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# *Mustang* ROUNDUP

CAL POLY ★ NAVY

Feb. 1945 - V. 3:5





# Mustang ROUNDUP

## The Editor's Log

### A NEW DEAL

THE next issue of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP will have a new deal as far as the civilian student content is concerned. The new policy is the outcome of a new and invigorated staff. The old civilian staff, consisting essentially of two civilian students, had received little support or cooperation from the civilian student body and although their efforts had been sincere, they had been unable to provide adequate civilian coverage. Bud Harsh, former civilian editor who will remain as staff cartoonist, resigned in favor of Mervel Mayer, who had been recommended by Student Prexy Al Renwick.

After discussing the problem with Adviser R. E. Kennedy, Editor Mayer decided that any new policy would be doomed to failure unless backed by the civilian students generally. To get this support, then, was the main problem.

It was decided that the best method was to throw the problem into the laps of the civilian students, since the MUSTANG ROUNDUP was, after all, their publication. A meeting was scheduled to be called after supper that same evening, January 25, and the fate of the ROUNDUP was to be settled.

The adviser started the ball rolling by a speech that was short and to the point. It must have hit home, because the response at the meeting was much greater than the highest hopes of the new editor. Twenty fellows offered to serve on the staff.

Positions were soon filled. This gang is not just a lot of hot air, either. They are out to make a real success of the job. With the organization we now have, the Poly civilians can expect a more representative place in the ROUNDUP. These fellows, though, have not taken full responsibility for the success of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP. That still rests on all our shouldres. Only full cooperation between the students and the staff will assure us the successful magazine we all desire.

### A WORD TO POLY'S CIVILIAN STUDENTS

Because of many rumors regarding the status now of 4-F students, the editor requested Mr. C. O. McCorkle, assistant to the president, to write the following article.

NUMEROUS rumors concerning "Work or Fight" legislation and stories regarding reclassification activities in which Selective Service Boards throughout the country are now engaged, are causing much confusion in the minds of not only students at this and other colleges, but in the public mind generally.

There is not much that can be said at this time to clear the atmosphere except to suggest to the student that he wait for sufficient developments to give him a basis for a sound appraisal of the situation. At the time of preparing this statement, Congress had not passed a "Work or Fight" bill. There seems to be shaping up in Washington, considerable opposition to the proposal for an all-inclusive selective service act but how much of this opposition will materialize when the Bill comes before the House for vote, cannot as yet be determined.

It appears that the reclassification activities of the Selective Service Boards are being carried on, at least in part, to determine the total potential available manpower. Those of you who are particularly interested in the agricultural phase have, no doubt, read the newspapers and heard radio comments to the effect that some individuals with agricultural classifications have been inducted contrary to the provisions of the Tydings Amendment. It is not surprising that there should be variation in the practices of the many throughout the country. This accounts for the bona fide agricultural workers being called into the service in recent weeks. According to the best reports, the protection which the Tydings Amendment was supposed to afford agricultural production by holding essential farm workers in agricultural pursuits, may be strengthened by overhauling the Tydings Amendment or substituting for it something that will be more specific in its meaning and perhaps provide better direction to the Selective Service Boards.

Probably the position that the student should take is to watch the papers and be prepared with at least a reasonable background to make a decision when proposals now in the debate stage become law. Until that time, any move can at best only be based on a guess which is as apt to be as wrong as right.

San Luis Obispo, California

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NAVY-CIVILIAN JOINT GOVERNING BODY . . . another goldbrick session  
Left to right: Milistefer, Cooper, Miller, Burton, Prescott, Lescot, Phillips, McLaughlin, Summers, Edwards, Madden and Renwick.

## NEW OFFICERS TAKE HELM

**B**ECAUSE of graduation, check-outs, and the draft, all except one of the SAC executives had to be re-elected. Balloting was carried on jointly by NARU and civilian students.

There was a good percentage of those holding student body cards that voted. This is a very good showing and it lets us know that our officers are an approved group.

The president's chair was the only one that didn't get cold. All the others were left empty for one reason or another and had to be refilled.

Two NARU men contested for the vice prexy's seat. They were: G. C. Edwards, of Batt. 2R, who came out on top with 84 votes, and William DeVereaux, of Batt. 3R, who polled 78 votes.

**Flash!** As top scholar in Batt. 2-R, Co. C, Edwards was drafted to fill 2-R Co. B's graduation quota. Poly is again without a vice president.

Dale Madden, civilian, now sits at the secretary's desk. He was the only candidate for the office and was approved by a token poll of 152 votes.

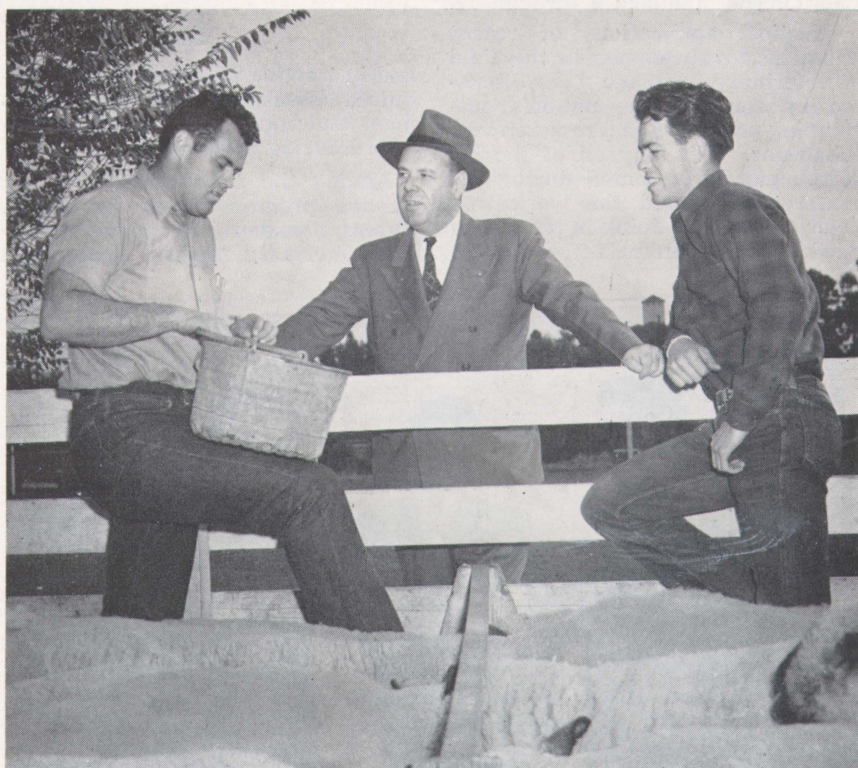
Two Navy men vied for the key to the strong box. They were E. D. Lawrence, of Batt. 2R and B. W. Phillips, of Batt. 3R. Phillips won by a vote of 93 to 63, so the key is now on his ring. (Hope he doesn't lose it!)

As usual four yell leader candidates were presented. The two from Chase dorm were Don Fiester and Chuck McLaughlin. From the Navy barracks came Ken Cooper, Batt. 3R,

and J. R. Horfecht, Batt. 2R. Each ballot carried a vote for one civie and one NARU man. Those elected were Cooper, with 96 votes, and McLaughlin, with 109 votes. On the short end of the deal were Horfecht, who polled 54, and Fiester, with 45 tallies.

### PROPOSED DANCE

Yup, there's a dance on the fire for February 16. Let's show some real interest and do this one up right. This is only a forewarning of the event.



THE "CHIEF" TALKS OVER VET EDUCATION  
. . . with Arrington and Walkup—two of Poly's G.I. students



# FLEET'S IN

WITH the graduation on January 5 of 89 Naval Academic Refresher Unit trainees from Company C, Battalion 1-R, California Polytechnic has again become a "fleet school" in the parlance of the Navy. The graduated battalion, which came aboard on July 27, was made up of former civilians taken into TARMAC training for a short while and then transferred here for refresher training prior to naval flight training.

Since that time, however, all incoming battalions have been made up of rated navy men, many of whom have been in the navy over six years and some of whom are "Chiefs", who have been transferred from active duty, mostly with the fleet, on their request for flight training. Once before, under the Naval Flight Preparatory School program, which was in operation at Cal Poly from January, 1943, until October, 1944, the school was given "fleet" standing and received veteran Marines and sailors as students.

## POLY HOST TO VETS

MORE than 150 California veterinarians and five out-of-state veterinarians attended the third annual wartime conference of the California Veterinary Medical Association which was held on the California Polytechnic College campus in San Luis Obispo, January 9 through 11.

Practical applications of recent scientific advancements in the field of veterinary medicine were discussed by some of the nation's outstanding practicing and research veterinarians. Virtually all of the research papers presented during the conference stressed the work that veterinarians are doing in protecting meat and dairy animals from disease



*COLOR GUARD PASSES IN REVIEW  
During Battalion 1-R graduation exercises*

and in treating those which have acquired disease so that the nation's meat and milk supply will be protected during wartime.

Among the outstanding speakers on the program were: Dr. B. T. Simms, president-elect of the American Veterinary Medical Association

and director of the Regional Disease Research Laboratory in Auburn, Alabama; Dr. N. J. Miller of Eaton, Colorado, member of the Colorado State legislature, and Dr. H. C. Smith, of Allied Laboratories, Sioux City, Iowa. Dr. E. C. Baxter, Los Angeles, president of the California Veterinary Medical Association, presided over the conference.

Featured speaker at the veterinarian's annual banquet was Julian A. McPhee, Polytechnic president and state director of vocational education, who talked on "Postwar Educational Problems in California."



*Three former Cal Poly ag students, now veterinarians, look on as Dr. Baxter, president of the California Vet. Assn. greets Dr. Simms, president-elect of the American Vet. Medical Assn. Dr. Ben Collins (left) is practicing at King City, Dr. Robert Dove (center) is at Porterville, and Dr. Charles Crane (right) just graduated from Colorado State.*

2 U.S. ARMY



## THE RETURN OF SGT. NICK

By John Prescott

ONE of the latest enrollments in the Agricultural Division of college was that of Sgt. Nick — Sergeant, United States Army, Quartermaster Corps, Section K-9—Retired.

Sergeant Nick who was discharged early in the month, has seen over two years of active duty, been attached to three military installations, and travelled over nearly all of the United States.

Nick, a typical Poly-man — the strong silent type — had few comments to give to the press. However, it was learned from his owner, Russel Lancaster, a backbone of the Meat Animals department, that Nick is three years old and volunteered for induction shortly after the Quartermaster General called for 1-A's in the K-9 section. The Sergeant's physical condition was judged excellent and he entered the service at nearly 90 lbs. Nick only regrets that he could not see front line action because of his extreme light complexion which would readily show up down the sights of an Axis rifle.

He was inducted at the San Carlos, California Basic Training Center, and duty at Mountain Home, Idaho, for over a year. At this station Nick did sentry duty eight hours nightly seven days a week. Prior to returning to the coast, Nick was attached to the K-9 Rehabilitation Center in Missouri.

At Poly, Nick is entering as a Special Student as soon as the Veterans Administration approve his application for G.I. Bill of Rights coverage. He plans to start with "Elements of Livestock Herding" from Professor Collins and "Fundamentals of Fireplug Selection" from one of the old time residents of the Powerhouse.

According to Lancaster, Nick is three-quarters Belgian Shepherd and one-quarter wolf, which is believed correct, because when asked by the reporter why he chose to enter Cal Poly, he eyed a passing stenographer, wiggled his ears and said—"Woof."

## BATT. 3R-SUPER BOOTS

By "Whitey"

THE campus of Cal Poly was blessed with the arrival of Batt. 3-R during the wee hours of December 14, 1944.

A group of bewildered men got off the "Servicemen's Special" that memorable morning. We were taken for a delightful (?) ride through the darkened streets of San Luis Obispo finally arriving at our destination, through the kind guidance of the Lord above.

Cries of approval and amazement were heard as we entered our country club mansion. That first night will always be a life-long memory. The noises heard from Deuel dorm gave proof of a sound and pleasant slumber.

We arose the next A.M. wondering what was to become of us. Much to our regret we learned of our coming exams. Our salty demeanor was soon lost by the indoctrination exercises. Little did we know of the Herculean tasks that lay ahead.

The next three days were spent racking our craniums for the correct answers to those beautiful questions on the College Aptitude Tests. The much dreaded scores were heard the following day resulting in our respective companies.

Through our diligent study of our "Blue Bibles" one can easily notice the well mannered and excellent military bearing of Batt. 3-R. Words of praise and admiration of our leadership ability can be heard from various members of the faculty and

station officers. (IT SAYS HERE!)

Batt. 3-R can boast of the usual number of aierdales and zoomies and other general service rates. We also have the (mis)fortune of having a shallow water sailor in our midst. Yes, good people, we have a black sheep in our fold; he was a proud submariner on one of our pig boats. Practically all of our members of Batt. 3-R have experienced some type of overseas duty. (No, this isn't a flag waving speech, fellows).

Our excellent physical condition was soon broken down into miserable physical wrecks under the capable hands (and whip) of that congenial Chief Specialist (A) Schwartz.

That group of super intellectuals of Company A is guided by Company Commander "Pointed Ears" Basil, CRT., who also holds the rate of "Chief Wolf."

Company B, a group of practically normal human beings, is headed by Chief "Hen Pecked" Gish, CRT.

Company C is a normal conglomeration of characters who are led by the capable but war-weary (Asiatic) mind of "The Pouch" Crone, ARM1/c.

Over the Batt. falls the superman shadow of Chief "Scoop" Souza, who is known the world over for his famous (?) sayings; the best of these his "Have no fear, Souza's here," is the most notable.

"Hot Pilot" Davidson's world famous glee club and band are earning  
(Continued on Page 13, Col. 2)



K-9 CORPS VET ATTEMPTS REGISTRATION  
Sgt. Nick (right) discusses G.I. Bill with Vera Philbin and friend



# BACK AT CAL POLY

By S/Sgt. Glenn Arthur

**P**OLY is still Poly, at least as far as I have been able to see in almost a week here. After being away for nearly three years, I expected to find many, many changes. The same old profs, as genial or as mean as ever, are still around. The buildings are in the same locations with a few changes here and there. The new Administration building is finished and really a beauty. All in all it is really great to be back and see the same old Poly atmosphere still prevailing here. There is still the usual quota of cowboys spinning a rope in front of Chase Hall, the kibitzing at the pool tables in the El Corral, and Miss Chase is still menacing the boys in the English class.

All the departments are functioning as usual—maybe with fewer students and lacking some peacetime luxuries, but functioning. There are still plenty of animals in the Meat Animal units and a pansy or two in the glasshouses. I noticed a larger herd of Guernseys at the Dairy barns. The old salt of Poly, Mr. Figge, is still in the shops looking as young as ever. The Aero twins, Mart and Metz, are as rough as ever on their students. The Cafe is putting out a good meal (no dehydrated potatoes either). Rosita the little dynamo of the office staff is as full of life as ever and working hard to get the News Letter out on schedule. A great idea, the News Letter.

From what I have heard here and there, some really great improvements are on the drafting boards now and will get underway as soon as hostilities cease. There are also rumors of new departments to be added in the Commercial field. All the twists and turns of the G.I. Bill of Rights are being straightened out so that it will be easy for old Polyites to get back in the groove. Everything is pointing toward post-war Poly and it is really going to be great. All the former students have to do to make up their minds about coming back, is just to visit the old homestead for a day or two. It is the same old place.

## EL MUSTANG JR.

The ROUNDUP'S little boy, EL MUSTANG JR., made a hurry-up appearance on the campus Monday in answer to a much-needed method of keeping NARU men, civilian students and faculty informed of coming events and late news. The ROUNDUP staff is also JRS.' staff. It is hoped that eventually it can become a deluxe mimeographed tabloid with printed headlines, cartoons, etc.

# EXPERIENCES

By D. H. Edmondson, 3-R, Pl. 1

**O**N July, 1941, I was sworn into the Navy.

Standing in the Customs Building, in Denver, with nine other sailors to be, at 1400, July 28, 1941, I saw my first navy officer.

In a neat column with our right hands in the air, we repeated word for word what the Lieutenant said. At the end of the indoctrination all hands were to say in unison, "I do," one man at the end said, "I don't know."

They got him later.

Then to boot camp. We were placed in a detention unit or "Bull Pen," as we called it. Our clothes were shipped home, and our hair was cut off. Then we were sent top-side in our birthday suits to receive our physical examinations.

We stood in a large room with corpsmen marking different parts of our body with iodine swabs; if you had ever had an appendectomy, they would mark an "X" on your side; if you still had your tonsils, they would put a straight mark on your throat. Then came the hypodermics, small pox, measles, and tetanus.

We boots had heard the scuttlebutt that our final shot was to be in the left eye. Being worried we waited patiently; finally a "pill-roller," who always was yelling, "Get hot, you are wasting my time and the government's money," came by with an enormous hypo needle (found out

later the instrument was used to flush wax out of the ears). The first "Mac" he saw, was me. "All right, sailor, you are first for the eye shot;" I fainted. Every outfit has its character. Then came the pleasant days of marching—Swartz's style.

I was a driver for Captain Gerry for two days; tore off the corner of the Administration building, and was transferred to a higher position — mess cooking.

My girl, Mardell, wrote and asked if I had made Ensign as yet. I wrote back—"Am now Captain of the Head." She put in the home town paper, "Local boy makes good — Captain of the Head." She finally found out what I meant. At least, I know there are other people besides the Japanese that lose face. I haven't heard from Mardi since.

Experiences are much better told over a glass of "Golden Joy," in some pub; but to finish up these 300 words, I'll write, "The laws of the navy are many, unwritten and varied they be, and he who is wise will observe them, going down to his ship to the sea."

That isn't so bad considering that there are only 72 Navy governing articles, and Caven.

\*R. H. Goodson, Captain, U. S. Navy.



FORMER STUDENTS VISITS ALMA MATER  
Instructor Howes and Sgt. Arthur talk over war-changes at Poly





POLY BAND BEATS IT OUT FOR GRADUATION  
... while Maestro Davidson chased wind-blown sheet music

## THOUGHTS AT 1115

A Short Short Story Complete On This Page

By L. B Manavich

IT was 1115.

Mrs. Bill Sloane fondly picked up her son's picture off the mantle as she was dusting the living room and thought back to the evening of December 8, 1941, when he had put his arms around her and softly said, "Mom, I've enlisted."

Her son — her little Bill — now a man, fighting through fever infested jungles, ever pursuing fleeing Japanese soldiers, sleeping little in foot-deep mud, eating little of pre-cooked meals; always on the march, battling for the day when he could come back to a land of freedom, never complaining, never flinching.

She recalled how, even when he was small, he never once cried when she bandaged his cuts and bruises received while playing; and no matter how badly he was hurt he would bravely smile through tearful eyes.

The musical chime of the doorbell startled her, and wiping a tear from her eyes, she hurried to the door hopefully thinking it might be the long-delayed letter from Bill.

It was 1115.

Bill Sloane, Sr., proudly looked at the picture of his son on his desk, and even more proudly thought of that afternoon on December 8, 1941 when Bill came into the office and solemnly said, "Pop, I've signed up

today and will be leaving in the morning."

His son; fighting in the hot wet jungles of Guadalcanal, Bougainville and now the Philippines; fighting those treacherous, yellow, experienced killers, fighting against overwhelming odds so that his mother and father and all mothers and fathers would not have to live a life of slavery under "Tojo" or "Shicklegruber."

It seemed only yesterday that Bill had come to him with his childhood problems, wanting a new bladder for his broken football, asking him to fix a bent sled runner and later, he remembered, how Bill came to him one day declaring himself with youthful pride in his voice, "Pop, I am going to marry Mary Foster."

His son, now fighting in a man's world.

The strident ringing of the telephone on the desk awoke him from his dreaming to his important duties as assistant statistician of B—— Airplanes, Inc., and tears in his eyes, unashamed, he reached for the telephone.

It was 1115.

Mary Foster gazed wistfully at the picture of Bill Sloane in her locket and tears came to her eyes as she thought of their last night together.

How proud she had been of him December 8 when taking her in his

arms he whispered, "Darling, our wedding will have to be postponed for a little while. I enlisted today."

That was all he had said, but she knew that if his heart would let him he could say a lot more — that he wanted to make the world safe for their children to live in and after the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor killing all the innocent women and children, plunging the United States into war, he couldn't wait any longer — that — and a whole lot more. She felt a hard lump in her throat and tears glistened in her eyes thinking of it now.

The harsh clangor of the bell signifying the end of her ten minute relief broke into her thoughts and reminded her she had a job to do. Snapping the locket shut, she started back to her drill press in the ammunition factory (with a willing heart).

It was 1115.

Bill Sloane watched with unseeing eyes the small jungle clearing in front of him with his hand ever ready on the trigger guard of his light machine gun.

Bill did not see the eighty-seven dead and wounded Japanese soldiers sprawled over the area in front of him.

Bill was not thinking of his last day in the States and of saying goodbye to the folks and Mary.

Bill did not notice the flies swarming around the growing pool of blood at his side.

Bill could not.

Bill Sloane was dead.





## BATTALION 2-R

### PITCHIN' THE DIRT

By The Tattler

**W**HEN Brown of 1R left so left our bugler and for a week it was peaceful around the barracks at dawn. But as fate would have it up popped another one to take his place. This time it was "Martinez" of 2R-C2. He's a trumpet man in the band, and as a trumpet man he's hot, but when it comes to the bugle — he needs a few more lessons. I guess it must be the shape of the bugle that makes the notes come out sour.

In connection with our bugler though, they have a new system — It's an elaborate system but it has proven a foul ball. It is a loud speaker system put in the barracks to wake the men up, but it's not loud enough for that, and it can't be regulated cause if it's turned up enough to be loud down at the chicken coups, then it's too loud up at Deuel. And then too, all they play on it is the Army Air Corps song. I guess they do that to get the men mad enough to get up.

Our **beloved** disciplinarian Chief Schwartz has just returned from the

frigid zone where he took the 1R group to Pre-Flight, and quite happy about it too. He said it was a relief to see some snow and feel some good cold weather for a change. He is originally from Minnesota.

Well, it sure looks as though old **Dan Cupid** has really been working over time lately, because another boy from 2R has wandered up that rocky road to matrimony. He's **Kenneth S. Cook**, 2C-2. He sent for his girl from his home town in Ohio, they were married here last Saturday the 20th of January at 1:45 p.m. at the **Methodist** church here in town. If this keeps up all the trainers **will be Brown Baggers** before long.

\* \* \*

In what way is a Jap like a girdle?

They both sneak up on you, and it

takes a Yank to pull them down.

*Above: BRAIN TRUSTERS FINALLY GRADUATE. (left to right): Dodson, Barclay, Brugman, Cottrill, Nanavich, Stephens, Walker, Witkowski, Frokjer, Vick, Dadoly, Gregg, Hill, Clark, Walden, Cawley, LaChance, Gardner, Overley. (eaten) Chiefs Bergstrom, Barton, Haff and Vinson. (missing) Jones and Maakestad.*

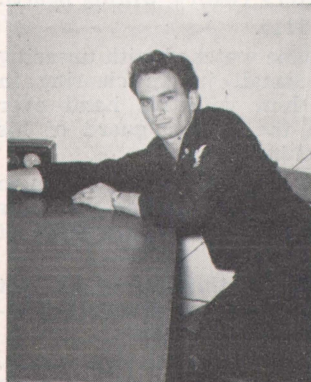
### PERSONALITIES

There is a lad in 2R-B-1 who swears he will never get another haircut. It seems that every time he goes on the beach to get his ears set out, he winds up wetting his whistle and the next morning he finds that instead of being trimmed he was scalped.

Our advice to you **DAVID J. CAWLEY** is to look for a **BAR-BER** sign instead of a **BAR** sign.

Cawley is one of the lads who was out of the States more than two years and has received the Air Medals and a Presidential Unit citation. His tour of duty includes engagements at Guadalcanal, Santa Cruz, Marshalls, Palau, Truk, Saipan, and Philippean Sea.

There is some rumor of coming nuptials for brother Cawley. How about it, David?



**CAWLEY**  
... wonder boy



**GARDNER**  
9-ball kid



**FROKJER**  
married man



**DODSON**  
wide-awake



Swish!!! What was that, a P-38? No, that was just GEORGE WASHINGTON "FLASH" GARDNER, on his way to catch the "Daylight" for 'Frisco, as he does every Saturday. If you should notice the dazed sort of stupor that the "Flash" walks around in on Monday mornings you will recognize it as the very tired expression one gets from riding these "Super Chief" trains that run from here to 'Frisco.

George was married last May and he has kept track of every minute that he has spent with his wife. He can tell you the exact number of hours and minutes of each day that he has seen her.

\* \* \*

FROKJER, ELMER "SWEDE" H., a staunch member of "The Motel Inn Brigade," has been forced to relinquish his membership. After all other efforts to get more liberty failed, "Swede" got married Saturday, January 20, to Miss Marjorie Seifert, formerly of Chicago.

"B" Company's regard for "Swede" is best illustrated by their \$50 War Bond wedding gift.

Frokjer joined the Navy, January 7, 1942, and was attached to Fleet Air Wing One. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Frokjer of Centuria, Wisconsin.

\* \* \*

DODSON, RAYMOND (RED) CRAIG AOM1/c is a curly, carrot-topped lad with a bright and somewhat pink smile on his face at all times.

Red claims that his favorite pastime is sleeping. This is one art in which he is not excelled. He admits that he could even sleep in a standing, sitting, squatting, running or jumping position as well as in his sack or curled up on top of a table.

Upon returning to the States after over twenty months in the South Pacific, Red married a sweet little gal by the name of Stella. He says he ran like h—— but she caught him — while he was sleeping. But he likes it.

**Mustang Roundup, February, 1945**



*HAFF  
big boss*



*WALDEN  
the flash*



*STEPHENS  
did it again*

HAROLD "GESTAPO" HAFF, battalion 2-R commander, makes the headlines again, and his winning smile tells us that he is one of the more popular men in the battalion. He is top man in B company's grade curve, a position attained only by many long hours spent studying — of course that means giving up wine, women, and song, so the rest of us will give him that position without a struggle.

Haff has shown splendid qualities though, in leadership of men and initiative, along with his studious nature. He is a man of many virtues (?), a great athlete, and has many hobbies — his main hobby at present is writing report slips.

\* \* \*

FRED P. WALDEN, PM1/c, USN, became interested in photography while aboard the U.S.S. Pennsyl-

vania. The Photographers mate was wounded and could not carry on his duties. Fred, who was a seaman striking for QM, took over and did so well that he was rated 3rd class PM and assigned to the photography laboratory.

His navy experience includes two years service aboard the U.S.S. Pennsylvania and shore duty at New Caledonia.

\* \* \*

Every two weeks Mr. STEPHENS' little boy Francis puts in his special liberty chit for the allowed Saturday overnight. He uses as his reason, rest and recreation. When asked what he did on the other two week ends he replied, "I had so much recreation last week that all I want this week is, REST."

Steve is the pool shootin'est eight ball player ever. He says, "All I need is one shot to make the eight ball." This he has proved time and again, much to his partner's consternation.



*Left: Cal Poly's den of iniquity  
where many a post-examination relaxation period is held.*





OLSON  
seen but not heard



MILISTEFR  
flash bulb boy



McCARTEN  
physical misfit

## 3-R PERSONALITIES

### JACK BASIL

Those of you who are interested in the basketball games in which Cal Poly is now engaged will have seen and heard about Jack Basil, but few, if any of the fellows realize that ACRT Basil is the brain of Company "A".

Jack served on Guadalcanal with PATSU 1-3 and holds the South Pacific and American Defense ribbons along with a letter of commendation. Although he has only been on active duty since June 1944, Jack was in the Naval Reserve from June 1942 to December 1944. He took radio at Port Arthur, Texas.

Basil is a native of Beaumont, Texas, and comes by his sports ability naturally since his father is a

retired baseball umpire. Radio has turned out to be his hobby with sports running a close second.

Basil is happily married and his wife awaits his eventual homecoming in Beaumont.

\* \* \*

### GORDON COPPEDGE

Coppedge lives in San Diego, California, but spent the first ten years of his younger life on the Argentina Pampas. At the time he had long blonde curls and wore the traditional costume of the South American cowboy.

Since his father was a retired Chief Torpedoman and Gordon a member of the Naval Reserve, he was a cinch to enter the navy. He entered as a pharmacists mate on

the strength of his training at Los Angeles City College and his training as a male nurse.

After service on Makin, New Zealand, New Hebrides, Munda, Guadalcanal and with the third wave of Marines on Tarawa, our hero finally got his fondest wish and reported to Cal Poly as an AvCad Trainee.

\* \* \*

### ALLEN STREIFF

Here we have one of those talked about but seldom seen "native Californians." A Los Angeleno, his post-war expectations include college and possibly some training in photography.

Streiff made signalman and ended up in the armed guard. The kid, he's 21, saw service in the Marshalls, Saipan, and elsewhere in the South Pacific, was really scared when his convoy was strafed, then attacked by a squadron of Jap torpedo boats. While off Saipan his ship was attacked by a Betty which sheered a wing off on the cargo boom. Along with his congratulations, the Admiral sent the comment that "that was one way to get them and the flag should be put on the boom instead of the stack."

\* \* \*

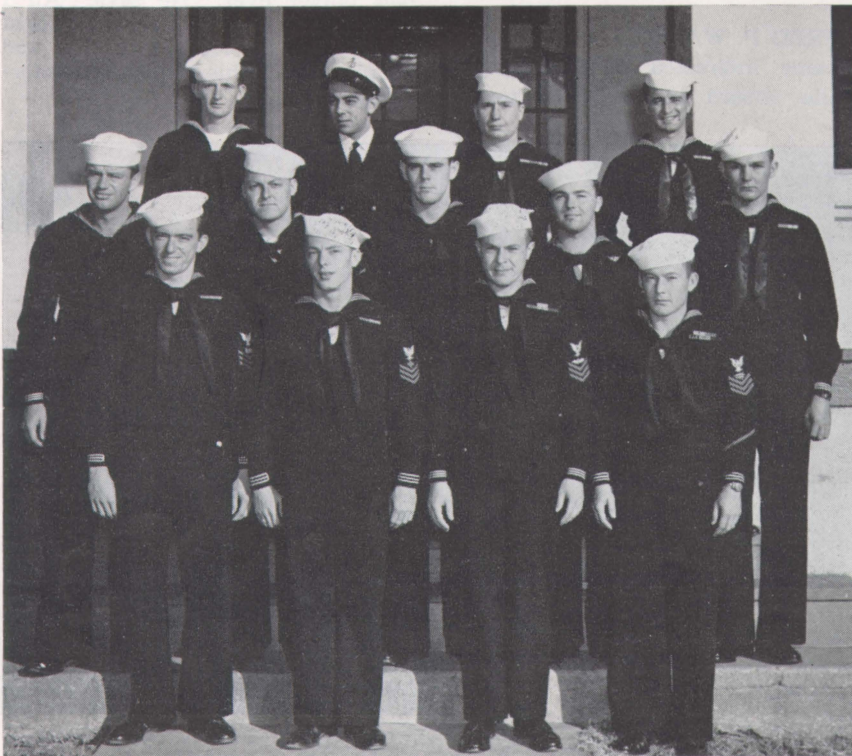
### ROBERT McCARTEN

As you can see by the picture, Bob McCarten is the original 20 year man. Mac has been in the service about four years with most of his duty in the Aleutians around Dutch Harbor, Adak, Kiska, Attu and on troop convoy aboard the USS KING, DD 242. He spent time in the Sub School at New London.

Almost at the start of a cruise, Bob found that he was the only "salt"

### 3-R—CO. A

(Left to right): First Row: Armstrong, W. C. PhM1c; Coppedge, G. A., PhM1c; Kanarek, I. M., AM1c; Anthony, M. D., RM1c; Second Row: Greenwood, R., QM2c; Graves, L. S., AMM1c; Kerr, R. L., GM3c; Rhame, J. M., AMM3c; Streiff, A. E., SM2c; Back Row: Repass, H. A., ARM2c; Basil, S. J., ACRT; McCarten, R. A., EM1c; Brown, J. A., PhM1c.





in the electrician gang and took the leap for AvCad. In case you have any doubts as to this lad's versatility, go to the movies and watch the way he handles the projector. Mac maintains that his jobs in civvies (bank, dance hall, and brewery) fit him for naval life.

This unique gentleman who comes from Omaha, Nebraska, has the lowest athletic test score in 3R which fits him for some place in your memory.

\* \* \*

#### EDWARD F. SOUZA

Souza, ACM, doesn't have to be expounded on a great deal because everyone knows him as "That company commander of that Batt 3R". Edward (no relation to John Philip) put the USS YORKTOWN in commission and stayed with her, as rear seat man of scouting squadron five, till the day she went down. During that time he picked up four stars by reason of participating in the Marshall and Gilbert invasions, and attacks on Salamua Lae, Tulagi. Also was present during Coral Sea and Midway sea battles. We consider that to be quite a little combat duty.

\* \* \*

#### ARNOLD E. OLSON JR.

Olson, AOM1/c, fourteen months aboard the USS COWPENS, during which time he had 13 months combat duty as gunner on a torpedo bomber. Arnold has probably been in about every major engagement in the Pacific, picking up nine stars and the Air Medal. He was awarded the Air Medal for his excellent conduct in a raid on Truk at which time he was called upon to administer first aid to a wounded shipmate and at the same time maintain security at his after gun position.

Arnold hails from Pittsburgh, Pa., and has had about three weeks in service.



STERIFF  
*liberty bound*

#### WILSON H. CRONE

Crone, ARM1/c, started out by being one of those present on December 7 at Pearl Harbor and didn't quit until just recently, having amassed a total of 2,900 flight hours over a period of 37 months overseas. Crone was a member of a Patrol Bombing Squadron most of the time. Besides the Pearl Harbor fiasco, Crone was present at Salamua Lea, Bismark Archipelago, and the New Guinea operation. He has four stars to date. He also holds the good conduct medal.

Crone, fondly known among the members of Company C as "the pouch," is the Company Commander of Company "C", and from all reports is doing a good job. Incidentally the nick name "pouch" is not due to any physical peculiarities, but comes, we are told, from several generations back.



COPPEDGE  
*nursery*

#### FRANCIS D. MILISTEFR

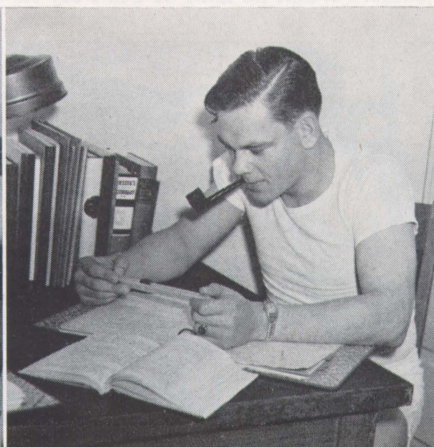
Prior to coming to NARU, Milistefer, PhoM1/c, was a member of the Navy's first self-sufficient photo squadron to be commissioned, namely VD-1. Francis, aside from the above mentioned squadron, has had a wide and varied experience in photo work. He took part in many raids of which were Rendova, and Munda, Marcus and Bougainville. Also did a little duty up at "TI" which is never very bad they say. Francis wears three campaign stars besides holding a commendation from Fleet Admiral Nimitz for work at Rendova and Munda.

To many people that do not know Milistefer personally may we say this: He is that little man that can be seen racing around at Basketball games, dances, and dress parades, snapping pictures of all sizes and dimensions with that big camera.



BASIL  
*a B.T.O.*

Mustang Roundup, February, 1945



CRONE  
*the pouch*



SOUZA  
*a student*





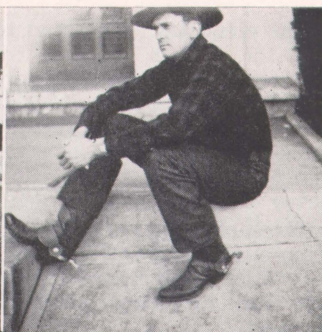
**MACK**  
*waterboy*



**LARKEY**  
*cycle fiend*



**CURTIS**  
*vice admiral (ret.)*



**SANTEL**  
*world traveler*

## CAMPUS CHARACTERS

### AD SANTEL

Ad Santel, known as the "keeper of the keys" in Chase Hall, is what may be called a very traveled man. He spent a year in the "land down under" with his father, who by the way was light heavyweight wrestling champion of the world from 1920 to 1935. From Australia he took to the high seas for Hawaii. Coming to Cal Poly from Cal Aggies, Ad plans to run competition with Bob Burns in the hog business.

\* \* \*

### WARREN E. CURTIS

"Vice" Admiral, New Port Harbor Fishing Fleet, Retired. Warren's college career has been delayed by work in Southern California's war plants. One of those guys who never learns, he is still hot for the first motorcycle he can grab. Claimed by some to be a bad influence on Will Parker, but perhaps it is the other way around.

\* \* \*

### MITCH EVOVITCH

Here at Poly we have among us, whether we like it or not, Mitch Evovitch. He is the boy with the E-flat voice who makes such a big hit with "Dealer" Dilts. Mitch has plans of becoming a veterinarian,

but Uncle Sam seems to think that Mitch would make a first class "foot soldier."

\* \* \*

### VERN LUCE

Vern Luce — nocturnal firechief who has yet to go to his first fire, is an ex-dealer from Sacramento and officer of the Frosh class, president of the power house, naturally is reason enough for his unique political philosophy. As an electrical major he hopes to get in on the ground floor when they run a power line into Sacramento.

\* \* \*

### ADE HARDERS

Ade is the old man of Cal Poly and has probably done more things in his twenty odd years than most men do in a lifetime. As a bartender Ade is no novice, but when it comes to handling the Manilla, Ade isn't in the category of the man who couldn't hit the ground with his hat.

\* \* \*

### DAVE WIXOM

Almost everyone on the campus knows "Tiny" Wixom, and those who haven't met him surely must have seen him. Tiny stands 6'6" and is a formidable figure on the basketball court. When he isn't at Cal Poly he

itches his tent in Paso Robles. They plan to draft him into the army to replace a tank for overseas duty.

\* \* \*

### ERNEST LARKEY

Ernie is one of those boys who is just keeping ahead of the Pearly Gates when he hits 70 per on his motorcycle, or what is courteously known as a death wagon. Ernie grinds valves for "Jungle Jim" Merson when he isn't busy with his aero course.

\* \* \*

### LUIS MACK

Luis Mack, probably one of the fastest dish washers in the history of the Noogle dynasty, is our only rope spinning industrial student. Originally from South Dakota, Mac came west with his parents in a prairie schooner and settled in the thriving community of Atascadero.

• • •

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge."

You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!"

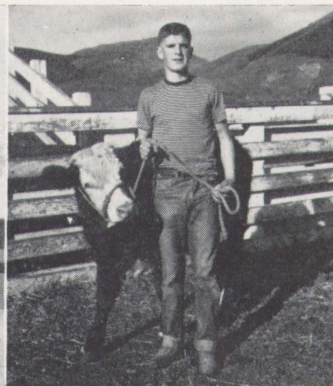
"Well, make it a pint then."



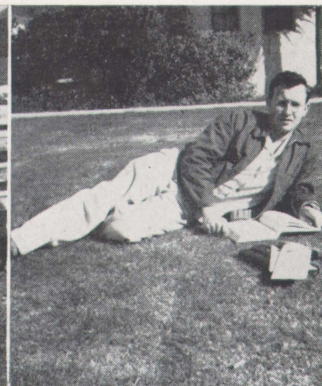
**WIXOM**  
*... "Tiny"*



**HARDERS**  
*the old man*



**EVOVITCH**  
*the mad Russian*



**LUCE**  
*fire chief*



## ADIOS AMIGOS

**T**HAT bug, "check out," has been crawling around again. It has managed to bite four more of the Mustang men. This is a pretty heavy cut for our already thin ranks.

Uncle Sam tapped JOHN C. STANSFIELD on the shoulder and bid him come serve in the armed forces. John had two weeks before induction so he headed for home. Here's to the very best of luck for you, amigo.

'Way up north in Humboldt County, the land of green pastures (ask any Humboldt man, he'll tell you!) FRANCIS WALKER is helping produce more good rich milk. He's at home helping his dad run their dairy.

GEORGE E. PIERCE and MARK CARMAN are going to be seeing a lot of each other. Both are up around Davis, on the ground floor of some swell farming country. George had to go home for medical reasons. Mark didn't go along for the ride. He intends to work up there. There is also a slight possibility that he may enroll at Davis.

We're sorry to see these fellows leave but we look forward to seeing them on the campus again, if not as students, at least as visitors.

Adios, mi amigos!

## VETERANS HIT THE BOOKS

**A**MONG Cal Poly's civilian students are to be found 12 men who have no fear of their Draft Boards. These 12 men have already served in some branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces and have received honorable discharges from the service.

Some of these 12 men are receiving financial aid through Public Law 16, the federal rehabilitation act, some are here under Public Law 346, the G. I. Bill of Rights and a few are receiving no federal financial aid.

The Meat Animal department claims the following five men: Brad Arrington, James Case, James O'Niell, Angus McDonald and Herb Walkup.

Three are Dairy men: Charles McLaughlin, Donald Mann, and Harold Hiatt.

The Aero department with Bob Johnson and Tom Leonard are tied with the Poultry department which also has two veterans: Al Renwick and Corydan Burnett.

(Continued from Page 5)

ing many numerous laurels due to the considerate and musically talented (?) members of Batt. 3-R. (NOTICE—no one failing in his English class).

Another noticeable incident has been the fact that out of the last four games, the basketball team has

won three games due partially to the playing ability of new members of the team from Batt. 3-R.

So to the faculty, station officers, civilian students and shipmates of Batt. 2-R, and other friends, we can proudly say:

"GLAD TO BE ABOARD"

## ORANGE COUNTY'S CONTRIBUTION

**T**HOROUGH investigation of the record has revealed that Orange County holds a singular honor here at California Polytechnic. Not because she produced oranges at an average of 296 packer boxes per acre, or is the home of the celebrated beach Corona Del Mar — these are all secondary factors. Orange county has ten loyal sons at Poly — more than any other county in the state.

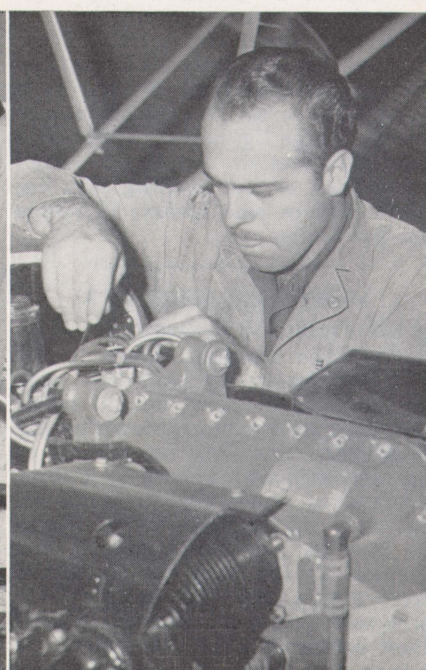
Among these southerners is WARREN E. CURTIS, one of the old guard of the Electrical Department and one of the few men who can still see the light in Prof. Wolf's physics lecture. An Anaheim man, Curtis has seen the battle of Douglas, worked in refrigeration, and with his father commanded a fishing boat out of good old Newport.

MEL EBERHARD, who is believed to be enrolled as a M.A. Major, is seldom found in an animal science course. Now that he's dealt in with the M & O Department, he finds it profitable to take up permanent residence. There seem to

(Continued to Page 16)

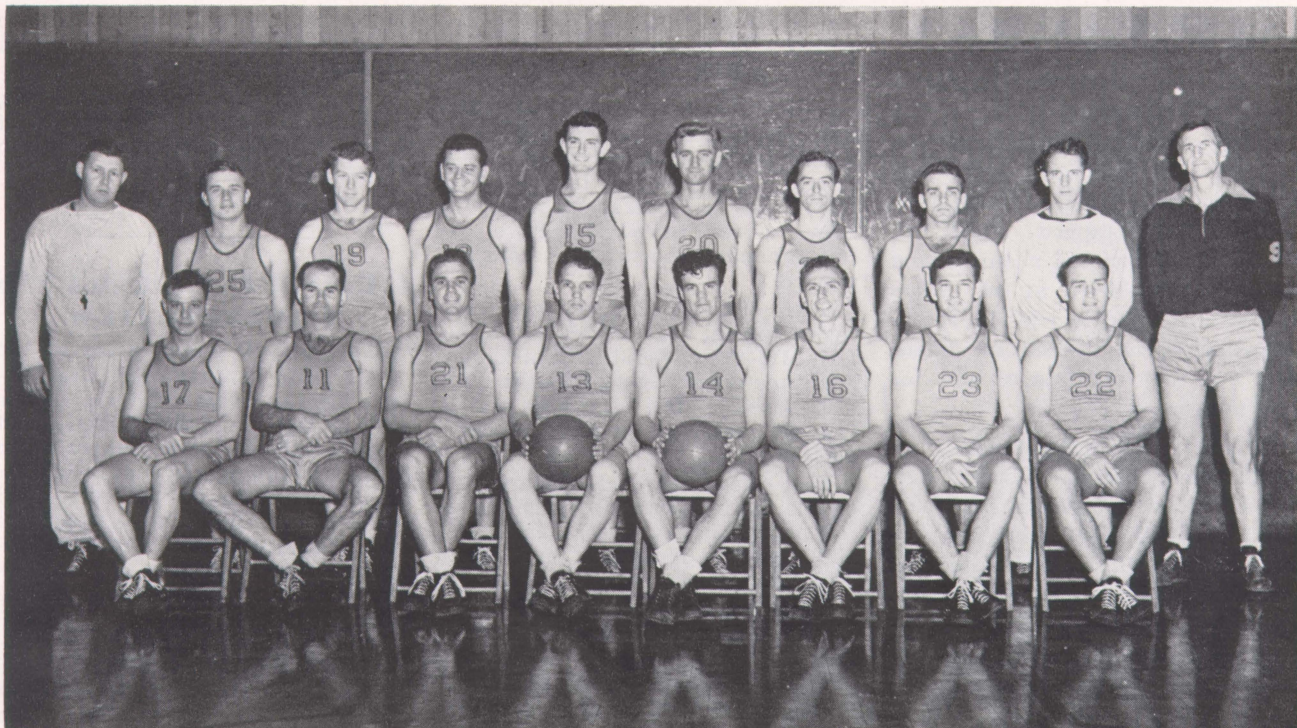


TRIMMING THE BULL"  
Does it hurt, Brad?



JOHNSON, AERO TECHNICIAN  
... he tampers





THE MUSTANG VARSITY ... BETTER and BETTER

## CASABA ARTISTS

### DOUBLE WIN

A strong Cal Poly Navy basketball team defeated the San Luis High varsity on January 3 by a score of 34 to 24. King and Kaiser, playing their last game for Poly, before leaving for pre-flight school, played a great defensive game. Kaiser tanked 16 points to cop high point honors for the evening.

In the preliminary game of the evening, the Cal Poly mules defeated the San Luis High B team by a score of 27 to 12. The Mules, coached by George Ilg, held a comfortable lead all through the game. High point man of the evening was big Dave Wixom who tanked 10 points for the Mules.

### MUSTANGS WHIP P. R.

ON Friday, 19 January, the Paso Robles Merchants came to Cal Poly feeling pretty confident with an undefeated record behind them, but were soon trimmed down by the Mustangs. Cal Poly started off to an early lead with a score by Walker and played a fast, exciting game all the way. At the half the score stood at 24-7 for the Mustangs. In the opinion of the fans the standouts were Turley and Collis, both of 3-R, who each scored ten points. A brilliant defensive game was played by Caven and Gish, who were largely responsible for keeping the Merchants score down to a minimum. Kreeger, who has played well consistently during the season, was kept

on the bench most of the game by a bad ankle. At the final gun, the score was Mustangs 49; Merchants 28.

In a fast preliminary game, the civilian Mule squad whipped the liberty-dissipated NARU second team, 22-20.

### CAMP COOKE WINS

IN a fast, close game at the Cal Poly gym January 23, a team from Camp Cooke defeated the Cal Poly varsity, 35 to 34. It was a game that could have gone either way with the smallest of breaks.

Collingwood, Camp Cooke forward, scored 16 points and gave fans a look at some really smooth work. A former San Francisco college player, he at one time had some all American mention.

The lineups and individuals scores:

CAMP COOKE: Collingwood, f, 16; Donoff, f, 9; Sample, c, 4; Breher, g, 2; Zautche, g, 2; Short, 2. CAL POLY: Collis, f, 7; Walker, f, 5; Kreeger, c, 2; Turley, g, 6; Caven, g, 8; Disch, 6.

### ONE EACH

THE Cal Poly Mules lost their first game of the current season on January 24 by losing to Serpa's All Stars 42 to 47. Cal Poly led at half time but could not hold the lead throughout the second half. High point man for Poly was Elovich who tanked 13 points, while Rosa scored 24 points for the All Stars.

ABOVE: 1st row: Morgan, Caven, Gish, Pace, Kreeger, Walker, Collis, Simmons. 2nd row: Lt. (j.g.) Fries, Phillips, Graham, Soltis, Johnson, Langenderfer, Armstrong, Reese, Turley, and Vernon Meacham.

The other game saw the Cal Poly varsity defeat the Atascadero Merchants by a score of 60 to 23. High point man for Poly was Kreeger who tanked 13 points. This Cal Poly team composed entirely of Navy men is one of the best teams seen in action this year.

### POLY BEATS COOKE

ON Friday, January 26 the Mustangs traveled to Camp Cooke only to find that the 386th Infantry, which had whipped them the previous Tuesday, were already playing another team. Camp Cooke coaches got a team together from an Engineer regiment and the Mustangs gave them a regular Cal Poly trimming, 57-30. Our high scorers were Walker with 15 points and Collis with 12. On Monday, January 29 the 386th is scheduled to come here for a return match and the Mustangs are planning their revenge.

• • •

### Simple People

Garback to Maige who's painting the ceiling: "Get a good hold on that brush. I'm going to move the ladder."



## SUPERMEN????

ON Monday, 8 January at 0820, as the sun was trying to climb above the hills around Cal Poly, and the cold fog was still settled over the campus, forlorn gray shapes were seen moving from Grandall Gym toward the athletics field. What was this, the Dawn Patrol; or maybe just a bad dream as a result of the previous week end? No, nothing like that! It was a dream, however; a fanatical scheme concocted jointly by Lieut. Fries and Iron Man Schwartz. This drama about to be enacted was merely Company "C", Batt. 3-R falling out for their daily stint of P.T. under the new ninety-minute schedule. If numerous grunts and groans have been heard lately around the Campus, all hands know who is to be blamed. Where the Cal Poly solons are trying to make supermen or physical wrecks out of us is yet to be seen.

• • •

She: "Do you know what they are saying about me?"

Bergstrom: "Yes, that's why I came over."

# EXTRA CURRICULA P.T.

(FOR THOSE THAT CAN STAND IT!)

By R. Vaillancourt

A lot of the fellas have been wondering what San Luis Obispo has to offer in the way of weekend recreational sports, so yours truly attempted to dig up a little dope for those that like to do their sporting outside.

Golfing seems to be the main feature although the two available courses are not too accessible. The first, and closest one, is Cabrillo Golf Club, which is located over at the Morro Bay State Park. The best way to get there is out the highway past Camp SLO. No transportation is available, so the usual method will have to be used. Prices are considered "normal" in this war-torn world as you will see: Green Fees 75c and rented clubs 75c. The second course is Atascadero Golf Club which is located about eighteen miles north on highway 101. Buses run occasionally, but the above mentioned method is recommended. Prices run about the same.

The writer has tried both of these courses and guarantees a lot of laughs, fun, and an occasional bit of profanity. After all what is golf without a little bit of profanity?

**BOWLING:** For Bowling enthusiasts, there is a New El Camino Bowling Alleys located at 1115 Santa Rosa St. in town. Prices are 20c a line on weekdays and 25c on Saturdays and Sundays.

**ROLLER SKATING:** A skating rink can be located at the San Luis Obispo Athletic Club situated out on Morro Bay Highway. The rates are 25c with own skates (kids a quarter), and 35c with skates furnished.

Just to keep the records straight, there used to be a little riding out at the Motel Inn. That, however, is a thing of the past, the Inn focussing their attentions on other endeavors. The stables are still there, but, alas, no horses.



MULES VS. 2-R CO. C  
How did Sgt. Arthur get in there?



VARSITY VS. PASO ROBLES  
Mustangs triumphed



### ORANGE COUNTY Cont.

be no limit to the number of 87½¢ per hour jobs he holds.

KENNETH GORHAM, another Anaheim man, has tossed over the beautiful orange groves for his quest of knowledge in the field of animal husbandry. He can generally be found over at the Swine Unit when not in the sack over in Chase Dorm. It is rumored that he is occasionally seen in class too.

RICHARD KELLY — Vice-president in charge of manures — Hog Barn, but behind this title is found a man of great versatility.

A "good old line man" and officer in his home chapter FFA, he has earned the respect of everything living west of the Railroad bridge.

JOHN PRESCOTT, local representative for the Tustin Chamber of Commerce and last remaining veteran of Cal Poly's Rest Home and Gent's Club at San Dimas, is a citrus major. He constantly tries to rally the cause for Voorhis Unit with a minimum of success.

MAC THOMPSON, probably one of the more refined members of the group, is this Laguna Beach lad. His fast feet earned him three letters on the Tustin High Track. He's the only O.H. man here, but he gets his money's worth.

If anyone was to earn the title of "Desmonds Campus Representative," it would without doubt be given to JAY TUCKER, another "up county" man. A veteran of 17 months on the Swing Shift, Jay suddenly saw a greater future in feathered flying devices than the kind he had formerly been associated with, so his main interest now is brooding a batch of Cornish-Red Chicks with 99 & 44/100% livability.

HOWARD CHRISTENSEN, a citrus man by birth and an auto monkey by choice, can generally be found atop a tractor somewhere. Is famous for his 9 to 1 compression ratio automobile that he has not as yet produced. Goes in heavy for

math but can't see the platitudes of biological science.

Probably smoothest of the group is BOB JOHNSTON, a freshman aero student, who already has what the rest of them work two years to get, an A & E and a pilot's license. Drives a beautiful Ford Coupe with appropriate attachments. Flies back to Placentia via the automobile to smudge when the weatherman advises.

STEVE MANASSERO, an Iron Man of the Valencia Grid, tries to hit a happy medium between being an aero and a horticulture man. Rooms with Johnston and is always good for a laugh. His autobiography will be complete as he occasionally dives for a few pearls at the local restaurants.

### "WALL FLOWER CUTS IN"

A neat little one-act play entitled "The Wall-Flower Cuts In," was presented by the Young Men and

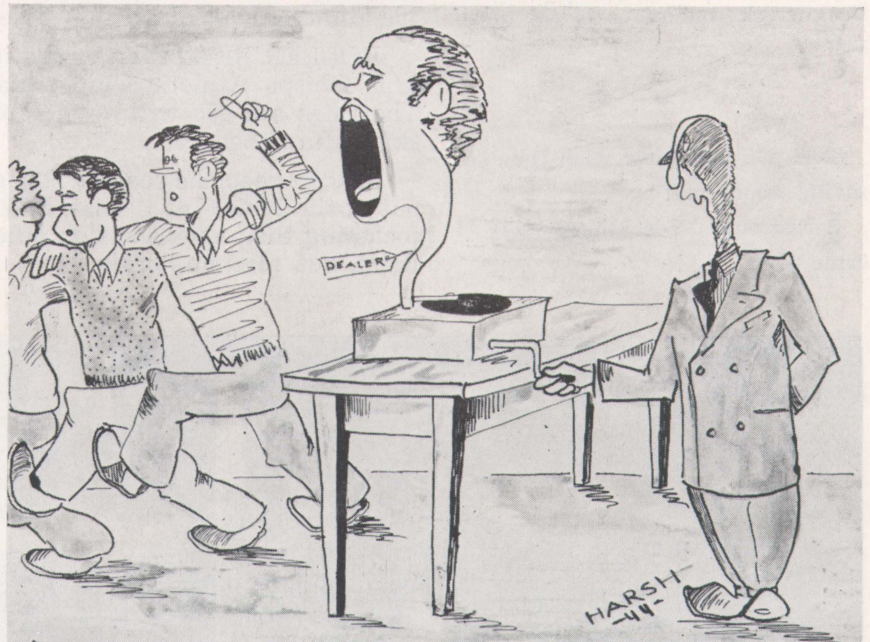
Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on January 26 as a special assembly program.

Three NARU men, Clark DeRees, Bob Forrest and John Hamilton, were the male leads. Also in the cast were: Loline Barnett, Joan Hewlett, Joel Barlow.

### SCUTTLEBUTT

This actually happened. Illustration of what repetition does to truths)

**Original Dope:** Some of 2R-B men to go to Pre-Flight with 1R. **Construed to following variations:** Losses horrible in Pacific so 2R-B all to go to Pre-Flight. Utterly ghastly losses so 2R-B & 2R-C direct to primary. **Crowning scuttlebutt:** 2R will get wings tomorrow and ship aboard carriers in a week. (Rumor started by Chief Barton of 2R-B1.)



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STUDIES TROUBLING YOU, LAD?

### M. A. CLUB ELECTS

Boots and Spurs Club, California Polytechnic meat animals husbandry department organization which has been inactive for the past year, was revived this week with the election of new officers and discussion of plans for the remainder of the school year.

Ade Harder, of Yosemite, was elected president, defeating Jim Case, Bud Harsh and Herb Walkup for the position.

Jim O'Neal, G.I. student from Glendale, was elected vice president, defeating Walkup and Case.

Jim Case, G.I. student from Phoenix, Arizona, was elected on a white ballot for the position of secretary-treasurer.

A \$1.00 initiation fee and twenty-five cents per week dues were established. It was voted to make assessments for special events.

The meeting, which had been called by Herb Walkup, was held in Chase Hall, from 7:15 to 7:45 p.m., January 29.

A nudist camp is one place where you don't look a person in the face.

\* \* \*

Chassereau: "Hello!"

Girl: "\_\_\_\_\_"

Chassereau: "Oh, Well."

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AND A PRAYER**



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**ANGELUS**  
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C. E. KNOTT  
*the milkman*

## PRACTICAL PHYSICISTS

**M**OST any morning between 0730 and 0800 you can expect to see the rosy cheeked figure of Mr. Knott wending his way on his trusty bicycle to Cal Poly. C. E. states that his morning and evening ride is all the exercise he needs in addition to his strenuous efforts exerted to keep the NARU boys interested in the subject of physics.

Mr. Knott attended the University of California, graduating in 1916 with a bachelor of science degree in electrical engineering.

He first came to Cal Poly as head of the industrial department. He also taught electrical work, surveying, and gas and steam engines. When the Navy started the NARU, he became a physics teacher and 2R-B-1 vouches for him being one of the best.

Mr. Knott lays the blame for forgetting his 21st wedding anniversary on the Navy boys taking up so much of his time that he didn't have time to remember it. This excuse however, he states, is not accepted at home.

\* \* \*

Husband (answering the 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."

\* \* \*

You can tell an apprentice seaman by his look of great alarm.

You can tell a petty officer by the chevies on his arm

You can tell a lieutenant by his manner, dress, and such.

You can also tell an ensign, but you sure can't tell him much.

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"BUCK" OPERATES  
... eeeeeek

### GOLDBRAID M. D.

OUR tall genial, graying medical officer, Lt. Comdr. Tagett, is a native of Batavia, New York. "Buck" Tagett, as he was tagged in his basketball days, is happily married to "the most beautiful wife in the world" and his family consists of two boys.

"Buck" was born and raised in New York state. Basketball was his pride and joy, having played on several championship teams in high school. He was physical director of the Batavia YMCA and later associate physical director of the Columbus, Ohio, YMCA. The doctor quit basketball after one year of college in order to enter pre-medical school at Ohio State. He took his medical training at Rochester, New York. During the next ten years he maintained a general practice in Ashtabula, N.Y. On December 8, 1941 Doctor Tagett volunteered.

He saw service with the Tenth Construction battalion, CB's, mostly on Midway. He has been at Poly for a year. The doctor is not strictly a "GI" officer and the fellows at the dispensary say he's OK. "Buck" and his corpsmen are just dying for some business, so don't be backward about calling on them, fellows.

\* \* \*

### LAME LIMERICK

A bather whose clothing was strewd  
By winds that left her quite nude,  
Saw a sailor come along,  
And unless I was wrong,  
You expected this last line to be  
lewd.

*The*

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