

Ernest Blake

Mustang ROUNDUP

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CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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Edition

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Yet

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Results

- Dedicated to
Lt. G. A.
Stromgren
Bn. 2-A Officer

MAY
1944

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Mustang ROUNDUP

C A D E T R E G I M E N T

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE??

By D. P. Scudder

Variety is the spice of life, and the results of an informal poll held in Battalion 2-A follows this adage very closely.

What kind of plane do you want? Just stop and think of what that means. The cadets made their choices, from "Buzz boys" in our hot fighters, to flying cargo and mail across the Pacific. Fifty-three percent of the cadets chose to meet the Japs in fighters, while only three men asked for our torpedo plane. No doubt there will be a number of these men from the fighter group who will transfer to the "Pickle lugger." The lure of the twin engine bombers like the Ventura, Catalina, Marauder, and Mitchell has 17% of the Battalion in its grasp. The big boats, Coronados and Liberators can claim only 9% of the boys. A calm, steady group of five men have chosen to serve as pilots on the life lines of the air, the transport command. Here, indeed, is the variety. From the high speed fighter, fraught with praise and glamour, to the unimposing ships of burden. One without the other could never exist, and this division of men insures pilots for every branch.

Not only did the questionnaire uncover the facts on the planes requested, but it also showed how many of the men would take that final leap into the sea of matrimony. When we stand at our last muster as cadets, and feel our blood rush like fire through us when those wings of gold are pinned on, a little more than half of the battalion will start looking for the preacher. Anywhere from five minutes to five years will elapse before the splice is made, but these men want the companionship of the ones they love. A sad case of 30% wanting to be bachelors exists at present, but when the right one comes along, these so-called bachelors will probably "spin in" and become one of the great majority. Fourteen percent are undecided, but two bits says that some young thing will land and take the situation into very capable hands.

The Marine Corps seems to hold the advantage in getting the boys. Again better than half the Battalion wants to fly with the Fightin' Marines, while the remainder will stick to the Navy Blues. These men will be fighting in the battle theaters all over the face of the earth, but still the men have their preference as to regions. Apparently the Jap is the most hated enemy for 65% of

(Continued on Page 24)

NFPS SKIPPER

Skipper of the NFPS program at Cal Poly since December 10, 1943, Lieut. Robert Bruce McPhail has seen the school change from a regular NFPS to a fleet school and back again, watched the size of battalions increase from 200 to 285 men and decrease to 50. Under his command he initiated many other changes, most of which were for the morale and welfare of the cadet regiment.

Few cadets now aboard are aware of the fact that Lt. McPhail is listed in the recent edition of "Football in War and Peace" by Clark Shaughnessy, as one of the finest quarterbacks of all time. In 1925, Dartmouth was national champion and gained fame as being the "brain team"—capable of putting on the field a team composed of Phi Beta Kappas. McPhail succeeded Eddie Doolye and played with a backfield picked by Shaughnessy as one of the twelve greatest of all time.



LT. R. B. McPHAIL
"All-American" Skipper



REGIMENTAL & BATTALION STAFF

(L. to r.) Reg. Comdr. Pavlich, Bn. Comdr. Kelly, Reg. Sub Comdr. McMullin, Reg. Adjutant Pollom, Bn. Sub Comdr. Johnson, Bn. Adjut. Samms, Reg. Commissary Officer Lind, Bn. Commissary Officer Hanington

CADET REGIMENT

GIVE US LIBERTY

By H. L. Brooks

San Luis Obispo was very quiet this past weekend, which has not been the past experiences of its residents around Av Cad graduation time.

Bn. 2A broke another of the long standing Cal Poly NFPS traditions by not bringing in a load of beautiful women and not having the big dance prior to their departure.

Due to the fact that this Bn. is about one third the size of all previous ones, the assessments per man would have been so great that it would make it a privilege to pay income taxes. Our very understanding Bn. C.O. realized this situation and as usual went to bat for his men. The results being a sixty-four hour leave.

Most of the men departed for either San Francisco or Los Angeles, while some of our more romantic romances preferred to remain in the vicinity of S.L.O. in order that they may throw the last few lumps of coal into the fire that they built in some local girl's heart.

As you should know by this time, all of 2A came from the Navy or Marine Corps, and the largest percentage of these men have spent quite a bit of time overseas. They returned to the states just in time to catch the draft for Cal Poly, which meant no leave, no nothing, so this past week end has been quite an experience.

BATTALION 3-A

By Harvey & Edwards

Stepping up to take their places as senior battalion next week will be Battalion 3-A, one of the few non-fleet battalions to enter this school.

The composite of this battalion is mostly V-12 men from the Western States plus a few civilians, some fleet men, and a group of ex-commissioned officers. This combination has shown the ability to adapt itself to the pace set by the Flight Preparatory school and has settled down to the job of preparing for Pre-Flight.

To date the mettle of Battalion 3A has been shown in all phases of the program here—athletic as well as scholastic. Aside from keeping grades up to par, records are being broken in track and swimming; intramural competition has found them at the top in basketball, swimming, softball and track.

There have been two regimental athletic meets held so far: one swimming and one track. Battalion 3-A was victorious in both. Leading the team in the swimming meet were: Shoup, Walker, Williams, Cave. Outstanding track men are: Ward, Moss, Maibe, and Shoup. Wolfe, Leonie, Dal Porto composed the nucleus of the basketball squad that has brought in only victories to date.

Officer in charge of Battalion 3-A is Lt. (jg) Eberhart, previously a swimming instructor here at NFPS. His cadet officers are: Nelson, battalion commander; Rosenthal, Jenny, Meloche and Lawson, battalion staff.

BATTALION 4-A

By Kenneth Gurian

Well, here we are, the smallest battalion to ever come aboard this station.

We consist of fifty men, thirty-five of whom came from V-12 program school in Marysville, Missouri. These men spent one month as Tarmacs at N.A.S. Livermore, California. Ten of the remaining fifteen men were in the Marine Corps, serving in the Solomons, New Georgia, and Bougainville campaigns.

Formerly known as Ensign, Cadet W. F. Beck served in the N.A.T.S. He organized the transport service on Tarawa.

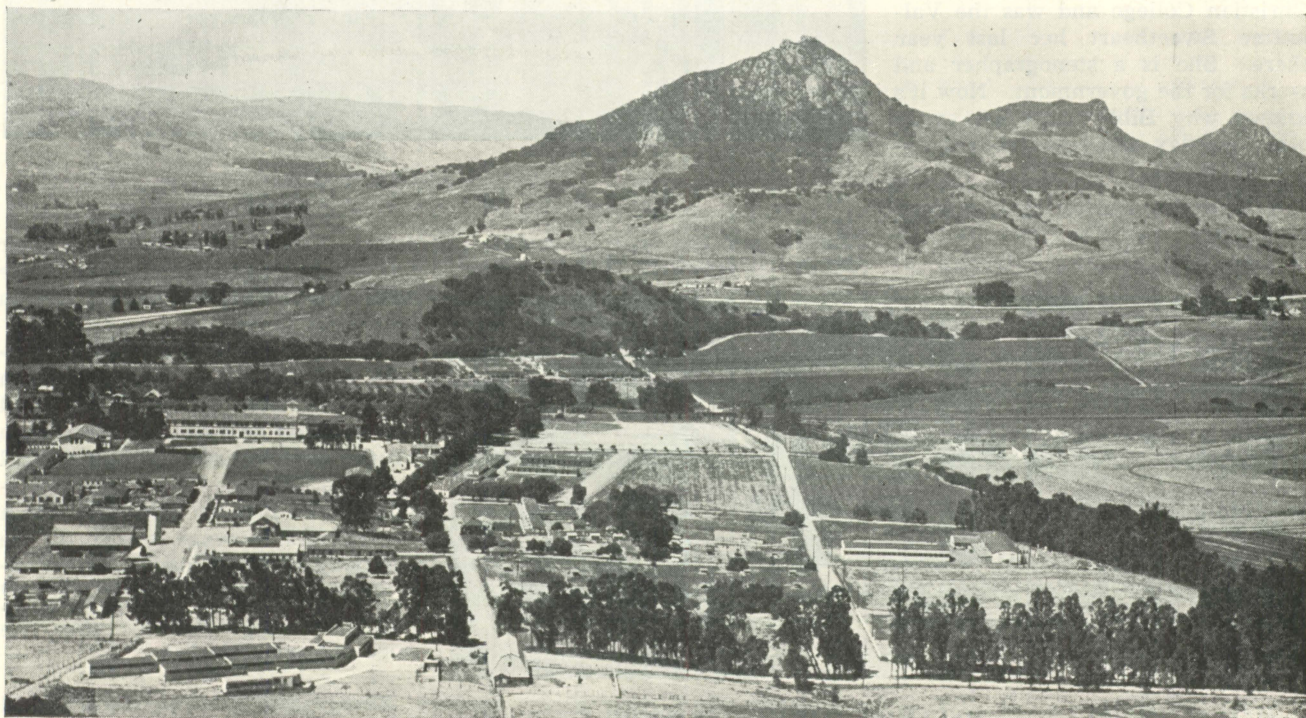
Cadet W. J. Stocklin, from the fleet, served in submarine duty and has patrolled near the coast of Japan three times.

Attached to Admiral Halsey's staff was radioman J. M. Harbers, who incidentally was the only man that passed the communications examination of fourteen words per minute.

Two of the Cadets, D. E. Anderson and C. R. Avery, both V-12 men, passed the math exam with a score of 3.7.

Some of the officers are: Cadet Osborne, Batt Commander; Cadet Huggins, adjutant, and Cadets Borg and Gildos as Platoon Commanders.

Being a small Battalion, we will strive to prove by our records that good things come in small packages.



CAL POLY CAMPUS FROM THE "P"
Breathes there an Av/Cad so lucky he has never seen this view?

HAIL THE QUEEN

HAIL THE QUEEN

Bn. 2A-44 has not one Queen but four. The judges had to rank them though, so after due consideration they chose a New York beauty, Miss Ollie Jo Blaha. Her picture was entered by Burton S. McMullin of Platoon 3, who now has his chest out a couple of extra inches. The choice of Miss Blaha endorses the opinion of one of our country's outstanding authorities on beauty, Mr. John Powers, who put Ollie Joe into the field of modeling. Before this happy experience, she attended Columbia University and was Queen of her sorority for 1943. Even though the lights and the career are interesting, Ollie Jo would give them up for security, a home, and a fireplace—with the right man. Mac met this young Venus while enroute from Marine Corps Boot Camp to Philadelphia and they became fast friends. On top of all this beauty she can cook and run a household too. Mac just shakes his head and says, "I don't know how she does it!"

Second in this parade of beauty marches Mary Anne Bell, one of those beautiful Dallas, Texas, women, entered by Joe R. Bibby. Mary Anne has that Petty girl figure and Ipana smile. The meeting of these two was a high school romance which grew up with them. Annie (as Joe calls her) attended Abilene Christian College and was the Valentine Sweetheart her last year there. She is a stenographer and works for the government. Now it's known why Bibby calls her every other Sunday and stays aboard every week-end.

A local girl chosen by our keen eyed judges was Miss Helen De Soto of San Luis Obispo. Howard J.



QUEEN OLLIE JO BLAHA

The typewriter can't whistle, or it would. . . .

Murphy met her on a blind date at the beach and they clicked immedi-

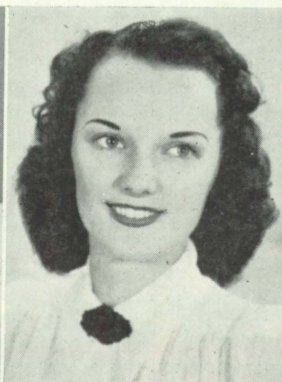
ately. They have been together every Saturday and Sunday since then that Murphy hasn't had a watch.

Miss Dorothy Schiller whose picture was entered by Carl R. Spoeth is a Milwaukee beauty. Short and sweet would be a concise description of the talented young lady. Carl says she holds down a very important job, he met her while he was a civilian and a wage earner at the company where Dorothy is a stenographer. However, Dorothy has a yen to settle down in a little vine-covered cottage—for his sake we hope it's with Carl.

Every man likes to see a broad smile. Especially if she smiles in his direction.



MAY ANNE BELL
Texas Venus



HELEN DE SOTO
Local talent



DOROTHY SCHILLER
Milwaukee Maid

GOLD BRAID

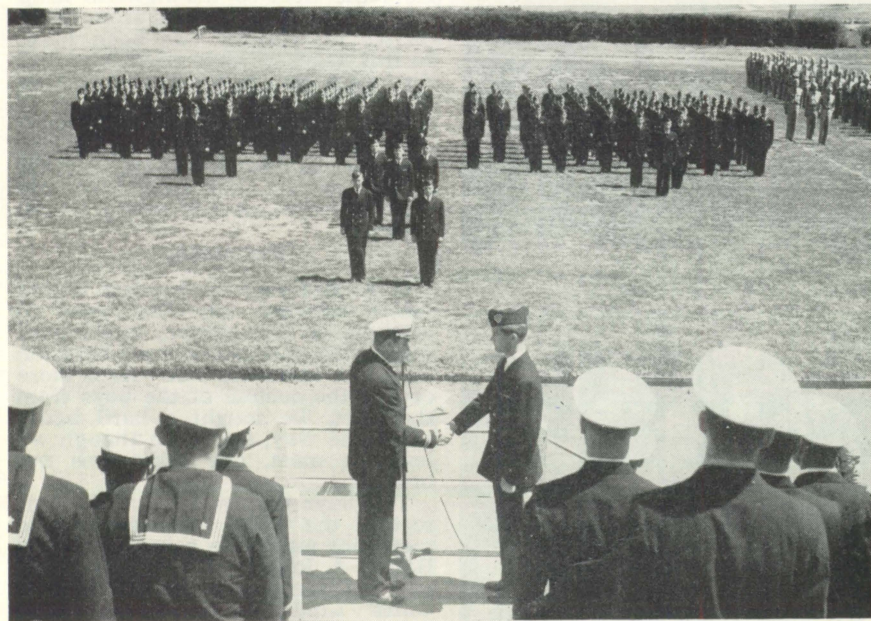
BN. 2-A OFFICER

George A. Stromgren was the best basketball player that the University of California at Berkeley graduated in 1933.

From there he carried his sheepskin to Davis, California, and became basketball coach at the University of California College of Agriculture. He wasn't content with one job though, so he accepted a po-

ing there and promoted to Lieutenant (jg). Bn. 2A was destined to be lucky though, the training at Del Monte was discontinued so Mr. Stromgren was transferred to the Flight Preparatory School at Cal Poly.

Ours is the first battalion of which he has had charge and we wonder if they will allow him to return to his athletic duties. He has taught



A TYPICAL GRADUATION

"Regimental Commander, put the regiment at ease."

sition on the school athletic council for Oakland. He directed the recreational program for boys and raised his own teams, for later many of his boys would come to U.C.

In 1936 he met a beautiful San Antonio, Texas, girl and married her in Oakland. They have one son, Jay (or George III but pretty Mrs. Stromgren says they stick to Jay.

Before the Lieutenant joined the Navy in February, 1943, he enjoyed golf especially and poker next. After basketball of course. He teaches the cadets the fine points of basketball and plays golf occasionally, but does he still play poker?

He reported first to Chapel Hill for his indoctrination in the Navy. There he went through the kind of training that teaches a man to put us through the kind of training we are going through.

From there he left to be stationed at Del Monte Pre-Flight here in California. He made an excellent show-

us much and helped us through some hard places. He's been for his men and we are for him.



INSPECTION

Ah, dust—no extra hour



LT. G. A. STROMGREN
The Gent on the Cover

The Navy evidently thinks well of him, too. He's a full Lieutenant now. Lieutenant George A. Stromgren, may each of us become as good an officer as you.

BN. 2-A REUNION

It was suggested in the questionnaire filled out by Bn. 2-A that a clearing house be established now as a means of our contacting each other when we reach the final stage of our training. This met with one hundred per cent approval, so here's how we will do it.

Upon arrival at Corpus Christi or Pensacola every man now graduating from Cal Poly with Bn. 2A, will drop a card to the address below, merely stating that he has arrived and giving the address at which he can be reached. The person who receives these cards will forward each name and address to the first person heard from and we will all be contacted shortly upon arrival.

Think of the good parties we'll be able to throw, if we all get together (all ten of us). How many will reach Corpus? Who will they be? How soon or how far apart will they arrive? Who will be in the same training squadron?

All of those questions will be answered for you for one cent. Just say—

Dear Mom:

I arrived here at Corpus June 31 from Norman, Okla. (or wherever you receive your primary). I'm established permanently now so here's my address.

A/C I. C. Dilbert
Training Squadron X
Little Henderson Field
Corpus Christi N.A.T.S.
Corpus Christi, Texas

The address to remember and use is Mrs. Dorothy Bibby, 3916 Congress St., Dallas, Texas.

Let's have a wet and loud Corpus Jive in '45.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

SPORTS PARADE

By Combs and Hanington



Top: Sweatin' it across the line. Middle: They pose nice, don't they?
Bottom: Nine men and the spectators.

From the rigorous training here at Cal Poly have sprouted several well formed teams that have carried our banners in the various contests. In this article we are striving to bring to every man something that will serve to remind him of the things we have learned here while competing against teams from other battalions. Most of our men are from the fleet so the fight to keep up with the young boys from other phases of training has been hard. In this fight we have tried hard and the spirit shown has been admired by all. Here you will find most of the faces of our Battalion, because even though they may not be the best ever to compete in the contests at this station, they have tried and contributed materially to our sports' program.

Swimming

It seemed that the hardest fought battle between any Bns. ever to compete on this station, was fought during the swimming meet between Batt. 2-A and Batt. 3-A. As is more or less the custom of the boys from the fleet, we fought a hard battle all of the way, and even though we lost the meet, our spirit was not broken.

The boys that you see with their feet in the water are some of the men that made the going tough for Batt. 3-A. Reading from left to right you will see **Cadets Vassar, Martin, Golis, Lind, Peterkin, Montague, Downey and Meyers**. All of these boys showed the kind of spirit that makes for better and tougher pilots. Luck just didn't seem to be their way, but we are quite proud of the job they did.

In the picture of the boys on the diving board you will see the men who did the scoring for our dear old Bn. If you look at the way these boys have their chests stuck out you might even get the impression that they are more or less justly proud of themselves. The boys found in this picture are: Third row: **Jerome R. Bronkalla**, the boy that burned up the pool in the backstroke event. In the second row, reading from left to right is "**Mac**" **McMullin**, the man that turned in a performance he should well be proud of. Next you find the Cadet that gained about fifteen yards in the relay event. If you don't already know who it is, it's **William A. Combs**. The short guy that sports a winning smile is **Cadet Stanley Meetz**. For such a little man you wouldn't believe that he could swim so fast. Next in line is **Frank R. Scavo**. He's one of those all-around athletes that did quite a lot to make things more interesting. **Cadet Lee Robbins** is the next man and if you don't think he is easy to push around ask "Kelly". In the Bottom row we find **Cadet Donald M. Paul** in the number one position. That backstroke is strictly elemen-

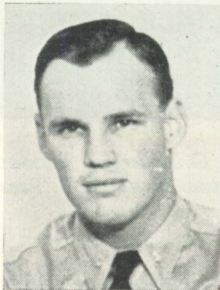
PHYSICAL TRAINING

tary if you could but see him swim. The next man is **Hurk J. Kelly** who was the superman of the meet. He broke the record in the "Tired Swimmers Carry" event, so why shouldn't he be smiling. **Irving Rosenstein** is the boy with the old "Tarzan" look on his pan. Maybe he rates it, since he and "Kelly" were the "work horses" of the meet. **Charles E. Pollom** is the boy that is sitting with his mouth open. If you had turned in the performance that he turned in, you'd be waiting for dinner also. Last but not least we have **Wesley L. Jeffries**, whose fine spirit and good work did much for our team. All of these Cadets did a very good job and the spirit with which they entered and finished the meet is well deserving the praise of everyone.

Track

In the track meet held a few weeks ago our Battalion made the surprising score of three. Our men tried hard but the men they were competing against seemed to be supermen. The highlights of the event were the hundred yard dash and the tug of war.

N. B. Adams of Platoon five was our high point man. He placed in the hundred yard dash which gave him the points needed. Our tug of war team came in third so they made up for the other points of the total. Most of our men competed in the events and even though they didn't win in any of them, they made possible a few laughs at our own expense.



ADAMS
High pointer

Boxing

Our boxing team is shown ready to take on all comers. Left to right we see heavy-weights **Pavlich, Spears, McMullin, "Jinx" Kelly, "Pants" Murphy, "Logger" Vassar, "Niggah" Scavo, "Farmer" Golis, "Pete" Peterkin, and "Flash" Leanders.**

Softball

Finally we come to a sport in which we have made a good standing. Our baseball team triumphed over our mortal enemies, "The V-12 Kids." The game was hard fought all of the way but it seems that some of our boys are in the "know" when it comes to "waving that stick." The final score was four to two in favor of the fleet men.

The men who came out for the baseball team and shown here are from left to right. In front row—**Wininger, Vassar, Sears, Murphy, Blomberg, Lind, Higen, Gratiot, Purdum, Kosko, Lashbough, Scavo (Manager), Golis, Peterkin, Souder, Jeffries, Tiller, and Parker.** In rear



BATTALION 2-A's SWIMMING TEAM

Top: Their spirit was tops. Bottom: These men broke the tape.

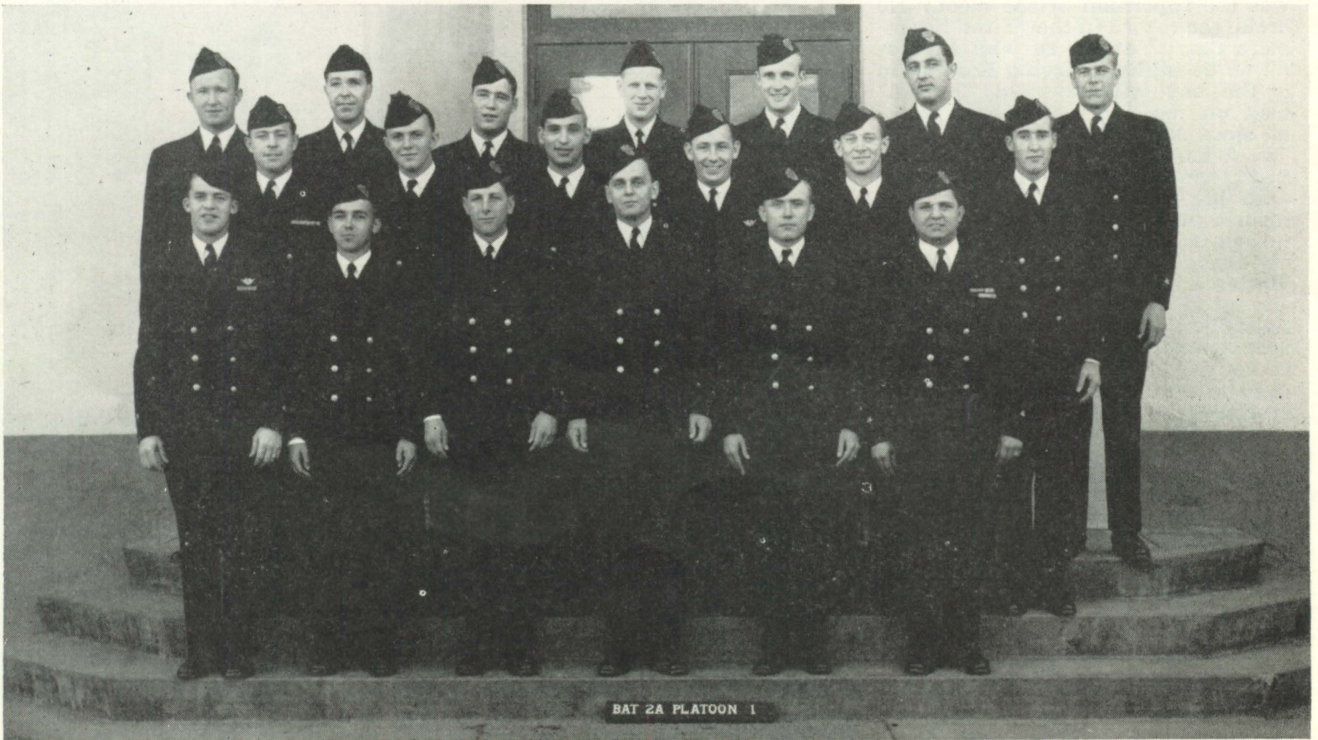
—**Wilson, Larcom, Martin, Pinkard, Pavlich, Stuart, Rosenstein, Myers, Williamson, Recheygl, Brewer, Combs, Hanington, Watts and Poole.**

Here at the preliminary stage of the flight training program we have tried diligently to prepare ourselves for the more vigorous training that lies ahead. True, we have suffered stiff backs and sore muscles, but we are all the while toughening our bodies, sharpening our minds, and

developing the traits so required of our combat pilots.

Just now we are looking anxiously forward to the next stop on the long, hard road to those much sought for "wings of gold." At Pre-Flight school the physical toughening up program will be even more strenuous than we have encountered thus far. However, we are certain that we are well prepared to weather that stage of the training and take it in stride.

PLATOON ONE



FRONT ROW: D. M. Paul, S. P. Meetz, R. F. Johnson, C. W. Brommer, V. N. Kosko, J. G. Rodman. SECOND ROW: W. E. Higgs, P. C. Brewer, I. Rosenstein, J. W. Lashbaugh, D. A. Kalmes, W. J. Morgan. THIRD ROW: D. T. Pearson, C. T. Cahill, M. Pinkard, H. L. Ingram, J. C. Gratias, C. J. Pavlich, D. W. Luedke.

HALF AND HALF

By P. C. Brewer

Half sailors, half marines, members of the first platoon hit Cal Poly with plenty of action but little book-work under our belts. The "what and why" of Cadet life was entirely new to us; but with plenty of study and a little luck the majority of us pulled through. We did lose eight of our buddies, however; maybe it was homesickness for the old white hat and San Diego.

From the time we hit Avenger Hill until we left Mariner Hall, the password was "Hobba-Hobba, Cadet, five minutes 'til muster." "Results not Excuses" signs were in evidence wherever we turned. The mighty Navigation problems created more arguments than the Civil War; cries of "you can't be right" or "wait a minute, I read my plotter wrong", were standardized conversation for N-problem time. Cirrus-stratus, cold fronts, burbel points and fixes, run through the average air cadet's mind while he's trying to get his 7½ hours sack time.

What the boys thought of each others' future was indicated in our election of "would be" positions in the world of aviation. The man voted to be the most deadly pilot was

C. W. Brommer. The fellow chosen as the most popular wing man was J. W. Lashbough. Most likely to be a squadron leader, C. Pavlich had little competition in that respect. Coming down the line to the best navigator, it was P. C. Brewer.

A fellow with a lot of patience and knowledge, D. W. Luedke, was chosen the most likely instructor. Don

Pearson has a liking for a good chow, so his future is tied up as a Commissary Officer. The guy who really cuts a rug is "Alabam" Ingram, voted "to have the most fun out of life. Regarding our next choice no remarks are necessary, "Rosie" Rosenstein, was voted the man with whom we'd best like to be on a desert island with.



DRESSED RIGHT
Very unusual, isn't it. . . .

PLATOON ONE



BROMMER
He's tough

Charles William Brommer (better known to the First Platoon as the Telephone Kid) has run out of his true Sea stories and has decided to start reading books and magazines to help keep up his stride. Being a veteran of the South Pacific, he tells of his experiences on the USS HORNET, which he helped put in commission and was aboard when she went down. After a few weeks here at Cal Poly he mentions the fact he wishes he was still on her, if it wasn't for the Beautiful blonde and good liberty he has in San Luis, which makes his life interesting and week-ends enjoyable.

John William Lashbaugh, another flying "Static chaser" in our platoon is "Kid Lashbaugh. Since he left his home in Maryland, Lash spent most of his Navy time flying B-24's around Guadalcanal. Usually the first man ashore on liberty and the last aboard, Lash spent many hours looking for the right spot to drown his sorrows. Mention Toby's and he's ready to start, it'll even wake him up in engines. With a lot of aviation background, Lash is destined to be a good pilot.

Charles John Pavlich, cadet Regi-



LASHBAUGH
Pismo flash

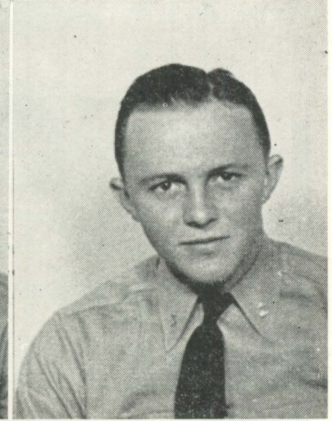
mental Commander is a former Marine, who comes from Muskegan, Michigan. The past two years of Pavlich's duty were aboard the USS NORTH CAROLINA. One of the biggest men in the Batt. Muscles is also a hard hitting heavyweight boxer. Besides making announcements, his favorite sport is taking out his roomies' girl friends.

Paul Clisby Brewer, was a former radioman 2/c serving in both the European and Asiatic Theatres aboard the USS ALABAMA. His old stomping ground is Buffalo, N.Y., the city of "Friendly Neighbors". A liberty hound indeed, lover of beautiful women and brass rails; one of the few who can walk into any bar room on the West Coast with his eyes closed, so we might add that he is a 4.0 Navigator.

Donovan William Luedke, former "Doc" for the Navy, he helped kill off more sailors than Japs with his Southwest Pacific cures. He is a Midwesterner from Nebraska with a one and only waiting there. A Navigator of no mean ability, "Big Lucky" really sings 'em when he doesn't get that 4.0. The one thing



PAVLICH
Showboat Gyrene



BREWER
Liberty hound

he really can't master is marching, "out of step" is his middle name.

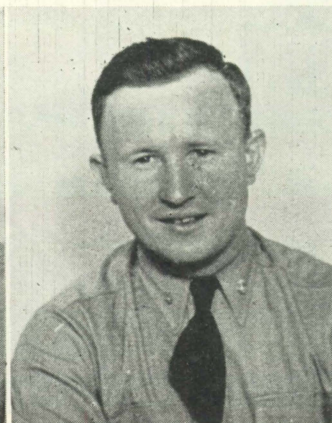
Donald Theodore Pearson, or "Worry-bird", hails from Minnesota. He attended the University of Minnesota before joining the Marines. They say he was the flash of Pearl Harbor. Better known as "Doc", Cadet Pearson is an expert with sick dogs and cats or what have you. Don is always smiling except when sweating out a Navigation grade and then his face is just a long sad object. Don, believe it or not, wants to go back to Pearl Harbor after the war.

Henry Lawrence Ingram is the only former Chaplain's yeoman in the crowd. Coming from down Birmingham way, big Booma had a rough time trying to keep his nose warm while up in the Aleutians. Dumb like a fox, Alabam is the brains of the Platoon. The lassies of San Luis have learned the hard way what that "Kiska" gleam in his eyes stands for.

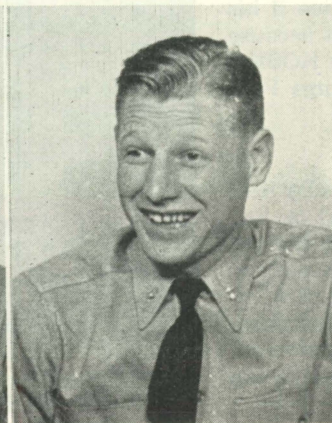
Irving Rosenstein, or Rosie, is one of those rare boatswains mates with aspirations for flying. His home is in Hollywood but Rosie doesn't claim



LUEDKE
Change step



PEARSON
Big red



INGRAM
Alabam Slim



ROSENSTEIN
Gedunk sailor

PLATOON ONE



GETTIN' READY FOR "FOUR" HOUR LIBERTY
(L. to r.) Meetz, Morgan, Higen, Paul, Pinkard

any connection with the cinema. When he isn't on the phone calling L.A. he's behind the counter in the "Gedunk" Stand during the noon hour rush. When he brought his gal down to the Campus, the fellows could readily see why Rosie's in a hurry to get his wings and tie the knot.

Victor Nicklas Kosko is a naturalized citizen of Pearl Harbor. Just imagine a "Tin Bender" after only 3 years and two months duty in Pearl Harbor and you will have a pretty good picture of a foreigner who isn't sure but believes that his name is KOSKO.

Perhaps a little about his love life might interest you. Ever know a guy who had to sweat out the "Home Town Rag" every week to see if his girl has gotten married, just because he won't write to her? Ask KOSKO about such things. He claims Pennsylvania.

Robert Leanders. It generally isn't hard to say something good or bad about a problem child, but here is one, and of all places he somehow landed in Platoon One but not without everyone knowing of his presence. From what I have gathered, his home is in San Diego and when we first saw him he was packing a "foot locker box" large enough to have contained his loved one, plus a few things he was told to bring

with him. In a liberty loving platoon, he is the one cadet who is around to see everyone out and greet them on their sober return.

Donald Arthur Klames claims that he hails from Minesota and he is an Ex-Yeoman of the U.S. Navy. As you know a yeoman can break out your record anytime, but try to get a hold of his, well no luck. Anyway here is what can be told about him. One thing he is positive about is that he never made Chaplain's Yeoman.

I wonder however, he is a nice fellow considering his background of previous service with the Navy. Now that the U.S.O. sign on his room door has been removed we all have high hopes for him as an AvCad.

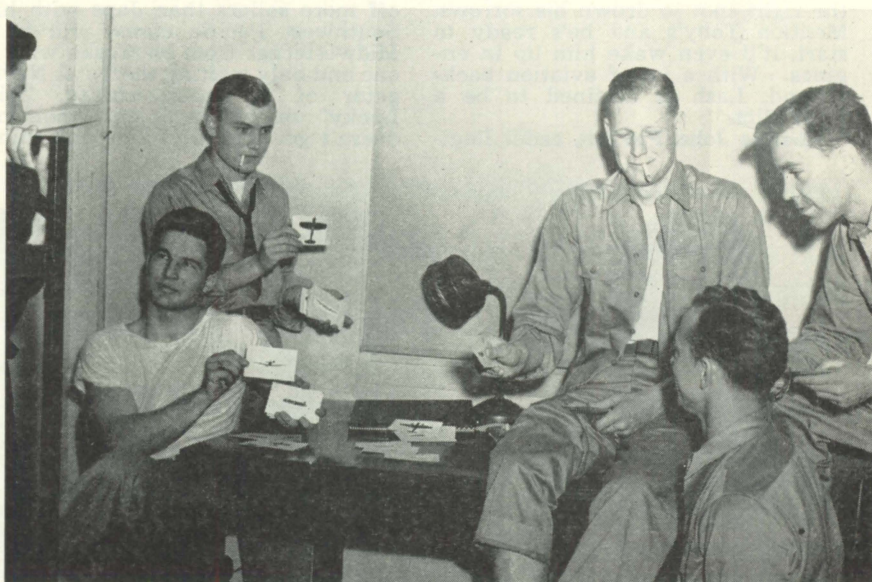
Joseph Rodman, another ex-marine of the first platoon, is a New Mexico lad. His tour of duty was done as an aviation mech with the fifth marines at various islands in the South Pacific. A serious student, and a man with intense Marine ambitions, Joe can even speak Japanese. Now he takes great pleasure in snowing the rest of us under with Nip double talk.

John Carlyle Gratias is probably the only Cadet on the base that gets up singing and goes to bed singing. His favorite songs are "I didn't sleep a wink last night" and "Besa Mi Mucho." His home is in Glendale, but he originally came from Iowa. His favorite letters come in pink envelopes from Mason City, Iowa. His average is one a day, good going, I know some people that fail to get one once a week.

Cadet: "I met a gal whose father is the best shot in the country."

Ensign: "What does that make you?"

Cadet: "Her fiance."



READY! . . . RECOGNIZE!
(L. to r.) Johnson, Leanders, Kosko, Ingram, Klames, Cahill

PLATOON ONE



Left to right, top to bottom: "Don't you dare," she said—but Platoon Leader Paul always dares. Leanders is the "Little Jack Armstrong" of the outfit. Next we have the "Gruesome Six-some." Grattias' "one and only" sends him a daily "sugar report." Luedke is a "bed pan cleaner" from way back. Having a good time, Pinkard? "Our hero"—but notice the ribbons are on backwards. Where you going, Kalmes? The Hollywood couple. Bag inspection at Pearl Harbor. Silly, isn't it! New Zealand "wild life." G. I. Johnson on the splurge. Here's to you, says Lashbaugh. Why Pavlich goes South.

Max Pinkard, Ex-Gunnery Sgt. of the U. S. Marines, hails from Ardmore, Oklahoma. He enjoyed 15 months of shore duty at the NAS in Norman, Oklahoma. Claims the Marines are the best, but that's one man's opinion. Not being fortunate enough to see action overseas, said his battles were fought in Norman due to the shortage of men.

William James Morgan, former Aviation Machinist Mate 2/c stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas, hails from Evansville, Indiana. A 4.0 guy in academics indicates his ambition to become a Navy flyer. One of the few guys in the Platoon that doesn't have the thirsty throat on Saturday night but nevertheless goes out and enjoys the day after with much success.

Robert Floyd Johnson, our Battalion Sub-commander's home is in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He spent two years and three months in the South Pacific, in the Chemical War-

fare Branch of the Marine Corps. In civilian life Bob was employed by the Standard Oil Company as a clerk.

Donald Michael Paul is a Platoon leader par excellence. Don hails from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where men carry it on their hips and women help 'em drink it. Navy experiences include duty as a Radioman in a Patrol Bomber Squadron. A PBY sailor so to speak. Paul is cocky, quick thinking and speaks with stocatto rhythm. He enjoys reading as a hobby and weekends in Oakland as a duty. Don is active in sports with emphasis on hunting and fishing.

Stanley Paul Meetz, is an ex-gyrene who came to Cal Poly straight from Bouganville. A native of California. "Fox Hole" can quote the usual excuses for the weather. A small guy but one that makes away with the women, Meetz cornered a preachers daughter the first week in

San Luis. Since then he's been going to the same church regularly.

Wayne Elmer Higens, a wild talking "Red head" from Des Moines, Iowa, runs the date bureau for Platoon 1. A former Yeoman off the USS SAN DIEGO, Red cruised many a mile in the old Southwest. Anytime the phone rings, Red automatically is off to the race, his loud cry, "It's for me," is his main recognition feature. Personality plus, Red just can't seem to convince the Aerology Prof. that he knows what a cold front is. We hope there are plenty of phones in Arizona.

Clarence Thomas Cahill is the polished gent of the mighty first. A former yeoman in the Navy, Tom came from a cozy little nook in the Palisades, New York City. A swell guy with a swell gal, Cahill also possesses some sharp business connections. His stories of South America sometimes surpass his roomie's tall ones, but not often.

PLATOON THREE



FRONT ROW: B. S. McMullin, W. F. Rogillio, D. F. Downey, F. E. Blomberg, M. R. Smith, W. A. Combs, L. E. Robbins, L. F. Denzer. SECOND ROW: W. J. Cooper, W. C. Larry, G. W. Peterkin, F. G. Gollis, W. L. Harmon, R. L. C. Poole, W. L. Hackett. THIRD ROW: D. P. Scudder, C. R. Spoeth, W. T. Kirk, J. R. Bronkalla, C. E. Tiller, D. E. Luth.

PLATOON THREE

By William A. Combs

From the thousands of men fighting overseas twenty-six men came to Cal Poly to form Platoon 3. These men knew that opportunity had knocked and they grasped their chance to study, to learn, and to win their wings as a Navy or Marine Corps pilot. They came with a knowledge that the going would be tough; not as tough as the fighting they had been doing in every theatre in both the Navy and Marines, but tough enough that the first phase of their training would have it's list of casualties. These men, that have made Platoon 3 the highest ranking Platoon academically, banded together with one thought in mind: winning their wings of gold. That thought has made them study, has made them work, and has made them succeed.

Who would you choose as your wing man? Who would you choose as your squadron leader? These, with several other questions, were asked of the men in our platoon. The results are as follows: William J. Cooper was chosen as the deadliest pilot-to-be. Carl Spoeth was

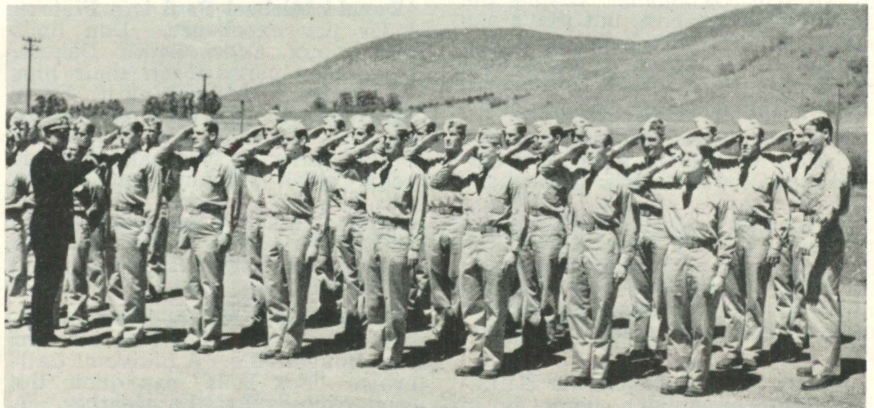
chosen as the man best suited for wingman. "Mac" McMullin was chosen as the best prospective squadron leader. Frank G. Golis was chosen as the best prospective navigator, and William T. Kirk was chosen as the best prospective instructor. Charles E. Tiller was chosen as the best prospective Mess Officer, while William L. Hackett was chosen as the cadet who will have the most fun. Last but not least George W. Peterkin was chosen as the best man to be on a deserted island with.

"What's the idea of kicking my dog? He won't bite you!"

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

AvCad Jones: I wonder why Alice gives me the same old stall?

Canfield: Probably because you're the same old jack-ass.

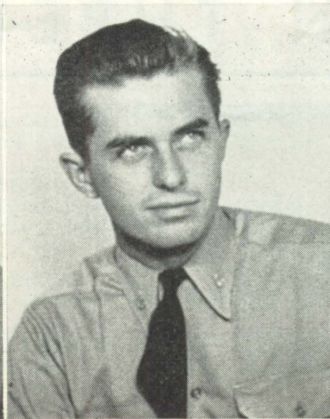


GET THOSE ELBOWS BACK

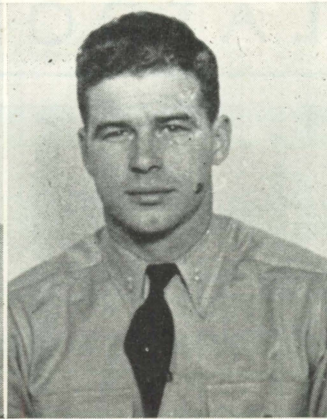
... and no Marine salutes either, cadets!



COOPER
The devastator



SPOETH
Tune hummer



McMULLIN
Spark plug



GOLIS
Farmer boy

William John Cooper is another "Swabie" who intends to help out the Marine Corps when he wins his wings. His past experience in bombing and straffing the Japs will stand him in good stead and make him a creditable addition to any outfit. A citation he's had coming for a few months finally caught up with him and he received it at Regimental formation while here at Cal. Poly. He is probably a good choice for the deadliest pilot in our platoon.

Carl Richard Spoeth (pronounced Spathe) the little ray of sunshine from Milwaukee, Wis., holds down a position as Brain Trust of Platoon 3. Receiving his orders for flight training while on board ship in The New Guinea area, he hurried back to the STATES. Four years service behind him makes him a cadet with the savvy of fleet "Know How." Happy and willing to make friends, Spoeth will usually be found humming a tune. He likes nothing better than Barber Shop harmony and—can you tie this—Cowboy music. Anyway he will make a good pilot and a reliable wing man.

Burton Seymour McMullin, or "Mac" as he is known to his friends, is one of the spark plugs of the 2A Battalion. His Marine training

(which he just can't forget) and natural leadership make him an outstanding platoon commander. Then football, and his experiences in jungle fighting, trained him to cope with situations at a moments notice. This may make him seem stern, but on the contrary, Mac is the first to laugh at a joke.

Frank George Golis: My, My, looky here, we are introducing the farmer's boy who hails from Pennsylvania. It is believed that he first wore shoes when he enlisted in the Navy. (No kidding!) This gentleman would rather be by himself on a deserted island. Evidently he didn't notice that the statement was, "Best man to be on a deserted island with." Margie is going to be the name of his Plane for Sentimental Reasons. Golis was aboard a light Cruiser in the South Pacific and saw a great deal of action. Wow, what's this? The man wants to be a Marine Pilot. That's mutiny. Hang him high on the Yard Arm.

William Thomas Kirk is a true gentleman from the State of Sunny California. The Regular Navy can figure that they lost a good QM 1c when Kirk was accepted for Cadet training as a Naval Pilot. During four and one-half years of active

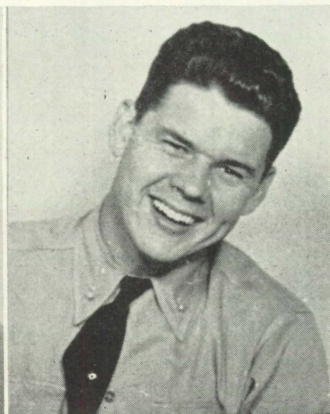
service Kirk has had some experiences with enemy submarines; assisted U.S.S. Kearny to Port while in dire need after sub attack; convoy duty in the North Atlantic aboard U.S.S. Virgo during invasion at Tarawa. Kirk is definitely a one-woman-man and believe me it is a true love. If only he isn't too old for marriage by the time he struggles through here.

Charles Edward Tiller is an ex-"Pill Pusher" from Kentucky who appreciates beauty and not necessarily horses. His true love "Pat" (and very nice!) hails from Washington. "Chuck" selects to fly his Gold Wings with the Navy. "Twill be a great day when this guy takes off! He intends to call his plane "Pat", so it's easy to see who's boss from now on. The Aleutians, Gilberts and "SoPac" will soon feel his presence again.

William Loyd Hackett is another sailor who plans to become a Marine some day. Maybe Navy life is too dull or maybe it's just that old urge to find "something new." Never let it be said that he's not in the middle of any action that takes place, in fact he has a few little battles of his own to add to those fought with the U.S.S. Lexington. Any man with his spirit is sure to become quite a pilot.



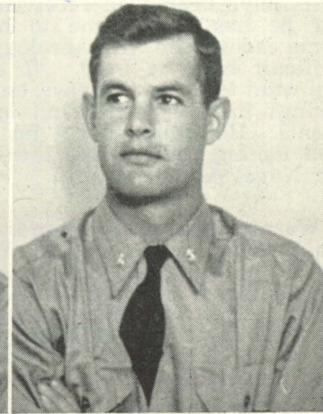
KIRK
Ask him



TILLER
No halo

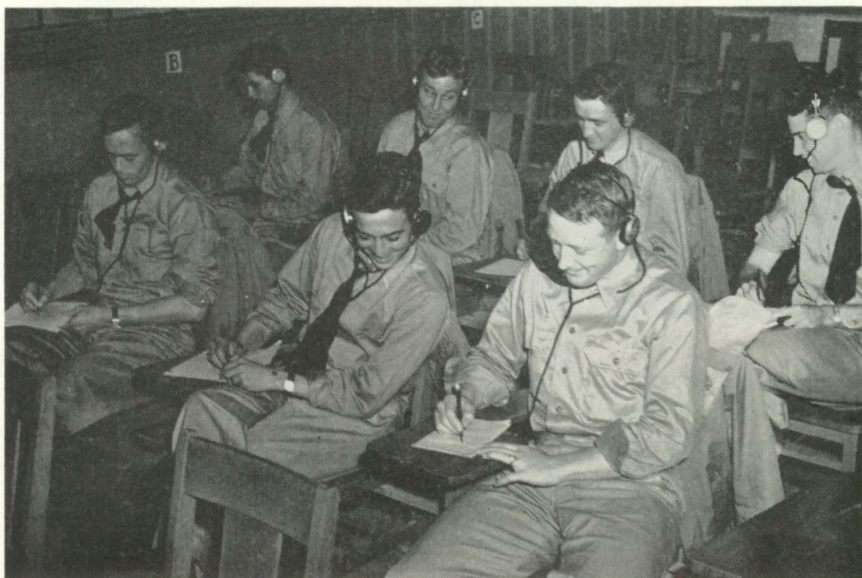


HACKETT
Laughing boy



SCUDDER
Aerologist

PLATOON THREE



DA DI DA DI DA . . . DI DA DI DA DIT

First row: Luth, Harmon, Poole; back row: Smith, Blomberg, Bronkalla, Kirk

George Wesley Peterkin, "the Rose of Roseville," steps forward to get in his bow. Aviation is right in "Pete's" line as he held down the rating of Amm 2/c in the Navy before opportunity knocked. He has had his baptism of fire at Bougainville, and wears his service ribbons with pride. He was always interested in competitive sports and played football in high school and in Junior college. When he goes back out with his wings, he hopes his plane is that Hot F6F. Knowing "Pete", we know that any Zero in his sights will be Zero minus Zero.

William Francis Rogillio comes from the Deep South, and does he ever have a tough time with that last name. The "G" is pronounced like an "H", but no one knows it. Along with him he brought one of those accents which lasts through two years in the Marine Corps to turn up here. He holds the Presidential Citation for action on Guadalcanal against the Japanese, and other ribbons denoting battle experience.

"**R. L.**" **Clark Poole**, a smiling, genial fellow from Michigan, with two years duty as Aviation Ord-

nanceman on one of our carriers. Cadet Poole has won the respect of all the boys in his platoon. His quiet, unassuming manner, and his success so far as a Cadet, bear out the truth in the old adage that still water runs deep.

William A. Combs is the jitterbug who is still around although for a while it was thought he might go to "NAPA." Maybe it was the action in the South Pacific where he won the coveted Air Medal for his work, or maybe it is the mental strain from all of his studying (probably the latter). Along with the Air Medal he also wears the wings of an Aerial Gunner, and a row of service ribbons.

Jerome Richard Bronkalla, or "Shat-up", is an Ex-Marine. His previous service was high-lighted by action in the Solomon Island Campaign, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Choiseul, and many interesting sights enroute for such duty. He wears the Good Conduct Medal, Presidential Citation, Asiatic Pacific and is very proud of what they represent. The state of famous heroes, Wisconsin, of course can accept due credit for giving Uncle Sam a fine fighting man. "Brank" doesn't have a name for his plane, I wonder why? Also, to make the situation worse, he would rather be on a deserted island with his room mate, can you fancy that?

Dale Francis Downey is one of our quiet men who hails from Shoshoni, Wyoming. He graduated from the Shoshoni high in 1942. He was then overtaken by his ambition to get into the great war. As a result he joined the Navy. He has chosen to become a Marine fighter pilot upon completing his flight training.

Dosemus Platt Scudder is another Navy Regular who took on the title of Reserve to enter flight training. Scudder joined the Navy a year before hostilities broke out, and was at Pearl Harbor for the opening curtain. After The Midway Battle he came back to the "States" for training in Aerology. Fruits of his efforts have been well received here, for he has given time to helping some cadets who find Aerology a bit difficult here at Poly. "I always did want to teach," he says, and then swings into his discussion on cold fronts. He wants to get his wings and fly big boats across the Pacific for Naval Air Transport.

Warren Franklin Harmon is one of California's native sons, Warren served with the Marines on Guadalcanal prior to becoming an Aviation Cadet. His service is exemplified by the U.S.M.C. Good Conduct Medal and the Presidential Citation bar that adorns his chest. He's going back to the Marine Corps just as soon as he gets his wings. His winning smile and pleasant personality have placed him high in the regard of his fellow cadets.



MUSTERING FOR THAT WEEKLY WATCH
(L. to r.) Rogillio, Larry, Downey, Denzer, Robbins

PLATOON THREE



(Left to right, top to bottom): McMullin and his Boston Cream Pie. A full-house of Jokers. Hackett and his sweetheart of one port. Don't worry, Blomberg won't bite. Suntanned Rogillio in suntans. Denzer with the starboard list. Jungle Jim Bronkalla. Three Jacks Peterkin holds the bag. Smith and Robbins trying to make people think they can read. Tiller with a Honolulu 50c date. Golis on a stump. Father Scudder—confessions by appointment.

Murdick Ronald Smith, one of our youngest members, is a veteran of Bougainville and Sacramento, Calif. He also left civilian life at a very great time in any man's life. He took to joining the fighting outfit under Uncle Sam, or we might say the world. This of course is the U. S. Marines. He wears the Asiatic-Pacific along with the American theater ribbon. His ambition is to go back to the Marines after he has won the wings of gold.

Walter Charles Larry, who hails from a small California town came in from the fleet to learn flying, and return to the fight. Larry's mind isn't quite made up as to which plane he wants best, but the F6F has caught his eye. His former rating was MoMM 2/c and the boys come to him for dope on engines. His chest is festooned with ribbons showing that he has had active service with Uncle Sam. When he goes back

again, you can bet his plane will be name "Tarfun" (Things are Really fouled up now).

Leland "F." Deuzer, or "Never a serious thought Denzer," which seems to fit the individual perfectly, is quite an "Ex Bell Hop." There is nothing that will equal his delight for informing cadets that they have received a failing and very low mark for any subject. He hails from Minnesota. Carolyn seems to be a pet name that he is very fond of. Denzer received advanced training at New Zealand and Guadalcanal.

Edward Lee Robbins, or "Robbie" has taken a lot of kidding about standing in a hole, but who can deny that all good things come in little packages. The fleet realized this; after better than three and a half years in the Navy, he was finally given an opportunity for Cadet Training. A New Yorker, educated in Europe as well as in the United

States, with battle experiences all over the Pacific, he will be remembered by all as a real shipmate.

Donald "E." Luth, from the plains of Nebraska, served the fleet for more than two years as a "tin-bender." At the foot of Mount Haleakalae, in a setting of beautiful Hula girls (OH Yea!), our battle scarred planes came for repairs. Due to his diligent work, exemplified by his studies here, these planes were able to carry on again. Don knows planes.

Frank Eugene Blomberg is better known as the "Bouncing Swabbie" or "Slap Happy 3." His pet trick is coughing during code so none will be able to hear what goes on and better his grade. For an ex-yeoman he really has the lung-power . . . in excess! He intends to marry but not until he finds the right one. Better give him the once over "gals," he's desirable! If he flies like he walks he'll be the hardest to hit "Corsair" pilot in the air.

PLATOON FIVE



FRONT ROW: H. J. Kelly, A. M. Vanyo, W. L. Jeffries, D. C. Hall, B. C. Yates, R. Vidaurri, H. L. Brooks, R. I. Lulofs. SECOND ROW: H. J. Davenport, E. M. Bayless, I. N. Wilson, A. F. Blain, B. E. Martin, D. A. Rubesh, N. B. Adams, J. R. Bibby. THIRD ROW: H. J. Murphy, F. T. Samms, P. B. Montague, H. R. Still, C. B. Vollmer, W. G. Smith, G. F. Rechcygl.

SWEAT AND TEARS

By R. A. Vidaurri

Platoons may come and platoons may go, but one platoon that will not be soon forgotten at Cal Poly is old "Snafu Five," alternately the shame and pride of Batt. 2A. Despite the sweat, blood and tears shed by ever-suffering Platoon Leader Kelly, the black sheep outfit was never known to be in step or in unison, with the exception of one hour every two weeks, when Adams would stop looking for his dime and Tex would bring his shock-absorbing knee action into play. Then Platoon Five would again smartly step out on Hamilton Field and bring home that extra hour Saturday night. You could always count on Five to come through in the pinches, with a few belly laughs thrown in on the side. Scuttlebutt has it that after one special regimental review Kelly spent a whole night practicing dressing and undressing a platoon. (No, Mabel, we don't do it the way you do it.) Enough about our military prowess, Five is not a bragging outfit.

As a finishing touch the platoon selected its men most likely to stand out in several phases of Naval Aviation, so "Front and Center" for the eight shining lights of the platoon: J. R. Bibby was chosen most likely to make deadliest pilot; most popular wingman chosen was H. J. Kelly; H.

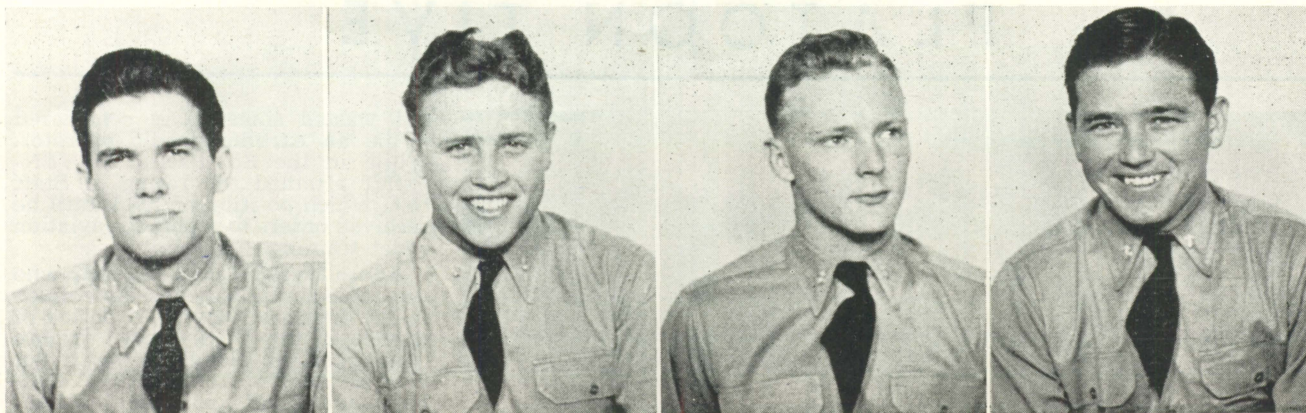
J. Murphy's coolness and good judgment brought him the job of Squadron Leader; R. A. Vidaurri as best navigator was chosen to plot our course home; H. L. Brooks was given the thankless position of Instructor; C. B. Vollmer with his tremendous capacity for chow was appointed Mess Officer; D. C. Hall was picked as man who will have most fun; and last, but not least was E. M. Bayless, whom the boys chose as the one they'd most like to be with on a deserted island.

Harry Lee Brooks, "Brainy but small", is a southern gentleman from Waynesboro, Va. His best subject is navigation and more than once he has assisted others less fortunate in understanding the more technical points of that bottle neck subject. Cadet BROOKS is well qualified to assist others in their subjects for he attended Va. Poly for a number of years prior to his joining the Marine Corps. After entering the Marine Corps BROOKS rose to the rank of Sgt. in fifteen months. He wears



THE CRACK PLATOON
Their drilling got the battalion extra liberty.

Mustang Roundup, May 1944



BIBBY
Editor

KELLY
Greek God

MURPHY
Bostonian

VIDAURRI
4.0 Tubby

the Good Conduct, Pacific, American and Presidential medals and citations.

Charles Belknap Vollmer, or "4.0", is a native of the big state of New York. The name of his home town is Rye. This name means nothing to "4.00" for he is more or less a teetotaler in respects to Rye and other alcoholics. CHARLES has gone from one extreme to another. First he was on the Aleutian Campaign and then he was sent on the second Makin Campaign in the South Pacific. He was aboard the Mississippi on both occasions, holding the rating of Aviation Machinist's Mate third class.

Donald Clifford Hall, or "Baldy" from down by the Ohio is one of the more fun-loving animals in our little kingdom. He has kept many a cadet standing around open mouthed while he unwinds one of his many sea stories. The Marine Corps was fortunate in having Mr. Hall's services for eighteen months as a corporal. He was in the battles of Guadalcanal and Munda Point. Also he wears a number of campaign ribbons.

Earl Manning Bayless is another slow moving Texan who comes from Ft. Worth, entering the Marine Corps two years ago. He spent about half of his time overseas as a machine gunner and also aboard ship stationed on 20mm guns. BAYLESS waited nearly a year for his air

corps application to be approved, but thinks it was worth waiting for. Flying isn't going to be so new for him though as he has a number of hours behind him back in Texas in his own plane.

Joe Richard Bibby, better known as "Dead Eye," is another Texan from Dallas. In civilian life he worked for an oil company. He was one of the Carlson's Second Marine Raiders and traded lead with the Japs on Makin Island and Guadalcanal. His main interest seems to be getting his wings and getting together with his "Annie" again.

Hurk Junior Kelly, from North Carolina, got back to the states just in time to get in V-5 with 2-A. He spent two years in the south and southwest Pacific and was a charter member of the first Marine Air Wing. He was a crew chief of Col. Jack Cram's dive bombing PBY on Guadalcanal. He wants a PV or anything he can carry a navigator in. He wants to fly and fight, not ride and write.

Howard James Murphy, Jr., that blond haired Irishman is the snappiest "right guide" in Battalion 2A. A Bostonian with that Harvard accent, Cadet Murphy was formerly a free-lance illustrator before entering the Marines. He earned his stripes quickly becoming a Staff Sgt. in two years. He has worked on these flying machines and wants to fly an F6F against our enemies the

Japs. Murphy is no slouch when it comes to academics. He is pretty close to being top man so we are assured he is going to get those "gold wings."

Rafael Vidaurri, Jr., is a Texan from that beautiful border city of Laredo. With a hitch in the regular navy as a radioman, he has had much valuable and exciting experience in aviation. Our shipmate VIDAURRI, prior to being accepted for aviation cadet training, was attached to one of our fighting ships the U.S.S. SOUTH DAKOTA. He has seen action from the North Sea to the South Pacific and hopes to be back in the fight after winning his wings.

Norman Bruce Adams, the salty guy who walks like a duck, entered the Marine Corps five years ago, served in Iceland for a year and also in the American and Pacific theatres for a year. While in the Pacific he was accepted for aviation training and at that time he held the rank of Tech. Sgt., but intends on wearing the Marine Corps insignia again just as soon as he gets his wings. His big problem is hitting the deck at 5:30. —He was in the Marine Corps Quartermaster.

Brice Eugene Martin, that Pennsylvania hard coal miner who decided the Marines were a little snappier than the Navy and became a Marine two years ago. From the time he entered the Marine Corps until he



BROOKS
Smart feller

VOLLMER
Chow hound

HALL
"123" Kid

BAYLESS
Empenage

PLATOON FIVE



WE SPENT MOST OF OUR TIME HERE

Left, front to back: Still, Vanyo, Wilson, Lind. Right, front to back: Blain, Martin, Rubesh, Lulofs

was accepted for aviation training MARTIN was stationed at the El Centro Air Station, in California. Through all of his ear banging he attained the rank of Sgt. as Chief Radio Operator in charge of twenty women Marines as radio operators. —(Terrible duty.)

Cadet MARTIN learned his dits and dahs at Texas A&M with high speed rating.

William Gregarius Smith, "the sad sack from Hackensack," is one of those rare combinations of a ladies' man and a man's man. A former leatherneck with two years necking experience behind him, he is a veteran of the Bougainville Campaign. As a Marine heavy bomber pilot, he hopes one of the items in his ditty bag will be a soft rubber mattress. After he gets his two cents' worth in this war he hopes to be a commercial pilot.

Robert Irvin Lulofs will surely have to grow taller unless the Navy is making planes for short people these days. BOB, whose home is in Grand Haven, Michigan, was serving with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific when he decided he was tired of marching with the infantry. He requested aviation cadet training and after he had served in the Bougainville Campaign received his orders to return to the states to begin training as a navy pilot. BOB plans to return to the Marine Corps as a transport pilot when he completes his training.

Paul Bruce Montague, better known as "Tex" or the "4.00 kid," from San Antonio. A real cowboy and a fancy rope artist. No sir, not a Texas play boy but a real go-getter with that old spirit, "make what you are aiming at or die in the attempt." Before most of us can wipe the sleep

out of our eyes after reveille, "Tex" has been out for a run and a little Aerology review. To see him stow chow down the hatch, you can well imagine him bringing in that stray yearling.

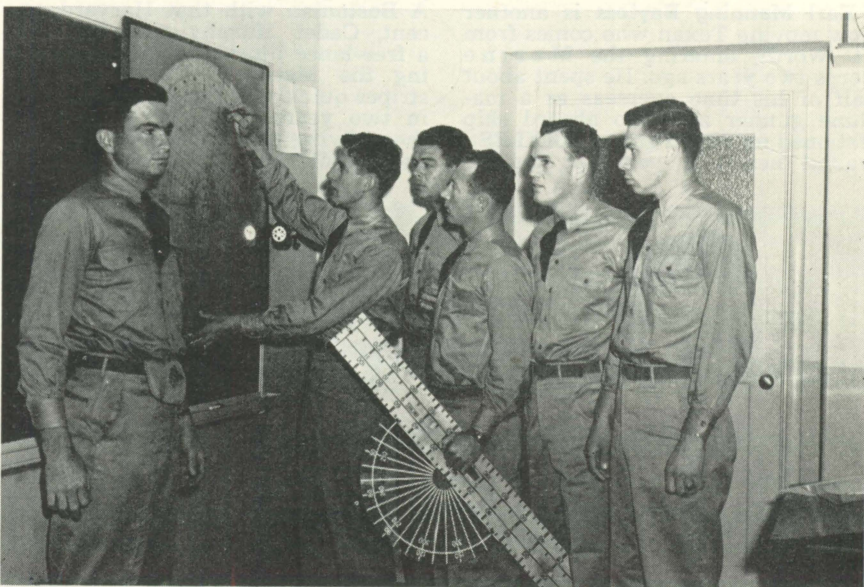
Howard James Davenport, "the real Dilbert," is a hillbilly Kentuckian who lived in the blue grass until three years ago when he entered the portals of the San Diego Marine Base. He spent several months at San Diego, completing boot camp, telephone and radio schools, letting the government worry about the expense. But all of this money was

not wasted since he is considered to be an excellent radio operator. While in the So. Pacific DAVENPORT attained the rating of Staff Sgt., which position he held until he received orders to report for aviation cadet training.

Andre Myran Vanyo is a chap who has come a long way and done much in the comparatively short period of service in the U. S. Navy. Before coming in the Navy he was a hot trumpet player from Duryea, Pennsylvania—"soft coal miner." "Banjo," as he has been nicknamed, was an ARM 2/c in a TBF. He praises his plane "sad sack," but wants to fly an F6F in which we think he would make a "hep" fighter pilot against the enemy in the SW Pacific.

Wesley Lee Jefferies, or "Eager Beaver," says he wants to fly in South America after the war and they had better have a good home guard. Jeffries, coming from Kansas City, Mo., spent 14 months in Marine Corps aviation before becoming an aviation cadet. He has quite well earned the nickname of "Eager Beaver" around Cal Poly according to information obtained from the P. T. Department. He was quite an eager-beaver in wrestling and tumbling as well as in military track where he collided with a hurdle and almost became a casualty. Take it easy Jeffries.

Donald Allan Rubesh is a former "real dirt" farmer from St. Paul, Nebraska. That was sometime ago for he returned from New Caledonia where he was in charge of a small dispensary to learn to fly the navy way. That tumbling went pretty hard on Don—so different from "pill pushing," but he came through the "seal-walk" a better man. Don has ambitions to fly a PBM with a 4.0



TOO MANY NAVIGATORS SPOIL THE PLOT

(L. to r.) Montague (he doesn't need instruction), Davenport, Smith, Yates, Adams and Samms

PLATOON FIVE



(Left to right and top to bottom): Where's your sweater, girl? Wind-blown, handsome Vollmer and lady. Murphy is doing all right. Chief Samms and his nephew (?). "Feets" Lulofs in the mud of Bougainville. Lover Blaine, the corporal with the medals, is getting the once over. Bottoms up, Kelly! "Bonnie Parker" Bayless and car. Bibby and his pretty baby. Ex-fifth assistant pilot Brooks previews flying togs. Yates, in the sailor suit! Wilson beside his picture painted on his B24 overseas. Our Romeo Rechygl and his Jeannie bring home the bacon. Davenport in a snapshot a general took of him in Nicaragua back in '02. Vidaurri looks like someone gave him a bust in the eye! Last but far from least comes our memory girl, the Samoan belle. What memories, what times, what . . .

navigator aboard. Best wishes to you chum—we'll be seeing you in that flying boat.

Harold Royce Still—Here is a rarity among rarities; one for the books—Cadet Still, a former tried and true Marine has chosen the Navy as his post-flight school alma mater! How he got "the word" is something that will remain shrouded in mystery forever, but somewhere along the line he decided to be a "man" instead of a "gyrene." Congratulations! When his wish comes true he's going to name his bomber "Doodly," after his one and only—after he gets his wings he'll be able to say "I dood it" as he intends welding the ball and chain at that time.

Irving Norman Wilson hails from Portland, Oregon. At the time he was accepted for aviation training he held the rating of aviation ordnance-

man first class, a rating that he attained during his three years naval service. IRVING has seen most of the major battles of the Pacific, among those are Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Coral Sea, and the bombing of Wake Island. Besides wearing several campaign bars he also wears the air crew wings with three stars.

Byron Chauncey Yates is a former pill pusher or one of those guys that stick needles in your arms and throw the records away so they can do it again next month. He has been in the Navy nearly four years and has spent a lot of his time in the Asiatic theatre. This fast moving Missourian expects to fly over Tokyo in a B-26, and not for the view. Yates is sometimes known as our one-man basketball team.

Albert Franklin Blain, whose motto is "home every weekend", hails

from Visalia, California, is another ex-Marine who was with Carlson's Raiders during several campaigns in the South Pacific and holds a string of ribbons full of stars. He plans to re-enter the Marine Corps when he completes his training. Cadet Blain's taste for beautiful women in San Luis Obispo covers a "wide" range but he gets 'em.

Floyd Tamerlane Samms, the "Old Salt", has seen plenty of service with Uncle Sam's fleet as a Chief Yeoman, having joined the Navy in '39. FLOYD was born in Springfield, Mo. where as a civilian he worked at odd jobs after graduation from high school. He was serving on board the "Battleship X" (U.S.S. SOUTH DAKOTA), when she raised "cane" in general in the South Pacific. He wears a number of campaign ribbons and at present is our battalion adjutant.

PLATOON SEVEN



FRONT ROW: C. E. Pollom, F. G. Wininger, E. A. Lind, D. E. Rosborough, J. H. Myers, R. B. Parker, M. E. Bowe, F. R. Scavo. SECOND ROW: D. A. Ware, L. A. Williamson, J. C. Larcon, H. N. Souder, F. R. Purdum, R. L. Watts, J. R. Coffey. THIRD ROW: H. D. Spears, F. R. Locke, J. H. Hanington, W. J. Stuart, W. J. Vassar.

SAGGY SEVENTH'S SAGA

By John Hanington

The last, but not the least important of the platoons, is the "Savage Seventh." We are indeed a slap-happy lot of guys, as only one who truly knows us may appreciate. Being the last platoon to be formed we soon discovered that it was to be our task to adopt and take under our wings all late comers and stragglers. However it wasn't very long before all the ex-gyrenes and gobs were as one happy (?) family and everything was running smoothly.

Came the time for the platoon balloting to take place and we indeed had our problems. However, when the final whistle blew, and all the votes were tabulated the following were the results: The honor of being selected as our deadliest (?) pilot went to Frank (I eat 'em alive) Scavo.

As our likely wing man genial Jim Larcon was chosen. The lad who is to shoulder the responsibility of taking us over the target and getting us back to our base is none other than Jack (Which way is north?) Hanington. Voted as our best prospective squadron leader, the "Joe" who tells us how, is our

good pal and platoon leader Charles "Chuck" Pollom.

Now of course we can't be without an instructor, so they've delegated that esteemed honor to Don (2.5) Ware. Of course we must have food to function well, and thus we shall commission Ed Lind as our Mess Officer. As if we need mention it here, Jack "Sleepy" Vassar was voted as the cadet who will have the most fun. Jack Meyers will no doubt be the best man to be with when forced down on a deserted island, but now fellows, why not Dottie Lamour?

This Navy life is beginning to tell on me. Everyday, I look more and more like my I. D. photo.

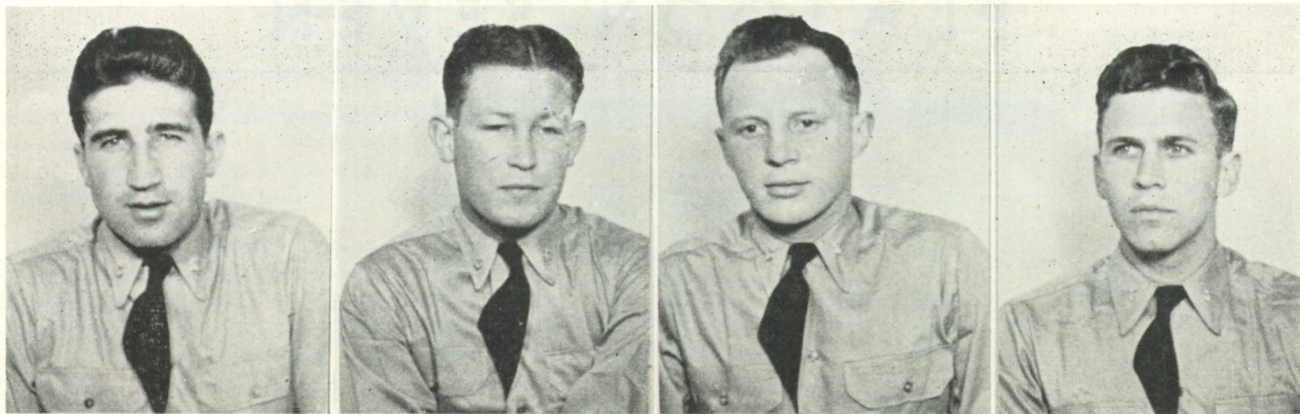
"Well, she was the type best described as having a beautiful profile all the way down."

Joe: Do you like bathing beauties?
Bob: I don't know—I never bathed one!

"Spring is sprung . . . the grass is riz . . . I wonder where the flowers is.



SECOND BEST OBLIQUE
The "lucky Seventh"—lucky in love, unlucky at marching



SCAVO
East 'em alive

LARCON
Texas fiddler

POLLOM
Hup, right?

HANINGTON
The 4.0 Kid

Frank Ross Scavo was selected as the man who would make the deadliest pilot in Platoon 7. We think the boys hit the nail on the head. "Rugged" in every sense of the word is this ex-marine. He hails from Salt Lake City, Utah. He hopes to christain a Marine Corps TBF "Daisy" and pave the road to Tokyo with it.

James C. Larcon, though constantly chipping his teeth about the food, is always at Dixie for chow. One of the friendliest fellows in the platoon and well liked by everyone, Jim is the sort of fellow of whom the Navy can well be proud. Jim's ambition is to become a fighter pilot in the Navy upon completion of the Navy's Flight Training Program.

Charles Ernest Pollom, platoon leader of our esteemed platoon, shouldered the responsibilities of his position so well that he was made Regimental Adjutant during our final months at Cal Poly. Battle experience gained with the Marine Corps as a Technical Sergeant should be a distinct advantage when he becomes a marine fighter pilot. "Chuck" saw action in the Pacific at Midway Island and also in the Solomon's Campaign.

John Henry Hanington, our Battalion Commission Officer, has constantly been among the academic leaders of the seventh. His naviga-

tion average should be a mark for all cadets to strive for. Jack spent considerable time at the different Alaskan bases as a draftsman for the Navy before his entry at Cal Poly. His ambition is to see action over the land of the "rising sun" before winging his way home to New Jersey.

Donald Everett Ware, another of the seventh's cadet officers, is another of the Marine Corps contributions to this program. One of the most conscientious men in the battalion. Don is also a leader in Navigation. His duty as a Technical Sergeant connected with aviation, makes him one of the fellows "in the know" in Engines class. A good friend and as we say a "4.0 Joe".

Edgar Allan Lind is characterized by a cheery smile (especially for the fair sex). Regimental Commissary Officer Lind is one of the original members of Platoon seven, hailing from Richmond, Va. He has seen action in three Pacific offensives during 2½ years as a Naval aerial gunner. Ed hopes to get his commission in the Navy and to fly PBY's or PBJ's. His academics show his mind is at Cal Poly but everyone knows his heart is in Virginia.

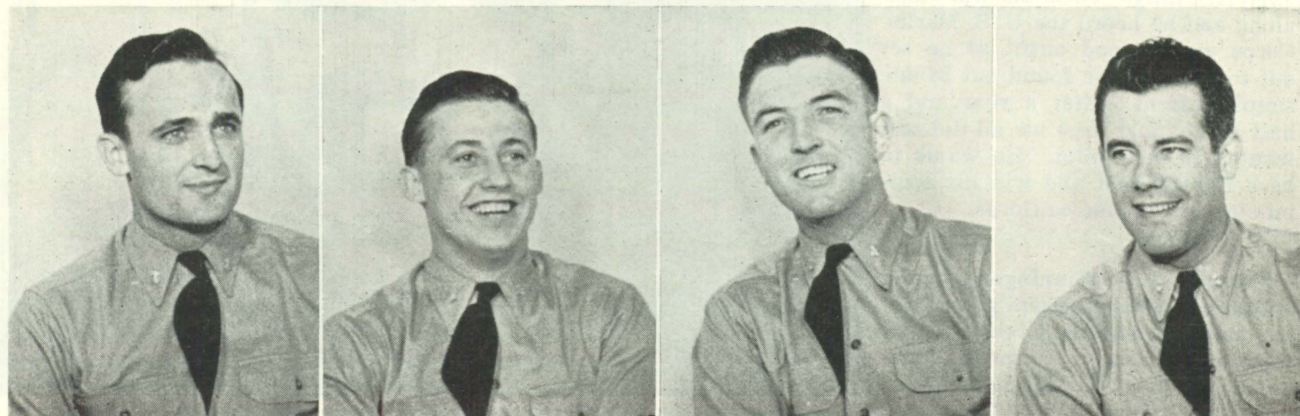
Walter Jack Vassar is from the north woods of Bovill, Idaho. The next time "Sleepy" goes overseas he plans to keep up his good name be-

cause he wants to take an air cushion mattress and pillows with him.

Before coming to Cal Poly he was serving overseas with the U. S. Marine Corps, as an electrician and telephone man. He studied forestry and after the war hopes to become a Forest Ranger.

Jack H. Myers' home was in Centralia, Wash., from where he went to Washington State college to learn about civil engineering. Before climbing into a pair of "Bell-Bottoms" with the "CB's", Jack had charge of lumber inspection in Alaska. His duties of building runways and installations took him to Guadalcanal and other South Pacific islands. Jack's experience has added to his vast store of knowledge, which makes him well liked wherever he goes.

James "R." Coffey arrived at this program via the enlisted ranks of naval aviation, having held the rating of A.M.M. 2/c before he was summoned to try his hand at winning the coveted "Wings of Gold." Jim, who was born in the state of Washington attended and graduated from Battleground High School. "Smilin' Jim" is another of our cadets who expects to see his first action at the controls of a "Corsair" over Japan. Yes, he intends to marry and remain in aviation after the war.



WARE
Frap king

LIND
Whata Mess

VASSAR
Log Sawyer

MYERS
Blue-eyes

PLATOON SEVEN



LET'S HIT THE BUCKET, BOYS

(L. to r.): Stewart, Locke, Bowe, Wininger, Spears, Souder

Donald Eugene Rosborough began his military career by selecting and entering the United States Marine Corps. There he served diligently and faithfully as an aviation "mech", for sixteen months before exchanging his greens and two chevrons for the blue and gold of a naval aviation cadet. "Rozzy" first saw the light of day in Elgin, Illinois, and graduated from Plato Township High School there. He hopes to see action close to Tokyo and then retire to commercial aviation at the close of the war.

Harold Nelson Souder originated in Philadelphia, Penn., and don't tell me you haven't heard him. That's right, it's the bass crooner of Batt. 2A. He graduated from Northeast High in Philly. Then the war came along and he heard the U. S. Marine Corps was a good outfit so he set out to find out; he found out in one simple lesson. After a year and a half he got that urge we all did and wanted to be a pilot. He wants to be a fighter pilot and win his commission in the Marine Corps.

Francis "G." Winninger, gained entrance to this program after having made an excellent record as an aviation mechanic at Norman, Oklahoma, which is also his home state.

Francis attended the University of Oklahoma where he was an outstanding golfer — having held the

state championship. Golf is only one of his many sport accomplishments.

"Foo Foo" expects to see his first action over Japan at the controls of his navy fighter and remain in the Navy after the war.

Raymond L. Watts has been the biggest contribution to the morale of the seventh we have had. "Kilowatts" was an electrician's mate in the Navy before his duty here at Cal Poly. This red head always has a

sharp retort for any dig, what's more his ad-libs are always funny. Red hopes to be a fighter pilot in the Navy within the next two years.

Martin "E." Bowe, a stocky little native of old New York spent eleven months as a leading aircraftsman with the RCAF before joining the Navy two years ago. He has some 60 hours of stick time on record. He served as a metalsmith and mech in the Navy and so has a good background for this program. He is a cinch to fly with a Marine fighter squadron which is just what he wants.

Richard "B." Parker's theme song is Deep in the Heart of Texas. He worked for Paramount pictures in Dallas before joining the Navy. Dick was an aviation mechanic second class and was fortunate to be stationed at a Naval Air Station in Dallas. Then he decided to take on the hazards of the Navy V-5 program and came to Cal Poly. His greatest ambition is to pilot his "Blue Queen" Hellcat over Tokyo.

Frank R. Locke is another of the ex-machinist mates who make up a good part of platoon seven. Frank entered this program after spending two years at N.A.S. Alameda where he established a fine record.

He hopes to be given the opportunity to pilot his navy fighter plane



OH! MY ARM!

(L. to r.): Dr. Taggett, Rosborough, Williamson, Corpsman, Purdum, Coffey, Watts

Mustang Roundup, May 1944

PLATOON SEVEN



(From top to bottom and right to left): "Gyrene" Rosborough and another kid. Notice the glaze in Ware's eyes, or is that a gleam? Watts the electricians mate, he had a red neon sign wired on that port arm. Next stands lumber Jack Vassar (he's the wood with the hat on.) That man Myers is a liberty hound in S.L.O. or T.H. Pollom and Hanington in front of our palatial home. What's the civilian in the striped tie? Souder? Next comes Scano with some illegal holding but he doesn't mind. Another good looking civilian, Mr. Larcon and a beautiful girl. Bibby, that fifth platoon interloper. Williamson with one of those 50c snapshot dates in the shadows of Diamond Head. Marine Purdum and the reason he daydreams so much. There's Sinbad Bowe, a rosy-cheeked white-hatted gob. Last and tallest comes Stuart, a rugged Marine.

over Europe. Yes, he also plans to marry upon receipt of his "Wings" and remain in Naval aviation after the war.

Frederick Kimbrough Purdum is another of the "gruesome seventh" who came to us via the United States Marine Corps. He is a native son of Illinois and is ever hoping to fly above his home and thrill the Folks. "Nick" is longing for that chance to pilot his fighter plane over Japan with the rest of our boys. As for getting married, "Why not?" Says he, who knows?

William Jackson Stuart—The kid from Cal Poly who came here via the Marines has been one of the

most popular men in this platoon. He's the kind of a guy who can't say no to a buddy. Outstanding in athletics, particularly basketball, "Stew" wants to fly on SB2C with the Marine Corps. When that big grin and his dive bomber get together anything can happen.

Lloyd Allan Williamson, or "Weeping Willie," kept everyone on edge worrying about his grades and then turned up with one of the highest averages in the platoon. Willie saw action with the Marines in the Solomons and hopes to return to the Corps as a fighter pilot. Strictly a ladies-man Willie has done his share and more towards keeping up feminine morale in San Luis Obispo.

Heiskell Dallas Spears was an aviation machinist mate and we bet he knew his job. He's going to make a good pilot if he's not late to the ceremony where he is to get his wings. He's a 14 word per minute man in code too—he talks as fast as you let him.

George F. Rechcygl was regimental sub commander of Bn. 3A. He has trouble with nothing anymore. He can take ten words in code and he can make a 4.0 in navigation. We hear he's 4.0 with his Jeannie too. We know he's 4.0 with his mother. He got the best box of cookies our platoon ever ate. He's an ex-Marine and came back for his training directly from Bougainville. He's the late sleeping artist of Platoon 5.



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WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

(Continued from Page 2)

the men want to get into "So Pac" and take a crack at him again. No one chose the Aleutians, and that bears out the fact that the flying weather there must be punk. The remaining 35% chose the hot bed around Europe as their playground, or the Carribean area.

These are the choices put forth by the cadets of Battalion 2-A, but each man is ready to take the duty assigned to him, and do the job well. They are fighting sons of the sea, everyone, with thumbs up all the way.

North Pole Eskimos say—"Glub, Glub."
South Pole Eskimos say—"Glub Glub Yo All."

Havoc Camel?
No, Avenger to say it's old.
Halifax the case, I Mustang you for it.

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A Cadet, after placing some flowers on a grave in the cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman, Gung Ho, placing a bowl of rice and raisins on a nearby grave and asked: "When do you expect your friend to come up and eat that?"

Gung Ho: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

The barmaid was a flirt and when the officer went out to buy a paper, she pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar toward the young cadet. Putting her face close to his she whispered: "Now's your chance, darling."

The cadet peered about the empty room. "So it is," he replied . . . and drank the officer's beer.

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Navigation Instructor: Have you
been through calculus?

Cadet: Not unless I passed through
it on my way here. I'm from Texas,
you know.

PhM1c: "You must avoid all forms
of excitement."

Cadet: "Can I look at them on the
street?"

I'm glad I am American
I'm glad that I am free
I wish I were a little pup
And Hitler was a tree.

Sailor: "Didn't she let you kiss
her?"

Cadet: "Oh heavens no, she isn't
that kind."

Sailor: "She was to me."

Cadet: I want a ticket for Vir-
ginia.

Agent: What part?

Cadet: All of her, mate; that's her
sitting by the suitcase.

Wave 1: I caught my boy friend
flirting.

Wave 2: I caught mine that way,
too.

Kate: "So my Henry is still swab-
bing decks, eh?"

Mate: "Yes, he's still a floor
flusher."

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NEW NAVY PROGRAM

Although the entire Naval Flight Preparatory school program throughout the United States is being discontinued, the California Polytechnic college has been selected to conduct a new training program for aviation candidates from the fleet. Only three of the 17 colleges with NFPS contracts were chosen to conduct this new program, and according to a Navy spokesman in Washington, D.C., the selection was made on the excellent of the training which has been given by Cal Poly under the NFPS program.

A letter to President Julian A. McPhee, of the college, from Rear Admiral L. E. Denfield, assistant chief of Naval personnel, stated that the last class of naval aviation cadets to be trained under the NFPS program at Cal Poly will leave on or before November 16 but there will be no substantial decrease in the number of cadets until after July 15.

Girls who close their eyes while kissing,
Substitute the guy who's missing.

Pharmacists Mate, preparing to finger print a Cadet: "Wash your hands."

Cadet: "Both of them?"

Ph.M, hesitating: "No—just one—I want to see how you do it."

"Control Tower to pilot. Control Tower to pilot. Your landing gear has just dropped off. Your landing gear has just dropped off. That is all. That is ALL, brother . . ."

A Chief was caught by his Mrs. In a nightclub stealing some Krs.

His ardor soon died,

And then he replied,

"What a helluva mess Thrs."

Wear

Anita Frocks

When You Date

Cadets

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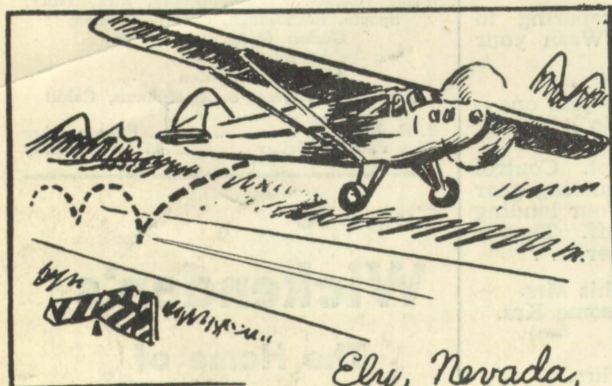
"Dear Gwendolyn,
I've joined! Should be
flying a Corsair in a month or
two --"

FLY FOR NAVY



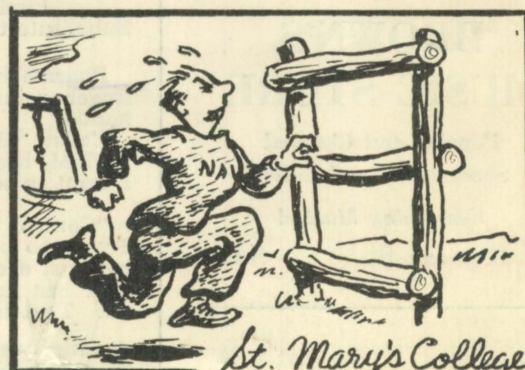
San Luis Obispo,
February, 1943

"-- finally started training -- can
hardly wait to get at those
Zeros --"



Ely, Nevada,
May, 1943

"-- flying at last! We have Cubs
here instead of Corsairs, though --"



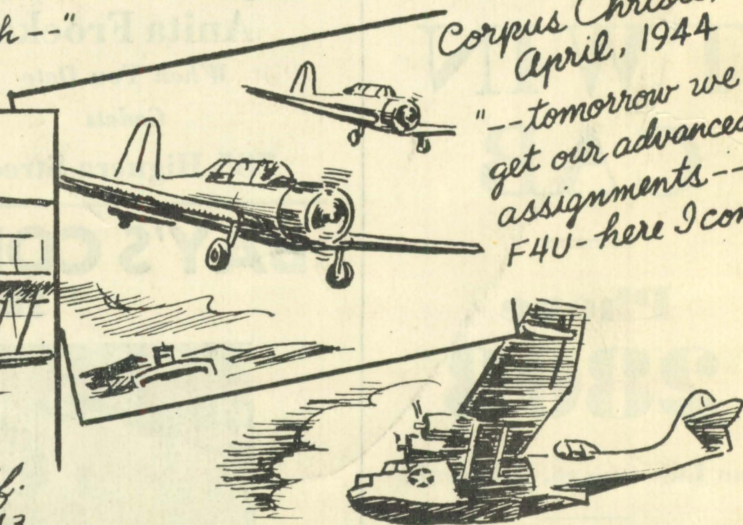
St. Mary's College,
August, 1943

"-- and I joined to be a
flier!!"



Livermore, Calif.
December, 1943

"still no Corsair for me
here at primary --"



Corpus Christi,
April, 1944

"-- tomorrow we
get our advanced
assignments --
F4U - here I come!"

Banana River, Florida
July, 1944
--painfully yours,
Joe "