GETTING A WORD IN

By “The Editor”

On this page will be reserved space for many things... very little about kings... mostly cabbage. It is the staff’s hope that the MUSTANG ROUNDUP will please all of you and that you cadets of the Fifth and Sixth battalions will step forward and carry on.

It’s no easy job to publish a magazine this size, even once a month, when we have so many time consuming tasks to accomplish in our short time here. But those who have the desire to help out will be welcome on the staff in any capacity from armchair advisor to 14th assistant to the assistant editor.

We’ve looked over many publications of many NFPS schools, and although some of the schools are putting out fine papers—weekly ones at that—we have yet to see a publication quite like the MUSTANG ROUNDUP. If we keep improving on it you can be sure that it will be noticed by every other NFPS station, and all of the many naval officers over whose desks it passes—as complimentary copies from our Skipper.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE

To make this magazine just what you want... is what the staff wants. To do this we have so far been guessing about what you would like... basing our guesses on suggestions made by staff members, who are, after all, just cadets. To get a better cross section of cadet desires on this subject, we invite you to drop your suggestions as to how we could improve MUSTANG ROUNDUP in the new mail boxes.

Since the First Battalion left here we have been collecting letters from various and sundry cadets who describe many phases of what goes on at WTS. We have a peach of an article called “Whither Flyeth the Fledgling?” written by Cadet Robert Holmes (Batt. I) who was on the first cadet MUSTANG ROUNDUP staff and sent us the lowdown on WTS at Ogden, Utah. The fact that it is five typewritten pages in length, prevented us from using it this time. But we think you would enjoy it and we’ve got it scheduled for the August issue—you’ll be here.

Some of you remember Cadet Haggland (Batt. II) no doubt. He had the 3.86 average for his three months final grade. He’s at Yelland Field, Ely, Nevada along with Greg Wheatley, another artist who was on the staff. Both have promised us cartoons of WTS life... so hope to have those in the next issue, too. By the way, Haggland wrote that they have competition in drill and inspection between battalions and the winner gets the first bus to Ely. By the time the second bus arrives a half hour later, the lucky cadets have reserved all the rooms.

OUTLINE FOR A SAGA

A Saga should some day be written of the Battalions who “fight the Battle of San Luis Obispo.”

By way of outline for that great literary effort—Battalion I had to help us get this Flight Preparatory School organized, and suffer from the shaking down necessary with any new organization.

The Second Battalion was less fortunate; they had to listen to their First Battalion shipmates tell about what a tough job it was to organize the staff of commissioned officers.

Battalion III had a comparatively easy time; all they had to do was to work hard to avoid being held over.

Now, with the Fourth Battalion, another cycle has started. The process of pondering a directive extending the course at this station from 12 to 15 weeks, effective with Batt. IV, was interrupted by the arrival of orders to transfer approximately 47% of that Battalion to W. T. S. upon their completing their eleventh week of work. Now, therefore, I am perplexed as to which part of the Famous Fourth I should compliment.

Being convinced that both the Fighting Forty-seven percent and the Finishing Fifty-three percent are equally deserving of felicitation I hereby congratulate the entire Fourth Battalion most sincerely, and with every wish for your future success and progress.

Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook.

MUSTANG ROUNDUP

California Polytechnic College
Naval Flight Preparatory School

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Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook
Lt. Comdr. in charge
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Cadets J. D. Green, Jack Bottoms, Glen Copplege
Published monthly at no expense to the Navy

MUSTANG ROUNDUP, July, 1943

“Now let’s see, what was I doing before I was interrupted?”

MATE OF DECK
SCUTTLEBUTT CONFIRMED

Since the NFPS program began here at Poly in January, few weeks have been as filled with confusing scuttlebutt as were those of the first part of July.

Many cadets felt forewarned about the extension of the training program from 12 to 15 weeks when word got around that the cadet paper at the NFPS, Williamstown, Mass. had reported receipt of official word on the lengthening of the training period. But few were prepared for the shock which Fourth Battalion men received at the regimental meeting July 1 when Lt. Comdr. Cook announced “tentative” orders indicated the program was to be extended immediately—effective for the Fourth Batt.

At the same time that this discouraging word was released, the Skipper announced that “about” 84 cadets with the highest standing in the Fourth Batt. would be detached from this station and sent on to WTS with the Batt. Three holdovers on or about Tuesday, July 6. Time proved rumor to be correct for 20 cadets left for WTS on July 6 and about 110 followed the next day. See page 7 for more details. Those leaving before completing the 12th week, of the old schedule, will probably have to make up the work at WTS.

Graduation plans for the Fourth Batt., scheduled for Monday, July 19, were cancelled and plans now indicate graduation for the Fourth Batt. will be held Monday, August 2. Every cloud has its silver lining, and in this case it is the news that Fourth Batt. cadets will finish their 15th week on Saturday, July 31, and will graduate the following Monday—with no marking time on work detail for a week as was the previous routine.

Splitting up of the senior battalion gave rise to many problems; one of which was “what to do about the graduation dance.” Planned for July 10, scuttlebutt immediately made the rounds that the date had been postponed. Cadets who had made room reservations several weeks in advance began to wonder what they should do. At press time, the Skipper gave assuring word that the dance would be held on July 10 and if desired another dance would be held July 31.

SAILORS FROM THE SOUTH

by Cadet Paul O. Elliott

During the second week in June a contingent of cadets from the University of Southern California NFPS were transferred to Cal Poly when that flight preparatory school was closed along with the one in Seattle (University of Washington.) Poly’s share of the cadets from the south was 94 men (four platoons), half from the Fourth Battalion and half from the Fifth. Other cadets from navy schools closed were sent to NFPS stations in the east. Cal Poly is now the only NFPS base west of the Rockies and is the starting point for naval aviation

(Continued on Page 6)
THE QUEEN
Miss Jeanne Whitman

HAIL THE QUEEN
Miss Jeanne Whitman of Mill Valley, Calif., whose picture was entered in the MUSTANG ROUNDUP "regimental queen contest" by her friend, John Weber, 6th Platoon, Fourth Batt., won the contest and was crowned queen at the Coronation Ceremonies of the June 10th regimental dance.

A surprise to Miss Whitman was the voice of Cadet Weber who called her by phone on Monday (instead of his usual Tuesday and Thursday) to tell her the good news. Johnny broke the news to her slowly, he reports. First he told her she entered her picture in the contest; then he told her she had placed among the top ten; then he said she had won after being picked by Billy Grady, head talent scout of Metro Goldwyn Mayer; and finally he told her that her prize was an all-expense paid trip to the regimental dance.

MUSTANG ROUNDUP staff members decided several months ago that what this naval station needed was a queen contest to give the boys something to think about besides 0.00 in code and the 2.49 in navigation. After getting all necessary official confirmation on the idea, the MUSTANG ROUNDUP agreed to underwrite the expenses of bringing the girl to the regimental dance. Taking a chance that the winner wouldn't be from New York, the staff appointed Cadet W. P. Eberhart as contest editor and told him to go to work.

Once the contest details became known, Editor Eberhart began getting in photos so fast of "girls who were left behind" that he had difficulty keeping them straight. When the time came to call in the preliminary judges: Lt. Comdr. Cook, Lt. Smythe, Lt. Bonath and Mr. Kennedy, there were so many pictures that the judges had anything but an easy time to pick the ten finalists out of the scores of beauties.

Despite the staff's worried "suggestions," the judges never turned the photos over to find out the names or hometowns of the girls until the ten finalists were chosen—and the chances of the winner being from Salt Lake City, Boulder City, Seattle or Oshogosh were just as good as those from southern Cal or the Bay area.

Those chosen as finalists were: Miss Jeanne Whitman (of course); Frances Henry, San Francisco, by E. M. Giles; Jane Ledgett, Berkeley, Calif., by R. E. Chase; Dorothy Adele Thompson, Greeley, Colo., by L. O. Mosher; Enid Hoffman, Richmond, Calif., by W. R. Fox; Frances O'Hara, Seattle, by Thomas O'Riordan; Leola Eckhardt, Greeley, by Bob Wells; Donna Lee Adams, Roseville, Calif., by Walter L. Calvin; Barbara Timmins, Salinas, by B. A. Pierson; and Patricia Herbert, Piedmont, Calif., by Victor Christiansen.

The photos were immediately sent to Bill Grady at Metro Goldwyn Mayer.
Miss Gene Defee, Reedley, Calif., by Robert N. Copes; Verna Greenfield, San Jose, Calif., by Wm. Hammett; Georgia Ann Buenger, Denver, Colorado, by Peter G. Burnett; Jane Wyman, Minneapolis, Minn., by Frank Heffelinger; Donna Jean Ray, Salt Lake City, Utah, by Harry L. Wendel; June Peters, Los Angeles, Calif., by Ralph C. Sunderland.


Dorothy Thompson, Greeley, Colorado, by L. O. Mosher; Betty Berryman, Los Gatos, Calif., by Jack Reed; Janice Hallahan, San Mateo, Calif., by W. W. Selover; Mary Joy Keith, Berkeley, Calif., by Brunstein; Dorothy Sangalli, Austin, Texas, by J. F. Cook; Katherine Tempest, Salt Lake City, Utah, by Lloyd Williams; Janet Ammen, Walnut Creek, Calif., by Warren Vager.


**QUEEN CONTEST**

ABOVE (left to right): Barbara Timmins of Salinas, Calif.; Enid Hoffman of Richmond, Calif.; Patricia Herbert of Piedmont, Calif.; Donna Lee Adams, Roseville, Calif.; Frances O'Hara, Seattle, Washington.

AT RIGHT (left to right): Leola Eckhardt, Greeley, Colo.; and Dorothy Thompson, Greeley, Colo.

studios with these instructions; pick the three prettiest girls in the order of preference. Mr. Grady did, and Miss Whitman was No. 1.

No. 2 girl was Miss Frances Henry entered by Cadet Giles, Battalion Four Adjutant, who is now at WTS Ogden, Utah. No. 3 girl was Miss Jane Ledgett entered by R. E. Chase.

We hope this contest will become a “navy tradition” here at Poly as there is no doubt in our minds of the success of this first venture. The MUSTANG ROUNDUP wishes to thank the entire regiment and its governing officers for their wholehearted cooperation.

**THEY PICKED TEN**
... after an hour of debate

**GIRLS, GIRLS BEAUTIFUL GIRLS**

Honorable mention goes to the following girls whose photographs were entered in the queen contest by cadets of the regiment:

Mustang Roundup, July, 1943
ON BOARD

1. Breakfast
   ... or would you rather sleep
3. If you'd rather go to town
   ... Bennett will stand your watch

A CADET'S DREAM

(Continued from Page 3)
cadets from the 11th, 12th and 13th Naval Districts.

Many of the men in the platoons transferred here saw service with the fleet and some have received citations
for conduct in major battles. Some have been waiting as long as two years to get a chance to enter the Naval Air Corps.

The mates from Southern Cal contend that the routine here is much more military and characteristic of the navy than it was at the southern school. Perhaps the fact that U.S.C. is a co-ed college had some bearing on the subject. They also claim that conditions here are more suitable for putting the 'ole shnoozla to the emery wheel and digesting that navigation.

After getting oriented here, these men not only made up the lost week by night classes, diligent and overtime studying but by their third week here had surpassed other platoons in scholastic standing in some subjects.

2. Preparing for class
   ... or why go at all?
4. Worse than Washington, D. C.
   ... lead me to it.

CADET OFFICERS

Good news to cadet officers of the Fourth Battalion was probably truthful scuttlebutt that all cadet officers
with a 2.5 average or better would go out with the "lucky 84" even though other cadets with higher averages might have to stay. Reason most obvious for this action would be repayment for time and effort expended in performance of duties which sometimes took so much time that officers were known to have failed because of these duties.

Scheduled to leave were Regimental Commander T. R. Havins and Regimental Adjutant Paul Briggs as well as Fourth Battalion officers and platoon leaders. Battalion Commander Stephan Brashar, Batt, Adjutant E. M. Giles, Left Wing Commander V. D. Jacobsen and Right Wing Commander P. H. Palfreyman were to leave. Platoon leaders of the Fourth are: in order J. H. Hennings, R. K. Barr, D. E. Rasmussen, W. R. Hammett, R. Thomas, L. E. Scott.
WTS HERE THEY COME

Even the rumored discomforts of some of the WTS schools, like Ely with its reputed one and only head, couldn’t cast gloom over the 130 men who left here July 6 and 7 for five different WTS stations. Those of the “hangover” third had suffered through the last four weeks while losing ambition and learning to “gobblin’.” To them WTS was a pardon from a jail sentence. Fourth Batt., men whose names appeared on the change of station orders were joyous about the “reprieve” which knocked off a week from their regular schedule and saved them from the “terrors” of the extra three weeks of the new 15-week program.

First group to leave were the 19 men under supervision of Cadet T. R. Hayins, Jr., which pulled out Tuesday morning for Mesa County junior college, Grand Junction, Colo. The other four groups left Wednesday and were also to report to their new stations on July 8.

Under Cadet Howard E. Vickery, 24 cadets left for Lassen junior college, Susanville, Calif. Cadet Paul L. Briggs led 24 men on the trip to Beckworth where they will be stationed at Sacramento junior college’s WTS school. Cadet Donald H. Pulfreyman’s group of 29 men entrained for Ely, Nevada where they will be stationed at Yelland Field. Another 29 men under guidance of Cadet V. D. Jacobsen left for Weber College, Ogden, Utah.

MARINES HAD AN EDGE

To the Fifth Battalion’s eighth platoon went a special Thursday night liberty on July 1 as the prize awarded for their victory in the regimental drill on that day.

Under the expert leadership of Cadet J. N. Simons, a former Marine whose cadre count is a show in itself, the eighth, composed largely of former Marines, went through a snappy repertoire of maneuvers that even caused the officers to raise their eyebrows. Topping the show, Cadet Simon sent his boys into a wheel movement that had eighth platoon cadets spread all over the drill field.

Second place in the opinion of the judges, Lt. Comdr. H. S. Cook, Lt. D. W. Smythe and Lt. E. P. Cee, went to the First platoon of the Sixth Batt., which was under the direction of Platoon Leader A. C. Pommerenk.

Other places in the competition were: third place, second platoon, Sixth Batt.; fourth place, seventh platoon, Fifth Batt.; fifth place, seventh platoon, Fourth Batt.; sixth place, eighth platoon, Fourth Batt.

There were seven required movements, including dress, facings, column movements, flank, to rear, extend and close, oblique; and one optional movement.

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

With the arrival of the Sixth Battalion early in June came a group of Marines fresh from the Halls of Montezuma and still wearing their Marine uniforms. Adding this group of seasoned fighters to the scores of ex-marines and ex-sailors who arrived with the transfers from Southern Cal, you have more experienced “men of war” than this campus has seen in many a moon.

The photograph on page eight was taken just before they shipped their marine greens home to be confined to moth balls as souvenirs to show the kiddies. In their “Penney Pinks” and scattered throughout the Sixth Batt., these veteran Marines have lost their group identity—but you can never really lose a former Marine. Their presence among green, just-out-of-high school cadets has a steadying influence, tending to better discipline.

But all is not roses for these former Marines. Some with years of service, admit shaking in their boots at thoughts of “book larning” techniques long since forgotten. Said one tough ex-sergeant, “The way these college kids catch on to this math and physics stuff scares me—I must be getting old. I have to hide under the covers and study by flashlight after taps to keep up with them.”

Platoon leader of the Marine squad when it arrived was T. Sgt. P. H. Schwerin, with four years in the Marines. He was with the Marine detachment on Palmyra Island and was...
also at Pearl Harbor. Among the Marines were:

**F. C. Bernal:** St-Sgt., Marine Corps Recruiting, Los Angeles; three years in Marines. **E. H. Styling:** St-Sgt., Marine Group, Oahu, T. H.; two years.

**S. W. Reese:** Sgt., Parachute Troops; one and half years. **John R. Hardin, Jr.** Sgt., Marine Detachment aboard U.S.S. Enterprise; four years, one month.

**Albert C. Pommerenk:** Pfc., Amphibious Corps, Pacific Fleet; one year. **William J. Morris:** Pfc., Midway, Pearl Harbor and Solomons; three and half years. **Robert D. Gilliland:** Pfc., Naval Prison Detachment, Mare Island; 18 months. **Martin L. Frederick:** Pfc., 24th Marines, Camp Pendleton; two years, eight months. **Bradford N. Slenning:** Plt, Sgt., overseas 10 months, based in New Zealand. **Norman K. MacDonald:** Corp., one and half years, F.M.F.

**Ernest L. Minchew:** Corp., U.S.S. West Virginia, Pearl Harbor, Maui, Midway, Ford Island; three and half years. **Royce R. Kruwidig:** Pfc., Camp Elliott; nine months. **S. J. Ronnie:** Corp., 7th Defense Battalion, Samoa (1 year); 17 months in Marines. **Kenneth J. Dowling:** Corp., 6th Marines, 2nd Division (1 year); 18 months.

**T. G. Fletcher** tops them all for time served with Marines. His six and a half years was divided; three years, sea going—U.S.S. San Francisco; one year, Destroyer Base, San Diego; one and a half years, Marine Aviation; one year, Marine Corps Reserve.

**ENLISTED PERSONNEL**

Little known at this station are the bluejackets but they rate more publicity than they get, for without them little would be accomplished at Poly's NFPS.

Shown above are the majority of the bluejackets permanently attached here. They are left to right: R.V. Kachinsky, soon to be a Chief Yeoman, now Y1c, in charge central office and crew; F. H. Snyder, Y3c, navy mail clerk; K. E. Haden, Y3c, central office; E. L. Shuman, HA1c, sick bay; K. S. Rehbuck, SK2c, storekeeper; J. E. Fadde, 1st, supply dept.; E. L. Wood, SK3c, supply dept.; E. L. Price, Y3c, supply dept.; A. E. Hertel, 1st, gym office; E. L. Reynolds, HA1c, sick bay; L. M. McClanahan, 1st, central office (yeoman striker); T. D. Rose, HA1c, sick bay; A. F. Smith, PhM1c (congrats.), sick bay; M. J. Naia, 1st, supply dept. Not in photo but aboard: H. W. Bennett, Y2c, OOD's office; and R. H. Wilson, 1st, gym.

**ACTION WITH THE NAVY**

One of 35 men saved out of a complement of 360 men on board when the Destroyer Meredith was sunk 100 miles off Guadalcanal was S1st Class John E. C. Fadde, now attached to the NFPS here for limited shore duty.

Bluejacket Fadde enlisted in the Navy two days after Pearl Harbor. His first duty was on the Destroyer Meredith in the north Atlantic patrol. The "tin-can" Meredith was soon given orders to rendezvous in the Pacific and became a part of the escort which flanked the Hornet carrying Doolittle's bombers.

On October 15, 1942, the Meredith, while alone in enemy controlled waters off Guadalcanal, was attacked by 40 or 50 Jap dive bombers and torpedo planes. As a loader on one of the destroyer's guns, Fadde went through a life-time of hell in the six minutes in which the Meredith was afloat and fighting.

Fadde suffered multiple wounds from shrapnel and machine gun bullets but after four days on a life raft with other survivors he was picked up by another destroyer and taken to the hospital ship.

**Marines Have Landed**

Lt. Lang is happy now these Marines turned AvCads
ADIEU FROM THE FIRST

Platoon I is made up of a bunch of noteworthy characters, for it has twenty-five platoon leaders in their own right. A striking example of this is their distinctive style of marching. Each cadet has his own cadence.

The Simon Legree of the mighty First is none other than our Regimental Commander, Bob “Deep in the Heart of Texas” Havins. Bob resigned his commission in the Fleet to join the Air Corp. Harry “Hardnose” Hennings is the Platoon Leader of this extravaganza; one of the few native sons. Ronald “Sleepy” Hepler gives a good account of his name in class. The meanest man in Plat. One is Dick “Terror” Olufs, although he is run stiff competition by Bob “Tuffy” Chambers.

The gathering place of Platoon One centers in good old Room 10 whose ten occupants are Charley “Goldbrick” Dole, Donald “Ensign” Day, Wayne “Gig” Calvin, “Honest” Jim Andersen, Bob “Scuttlebutt” Barnes, Dick “Rabbit” Bell, Clarence “Sleep” Carter, J. J. “Housemaids Knee” Barry, and yours truly, Herb “Curly” Berry.

The remainder of the platoon is made up of such noteworthy men as Kenny “Superman” Springfield, Bob “Sleepwalker” Thomas, Pete “Downbeat” Felt and “Socrates” Giuliano.

Last, but not least, on the list of shipmates are Clint “Hop-a-Long” Gregg, Carter “Sparklie” Sparks, Noel “White Feather” Goursolle, B r i c e “Mac” McBride, Bud “Zombie” Karl, and Calvin G. G. “Red” Russell.

Well, enough of the blarney. Platoon One, as a whole, would like to thank all the persons connected with our welfare during our stay here. We would especially like to thank our Battalion Officer, Lt. (j.g.) Haines.

—By Herb Berry

SO LONG FROM THE SECOND

Cal Poly will long bear the teeth marks of the “Gouging” Second. With half the platoon members former college students it is no wonder that the Second made history while here.

Within the Second is as many types of characters as there are cadets. Take Coppedge for example. We called him “the Jap” but only because of his thirst for blood which Eberhart learned almost too late.

Swimmers of the Second left a mark for future battalions to shoot at. Records were broken by: Coppedge, underwater; Block, backstroke; Nichol, sidestroke; and Barr, freestyle. Incidentally, Barr has 90 solo hours to his credit.

Mosher and Briggs give a sturdy backbone to the outfit. They are former college football stars. Some of the fellows who are doing a swell job of keeping the platoon average in studies (Continued on Page 16)
GRADUATING BATTALION

BATTALION IV
Right Wing

Platoon 1 (left to right):

First row: J. P. Andersen, J. J. Barry, R. W. Barnes, R. C. Bell, H. A. Berry, W. L. Calvin, C. M. Carter.


Platoon 3 (left to right):

First row: G. F. Sheya, R. E. Imrie, D. Kline, A. Ligiani, S. Phillips, B. A. Sample.


Platoon 5 (left to right):


Platoon 7 (left to right):


Mustang Roundup, July, 1943
BATTALION IV
Left Wing

Platoon 2 (left to right):


Platoon 4 (left to right):


Platoon 6 (left to right):


Platoon 8 (left to right):


Mustang Roundup, July, 1943
VETERAN VAN KIRK

Out of the war zone of the South Pacific came Warren P. Van Kirk, gunner in an SB2U dive bomber, to begin training as a naval pilot. Van enlisted in the Marine corps in June, 1941 and first encountered action on Midway Island where he spent two and a half months.

On that eight mile strip of land in mid-Pacific, Van was attached to a squadron consisting of 33 mostly obsolete planes. On one mission, he took off with a squadron and 187 miles at sea they encountered a Jap naval task force of about 80 ships, among which were four aircraft carriers, a number of battleships, light and heavy cruisers, and numerous destroyers. The pilot of Van's ship, Lt. Loefel, was credited with sinking a Jap heavy cruiser. Only 11 of the 33 Marine planes returned to Midway, but Van Kirk's plane was among them. For this daring attack on a superior force, Van Kirk and the other survivors of the mission were decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross by General Merritt of the Marine Corps.

Just before Japanese forces succeeded in taking Midway, Van was sent to Guadalcanal where he was under fire continuously. While there, his squadron made two strafing attacks on the Japs. On one occasion, while over Rekata Bay, they strafed the beach putting out of commission one four engined seaplane and four float type Zeros. On the other occasion they strafed Higgins boats, which are Jap landing boats, while Jap personnel were aboard. He spent a total of 68 days on Guadalcanal.

Upon returning to the United States he was granted transfer to the V-5 program and began his flight training at the University of Southern California. When the NFPS program was eliminated there, he was transferred with 100 other cadets to Cal Poly. He is the new Regimental Commander, replacing T. R. Havins now at WTS.

SMITH OF MINNESOTA

Out of the annals of football history comes Bruce Smith, All-American halfback, and captain of his team, The Golden Gophers of University of Minnesota, to finish the first phase of Naval Aviation that he started at the University of Southern California Naval Flight Preparatory School. Cadet Smith attended Faribault high school; graduated in 1938 and enrolled at the University of Minnesota. While there he was active in all sports, but specialized in football. The name of "Smith of Minnesota" will go down in football history as truly one of football's greatest backs.

Bruce enlisted in the regular Navy in the latter part of 1942 and began training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. A torn cartilage in his knee prevented him from entering the Naval Air Corps immediately after graduation. After spending a few months at Great Lakes, he transferred to the Air Corps and was sent to the University of Southern California Naval Flight Preparatory School. Again after studying there for approximately a month and a half, he was transferred to Cal Poly Flight Prep School to complete the prescribed three months ground school course.

After undergoing a handicap of transferring to a school whose schedule was a little more advanced than S.C.'s, Bruce is catching up with his studies and will graduate with the fourth Battalion and will undoubtedly get to St. Mary's Pre-Flight for the football season.

WHO WON THAT MEDAL, VAN?
Jane Wymar & Ida Lupino help heroes forget—and how!

ALL-AMERICANS
Lt. Haines, Bruce Smith & "Forgotten" Pigskin
NAVIGATING MART
By Harold Thorp

(Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of articles on instructors of the NFPS, Cal Poly. It is hoped that these little sketches will better acquaint the cadets with their instructors.)

M. C. Martinson, known to most of his friends as "Mart," led a very colorful life before settling down at Cal Poly. He graduated from good old Poly in 1917 just in time to get into the last fracs. He spent two years in the army with seven months on the front lines in World War No. 1. After his discharge from the army he went into electrical work, and then in 1920

WILDCAT RAMBLINGS
By Don Selby

Wendell Bell, genial commander of Battalion V, didn't know whether to laugh or just feel embarrassed when he learned that he had mailed to his mother the letter he had written to his girl. . . . And the boys in the third platoon are just kidding when they point out the slight resemblance between Platoon Leader Albert Adams and "The Angel" of wrestling fame. . . . Since D. W. Hall received his saxophone, top deck inmates tap out rhythm while they study.

Sights Ashore: Don Ellis and Paul Patten talking things over with Jack Reis' girl friend from Pasadena. Jack Read dining and dancing with the girl whom "all cadets either take out or dream about taking out." (The quotes are those of a member of the faculty.) V. S. Appleby using his California Golden Bear smoothing tactics on the beach at Avila, and not doing so good. The Third Platoon en masse grouped about Bob Skinner at the piano while waiting for the food at their platoon dinner.

Did you know that: Frank Hefflefinger, right wing commander, is the great nephew of the famous Pudge Hefflefinger, all-time Yale great of the gridiron? Wilfred "Whoops" Leuning never heard of an artichoke before coming here, always called softball (the game resembling baseball) "kittenball?" Irving Parker, listed in last month's MUSTANG as a top notch tennis player, was once considered a likely prospect by the San Francisco Baseball Club (the Seals)?

The First Platoon, on top of the grade list in most of its classes, has trouble in convincing the rest of the Fifth Battalion that it belongs in that position.

FROM THE SIXTH
by Victor Morgan

Ex-Marine Corporal, Cadet Ernest L. Minchew has really seen enough of this war to know what he will be getting into when he goes back to face the Japs in the Pacific after completing flight training.

Minchew joined the Marines in 1940. On Dec. 7, 1941, Ernie found himself aboard the U.S.S. West Virginia aiming his 525 inch at the rising suns on some little gray planes that came whizzing in along Waikiki. When his ship was damaged, Minchew packed off again for Maipu to put down a native insurrection. This mission ac-

M. C. MARTINSEN
to his friends, just "Mart."

went into automobile repair work. Later he was a mechanic at Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Burbank. In 1930 he returned to his alma mater as an instructor and he has been here ever since.

He designed and with the aid of students in the aeronautical department, built his own plane around 1928. He flew this plane until 1934. He taught all phases of aviation, including flight instruction. He is licensed by the CAA as Aircraft Pilot, Aircraft and Engine Mechanic and ground school instructor.

He is the head of the Poly aero department but since the first of the year, when the NFPS program began here, he has been devoting full time to teaching navigation—although he worked a double shift while Poly students were here.

We have noticed that he has had the cadets well in hand and he knows his subject from experience as well as theory, so "hats off to one swell guy."

EASY WAY OUT
O'Riordan ends it all??

accomplished he came back to Pearl Harbor again and then was shipped off to Midway. There he twice participated in engagements against the attacking Nips.

After three years overseas, Ernie was transferred to Camp Elliott near San Diego and then to Mare Island just before coming to Poly.

Now he looks sadly at his little blue physics books and says, "So war is hell, eh?—Well, brother . . . !"

She doesn't drink,
She doesn't smoke,
Her only indulge
Is a cherry coke.
But, OH, her sister!

Mustang Roundup, July, 1943

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MEET THE SKIPPER

By Thomas O’Riordan

Your Skipper is a native of Delta, Colorado where he was reared and went to school.

Following graduation from high school Lt. Commander H. S. Cook entered the U. S. Naval Academy and was graduated and commissioned Ensign in the U. S. N. on June 2, 1932 with the Bachelor of Science degree.

Cook was then assigned to the U.S.S. Nevada as Junior Division Officer in the E. Division and the Fourth Division until June 1933 and then as Signal officer until October 1934. In November 1934 he was transferred to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida where he completed half of flight training and was commissioned Lt. (j.g.). Then in October 1935 he was attached to the U.S.S. Dent, a destroyer as First Lieutenant Communications Officer and Ships Service Officer until his resignation in April 1936.

Cook then took a position with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Prudential Insurance Co. in Seattle where he remained until August 1937. From there he went as Concrete Placing Inspector for the U. S. Department of Interior to Grand Coulee Dam. From there he was, in succession, at Llud, Athello, and Pasco, Washington on topography and retracement. Then in December 1939, he took a position as Junior Naval Architect at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and remained there till going on active duty as Lt. (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R. on September 1940.

Cook then served with the motor Torpedo Boat Squadron No. 2 during the commissioning of the squadron and as Commanding officer of the PT13 until February 1941. Then in the same month and until May 1941 he took a refresher course in Aeronautical Engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. From there he went to the U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Seattle, Washington and served as Personnel officer, Officer in charge of ground school, Officer in Charge of Cadet Regiment, Welfare Officer, Recorder of Summary Court Martial and Regimental Adjutant. He then went to a conference of ground school officers, in Jacksonville, Florida during February, 1942 and was commissioned as Lieutenant U. S. N. R. He was then transferred to temporary additional duty to the Naval Reserve Aviation base at Pascagoula, Washington and was present at the commissioning of the new base. He served there in succession as permanent O. O. D., Officer in Charge of Ground School, Superintendent of Ground Training and Officer in Charge of Cadet Regiment. Cook was then promoted to Lieutenant Commander U. S. N. R, in October, 1942 and transferred to California Polytechnic in December 1942 as Officer in Charge of Naval Flight Preparatory School.

I.T. HAINES
former “All-American”

Lt. (j.g.) Haines, athletic officer and battalion officer of the Fourth Batt., was one of the West Coast’s all-time great football players. All-American in 1936, Mr. Haines played in the Rose Bowl with Washington’s Coast Conference champions against the powerful Pittsburg Panthers.

After one year of professional football with the Pittsburg Pirates, he returned to his native Oregon and took up coaching. He had been coaching at Pendleton high school, Pendleton, Oregon for two years when he entered the Navy with a commission as Ensign in April, 1942.

CARRIER TAKEOFF

Reproduced from a watercolor by Lt. Harry Bonath

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"RESULTS NOT excuSES"
By Bill Carmichael

In keeping with the by-words of our station the Navy personnel in general, it might be well to review the results of the physical education program here. The actual results, which take the form of physical development, increased stamina, better coordination, and keener competitive spirit are never accurately measurable. However, concomitant with these benefits, we have the more easily measured results in the form of records. Let's see who's getting the results.

As this issue goes to press, record after record is being made by the new Batt. coming aboard. The true test of a record here seems to be the length of time it stands. The swimming marks that have stood unchallenged for the longest period are the side and back stroke eight man relay events. The new Sixth Batt. has warmed up by breaking the 8 man back stroke and crawl events. However, Mr. Lang is bringing them along slowly for a strong finish in the final week.

Incidentally, the oldest individual pool record still unchallenged is the 25 yard carry, which is held by Cadets Callahan and Clark of the Third Batt. In the individual events, the Third and Fourth Batt. have had to relinquish five of their records to the industrious Fifth.

Speaking of the Fifth Batt. swimming records, it should be mentioned that the fifth platoon still holds the Regimental swimming championship. Did we hear a challenge from the Sixth Batt.?

TRACK RECORDS STAND
By P. Patton

The military track records seem to be of longer standing than the swimming marks. Although Cadets Bohanick, Ellis, Weber and Heffelfinger of Batt. Five made some gallant tries, they couldn't improve on either the two or four lap records held by John Wade of the partially retired Third Batt.

Unless "Lovable Lew" Calagaris whips himself into shape in record time, it looks as though the cross country time of 14 minutes "over the hill" will stand unchallenged by the

“Why not, everyone else does?”
Fifth Batt. However, there's the possibility that some unsuspecting cadet from Batt. Six may take Mr. Lang's "Too Slow" literally, and lower this mark.

The accomplishments of the Fifth Batt. in their two weeks of track were not many but were definitely impressive. Sam Lones has left an obstacle course record of 1:52.15 that should give the boys something to shoot at for quite some time. Also, the Fifth's relay team—imported from S. C.—has established a new mark in the 8 man, 220 relay that should stand for some time. A Fourth Batt. record that should stand for the duration is the 100 yard dash record of 10 seconds flat held by Cadet "Fleetfoot" Samples.

MERMEN BREAK RECORDS
By P. Patton

Batt. Five's four weeks swimming season produced five new records. The stellar merman of the season was Hal "Red" McManus of Redwood City, Calif., who swam the 50 yard breast-stroke in 36:01 seconds and the 50 yard free style in 25:09 seconds, "Red" bettered his own record time in both events during the season.

Next in line of the pool record breakers were Frank "the Irish" Heffelfinger and Jack "the Ripper" Reis, who broke the back stroke and side stroke records respectively. "The Irish" swam 50 yards of relaxed back stroke in 42:07 and Reis swam the 50 yard side stroke in 36:09.

The other new mark was the 200 yard medley relay set by Cadets Bill "Pop" Carmichael, Sam Lones, Norm Diel, and Jeff "Skin" Bentley, whose combined efforts set the new time at 2:35.2.

The season was climax by a demonstration by Ens. "Navy style" Klages. This exhibition not only proved his good sportsmanship—as it was a demand performance—but also showed that he could take care of himself.

Mustang Roundup, July, 1943
FAREWELL FROM "THE THIRD"

In the early summer of '43 there came through the gates of Cal Poly a group of the Navy's finest physical, mental, and moral specimens—namely "The Third" of Battalion IV. Led by "Razz" Rasmussen and "Percy" Palfreyman, cadet officers, this was as remarkable a group of characters as ever donned a Navy uniform (J. C. Penney style).

Among the more outstanding members of "The Third" were "Dutch" Ligroni and "Mel" Pembridge who did their best to bring up the rear when the platoon, led by "Legs" Richards (platoon guide), started up the hill toward the Block P.

"Papa" Sheya, the old man of the outfit at 26, had a fairly easy job tending his charges although it was a terrific struggle to convince "Seymore" Phillips that bathrobes were not acceptable at a breakfast muster even if it was cold.

On the obstacle course, Masters Murphy (the Fighting Irishman) whose Ma makes such delicious cookies, and "Gouge" Manchester excelled; while "Lover" Kline held the honors in academics, navigation excused, where "Gish" Poulson and "Skinny" Oman came through.

"Measles" Munn (he had them the Sunday his gal came to visit him), "Silent Joe" Mapes, "Power Dive" Ovard (9½ hours in the air) and "Wrestlin'" Hal Thorp were outstanding examples (about which, I'm sure I don't know.)

In lucky Room 13 of Vindicator Hall (our beloved Barracks) resided three of "The Third's" better men: "Beatin' Bill" Plat, "Chuck Atlas" Pierson, and the pride of New York "Tom" Schrieber.

"Rope" Perrier and "Fleetfoot" Sample (who ran the 100 in 10.5) were the hellraisers of the upper deck.

There are just three lads left to mention, Harry Wendell, the saltiest character ever to come out of the Great Salt Lake region; Californians own W. F. C. Tittbbets, the Welsmuller of the outfit, and "Red" Imre, who showed them all tricks with the soccer ball.

As "The Third" leaves Cal Poly, every man realizes that he has gained much and is thankful to be one step closer to those Navy "Wings of Gold."

—By Mel Bacharach

NOSEY, NOISY FOURTH

You can be sure that Number Four isn't the smartest platoon in the school and probably not the snappiest, but without a doubt it is the noisiest.

Bill Hammett, platoon leader, former band leader and musician of many name bands is the gold-darndest trombone player that ever pumped a groan from a slush pump. George "Pop" Clayberg was a call pounder when he lived in Denver. Jack Hodge came from Montana. It is easy to tell, too, because everytime he musters, he comes out pulling up his pants and tucking in his shirt-tail.

Bill Fagergren used his good looks and personality to sell ties. Hermie Fitzgerald says he never did anything before he came here and it's a cinch he hasn't done anything since.

Carl Hulbert and Joe Hughes insist they were playboys before they joined. Don Dutcher is the boy, who despite his small size, ran up to the "P" and back in 14 minutes. Dick Bright, grocery peddler from Denver, declares variety is the spice of life and to see his girl friends (plural) photos proves he practices what he preaches. His
GRADUATING BATTALION

roommate, Bill Childers, is the nucleus for bull sessions and liar contests. Donald “Swede” Berquist turns on his electric “lawn mower” to shave while everyone else is trying to listen to the radio. It’s terrible how the whole platoon marches wrong all the time and young Arthur Block never does. Barker (as you would suspect) growls and barks about everything from the weather to the chow. Dick Hart came fresh (and we do mean fresh) from every shipyard on the coast.

Paul “Turlock” Balswick is the barnyard baritone who throws back his head, opens his mouth and carries on like a jackass in a tin barn. The “Cow Pilot,” and we do mean Cow, Bob “Tubby” Handel is really a wonder. He sleeps all week in class and still passes his tests. Jack “Sick Bay” Gardner is proof that all you need is a voice like Mr. Lang’s and a bunch of boils to get through this place.

George “Ladies Man” Edmondson managed to get himself a gal in San Luis Obispo in spite of the Dogfaces. Ken Dean vows he sold ladies lingerie. Cox “Utah Kid” is so quiet that no one can pin anything on him. Bob Copes is from Colorado and is proud of it.

—By Bill Hammett

THE FIGHTING FIFTH

The Fifth Platoon upset many a record in swimming, track and what have you. It is still the proud possessors of the regimental swimming championship.

Led by S. S. (Zachary) Taylor, who hails from Honolulu and because of that swims like a fish, the Fifth platoon was a bunch of “hell-raisers” despite Zachary’s best “hard nose” tactics. “Smelly” Smathers and Bud Steno- vich have been bunk mates for so many hectic months that Smelly says he is going to “marry!” Bud when the war is over and move up to Elko, Nevada and raise rattle snakes. “Bullethead” Watts and “Watercloset” Waterman have reputations similar to their nicknames. Jack “Heavyboy” Mack hails from Denver and is hoping to be sent to Boulder City for WTS—for you know why.

Harmonica playing Ralph Pittman, the only “brain” in the outfit, claims he’s from Orosi, Calif, but who ever heard of it. Bob “Eager Beaver” Wood was going to be a farmer before joining V-5. Now he’s got his heart set on planting a few Japs. Tom O’Riordan

is the boy from Seattle whose girl was among the top ten in the queen contest. Gilbert “Halley” Schneider is quite a boxer but he’s also gained a rep with the ladies. Bob Thomas is our navigating fool, sometimes called the “Napa Flash.” Bob Atkinson, the “Ax,” is clever with impersonations. “Danny Boy” Danielson, the bugler, (whose picture is on the cover) and E. M. Giles, Battalion Adjutant, were two of the boys to bring fame to the Fifth.

George “Near Death” Coulter, John “Dagwood” Daegling, William “Mity Mite” Gill, Joe “Spider” Richards, E. A. “Hot Lips” Reed and Vito “Root” Rotando all have their share of this platoon but lack of space prevents going into their private lives for which they should be thankful.

—By Emil Samuelson.

THE SAGA OF SIMPLICITY

The best things in life are the simple things. Let me introduce you to the Sixth platoon. It may not be noted for brains or brawn but for comradeship it can’t be beaten.

The pride and joy of our outfit is our boy, John Jenkins. Give him Platoon Leader Scott’s hat, a piece of Black Jack gum and, well if you’ve seen him you’ll know what I mean. A saying in our Batt. goes something like this, “If you are not from Salt Lake you don’t rate,” and of course the only ones that believe that stuff are the boys from S. L.: namely John Jenkins, Ernie Kanell and our record breaking high jumper, Platoon Leader Ed Scott. Us city slickers, from San Francisco, try to tell them differently but they just nod their heads and laugh.

We have an Ogdenite in Jim “Have you a brother?” McKenna. He said he would fix us all up if we ever got to Ogden. There is usually one of them “star musician fellahs!” in every crowd. Ours is H. H. “Uncle” Haight. Man, that guy can blow a mean trumpet.

The “Little Corporal” of the left wing, V. Jacobsen, whose mumbling “I’ll frap ya,” is really a nice guy, if you get to know him. Johnny Weber, who was a burning foreman, and Bob Wall, a shipfitter, are two former defense workers. We kept trying to figure out how Wendel Merthen knew so much about engines, then the other day we found out. He was assistant manager at a large garage in Fresno, Calif.

It seems the artist of our outfit is J. Darrel Green, but he is kinda bash-

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GRADUATING BATTALION

ful about his talent. He absolutely refused to do nudes on navigation note book covers. Cliff "Bubbles" Smith doesn’t seem to have been much of a character before he entered the old Alma Mater, but what a character he has turned out to be.

The "Peelot" of our outfit, Lew Schoneff, really has some stories to relate about his love life.

All in all, the short stay we’ve had together will be looked upon in later years and enjoyed by all that were mixed up with this whacky group. But, as death and taxes, part of the ways must come. To future Battas, we say, "Smoothie Sailing."

—By "Dopey" Phelps

HELLO AND GOODBYE FROM THE EIGHTH

By John M. Rossetto

This is the story of the ill-fated Eighth platoon. The Eighth was "Shanghaied" from the comforts of life at U.S.C., kept waiting infinite hours for transportation to our new base, finally placed in a cold, obsolete chair car, and ultimately greeted at San Luis Obispo by a group of growling, barking cadet officers.

"Hard Nose" G. W. Smith was unanimously elected to lead the pack. And lead us he has—a mery chase. He wasn’t leading when four of the boys went over the hill (not AWOL) to see what they could see and brought back a nice touch of poison oak. Nasty break, chums—meaning "Haba Habá" Trast, "Muscles" Sunderland, "Jitterbug" Elmies and "Legs" Wyche.

When it comes to "campaign bars" the eighth has quite a collection. "Casablanca" Randsell has to his credit about all the bars so far issued, and "Spongy" Hanna has his share too—but not on "his" shirt, "Grumpy" Worsley, "Casanova" Ware of New Orleans and "Wallflower" Wood were all yeomen in the USN before taking the step into V-5. "Alban Ladd" Wint has seen service on a PT boat down Panama way. "Diego" Warshaw was stationed by the Mexican border where he learned Spanish from some senorita—the right words, too. By the looks of "Sloppy" Wiltshire’s beard you would think he was still swabbing the deck of that tin-can he was on. We’re wondering how seamen "Bean Pole" Stocker and "Slue Foot" Scott ever managed to pucker up their lips tight enough to get a transfer. After a year as a radioman-gunner on a PBY and Dive Bombers, "Pesty" Pesta made the grade.

"Joe the Rabbit" Tilisky and "Beetles" Brain Zegar have seen action on the American defense line and ole "Sarge" Wagner finally dummied up and got out of the Marines into the Navy.

Donald Wardlaw gets the platoon’s thanks for getting us through Math
"Oh, you cadets say the sweetest things, but what's a SO3C Empennage?"

"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrilled the girl in the auto.
"I can't," said the Cadet, "I have to steer with one."

Cadet—Are you free this evening?
Gal—Well, not exactly free, but very inexpensive.

"What's the matter with your finger?"
"Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."

He—You know, there's something about you I like.
She—Try and get it.

"Why did you run home last night, Gracie?"
"I was being chaste, Ethel."

(Continued from Page 18)

and Physics. "Brains" Petersen considers himself failed if he receives below a 3.8 in any subject. H. P. Tuman was a steel mill worker in the east. "Speed" Patten held the dash and 440 records at S. C. NFPS and "Jumping Charlie" Searles held the high jump and broad jump records. "Rubber Neck" Oram claims he left UCLA to join up—who knows?

The inconvenience of being transferred, the thoughts of a week's make-up work and other minor details created the sarcastic note with which this article was introduced. However, after acquainting ourselves with the officers and men here we find ourselves standing at ease. In our short stay at this base we find we are proud to be graduating from it. Cal Poly is our first big step to success.

—By John M. Rossetto

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"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.

Jean—Sorry, Jack, but I'm all tied up tonight.
Jack—Say, that'll simplify things. I'll be right over.

1st Cadet—A woman's greatest attraction is her hair.
2nd Cadet—I say it's her eyes.
3rd Cadet—It's unquestionably her lips.
Senior Cadet—What's the use of sitting here lying to each other?

"See, it was too a Zero!"

SOUND OFF
By Joe Gish

(Ed. Note:—Gish was going to tell us how he had a chance to see an airplane. However, Gish found out that they were coming at a seventy-fifth and when he blinked he missed five. He refuses to discuss the subject further.)

Girls is Gish getting good? The other day I was able to tell the difference between the plane and the carrier. It's really very simple. All you have to do is count the number of anchors.

After they made two other battalions feel at home they got around to giving Gish some snug fitting desert pinks. It looks like, with the food

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shortage, they would issue clothes that are too small and build you down instead of doing it vice versa.

However, I selected a stout piece of cord to hold them (pants) up, combed my toupee, and stood ready for town.

Off we tore in a cab like a herd of turtles, and I might add that the pedestrians made most ornamental radiator caps. We finally landed outside of the local hot spots that was marked by a deafening lack of sober officers (Army), and also by the way that the girls outnumbered the men. Oh how I hated it.

I managed to beat all but two of the most beautiful off. What flowers of womanhood, Just the sound of their names brings passion to the roots of my very soul. Emilie Bogle and Ophelia Schmaltz. Even as I sit here rotting I see visions of them. Knobby knees and that silky white hair. (What there was of it). And to think that the price of all this beauty was only one quart of peroxide a day and the plastic surgeon once a year.

I was so indebted to them for letting me buy them drinks all night that I decided to send them each a bottle of the most priceless perfume known. I wandered down to the gym, gathered up all the old sweat shirts and sprinkled them lightly with water, I then found a nice dark hole and let them mold for about a week. It was then simple enough to squeeze the nectar out, bottle it, and label it Snavu Night. You know it's the funniest thing, but I haven't heard a word from them since.

"Where's the cadet that's been practicing stratosphere flying?"