

Mustang ROUNDUP

CAL POLY ★ NAVY

NAVAL AIR TRAINING PROGRAM:—

July '43 V-12

FEB. '44 TARMAC TRAINING

MAY '44 U.S.N.E.P.S.

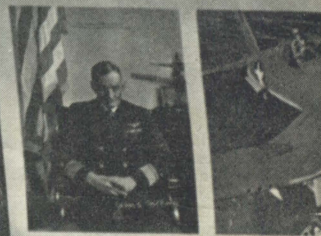
SEPT. '44 PRE-FLIGHT (25 WEEKS)

MAR. '45 PRIMARY TRAINING (22 WEEKS)

AUG. '45 CORPUS CHRISTI (24 WEEKS)

WINGS—FEB. 1946

!!! MAYBE !!!



WIN YOUR WINGS
FLY WITH
COLOR FILM

August 1944
25 CENTS

Mustang ROUNDUP

VOL. 2 NO. 12

San Luis Obispo, Calif. Published monthly by the California Polytechnic college for all students of the college and Naval units.

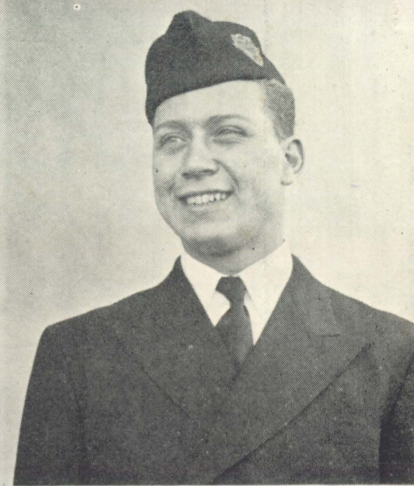
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COVER GIRL
5-A's Co-ed . . . Masterson



FILM FIEND
Groesbeck see the light

The Editor's Log

AS you may have noticed in the top of the mast-head, this issue of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP is the last issue of the second volume. Next month we start the third year of the publication of this monthly pictorial magazine.

When the Naval Flight Preparatory school came here in January, 1943, the Cal Poly publications department devoted several pages to NFPS activities in that month's issue. In succeeding issues more space was given to NFPS and less to regular Poly student functions, until by June, 1943, all but one page was given over to NFPS.

Now that the Naval Academic Refresher Unit program is taking the place of the NFPS, the same absorption process will undoubtedly take place. By November there will be no more NFPS, but until that time we hope MUSANG ROUNDUP can equitably represent the activities of both NFPS and NARU.

When regular college courses open in September we hope to again have some civilian staff members. But until then, and equally so after that time,

we want experienced and interested NARU and NFPS men on the staff representing every group on the campus so that MUSTANG ROUNDUP will be a truly representative publication.

ON OUR COVER—The genius behind the cover is Harvey Sapot; the face on the cover belongs to editor F. H. Masterson. After wracking our brains for two weeks for a startling idea, one that was suggested at the very first meeting was accepted.

Not all the story is told on the cover. After being commissioned, aviators must spend three months at an operational base flying the planes they will fly in the fleet with the men whose lives will depend on them. We will be ready for combat assignment in July, 1946, just three years after being activated.

BELOW—Sapot (left) and Luke in a rare moment . . . hard at work glorifying their respective battalions.





Grab your partners . . .

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

Women shortage . . .

Naval maneuvers

Something New Added

GOOD news to the ears of San Luis Obispan was the announcement that many of California Polytechnic college's crowd-getting activities of pre-war days might be revived with the Navy allowing participation of Naval Academic Refresher trainees in all regular extra-curricular activities of the college.

Closest Cal Poly had heretofore come to having normal college activities since the Naval Flight Preparatory school began operation here in January, 1943, was last year at this time when the Navy gave permission for NFPS cadets to play inter-collegiate football. With Grover Klemmer, (Batt. 9), holder of the world's 400 and 800-meter track records, as spark-plug for a star-studded squad of some 70 experienced college football players, Poly had the makings of a big-time team. But despite all-out attempts to get into big-time competition, no openings were available at that late date in the schedules of desirable opponents. So Poly had an "undefeated, untied and untried" team.

A change in NFPS syllabus, which would have caught the team in the very beginning of the season anyway, cut the training period from 15 to 11 weeks and eliminated any possibility of cadet participation in any extra-curricular activities, with the exception of writing for MUSTANG ROUNDUP and TRIM TAB in rare moments of leisure.

However, with the advent of the new Naval aviation training program, called the Naval Academic Refresher Unit, all competitive sports (with the excep-

tion of football), musical organizations, publications and other activities will again assume a place in the lives of the men attending Cal Poly.

When the first 180 NARU trainees had completed the hurdle of three-day indoctrination and first week of classes, they were guests at a banquet held in their honor in the college cafeteria August 4. At the banquet, Lt. G. D. Weigel, officer in charge of NARU, challenged the trainees "to carry on Cal Poly's traditions as well as the Navy's traditions," and to enter into all the regular college activities possible and still maintain the high scholastic standards necessary to complete the academic refresher course.

Al Smith, president of last year's regular Cal Poly student body welcomed the NARU men on behalf of the student body and told them of the opportunities open to them to become a real part of Cal Poly's student body through participation in all activities.

Although the NARU men had been officially welcomed in an assembly on July 28 by Cal Poly's President Julian A. McPhee, the banquet afforded the men an opportunity to become better acquainted with Poly's faculty members.

Although there are to be seven other NARU schools in the nation, at the present time, according to Lt. Weigel, there are only 600 men attending NARU schools in the country.

Classes in English, physics, mathematics, historical background of World Wars I and II, and physical training make up the bulk of the NARU program. The first battalion of trainees were divided during the testing period into two groups, the first of which will complete the course in 16 weeks and the second of which will be here for 24 weeks.

Trainees in this first battalion of NARU arrived from six different naval

(Continued on Page 5)



RIGHT: Pres. McPhee greets Lt. Weigel as the NARU unit starts training activities at Cal Poly. Looking on are (l. to r.) Registrar Egan, Asst. to Pres. McCorkle, and Executive Officer Lt. (j.g.) Fries.

NEW DEAL WITH NARU

By Wm. B. Lee

THE men that constitute the first unit of Academic Refresher Students began to arrive Wednesday morning, 26 July and the last stragglers came aboard 28 July at 0400.

The first impression that we received of San Luis was—no trains seem to arrive except between the hours of Midnight and 4 A. M., for it was between these hours that all hands arrived.

The first group to come aboard was the San Pedro boys. Their arrival was a complete surprise to all concerned, for no orders had been received concerning them.

On the heels of the San Pedro group were the men from Dixie; the Memphis draft. This group was composed of men from Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Tenn., Miss., and South Carolina, so you can see we are a long way from home; however, there is one thing we will say, and that is that "we are from the South, and damned proud of it!"

The man of note from this group is Charles L. Williams, who is now the Batt. Commander. Charlie hails from Buena Vista, Georgia where he was running a farm after completing two years at the University of Ga. The students of Cal Poly will be interested in the fact that Charlie was state president for the F.F.A. in Georgia.

Enough has been said for Memphis, so let's shift to Livermore. The draft of forty-five men from Livermore who reported to NARU 27 July should have many trade laughs to exchange with the Cadets. At the time for departure from Livermore, Herman Zatkun, "The Mad Russian" was on another leave, but he was still avowing to make above-mentioned station in to a Russian "Boot" camp, or a Siberian Salt Mine.

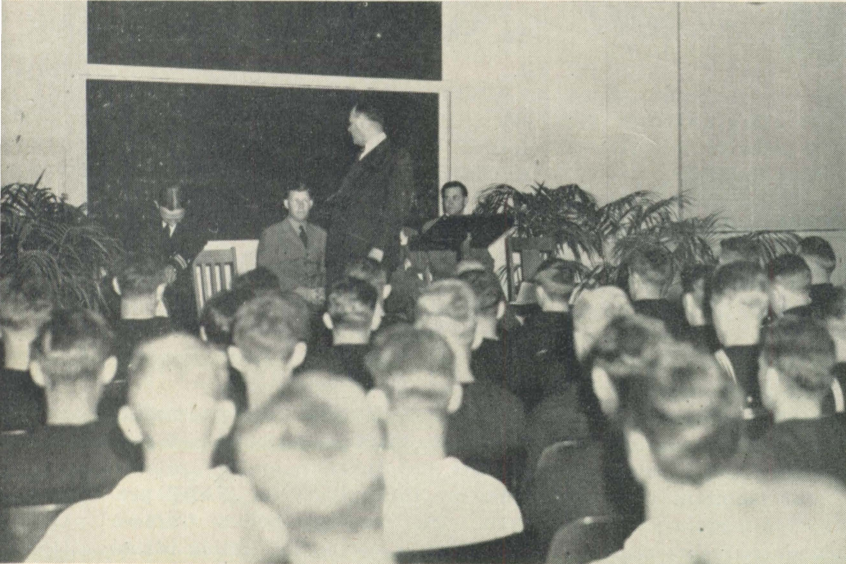
Although there were no "Asiatics" in the Livermore outfit when "Blackie" Crowe first sauntered in, we immediately thought he had spent the majority of his years in Bogie-Bogie and could wring more salt out of his socks than Admiral Nimitz had ever seen. Actually, Frisco Bay doesn't come under the category of rough life.

Drafts from Norman, Oklahoma, Oletha, Kansas, and Dallas, Texas, complete the unit.

The men who came into "Tarmac" training with previous military service hung their heads when they found they were again S2/c. They slowly and tenderly cut the assorted crows from their arms and resigned themselves a fate worse than that of Cadets.

One of the NARU boys who knows his way around Cal Poly is Francis Hatheway who attended here in 1939 and played football on the varsity squad under Coach "Howie" O'Daniels.

I am sure that I have the backing of all hands in the NARU when I say, "We are very happy to be here, and hope that we will be able to help in carrying on the traditions of Cal Poly."



ABOVE: TOP—Former tarmacs, now in the NARU, get the word on their future. MIDDLE: Pres. McPhee greets NARU as a part of Cal Poly's student body. BOTTOM: Modern armor for the battle issued to Jimmie R. Johnson of Washington, D. C., and Fred Keen, Silverlake, Wash.

DESERT FLOWERS BLOOM AGAIN

By W. R. Woodward

ONE of the most gala attractions to be presented to the cadets of Cal Poly for several months is the Regimental Ball, scheduled for August 12th, in the gym.

Guaranteed to improve the formal function are the attractive young ladies known so well to most of us as the "Desert Battalion". These lovelies, numbering about seventy-five, are to be housed in Camp San Luis Obispo during their stay, although the girls will be taken care of in many other ways by Cal Poly.

For those of you who know little about these girls, the Desert Battalion was organized by Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, wife of the famous actor, for the prime purpose of providing entertainment to the men who were being trained for desert fighting about the time of the North African Campaign last year. When Mrs. Robinson was here with the group last April, she mentioned that Warner Brothers Studios, for whom most of the girls work, intended to build a plot around these girls for a picture entitled, "The Desert Battalion".

The gymnasium, on the night of the twelfth, will be decorated in the navy theme, using navy's gay colors, blue and gold. Music, being one of the least of the planning worries, will be ably supplied by one of the Army

bands of the 97th Division from Camp San Luis Obispo. Refreshments will be served, and the ball will extend from 2100 to 2400.

One of the outstanding attractions of the evening will be the coronation of the Regimental Queen, Miss Margaret Sheridan, of North Hollywood. Miss Sheridan will be escorted by Cadet D. J. Miller, of Batt. 7-A, who entered her picture in the Regimental Queen Contest, and she will be officially crowned by the Regimental Commander, Hermann Schreiner, of Batt. 6-A.

Supplementing the dance, a beach party is to be given at Avila Beach for the regiment on the day following the dance. Transportation will be provided for many, but not all of the cadets, and no food is to be supplied for the cadets by the navy or the school . . . but Cadets! The girls will be there, so what else do we need.

Chaplain Marsh organized most of the plans for the program, and assistance was given him by cadets of the dance committee who include: W. B. Harrison, W. R. Woodward, J. W. Laury, H. D. Walton, F. J. Karnowski, J. P. Goldsmith, R. L. White, W. A. Groesbeck, D. L. Jarvis, L. W. Williams, A. P. Wolfe, R. E. Brown, and F. T. Williams.

(Continued from Page 3)

air stations in the country where they had been Tarmacs. According to Lt. Weigel, all future incoming battalions will be composed primarily of men from the fleet.

With the Naval Flight Preparatory schools no longer receiving cadets, men now entering naval aviation training through NARU are not considered cadets until they graduate to Pre-flight school. During the period from July 27 until November 1, Cal Poly will operate both the NFPS and NARU programs. After Nov. 1, the college will devote its facilities and staff exclusively to the NARU program and its regular agricultural and industrial curricula.

Sue: What do you mean Jim has Coca Cola hands?

Alice: The **paws** that refreshes.



DAFFYNITIONS

New method of reducing—Girth control!

Girdle—A rubber binder!

Garter—A stop signal!

Aerology Instructor—A weather man without a job!

Study Instructor—Hot-foot bait!

Flight Instructor—An elevator boy!

Code Instructor—A diabolical fiend—Always plotting.

P. T. Instructor—A new dealer!

Recognition Instructor—A ready teddy.

★

They laughed when they saw the dirt on my pants, but when I bent over, they split.

★

The queen bee is a busy soul
She has no time for birth control
This is why in times like these
You meet so many "Sons o' Bees".

★

What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?—Whoa-a-a-a!

★

Why is a divorcee like a Texas battle?

Remember the alimony!

★

Snoc: Hey, Snooks, there's a fly in my soup.

Snooks: Quiet, everyone will want one



"Hell, I wouldn't make it back in time anyway."

Curved IS THE LINE

"Straight is the line of duty; curved is the line of beauty; follow the straight line, thou shalt see the curved line ever follow thee."—Wm. Maccall

WHETHER Navy men take any stock in Maccall's philosophy that curved lines will follow them if they follow duty is beside the point. But when Lt. (j.g.) Don Miller, a fighter director officer on an aircraft carrier in the Central Pacific for 10 months, dropped his commission to become an aviation cadet in order to follow the "line of duty" necessary to become a navy pilot, he must have done the proper thing.

For as this goes to press all arrangements have been made for some very beautiful "curved lines" from North Hollywood to follow A/C Don J. Miller, Battalion 7A, Platoon 7, right to San Luis Obispo where those same "curved lines" will be crowned REGIMENTAL QUEEN at the dance, August 12.

There is no doubt now in the minds of contest judges Lt. Bonath, Lt. Brunner, Lt. Putney and Mr. Kennedy that their choice of 18-year-old Margaret Sheridan as regimental queen was an excellent one. After the judges had picked Miss Sheridan as the winner over the other 27 entrants they learned from Cadet Miller that she is a Tom Kelley model and is now studying script for a Paramount screen test.

Miss Sheridan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sheridan of North Hollywood, is a brunette, weighs 120 pounds and stand five feet six inches tall. She is a graduate of Corvallis high school, North Hollywood.

The MUSTANG ROUNDUP, which promoted the first regimental queen contest here for the Fourth Battalion

in 1943, sponsored a queen contest every month from June, 1943, until April, 1944. Battalions 2-A and 3-A broke the precedent of a graduating dance and queen contest and this present contest is the revival of the old tradition.

The judges picked Miss Sheridan as winner over all other contestants on the basis of the photograph reproduced at the top of this page. After she had been officially notified that she had won, MUSTANG ROUNDUP requested that she send directly to the engraver in Los Angeles another photograph of herself to be used as the back cover. One look at that back cover photograph will convince you not only that the judges were right in their selection but that Paramount has a new star in the making.

To add even more interest to our gradually increasing knowledge of our regimental queen, we just learned that she recently posed for a photograph which may appear very soon on the cover of COLLIER'S. MUSTANG ROUNDUP can now brag that we had Miss Sheridan as a cover girl FIRST and all of you men who attend the dance Saturday night will be able to tell your children that YOU knew Margaret Sheridan BEFORE she was a famous movie star.



MARGARET SHERIDAN
New queen of the regiment

MUSTANG ROUNDUP is presenting Miss Sheridan with an all-expense paid trip to Cal Poly as reward for winning the contest. She is to be crowned Regimental Queen during impressive ceremonies which will be a feature attraction of the dance, August 12.

The three entries which gave Miss Sheridan the closest race were: Miss Anna Maria Gogo, 19-year-old Los Angeles brunette entered by Cadet Dudley C. Carter, Battalion 7A, Platoon 5; Miss Peggy Black, 17-year-old "southern gal" from Dallas, Texas, entered by Cadet Robert W. Enholm, Battalion 6A, Platoon 7; and Miss Betty Eaton, entered by NARU trainee Robert Hendrix.

Others entries in the contest were:

Battalion 5-A: Marion Marley, Pocatello, Idaho, by William Groesbeck, Pl. 1; Gloria Setterstedt, Great Falls,



ANNA MARIE GOGO
Los Angeles



PEGGY BLACK
Dallas



BETTY EATON
NARU's prettiest



Beauties Where Beauties Abound

ABOVE: (left to right)—FIRST ROW: Barbara Richards, Lucille Hotto, (top); Janice Thompson, (bottom); Lois Streutker, Joyce Ehrlacher, Jean Brooks, Gloria M. Gleifort, Beverly Galley. SECOND ROW: Nina R. Farris, Dixie Ferrier, Mary K. Seaboch, Martha Ann Sibley, Gloria Setterstedt, Betty L. Sheaffer. THIRD ROW: Marian Marley, Dot Durand, Patti Lawson, Dottie Gibbons, Lorelei Cangelosi. FOURTH ROW: Hilda Mouldedoux, Ruby Jones, Shirley Names, Joy Woolley, Marjorie Whaley.

Mont., by George C. Page, Pl. 1; Marjorie Whaley, Cozad, Neb., by Robert L. Marrs, Pl. 7; Mary E. Seaboch, Braman, Okla., by Harold R. Jarman, Pl. 7.

Battalion 6-A: Martha Ann Sibley, Shreveport, La., by Bob Abbott, Pl. 3; Ruby Jones, St. Francisville, La., by Ray F. Havard, Pl. 5; Patti Lawson, Glendale, by Don E. Williams, Pl. 1; Hilda Mouldedoux, New Orleans, by James B. Blitch, Pl. 3; Gloria M. Gleiforst, Los Angeles, by David Huycke, Pl. 3; Lorelei Cangelosi, New Orleans, by B. DeHart, Pl. 5; Dixie Ferrier, Lindsay, Calif., by A. E. George, Pl. 1; Beverly Galley, Glendale, by Joe Lahfdany, Pl. 1.

Battalion 7-A: Shirley Names, Los Angeles, by William Smith, Pl. 1; Joy Woolley, Salt Lake City, by Richard E. Burt, Pl. 7; Dot Durand, Shreveport, La., by I. H. Whitecotton, Pl. 7; Dottie Gibbons, San Francisco, by Frank A. Calleros, Pl. 3; Jean Brooks, Los Angeles, by Laurence E. Clark, Pl. 3.

NARU: Lucille Hotto, St. Louis, Mo., by L. Rechti; Joyce Ehrlacher, St. Louis, Mo., by Fred Canning; Nina Rose Farris, Terre Haute, Ind., by Warren R. Pugh; Betty L. Sheaffer, Stocken, by Myrl D. Crofe; Janice Thompson, Inglewood, by Oren Thompson; Lois Streutker, St. Louis Mo., by William Brauer; Barbara Richards, Honolulu, by W. W. King.

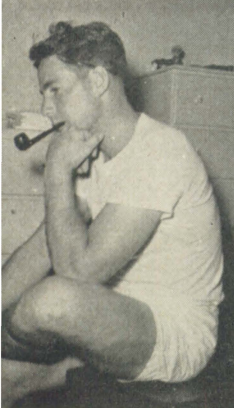
FOR ME?

You're not the raving beauty
That I had in mind;
Not by far the truest,
The truest of your kind.

Could it be those green eyes,
In which your passion
flames?

For me? Who knows?
Least of all not I.
't may be the kiss from your
bowed Cupid lips,
That sent the arrow true,
And in me found a target
In all my love for you.

And now as I lie here
I fondly reminisce
All that is left me
Is the memory of your kiss.
JNL.



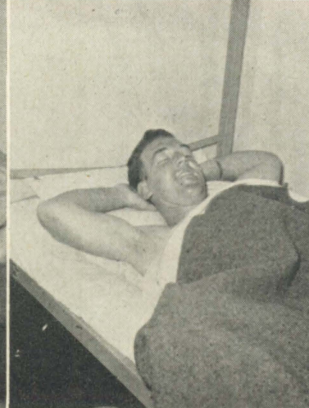
W. J. STOCKLIN
contemplation . . .



W. D. McKINNEY
a blonde?



E. J. ZAUBI
hardnose



G. M. HARBERS
"at ease"



R. A. MAUCK
sick leave?

THE APARTMENT BOYS

FOUR-A was a traditional battalion between fleet-dominated and tarmac battalions. Many of its members have impressive war records. Take "**Pat**" **Olsson**, former T/Sgt. with the 1st Marine Division which won itself the Presidential Unit citation for its work overseas. Olsson served with the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing for 2½ years, attached to the famed "Black Sheep" squadron commanded by the Marine ace, Major Gregory Boynington. The squadron is officially credited with 98 Zeros and six transports.

E. L. Zaubi served fourteen months with the defense battalions on Midway; "14 months without seeing a woman," as he puts it. **ARM 1/c Jerry Harbers** was attached to Admiral Halsey's staff plane crew in New Caledonia for 16 months. **Ex-Corporal Wm. J. McKinney** helped with AA fire control on Guadalcanal, New Caledonia, Hawaii, and various and sundry other assignments.

One of the first aerologists to work with SCAT (So. Pacific Combat Air Transport), **Hart D. Hickman** has

managed to chalk up 120 hours of combat flying in addition. With the Marine Reserves, he served as aerologist in the Solomons, New Hebrides, and New Caledonia. His unit was awarded the presidential unit citation for its work during the Guadalcanal campaign.

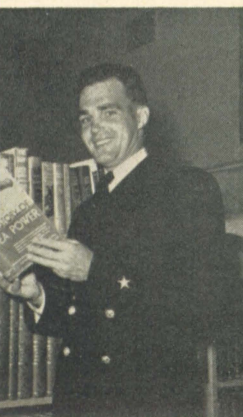
Another **Olson** from the Marines, **Barney C. of 4A** served one year overseas with the 3rd Marine Division, accumulating three stars on an Asiatic-Pacific bar in the Solomons area. He has also had experience on a navy gun crew aboard a transport, making him eligible for the American Theatre ribbon.

There is at least a little **navy** in 4A, if only one man. **Bill Stocklin**, USN, served one year with the USS Seabees. He received the submarine combat pin with three stars for successful war patrols. The total tonnage sunk by this sub on three runs Stocklin has also served at Midway, was the third highest for the war. Pearl Harbor, and a year as AMM 3/c at NAS, Pasco, Wash.

The Marine has landed, and is now taking off! **S/Sgt. Charley Alyanakian** has done both in his post as aerial gunner for a flying marine. Included in his itinerary are Guadalcanal, New Georgia, and Bougainville. He has also been seen over Rabaul on many occasions. Having been shot down once, "Allie" evened the score by downing a Zero on one of his 39 missions over enemy-held territory. Decorations to the uniform include a Purple Heart, Air Medal, and two Unit Citations.

I wouldn't say he was bitter, but **Corp. Joseph F. Sowul** describes his visits to Florida Isle and the Russells as "spending a year looking at coconuts." However, he was of better use when he served with the occupational troops in Iceland.

Almost on the same day as this magazine hits the streets, these veterans of naval aviation's mental torture go on to bigger things, and more ingenious tortures, at St. Mary's. Best of luck to you, especially on the weekends.



H. M. SAGE
"What power!"



A. J. OLSSON
rythm king?



H. D. HICKMAN
geographer?



C. ALYANAKIAN
. . . in quandary



B. C. OLSON
grown up

MEAGER BEAVERS

By C. L. Luke and K. R. Brown

FOUR A, believed to have the most "unusual" record of any previous battalion, has spent sixteen happy weeks aboard the USS Cal Poly. Doomed from the start, they were, as a battalion, an exceptional fifty-three in number. Even Crosby's horses have nothing on four A, who were listed in regimental meets as "also ran."

After the first two weeks of recreation in the swimming pool, many found refuge in the arms of 4A's savior, the corpsman who writes the PT excuses. The real swimming test appeared in military track. More cadets attempted the "B 1" test in the water jump than in the chlorine plunge.

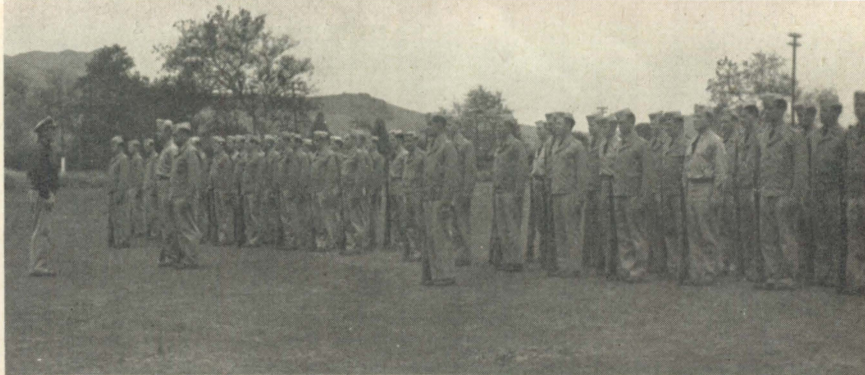
For the first time four A became eager and nearly scored a victory in basketball over the P.T. Staff. Although the officers beat us by **only** seven points, 50 to 43, they got off to a fast start by scoring eight points before we could get the range.

This hard battle has brought to mind a current struggle we have with the ants of Kingfisher. Heavy casualties have been suffered on both sides, and now as 4A's numbers diminish, the ants are gradually gaining the advantage. The haggard look of despair on Cadet Frank McFarland's face has been there ever since the other night when he was asleep. He suddenly awoke to find an ant pulling his blankets off. He instinctively slapped at the intruder, whereupon the ant viciously slapped him back!!

As we look back over the footprints Four A has made in the sand at Cal Poly, we see that the faces have changed quite a bit. New cadets have dropped in and old cadets have dropped out. Even their batt. officers have changed. Having been moved first into Vindicator, then to the chicken coops (Buffalo), then back up to Kingfisher, the big question on everyone's mind is, "where will 4A move next?" Rest assured, the Advisor Board is working on this and is already spewing forth its "advice."

We wish to leave in your minds the wonderful times spent on Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons. Four A ran into stiff competition with the S.L.O. women when Five A and the other battalions came aboard. But our extra liberty gave us a needed lead and many a happy time was spent at the Motel. Yes, it was very hard to get

(Continued on Page 20)



BATTALION 4-A DRILLS—TOP: Platoon 1 shows the rest of the battalion (Pl. 3) how it's done. CENTER: Now it's Platoon 3's turn to show the rest of the battalion (Pl. 1). BOTTOM: Lt. Byron Haines, the Batt.'s original officer who was transferred to sea duty, shows the boys how to go through the manual of arms.



BATTALION 4-A, PLATOON 1: FIRST ROW, (l. to r.) R. L. Peterson, R. C. Baum, L. E. Nelson, D. E. Anderson, H. E. Hennis, E. F. Gaetz, SECOND ROW: H. C. Briggs, B. J. Gaudette, M. D. Heaney, L. N. Taylor, J. M. Ferrante. THIRD ROW: T. J. Hastings, S. F. Nelson, G. C. Huggins. NOT IN PHOTO: J. N. Beach, J. A. Borg, R. L. Boehm, G. E. Faulkner, G. M. Harbers, W. D. McKinney, R. W. Parker, H. M. Sage, J. F. Sozwl, W. J. Stocklin.

THE ANCIENT WORTHIES



BATTALION 4-A, PLATOON 3: FIRST ROW, (l. to r.) L. B. Lyon, G. S. Pike, J. G. Fay, W. W. Stevenson, F. L. McFarland, J. L. McSherry. SECOND ROW: R. W. Hansen, C. R. Avery, W. B. Gildow, G. P. Theilman, W. Duggleby, C. L. Luke. THIRD ROW: R. A. Kirk, W. J. Mineau, K. R. Brown, F. A. Baker. NOT IN PHOTO: C. Alyanagian, W. F. Beck, R. W. Brocke, K. J. Gurian, H. D. Hickman, R. A. Mauck, A. J. Olsson, B. C. Olson, E. L. Zaubi.

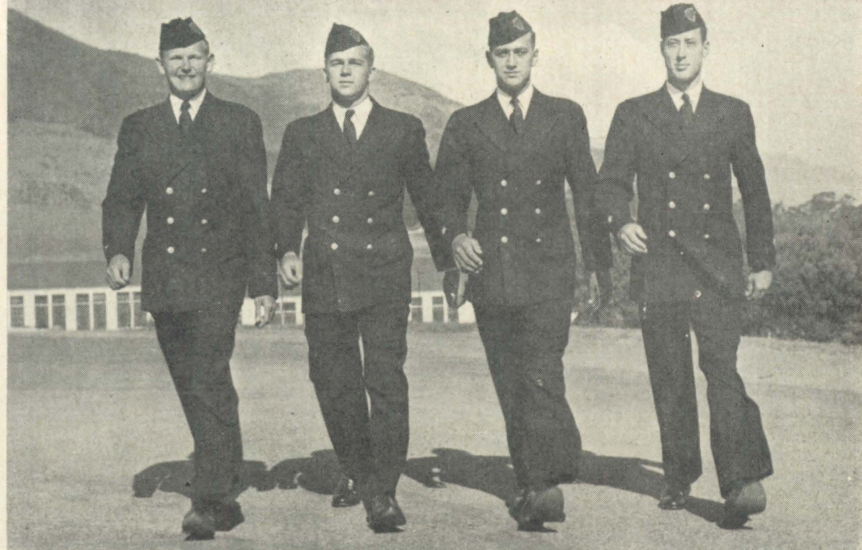
CLASS OF FEB. 1944

By Harvey Sapot

FROM Tarmac duty, handling everything from C-54s to N-2Ss, and from active duty with the fleets only two months before, Batt. 5A44 arrived in the booming town of San Luis Obispo. 3-A's commanders graciously met us at the train, although the hour was a bit late, and then permitted us to walk with them for a short while. We were carefully tucked in bed and allowed to spend our first hours on station in luxurious sleep—that is, the first five hours.

The usual routine of clothing changes followed with the introduction to G.I. high-top shoes. (The blisters from that introduction have just about worn off now.) 3A, lending a sympathetic ear to our tales of woe, made certain that our time was occupied in some worthwhile project. We were finally allowed ten minutes Friday to stow the accumulation of gear from the previous days; also to unpack.

Then we were shown the countryside's beauty from the top of the nearer "P". Since it gets very cool at higher altitudes, we were forced to exercise to keep warm??? Finally, having worn out all available officer material in 3A,



BATTALION 5-A OFFICERS

(Left to Right): J. W. Holst, regimental commander; J. P. Rubel, regimental sub-commander; J. M. Andersen, regimental adjutant; J. W. Morrow, regimental commissary officer.

we earned the name of Eager Beavers and became part of Cal Poly life.

As an accredited battalion, we soon made a name for ourselves. Our swim team set a half-dozen records; our basketball quintet made several stabs at the regimental championship, but fell short. Another feather in our cap was added when Platoon 3, under threat of dire mayhem, sudden death, or a combination of both, won the last drill competition of our 11-week period to give 5A a clean sweep in that

department. For our superiority in this field, we spent eight of our eleven week-ends with special liberty.

Flag Day was celebrated on campus for all military establishments in the area. Before a distinguished audience, platoons 5 and 7 went through an outstanding exhibition of precision drill and marching under arms.

Shortly after, our battalion officer, Lt. (J.g.) Cy Polhemus, the original Huba-huba man, left for Corpus Chris-

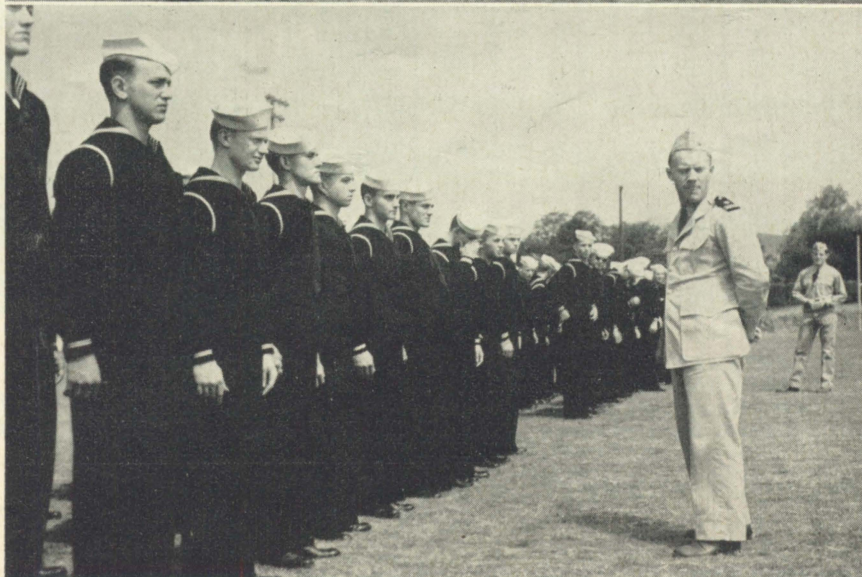
(Continued on Page 17)



THE ABSORBINE TWINS

Like every good 5-A man, "Sam" Messenger and J. P. Rubel apply the liniment to the proper places.

RIGHT: (top). This was taken when 5-A was fresh from TARMAC training and still "Eager". (Bottom) Lt. Polhemus, ex-5-A battalion officer, stands at ease with his men.



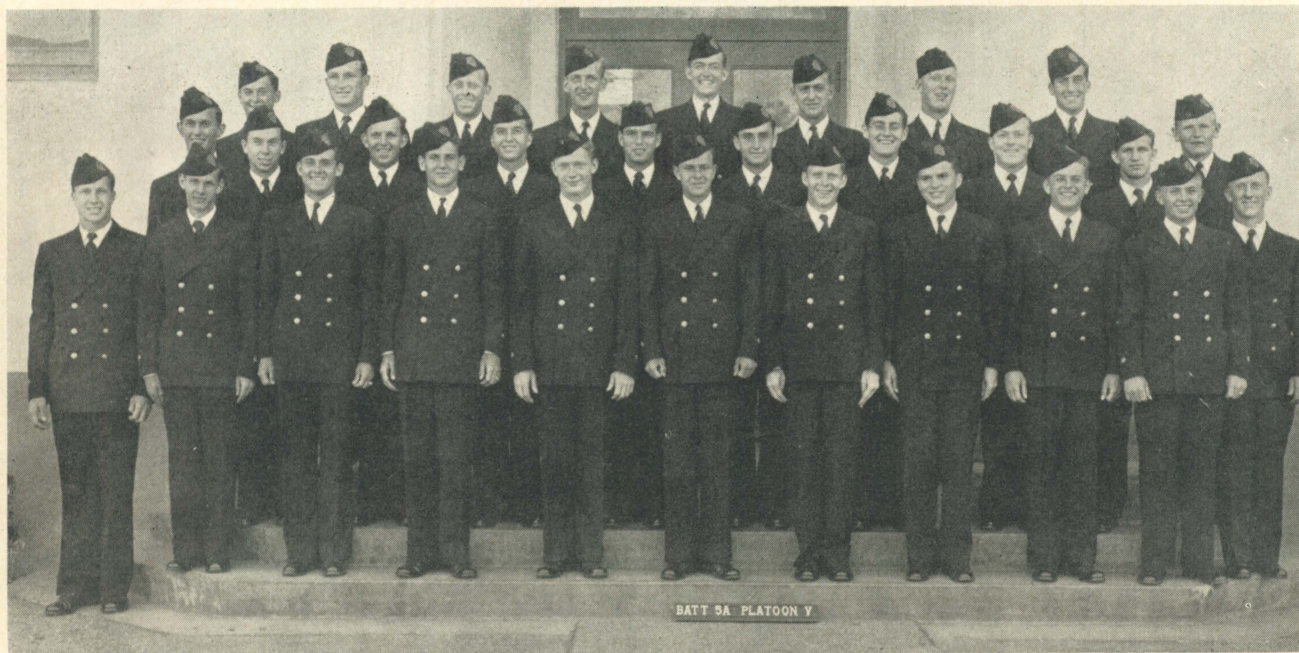


BATTALION 5-A, PLATOON 1 FIRST ROW, (l. to r.) N. Flam, F. K. Wood, G. C. Page, D. E. Cutler, L. W. Williams, G. C. Humbert, W. E. Prather, C. Zayic, W. A. Groesbeck, W. W. Rhoetter, C. E. Tidd, G. C. Grunsky. SECOND ROW: M. J. Spencer, A. D. Evans, R. A. Champine, W. W. Spindler, S. M. Nash, A. C. Goeckede, C. R. Combellick, C. H. Wray, J. W. Hord, J. W. Laury, III. THIRD ROW: T. Heath, R. E. Rodermond, D. R. Hansen, H. J. Jensen, B. K. Replogle, W. S. Hoppe, R. L. Cooper.

EAGER LITTLE BEAVERS . . .



BATTALION 5-A, PLATOON 3: FIRST ROW, (l. to r.) C. F. Hanley, R. L. Floyd, L. L. Schloesser, W. A. Sipila, M. G. Hahn, W. S. Halverhout, F. J. Karnowski, N. J. Crockard, A. Minter, W. B. Harrison. SECOND ROW: W. H. Hay, W. R. Smith, J. R. Bradley, W. E. Shjeflo, A. E. Hinricks, D. D. Pittinger, W. H. Harrison, N. W. Gilbert, W. R. Woodward. THIRD ROW: H. D. Walton, F. Harvey, D. M. Tyrrell, F. N. Rabe, M. G. Dittmore, E. W. Herrington, E. B. Sundahl, J. P. Goldsmith, T. C. Poole.

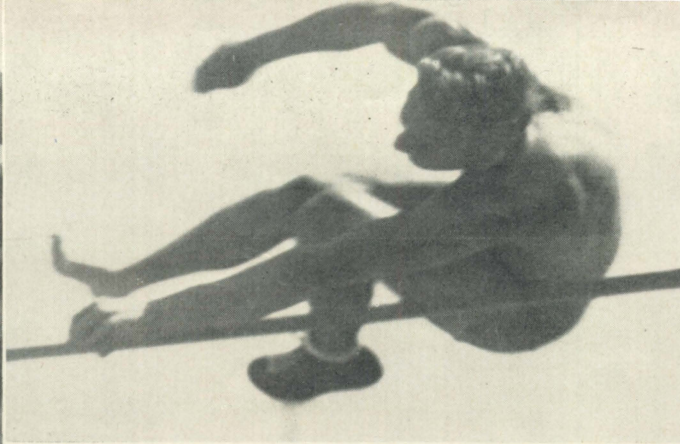


BATTALION 5-A, PLATOON 5: FIRST ROW (l. to r.) E. H. Hansen, J. R. Gordon, J. D. Adkins, T. B. V. Dial, R. G. Crum, R. D. Christman, H. O. Halvorson, F. F. Franklin, G. W. Entrikin, C. D. Barnes, I. E. Fredricks. SECOND ROW: F. V. Hayen, J. O. Hartwell, K. J. Holdsworth, B. J. Coker, R. E. Brown, E. Eastwood, T. G. Buckley, J. W. Holst. THIRD ROW: L. E. Elsea, C. E. Brooks, P. T. Forsling, G. M. Clark, W. H. Alsip, J. M. Anderson, R. J. Devilbiss.

... FROM THE HILLTOP



BATTALION 5-A, PLATOON 7, FIRST ROW, (l. to r.) L. J. Sorenson, R. L. White, F. T. Williams, D. S. Widger, W. M. Kizer, H. Sapot, R. L. Marrs, R. L. Wilde, J. R. Olson, W. W. Von Christerson, J. R. Kallen, G. E. Russell. SECOND ROW: D. L. Jarvis, J. C. Peters, J. P. Rubel, J. W. Morrow, D. H. Markman, J. E. Long, E. R. Messenger, G. P. Kordsmier, R. W. Richardson, G. P. Schleicher. THIRD ROW: L. P. Seger, F. H. Masterson, W. J. Spence, H. R. Jarman, J. H. Jackson, Jr., W. D. Parsons.



LEFT: A Batt. 6-A man tries his best in the broad jump event of the Regimental Track meet.

ABOVE: Larson (3-A) clears the bar at six foot two to win the high jump event.

RIGHT: Dizzy best describes the condition of all contestants in the "spin" relay.

DO OR DIE

AFTER a hard-fought see-saw affair, Batt 3A, led by record-breaking R. K. Larson, retained their title as regimental track champs by a score of 33 points to 22. Battalion 4A, also in the contest, managed to accumulate 8 points the whole morning.

5A literally got off to a flying start as they easily outdistanced 3A in the 220 yard relay. 3A reciprocated in kind for the next two events, winning the obstacle course and spin relays. The meet was tied up as soon as 5A unleashed its speedsters on the shuttle relays, 3A again coming in second.

"Civilian" Cave of 3A took a first in the cross country to put his battalion again in the lead. A lone 4A man came in second, but 5A had more men in the first ten to receive the necessary points.

At this time, Cadet Larson put the meet on ice, breaking two Cal Poly

records in the process. After nonchalantly broad jumping 21 ft. 5 in. to set a new record, Larson went to the other end of the field and easily took first in the high jump. He broke this record by four inches, scoring over the bar at a 6 ft. 2 in. 4A's only points came with a second in this event.

Earlier, 6A barely nosed out an eager 7A by the narrow margin of 31-29, in the four-lap relay, so many "acts of God" happened that the judges had to throw the race out. The arguments over this race, the deciding one of the day, are still being broached in the bull sessions.

Cadet: Hey Russ, where is the spittoon?

Russ: I took it out.

Cadet: I'll sure miss it.

Russ: You always did.

SWIM CHAMPS

By L. L. Schloesser

As this goes to press, Battalion 5A-44 still holds the regimental tank championship, having defeated Battalion 3A, 57-43.

The first event of the meet was the medley relay with Jensen, Halverhout, Grunsky, and Laury of 5A setting the new regimental record for that event in 2:18.0.

Rodermund of 5A coasted in on the 50 yard side-stroke winning the event in 37.8. Then Cace of 3A won the 25 yard underwater swim in 16.2. The next event was the 100 yard breast stroke, which was won by H. J. Jensen of 5A, who came through in 1:24.1. In the 50 yard freestyle, 5A's J. W. Laury, holder of the record in that event, won his race in fine style. Then Willie Halverhout of 5A won the 100 yard elementary back stroke, setting a new regimental record when he cut more than three seconds off the old record, swimming the event in 1:30.7. In the 50 yard breast stroke, Milhous nosed out Halverhout of 5A to win in 36.4. Battalion 3A won the 100 yard

TO LT. ANGEVINE

At wrestling old "Angey" was hazy,
He thought Batt. 5A was quite lazy,
When a foul, fiendish crook,
Hooked his wrestling book
"Angy" slowly, but surely went crazy.

RIGHT: When Wolfe hid the wrestling book, Lt. (j.g.) Angevine (up) was lost for a few days. Here we see him after he found the book—master of the situation again.





"This way we won't have to make up the bunks and we're right on deck at reveille, and first in the head . . . pretty nifty, huh?"

rescue carry relay in 1:56.1, but Jensen of 4A retaliated by winning the "B-1" test as he finished in 3.6.

Near the end of the meet, Hutchinson of 4A, who brought home the only win for his Battalion, defeated Cooper of 5A, who finished a close second in the 100 yard freestyle in the winning time of 1:9.2. In the final event of the afternoon, 5A's 200 yard freestyle relay men, composed of Champins, Kizer, Grunsky, and Laury, cinched the meet as they won easily in 1:55.5. When the scores were tallied, 5A was first with 57 points, 3A second with 43 points, and 4A third with 13 points.

It is interesting to note that of the 16 swimming records now held at Cal Poly, 10 are held by Battalion 5A.

Guy: Are you free tonight?

Gal: No, but your credit's good.



Those last bases were some places. Apparently H. G. "Kaltenborn" Smith's "last base" was a combination of U. S. Naval Intelligence and the corner drug store. Smitty's purchase of a government recognition machine for one dollar has since elicited him many bargain offers of the Golden Gate bridge and Coit Tower. At present, however, he's saving up to buy Mill's College. And then there's "Headfirst" Heublein, whose daily 20-yard gym dash is unparalleled in USNFPS annals.

Speaking of records, 6-A has several stalwarts who have succeeded in establishing records of their own. Earl Biehn has been outstanding in this field, breaking records on the obstacle course, speed and agility course, and pull-ups; whereas Doug Holland succeeded in establishing a record in the jump-reach that still stands. In the recent hard-fought track meet, in which 6-A conquered the newcomers of 7-A, Earl Biehn, Jerry Ingels, Jack Bosch, "Buzz" Henderson, and D. E. Cohee were outstanding performers. "Herm" Schreiner's efforts to make like a gopher, in the spin-relay, were indicative of the fighting spirit and determination of the Sixth.

Finally, we'll never forget: Bruce's eternal questions . . . Bowman and Hess' corny cadences . . . "Fat Boy" Hoult's good nature . . . DeHart's golden locks . . . Alderman's voice . . . William's piano playing . . . Canto's sincerity . . . Ford's optimism . . . Keck's military bearing . . . Al Hill's patience . . . and the days we have spent here at Cal Poly . . . trusting that, despite indications to the contrary, we do leave some day.

Drunk: This canned beer tastes like warm soup.

Bartender: Maybe that's because it says Heinz on the can.

★

Jade: What is the difference between a good joke and a bad joke.

Cecil: The girl who's listening.

LEFT: No matter how sweet they sing they're bound to get trimmed. Yep that's Buck the Barber waving his clippers to keep harmony among a few of his past, present and future victims.

SENIORS-MORE OR LESS

By J. B. Blitch

NOW that we look back upon those first days at Cal Poly, we find it difficult to produce an accurate picture of the momentous arrival of the finest of all battalions. At best, our efforts will only conjure up a confused picture of "indoctrination", and the realization that we're glad it's over. Nobody's been the same since.

Memories: June, 1944. Nelson's "RAY-jamint tayHO!" that shocked us more than somewhat, followed by several days of "Hit it, Cadet! . . . hup ta, hup ta! Awn the dubble, cadets! (Tch! Tch! Too slow, took 2.000003 seconds to get out to muster. FALL OUT!) Then haircuts . . . forward harch. BZZZZZ! Tadarip harch! Next platoon! Step test. Push ups, push downs, pull in, pull up! Wow! Lights out . . . ahhhh . . . HIT THA DECK!!! what d'ya think dis is, da Waldorf? Calisthenics, followed by sunrise three hours later. FALL OUT! Hup ta, hup ta . . . Fall out, fall in. CHOW . . . glug . . . c'mon, on the double, this ain't no cafeteria! Three days . . . three nights.

Then, as suddenly as it began, it was over. No longer Tarmacs, we were cadets! Thus was born Battalion 6-A. Before you pause to say "So what?", let's take a look at this great organization. This batt. is different. What other batt. has known the soothing, fatherly manner of Herm Schreiner-Into what other batt. has been blended so many fine, upstanding examples of American youth? Character? Why, Batt. 6-A has an abundance of characters, gleaned from bases throughout the country.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By Grant Skelley

IN the early morning fog of July sixth, the last—and sleepest—component of Battalion 7A was ushered aboard by a group of zealous senior cadets, who benevolently strove to outdo themselves in making our first few days here pleasant and comfortable. Whether or not they succeeded is a question, but after three days the fully indoctrinated freshmen cadets were released to strike for themselves—shorn and shod in approved cadet fashion.

Cadets are made, not born, they say. That indoctrination period wasn't bad (they told me to say), but the trouble is, that being the last battalion to be exposed to the joys of life at flight-prep we will have no opportunity to watch gleefully while newcomers double-time up hills packing gear, they stood in line half the day to get, or at frequent and unscheduled intervals clocking them on that form of military track called making a muster on time. "Huba-huba" should be stricken from the naval vernacular. Perhaps it's a good thing for the chaplain that few of us know where his office was . . . not that we could have gotten near it anyway. Then there was that quaint proclamation that to be seen talking to a member of another battalion was practically a court-martial offense. Talk about class distinction . . . what an unsociable outfit that 6A turned out to be. However, everybody found our position a source of great merriment (some people laugh at anything) although we did not see any particular cause for hilarity. Not that any of our boys were disgruntled or tired or anything. . . . Those were the days when we lived in the NYA barracks, located not far from Cal Poly.

Batt 7A is composed primarily of veterans of V-12 and advanced Tarmac, many having been in the Navy Air Corps—V-5, rather—for more than a year without having had any more control over an airplane than that exerted by a bucket of paint-remover . . . and that isn't much. Ask anyone from Oakland. In view of this and other

pertinent facts, it would not be wholly advisable to risk life, limb and reputation by quoting their opinion regarding the program. A few might be prejudiced. At any rate, some of the boys have taken to heart the gentle hints to the effect that the navy is no longer in dire need of pilots, whereupon they have executed strategic withdrawals. Others are just waiting to be talked into it, some are planning to stick it out (hardy souls), and still others are dropping out not so strategically. "Win your Navy Wings of Gold." Sounds good, doesn't it?

Time and the navy wait for no man, and so it is that Batt 7A, despite swimming, soccer, and syllabus, finds itself a good halfway toward graduation from this, the best USNFPS we've ever

been to. With the happy thought that our blues are somewhere between here and Chicago, and encouraged by the pure logic in the statement that "SOME of us are **bound** to get through" (?), we now face that second half. What'll it be, AOM, ARM or V-12 (take down that service flag, Mother. . .)?

★

Girl to A/C: Are you sure that you don't want a date with me tomorrow night?

Gob: No, but my wife is.

★

Then there was the guy who walked into the funeral parlor and ordered a short **bier**.



RIGHT TOP: It was a dark (but not stormy night) when Battalion 7-A arrived. When they lined up outside of Cabot hall after marching up from the depot they began to wonder . . . what are we in for now. BOTTOM: Then they were told that clothes makes the man and that navy officers are supposed to be gentlemen, so Tailor Bill Brewer ran them through the mill for "blues".

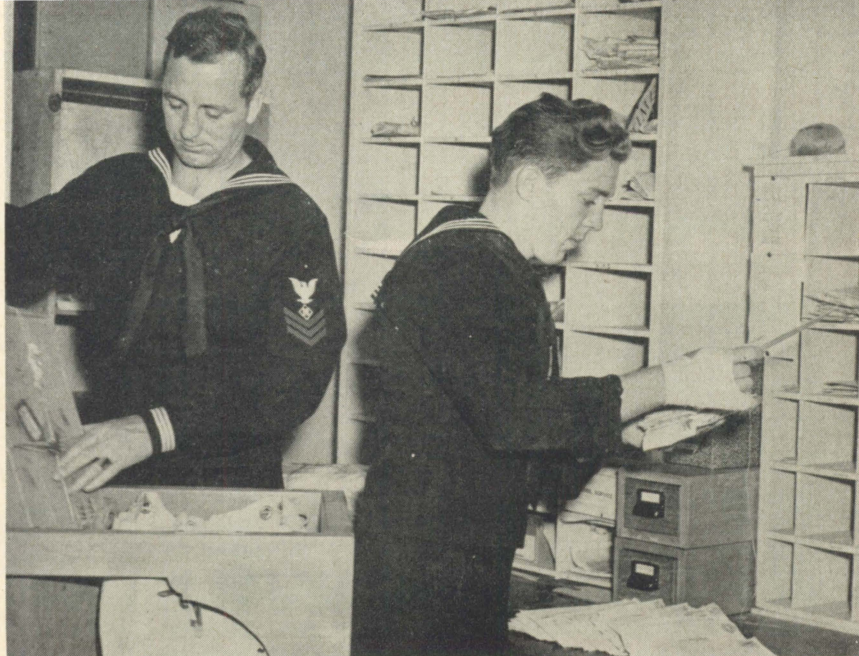
THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

WHY are the post office windows open those few minutes before scheduled time? Could the answer be that some cadet received a very fragrant letter from his best girl or could it be that Specialists Morris and DeWitt delight in giving us, the regiment, superb mail service?

Upon inquiry, David LaMar Morris, Sp. (M) 1/c, the man in charge, claims only one beef. He says that although the cadets' incoming mail is generally in good order, the cadets try to insure poorly wrapped outgoing packages that will not pass government postal inspection.

Neil DeWitt Sp. (M) 3/c, says that Navy operation of Poly's post office is scheduled to cease when the cadets aboard at this time leave. The college would like the Navy to continue running the post office here for the new Navy Academic Refresher Unit, but unless there is a change of schedule, it will again be operated by civilians shortly after the first of November.

The necessity of a good postal service is seen in the fact that daily the post office handles, in round figures, 1,500 letters, and 900 papers, as well as 400 packages per month. The money orders run about \$4,000 per month, the largest order being \$1,000 for a cadet



SPECIALISTS MORSE AND DEWITT HAVE ONE COMPLAINT
... cadets don't wrap packages well enough before mailing

(Continued from Page 11)

from the fleet. Air mail stamps form the greater portion of the \$150 spent on postal stamps per week.

Specialist Morris was stationed at Iowa Pre-flight for 21 months before coming here on April 10, 1944, receiving his present rating the following month. He was born on a farm at Bloomfield, Iowa, and has worked in the postal department at Iowa City for ten years as a postal clerk and mail carrier.

Specialist DeWitt is from Grand Rapids, Michigan. His service includes four months as a gunner in the Armed Guard in the southwest Pacific, and then three months at Treasure Island hospital before serving eight months at the selection board at San Francisco. His wife and two daughters moved to California shortly after he came to Cal Poly three months ago.

UNOFFICIAL BANKER

Bill "Don't Make the Pants Too Long" Brewer, NFPS station tailor, is a believer in the philosophy that a "stitch in time saves nine." Of course, if you really need ten, Bill will dig down and find a sawbuck—and there won't be any interest charged either.

Bill, who was born in Milan, Italy, came to the United States in 1920 and has been an American citizen since 1926. He calls Chicago his hometown and it was there that his versatility became known. He studied singing under Ettore Tito Rouffo and had numerous engagements with the Chicago Grand Opera. He has been a tailor since 1915, working for Kuppenheimer and Hart, Schaffner & Marx most of that time. However, just before coming here, Bill was a drill and punch press operator at Bendix Aviation for six months.

ti, to be replaced by Lt. (j.g.) C. R. Lee. Before his departure, Lt. Polhemus paid us the high compliment of ranking us with his famous 9th Battalion.

On with sports. After bending ourselves through unnamable contortions in tumbling, we went on to play a game closely associated with football tactics at this time—basketball. Those of us still able to continue in the program took a rest cure in swimming—if only swimming a mile a day can be considered rest.

Only our legs were left us, but then someone invented military track. Plenty of sunshine, and an occasional jaunt into the beautiful countryside. (If only our efficient taxi service had been handy at that time!) To add to our muscular dexterity and endurance, everyone had careful instruction in wrestling before leaving on liberty. Then, for a liberal sharing of light duty, the navy version of soccer was unveiled. Results were pronounced satisfactory—by sick bay. (After so much practice, the local PhM is ready to strike for a higher rating.)

As always, there must be finals. Most of the battalion cleared this hurdle with plenty to spare; only a few "flubbed up." And then . . . 60 hours of complete freedom as we scattered as far from San Luis as our hearts dictated. The center of attraction in LA was Rubel's Roost—the former home of J. P. Rubel's parents. So well did some like the city that they had to be almost dragged to the train and back to the whiplash of our athletic instructors.

(Continued on Page 20)



BILL BREWER
The singing tailor

IT'S IN THE BOOKS!
If You Buy Your Engravings
from

ANGELUS
YOU CAN'T MISS . . .



SKIP AUCHMUTY
*Formerly a Cal Poly secretary
but now with the Red Cross at
Camp San Luis.*

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First Prize

Winner of the \$5 prize for the best cartoon submitted for the August issue of the **MUSTANG ROUNDUP** was Cadet J. B. Blitch of Batt. 6-A. Judges Lt. Bonath, Lt. Brunner and Mr. Kennedy made the difficult choice of the winning cartoon on the right.

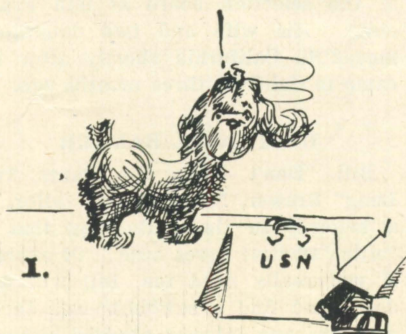


"... Sez he was in a 'spin relay' out at Cal Poly"

CARTOON CONTEST

A few of the cartoons submitted in the contest are reproduced on this and the next page. We hope you like them. We are now announcing the opening of the September cartoon contest with a \$5.00 prize to the winner.

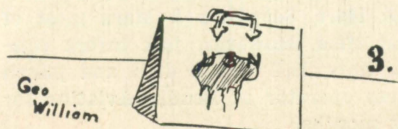
SECOND HONORABLE MENTION



1.



2.



3.



"This is the last straw, Skipper, I'm signing out"

The little white "Jaw" is covered with dust,

Yet sturdy and timid he stands,
His huge white molars are like white tusks,

With dentifrice in his hands.

His queer little rear is always down;

His sad little eyes are red.

His moist black nose is turning brown;

He really should stay in bed.

Yes, faithful to little white "Jaw" we stand,

Each in the same old place;

Awaiting the touch of a little paw,

The teeth of a little face;

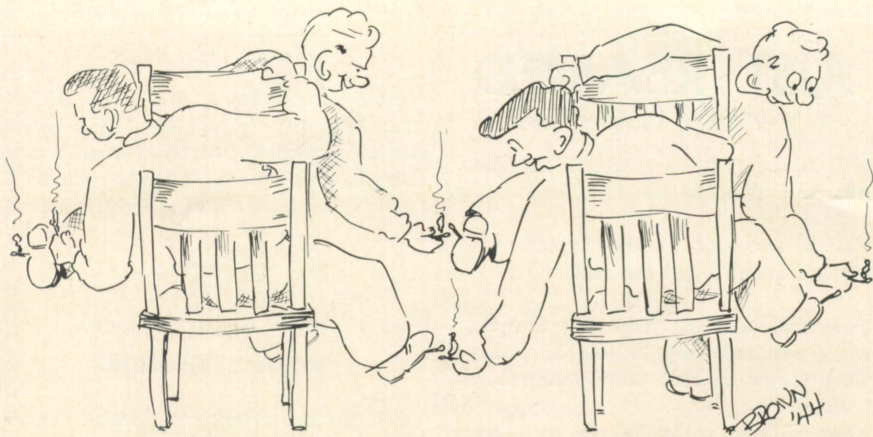
And we wonder as waiting the long week through,

In the foam of our ACME beer;

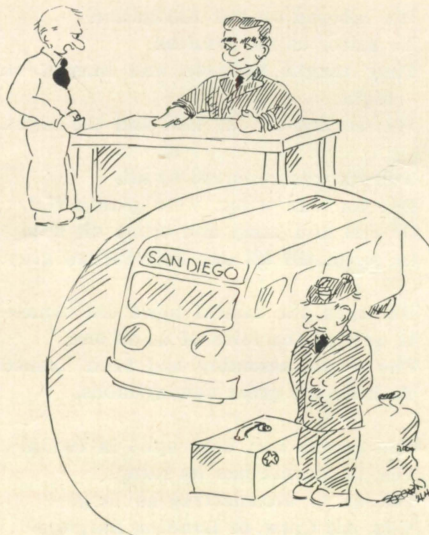
What has become of the little white "Jaw",

Since he lifted his leg near here.

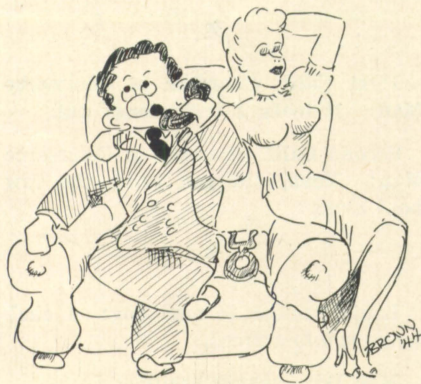
By D. L. JARVIS.



"Justa right, next"



"Listen, Skipper, either I get more liberty or I'm leaving this place . . ."



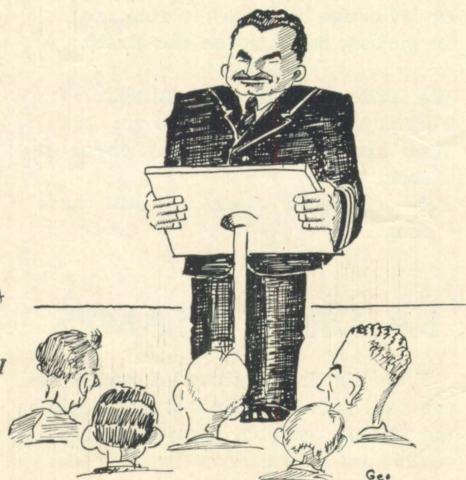
"Yeah, that's the way it is, honey . . . I drew a watch tonight"

★

There was a young cadet named Car
Who couldn't reach up to the bar
So in every saloon he'd climb the spit-
toon
And guzzle his whisky from thar.

★

Johnny loved to whistle at girls
Johnny had it bad.
But the girls he wistled at
Just wanted to be had.



" . . . and reports from the chow hall
indicate that some cadets are not eating
their vegetables."

★

Joe: How's the lingerie business?
Axel: Slipping.

★

Cadet: Boy, what a USO show the
other night! We were rolling the aisle,
then the OD took the dice away.

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REASONABLE
RATES

JUST REAMED

—By J. T. TAPP and D. L. JARVIS

We joined V-5 for "wings of gold,"
But now it looks as if we'll have to
fold.

We worked to get this war, but sob—
We are about to get the **cob**.

Now they call us "Tail end Charlie,"
They wouldn't stop to play or parley;
They threw us out; they slammed the
door,

Those golden wings to see no more.

We labored on our navigation
To better us for aviation.
They taught us code and harped on
flight.

We worked all day and half the night.

The PT was abhorred by all,
But for our wings we'd gladly fall,
Or run and jump and climb all day,
Or swim till all our hair turned gray.

But then the fateful news did come—
It quelled the faith of us as one.
The whole assembly had been hushed
To hear the great new syllabus.

The quotas had been split in twain.
Yes, California has its rain.
Yet we've alternatives so large—
V-12, Air Crew, or Landing Barge.

No more on liberty we'll go,
To revel in a movie show.
Or with the "doggies" to compete
In picking babes up on the street.

We leave this place, so tally-ho,
For half of us will have to go.
Who knows—the draft may claim us
soon,
For one more shaft we still have
room!

5A DRILL CHAMPS

From its first regimental review to
the final parade, Battalion 5A-44 holds
the unique position of never losing a
regimental drill competition.

G. W. Clark literally drove Platoon
5 to becoming the top precision drill
team on post. At their best in the early
Flag Day ceremonies, the exhibitions
brought rounds of praise from even
the officers.

With further education in the art of
carrying "guns and knives" in the off-
ing, Platoon 7, fresh from a hard edu-
cation at Tarmac, exhibited its wares
and kept the battalion from getting in
early.

(Continued from Page 17)

As post graduates, with the familiar
cry: "5A out for classes; 4A hit the
sacks" reversed, we wait for only two
things: preflight at St. Mary's on Sep-
tember 21, and a LEAVE before that
time.

(Continued from Page 9)

MEAGER BEAVERS

used to and when you would enter
town, finding no cadets or soldiers,
well—do you blame the women for
hiding?

The wise men would place their bid
for special liberty over the week-end
and seldom were they disappointed
with this 48 hours. San Francisco
and Los Angeles really invited us with
open arms but now our time has come,
as Lt. Lee says it, "to shove off."

When the news came that Uncle
Sam needed Seamen 2nd class worse
than he needed Naval Aviators, Four
A took it in their own particular style
lying down. True, it came as a blow
to them when everything seemed rosy,
having just finished their syllabus.
Many have left; many have yet to de-
cide; and many's fate has already been
decided, but amidst all the hubbub and
confusion, Four A casually looks up
from it's sack and says, "to hell with
it."

★

First Calif. Chamber of Commerce
Man: It looks a trifle foggy out.

Second Calif. Chamber of Commerce
Man: Yeah, did you bring the row
boat along?

★

Louis Pasteur to mad dog: I chal-
lenge you to a drool.

Mad Dog: Don't bacilli.

★

Cadet: What you going to have on
at 8:00 tonight?

Gal: Oh! at 8 I won't have anything
on.

Cadet: Good. I'll be up at 7:30.

★

Tailor (Bill): It fits like a glove!

Cadet: Yeh, but I want it to fit like
a suit.

Mustang Roundup, August, 1944

Scuttlebutt

By Av/Cad E. L. Drippa

It seems as though a certain popular (?) cadet inquired recently. "Sir, can you tell me what frequency a radiosonde broadcasts on?" We wonder! !

It's getting so that a poor tired cadet can't sleep in flight class any more because of these birds of prey known as the "Hot-foot Fiends".

The Sexy Seventh has become even less energetic and eager since the coming of an ex-3A man. No names of course, but his initials are A. P. Wolfe.

Thought of the century:

1942: "Men of seventeen; earn your Wings of Gold! ! ! !"

1944: "Win your distinctive Air-crewman's Wings! !"

1946: "Nice try men; Nice try!"

Then there's the brain, checked out of engines but going to class for the H—l of it, who had to stand at attention for a whole period recently for inattention.

Every Batt. has had its hangout. It seems as though 4A has kept the Motel in business for a few months. One cadet tried to outdrink an Engines instructor at the Motel and ended up dive-bombing the ants under the tables—as usual.

4A leaves Cal-Poly fifty strong.

4A leaves at Primary—"Hello, Cadet Brooke.

We see that the Motel's "Blonde Bomber" of washout fame has left us. Has she washed out enough cadets, or was A. R. Mauck too much for her?

What platoon in 4A was frapped for being over-eager in soccer?

Some cadet, continually after the women, was told recently to go home and read his Mother Goose rhymes.

New York has its Lucky Strike girls of 1944; Los Angeles has its Chesterfield girls of 1944; San Luis Obispo has its Bull Durham girls of 1898.

McSherry, 4A's sick-bay champion, has had every affliction know to himself and the rest of the batt., but none of them have worked for long. Does anyone have any suggestions?

An ex-Marine spent a night in San Antonio while on his way home on leave... We wonder why?

FLASH! ! ! ! ! All cadets will be at St. Mary's by Christmas... Not enough good football players to war-rant cluttering up the joint before then.

There's a cadet in 4A who changes his khakies once a month whether they need it or not. Hello Taylor!

More cadets will have to spend lib.

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erty in LA. People there still think that we're part of the Swiss Navy.

Then there's George Huggins who, while standing in the lobby of the Ambassador, was asked where the Lady's powder room was located?

How about the cadet who bought a deck of cards at Ship's Service because he thought it was a good deal?

We hear that Cadet Wilde of Platoon 7, while standing on a street car in L. A., was handed a transfer under the misguided conception that he was the conductor.

Some ex-Marine and his 4A buddies hitched a ride from Matties with the skipper and had same in stitches with jokes all the way back.

Just a hint, but why don't we have more help in Ship's Service during cadet rush hours? Now don't tell us there is a shortage of labor. The junior high school and grammar schools are full of girls.

Who sets the tower clock, or does Cal Poly run behind time all the time?

Harvey Sapot has yet to have his name pronounced correctly.

Is there some strange connection between the fact that his picture is in the MUSTANG ROUNDUP so many times and that he is Co-editor of likewise. Yes, we mean Masterson!

CORN CRIB

Some say that gals down south are so slow when asked it's all over before they can say no.

★

Cadet: Say, she's not bad.

Instructor: Yeah, that's the trouble.

★

Cadet at the Beach: Say, all that gal has on is a huge banana.

Second Cadet: Think we could get her to play drop the handkerchief?

★

Mother entering the room: Why Daughter, I never!

Daughter: But Mother, you must have.

★

Then there was the guy who thought that a pen name was a convict's alias.



"DAMN THESE ARROW SHIRTS FROM WICKENDEN'S!"



Regimental Queen

MARGARET
SHERIDAN

