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Mustang ROUNDUP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE NAVAL FLIGHT PREPARATORY SCHOOL

IN THIS ISSUE

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The Lost
Battalion

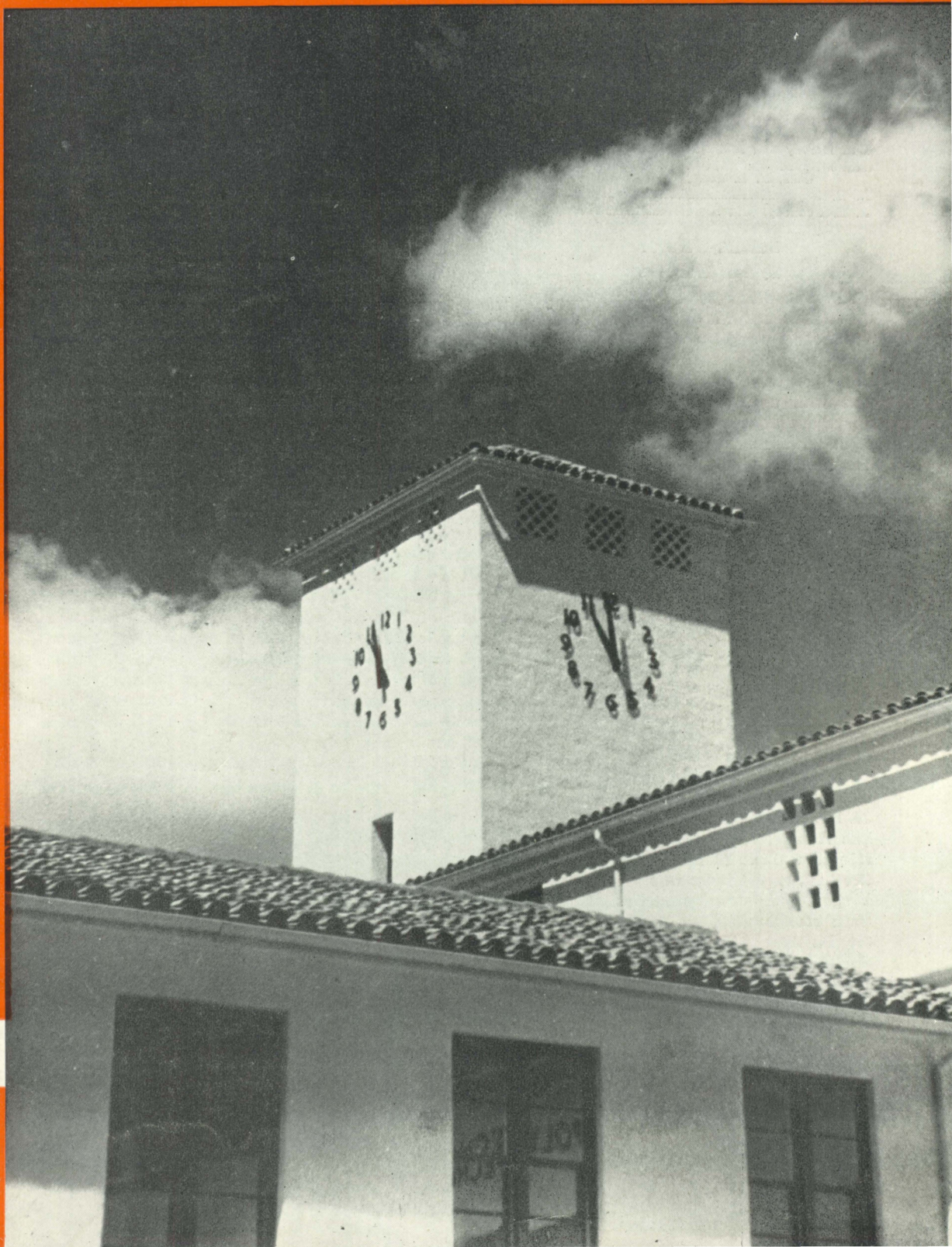
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Sprinkling of
Athletes

•
Platoons . . .
Stories and
Individual Pics

•
Battalion
Officers

JULY
1944

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SHALL WE GO?

By Mal Edwards

Three months ago, or four, the main question asked in 3A barracks was, "When do we get out of here?" A month ago the question was "How do we get out of here?" The best way was with a three-day pass, a happy heart, and a place to stand on the Daylight. There were also those who had reservations.

Not that we looked forward to going to Los Angeles or San Francisco, but several of the boys packed and were ready to go the minute that the leave started. One or two packed a day early. Others were busy seeing that every lad would have a way to get to the big cities. The batt's thanks to B.F. (strictly Hollywood procedure) for his efforts to find, and his success in getting, a place and a way to get North and South.

I shall devote the next few paragraphs to the trip itself.

Leave started at 1200, and at 1201 there was hardly a member of batt 3A left on the base. Not that we don't like it here, it's just that we like to ride on trains. At about 1205 the entire batt, except those who stopped for a short beer downtown, was at the train station awaiting the arrival of the Daylight, (1305 and 1335 respectively). Early I admit, but some were anxious. B.F. was there handing out tickets, and reservations in the head to some of the boys.

There was one period of tearful good-bye saying, when the lads who were going to San Francisco went off to San Francisco. This was war.



JOURNALISM CLASS?

(left to right) Top row: Marcus, Keddie, Cace, Snyder
Bottom row: Edwards, Harvey, Field

Then the other section of the Daylight pulled in and the remainder of the men stepped aboard. There was a mad rush for seats, L.N. got one next to the wash basin, H.L. got one next to a lovely looking blond. I got one next to E.W., so I was satisfied beyond words. The trip itself was full of interesting little happenings, such as an episode with the WHOO BILL club, and others. A few eager beavers were interested in making friends along the way: every once in a while a cadet would waltz by with that old gleam in his eyes. Though the trip was full of fun and excitement supreme, no one was sorry when they arrived in Los Angeles. Up at the other end of the line, in San Francisco, the feeling was almost the same.

Back in the capital of the Southland, all hell broke loose when the AvCads stepped off the train. Some were met

by long-lost brothers, sisters, and other friends, or a brass band. I myself was met by the Hollywood Blvd. bus.

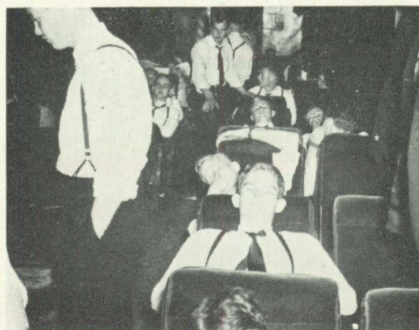
Friday night was the first big night aboard the S.S.L.A. It has definite possibilities of being a night long remembered. About 2100 at the Paladium, there were at least forty cadets from the Poly. Several had girls. Every waiter in the place was looking for B.F., who had ordered a table for sixty or more, and had failed to draft that many cadets. Oh well, most of us had a good time, though it didn't end at the Paladium. Any cadet who got more than three hours of sleep on Friday night should be washed, screened.

To the North boys also had one gay old time, I notice that the Mark Hopkins Hotel bar has been restricted to all service men.

More of the members of the batt remember Friday night better than Saturday. The reason for that is obvious, I think. They tell me that Stan Kenton was in Los Angeles on Saturday, and other noted bandleaders. In the Frozen North, San Francisco. Joe's Coffee Stand was doing a red-hot business for a while, when seven cadets came in all at once.

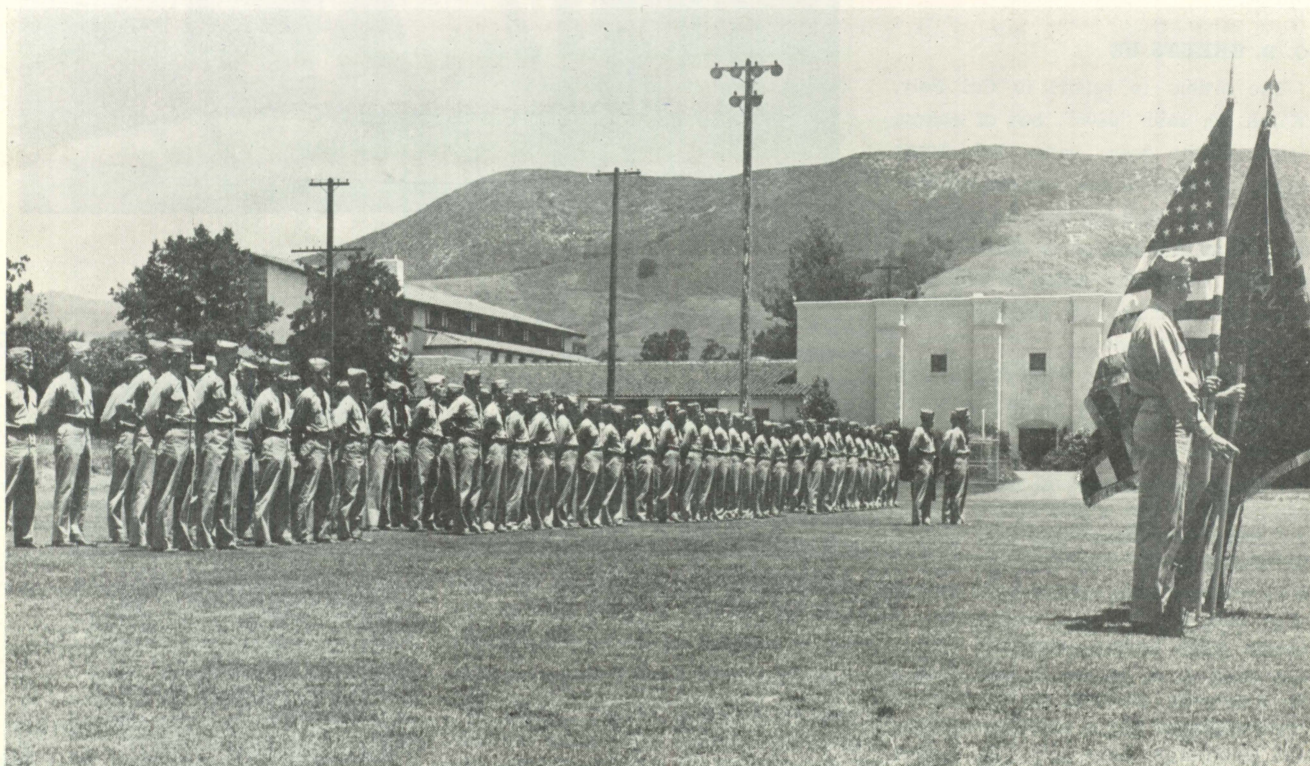
The pass mentioned something about coming back, and so, just to check the time, we came all the way back (courtesy of B.F. again). You undoubtedly know the rest.

In our periods of seriousness and reverence we shall pause and remember those three days, well, those two days anyway.



SLEEPY TIME TRAIN
Sit down, McClain!

LOST BATTALION



BATTALION 3A-44
The old men of prep-flight watch the youngsters drill

PLOUGH NOT THE SEAS

By Mal Edwards

This is the story of Battalion 3A44, the "Lost Battalion". It is quite well named too. This is a story of courage, sacrifice, honor, struggle, and hard times in general.

A few years ago, in a large city far away, an admiral, name and serial number unknown, mumbled in his sleep one night "Fly for Navy". Some commander heard him and told a lieut., who told an ensign who told the world, through advertising of course. Three small words, three words with sarcasm, sadness, and a long story hidden behind them. Some of the men, and boys, who heard these words thought to themselves, "I too can be a Navy pilot, I too can "Fly for Navy". So they enlisted, and landed here "on

the farm". For a few months the slogan was changed to "Farm for Navy".

At any rate the men in Batt 3A are Naval Aviation Cadets, come hell or high water (excluding the screening process of course).

To get on with the story, this battalion is unusual. Cal Poly is unused to this type of battalion. THIS BATT WAS V-12. Shall we bow our heads for a short moment and think this over. With all due credit to the "ex"-service men in the batt, who give it color, background and salt, the majority of the men, and boys in the unit are—V-12. This meant that they had been to school, and had learned analytical geometry, American history, and public speaking, all important to moulding a Naval Officer and flier.

Some took physics. This intellectual background gives color to the batt, also, a sort of a pale greenish tinge.

The men in the outfit come from the Western states, most from San Francisco, where the water temperature is 54 degrees all year around, and they have fog 20% of the time, or from LOS ANGELES, that stately city to the south. When I say that they, the boys, are from the West I don't mean to say that they are bowlegged, or talk with a drawl. They just come from the west, that's all. Very few of the boys roll their own.

Truly, we have a good batt. In the last two months no man has gone on report, for cuff on trou. Scholastically we have smashed all the previous records, or practically all, or at least four. Athletically we are on the ball, look at

LOST BATTALION

the records in the track meets, the basketball games, and the swimming meet. Our battalion officer made it easy for us to have, and want to have, a good batt. One hundred and three men of the batt say hats off to Mr. Eberhart.

This is a slow moving story, the story of 3A. It can't be told on half a page, or even a full page. We'll try to tell it, in brief, outline form, in twenty pages, including advertising of course.

O. D. GREETS US

The orders to report to Cal Poly, March 20, said "0800", but of course some of the more eager lads came early. A selected few arrived the day before. To put it briefly, our battalion arrived at this station in parts. They marched down the stairs to the OD's office and started their careers as Naval "aviation" cadets.

The first few days were full of fun and frolic. We have it on the word of the authorities that we were one of the first batts to go up to the "P" so soon after our arrival here. Then again, there are a few other things we remember about the first couple of days aboard. The majority of the boys got haircuts, which took longer then than they do now, and which of course were purely voluntary. Then too, most of us traded in our clothes for a new set, shoes of the tight-fitting type, uniforms of the loose-fitting type, and those caps—loose also. We moved into large, airy rooms, overlooking the soccer field, the tracks the "Daylight"



THE CHIEF
... he's a good man



THE WASP
Many an Av/Cad was stung here

takes, and the majestic hills to the North and East. We also marched. Some of the boys took the speed agility test, the step test, etc., and started our tradition of breaking records.

We came here to go to school. Monday, March 21, we started to school. We did have those ambitious students who studied the first month, although most of us waited until the second month to settle down. There is too much doing in San Luis to concentrate on studies. That first month saw Batt 3A break a few more records, scholastically of course. The first batt to have twenty-one men exempt from taking the math course, the first batt to have every man passing up to the mid-terms. Well, the second month saw a few more of the lads working. Engines with Metz, Flight with Smith, and Aerology with Jones, plus our other classes gave us enough work to fill "our day". Those same few ambitious students who studied during the first month banded together and formed a nicknaming society . . . proper names for all the instructors.

Now that all of our finals are over another record has been shattered. Only four retakes, and, our battalion has a higher average in flight than any other battalion ever to pass through this station.



YOU'RE A HARD MAN
The trap list grows

Hail the Chief

The epic wouldn't be complete without a word or two about our battalion officer, Lieut. Eberhart. Before Mr. Eberhart was assigned to this station he was on the coaching staff at St. Mary's Pre-Flight, you've heard of the place. Before becoming our battalion officer Lieut. Eberhart was a swimming instructor here. We all remember the first few days, and the "C" test in swimming when Lieut. Eberhart helped us out with our swimming form. These last three months we all have come to know Mr. Eberhart, and

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LOST BATTALION

to appreciate what he does for us. If we get battalion officers like him throughout our training we'll be lucky.

Sweet Land Of . . .

When we weren't going to school, or on liberty in that busy little pueblo of San Luis, we lived in one of three places—Dauntless, Coronado, or Catalina Hall. We treat the rooms with respect, mainly because women lived in them before the war.

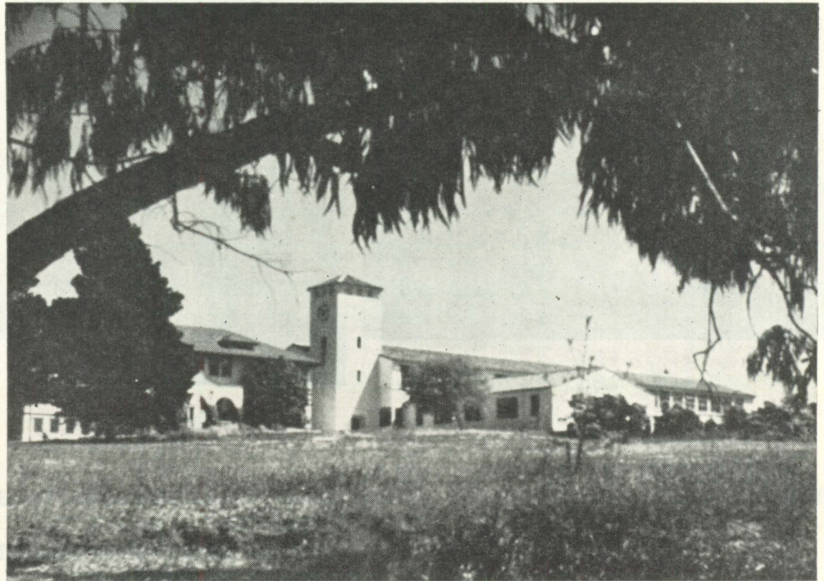
There is plenty of space in our rooms, but with only one room-mate to do the work it is quite trying at times. Most of us did manage to get the rooms cleaned up at least once a week, Friday, which was also the day on which we changed our socks, shaved, blew the dust off our shoes, and acted like gentleman.

The cool, breezy, starlit evenings spent here on the farm will always be remembered. Our thanks to Chaplain Marsh for those Wednesday evening shows, and the regimental dances held in the gym. No fooling, those dances were really tops.

Some athletic lads spent part of their evenings playing baseball, or basketball. One or two went to night classes in recognition, code, or navigation. There were also those who slept in the evenings.

The subject of evenings brings us to the subject of "liberty". The first four weeks that five hours looked good. The next four weeks that extra liberty on Sunday looked good. Now that we have been seniors for three weeks I must admit that three days does look very good in comparison. Here in San Luis Obispo the competition with the "doggies" seems to be too much, so some of the cadets went down the coast as far as Pismo on their Saturday nights. Some, just a few, went to the big cities, LOS ANGELES, San Francisco, and San Marino, which seems quite foolish. When they keep us at Cal Poly for postgraduate work the least they could do is send us to the Southern Branch, which is about 40 miles from Los Angeles.

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SARATOGA

The Ships Service is in the basement

Tears Fill My Eyes

Of course, there were a lot of small things that made up the Batt. story. There were all those individual trips on week-ends to Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Sundays, from 1000 until about 1900, spent on the beach. It is rumored that one Sunday at Avila there were twelve girls on the beach at one time. Then there were the hours of walking the streets in search of—shall we say—a date, and, of course, always ending up out at Mattie's or back in the barracks. From experience, I know that the USO has the best malts in town, and the Golden

Dragon has the best beer.

There were the noisy evenings spent in the barracks, after study hour, when some ambitious mob of cadets would dissect the mate, or try to burn the building down. And the standing of watches, every five days or so, there for awhile. And, of course, the time that Dal Porto (with his faulty vision) was responsible for waking the entire Batt at 0430.

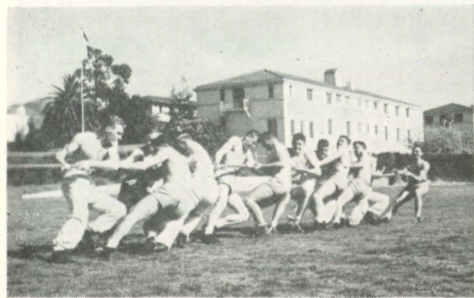
This story was to end four paragraphs ago, so right now won't be too soon to stop. There is some good writing in this magazine, if you only look for it. Look for it.



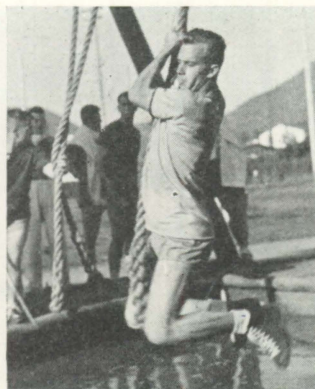
WINSORED FIRST

We also shine our shoes . . .

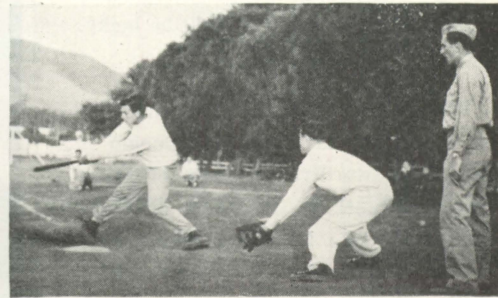
A SPRINKLING OF ATHLETES



They pulled for it



*WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?
... he swung for it ...*



... he's striking for it

DRINK, DRANK, DRUNK

By Bud Harvey

Bring forth the wine and the goblets and let there be a toast to the athletes of Batt 3A, as well as the Gods of the Greek marathon. And well may it be that the two be classed together, for never has there been a battalion of cadets so proficient in the skills of competitive sports to enter Cal Poly. But enough of this, on with the toast. The wine, vintage 1823, is aging.

First, we drink to the winning of the first competitive sports event participated in by these athletes comparable to the ancient track men of Athens. It was the winning of this event, the regimental track meet, that destroyed the prevailing myth that high school boys and V-12er's weren't good men. Our rivals for the title were Batt 1A and 2A, the scores for the meet, held April 5, are as follows: 3A, 49 points; 1A, 29 points, and 2A, 5 points.

Individual standouts in the meet were S. D. Moss, 3A, in the 100-yard dash; Maib, 3A, in the first leg of the obstacle course relay; Larson and Ward, 3A, in the broad jump with leaps of 20 feet and 19 feet 11 inches respectively, and Wolf, 3A, in the P-cross country. Batt 1A did have a husky tug-o-war team, and Hanson, a 1A man placed second in the cross country. Below are the event scores and results.

100-yd. dash: Moss, Dal Porto, Lopez, time 10:7.

Tug-o-war: Batt 1A, Batt 3A, Batt 2A; time 41 sec.

Spin-relay: Batt 3A, Batt 1A, Batt 2A.

Pack relay: Batt 1A, Batt 3A, Batt 2A; time 1:52:7.

Broad jump: Larson, 3A, Ward, 3A, Clemmer, 1A; 20 feet.

Obstacle relay: Batt 3A, Batt 1A, Batt 2A; time 2:55:5.

Relay: Batt 3A, Batt 1A, Batt 2A; time 2:55:3.

Nabis Sine Cortice

Fill the glasses again waitress, we have only started. Next in line to be "gobbled" up by the record-greedy batt was the Swim meet held in the middle of April.

Knocking down four top places in the swimming records the batt 3A aquasters led by J. Shoup took the Senior battalion down for a loss again despite the genuine effort put up by batt 2A.

Williams and Shoup of 3A stole the show. Williams stroked his way to a new record of 43.5 inches in the 50-yd. elementary back stroke, five-tenths of a second faster than the old record. His powerful strokes gave him an early lead over all competitors. "Injun" also won the individual medley "B" test, as well as swimming on the 3A 200-yd. medley relay team.

Shoup clipped three and three-tenths seconds off the record in the 100-yd. free style race. Shoup's perfect racing dive and lightning-like turns at both ends of the pool won him his race. We might add that since Shoup has been cutting more time off his record every time he swims it, unofficially of course. His time for the 100-yd. free style was 1:01.

Other outstanding performers in the meet were 3A's rescue carry team that pulled the victim over the 100-yd. course in the time of 1:57:7, Cadet Cave taking the underwater record in the 17.9 seconds. Cadet Walker tying the record for the 100-yd. breast stroke in 1:17.9.

Another bottle, or case, of wine waitress, and fill my cup to the brim. The accomplishments of this batt begin to make me reel. And this is only the beginning.

Following the swim and track meets came basketball. By this time our prowess had been accepted (but our cockiness not, I think they are still trying to get that out of us). That resulted I believe, in the fact that we were challenged to one basketball game. That game, just previous to the graduation of batt 1A, gave them a bitter pill to swallow, in the form of a 54-33 loss. Batt 3A's Andy Wolfe showed himself to be playing way out of his class, as he tallied 22 points before the evening was over. Defensively the standouts were Williams and Dal Porto, with Leoni a ten-point man.



*THE HELL WITH THE BALL
... On with the game*

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THEY ATE WHEATIES

Following basketball was the softball league with batt 2A and 4A. Batt 3A took the lead again with its traditional fervor.

On Toast?

We have drunk to the batt wins throughout the whole of our course here. We have toasted each and every winning event. But we aren't finished until we toast the individuals chosen by popular vote as the outstanding all-around athletes of batt 3A. To "those who ate wheaties," to those who, through brawn and muscle have made a name for themselves we drink—another bottle of brews, babe. Personalities, amen.

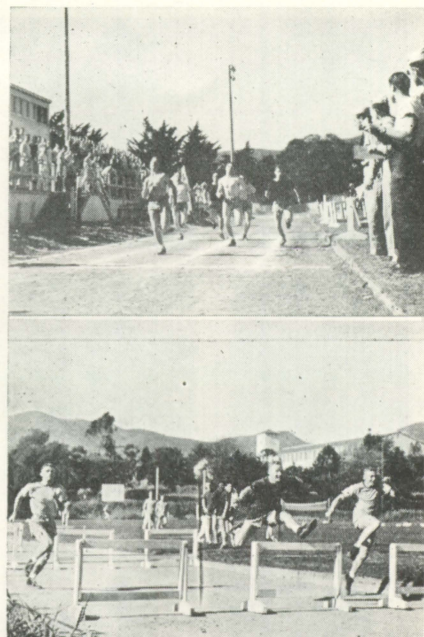
This lad, top picture, diligently attending his duties as C.B.O.O.W. is **Bob Dal Porto**, who came to Cal Poly with Batt 3A to become a member, and platoon leader of the "Filtered First". Born in Stockton, California, he attended grammar school, and won the gold star for never being late to class. In high school, Liberty Union High, he won letters in football, basketball, track, and baseball, besides making all-conference in football. Finishing high school in 41 he entered University of California, to study aeronautical Engineering and later enlisted in V-5. While at California, Bob lettered in track (hurdles, javelin, and broad jump) football, and baseball. June, 1943, found our protege at Boulder, Colorado, in V-12 training. There he played varsity tailback on a championship all-conference team, and was named All-Rocky Mt. Quarterback, plus honorable mention in All-American lineup.

Since Porto's arrival aboard Cal Poly, efforts have been made to make a "cadet athlete" out of him, only succeeding in making him top man on a coming wrestling team, good tumbler, hot military track man, and up with the winning few in the varied sports program here.

Voted one of the leading athletes aboard also is **Ed Ward**. Another member of the "Filtered First" and sub commander of the senior battalion.

Ward was born in Berkeley, California, and went to high school at Washington High, Los Angeles, where he lettered in football and track. He placed as left end in Southern California line-up, and holds school record in shot put. Besides being able to throw his 190 lbs. around quite ably in football, Ed was center on ice hockey team, and president of an ice skating club.

Graduating from high school in



3A's GAZELLES

We run and jump all day

June, 1942, he went to work in an aircraft plant waiting to be called. He attended V-12 school at the University of Redlands previous to entrance to Cal Poly. Here Ward broke and now holds the broad jump record at 20 ft. 3 ins.

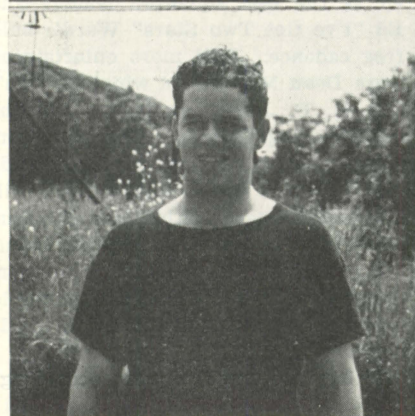
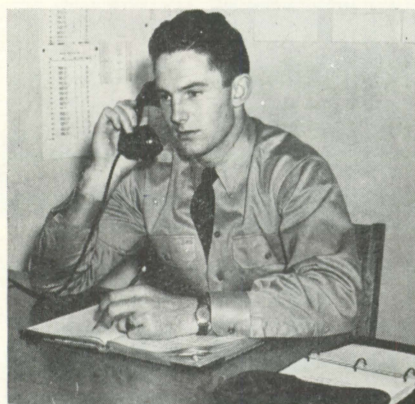
Next on our vim and vitality list is **Lee Williams** from Kingman, Arizona, another V-12 man. During his high school years Williams was a three-year letterman in football and basketball. He lettered also in track and tennis.

At Flagstaff he attained a position with the top men on the V-12 basketball team. His team, among those of the higher calibre in that country, averaged a score of 50 points for each game played. He was chosen as one of the five outstanding athletes at Flagstaff. Williams was also quite proficient with a softball, as was evidenced by his prowess as pitcher in the softball league here.

Arriving here after an eighteen-month stay as PhM 2c, NAS, Maui, Territory of Hawaii, we have **V. C. Whitmire**, one of the few fleet men in Batt 3A.

Whitmire is one of those athletes you hear very little about but know they are good when you see them. His ability was observed by those who voted him among the outstanding athletes in batt 3A in P.T. period, where he was high point man on the winning

(Continued on Page 17)



ATLAS' PROTEGES

Top to bottom: Dal Porto, Ward, Williams, Whitmire

FILTERED FIRST



(left to right) Top row: Allen, Keddie, Dal Porto, Harvey, Edwards, Jones. Second row: Luck, Barr, Moorehead, Sturtevant, Mead, Ward. Third row: Farr, Lewis, Lyon, Moss, Durko, Huber

SCREENED SCREWBALLS

By Wells Keddie

This is the saga of the Filtered First, pride of the regiment, prime example of the "screening process", etc. Its story is a brilliant saga of brains and brawn, health and sickness, luck and bad luck, ad infinitum. Twenty-seven men answered "Here, Sir" to muster the first week at Cal Poly. Those were the good old days—when men were men, and they were still around. Nineteen men took finals, the evidence speaks for itself.

The lost platoon of the lost battalion . . . tops in grades, and a close second best in marching. (We like to fly, not walk!) Ten of the twenty-two men who were exempt from the math course from Batt 3A were members of the Screened Screwballs. The platoon (pronounced with a broad "a") came through with the highest academic averages of the batt . . . also, as we were led to believe. It was a non-fleet platoon, with one exception, V-12's and ex-civilians filling the ranks.

As PBY Barr put it, every man of the Filtered First is a definite character—and we had more fun than anyone, even rabbits. We challenge any

other platoon to produce men such as Larry Rosenthal — ex-Marine, regimental sub-commander—whose ad libs during musters lent a pleasant air to proceedings otherwise dreary and dull. And then, getting down to the rear rank men of the outfit, there's always Sandy "Wait-for-me" Moss and his vociferous "Hey, Hey!" at any and all hours of the day and night—plus that fascinating forefinger, grown to match his diminutive size.

While in the character class, Brother Barr can't be left alone. His screeching cry of "No jackets" will long be remembered by his fellow cadets, especially Ernie Huber and Sabin Sturtevant. The only platoon on the station which wore no coats during one of our rainiest mornings—Huber screamed for weeks.

At least once a week, Johnny Allen would amaze us all with his magician's skill, and as often, someone else would imitate him — unsuccessfully. And when it came to the physical culture routine every other night, the Mad Russian, Andy Durko could be found rolling around on the deck in his scivies, trying some new muscle-twister. "Worst Man in the Worst Platoon

in the Worst Squad" Ray Mead won the doubtful honor of being the man who pulls the most marching boners, mainly because he was once so selected by higher powers.

Your Other Left

Alternate weeks found us entertained by Bob Dal Porto's "Thureep" cadence—maybe that's why he was chosen as the best squadron leader—and Ed "I've Got Two Stars" Ward's bullfrog cadence. Still more entertaining were Dean Morehead's whistling "s's", and E. P. Jones explaining why he couldn't keep in step. Bets were constantly placed on how far to one side Mal Edwards could cock his hat—till Lt. Cmdr. Vogel settled the question. No bets were placed, but plenty of us "Shorty Joes" in the rear files wondered how Harley "Pop" Lyon would take such long steps in that right guide position.

Things are tough all over, according to Don Lewis—just string along with him and everything will be OK—champion peel-off artist of the Screened Screwballs. Top jitterinsect R. O. Luck helps keep the womenfolk happy—although he has stiff competition from

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other members of our handsome platoon in that department. And of course, there's always a letter for Leo Farr from that Sweet little gal in Oregon—whom we've all come to know and love. Best of all, for our money, are those tricky little tap steps Bud Harvey gives out with while we're marking time in front of the chow hall—or is that a platoon secret, not known to the "special table" set? And Wells "No-Shave" Keddie, writer supreme, and country editor on the Trim Tab, 'nuff said.

The Filtered First . . . and those long marches down to Princetown every day for code practice. And the expertness with which we were able to sing, whistle, talk or groan at the top of our lungs and still not flub up those left obliques and right flanks which these over-eager "platoon-leaders-for-a-day" kept springing on us. Never did manage to get but one good "rip march" out of all those tries though. We finally got to the point where we could keep up with Rosie between classes.

Then there were those embarrassing moments of hearing the door opening and closing in the morning before you could open your eyes — and having them opened at noon muster when the frap list was read off.

It's the little things in life that makes it so interesting. For a while it was dropping light bulbs from the top bunk without breaking them—it rarely worked with an audience—and match-drawing tricks that captured the fancies of our agile Filtered First cadets. Then it was women, then it was week-end leave—could the two have any connection?—then it was dummy guns, then it was women, then it was leave. Turns into quite a vicious cycle, doesn't it?

No other platoon can boast of such great noise from so few men at taps time. No other platoon can boast of so little noise from so many men at reveille. No other platoon can boast quite so well, either. All fooling aside, the S.S. boys turned in a pretty smooth record. Some top-notch athletes, and some top-notch brains helped make the Filtered First one of the most outstanding of any of the regimental organizations. Outstanding like a sore thumb, but still outstanding.

The thing the F.F. is serious about is becoming a unit of good pilots—and we will, if it kills the whole Naval tradition.

Naturally the Filtered First has a "once upon a time" list, which includes such casualties as Ear Crist, now at the Long Beach Naval Hospital, Nels "Curly" Turnquist, now on a 30-day sick leave, Bill Probert, W. K. Gibson, and John Shoup, out of V-5 on medicals — are vacationing in San Diego. J. E. Erickson—where is he anyway?

So there you have us—those now here, those long since departed. You can't keep the Filtered First down—or in place!

Man, the Unknown

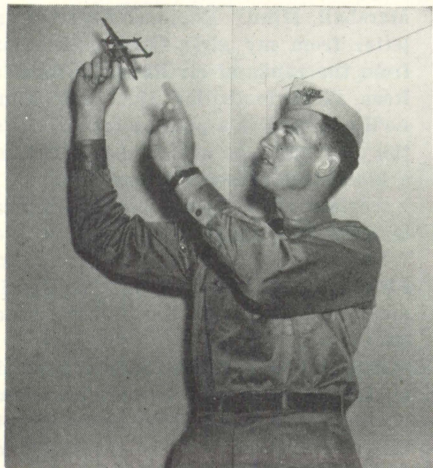
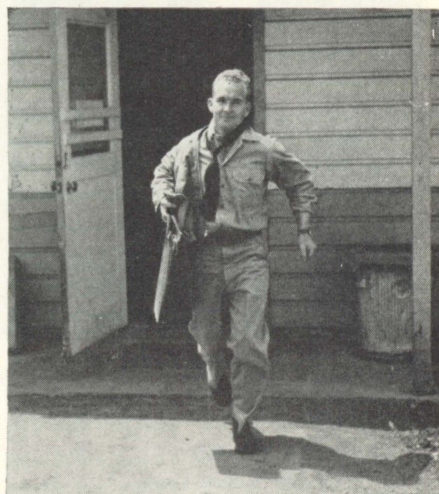
Chief comedian for the first platoon is **Sandy D. Moss**, who can do other things besides make the boys laugh. Cadet Moss copped top honors in the 100-yard dash in the regimental track meet a few months back. He holds letters in track and gymnastics, collected in Southwest Los Angeles and Occidental College. Always ready with a quip, or a little skylarking, Sandy is the life of a lively platoon. Prior to entering V-5, via V-12a, he was, succeeding, a bellhop at Sun Valley, Idaho, and a worker in the shipyards. Greatest claim to fame? We'd say it

was his short forefinger and his quick wit!

"Best PBY Pilot" is no slur to **Cadet J. Larry Barr**. Cadet Barr has his sights definitely set on the patrol bombers, will be bitterly disappointed if things don't turn out that way! Academically, the chubby Barr is tops for the platoon—but he has a terrible loathing for the athletic field. A resident of Cordova, Alaska, Barr holds an Aircraft and Engines license from the CAA — result of seven and one-half years of hard work as a mechanic up in the wilds of Seward's Folly. Nightly engine and aerology sessions in his room carried several of the boys along! Old Man Barr—He's about 25—still wants to get into that PBY!

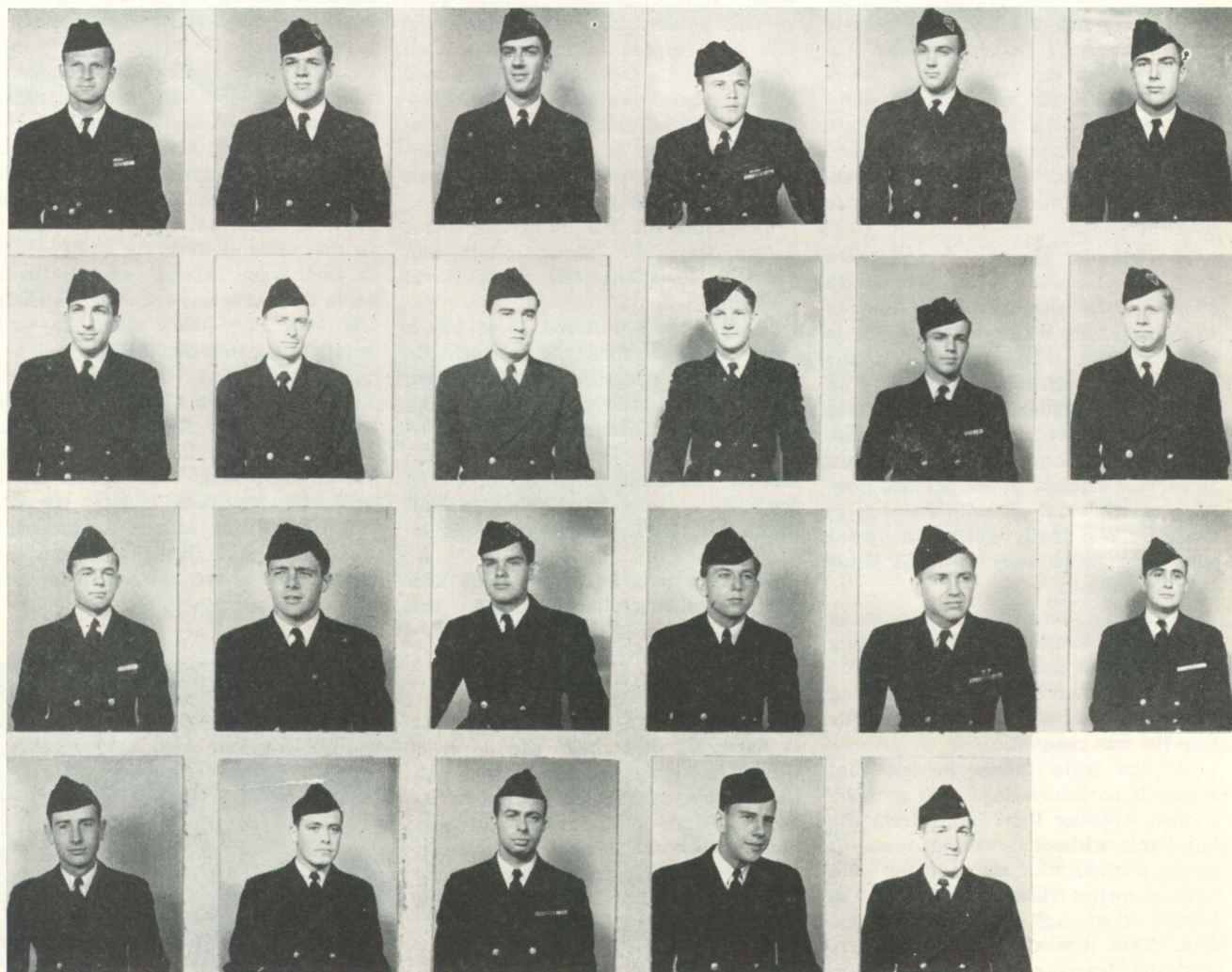
"Dere I vass, ten thousand feet above the English Channel" announces none other than **Ernest Huber**, songbird and story teller of the first. Ernie knows more songs than anyone in the batt, and sings them louder. His tales run from exaggerations to downright lies—with ones like the famous, oft-quoted line above, thrown in for good

(Continued on Page 17)



OUR LITTLE MEN
Huber, Edwards, Barr, Moss

TRAGIC THIRD



(left to right) Top row: Newero, Whitmire, Clark, McGee, Olson, Fairlie. Second row: Gabriel, Frees, Robles, Dakin, Ferre, Dalrymple. Third row: Rowland, Cave, Chavannes, Nygart, Gillespie, Williams. Fourth row: Olson, Wells, Bruce, Bono, Nelson

SLAP-HAPPY THIRD

By Reece Cave

Platoon 3, Batt 3A is a platoon of many personalities, moods and traits. It is about equally divided between men from the fleet, V-12's, and civilians.

In athletics the third was well represented by Wolfe, Ferre, Nelson and Bruce in basketball. Incidentally the third won the batt championship. In swimming we were represented by Walker, Ferre, Cave and Nelson. McGee and Whitmire took care of the grappling with other cadets (also with the women).

The third may not have been the best marching platoon (we give way to the fighting fifth), but we had a lot of fun trying, and we also supplied more battalion adjutants than any other platoon. Les Nelson, voted

as best Squadron Leader, was Regimental Commander.

Our platoon officers were Bert (tell-me-before-you-go) Ferre as Mustering Petty Officer, Roy (let's-get-these-guys-on-the-ball) Gillispie as Platoon Sub-Commander and Reece (no-talking-in-ranks) Cave as Platoon Leader.

Thomas (Pop) Bono, "Pop" came to the "farm" as an Ensign (Senior Grade) fresh from overseas as a gunnery officer aboard the U.S.S. Alabama. He is proud of the fact that one of his crews got 2 Jap planes. In the voting held for the one in the platoon who most deserved a Saturday night C.B.O.O.W. watch, Tom won by a good margin. The reason for his crowning success is because he is always applying for a week-end leave.

Harold (rugged) Bruce is one of the seven civilians in the third. Before

he came here he was a welder in the shipyards in Seattle. His home is in Marshall, Minn. Reece (I never get a letter from my girl) Cave is another from the ranks of civilians. A former Rose Bowl footballer (just ask him, he'll tell you) is a platoon leader. He's the only guy who ever had to cheat on a blood test (except "Rosey").

Adrian (The Specimen) Chavannes is from Los Angeles. He was in the V-12 at the University of Arizona in Flagstaff. He is known as "The Specimen" because he got the highest score step test.

Bill (Step-n-Fetchit) Clark was voted as the best PBY pilot as he is just slow enough to be one. We'll never forget Bill and his ability to be the last one at almost every muster. In spite of this we really got a lot of laughs from his antics.

Gary (The Duke) Dakin is from Berkeley. He was in V-12 at College of the Pacific. Another of the tall Squad leaders. We'll never forget the time at the graduation of 2A that he turned left instead of right.

Winfred (Happy Lad) Dalrymple who came to us from the ranks of the solid citizen commandos is noted for his figure, which only a girdle could love. Dal was elected as the one who pulls the most boners in our platoon.

Phil (some day I'm going to be a squad leader) Fairlie, was in V-12 at the College of Pacific where he roomed with "The Duke" (he still rooms with him).

Ben (I've got the lowdown on all this stuff) Frees was a former student of U.S.C. Before he joined Naval Aviation he worked at Northrup. He also is a hot drummer. He organized an orchestra of his own under the name of Johnny Lawton and from what we hear they were really hep. Ben was elected as the Goldbricker of the third.

Ralph (Civilian Mike) Gabriel has won much fame in the battalion as well as the platoon due to his most dis-

tinguishing feature, his nose. "Mike" is liked by all because of his ability to take an everlasting amount of ribbing.

Roy (Chief) Gillespie is one of the third's saltiest. A former Chief Yeoman, he was one of the first to see the effects of the Japs. The Chief is a Pearl Harbor veteran and likable guy.

Leo (Goldie) Golden is a member of Hooligan's Navy (The Coast Guard) and served nearly two years in Alaska which is long enough for any man.

Dwight (The Fibber) McGee, voted the Don Juan of Platoon 3, has more girls than Father Dionne. Before he came to Cal Poly he was a sergeant in the Marine Corps. At present he is Battalion Adjutant which does with that old Marine spirit.

Les (Big Slim) Nelson is renowned as the tallest man in the regiment. He is Regimental Commander which he fills with great ability. Although he never gets a date he is always talking about the opposite sex.

Joe (Bob Hope) Newero is by far the funniest man in the "Slap Happy Third". Even though he was talking when he wasn't supposed to (Knock it off, Knock) he brought many happy hours (of extra duty) to our platoon.

Roger (The Lodger) Nygard is a transfer from Batt 1A because of medical reasons, but in spite of his coming in when we were about half through the course we all enjoyed his being with us.

Arvid (The Head) Olson's home is in Bemidji (if you can pronounce it, you're a better man than I am) Minn. He worked with Harold (Rugged) Bruce as a shipyard worker in Seattle.

Paul (Roly) Rowland is the senior "officer" of our platoon. He was a j.g. on an L.S.T. (large and slow target) in the South Pacific. He was the first man in our platoon to check out of code at fourteen words per minute. "Roly" was also elected as the deadliest pilot in a platoon that is deadly.

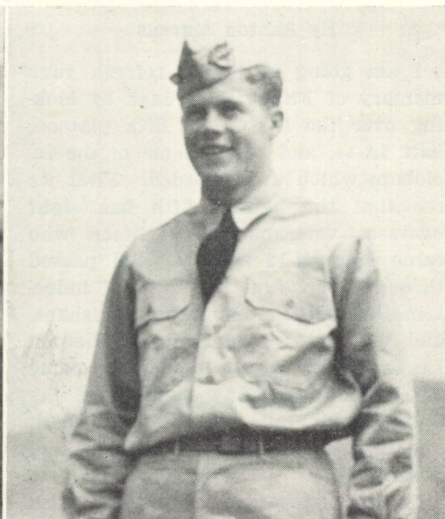
Frank (Paso) Robles is our staunch and sturdy right guide. He also is a code expert, being able to take eighteen words per minute. He is noted for his long musician's hair.

Mal (Willie) Williams is the only man whose knees come together when he walks. But in spite of this "Willie" is quite a hit with the opposite sex.

Andy (Frisco Kid) Wolfe was the best basketball player in Batt 3A. As captain of our team he lead the boys to the regimental championship. He also holds the record for the "P" cross country which is an accomplishment in itself.

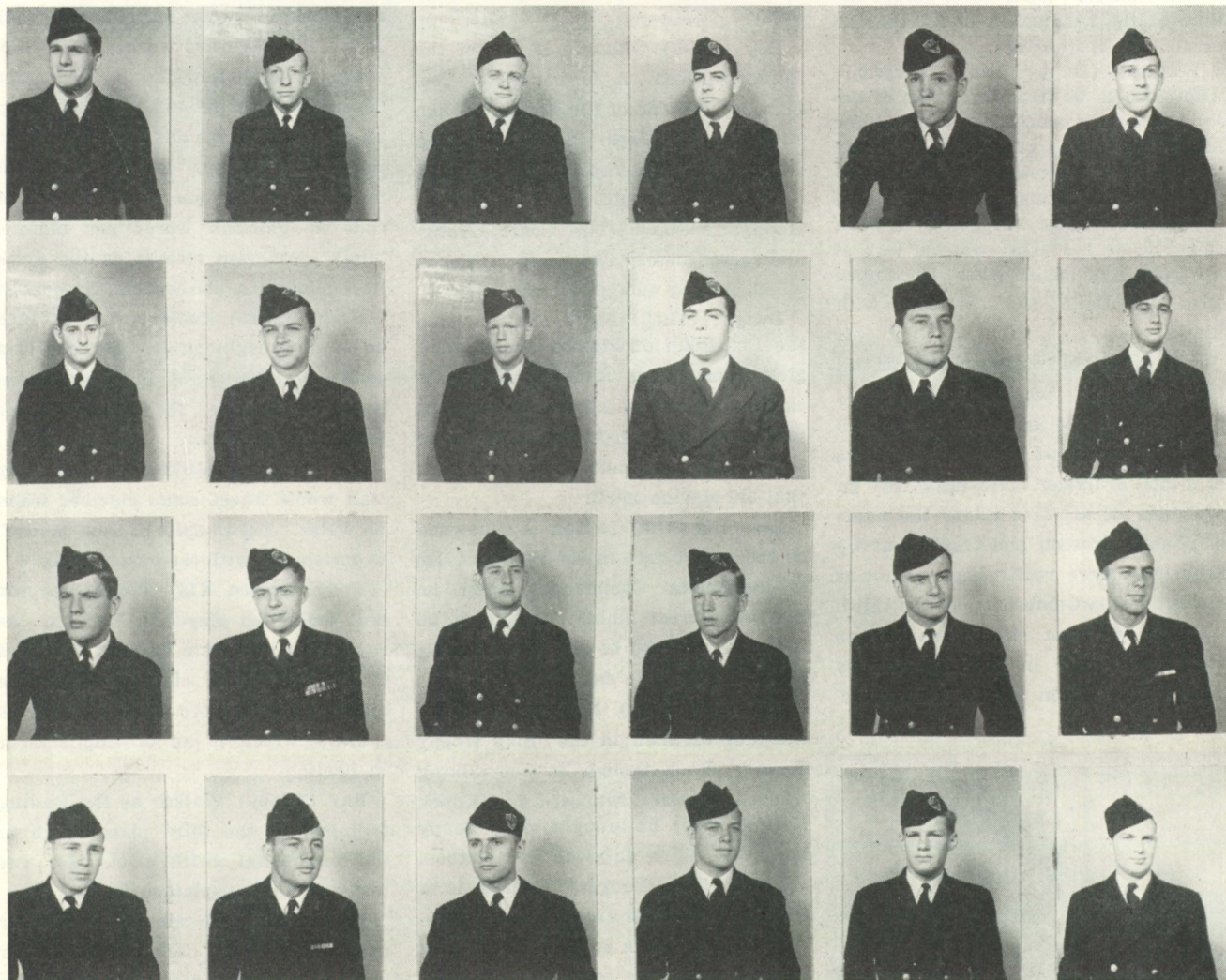
Ray (Tubby) Walker as the leading swimmer in the third placed high in the regimental swim meet. He was formerly the sub-platoon leader.

To the last two men, Ray Walker and Andy Wolfe, this bit of humor and gossip is gratefully dedicated for their fine leadership, fellowship, and because they're just regular guys.



PERSONALITY BOYS
Rowland, Gabriel, Newero, McGee

FRUSTRATED FIFTH



(left to right) Top row: Baily, Pasley, Fuller, Hudson, Waldron, Freda. Second row: Arthur, House, Robinson, Sherrer, Williams, Marcus. Third row: Westerwelt, Stocks, Arthur, Robinson, Leoni, Mehl. Fourth row: Larson, Case, McKae, McLain, Reimer, Maib. Robinson and Arthur were over-anxious.

DISCIPLINED FIFTH?

By Ashton Marcus

I am going to try to refresh your memory of Flight Prep days by looking over the log of the fifth platoon, batt 3A-44, and relate some of the incidents which are recorded. First we see that the fightin' fifth has eight overseas veterans and eighteen who came from V-12 schools. All passed through their first five days of indoctrination without any serious mishaps, and under the leadership of Platoon Leader Mehl, began to make a name for themselves. Any member of the platoon will tell you it is the best, and if you don't believe me just ask them.

In drill competition the fightin' fifth was always high and when it came to winning an extra hour of liberty for

the whole batt, the fifth came through in true spirit. Frankie Meloche claims that an extra hour is worth fighting for, even in San Luis.

Atlas Would Praise Us

And when it came to sports, platoon five can stand up to any, with such record-breakers as Williams, Maib, and Larson. In the sport of wrestling "Hugger" Joe Hudson and "Terrible" Jack Fuller have promised to take on all comers. Although our basketball team didn't win the batt tournament they did come in a close second to platoon three. Leading the basketball team were Lee Williams, "Swisher" McLain, and "Tip it in" Leoni. There are two schools of thought on tumbling, expressed by men who were under Lt. Werner and those who did the seal walk under Lt. Polhemus. As for track and field events, platoon five

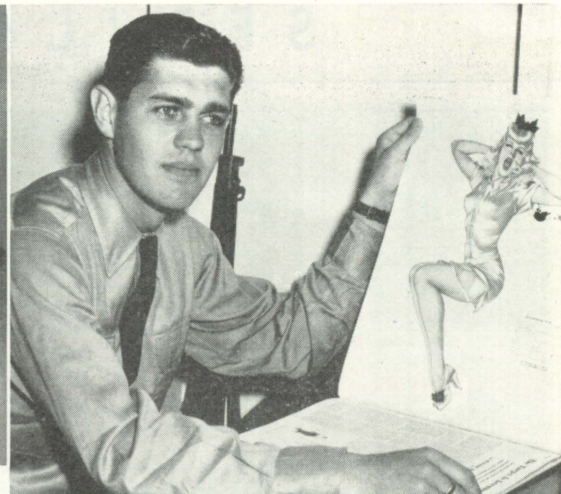
was no slouch. Always running in numerous events, and winning places always, were Lee Williams, Dick Larson, and Larry Waldron. When we wanted to go somewhere in a hurry we called on the "Alabam Rebel" F. J. Malone, III, and told him to step on it.

The fifth also had swimmers, the list headed by record-breaker Williams, followed by Frank Meloche.

It seems as though we can still hear the cries of Dick Larson from the time he kicked a tying soccer goal from the middle of the field only to have it discounted by the ref. It only meant an extra hour of liberty. Jim Freda is attributed to be the only soccer player who ever went on the opposite team because they needed men, and then scored two goals to lead in defeating his own team. Keen guy.

Chow hall memories are always in-

Mustang Roundup, July, 1944



teresting. Frank Leoni could always be depended on to say, "But Mr. Mehl, the center squad went in first this morning." Inside we could count on a thrilling race between William Pasley and Robert Mehl, just to see who would be table captain. Even with three stars Mehl can't best Pasley out of that job. When all was quiet, save for the munching of food, Commissary Officer Meloche could always be heard muttering "You know what I always say, —."

The fifth always had a touch of scholarship about them at all times. There were five men from the fifth that were exempt from the math course. That extra two hours would have looked good these last few weeks. Larry Waldron and Dan Shawe were always hollering about the lousy 3.9's they got.

In code the fifth was always near the top in the platoon averages. A number of men passed 14 wpm in the final, and got that 4.0 in the course. Experts like Case, Arthur, and Scherrer could take 18 wpm and more.

Always coming through with a question to stump the teachers was J. P. Fuller, ex-Lt. in the Seabees. He wasn't the only brain, others were Larry Waldron, Jim Freda, Dan Shawe, and C. A. Robinson.

The fifth had its characters, and the vote taken by the platoon put each man in his place. As the Don Juan of the platoon there was F. J. Meloche, commonly known as Frankie. Mr. Meloche comes to us with plenty of experience, as I have it from reliable sources he used some of his overnight liberty while stationed on Mare Island just to be with a girl. It isn't everyone who can have the San Francisco Police Department, Fire Department, and Health Department help him out on a date. It must be part of his tech-

THE FIFTH PRESENTS .

*Waldron, Reimer, Meloche,
Arthur*

nique not to show his swimming prowess for we have noticed that he goes to the beached armed with a set of blues, just to carry the battle to the beach.

Two positions were fought for by Ralph Reimer and Fred Arthur. When the smoke finally cleared Cadet Reimer emerged as King Goldbrick, and Cadet Arthur as Chief Boner Puller. This is literally speaking, for the fifth has no goldbricks or boner pullers.

The fourth choice was unanimous. Larry Waldron, of Burlingame, California, was chosen as the 4.0 kid. Larry continuously had high marks in all of his courses, including PT. Whether it be a flight, aerology, or code, we could always depend on Larry to come through with a high grade. His main fault was that he was quite bitter when he got a 3.9.

I Had A Girl

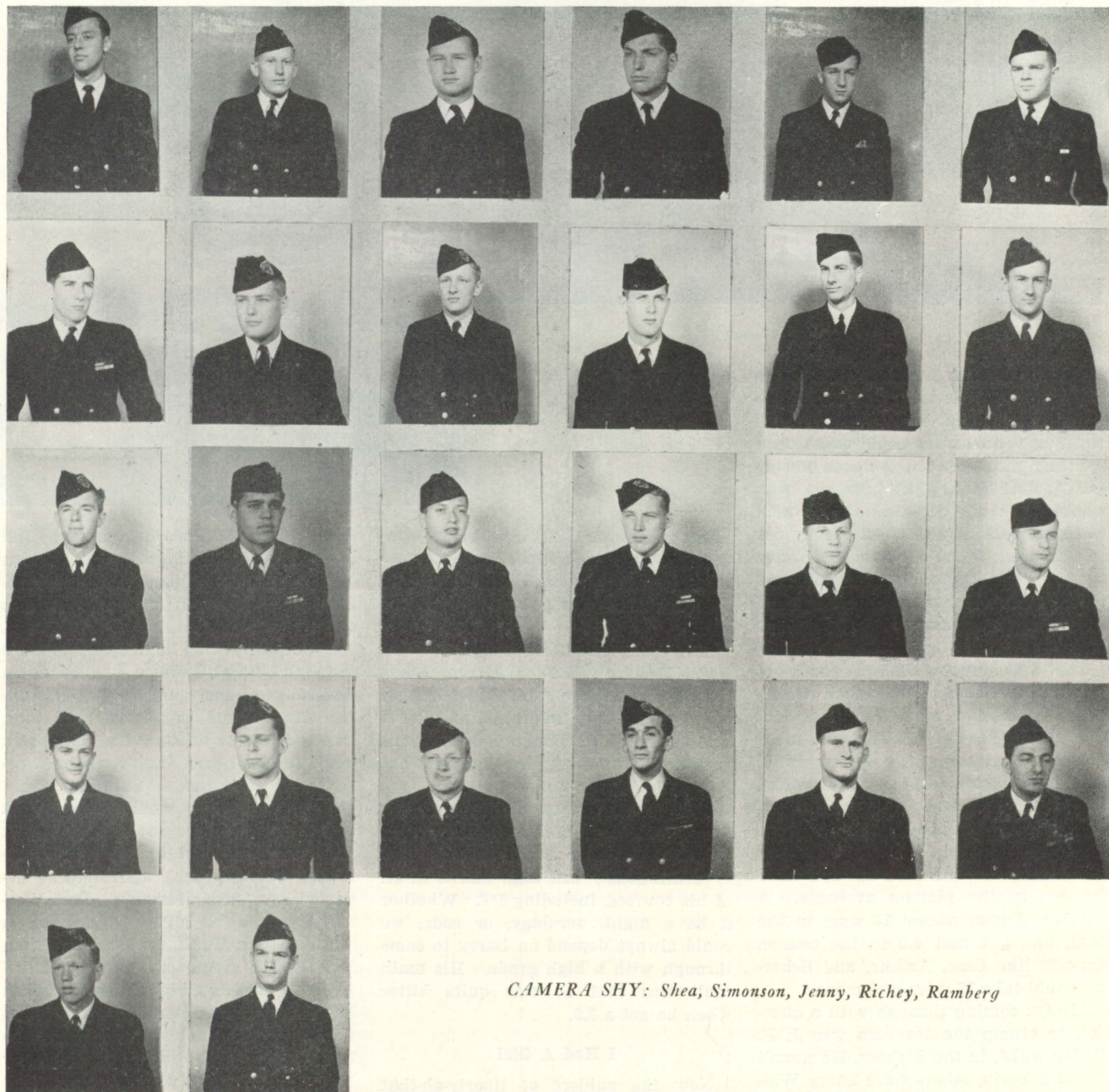
Now the subject of liberty-ah-that rare old deal that comes once a week, On the liberty Lubie Stocks would always prepare to stay in and study, but the odds were about 3 to 1 that he would be out to that place on the seashore before 2000. Cadet Robinson would start to chant San Francisco—San Francisco. Pasley was heard to remark that it was unusual weather for California this time of year, but Maib retorted that this is California, Washington was always quite sunny. Cadets Case, Freda, and Scherrer would depart for Los Angeles on the hour every week, and Dick Larson and Alan McKae would head for Palo Alto.

Mehl sang on Saturday nights, and Joe Hudson would go to the Golden Dragon to talk to his good friend Louise. Shawe caught up on his sleep, and Bob Bailey would plan to go out, but would have to hunt up some one's laundry. Ralph Reimer would stay in Saturday nights, just to be in trim for Sunday and the beach. As soon as Fred Arthur finished his hour extra duty he and Larry Waldron would depart for their usual Saturday night show. Mr. Fuller would be quiet as usual, but later we could find him at the show, and not by himself. Williams, McLain, Mehl, and Meloche departed for parts unknown. Don Westervelt could be found looking for a way to Santa Maria, for by report from Mr. McGee (courtesy of the third platoon) that is a right nice spot with lots of women). Frank Malone heard there was a soldier in town from Alabama so he would rush off to look for him. Fred House would always have a supernumerary watch so he was out of circulation. Leoni put his stock in Atascadero, for week-ends. This only leaves Ashton Marcus, and he wrote for the Mustang Roundup so he was restricted by the editors for the week-end.

We had our fun, and humorous incidents, but we had a sad side also. We lost a man during our stay here. That was J. B. McCarthy, who had a recurrence of an old injury and was sent to the Naval Hospital. While he was here at Poly, and while with the fleet Mac was going swell. We would

(Continued on Page 17)

SENILE SEVENTH



CAMERA SHY: Shea, Simonson, Jenny, Richey, Ramberg

(left to right) Top row: Hockins, Dimon, Bates, Johnson, Lawson, Snyder. Second row: Avery, Field, Bugge, Farley, Hanot, Holter. Third row: Kemper, Meloche, Sackett, Maher, Lindley, Rohrshieb. Fourth row: Starr, Stidham, Smith, Rosenthal, Kemp, Miglicio. Fifth row: Robinson, Shaw
Which Platoon Are You In, Robinson?

STRAGGLING SEVENTH

By R. L. Fields

The seventh platoon engineered by Cadet Maher has a somewhat varied makeup. We consist of two former commissioned officers, Cadets Snyder and Jenny; five ex-marines, Cadets Maher, Rorhscheib, Avery, Miglicio and Jamison; two ex-fleet men, Cadets Lawson and Cooper; and a former

member of the Coast Guard, Cadet Dimon. The remainder of the platoon is composed of former V-12 students from Gonzaga University and Arizona State Teachers College, and a number of men from civilian life.

We claim fame as the crack platoon and the backbone of the battalion, but occasionally our right to recognition of such fame has been under dispute.

With no opposition Cadet Richard

Lindley, our mustering petty officer, who is known as the "U.S.O. KID", was elected platoon comedian and has since been trying to live up to his elevation in rank, but has succeeded only in gaining another title, that of being the lad who pulls the most boners.

Cadet John Farley, known as "One Punch Fog Horn" walked away with top honors as the Don Juan of the

outfit, which is undoubtedly due to his "big time" operations around the vicinity of the Fremont theater and a certain undisclosed young usherette he claims to be his cousin.

Cadet J. M. "Red" Smith, undisputed Navigation king modestly shuns publicity and gives complete credit to Miss Anderson for his rapid rise in fame, who made sleeping in class practically impossible, and at least very uncomfortable.

Cadet Charles Simonson after being elected "The cadet who deserves a Saturday night C.B.O.W. watch, is still trying to discover who ganged up on him and slipped a "frameup" around his neck. Of course, the fact that he has never had one together with the fact that he spends every week-end in San Francisco, might have something to do with it.

Cadets Stidham and Field who were chosen as co-pilots on a PBY, spend their evenings listening to Western music and wouldn't recognize a PBY if they saw one, in fact, they aren't sure just where to go to buy one. But seriously, the "Seventh" consists of a grand gang of fellows who are always ready to do their best for each other, and their girl friends.

Glenn Everett Kemp, known to the "Seventh" as the "4.0 kid" hails from Saskatchewan, Canada, but because he spent his high school days in Caytona Beach, Florida, he has learned to appreciate this balmy Southern California weather, and wouldn't trade it for anything in the world except some sunshine.

Glenn spent four years at the University of Saskatchewan, where he majored in Mechanical Engineering and

played two years of varsity football, a year of varsity track, and inter-faculty water polo.

Primarily, Kemp is a farmer, and claims to be "a damned good one", but has also served time as a hard rock miner at the San Antonio gold mine in Manitoba, as an aircraft mechanic in Alberta, and a construction surveyor on the Canal project in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada.

Having lived a varied life, Kemp is now content to settle down and live a quiet unexciting existence as a Navy pilot.

A/c James Lenax Lawson comes from Chicago and San Antonio, Texas, and joined the Navy early in 1940.

Jimmy was on the U.S.S. Arizona during the big show at Pearl Harbor, but had to leave her on the bottom. Three days later he was assigned to a destroyer, making several defensive patrols with a carrier task force in the vicinity of Wake and Midway Islands; later he escorted the first convoy to Australia.

Jimmy made the initial landing on Guadalcanal and Tulagi Islands, and also made the initial landings on New

Guinea, Lae, Arawe, New Britain, and Cape Gloucester.

He has earned the Naval Expeditionary, National Defense, Asiatic Pacific, and the Good Conduct Ribbons with ten battle stars.

Thomas Earl Maher, platoon leader of the "Seventh", is from Indianapolis, Indiana, but hasn't been home for over two years, and has been driving the local long distance operator "nuts" with calls to and from a little lass named "Skipper", whose picture he proudly shows around.

Tommy was a student at Notre Dame University for two terms, majored in accounting and, as he puts it, played a little football.

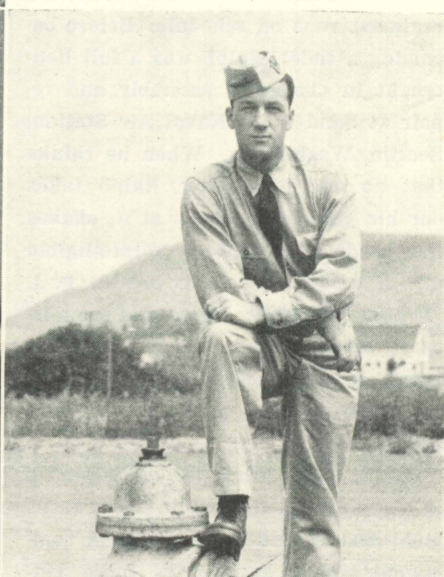
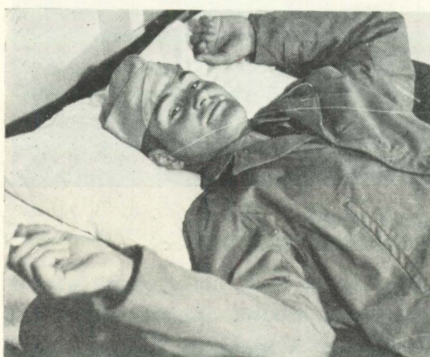
In August, 1942, he joined the Marines, and after completing basic training was sent to New Zealand for advanced tactical training. From New Zealand Tommy took in Guadalcanal and Munda, where the bombers came rough and often. Vella la Vella, more bombers, and a considerable amount of ground action, and Bougainville, where he made the initial landing and lost part of his outfit. From Bougainville, he went back to Guadalcanal, and then came back to the "States" and to Cal Poly.

He received the Presidential Citation twice with the "Third Division" on Bougainville, and displays the Asiatic, South Pacific, American Theater, and the Good Conduct Ribbons.

Tommy is probably most noted for his Saturday night shower song sessions, and as the G.I. Kid who pulls the most boners.

Cadet Warren Bradley Richey, whose home is in Portland, Oregon,

(Continued to Page 17)



ACUTE MANPOWER SHORTAGE
Maher, Kemp, Richey, Lawson

BATTALION OFFICERS

... BY DIVINE RIGHT

By Bill Hanot

Recently advanced to the position of regimental commander, Cadet L. E. Nelson heads a staff of unusually experienced cadet officers—in their line, that is. "Big Slim" is just about the tallest man in Batt. 3A, and kept "Bill the Tailor" busy altering his uniforms. L. E. Rosenthal, called "Rosie" by the boys, visited Bill with a similar intent, only his uniforms had to be cut down. Rosie has spent over two years in the South Pacific with the Marines—has

Snappy Fifth. D. S. McGee, also an ex-Marine (quite a few of them, aren't there), is the battalion sub-commander, and platoon leader of the Third. "Fiber" is one of the few cadets who can't decide which one of his girls he will stand up come Saturday night. A. P. Wolfe was to have been battalion adjutant, but got too close to a scarlet fever germ, and was confined to sick bay before he was allowed to go power mad. Andy was an All-Coast Basketball player before he joined the V-5 program. J. I. Lawson, commissary of-

of the "Sloppy Seventh." Tommy, affectionately called "Blue Eyes" by his buddies, was one of the Marines who made the landings at Bougainville. E. P. Ward, leader of the Filtered First, was a V-12 before coming to Cal Poly. "Big Ed" is 3A's all-round athlete, who broke the school's broad jump record. He was directly responsible for a lot of the "Ranger" gym squad's extra liberty.

When the battalion goes into regimental formations three new men step up into the platoon leader positions. R. Cave, a South Pasadena boy (that's in California), takes over the "Third," and gets it into some of the most unusual positions. L. Williams, the battalion swimming ace, and general athlete, leads the "Fighting Fifth" in all regimental formations. Last, but not least, is Robert Dal Porto, who replaces Ward as platoon commander in Monday drill. Bob is another of the battalion big-shot athletes, and naturally comes from the "Filtered" First.

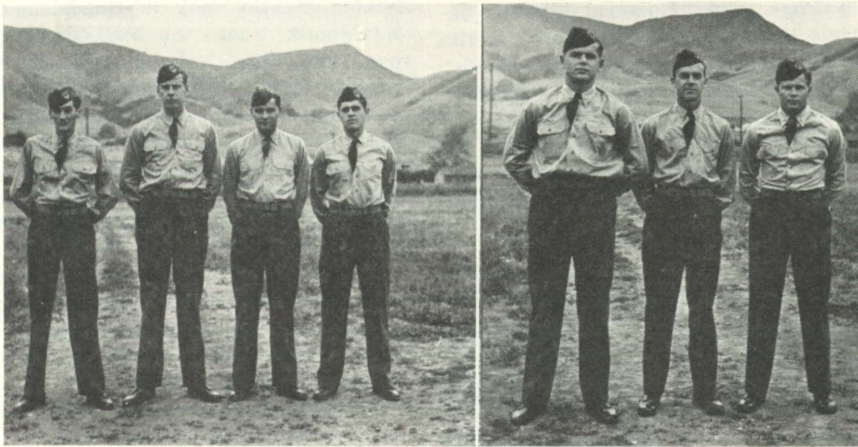
With such a staff as 3A has, it is no wonder that they have surpassed most of the physical and scholastic records held by the previous battalions.

King For a Day

Aside from the regular battalion officers a new system was tried out by Batt. 3A. Every day a new man took over the platoon for the day. By taking the boys to class, and to chow, each man in the platoon got the feel of handling men, and knew what his platoon leader was up against. There was much less "bitter" feelings against the regular platoon leaders when the subs found out how hard the job really was. Then, too, each man got the feel of drilling men, which will be valuable later in the service. Through this system, any man in the battalion should be able to take care of a platoon, or even the battalion, as far as drill and general procedure.

Of course, there were a selected few of the sub-leaders who showed up the regular platoon leaders. Cadet Ward was done out of a job by Cadet Dal Porto, but no hard feelings resulted.

Mustang Roundup, July, 1944



WE'RE FOR OUR BOYS

Rosenthal, Nelson, Jenny, Maloche, Ward, Mehl, McGee

been a Marine for four and one-half years. R. R. Jenny, regimental adjutant, is the man who sees to it that the regiment runs on schedule. Before becoming a cadet, Ralph was a full lieutenant in charge of assembly and repair at Sand Point Naval Air Station, Seattle, Washington. When he thinks that no one is looking, Ralph takes out his gold braid, looks at it, shakes his head, and mutters unintelligible bits of wisdom under his breath. F. J. "Frankie" Meloche, regimental commissary officer, heads that competent group of cadet officers who stand in the mess hall to maintain law and order.

Acting only when the battalion is in a regimental formation, Cadet R. A. Mehl assumes duties as Batt. 3A commander. Bob, another of those Marines who have seen action, and plenty of it, is regularly platoon leader of the

ficer, has seen as much of the war as any cadet aboard. He was aboard the battleship Arizona at Pearl Harbor, and later participated in most of the major landing operations on Guadalcanal, New Guinea, and points west.

Cadet T. E. Maher is platoon leader



TOTE THAT BARGE

Cave, Williams, Dal Porto, Maher

PLATOONS — Continued

DRINK, DRANK, DRUNK

(Continued from Page 7)

basketball team and quite agile in tumbling.

Whitmire gained his experience in intramural basketball and softball in Weir, Mississippi, where he attended High school. He also played on the dispensary basketball team in Hawaii, one of the best basketball teams on the Islands.

This ends the toast to the senior battalion athletes. Perhaps it is lengthy but I know, with all the toasting that it hasn't been boring. Shall we stay and finish the bottle?

SCREENED SCREWBALLS

(Continued from Page 9)

measure every so often. Ernie is another Los Angeles man, working for the A. T. Case company as a jig builder prior to entering V-5 — going through V12a at Redlands. Aside from singing, etc., Cadet Huber also gets in some good licks on the athletic field.

The most deadly pilot in the first platoon, according to his fellow members decision—is **R. Malcolm Edwards**, also known as a top man on the Mustang Roundup. A top-notch athlete, Mal is one man in the outfit whom the boys stay on the good side of (heavens, if he should get the nose as Ward does). A fascinating patch of white hair lends him added distinction too. Mal came into V-5 directly from high school, also taking the round-about route of V-12a at Redlands University. While in high school he was on a relay team which cracked a track record or two, plus getting in a lot of football, in high school or college.

Father: "Your mother and I won't be home tonight, Johnny. Do you want to sleep alone or with nursie?"

Johnny (after some deliberation): "What would you do, Daddy?"

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

DISCIPLINED FIFTH

(Continued from Page 13)

like to dedicate this bit on platoon five to him. We all hope to see him back before long working for those wings of gold.

This is the end of the log, with the added "May our post-graduate days here at the Poly be as swell as our regular stay was."

STRAGGLING SEVENTH

(Continued from Page 15)

was voted our most deadly pilot. Warren played varsity basketball at Western Washington College and later attended Washington State College.

Though claiming prowess as a lumberjack of the first order, "Rick" sadly gave up his profession in a Portland sawmill to join the Army Air Corps Reserve in 1942 to become a flight instructor.

When he received his discharge at Brooks Field in San Antonio early this year "Rick" lost no time before he enlisted in the Navy Air Corps.

When not otherwise occupied Richey can generally be found at Ships Service, puffing on a long black cigar while he sadly relates his experiences with fickle women.



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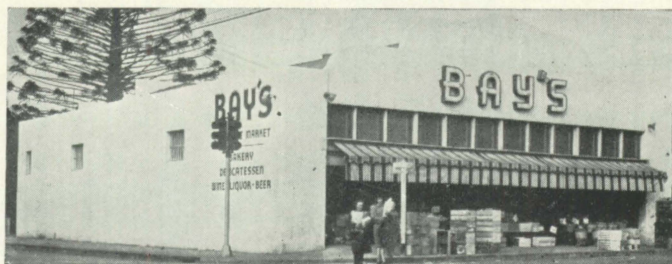
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