

Mustang ROUNDUP

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Mustang ROUNDUP

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The Editor's Log



QUEEN?
no, no, not this!

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

THE above picture is the best contribution to be admitted so far in this month's Campus Queen contest. If you think your girl (or girls) is better looking than the above entry, then it's time to enter her in the Campus Queen contest.

If AMM2/c Bill Taylor of 5RC-1, who entered the above picture, was willing to spend \$1.00 entry fee in the hope of winning, you ought to be willing to spend ten times that amount just to prevent such a catastrophic thing from happening. Luckily, however, no such price need be paid. A mere \$1.00 and an official entry blank is all you need. The rules to be followed are printed below for your convenience.

1. Every student body card holder is eligible to enter as many photographs of his female acquaintances as he wishes . . . the more the merrier.

2. Every photograph entered must have the name of the girl and the student's name printed plainly on the back and must be accompanied by an official entry blank and \$1.00.

3. Entries must be turned in to "Mike" Kain, 5RC3.

4. Judges will be Lt. Weigel, Lt. West, and Mr. Kennedy.

5. All photographs entered will be reproduced in the August issue of the Mustang Roundup.

6. The winner will receive either an all-expense paid trip to Cal Poly where she will be crowned Queen at the student body dance, or an appropriate gift suitably inscribed, or both, depending on the number of entries.

7. All photographs will be returned by July 30.

TALL STORY CONTEST

IF you have a good tall tale up your sleeve, here is your chance to get it into print and win a prize. The MUSTANG ROUNDUP will pay \$2.50 for the best and most original tall story submitted between July 7 and July 30. The tale can be fact or fiction, about anyone or anything, living or dead. Turn in your story, with your name, and platoon number, to R. E. Kennedy in room 208 (Library) on or before July 30, 1945. MUSTANG ROUNDUP reserves the right to publish all contributions entered.

FUNNIEST CARTOON CONTEST

THE MUSTANG ROUNDUP will pay \$2.50 for the best and funniest cartoon to be submitted by any student on or before July 30, 1945. Drawing should be in black ink on white paper, preferably on rather heavy drawing paper, and the caption should be written on the back. The MUSTANG ROUNDUP reserves the right to reproduce all contributions submitted.



LOADING OAFS

not wanted!
Caught during a spurt of activity, staff members Batcheller, Foley, Wilson and Titus show how they meet the deadlines. If you can't play a musical instrument or sing, we've got a place for you on the staff.



DOUBLE PLAY—LT. COOK TO DR. DEXTER
Lt. Cook set the stage for Dr. Dexter's speech on peace

WAR & PEACE

By Jim Lyle

HOPE for the future and human suffering of the past were both covered thoroughly in speeches by Dr. Walter Dexter, state superintendent of public instruction, and Lt. Charles Cook, U. S. Army Air Forces, at a banquet for agricultural teachers attending the summer session at Cal Poly.

Lt. Cook, who was the fifteenth American airman captured by the Germans, told of his experiences as a German prisoner from September, 1942 to February 16, 1945, a period of more than 32 months.

"I am grateful that the United States treated German prisoners so humanely," he said. "When word got back to Germany through repatriated German prisoners of the excellent treatment they had received in American prison camps, conditions in prison camps in which American prisoners were held noticeably improved."

When Russian advances threatened the prison camp, thousands of prisoners were forced to march under sub-zero conditions for 20 days. During that time Lt. Cook's hand became infected from a scratch, and due to the fact that the Germans re-

fused him medical attention the infection spread to his entire arm. Twenty German guards died on the march and countless prisoners, due to the freezing weather and impossible living conditions. Lt. Cook was finally taken into a Rumanian hospital and it was there that the Russians finally liberated him. This was followed by months in other hospitals before he was finally allowed to return to the United States.

Lt. Cook is a graduate of Cal Poly, holding a certificate in agricultural inspection. During the time he was here, his nickname was "Wong," due to the fact that he drove a laundry truck.

Dr. Dexter's address concerned the signing of the World Charter at San Francisco, which he had the privilege of witnessing.

"The significance of that document came to me," he said, "when I realized that from this point on it will be recorded in history that the world is interested in the individual rather than the individual being interested only in the world."

"This document," Dr. Dexter stated, "has a significance to all people. We must remember that each of us has a job to do for the welfare of

mankind on one hand and to the honor and glory of the great Creator on the other hand."

DOG DAYS

COMBAT veterans among the NARU trainees at Cal Poly crawled under their bunks on the evening of June 28, when the United States Infantry invaded the stadium and loosed a barrage of explosives that shook the very foundations of the institution. It was all in fun, though, as the tough doughboys were merely putting on a show for the bond-buyers of San Luis Obispo.

Highlight of the evening was the destruction of an enemy pill-box, demonstrating the use of the Bazooka and the Flame Thrower. Purpose of the show was to stimulate interest in the Seventh War Loan Drive.

An important sidelight of the show was the reunion of Tony Glide with his mother and father after several years of enforced separation. Tony, a veteran of the Aleutian campaign, was one of the Army participants. Mr. T. S. Glide, Tony's father, has on numerous occasions demonstrated willingness to cooperate with the college. A bull owned by Glide sired the Shorthorn steer which won the 1944 Grand Championship of the Great Western Livestock Show for Cal Poly.

ROUNDUP OF



STOUT-HEARTED MEN

Glee club gives out high-c-ging quartet

NAVY VOCALIZERS

ENTERTAINMENT by the Cal Poly Men's Glee Club, comprised of NARU trainees and directed by H. P. Davidson, was a feature attraction of the annual Ag. Teachers' banquet, June 27. "Friendship," "Moonbeams," and "Stout Hearted Men" were offered to the audience of more than two hundred and received with warm approval.

Janie. Jane is also a native of Oneida, N.Y., "the gal from the home town." They were married here in San Luis March 10.

SUMMER SESSION

WHEN spring sprang several of Poly's students, both NARU and civilian, were sprung. The for-

mer NARU men are vacationing at the Mare Island receiving ship. Scattering to the four winds, many of the civilian students have returned to their homes or to summer jobs.

Holding down the fort for the summer are a small contingent of die-hards and a few men who have decided that there is no time like the present to start their college career.

BELL GETS DFC

DONALD Leo Bell, ARM3/c, a native of Oneida, N.Y., now a student in Battalion 4R-C-2 here at Cal Poly, received the Distinguished Flying Cross, the fourth highest ranking medal which may be received by navy personnel from the Navy, at an impressive military review on the Cal Poly college athletic field Friday, June 22, 1945.

Lt. George Weigel, commanding officer of the Naval Academic Refresher Unit, presented the medal to Bell on behalf of the Commander, First Carrier Task Force, Pacific Fleet. Briefly, the citation read that Bell distinguished himself by heroism while participating in aerial torpedo attacks upon Japanese battle-ships on October 25, 1944, without benefit of diversory bombing or straffing.

Accompanying Don at the review, was Mrs. Bell, better known as



HERO'S FATE
Bell rings Bell

The old timers include Arrington, Bennett, Burmer, Case, Grimm, Grossman, Mills, Hoffman, Kaufman, King, McLaughlin, Mann, Tripodes, Whitney, Eberhard, Burnett, Liss, Santel, Walkup and Renwick.

GRADUATION

June 8, another group of NARU students received their certificates at graduation exercises. The men graduating were 5R A and 4R B. One of the groups was slated to go to Georgia Pre-Flight and the other to St. Mary's Pre-Flight.

C. O. McCorkle and Lt. Weigel extended their congratulations to the graduates in short addresses.

BROWN BAGGERS

CAL Poly's "Brown Baggers" were guests at a dinner given by the Santa Rosa U.S.O., June 14. The principal speaker was Paul Winner, who gave a very interesting talk on the G.I. Bill of Rights.

The dinner was such a success that plans were made to have this meeting take place every two weeks.

Mustang Roundup, July, 1945

THE MONTH'S NEWS

AG. CONFERENCE

California Agricultural teachers, concluding a two-week summer session at Cal Poly June 29, elected new association officers. Kenneth Easter, Dos Palos, succeeds G. A. Hutchings, Bakersfield, as president. Arthur Godfrey, San Luis Obispo, was elected vice-president, and J. Everett Walker, Modesto, was elected secretary-treasurer.

BARBECUE HANDOUT

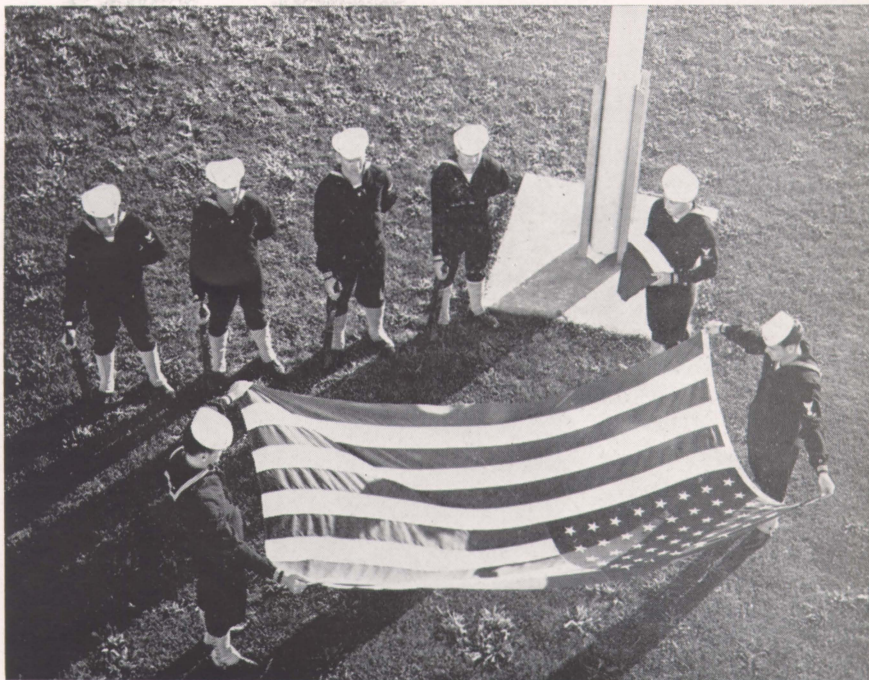
PEEWEE Wilson, Red Jewett, Harry Parker and Buck Collins received an ovation of mammoth proportions for their "cheffing" at a fried chicken barbecue attended by the Ag teachers at the picnic grove on June 28. Sharing honors with the chefs was Snooks Noggles, who handled the food preparation.

During the gulpfest and amidst the crunching sound of crisp fried chicken in the process of mastication, the Cal Poly band played several numbers. They too wound up with slippery fingers due to the patronage of Peewee Wilson.

VETERAN'S OFFICE

Since the official opening June 18 of the Veterans Administration contact office for San Luis Obispo county, a number of veterans have appeared at the new office on the California Polytechnic campus requesting information and assistance, according to B. J. Hill, contact representative of the Veterans Administration. Hill is a former Cal Poly student who received a medical discharge from the Army.

The new office is located in Room 13, Classroom unit, on Pepper Lane.



COLOR GUARD COVER BOYS

Color guard Weage, Fazzone, Piatkowski, Hallak . . . TOD'S Pantan, Croce and Trumble

GRAND OLD FLAG

THE grizzled Civil War veteran raised his eyes as the breeze picked up the folds of "Old Glory."

"She's a grand old flag," he murmured.

Standing at his elbow, George M. Cohan heard the old man's words — swiftly turned them into one of America's great patriotic songs. Thus the composer-actor-playwright, who was born on the Fourth of July, was honored again this year by millions who joined in singing "You're a Grand Old Flag."

Not only is the Fourth of July the anniversary of the signing of the

Declaration of Independence, but it also is the anniversary of the death of three Presidents, all of whom were signers of the Declaration.

John Adams died July 4, 1826, 50 years after the historic day to which he was so closely connected. Thomas Jefferson, author of the famous document, died on the same day. Adams, ignorant of Jefferson's death is said to have uttered as his last words, "Jefferson survives." James Monroe died on July 4, 1831.

At the time of the signing of the Declaration in 1776, Adams was 40, Jefferson 33, and Monroe was only 18 years old.



SEARS, ROEBUCK PAYS THE BILL

For Ag. teachers' barbecue . . . and the band got a handout



PURPLE HEART PARADE

THE NARU trainees took part in an impressive parade through the streets of San Luis Obispo as part of the Purple Heart parade and presentation ceremony. The parade formed in the field north of town and started down Monterey, past the Mission and back up on Higuera street. Over a dozen different organizations entered in the parade, with floats and horseback riders contributing much to the color of the occasion. The entire parade extended for five blocks and music was played by the Morro Bay band riding in an amphibious Duck.

The groups dispersed near the postoffice, where a reviewing stand was set up for the presentation. High-ranking Army and Navy officers and city officials were present and gave short speeches to fit the occasion. One man who received a medal was wounded in action against the Germans in the first World War.



BARN DANCE ECHOES

By P. O'Laughlin

ONCE again the student body association sponsored one of the periodical rat races in the gym. But on this occasion, a new twist was added in the form of a barn dance, complete even to the bales of hay for the weary swabbies and their calico-clad partners to sit one out and talk of life and world problems.

The old "Yellow Peril" barreled into town and returned, cramed to the overheads with the SLO darlings from the Santa Rosa USO, who emerged in their flowered prints and, as a special treat, all wore shoes.

To match the glamorous attire of the gals, all hands broke out their summer wardrobes and came in various blue creations a la dungarees.

NARU SPARKS PARADE

Navy helps to put over Purple

Heart Convention Parade.



Photos
By
P. O'LAUGHLIN

Under the pose of the barn dance title, the usual jive prevailed, due to the shortage of capable teachers of the barnyard tactics and also because the trainees are well satisfied with their "city slicker" methods of dancing.

Everyone agreed that it was the best dance given so far and are looking forward to the same type in the near future. Full credit should be given to the unholy three, Titus, Foley and Kain, who put forth a lot of time and effort to make the dance such a success.



DANCING?

Top: Titus and friend (?) with Baga and friend.

Bottom: Worley and friend with Crawford and friend.



CORONATION DANCE

Top (left to right): Walkup and Princess; Queen Shekelle and Escort; Princess Lancaster and Squire.

Left: Campus queen is crowned.



*CAL POLY'S NAVY COLLEGIANS
(Left to right) Augter, Nagle, Yantis, Boyer, Vitale, Butt, Carr, Swantz, Anderson,
Burden, Jones, Ball, W. J. Anderson, and Tomchak.*

NAVY COLLEGIANS

By Bill Foley

NO doubt all who are connected with Cal Poly, in one way or another, have heard the Navy swing band, so I will now try to familiarize you with the fellows who were responsible and played in the orchestra.

The leader and man most responsible is Eugene Augter, who also played a sweet and mellow alto sax. Before entering the Navy, "Gene" played in Bob Miller's band at some of the finer dance halls. Third sax we have W. J. Anderson, who claims Toledo, Ohio, as his home town. "Whitey" Butt, also a sax man and scat singer, hails from Miami-burg, Ohio, and played in some noted march bands before becoming one of the Navy Collegians.

"Bird Legs" Burden, who has gone onto Pre-Flight, was another sax

man. Completing the sax section we have the body, "Bud" Nagle who comes from Monmence, Illinois.

In the brass section we have as first trumpeters "Jimmy" Ball, the lead soloist from Hollywood, Florida. Andy Anderson, from Seattle, Washington, hadn't done much playing in the past four years, but pitched in and contributed his share on the 2nd trumpet. Carl "the hair" Vitale also played trumpet and did a little singing. His home town is Omaha, Nebraska. The other trumpet man is Yippie Yantis, who, by the way, is our local bugler. In the trombone section we have D. C. Swantz who could really play the old slip horn, and before entering the Navy played with Blue Baron. The other trombone man was none other than Cliff "Moose" Boyer from Pittsburg, Pa.

In the rhythm section we have on the piano, Frank Tomchak who tickled the ivory just right. Frank comes from the East Coast, Garwood, N.J. On the bass viol could be seen "Danny" Jones slapping away. Danny hails from Inglewood, Calif. The drummer boy of the outfit is "Pee Bee" Carr from Muskegan, Mich., who was also set manager. The vocal man, or voice to the Sinatra fans, is Jack Bernichon, not a swoon singer but a very nice voice. Jack is from N.Y., N.Y.

Well "cats" that about sums up the personnel of the outfit. As some of you know, the aggregation has split up due to some of the fellows going on to Pre-Flight schools, but Carr, the leader now, hopes to be able to have a new outfit if he can get some sax men from 6R.



LEADER AUGTER
... he's gone



JONES & TOMCHAK
bass & piano



CARR
hide-beater

GLEE CLUB DANCES

By J. J. Micare

THE place — "El Corral."

The time — 2000, June 22, 1945.

The cast — Members of the Glee Club and local belles.

The reason — A dance to better relations between the NARU and San Luis girls.

There were over sixty couples that attended this enjoyable get together. H. P. and Mrs. Davidson were the popular guests, as were several former Collegiate Club members. Lt.

N. H. Wood honored the dance with his informal and welcome visit.

As a special attraction the Cal Poly newly organized quartet entertained. They sang "Gypsy Trail," "The Desert Song" and "The Navy Hymn." Their renditions of these songs were hailed by all present. The members of the Glee Club who compose the quartet are George Tallman, 1st tenor; Jack Bernechon, 2nd tenor; James Ball, baritone, and Lloyd Hunt, bass. Miss Joyce Jones from Idaho, who is here on vacation, was the versatile accompanist.

Much credit must be given to the

glee club committee, comprised of J. P. Milliron, pres.; F. Tomchak, vice pres.; J. P. Bellart, sec-treas., and J. Baker, librarian. The decorating committee of Kislan, Anderson, Crawford and Lafferty are also to be given praise for their very good work. The combine of Yantis, Carr and McCann take the credit for keeping everyone refreshed and contented.

This dance was one of the many proposed dances of the Cal Poly men's glee club. The initial dance of June 8, 1945, was also a large success.



SAX SECTION
with a few brasses in the background



BRASS SECTION
with a few saxes in the foreground

BATTALION 6-R



PLATOON 1, COMPANY A

(Left to right) **FIRST ROW:** D. Check, Jr., ARM 2/c; W. R. Davis, AOM 1/c; R. E. DeLamater, AMM 2/c; J. H. Gree'ey, AOM 2/c; R. R. Liberty, ARM 2/c; T. H. Gardner, Y 2/c. **SECOND ROW:** E. J. Reilly, ARM 1/c; R. A. Nazro, AMM 2/c; M. J. Grimalizzi, MOMM 1/c; E. A. Robins, RAM 3/c; M. F. Gillet, CRT; E. Montalvo, (N) CRT; A. E. Gribble, ARM 1/c; C. G. Rudolph, AMM 1/c; J. P. Scheuer, PHO M 3/c; G. J. Fulkerson, S 1/c. **THIRD ROW:** S. G. Allen, QM 3/c; K. M. Smith, AMM 3/c; J. V. Haggerty, ACMM; H. W. May, CRM; D. Murray, (N) ACMM; L. J. Syle, AMM 3/c; J. L. Doutre, RM 2/c.

6-R'S ZERO HOUR

By Jim Lyle

IT was black as the heart of a Jap and twice as frigid at 3 a.m. on Thursday, the fourteenth of May, when a "Military Special," with eight flat wheels on each coach, rolled into the depot at San Luis Obispo. Rubbing their eyes and pulling their Peacoats tighter about them, 101 souls (88 human beings and 13 CPO's) stumbled onto the platform. Battalion 6R had arrived at Cal Poly!

At 9 a.m. that morning, those same individuals "hit the deck," lured into wakefulness by the dulcet voice of Chief Schwartz. Rest for the weary had ended. Thursday and Friday were a nightmare of tests, variously labeled, but all calling for heavy black marks in the correct square. (Location of the correct square was, for the most part, a question of "Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo!")

At a banquet on Thursday evening in the Navy Cafeteria, the college faculty extended a warm, sincere welcome. The more serious speeches were punctuated by anecdotes (gleaned by the various faculty members from Gawd knows where!) songs by the Glee Club and mass singing (I do mean mass) by the Trainees.

It was on Saturday — fateful day — that Battalion 6R was divided into companies. Through some oversight

in the grading of tests, twenty-three men were placed in Company A and twenty-five in Company B. The balance were placed in Company C, where each of the 101 felt he belonged.

Handling the reins as Battalion Commander became the job of J. H. "Clipper-bow" Elliott, senior CPO of the group. H. W. W. "Yawl" May inherited the post as commander of Company "A," assisted by J. V. "Cockney" Haggerty, platoon leader. G. E. "Kissable" Anderson was selected as company commander of



PLATOON 1, COMPANY B

(Left to right) **FIRST ROW:** J. C. Graham, AMM 2/c; H. K. Lesnett, ARM 1/c; F. E. Boydston, RT 3/c; F. J. Chantiny, ACRM; J. H. Beckley, GM 1/c; R. E. Lewis, S 1/c; J. C. Dillon, AOM 2/c; W. E. Cranston, ART 1/c. **SECOND ROW:** E. J. Reed, AMM 2/c; D. R. Bridges, AM 3/c; E. W. Williams, RDM 3/c; Q. L. Snow, AMM 1/c; A. Prisco, (N) S 1/c; C. W. Mooney, GM 1/c; R. S. Baines, AMM 3/c; C. L. Myers, AMM 2/c. **THIRD ROW:** F. W. Amann, AMM 1/c; F. F. Hayes, ARM 2/c; G. E. Anderson, ACMM; R. G. Schardin, ACMM; L. O. Elmore, CY; D. W. Lynch, RDM 2/c; S. R. Ives, ARM 2/c.

BATTALION 6-R

"B" Company, with F. J. "Moustache" Chantiny assisting as platoon leader. Commander of "C" Company is W.P. "Latest-with-the-mostest" Carry. W. P. "Wrist" Trist is leader of the first platoon, and J. V. "Curly" Godfrey leader of the second. The really important jobs, Mail Man and Commissary Officer, are held by A. E. "Sound-effects" Gribble and D. W. "I-ain't-responsible" Cheek, respectively.



GALLOWAY
with broken leg

The dubious honor of being the first casualty in the battalion fell to G. W. Galloway, who broke his right leg while sliding into second base in a practice ball game between 6R and the varsity. He is now recuperating at the Army Hospital at Camp San Luis Obispo. Sincere wishes for a speedy recovery are extended by the entire battalion.

* * *

Advertisement: You get the girl, we'll do the rest.

Youthful Groom: "That's hardly fair."

* * *

Junk Man: "Any old beer bottles to sell lady?"

Old Maid: "Do I look like the kind of person who drinks beer?"

Junk Man: "Any vinegar bottles to sell?"

Mustang Roundup, July, 1945



PLATOON 1, COMPANY C

(Left to right) FIRST ROW: H. L. Page, HPM 1/c; V. M. Auclair, CM 2/c; L. E. Lowinske, ARM 1/c; R. R. Dalrymple, ARM 2/c; R. L. Anderson, ARM 3/c; W. A. Watters, S 1/c. SECOND ROW: M. Andron, S 1/c; R. J. Gerny, S 1/c; C. K. Rice, S 1/c; W. P. Cary, CY; D. I. Cohen, ARM 2/c; S. O. Stamm, Aer M 2/c; V. J. Williams, QM 3/c; R. L. Albritton, S 1/c; J. J. Grant, AOM 1/c. THIRD ROW: R. B. Gerhardt, AOM 1/c; J. L. Kees, Y 3/c; A. W. Casady, N. P. Trist, ACMMF; J. H. Elliott, ACM; R. W. Allbritain, AMM 3/c; (Not Shown: J. W. Gillespie, SP (w) 2/c).



PLATOON 2, COMPANY C

(Left to right) FIRST ROW: F. L. Pucci, AMM 1/c; D. H. Bryon, ARM 2/c; M. F. Scheibe, PHO M 2/c; L. F. Winegar, ART 2/c; E. J. Pordos, ARM 1/c; R. W. Robinson, AMM 3/c; H. E. Minster, AMMF 2/c; R. J. Duval, AMM 1/c; V. V. Lauer, AOM 2/c. SECOND ROW: H. J. Rowe, Jr., AOM 2/c; W. J. Shaw, Jr., AMM 3/c; L. L. Drumm, AMM 2/c; R. J. Dubuque, AOM 2/c; G. H. Gibbons, AMM 2/c; F. A. Talley, Jr., HA 1/c; M. M. Ghiletti, AMM 1/c; M. L. Greer, AMM (I) 2/c; R. G. Duncan, EM 1/c. THIRD ROW: V. F. Hickey, AMM 2/c; E. R. Klein, SM 2/c; R. O. James, Jr., ARM 2/c; R. Dilena, (N) AMM 1/c; J. V. Godfrey, ARM 1/c; C. H. Pierson, AOM 2/c; H. E. Clark, Cox.; E. R. Haynes, ARM 3/c.

BATTALLION 5-R

SOPHISTICATED SOPHOMORES

(By Novak & Micare)

ON April 19 of this year a new group of enlisted personnel came aboard S. S. Cal Poly to be fitted for Pre-Flight. There were 131 men in this new battalion. They were divided into companies A-1, B-1, and B-2, C-1, 2, and 3. Each Company consisted of 20 or more men.

Company A, or "the Brains," was under the guidance of ACMM Doug West. Chief West and his Cohorts were to try to get through the proposed course in eight weeks. Before the Company finished its course, it lost two of its intellects, Swantz and Taylor, to the graduating class 4RB destined for Iowa on May 21. The remainder of the Company, minus the setbacks, graduated on June 8. Eight of the boys left for St. Mary's and the remainder headed for Georgia Pre-Flight.

"Stretch" Milliron, ACMM, USN was given the leadership of Company B, which was divided into two platoons, B-1 and B-2. L. L. Klaas AMM1/c was selected as platoon leader of B-1 and "Pete" Bellart, EM2/c, better known as "the Moose" (look out Gable) was made B-2's platoon leader.

If you were to see Company B on review, you'd never imagine there would be so many talented young men in it. To begin with, it is "Coach" Davidson's mainstay. Company B has the greatest representation in the Glee Club. In B-1 you will find "Frankie" Tomchak, the Paderewick of Cal Poly and the getter of blind dates. Company B also has "Slim" Betz, the life of any party, O'Laughlin, our favorite photographer, "Carrot-top" Trugler, the SAC treasurer, and the NARU orchestra soloist, Swooner Bernechon.

The largest of the three Companies

was Company C headed by R. Hobbs CMM. It was broken into three platoons: C-1, C-2, C-3 led by Scott, AMM2/c; Godwin, AM1/c, and "Curly" Kain, Y1/c, respectively. Curly is our newly elected SAC vice president and should prove to be a capable one. His secretaries, if he will be allowed any, are likely to be Mattair and McFarling, the P. T. twins.

"When slicker tricks are pulled, C-1 will pull them." Thus goes the slogan of 5RC-1 the platoon which has outwitted all other platoons in getting to chow first. Aside from having more chow hounds than any other platoon C-1 also seems to have monopolies on brains, women, swindlers, money and paid reservations in the Gold room. Current project of this industrious group is the raising of enough money to buy a chair car on the S. P. Daylight.

PERSONALITIES

As it must happen to all men, something happened to our "Bones" Betz. He either missed out on a lot of food or the Good Lord meant him to be an opposite of Superman. One could very easily describe him, as he has one outstanding feature, and that is his very "boney" structure. He stands about six "bones" high and weighs 98 lbs. (soaking wet). Since his arrival he has tried his utmost to improve his physique and claims that now he can cast a shadow.

Aside from being a Chief Quartermaster L. Hunt is also in the regular Navy. This seems to be a very irritating fact because most of NARU are specialists and also reserves. Since "Right Arm Rate" Hunt has

arrived he has done several things to embarrass the "lowly" reserves; they in turn are thinking of taking up a collection to have his rate tattooed on his "right" arm. In the future we expect the cooperation of all the "reserves" in paying due respect to our dearly beloved "right arm rate," "general service," 1½ "hitch" L. Hunt, CQM, USN, (serial number unknown).

* * *

J. P. "Moose" Bellart, EM2/c, is the mainstay in B-2's "Regular Navy" club. Moose (no reflection on the size of his nose) is one of those "guys" we all knew well when we were "Cee Vees" (civilians) who divided his time in front of the bar and behind the bar. His theatre of operations was Milwaukee, Wis., famous for something or other. At any rate, it has often been said that bartenders are total abstainers and the rule, generally holds true in this case, as Moose swears that you have to twist his arm to get him to imbibe in a bit of grog. Of course a man can't live on liquids all the time, so in turn, he is a staunch booster of the "plenty of milk, fruit and vegetables" clan and who wouldn't be after eighteen months on a DE. If anyone has trouble identifying him, just look around in the chow hall for a jet black mass of hair, that would look good on any dog, and right below it, the gracefully bent and broken beaker plus that ever open mouth and you have located Moose Bellart.

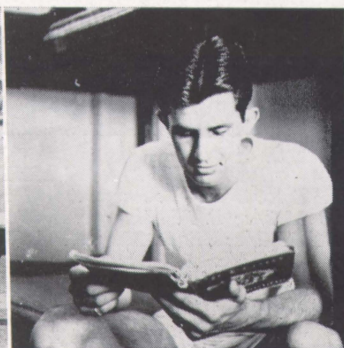
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If the group situated in Catalina is an example of Battalion 5R, we really have some characters under arms, or should I say under chains.

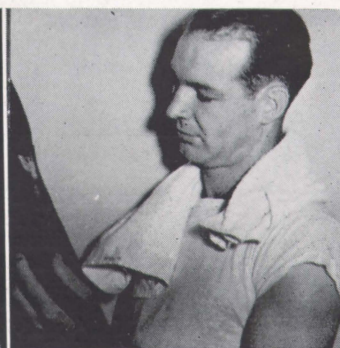
The most prominent member of this array is ACMM J. F. Milliron. He is what you would call a "Large



BONES BETZ
he's warm



BELLART
"moose"



CQM HUNT
right arm



MILLIRON
"stretch"

PERSONALITIES

Charge" as he reigns as Co. B Commander and towers above his group by an easy foot or so. "Stretch" grew to his giant proportions in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and five years ago began washing planes under the Navy's sponsorship at San Diego. Since that time, he has seen duty on various island bases and many of our first line carriers. Before joining this unit and becoming a "Curve Setter," "Stretch" served with several VP and VPB squadrons where his witty remarks and contagious laugh were, no doubt, as appreciated as they are here.

* * *

M. R. Godwin, AM1/c and platoon leader of 5RC-2, hails from Kenly, North Carolina, where he owned and operated many private stills (not under government supervision). "Pedro", as he is known in the fleet, has just returned from the Pacific where he was a plank owner on the Wasp. Milt is also well known in many circles as the Frank Sinatra of the old ladies' homes, where he can be found during liberty hours.

* * *

Gene "Junior" Adams, AOM1c, is undoubtedly the ugliest trainee in his platoon, although he is one of the most popular. Gene is also one of the "B.T.O.'s" of the Cal Poly Campus, but he has not given the town girls a break yet; it seems that Gene spends most of his liberty in Lompoc. Gene is also a great lover of music, and his favorite song is "Brother Can You Spare a Dime," maybe this is because he is always broke. Gene is one of the Chicago boys, and many believe that he still packs a rod. "Junior" is a veteran of many months of duty in the Pacific aboard a carrier; his favorite

sea story is the one where he remained in the water for 72 hours after his ship has been sunk, and he had to fight off man-eating sharks with his bare hands. We all like Gene, but if you see him coming toward you with that look in his eye, keep your hands in your pockets, because Gene, in all probability, is trying to borrow money. My advice to you, Gene, is to stay out of those nasty old beer taverns.

* * *

"Open the windows Frazier's done it again" and "Let the world know that Frazier has arrived" are two phrases which apply to our "Uncle" John Frazier, "the man whose hair is most likely to recede further."

This man, who travels under the name of **John H. Frazier**, hails from Pryor, Oklahoma, where he lived with his pretty wife before the war.

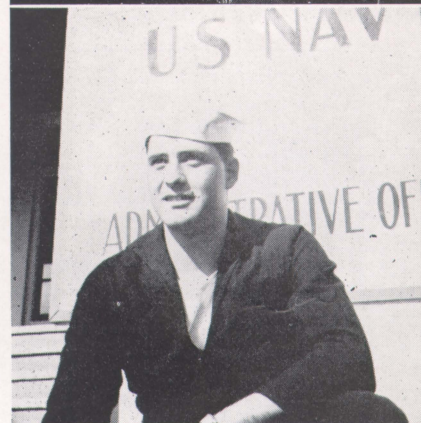
All of C-1 holds the highest opinion of him and all new arrivals are cautioned to treat this man with respect.

* * *

Anthony "alias the Greek" Metaxatos is another prominent personality in 5RC-1. Hailing from Peabody, Massachusetts, he flew as flight engineer on C-54's in the ATC before joining the Navy.

His chief talents, besides mechanics, are swimming and women (they don't call him Adonis for nothing. He has to pay them!) Unlike certain other characters, whose names this writer will furnish on request, he strikes a good average with the better-looking women of S.L.O.

Met is also our official lifeguard for the swimming pool so if you have the desire to end it all don't try drowning yourself 'cause that guy will go after anything living or dead.



FRAZIER & METAXATOS
"Uncle" & "Adonis"

Ishmel "Benito" Warda, Cox, is one of the most popular fellows in his platoon. His winning smile is also one of the reasons that he is a "B.T.O." with the women while he is on liberty. "Benito" has a peculiar habit of taking his shoes off during his classes; this doesn't have any effect on his fellow-classmates, but (Continued on Page 20)



GODWIN
"Pedro"



ADAMS
"Lompoc"



B.T.O. CROSE
lady killer



ACE WARD
"Benito"

BATTALION 4-R

FOUR-R C-1

By Bill Foley

ON the fifth day of February, 4R entered the campus of Cal Poly, about one hundred strong. After the usual tests, and splitting up of the men into platoons, we were forced to make new acquaintances and pick out new roommates. But as most of the fellows have been in the Navy some time, they were used to this. The group was split up into three groups, A, B, and C. Some of us have our own opinion as to why we were put into our respective platoons, but the school also has their idea.

I will now try to give you the dope on the best platoon of 4R. The one I am talking about is, of course, C1, though some of those from C2 would have you think otherwise.

Some of our most ardent backers have already left us to pave the way for the bashful groups of C1. (We hear there are 3600 Coeds there). Those who have gone are in the first group which left with 3RC and 4RB. We had Vitale, who was first baseman on the Mustang ball team and trumpeter in the swing band. (Of course this was all done while he wasn't combing his hair.)

Gauntley was the one man track team. Echeveria couldn't understand why he didn't get all A's. Moose Boyer was the fastest man ever to hit Cal Poly Kovac was the "little big man" of 4R who played outfield for the Mustang and ran races on the dance floor. Fiantt was the quiet type hailing from Illinois.

But these were not all that were to leave us before the scheduled time. Two weeks later a draft split up to go to Georgia and St. Mary's. Bryon, that educated spokesman from Boston, who played third base for the Mustangs and worried about his grades, went to Georgia Pre-Flight — lucky boy.

Also Quinlan, peppery outfielder, who couldn't be heard even to first base, spent his study-time writing to a certain Jackie. Nagle was another C1 representative in the swing band. "Whitey" Butt, the physician of C1, gave us all a rubdown when we felt the need. Treadway spent all of his time at home with his better half. Marr, another married man, left to go to Georgia. Last but not

least was Hancock, who was also a member of the Mustang ball club, playing outfield—he should be married by now—anyway that's why he said he wanted to go to Georgia.

So as you can plainly see by what is written above, 4RC1 just about has its fingers in everything here at Cal Poly. Those of us who are left like those who are gone are still in there pitching. Now a few words about C-1 of today.

We have been depleted from twenty-five to a strong-minded even dozen. Our leader is Chief PHM Markley, who, incidentally, is the ball team's "hot day" pitcher and who, to my opinion, is the only NARU student to fall asleep while taking an exam. "Yippie" Yantis, the bugle boy, is the lad everyone feels like doing away with at 0600 in the morning, he also is leader of the band and hot trumpet player in the orchestra. Chuck Keyer is the Navy's gift to the women (so he says.) But how one man can get so fouled up with women is beyond me. Siwy, alias the "Trapazoid" (reason withheld) is the "week", quiet type and "weekend" noise usually comes back from liberty with a crash and a cigar.

Joe Armstrong, a migrate from "B" Co., also is a mainstay on the ball team, playing in the outfield. He is another one of those who gets fouled up with the fairer sex (hi Joe). Carr, the drummer boy and manager of the swing band and roommate of "chubby" Lafferty, hails from and is a member of the glee club. Carroll, who is all wrapped up in his domestic affairs (he got married just before coming to NARU), gets a lot of married man's dope from Payne Bos'n mate first class and platoon leader of C-1. "Coot" Cooter, the jolly lad from B Co. is the C1 mainstay of the water polo team. Anderson W. J., the lover deluxe of C1, can be found in the El Corral most any afternoon with a certain Francis. Bob Wishon, the baron of C1, started out with A dropped to B and then to C just so he could be with the boys (so he claims.)

Last but by no means least is W. W. Foley, who hails from the bean town (Boston), who tries to keep the boys out of trouble on the weekend which is quite a job. That about sums up the great C1.

FOUR-R C-2

By W. D. Titus

THE space below will be devoted entirely to Batt. 4R-Co. C-Platoon 2. This platoon is, beyond all doubt, the best that NARU Cal Poly has yet seen. Most of its members were former students of 4R-B company who decided they would rather stick around Cal Poly with the rest of the boys than go off to pre-flight.

Two of our boys, however, were such eager beavers they couldn't wait — Dan Jones, Bass slapper deluxe, took his wife and trusty V-8 to Georgia pre-flight; while Eugene Augter, the individual responsible for Cal Poly's navy orchestra, took his trusty saxophone to St. Mary's pre-flight. These two fellas were chosen as "cum laude" of C-2 strictly because of their eagerness. (Grade points had absolutely nothing to do with it.)

The mainstays of the baseball team are members of this exalted platoon — Donald Gene Garman, alias the "Hair" or commonly known as the "mystery man" is the fellow that is winning Cal Poly's baseball games. Once you have seen him on the mound, you will realize why he is called the "mystery man." On weekends, this character can be seen buzzing about S.L.O. in his trusty '41 Dodge sedan.

"Wee Willy" Wilson, Don's right hand man, is always along to see that no trouble befalls the "Hair." Willy is a true blue Rebel, hailing from Memphis, Tennessee, and seems to be quite proud of it. For his size, "Wee Willy" is going great guns in the field of baseball — a second baseman long to be remembered by the rabid fans of said sport at Cal Poly.

Lil' Don Bell is quite the swimmer — water polo being his specialty. Hounding him to get his studies, Don's roommates, Tom Gray and "Ed" Edwards, are "brown baggers" that were forced to share three to a room because of the housing shortage in the chicken coops.

Ed has the distinction (?) of being C-2's erstwhile leader and Gray is the man who operates the projector at the cinema every Friday nite.

John "Sally" Gardner, is one of our local characters. He can be found almost any time, carrying his white satchel full of books around the cam-

PERSONALITIES



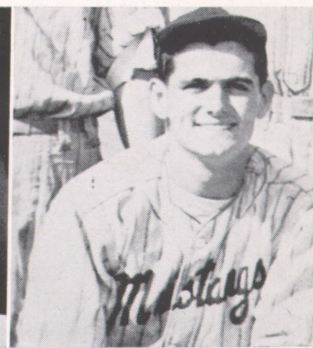
HARTMAN
now "papa"



KEYER
gridironman



YANTIS
"yippie"



GARMAN
the hair

pus. So far, Sally has been the only one to get away with "relaxation" during the P.T. period.

T. M. Herbert, the "lad from L.A." instigates a mass meeting in his room every morning from 0715 to 0730. It seems that he has a radio and everyone listens to a certain program at that time.

E. H. Worley, one of the photographers attached to this magazine is Herbert's "roomie." Worley is quite adept at playing the electric guitar but doesn't play it enough to satisfy our musical needs.

Bob Brennen, another little man, but powerful in stature, is the hairiest character in C-2. He must have spilled a bottle of patent hair grower all over his body for he certainly has a lot of it — like a fur coat. Bob came from "B" company and is known as a "curve raiser."

The last man in the platoon is yours truly, W. D. Titus. Brennan is the fortunate (?) individual to have him as a roommate. "Tekus" is doing his darnedest to keep the grade curve low so his buddies can get better grades.

gainville, Saipan, and Guam — Admiralty Islands when his orders came through to V-5 — the effervescent old man of a six-pound boy, born June 22. Congratulations, Bunkey!

* * *

Clark "Chuck" Keyer—hails from that "heaven-on-liberty," San Francisco — two years at St. Mary's in pre-Navy days — a gridironman under Earle Stradder, now coach at Iowa—through "Boots" at San Diego, with a tour of duty at the Navy's Repair Base there—a short stretch on "tin-cans" followed by duty with the Armed Guard — 11 months on a freighter, the "Rhodes" — later, on the USS Young, traveled over half way around the globe in twelve months, hitting New Zealand, India, Panama, Cuba, Australia and New York City — next stop an Army transport on the west coast, where he received his orders to V-5 — hopes to play under Stradder again after the conflagration is quenched. Luck to you, Chuck, and we hope you make it.

* * *

"Yippie" Yantis— that swing bugler who rousts us out every morning—leader of the band and a hot man to have on a trumpet — a native of the Lone Star State — joined up in July '42 and took "Boot" at San Diego — 20 trips across the line to Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the Pacific aboard the USS Mt. Vernon — on a minesweep at Bougainville, Treasury and Tulagi — immediate hopes for flying twin-engined planes — eyes to the

future, to civvies, home, ranching and marriage. Good luck to you "Yippie" and here's hoping you won't have to wait too long for the ranch, but let's not be too hasty about that marriage business.

* * *

Donald Gene "Don" Garman — southpaw star moundsman on the Cal Poly nine — member of the SAC — born in Jacksonville, Ill., and considers Springfield home — developed his pitching arm and a reputation as a femme sender — entered the Navy in June '42 and took "Boot" at Great Lakes — Ordnance School at Jacksonville, Fla. — to VB-44 at Espiritu Santo and patrols over Guadalcanal — operation in Black Cats at Rabaul and Bougainville — helped shoot down an enemy plane, the first shot down at night by a Cat — received a commendation — the only man in the U. S. Navy who can comb his hair into a Veronica Lake blinder.

The worthy shepherd of the church in a burst of passionate eloquence in denunciation of the world's wickedness, declared:

"Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, short skirts, and two-piece bathing suits."

Voice from the gallery: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

* * *

She: "I prayed for you last night."
Gob: "Next time telephone."

PERSONALITIES

Leroy Junior "Bunkey" Hartman — 200 pounds and six feet of catcher on the Cal Poly nine — a solid son of Independence, Oregon — football, baseball, basketball in high school—football and basketball at Oregon State for two years — joined up in November '41 and "Boot" at San Diego — sent to Pearl Harbor for duty — action at Guadalcanal, Russell Islands, Rendova, Munda, Bou-

Mustang Roundup, July, 1945



CAL POLY'S NAVY MUSTANGS
 (Left to right) FRONT ROW: Wilson, Nolte, Byron, Garman, Quinlan.
 SECOND ROW: Schwartz, Armstrong, Markley, Hancock, Hartman, and Freeman.

Baseball Chatter

By "Wee" Willie Wilson

SPLIT WITH MARINES

THE Cal Poly nine, traveling again to Santa Barbara for a two game series with the Marines, won the opener but lost in the second game to Jock, the Marine star pitcher.

Lefty Garman was the winning pitcher, allowing ten scattered hits while his teammates combines 13 hits and 5 errors for a total of 14 runs.

In the second game, Markley, of Cal Poly, was the losing pitcher. The Marines collected 11 hits for ten runs, while the best the Mustangs could do was nine hits for three runs.

Summary:			
	AB	R	H
Quinlan	7	2	1
Wilson	10	2	3
Byron	6	4	1
Kain	8	2	4

Nolte	9	2	5
Freeman	7	2	4
Hancock	8	1	2
Armstrong	8	1	1
Garman	1	1	0
Markley	4	0	1

WIN OVER ROBERTS

TRAVELING to Camp Roberts, the Cal Poly Mustangs defeated the strong Camp Roberts army team, 6 to 3. Big Ralph Mankley, pitching for the Mustangs, allowed seven scattered hits and struck out eight men. The Rangers used three former big league pitchers, McCallum, Candini and Mattberger, but were unable to stop the Mustangs.

Summary:			
	AB	R	H
Quinlan	5	0	1
Hancock	5	0	0
Byron	5	1	1
Nolte	3	2	0
Gish	4	1	0

Beacon	3	1	3
Kovac	3	1	1
Vitale	2	0	0
Mankley	4	0	1

GOLETA WINS AGAIN

RETURNING from Camp Roberts, the Poly baseballers lost again to the Goleta Marines by a score of 9 to 2. The Marines' leading pitcher, Ed Jack, held the Poly batters to six hits. Lefty Garman was pounded for 14 hits. Radakovich and Pearson, the heavy hitters, got three apiece.

Summary:			
	AB	R	H
Quinlan	5	0	0
Hancock	3	0	0
Byron	4	0	0
Beason	4	2	1
Gish	4	0	2
Nolte	4	0	1
Kovac	1	0	0
Vitale	3	0	0
Garman	3	0	0



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
(Left to right): Quinlan, Byron, Hancock, Gish, Morgan & Kovack

16 INNING DUEL

CAL Poly, with a new team, traveled to Port Hueneme to revenge the defeat handed them at Poly. This game was the best played this season. Don Garman, Poly's ace left-hander, bested Myer, Seabee pitcher, in the 16-inning duel. The pill busters at Cal scored three runs in the 16th on successive hits by Quinlan, Wilson and Byron to win, 7 to 4.

Summary:	AB	R	H
Quinlan	7	2	3
Wilson	7	1	2
Byron	8	1	2
Freeman	8	0	1
Nolte	8	0	1
Hancock	7	0	1
Hartman	6	1	2
Armstrong	6	2	2
Garman	7	0	2

WIN OVER S. M. AIRBASE

WITH Big Rufe Markley pitching a beautiful game, the Cal Poly Mustangs won a 4 to 3 victory over the Santa Maria Airbase. The Mustangs collected 7 hits against the Army's 10, but had outstanding fielding to back up Markley. Only 13 Army men came to the plate in the last four innings.

Summary:	AB	R	H
Quinlan	3	1	0
Wilson	4	0	1
Byron	5	1	2
Freeman	5	0	1
Nolte	4	0	0
Hancock	4	1	1
Hartman	1	1	0
Armstrong	4	0	1
Markley	4	0	1

ENGLISH LESSON

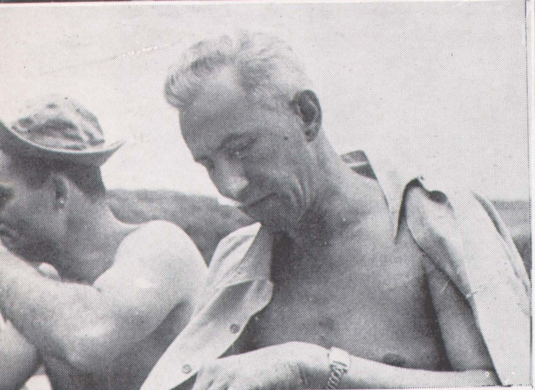
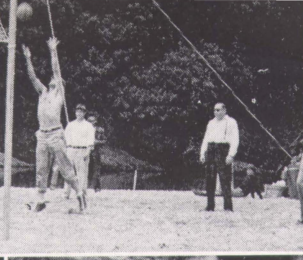
One of the English teachers here recently told this little story to illustrate an explanation of the incorrect wording of sentences. The Army major came into the hospital and said "I am Major Jones. I have an appointment to give some blood." The nurse said, "Oh yes, Major, just get into the bed there and I'll be with you in a minute!"

* * *

The average country cottage is five rooms and a path.

BELOW: Pitcher Garman beats a Port Hueneme runner to home in a force out. Catcher Hartman looks on.





GOLDBRAID

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

By P. O'Laughlin

LT. Charles W. West reported aboard Wednesday, June 6, to become the new executive officer of the NARU.

Previous to reporting here, Lt. West was instructing at the Naval Reserve Midshipman School at Abbott Hall. Abbott Hall is one of the three large Middy Schools that train men for duty as general line officers. He acted in the capacity of Gunnery and Ordnance instructor, giving the Middies a general knowledge of their duties in connection with these two subjects.

Lt. West is well suited to his new duty here as his civilian position centered about directing student physical and social activities in his home state of Oklahoma.

His home town is Wannet and after attending Central State Teachers College and Oklahoma A. and M. at Stillwater, he began teaching at Bristo.

During the early stages of the European War, Lt. West was attached to the Amphibious Forces and was active in the North African campaign aboard an LST. Following this the Flotilla took part in the Sicilian landings and those in Italy, including the bloody landing at Salerno. During this time, he acted as Gunnery Officer and First Lieutenant.

Before the Normandy invasion, he saw duty in England and in December 1944, he returned to the States, completing two years of overseas duty.

Lt. West wishes to thank the various members of the NARU staff and the faculty of Cal Poly for their cordial assistance in aiding him to



LT. C. W. WEST
new "Exec."



LT. N. H. WOOD
regimental officer

become adjusted to his new duties as executive officer.

REGIMENTAL OFFICER

By J. E. Gardner

LT. Noel H. Wood, the new regimental officer, has a combat record of no mean accomplishment. While serving with the South Pacific Naval Amphibious Forces in the capacity of commanding officer of an LST, he and his crew took part in nine amphibious landings which included three major campaigns. These campaigns included amphibious landings under fire of Japanese planes and shore installations and the ultimate occupation of three of the largest island groups in the South and Southwestern Pacific.

The first large scale amphibious landings in the Pacific by U. S. forces were made after the bloody Guadalcanal battle, the turning point, where U. S. Sailors, Marines, and Soldiers fought the Japs to a standstill and to ultimate defeat. Lt. Wood took part in most of the remaining landings of the Solomon campaign, including Rendova, Munda, Villa la Villa, Bougainville, and Green Island.

With the Japs now on the defensive, Lt. Wood and his trusty crew, aboard their LST coordinated with other units of U. S. fighting might to crush the Japs in New Guinea. Lt. Wood guided his craft through four landings here, which included Hollandia, Wadke Island, Maffin Bay, Biak and Noemfoor.

Though he and his men had seen enough action to fill volumes, Mr. Wood now headed his LST for the Philippines where he arrived in time to help occupy the "still hot" Leyte Gulf area.

Lt. Wood was at Leyte when his orders arrived to return to the States for reassignment, which was a well-earned reward after action aplenty in a major portion of every large campaign from the Solomons to the Philippines.

The Lieutenant is a graduate of Midshipmen's school, Columbia University, and prior to his entry into the Navy, had had completed three years at the university of Virginia where he majored in economics. After the war, he intends to complete his education in this field.

Lt. Wood enjoys tennis, golf, baseball, and does very well at them too. —Welcome to Cal Poly, Mr. Wood, and may you have a long enjoyable sojourn — you've earned it!

SPRING FLING

FLINGING off their academic worries for one day each year, Cal Poly's faculty members celebrate the end of a spring quarter with their annual Spring Fling. Strictly a stag affair, the Fling is usually a wild combination of solid food, liquid refreshments, strenuous sports and reckless speculation. This year was no exception with the Faculty Marching and Chowder Club indulging in a real fling at Spooner's Cove, June 3.

On the opposite page are a few glimpses of what went on — but, of course, these are the censored pictures.

First event of the day was the game played for the mythical baseball championship of Cal Poly. Egan's Wranglers skunked Meach-

am's Butchers by a score so large that even Umpire Thompson, of the accounting office, couldn't count that high. Reason for Egan's team showing such vim was undoubtedly because of the reward of a "long cold one" every time you made a safe hit or stole a base. Slat Caven, slugger on Meachams' team, was the only man to get the grand prize of four "long cool ones" in a row for a homer.

Before the day was over Firefly Metz and Snooks Noggles had had a wrestling match, Speedball Palais a good sunburn, Daffy Dilts was tired, Ham Davidson and Dizzy Couper had harmonized, Sawbones Taggett had lost his "shirt," and Rowboat Weigle and Punk Wood were in the same boat with Sawbones. But what a day!

5R PERSONALITIES

(Continued from Page 13)

the professors do not approve of the brand of toenail polish that he uses. This character is an old destroyer sailor, and a "saltier" sailor never landed on this campus. He has already made his post-war plans, and it seems that he is going to open an ice-cream shop because he likes to stand behind soda fountains. Oh, well, the world is full of funny people, but "Benito" has them all beat.

* * *

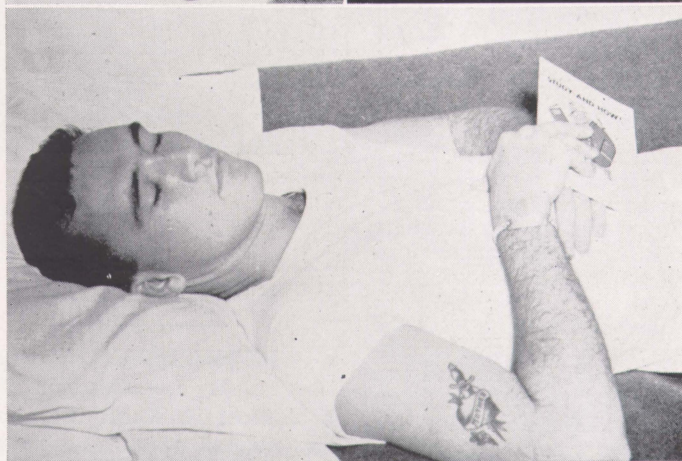
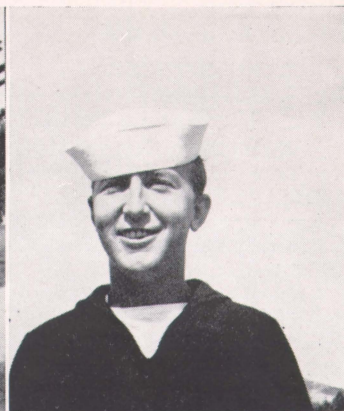
Jack "Romeo" Croce, RdM2c, is the "book-worm" of his platoon, but most of his good "friends" just call him a worm. The lover is about the best name in the world to describe Jack. You never want to go to his room at nights because he is always looking for someone to tell his troubles to. It seem that there is a little blonde waiting for Jack back in Connecticut, and he wants the world to know about it. "Romeo" has spent most of his time in the Navy aboard a destroyer in the Pacific, and he has quite a few sea-stories to tell, that is, if he can corner anyone long enough to tell them. Jack has been voted the trainee most likely to succeed in flight training; maybe those big ears of his had a lot to do with the decision.

WHAT'S MY NAME?

By J. J. Micare

I range between six feet and six feet-six and my closest companion is slightly taller. When Saturday rolls around we prepare for liberty. After close inspection in my mirror, I start to take along my overnight necessities. In my jumper pocket I place two dollars and some small change. Over this I put my cigarettes and matches. This is followed by a comb and handkerchief. Another quick inspection and I am ready to give the town of San Luis Obispo the once over.

My companion and I check out for liberty and I place my liberty and I.D. cards in my pocket. We then proceed to the nearest "Gin Mill", preferably the Gold Room. Being a spend-thrift and good sport, I immediately order four beers. My signal to the bartender is to raise my right hand and extend my index and small fingers, clenching all the others. Quick as a flash we receive our two drinks of cool and refreshing beer. While the bartender waits to collect his due amount, I start to reach for my money. I take out my I.D. and liberty cards, handkerchief, comb, and before I can get to my cigarettes, my very inconsiderate chum embarrasses me by paying for the drinks I ordered. —What's my name?



THEY RUN STUDENT BODY
Prexy Santel (civilian) and Vice Prexy Kain
(In Sack) R. V. Trugler, treasurer.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Ad Santel, president pro-tem of the student body, is a city boy turned farmer, but there is little that he doesn't know about sheeping raising. Transferred to Poly from Davis, Ad figures to be somewhere in the vicinity of a senior. A strong body, carried on size 14AA shoes, and the ability to twist an opponent into the reasonable facsimile of a pretzel, were inherited from his father, a former world's champion

wrestler. His genial countenance and friendly attitude make him a friend to all campusites. At present, he's Red Jewett's right hand man around the hog barns, tending conscientiously to the diet and toilet of the little porkers.

* * *

At the last SAC meeting, **Robert V. Trugler**, F. C. 2/c USN, better known as "skinhead," was elected
(Continued on Page 23)

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PASSION

By E. R. Ember

SLOWLY she relaxed in his embrace, her arm slowly sliding along the back of his shoulder and then stopping as her fingers reached his bent neck. Her lips parted passionately as he pressed his face into hers and for a moment they were one.

Relaxed, she gazed deeply into his eyes and saw eternal heaven. Her eyes drank in all the handsome beauty of his face. She felt warm and protected in the circle of his arms. It was good to be with her own true love. Nothing can happen to us now that he's back and safe and we're married, she thought; and as if he read what she thought in her pale blue eyes he pressed his cheek into hers and held her even tighter.

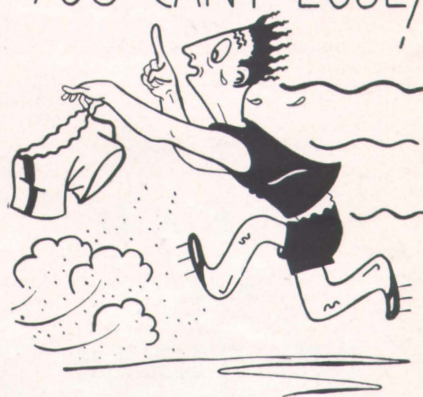
She shivered ecstatically and turned her head to be kissed. Brushing past her lips, he pressed his mouth to her ear and breathed softly into it. His black beard scratched her soft face, but she was oblivious to everything but the wonderful tickling sensation in her ear. She clung harder to him now and dug her fingernails into his neck. Not realizing the pain, he stiffened, inhaled the fragrant beauty of "Taln" behind her ear and pressed his trembling body to hers. His moist tongue seached the lobe of her ear and caressed it tenderly. Feverishly she turned her head and pressed her mouth to his lips. The trembling of their bodies seemed to melt into one long shiver and again they were as one person.

Suddenly his head fell back! His knees buckled and he fell into a crumpled heap upon the floor! Frantically she knelt over him trying to discover what was wrong. Then all at once she realized that he was dead. Her hysterical screams brought the neighbors and the police.

All through the long drawn out trial she sat in her chair like a living dead person. Her pale blue empty eyes staring at nothing. She answered all the questions put to her in the monotonous tones of a "zombie." All she could think of was that he had died of blood-poisoning and she had caused it. The jury brought back a verdict of guilty, but she didn't care; she didn't hear the verdict or even the judge pronouncing sentence on her; all she could hear was his tender voice telling her of his love.

Later, as she was led through the great steel doors, and even after they had clanged shut behind her for many months, she had the same dirt under her fingernails!

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RE-DEDICATION

By "Buggs" Baer

SO there I was, sweating it out in hot sun, pulling a check on an F-6, when all of a sudden, some little boot seaman from the personnel office came tearing down the mat like an F-4U in a power dive, yelling his head off, something the skipper wanted to see me about, I guess. I didn't pay much attention to him as I was rather PO'D at the time, so I told him to shove off and tell the skipper I would see him after I finished sawing that broken spark plug out. He was a rather persistent little bird and finally, when he said something about a set of orders, I decided to get underway towards the office. The Old Man was glad to see me, as usual, and told me to sit down and have a cigar and a drink. I told him, "No thanks, I haven't much time to waste, there's a war on you know." The Old Man didn't waste any time either. Inside of two minutes, he and the yeoman were picking me up from the deck. I guess I went out cold when he told me I was ordered back to the States to go to flight school.

Yes sir, it took me a measly little old four years to get those orders, which wasn't bad time at all in the regular Navy, and it took me a long period of time to lose them. Three months to be exact. Well, as the story continues, I managed to hitch a plane, and was back in the States within forty-four hours and thirteen minutes. I also managed to get a few few days leave before I was sent to NARU here in San Luis. Now I'm not saying that this school wasn't bad duty, or anything like that, I'm merely stating that it was kinda rough in spots. Those spots were namely, math and physics. Well, after the mid-term exams, and V-E Day, I decided this was no place for me. I guess that shipping over music the band played and the Skipper's speech about re-dedicating ourselves to the war effort kinda done something to me. On Monday I had made up my mind. I just had to get back to the dear old fleet. I talked it over with the heads of departments here in school and they agreed with me. They also decided I should have some company so they let three other fellows go with me.

Well fellas, to sum it all up in a nut shell, here's the way it stands. From battles to books, from books to bottles and from bottles to battles in three short months. So to you, dear Cal Poly and students, we bid fond farewell and may you have many happy lands. I'll be glad to pull a check on your aircraft any time it needs it when we meet again, "Out There."

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"Damnd'est 'aundry I ever saw."

Abbie: Hans, mine frand, vat are
you planning on doing after the war?

German Storm Trooper: Ach, I
yam planning a bicigle tour of great-
er Germany.

Abbie: Dot's vine. Den vot are you
going to do in der avternoon?

* * *

ABIT OF LOGIC

Geometry teacher: "Henry, why
are fire engines red?"

Henry: "There are 12 inches in a
foot. A foot is also a ruler. Queen
Mary was a ruler. The Queen Mary
was a boat. Boats sail on the sea.
There are fish in the sea. The fish
have fins. The Finns were fighting
the Russians, and the Russians are
red. Fire engines are always rush-
ing, so that's why fire engines are
red."

(Continued from Page 20)
to the position of treasurer. We have
his word that he intends to buy
half interest in the Gold Room or
any other local "gin" mill which will
consider his offer.

* * *

M. G. (Mike) Kane, Y1/c, has risen
to the title of Cal Poly's little May-
or. He has proved beyond a doubt
that a yeoman can make good. Kane
was awarded a solid wood pencil
with a genuine rubber eraser . . .
"For outstanding achievement in or-
dering supplies in the battle zone."
He is happiest when he can find a
"poly-wog" that is willing to listen
to his tales of how he won the war
and a typewriter. "Mike" hails from
Richmond, Virginia, where his fa-
ther is a detective. Mike claims that
this fact is reason enough why he
should be VICE!!! President of
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By W. D. Titus

ARE you having trouble with your studies? Do you stay awake at night and think of school work? Is your homework proving too much for you? If so, we advise you to pay a visit to your local Chaplain and have a good heart to heart talk with him. A sympathy chit can be obtained in room 204 in the Administration Building any time after midnight on Sundays. Be sure to bring with you the covers from three physics books, one slide rule, and one compass, for that is the price one has to pay for the inconveniences afforded him.

Actually though, these studies we are taking aren't as bad as we seem to think. (At least that is what the individual instructors tell us). Leave us take physics for example. There is nothing very hard about it. True, it takes hours and hours of study to learn the stuff, but that's what we are here for — to learn. Time is unlimited and we have all the facilities for study. Except, of course, in some cases (no names mentioned) there is a sack lack (not 'sack') of the necessary gray matter.

With the use of the slide-rule, or "Slip stick," if you prefer to call it that, the problems confronted with may be worked out very easily. If you don't believe me, just ask Mr. Knott. (Not one seems to know just where or when the slide rule was invented, or by whom it was made, but after seeing him use it, I have a confirmed suspicion as to whom it might be.)

Contrary to the instructors instructions on the use of the stick, in regards to physics, I believe the best way to work the problem is to fill

a page with a mass of digits or figures, scratch a few of them out, look in the answer book, and then finish the problem accordingly.

This method always works but is not very practical or practicable. Another sure fire method to solve the problems is to add up every figure given in the problem, including the number of said problem, take the total sum, multiply it by the last four digits of your serial number, divide that answer by your best girl's phone number, and last, but not least, subtract from that total, your laundry mark.

A word to the wise, however. This practice may be satisfactory to some, during the weeks before the tests, but from past experience I can tell you that it is not the correct way to do it. (Unless of course, the fellow in front of you is fairly smart and

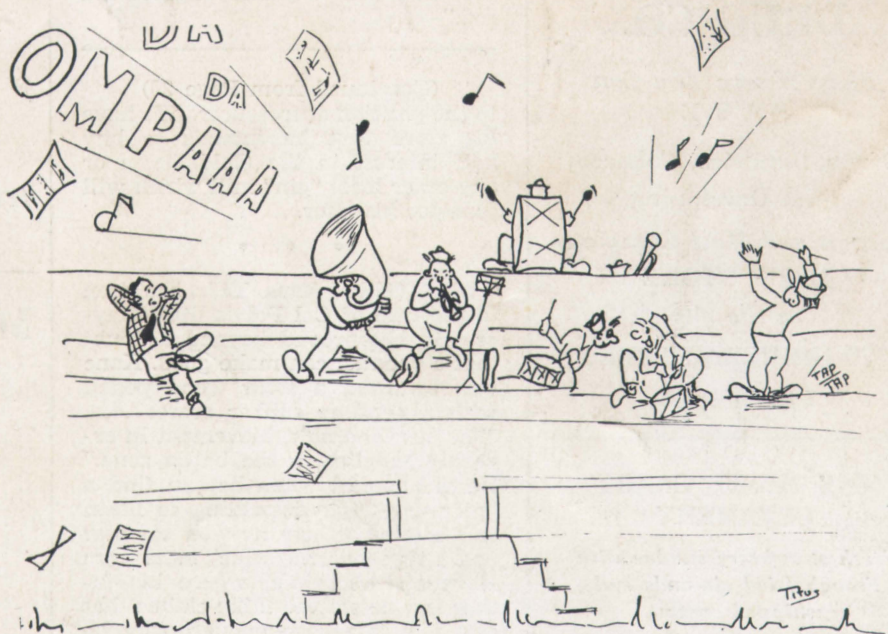
has all the correct answers.)

(Ed. Note: The methods expressed above, are by no means, an endorsement of said action.)

To know math, one must be instructed in the fundamentals of said subject. Consequently we are forced to learn math. Whether we are learning it or not, remains to be seen, but at any rate, the instructors are instructing.

Now that we have learned English and math, we are prepared for physics. Of course these three subjects are not alone in our academic refreshing so rather than let our reading talents go to waste, history is thrown in for good measure to make certain that we will have something on which to practice.

I don't get it — we are taught English so we can read physics problems, math so we can put our English to practical use, and history so we can keep our reading in practice and to learn why we are trying to learn. Last, but by no means least, we have P.T. to make us strong so we can learn English to learn math so we can learn physics to learn history to learn what it is all about so we can learn to fly so we can lick the Japs so we can learn what not to do wrong after this war is over — say, what is this, a game?



THE BAND