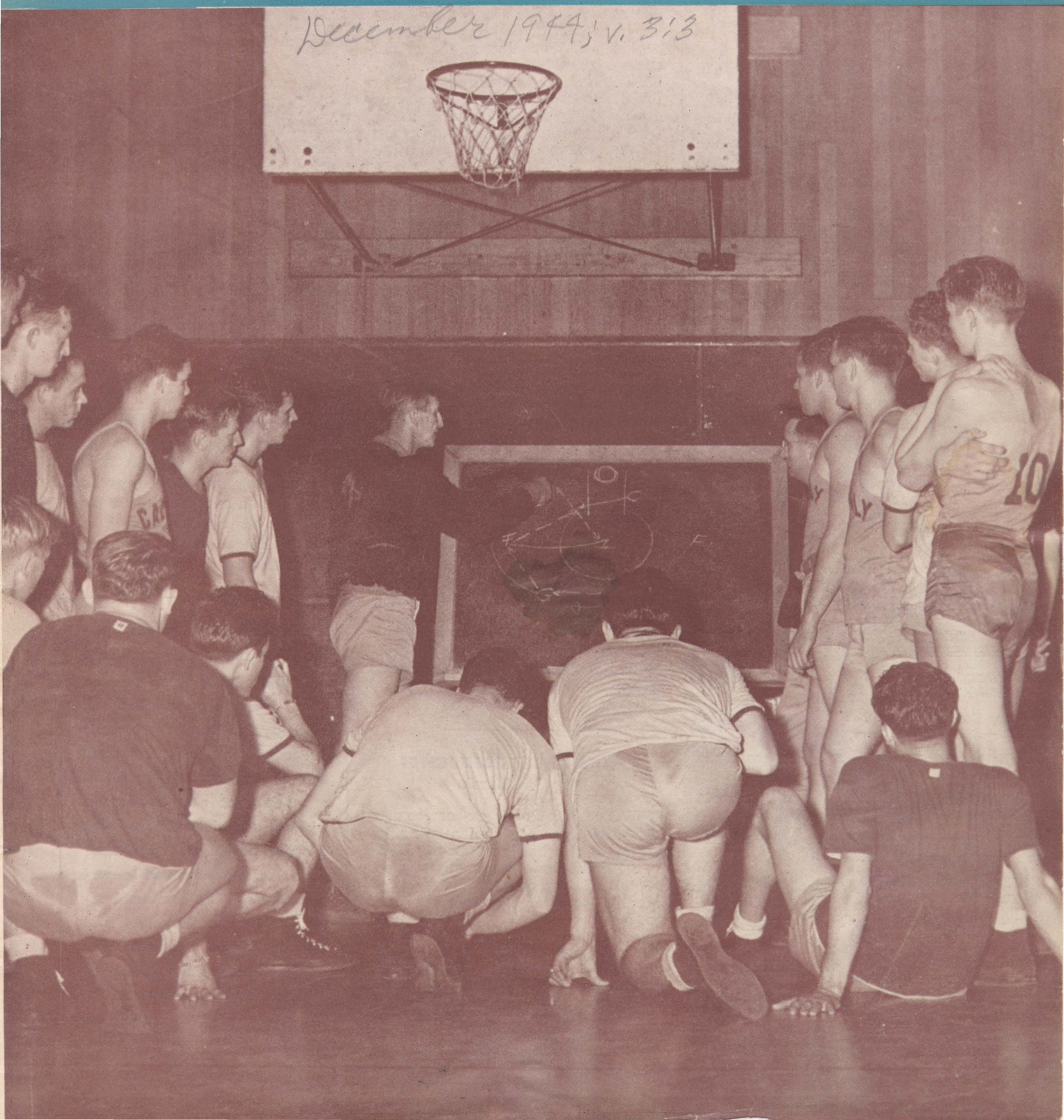


Mustang *Friday* C. 2

ROUNDUP

CAL POLY ★ NAVY



Mustang ROUNDUP

VOL. 3 NO. 3

San Luis Obispo, California

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The Editor's Log

By John Prescott

THANKSGIVING DAY 1940

MANY familiar faces were lacking in homes throughout the land on this third wartime Thanksgiving Day. Faces of loved ones were far from home, across the oceans fighting in countries where people know nothing of our unique American custom of calling together our families at harvest time, thanking God for the blessings bestowed upon us during the past year and eating a feast as can only be prepared when all the harvest is fresh from the field.

And then we heard someone say, "What have we to be thankful for with the world being torn by the most crushing war of history?" Well, the citizen of Nagoya or Cologne hasn't much to be thankful for and can look forward to little more than the familiar sight of the sky blackened with American bombers. And as this man looks into the death raining sky, he probably wishes that at some time in his past life he had called together his loved ones and taken time to enjoy a humble feast with them and together one and all thanked God for what their reward had been, rich or poor.

But to those of us at home, throughout the United States, the absence of our loved ones spurred us to contemplate the many blessings that are ours to be born in this age when we are able to build with those returning a world able to celebrate a Thanksgiving Day as we and our parents have celebrated in the many American generations since the brave settlers in 1620 gave thanks to Heaven for their trying but promising season.

CHASE HALL HIGHLIGHTS

By Bud Harsh

TWO of Cal Poly's ex-servicemen have been reported missing in action in the battle of Chase Hall. . . . The major engagement started at 1:35 Saturday morning with a barrage of fire extinguishers and bottles. . . . When the smoke cleared and the water had drained out of the halls, two of our most distinguished students had parted from our ranks. . . . Reports have come in that the two warriors were seen at Davis, California, and were heading towards Oregon.

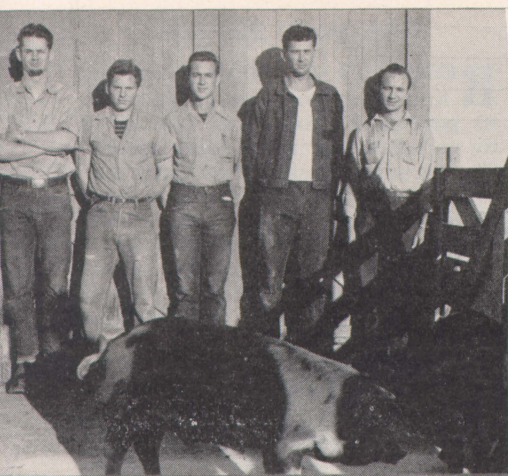
AD "Zombie" Santel, our most distinguished dorm superintendent, has been getting plenty of sleep lately but others in the dorm have been showing up in class carrying their eyes in suitcases. We are hoping that "Our Boy Ad" will come out of hibernation soon.

IF anyone has entered Chase Hall in hope of rest, peace and quiet he knows that the early evening din makes this impossible. Blake and Osborne with their own rendition of "Chopsticks" or "Jeanne With the Light Brown" accompanied by "Hot Lips Wyatt" is enough to make even the strongest man waver towards insanity. We would suggest that the boys learn to play a few different numbers just to keep peace in the family.

WHERE has "Dealer" Dilts been spending these frosty evenings lately??? Could it be that he has been delving into the proverbial "wine, women and song"??? Or could it be that the cold, musty interior of Chase Hall dulls the splendor of "Superman Comics." WHO KNOWS?

OUR COVER

WITH a stiff schedule facing the varsity squad in the near future, the staccato of leather and maple mars the silence of Poly's gymnasium. Our cover shows the squad in a restful yet attentive mood while Coach Meacham explains the high points of a "sure fire" play that is guaranteed to garner points. The combined efforts of Coaches Meacham and Ilg in "skull" sessions like these should put the Poly boys in the winning column.



PROSPECTIVE GRAND CHAMPIONS
Porkers T-Bones Woolies

CAMPUS LIFE

THE GREAT WESTERN

THOSE fellows you see around the campus with the bearded countenances are not fugitives from the House of David, but are meat animal majors who are preparing their livestock for the Great Western Livestock Show. The boys are going all out in their efforts for the show which will be held in Los Angeles from December 2-8. Whether the whiskers will help convince the judge as to who has the better animal is beyond our field of vision. Nevertheless, records show that Poly men have given an excellent account of themselves at all previous shows.

In 1933 Cal Poly had the Grand Champion steer of the show. Records show that in '38, '39, '41, Poly had the Grand Champion carload of steers, and in '41 and '42 the Reserve Champion carload of steers. In '41 our men again showed the exhibitors up with a Champion Shorthorn and a Champion Hereford steer. In the same year Poly also boasted a carload of Champion lambs. Bud Davis had the Grand Champion fat lamb, and E. Turek exhibited the Grand Champion barrow in '42.

The chances of Poly men "doing themselves proud" looks better than ever this year. Two carloads of steers plus twelve single entries are

being groomed for the show. One of two excellent steers of Cal Poly breeding are expected to snare the Grand Champion ribbon.

The sheep and hog entries for the show are of equally fine breeding. While learning to do by doing, it is hoped the exhibitors will bring honor to themselves and our school in the show ring.



ALYCE JOHNSON
. . . do lambs eat ivy?

NARU GRADUATION

WITH a parting word from the skipper "that I am confident that these men who have today completed the course prescribed by the Navy at this institution will be prepared to cope with any problem that may arise at their next station," 46 trainees of Co. B—Batt. 1-R, were off for Iowa Pre-Flight School. The 90 men from Co. C that were still in the race out of the original 125 watched as Registrar Egan awarded the certificates of completion. Forty-six trainees off for the second hop to Navy wings of gold—gone but not forgotten.

HONOR MAN

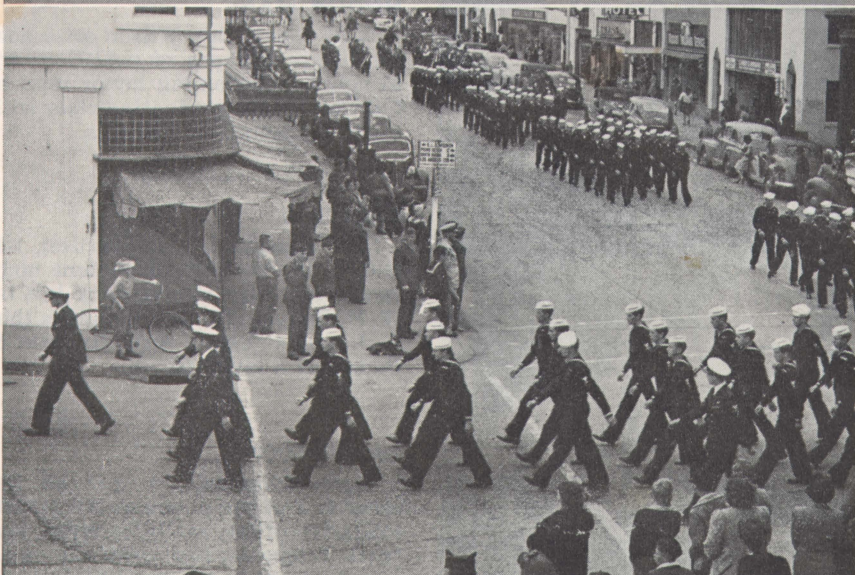
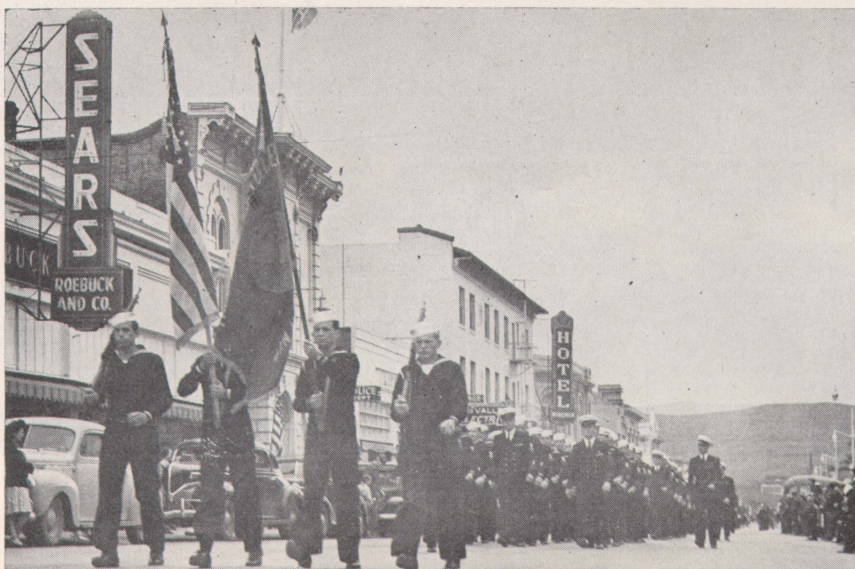
Well done! Bob Wilson set a goal for future trainees of NARU to try to equal in becoming honor man of Cal Poly's first graduating class with a perfect record of four A's.

POLITICS

SAC appointed T. J. Harrison, 1-R C-6, to the position of student body treasurer to fill the vacancy left by W. H. Bauer. The scuttlebutt is that T. J. was a juggler with Barnum & Bailey as a civilian.

LAMBS EDIVY

Alyce Johnson, the girl on the other end of the phone at the NARU executive office, really believed that "little lambs eat ivy" until she made a recent visit to the sheep unit. There she learned that even the sheep "on board" are raised on beans—Navy style.



HORSES HAVE NO PLACE IN PARADES
Trainees give SLO throngs an eye-full in 6th War Loan Drive

WAR BOND PARADE

RECENTLY the Navy Academic Refresher Unit was asked to do its part in the sixth war loan drive by participating in the local parade. The parade consisted of an army mobile unit, two bands, platoons from Morro Bay, an array of horseback riders and our own Cal Poly boys. After the excitement of false alarm fire had died down, the units started out in true military fashion and made a good exhibition.

With thousands of eyes glued on the proceedings, our boys were really stepping it out. Everyone was in step; the cadence was smooth and perfect. Something had to happen! Yes, suddenly without any warning, ranks were broken and it was every man for himself. What was the cause of this movement that rocked military circles and interrupted the smooth form of the parade?

To avoid being blunt, let it be sufficing to say that the horse has no place in a modern mechanized war. This observer feels that the marching would have been up to par if the horses had brought up the rear, which would have been fitting and proper. Oh yes! The parade was very successful in stimulating the sale of war bonds, which was the original intention. We, at Cal Poly, considered it an honor to have participated.

WAR LOAN DRIVE

THE Sixth War Loan Drive got underway officially at NARU with Lieut. (J.G.) N. H. Fries calling the different platoons together to find out who was going to buy bonds on the 7th of December. Pearl Harbor day has been set as the day that the 12th Naval District will make a special effort to reach the quota that has been set for them. Mr. Fries said that although he knew that a trainee's pay was not large, he wants each man to buy a bond if it is possible. The quota set is a \$100 bond but every little bit helps.

ROOT OF ALL EVIL

Judge: "So you say the defendant stole your money from your stocking?"

Plaintiff: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Then why didn't you resist?"

Plaintiff (pouting): "How did I know he was after my money?"

GOLD BRAID

BUSY "EXEC"

THE title of the busiest man aboard goes without question to N. H. Fries, Lieut. (J.G.). The busiest man on any ship or station is the Executive Officer and that is the job that Mr. Fries holds down.



LT. FRIES

Coming here in July, after being commissioned in April this year, he has been constantly busy under the direction of Lieut. Weigel putting this station on a working basis. This was one of the first schools of its kind in the U. S. so he had nothing but his past experience to go on. Considering the job that he has done with all types of men from Chiefs down to ex-civilian Seamen 2/cs, we give him the Navy "Well done!"

Mr. Fries graduated from the University of Wisconsin with bachelor of science degree. He majored in physical education and history. He had a general science minor. He only has a little more work to do to receive his master's degree in education. Before joining the Navy Mr. Fries was head coach at Galesville, Wis. He had held this job for seven years.

In March, 1942, Mr. Fries was sworn into the Navy as a Chief Specialist (A). He was given his indoctrination training at Norfolk, Virginia, and then was transferred

to Great Lakes where he worked in the "Boot" training division. Following this he was sent to Western Michigan, a V-12 unit, and stayed there until July this year. In March this year he received his commission as Lieut. (J.G.) but stayed on at Western Michigan until receiving orders to report to Cal Poly.

Lieut. Fries is married and has a young son, "Butch," who is almost two years old. Mr. and Mrs. Fries have the dubious honor of occupying the former Bachelor Officers quarters on the Cal Poly Campus.

NO RESPECT

A salty Admiral just in from sea walked up to the young man in the neatly tailored slate gray uniform at the air station and asked:

"Where's the Master at Arms?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Where's the Officer of the Day. Do you know?"

"Nope." was the answer.

"Young man you don't even know enough to say 'sir' to a superior officer. What department are you in?"

"Go blow your top" the gray uniformed young man answered, "I'm the Coca Cola man."

• • •

When a girl wears cellophane slacks she has visible means of support.



CAPT. NORTHCROFT & C. O.
praised Poly on unofficial visit

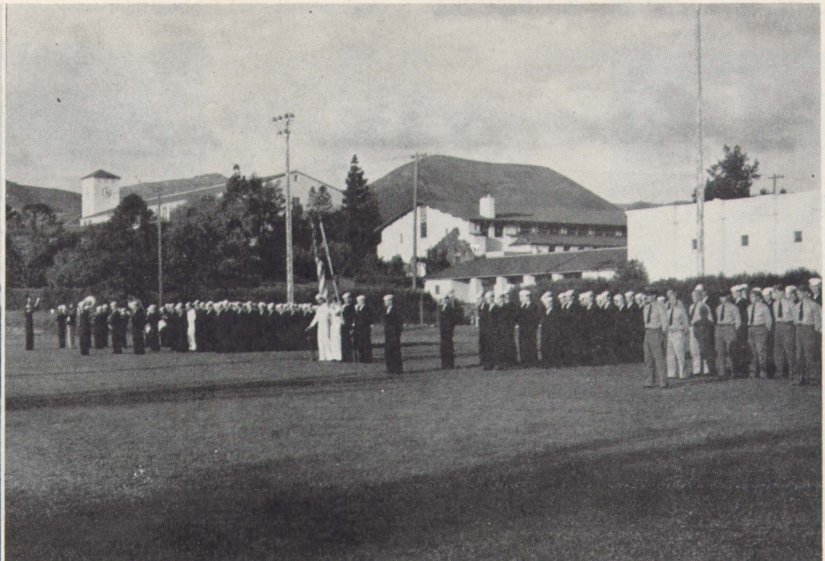
CAPTAIN VISITS

CAPTAIN P. W. Northcroft, Director of Training, 12th Naval District, paid Cal Poly a short visit recently. The visit was his first one here to see the Naval Academic Refresher Unit in operation. He was interested in seeing how the college was conducting the work of the Trainee's as well as how men were getting along in the program. He seemed quite pleased with both college and crew, according to Lt. George Weigel.

ACTION

The Navy messcook had just whipped up orders of fried eggs for a hungry mob of sailors. Wearing his Herculean efforts he sat down, yawned, lit a black cigar, and wrote a letter to his sweetheart.

"Darling," he began, "for the past three hours shells have been bursting all around me."



AND THEN THE RAINS CAME

Co. B's graduation would have looked like this — outdoors

QUEEN CONTEST

CAMPUS QUEEN

WHEN ten big-hearted men of IRC2 decided to contribute equally the grand sum of ten cents, operations were formally started to make Miss Van Den Burg their choice for the title of Campus Queen. Therein lies a story. McCarthy, proud possessor of Anita's picture, wouldn't give his consent because he couldn't do without it for that length of time. Our ten men felt that might was right and borrowed the picture anyway. With Anita's being crowned Queen, the plot becomes complicated.

Lt. Weigel, Lt. (j.g.) Fries and Mr. Kennedy, judges of Mustang Roundup's second campus queen contest since the arrival here of the NARU, scratched their respective heads a long-time trying to pick a winner out of the 31 beautiful entries. After much consideration, they picked Miss Anita Van Den Burg, of Los Angeles, as queen. Mustang Roundup will pay all expenses for the Queen's visit here on December 16, at which time she will be crowned officially at the Christmas Dance.

Ten men are now legal winners and yet McCarthy's personal attachment cannot be overlooked. Such be as it may, but for pertinent facts: Miss Van Den Burg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van Den Burg, 331 Cliftwood Drive, Brentwood Park, California. Her selection could not be termed a surprise to the rest of the student body as, on two previous visits to the campus, her charm, personality, and vivaciousness captivated the hearts of the Cal Poly lads.



CAMPUS QUEEN
Anita Van Den Burg

Miss Van Den Burg attended Fairfax High School, Los Angeles, California, and graduated in 1939. She now holds a secretarial position with North American Aviation Co. In her spare time, Anita indulges in the strenuous sports of swimming and skiing. She also finds high speeds in automobiles exciting. We think that her picture speaks for itself, but for those that are curious, Anita is five foot three inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

CAMPUS PRINCESSES

In addition to picking the queen, the judges picked what they considered to be the next four most beautiful girls as princesses. If possible, it is hoped that these princesses will be here for the Coronation ceremonies December 16 so that they may act as ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

Princesses are Dorothy Barton, San Luis Obispo, by H. C. Barton, 2-R, B-1; Katy Vaughn, Tacoma, Wash., by Johnny Drake, 2-R, C-4; Lillian Kuhlman, San Luis Obispo, by William Kuhlman, Jr., 2-R, C-1; and Margaret Sanders, San Luis Obispo, by Ira E. Sanders, 2-R, C-2.

OTHER ENTRIES

Other entries in the contest were as follows:

Civilians: Bobbie Evans, Santa Barbara, by Bud Harsh; Inez Mosbarger, Fillmore, by Jack Warren; Ann Adams, Glendale, by Ed Horson; Lucille DeLeon, Anaheim, by Richard Kelly.

Batt. 1-R: Beth Tingley, Brigham, by Vaughn R. Ransom; Mrs. Richard Tillegren (sister), North Platte, by Le Roy R. Neve; Mickey Richardson, Nashville, by G. S. Moffat; Lee Jaeger, St. Louis, by T. E. King; Phyllis Parks, Portland, by Russell Gates; Patricia Wells, Phoenix, by Samuel Marcus; Martha Reed, Encino, Calif., by James H. Lown; Bonnie Lee Amerine, Great Bend, Kansas, by Ernest M. Amerine.

Batt. 2-R: Neola Thomas, Clarion, Iowa, by R. A. Yarger; Jeanne Morgan, San Francisco, by Virgil Rainey; Ruth Dhonan, Covington, Ky., by



DOROTHEY BARTON
San Luis Obispo



KATY VAUGHN
Tacoma



MARGARET SANDERS
San Luis Obispo



LILLIAN KUHLMAN
San Luis Obispo

Mustang Roundup, December, 1944



*FIRST JOINT NAVY-CIVILIAN STUDENT BODY DANCE
Time out for refreshments . . . Lowry, Luthey, Wagner & friends . . . Chief Summers & date*

SOCIAL WHIRL

Ralph J. Brown; Anna Rose Santoro, Everett, Washington, by John R. Harbrecht; Virginia MacGown, Gorham, New Hampshire, by Jerome Montplaisir; Mary McCullough, Oswego, N. Y., by Anonymous; Ruth Gowans, Modesto, Calif., by Anonymous; Virginia McKellar, La Mesa, Calif., by Earle P. McKellar, Jr.; Agnes M. Auble, Cleveland, by Homer C. Johns; Mary Lou Goddard, San Luis Obispo, by Jimmie Chimerakis; Mary Ann Bolton, Des Moines, by John E. Cruse; Carmela Laborile, Berkeley, by N. J. Langenderfer; Emmy Alsop, Oskaloosa, Iowa,

by Charles A. Russell; Lois Barr, Laguna Beach, Calif., by Paul T. Bonilla.

LET'S DANCE

AS this issue goes to press the final plans for the second S.A.C. dance are nearing completion. The first one is now to be considered a success and, as Vice-President Max Luthey promises us, "this one will be even better." We are looking forward to it with great anticipation. According to Max, who is known far and wide as a beauty expert, the Dance Committee composed of Luthey, Casey and Harrison have a galaxy of beauties on hand for the

dance from SLO Jr. College, the USO, Rainbow Girls and the San Luis populous.

Gal: My goodness, that boy friend of mine is trying at times.

Pal: That's nothing, mine is trying at all times.

GIRLS, GIRLS . . .

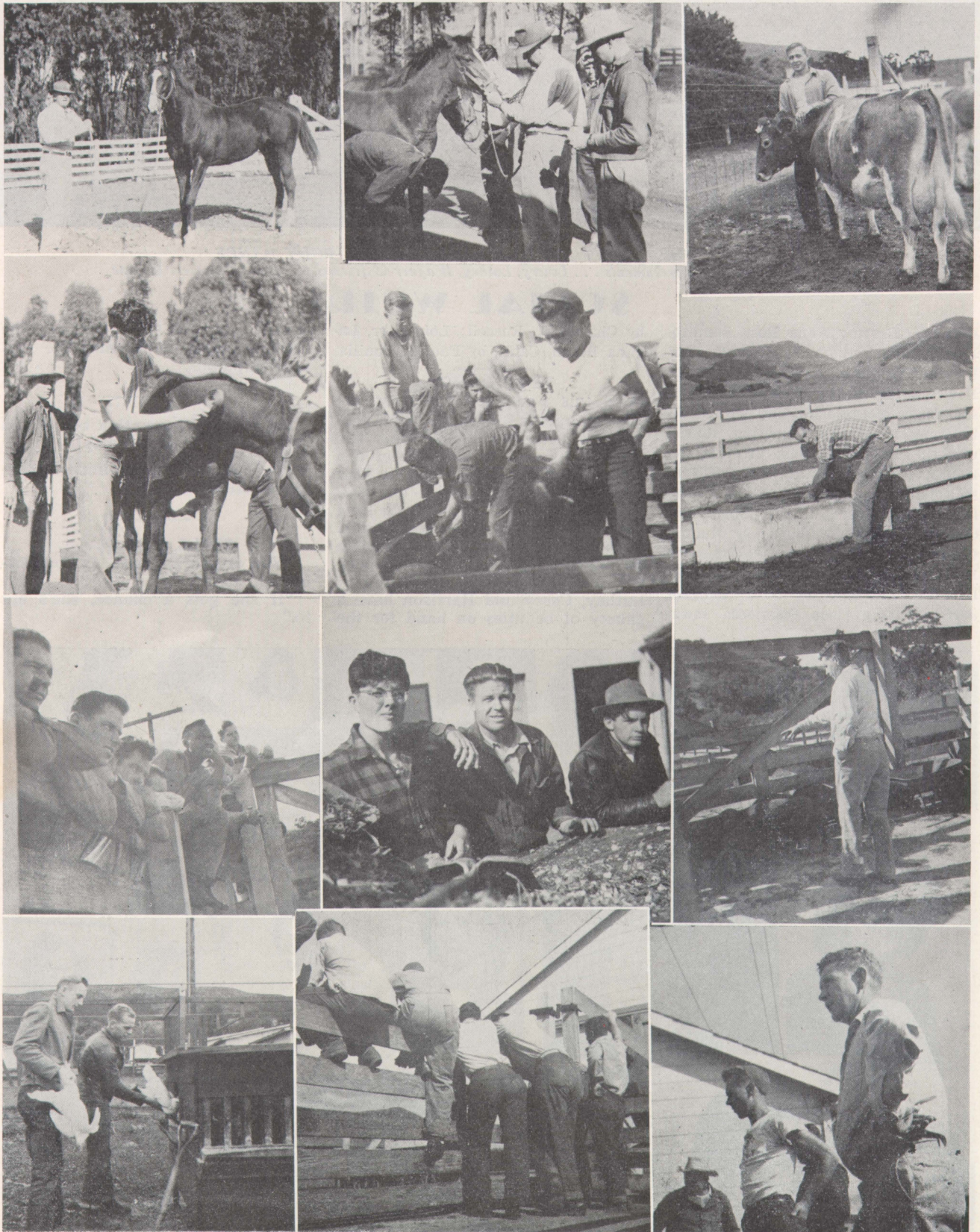
"You are an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."



*JUST A SAMPLE OF PULCHRITUDE
... to show what a job the judges had before them*

BOOTS AND SPURS



Hither and yon with that lens-happy shutter fiend, Ad Santel . . . Livestock problems . . . Well, one thing, the seats are well-padded. If you don't think so, take a good look. . . . Look nice, boys, your picture is being taken. . . . Zuncho and friend. . . . Jewett and the gang. . . etc., etc.

BIG STORY CONTEST

Editor's Note: Mustang Round-up's gigantic, stupendous story contest announced simultaneously with the Queen Contest on Nov. 14 brought in hundreds of manuscripts—what are we saying? After judging the entry (I mean entries), we decided that we had committed ourselves and there was no way we could back out. Without hesitation the judges were able to say, "This is without question the best story submitted in the contest." So to Author D. L. Corey will be \$2.50 in ten-cent war savings stamps—which we will present one at a time on his birthdays.

TRAINEE'S

By D. L. Corey

THE group of men known as "Trainee's" are a conglomerate mass of humanity of the lowest order. Composed in the greatest part of men who were successful civilians, they sank to this low level by merely raising their right hand saying "I do." So was performed a marriage that has no equal. Trainees are looked down upon by all hands. Even a dog lives a better life than they do. A cursory glance at their daily routine will suffice to make a cynic out of the most optimistic person alive.

At 0600, in the middle of the night, they are called from the arms of Morpheus and brought back to cold (Sunny California) reality by a bugler. After this clarion call there comes a mad scramble to place intricate pieces of material known as a uniform in the proper places so as to be considered fully dressed. Back in the dim pages of the past some Royal Blue Nose looked down the same and decreed that a sailor's uniform would be thus, now we suffer.

Following this and to the Hup, two, three, four, they are marched to a building known as a mess and the food (which makes me a master of over-statement) served there is reason enough as to how the building got its name. After forcing quantities of this so-called food down their throats where a reluctant stomach dutifully accepts it, they straggle back to their quarters to perform the menial task of cleaning and bed-making that accompanies their routine. Still in dawn's early light they wend their way to classes where cold, hard-hearted instructors belabor their minds with fact and fancy as the instructor so desires.

The classes are of two natures. Bad and worse. The kind they have is determined by who won the daily

(Continued on Page 21)

K1 POLY'S "HOT PILOT" MAESTRO

WITH a fiery wit and a repartee as fast as light, Maestro Harold P. Davidson quickly gained the nickname "Hot Pilot" after the trainees had had an opportunity to see him in action at their welcoming banquets. Even his "Joe Millers" get a laugh, but his best forte is his ability to toss pungent cracks, ad lib, libeling the professional standing of his fellow faculty members.

From his sick-bed, where he has been for the past two weeks, H. P. claims that there is nothing the matter with him but that "the door blew open and in-flew-enza." A tribute to his musical ability was the fact that his recently organized band has been able to function at drill, assemblies, etc., without the maestro's presence.

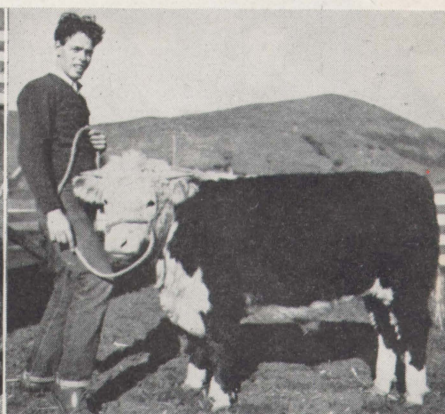
The son of a minister, H. P. admits that like most minister's sons, he "turned out bad." He received his bachelor of arts degree at Pomona college in 1929 and his masters degree at Claremont colleges in 1932. Needless to say, his degrees are in music, but he is also quite apt in teaching Eng-



HOT PILOT

Quick-take-off Davidson

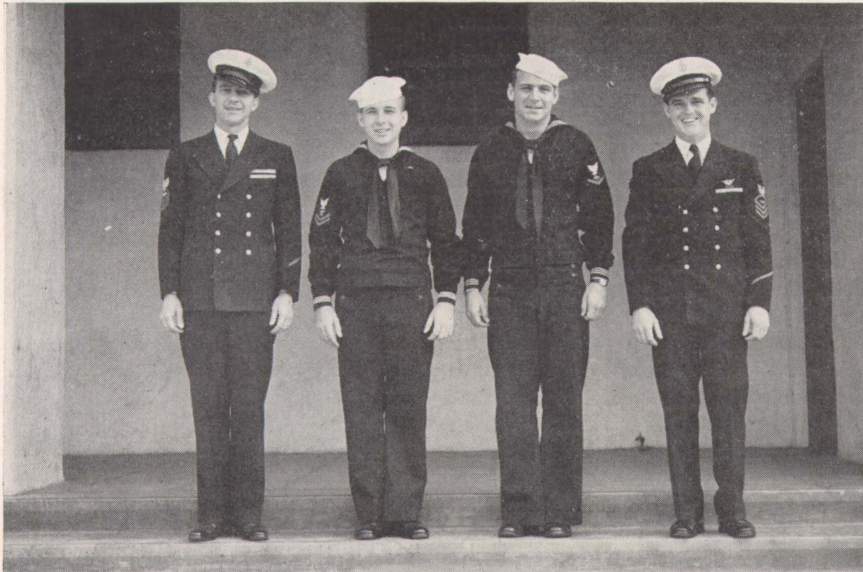
lish, psychology, and mathematics. Before coming to Cal Poly in 1936, Davidson had been master training teacher at Claremont Colleges, head of the music department at a Pomona junior high, and director of the Pomona All-City P.T.A. Chorus.



DOWN BY THE CORRAL

Upper left: What are you doing, Wixom, shooting craps or throwing the bull?
Upper right: Walkup and the one great love besides himself.
Below: Watch out, Mitch! She's headin' for her mammy. . .

BATTALION 2-R



COMPANY A, PLATOON 1

(Left to right) R. W. Hurst, CSM; J. W. Hart, FC 2/c; G. M. Winship, PhM 3/c; W. Riley, ACMM(T).



COMPANY B, PLATOON 1

FIRST ROW: (left to right) A. F. Hill, AOM 2/c; R. C. Clark, GM 1/c; M. C. Dadoly, ARM 1/c; D. J. Cawley, ARM 1/c; J. L. Overley, AMM 1/c; E. S. Jones, AMMF 1/c; R. C. Dodson, AOM 1/c; SECOND ROW: C. V. Barclay, RM 2/c J. R. La Chance, AOM 2/c; G. G. Kolar, AMMI 1/c; R. "M" Gregg, PhM 1/c; W. E. Maakestad, PhM 1/c; R. T. Brugman, AMM 2/c; THIRD ROW: H. C. Barton, ACMM; L. W. Bergstrom, CEM.



COMPANY B, PLATOON 2

FIRST ROW: (left to right) T. L. Vinson, ACRM; C. M. Vick, PhM 3/c; F. A. Stephens, AOM 1/c; S. J. Witkowski, Jr., AMM 1/c; R. J. Walker, ARM 2/c; H. J. Trost, SK 1/c; V. M. Cottrill, RM 2/c; F. P. Walden, PhM 1/c; SECOND ROW: L. B. Nanavich, SK 1/c; H. F. Harris, Jr., AMM 1/c; G. W. Gardner, Jr., RM 1/c; R. L. Winter, RM 1/c; E. L. Frokjer, AMM 1/c; H. F. Haff, CQM.

BATTALION 2-R

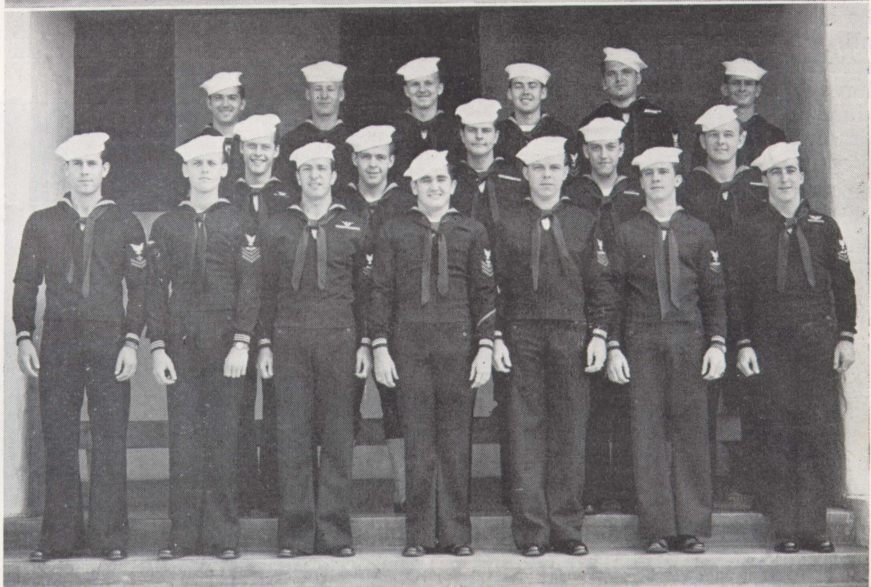
COMPANY C, PLATOON 1

FRONT ROW: (left to right) J. E. Cruse, ARM 1/c; M. E. Buzick, ARM 1/c; J. E. Conlon, AOM 1/c; D. J. Chaffee, ARM 1/c; T. C. Huxford, AOMB 2/c; R. J. Brown, ARM 2/c; P. T. Bonilla, AOM 1/c; SECOND ROW: W. M. Irwin, AMM 2/c; G. C. Fields, GM 1/c; S. L. Huddleston, EM 1/c; F. "D." Kreeger, ARM 1/c; J. W. Kaufold, AMM 1/c; J. J. DeMarco, AMM 2/c; N. J. Langenderfer, AMM 2/c; THIRD ROW: A. H. Gubser, SF 1/c; W. Kuhlman, Jr., ACMM; W. L. Garber, ACMM; H. C. Johns, Jr., ACMM; R. D. Cantrell, AMMEM 1/c.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 2

FIRST ROW: (left to right) J. L. Root, PhM 2/c; L. P. Clarke, AMM 1/c; E. H. Peak, AMM 2/c; W. G. Chassereau, MM 1/c; K. S. Cook, AOM 1/c; J. R. Harbrecht, AOM 2/c; J. Montplaisir, AMM 2/c; SECOND ROW: K. A. Cigrang, AMM 2/c; C. A. Russell, Cox.; G. R. Orr, S 1/c; W. G. Hoffman, PhM 1/c; E. D. Lawrence, AMM 1/c; THIRD ROW: J. L. Martinez, S 2/c ARM; W. D. Gleason, AMM 1/c; J. A. Drake, AerM 3/c; K. V. Lauher, Jr., Y 2/c; A. J. Besting, MoMM 1/c; A. P. Fennell, Jr., AM 1/c; V. (N) Rainey, CY, not in picture.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 3

FIRST ROW: (left to right) J. Sakowich, S 2/c; E. G. Sherwood, AMM 1/c; C. D. Simmons, TMV 1/c; J. V. Woolsey, ACRM; P. G. Wheeler, AOM 1/c; G. C. Edwards, AMM 2/c; SECOND ROW: E. L. Youngs, MoMM 1/c; R. A. Yarger, ARM 1/c; L. C. Widener, Cox.; J. G. Sullivan, Jr., AMM 1/c; B. W. Wallis, AMM 2/c; R. G. Kirschner, AMMH 1/c; THIRD ROW: A. P. Fennell, Jr., AM 1/c; H. D. Williams, ARM 1/c; E. R. O'Brien, Sp(x) 1/c; E. P. McKellar, Jr., AMM 1/c; I. E. Sanders, AMM 1/c. Not in picture: C. R. McDermott, CSKV and H. C. Summers, CY.



BATTALION 2-R

SALINE SAILORS

IT was about 0230 on 20 October when Battalion 2-R arrived at San Luis Obispo. Immediately upon getting off the "Serviceman's Daylight," we were told to fall in and we then started down the road to Cal Poly led by "Hip Hop" Schwartz.

What "anti-freeze" we had absorbed in 'Frisco is the only thing that kept us from freezing that morning in "Sunny California," and only nimbleness of foot kept us from being run down twice by local demons of the road.

Bright and early the next A.M. we arose (about 1200), rubbed our eyes, and started beating our heads against the proverbial brick wall and have been at it ever since. It is said that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but when the Jacks are already dull, it has to be all work and no play. But all in all, we will agree that we are absorbing what knowledge we must have before going to pre-flight; thanks to our understanding teachers and the liberty restrictions.

You have, no doubt, noticed that snappy, well-drilled Company B that shines over the rest like a bright light. In fact, Company B is so darn good that occasionally Company Commander Barton has it halt and start in all over again—only in step.

And we have all types in B company, even a Chief Quartermaster, "Lieutenant" Haff. Haff was just a first class petty officer when he first proposed to his wife, and was quite taken back by her answer, "I will not marry you until you make Chief, because I will not marry an enlisted man."

And then we also have a Gunner's Mate—"Gunner" Clark. He claims to be quite a politician—but in the Navy it is called "earbanging."

Company C is the largest company in 2-R. We came here as salty as all get out and now we are just chloride crystals because where we were, all we had to do was fight Japs, drop bombs, pull triggers, and go without chow. Now it's a different story. We must use our heads for something besides a hatrack.

We have to struggle over rugged conditioning courses, march to and from classes, eat good chow, and sleep in nice comfy sacks. Each night as we retire, we gripe and say "Oh, how I love my sack."

As I understand, H. P. Davidson (H.P. for Hot Pilot or High Pockets) is looking for men. That is, looking for men to join the band or the glee club. Well, "Mr. Hot Pilot," just

come over to Catalina barracks and listen. We have a couple of hot sweet potato players, Duck Cigrang and Bill Gleason, plus a chorus comprised of Gleanson, Cigrang, Drake, and Lauhr, not counting the rest who might crowd into room 126.

Red De Marco isn't convinced, as yet, the S.L.O. radio station isn't part of Cal Poly. At least, he mistakes it for his barracks, still.

Our late Company Commander V. Rainye, Chief Yeoman, is a veteran of flat-tops and quite the guy but does he like his liberties. As I recall another Chief Yeoman Summers, an Ex-Sub man, comes under the same category. You should see the two of them in 'Bispo; when they get ashore, Stand by.

When the English teacher asked what is a subjective complement, one of our brighter students replied, "When an enlisted man salutes another enlisted man." The other day, Mr. Kennedy read a sentence in

English, which stated how a man died in Arizona from T.B.; all of a sudden, a big scream and groan was uttered, with an exclamation following, "it's wrong! it's wrong! ya' come to Arizona ta' live not die." We also have a boy in the outfit who gives the English prof. a bad hour, but he really knows what he is talking about; he knows three different dialects of Spanish, French, and just about all you want to know about English. His name is John Martinez; how's for a little help, John?

Breathes there a gob,
With soul so dead,
Who hath not said,
"Would that Cal Poly were co-ed!"

• • •

Angry father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

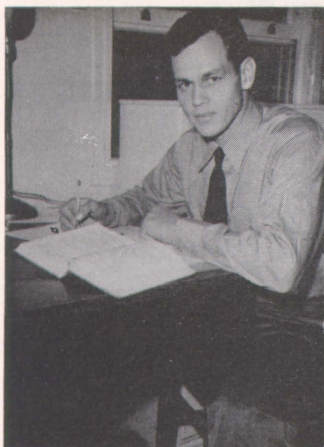
Renwick: "I had to be in class at seven."



TWO-R'S "POISONALITIES"

Between marching & classes, Casanovas like De Marco & Mercer go B.T.O.

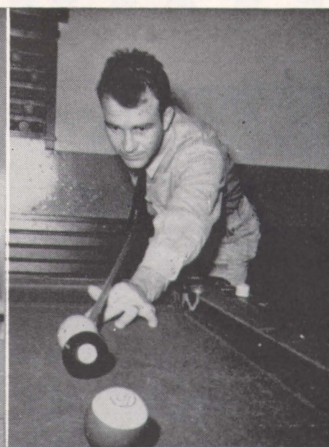
Mustang Roundup, December, 1944



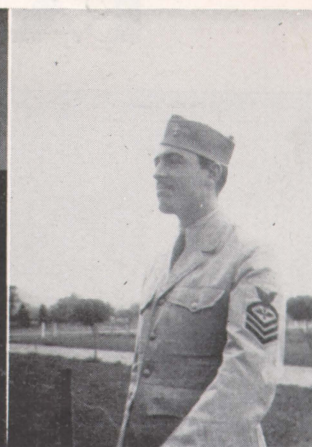
CHIEF BERGSTROM
Circuit-buster



AOM 2/c BONILLA
Aircrewman



CHIEF HURST
Flag-bag



CHIEF BARTON
Airedale

NARU PERSONALITIES

CHIEF BERGSTROM

LEROY W. Bergstrom, Chief Electrician's Mate, U.S.N. (Battalion 2-R, Company B-1) was aboard a destroyer for four years. It was under attack at Pearl Harbor but cleared the Harbor undamaged. She later was in the battle of Bougainville and the battle of the Solomon Islands. At the Solomons the ship lost her bow and was sent to the states for repair. She was back out in time to get into the Paulu Islands invasion, the Mariannas invasion, and the great Philippines air battle.

Bergstrom joined the Navy in August 1940. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bergstrom of Baker, Montana.

CHIEF HURST

R. W. HURST, Chief Signalman, U.S.N. (Battalion 2-R, Company A-1) was the victim of ironical fate.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japs, Hurst was on duty in the Pearl Harbor signal tower as a signalman, second class. The irony of it all is the fact that at 0800 on December 7, 1941, his enlistment was to terminate. As a result of the bombing he was automatically taken back into the Navy.

Since that time Hurst has seen duty with the 7th Air Force Communications Squadron, U.S.A. and on the Isle of Veti Levu in the Fiji Islands. He also served aboard the Aircraft carriers Essex and Bunker Hill. Before coming to Cal Poly he was with C.A.S.U. No. 6 at Alameda Naval Air Station.

Hurst joined the Navy December the 8th, 1937. He is married to a WAVE Pharmacist's Mate, third class who is stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas.

CHIEF BARTON

HAROLD C. Barton, Chief Aviation Machinists Mate, U.S.N., Batt. 2-R, Co. B-1, has over 200 air missions in the South Pacific. These include raids on Buka Passage, first raid on Vila Airdrome on Kolobangara, and several raids in the Bougainville and New Britain campaigns.

Barton enlisted in the Navy in May, 1940. He is married and his wife and their five-year-old daughter are now living in San Luis Obispo.

AOM1/C CONLON

AT a special assembly, Saturday, Nov. 11, 1944, John C. Conlon, Aviation Ordnanceman first class, (Battalion 2-R, Company C-1) was awarded a special commendation, by direction of Admiral C. W. Nimitz, for meritorious services and efficient performance of duty as an aerial



*ANOTHER RIBBON
for Conlon's collection*

gunner of a torpedo plane, during a strike at Jap shipping in Rabaul Harbour, Nov. 11, 1943.

In spite of the fact that his plane was under constant enemy attack, he successfully defended his plane enabling the pilot to reach his point of release and score a direct hit on a Jap Warship.

Conlon is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis F. Conlon, Manchester, Mass.

AOM2/C BONILLA

AMONG the veteran servicemen of Batt. 2-R we have P. T. Bonilla, AOM2c who has received much publicity lately because of an incident that happened during the raid on Wake Island. The material below was taken from the Navy magazine, Naval Aviation News, 15 October, 1944.

"The raid on Wake Island was routine for P. T. Bonilla, AOM 2c, until the SBD in which he was rear seat man started home and the engine cut out. 'I thought we were just changing tanks, and then I heard my pilot say we were going in the water,' Bonilla said. They hit easily, and then smacked a big wave, hard. By the time Bonilla got out, his pilot was on the wing, apparently somewhat stunned. Bonilla got the life raft from its stowage cylinder aft of the rear cockpit, broke it out and jumped in as the plane went down.

"The pilot, burdened with his parachute, back pad, and chute raft, stayed on the wing until it sank from under him, and then was in the water. He had forgotten to pull the toggles to inflate his 'Mae West' jacket, was too stunned to do so. The wind had blown Bonilla away from his pilot, but he called to him to in-

(Continued on Page 20)

BATTALION ONE-R



J. E. R. ROSS
he fixed 'em



RUSSELL GATES
brought supplies



STAN BROWN
shine 'em up



J. M. McGRATH
horschider

C-COMPANY PERSONALITIES

J. E. R. ROSS

ROSS went to work in Civil Service in 1941. He was placed by the government at Kelly Field, Texas as an aircraft mechanic for eight months. He was foreman on the construction of Tucson, Arizona, air base. After its completion he went back to Kelly Field as an instructor. Answering a call for volunteers, he sailed on the Queen Elizabeth in August of 1942 for England. There he was attached with the R.A.F. and 401st bombardment squadron, his duties being that of aircraft inspector of new and battle-scarred ships and later that of flight inspector. He returned to the U. S. in February after 18 months of this work, and enlisted immediately in Naval Aviation.

RUSSELL C. GATES

IF any of you had been present at the invasion of Attu and Kiska, you might have seen Russell C. Gates helping to supply the army with troops, food and ammunition. Gates, cadet midshipman, U.S.N.R.-M.M.R., served aboard a transport ship in the rough and submarine-infested waters around the islands of Dutch Harbor and Adak and also in the Bering Sea. Gates was highly recommended by his commanding officer for his fine job and faithful duty during ten months of these campaigns.

STANLEY F. BROWN

ONE of the most outstanding engineering feats to come out of this war was the construction of the Alcan Highway which stretches into the interior of Alaska as far as Fair-

banks. Stanley Brown, along with other civilian surveyors, assisted the army in surveying for the construction of this famous highway. Brown, who hails from Arizona where he attended Arizona State for two years was awarded a certificate of merit from the U. S. Government for his valuable work on this previously-believed impossible task.

J. MILTON McGRATH

COMPANY C is well blessed with many outstanding performers from the world of sport. In the baseball field, we have J. Milton McGrath, a native of Oklahoma. McGrath played in quite a few of the smaller leagues but really started the ball rolling by his outstanding performances with the University of Oklahoma in the Big Six Conference. He played two seasons in this conference. Later he played a very successful year for Beechcraft in the Victory League. McGrath climaxed his career this past season by being named All-State third baseman in the Oklahoma Service League. His team, the "Zoomers", of N.A.E. Norman, Okla., owes much of its success to his high batting average which topped .350. Nice hitting mate.

D. J. HARRIS

FOR any information concerning South America, just consult D. J. Harris of Platoon Six. Harris, as a Missionary for the Mormon Church in South America for approximately three years, travelled in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama and the

Central American countries.

He returned home in December and enlisted in Naval Aviation in January of this year. While waiting to be called into active duty, Harris worked as a Civil Service Auditor at Ogden Air Service Command, and he instructed soldiers being trained in Business Administration, the operation of International Business Machines.

ERNEST E. CALLAWAY

IT would probably take hours to tell you all of E. E. Callaway's actual flying experience, but here are some of the highlights of his career. He holds a commercial pilot's license with an 0-80 horsepower rating. He built up over 300 hours flying time while working for Mountain States Aviation in Denver, Colorado. This job consisted of flying supplies, equipment, etc., between Mountain States airports. Callaway picked up about 50 hours by flying ships into Denver from different cities around the country. The heaviest ship he has ever flown was a 220 horsepower, five-place Waco.

• • •

Chorine (to her sister): "Say that new trainee I met last night took me to the park and kissed me."

Sister: "Kissed you? Well, I suppose you showed him his place."

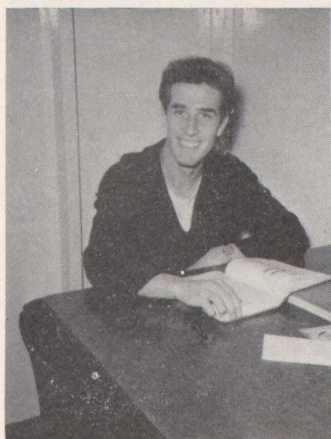
Chorine: "Showed him his place! Say, that fellow already knew his way around."

• • •

She: "Oh, what a dark room."

Trainee: "Well, here's where things develop."

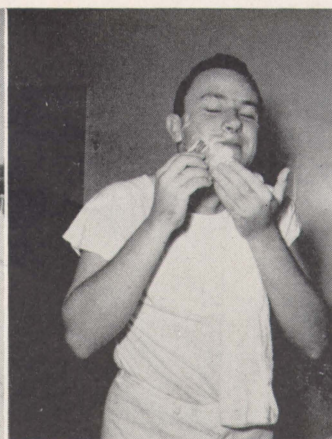
Mustang Roundup, December, 1944



D. J. HARRIS
missionary



E. E. CALLAWAY
he flew 'em



H. LYONS, JR.
tough beard?



A. W. MURRAY
two-time loser

HENRY J. LYONS JR.

THE fellow so busily engrossed with shaving is Henry J. Lyons Jr. While working with the Army Air Corps at Kelly Field, Texas, Jim got the urge for overseas duty. August, 1942, found him stationed in England with the 8th Air Force where he worked on various types of aircraft as a civilian instructor. He also served duty with the R.A.F. in the same capacity. In November, 1943, after taking military leave of absence, Jim boarded a merchant ship for the U. S. to offer his services to Naval Aviation.

A. W. MURRAY

AL Murray has been taking part in this man's war since the very first shot was fired. He held a coxswain's rating in the U. S. Coast Guard and reported for active duty on December 8, 1941. Within six weeks he wound up in Honolulu. His sea duty was on a Coast Guard Cutter and light house tender which served all the lights and buoys in the 14th Naval District. He parti-

cipated in no actual battles but has encountered some tense moments, such as the time the Japs dropped one bomb on Honolulu or the time he was running a 28-foot Picket and was mistaken for a target float.

GOLD OR WATER WINGS?

By Sam Marcus

#/?-\$"%—&' — that's not the answer Rickansrud gave me for the coefficient of expansion of a square shaft in a round hole. Oh, well, only four more weeks to go! At least I can sit back and dream of telling my grandchildren how I fought in the battle of San Luis Obispo aboard the U.S.S. Cal Poly. Of course, I won't be able to show them what we did in our strength test, but I will be able to show them the deformed bones, flat chest, and four-stroke cycle heart (one power stroke for two beats) which I received as a result.

And then I'll be able to tell them how we carried on—on despite a quaking liver with a wish that we could immerse ourselves in a bicar-

bonate of soda . . . on with a potent desire to win our Wings of Gold (Fanfare, maestro.)

Yes, these will be happy days for the memory book. I guess the big thought on the mind of 125 men who made up Co. C was whether they should try for Co. B . . . they soon learned it wasn't how long we were scheduled to stay but how long we COULD stay. I'll never forget the banquet Cal Poly threw for us, to say nothing of the wing-ding barbecue the cadets gave us—even if we did have to supply the entertainment.

The fellows have done a good job in turning out for the glee club, band, orchestra, and even this magazine. And don't forget those fun nights—even if C-2 did win the basketball tournament.

The marines may have Tripoli, and the Army may have Flanders but don't forget the casualties suffered at Cal Poly. Ninety left out of one hundred and twenty-five. They say the Lakes will be cold this winter.



MUSTANG ROUNDUP STAFF

All this talent and still no clean joke editor . . .

(Left to right) Bud Harsh, E. D. Jones, Dale Madden, Floyd Read, J. B. Willoughby, Henry Kaiser, Wes Norton, Daren Blanchard, L. D. Marcotte, D. L. Corey, F. P. Walden, John Prescott, and E. N. Price. Not in photo: Ad Santel, Sam Marcus, Max Luthey.



POLY'S VARSITY BASKETBALL SQUAD — 99% NARU

STANDING: (left to right) Diddle, Simmons, Russell, Kaiser, Price, Bethard, Corey, D. De Baets, Kreeger, Sakowich, Lawrence, R. De Baets, Longenderfer. **KNEELING:** (left to right) Schlotthauer, Johnson, Coats, Martinez, Marcus, Ransom, Mack.

THE SPORTS PARADE

INTER-COLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

By Henry Kaiser

AS the season for our great hard-wood sport draws near, Cal Poly civilian and NARU students answered the first call to practice by showing a strong representation. The civilian students boast quite a threat in their six feet six inch Dave Wixon, who tips the scales at a mere 220 pounds. The NARU students have a large representation from both battalions. With a few more good practices the civilians and the Navy at Cal Poly should produce a fine team.

The first game of the season was to be played Dec. 1st. The schedule will feature games with such teams as Camp Roberts, Camp Cooke, Camp San Luis Obispo, and the Marine Base at Santa Barbara. It is probable, also, that two traveling series will be played.

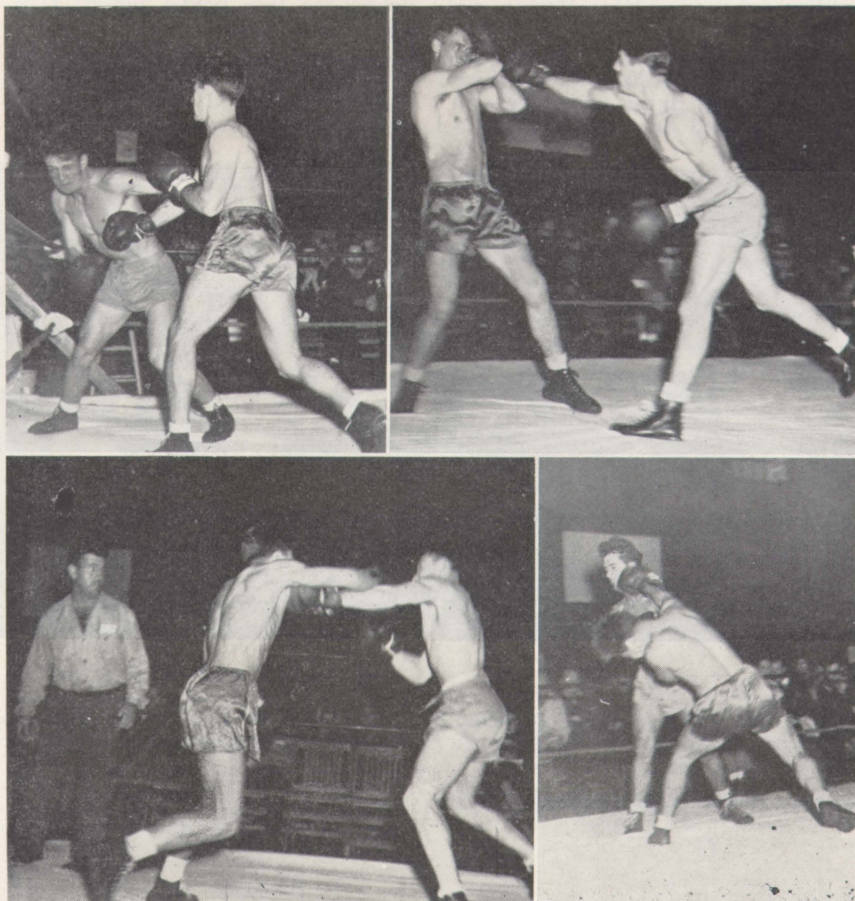
The competition will be exceptionally strong, as several of these teams have All-American players, as well as college stars, to strengthen their roster. So, come on everyone, let's give Cal Poly's Mustangs a good backing!

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

WITH the basketball tournament completed, Cal Poly students now focus their interests on intramural touch football. A schedule has been posted and the rules have been set up. The teams have been organized and the opening kick-off was scheduled for November 20. The games thereafter will be played on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

afternoons until the winner has eliminated all opponents in the elimination tournament.

As we enter the fall season, with its crisp, fresh California air, the distinct scent of the turf spicing the atmosphere, and the thud of the pig-skin ringing in the ears of the grid-iron lovers, this promises to be an extremely interesting and eventful tournament.



Top left: Gates takes a hard one from Weed.

Top right: Murray covers up as Wagner lets fly.

Bottom left: Wilson took this bout from Read.

Bottom right: Harris takes a solid one from Brauer.

SECOND CAL POLY FUN NIGHT

By Lawrence Marcotte

OCTOBER 26 found the college gym well seated with spectators who saw seven hard hitting boxing bouts and a basketball game between the two top-ranking platoons.

The men who participated in the boxing matches were as follows: D. Harris took a small margin over his opponent, 135-pound W. H. Brauer. After throwing a few hard punches into L. S. Weed, R. C. Gates finally had to give in to his superior. D. Hovely, in the 180-pound bracket, received the decision over K. Hayes. L. Mack, the man with the windmill arms and uppercuts, succeeded in closing the dispute with J. Baker. Texas Payne, 155 pounds, took the nod from M. D. Crowe. For the second time, F. Reed had to give in to R. J. Wilson. Coming back for revenge, A. M. Murray was defeated the second time by G. R. Wagner. Murray received a bad gash under the left eye during the first fun night and lost on a TKO.

Wrestlers C. E. Click vs. F. H. Canning and H. H. Schlotthauer vs. H. A. Cavness put on two rough and tumble bouts with both bouts ending in draws.

In the basketball play-off the men of C-2 held the lead during the game coming out on top of C-4 with a score of 31-26. Both teams fought hard for the title, but C-4 wasn't clicking as well as they had in practice tilts.

Players of C-2 consisted of Bethard and King (F), Price and R. DeBates (G), and Kaiser (C). Players of C-4 were Marcus and Donaldson (F), Schlotthauer and D. DeBates (G), and Klee (C). Kaiser, with his 13 points, was high scoring man in C-2, and Klee, with 11 points, was tops in C-4.

SPORTS BANQUET

ON the evening of Wednesday, November 8, students who were participants in the recent "Fun Night" and Coaches Meacham, Ilg, and Jewett spent some of their well-earned revenue on a banquet in Dixie Hall. Everyone enjoyed the meal of roast turkey, with all the trimmings, and apple pie with ice cream. But what most of the fellows probably admired most was the fashion in which it was served; namely, by the secretarial staff of the Administration office. After the meal, the party adjourned to the Administration building where the coaches

showed some movies of former Cal Poly football games.

From the gang at the banquet, "Thanks a million, Coaches. It was a swell evening."

SWIMMING MEET

By Lawrence Marcotte

THE first NARU intra-platoon swimming meet was held Nov. 3. Events were the 50-yd. free style, 50-yd. back stroke, 50-yd. breast stroke, 100-yd. free style, a diving contest and a medley relay. Platoon C-4 won the meet with 21 points. C-2 was second with 15 points, C-8 tied with B-5 for third, both having 9 points. Dwelle of C-4 was top individual with 11½ points.

In the 50-yard free style, Dwelle

was first in 25.5 sec., with Rose and Cavness trailing. Burns took first in the 50-yard back stroke, with a 34.2 sec. time. Bethard and Lowery took second and third. In 41.8 sec., T. King won the 50-yard breast stroke. Cavness and Cooke were second and third. Dwelle reached the bulkhead in 67.4 sec. in the 100-free style. McMillan and Anderson brought up the rear.

The diving contest consisted of three types of dives: straight dive, jackknife and swan dive. Cavness led in this with Rose and McMillan second and third.

The 75-yd. medley relay was completed in 44.2 sec. Marcus, Burns and Dwelle were first. Next were King, Methard and Peterson. Last were Lutts, Lowery, and Rose.

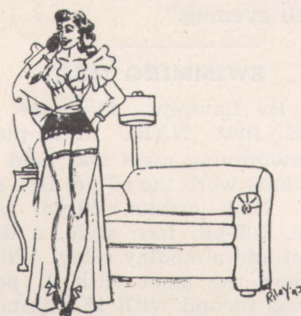


BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP: top, Bethard prepares to sink a free one. Bottom, C-2's championship squad take a deserved rest.

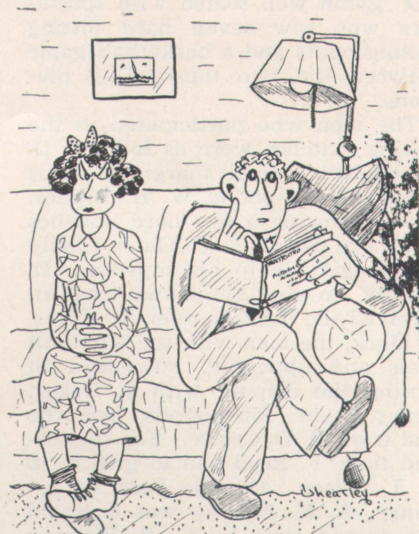
MUSTANG ROUNDUP'S



"The Chief was the only one in the barracks with a cake of Lifebuoy!"



Hello, USO?—Have you any lonely sailors who would like some entertainment tonight?



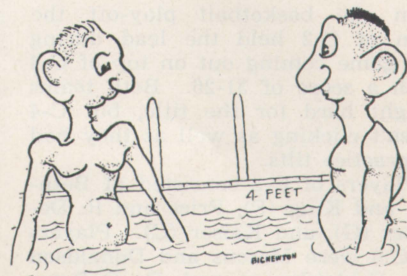
"... let's see, Pi R Squared times the hypotenuse..."



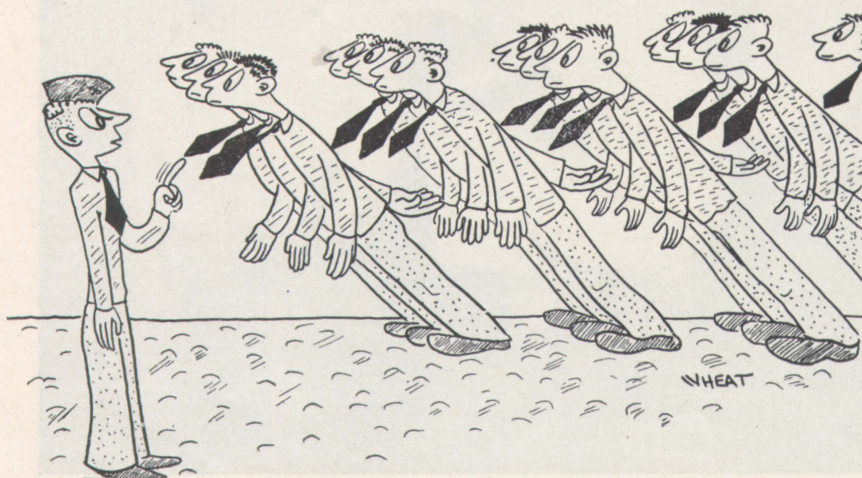
Battalion 2-R does a lap—with a little encouragement.



No belt!



"Why not? Everyone else does"



"Don't anticipate the command"



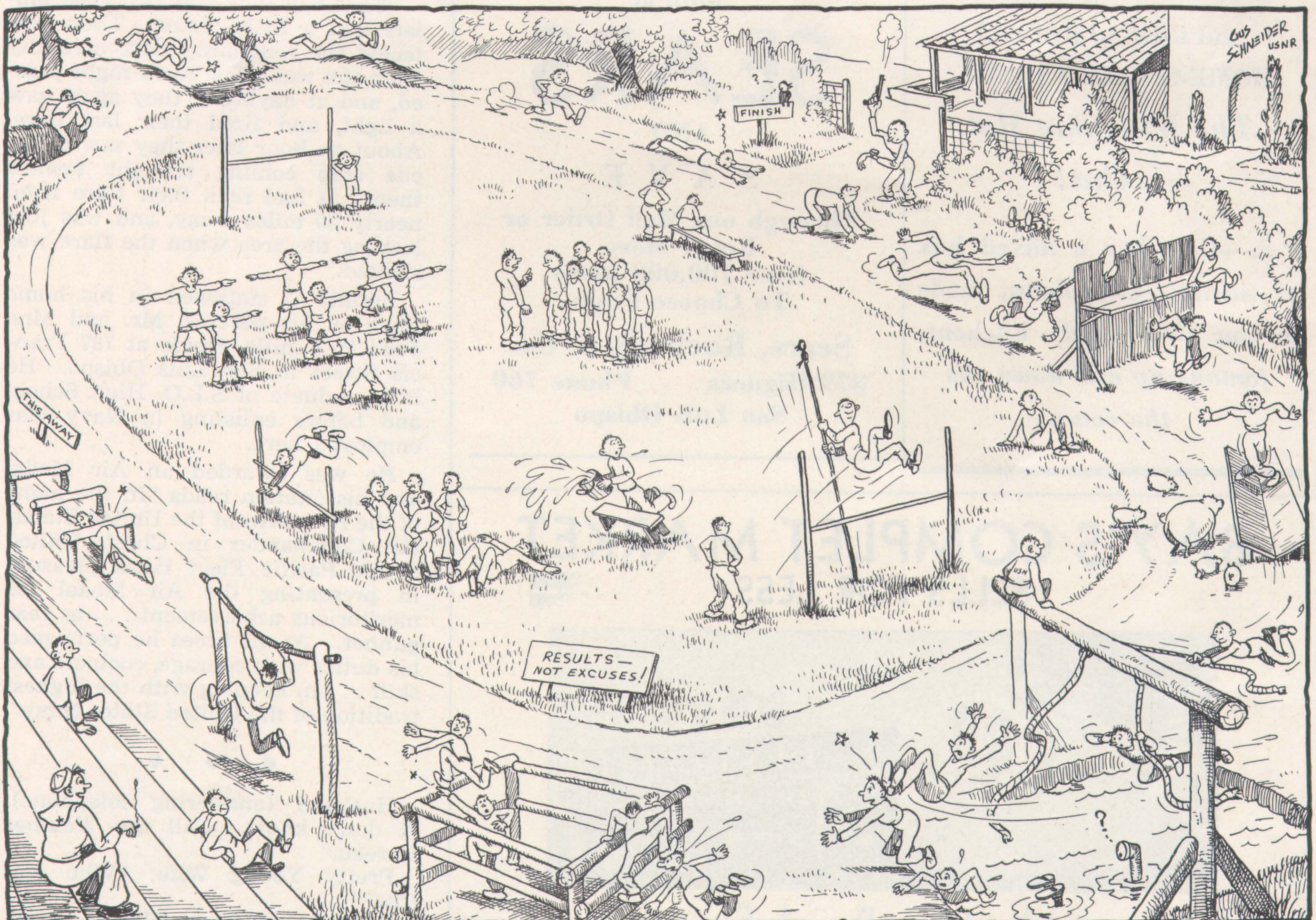
CARTOON REVIEW



Now we have semaphore at
ten words per minute . . . Glunk . . .
Glunk . . . Glunk . . .



"I don't give a damn how many pills you
took, you put those pants on right."



Cal Poly's Obstacle Course

OUR OWN CHEF

EATS HERE!

So does the rest of the help,

as well as

THOUSANDS OF OTHER

DISCRIMINATING FOOD

LOVERS!

They like it, and so will

YOU!

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Confectionery

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and thrill to that real

HOME-COOKED TASTE!

The Welcome Mat

Is Out!

P.S.—Give her a mixed box
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in our own candy kitchens,
famous up and down the
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San Luis Obispo



(Continued from Page 13)

flate his life jacket, and—unable to find the oars—used his hands to paddle to the pilot and finally got him into the raft.

During the night they fired flares, about one an hour. They were afraid of drifting onto Wake, and rowed away from it. Next day they kept rowing, ate a small amount of food, and drank about half of one can from their supply of half a dozen cans of water. They took turns sleeping and as lookouts.

"During the second night they fired more flares, but most of them had been wet from the waves and from rain, and wouldn't work. At daybreak of the second night they saw a searchlight, briefly thought it was Wake Island, and decided to get away from there. They had only one flare left, and didn't use it. Later they talked it over and decided it was a friendly rescue vessel they had avoided, and were very blue.

"That day they had two malt tablets and a little water. They protected the remaining flare carefully from the wet. The third night passed, and at daybreak they again saw a light, and fired their last flare. About an hour later they saw a rescue ship coming straight toward them. It had seen their flare from nearly 20 miles away, and was just leaving the area when the flare was sighted."

Bonilla is stationed in his home town as his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Bonilla, reside at 787 Francis Street in San Luis Obispo. He is a graduate of S.L.O. High School and before enlisting in Navy was employed here.

He was awarded an Air Medal and his citation reads "In the name of the President of the United States, the Commander in Chief, United States Pacific Fleet takes pleasure in presenting the Air Medal for meritorious achievement . . . as rear gunner. At all times he performed his duties with courage, coolness and skill . . . in keeping with the highest tradition of the United States Navy."

• • •

Husband (answering telephone): "I don't know. Call the Weather Bureau."

Pretty Young Wife: "Who was that?"

Husband: "Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

BAY'S COMPLET MARKET
SELLS FOR LESS



Marsh at Broad St.

(Continued from Page 9)

argument in the instructor's homes. At noon there is a brief respite from toil to absorb some more food of a dubious nature. A person must have some sort of sustenance in order to exist. After this comes inspection, which is the bane of all demerit-fearing men. Every hair on the head in proper place with white hat adjusted over it and no hair on face. Shoes glistening like mirrors (large or small) and woe to the man who fails.

The afternoon is a repetition of the morning but worse. The instructors have grown tired of saying the same thing over and over and having the same things asked them. They are in full stride and are bolting for their finish line which is 1600. Instructors, Yes, Trainees, NO! There is an evening meal but why go into that. As the night draws on the weary Trainee, surrounded by books, pencils, slide rules, and paper, slaves away over the homework the fiendish instructors have dreamed up to cause a lack of sleep and absence of clear heads the next day.

At 2200 the bugle is heard sounding the beautiful but mournful taps. Still the Trainee works on. When the last lesson is finished and the Trainee crawls into the heinous device known as a bunk and supplied with Cal Poly's king size blankets, his mind most certainly wanders back to the care-free days he once knew. His interlude is all too short and then he has it to do all over again.

The difficulties a Trainee has to face should be alone enough to elevate his position slightly but, no. He asked for all he gets so he is still looked down upon. Even dogs get a nice friendly pat on the back, accompanied by kind words, but a Trainee suffers on in silence.

• • •

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free.
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed,
Upon a malt that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear,
A lot of junk to match her hair,
Girls are loved by mugs like me
'Cause we don't like to hug a tree.

• • •

Consult your slide rules:

If it takes ninety days for a rubber-billed woodpecker to pick enough sawdust out of a cyprus log to make 1000 toothpicks, how long does it take a cross-eyed grasshopper with wooden legs to kick the seeds out of a dill pickle.

Marcotte has the answer.

• • •

She: What do you want for Christmas?

Naru: A well-filled girl's stocking.

Mustang Roundup, December, 1944

**DON'T SAY
B R E A D
SAY
P E E R L E S S**

**FINE STEAKS
at
Steve's
Coffee Shop**

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PROP WASH

She: "Do you expect to do anything tonight?"
He: "No, I guess not."
She: "Then don't come over."

. . . .

Mr. Egan: "I had to fire my new secretary."

Mac: "What was the matter, didn't she have any experience?"

Mr. Egan: "None at all, when I told her to sit down she looked around for a chair."

. . . .

It isn't the girl that goes out riding we would like to meet, but the girl that comes back riding.

. . . .

Trainee: Are you free tonight?

Girl: No, but your credit is good.

. . . .

"Jim proposed last night, and I'm sure sore at him!"

"Why?"

"You ought to hear his proposal."

. . . .

Fielden: What is the difference between a good joke and a bad joke?

Frye: The girl who's listening.

. . . .

She: "Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

Willoughby: "Gosh! I'll have to telephone the 'skipper' first."

. . . .

Conductor: "How many in this berth?"

Swiekert: "Just one; here's our ticket."

. . . .

Lady (to porter): "Have you a ladies' waiting room?"

Porter: "No, ma'am, but we have two rooms for ladies who can't wait."

. . . .

Scene: Evening.

Setting: Park bench.

Script: She: What are we here after?

He: Honey, if you're not here after what I'm here after you will be here after I'm gone.

. . . .

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• • •
A sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he awoke one morning and saw a lovely young woman floating towards the beach on a barrel. The barrel washed ashore and the woman approached. "Heigh ho," said she, "and how long have you been here?"

"Nigh onto ten years," answered the sailor.

"Gracious," said the woman. "Then I'll give you something you haven't had in a long time."

"Bust my leg!" exclaimed the sailor, "don't tell me you've got beer in that barrel!"

• • •
Jimmy, who had been climbing trees, came in for the second time with his trousers torn.

"Go upstairs and mend them yourself," ordered his harassed mother.

Some time later she went up to see how he was getting along. The trousers were there but no Jimmy. Puzzled, she came downstairs and noticed the cellar door, usually closed, open. She went to the door and called loudly and angrily, "Are you running around down there without any pants?"

The reply came sternly in a man's voice. "No, madam, I'm just reading the electric meter."

• • •
Why women are like cigarettes:

They are not much good until they are lit.

No fun unless you have one all to yourself.

You would walk a mile for some kinds,

And other brands, they satisfy.

Occasionally they bite your tongue.

They are not so good for you but once you get the habit it is hard to quit.

• • •
Did you hear about the moron who thought he was deformed because his Navy uniform fitted him perfectly?

• • •
Did you hear the story of the little moron who went through the fire to make an ash of himself?

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