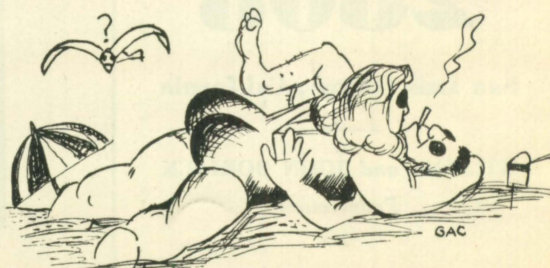
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above cartoon & win a year's
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gible. Send as many captions
as you wish to Room 208,
Saratoga, with your name &
platoon number. Winner will
be announced next month.



"And the m-m-moon shone . . ."



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



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