YOU'RE OUT!
NO MORE SANTA CLAUS

WE UNDERSTAND that it isn't psychologically sound to try and promote participation in a student activity by berating students for their lack of interest and by calling them names, such as: LAZY, DRONES, IDLERS, WEARY WILLIES, DILLY DALLYERS, GOLDBRICKERS, ETC., ETC. Therefore we won't use that approach.

When you read this, you will again have in your hand a copy of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP, that magazine which gained the reputation of being one of the best publications edited at any of the 17 NFPS schools and later, at any of the NARU schools. It comes to student body card holders each month because the SAC appropriates 25¢ for each copy delivered to student body members. It is a student body publication.

The fact that you again have it in your hand is not, however, a sign that a student staff did the necessary work, on time, and in readable English. Let's say that once again SANTA CLAUS put out your "student-edited" magazine. However, if you get an April and May issue, it will be a reasonable assumption that a student staff did the work. Our logic for that last statement is based on this syllogism: The MUSTANG ROUNDUP is a student magazine. SANTA CLAUS has gone back to the North Pole. Therefore, the April and May issue of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP was written and edited by students.

ARE YOU A DREAMER?

IF YOU'RE a dreamer and would like to cash in on it, MUSTANG ROUNDUP has a proposition. Every publication on the newstand today is filled with "post-war plans"—for something or somebody. Cal Poly has its post-war plans too, and among them is an appropriation of $300,000 for a new library-classroom building to be constructed as the first structure in the post-war building program. This building will be built essentially as a library to accommodate a student body of from 2000 to 2500 students, and must have adequate provisions for caring for library holdings 50 years from now.

For the best essay of from 800 to 2500 words describing constructive suggestions for the new library building, MUSTANG ROUNDUP will give $5.00 or your choice of books of that price; second place will be $2.50 or your choice of books of that price.

Come on, dreamers. Think what you could put into this future building: translucent glass walls, fluorescent lighting, temperature and humidity control, easy chairs, carpeted reading alcoves, with cheery fireplaces and ash trays; "little theater" projection rooms to pre-view educational and entertainment films which the library will stock; special art rooms, rare book rooms, and general lecture rooms.

Everything and anything to make reading and studying more enjoyable.

LET'S BE FAMOUS

Did you ever wonder how it would feel to be a famous author, with royalties rolling in from "best sellers"? Well, you've got to start somewhere. If you've got a contribution to the April edition of the MUSTANG ROUNDUP?

Short—short stories up to 800 words aren't easy to write, but maybe you've had one up your sleeve for some time. Turn it in (typed, double space) to Mr. Kennedy, library, before April 5 and maybe you will win $5.00 in war stamps.

(Continued Page 7)
COUNTRY FAIR
ON A
COLLEGE CAMPUS

THE thirteenth annual Poly Royal will be held on the campus of the
California Polytechnic College May 4 and 5th, according to Ade Harders,
general superintendent of the activity.

The “Country Fair on a College Campus,” as it is popularly known, will be held this year in conjunction
with the Seventh War Loan Drive. One of the main features of the occa­sion
will be a war bond auction to be held in the Poly stadium Saturday, May 5.

Each department of instruction at the
college will hold open shop with
demonstrations and information on the
college’s wartime activities.

Livestock exhibits will show recent improvements in the various herds
with emphasis on wartime production goals. Recent additions to the herds
and horses from the Polytechnic Thor­oughbred unit will be shown in a parade
on Poly field Sunday, May 6.

Festivities will begin Saturday with
a fast baseball game between Coach
Vern Meacham’s’ Sluggers and a neigh­borly military team.

The Coronation Ball, the students
big night of every year, will be held
that evening in the Poly gym.

Harders stated that he hoped the
people of the South Coast would ac­cept the invitation and attend the bond
auction and other attractions of the
College Fair.

HISTORY REPEATS

ON MARCH 13, 1933, the first Poly
Royal was held at Poly. At that
time the event was sponsored by the
FFA chapter on the campus and was
exclusively an agriculture show. The
purpose of the first few Poly Royals
was to give the ag students experience
in showing their stock and projects in
preparation for the Inter­state junior
livestock show held each year in South
San Francisco.

In 1934 the Poly Royal committee
instituted the procedure of selecting a
queen, and the first Coronation Ball
was added to the ceremonies. More
and greater features were added to the
show until the Poly Royal grew
into the most unique college open
house program in the United States.

After six successful Poly Royals un­der the sponsorship of the FFA chap­ter, the Associated Students took over.
So in 1939 the show became industrial
as well as agricultural.

In 1941 a new method of choosing
the queen was instigated in order to
gain more wide­spread publicity and
to further good relationships with the
other state colleges. San Francisco
State college was the first invited to
send a Poly Royal queen and their
representative was Barbara Biggs. In
1942 Fresno State college’s candidate,
Miss Joetta Belcher, became Poly
Royal queen. In 1943 the executive
committee decided to honor San Luis
Obispo pulchritude again and Miss
Eleanor Burrows was chosen as the
queen. Miss Burrows will be present
at the coronation ceremony this year
in order to hand the crown down to
the new queen.

GUESTS FROM
ABROAD

By S. P. McKellar

THE Cal Poly-Camp Roberts basket­ball game recently brought a new
type of spectator. Included in Rob­erts’ cheering section was a small
group of Italian prisoners of war, now
in the Italian service unit of the U. S.
Army. They were accompanied by a
sergeant from the M.P. detail stationed
there.

During half time, the usual group
gathered outside for their smokes and
Johnny “The Baron” DeMarco decided
to test his Italian. He picked out a
likely subject and opened up with a
verbal barrage in the man’s native
tongue. His Italian was apparently
on the proverbial ball, for he soon was
surrounded by quite a gallery of by­standers, eager to get cut in on the
“dope.”

The “dope” finally turned out to be
that the man’s name was Bertolasi
Renzo and that he came from Lombardy province in Italy. “Red” De
Marco has apparently gotten a lot of
good out of Lt. Weigle’s interrogation
movies because that night he was a
real credit to the intelligence and in­terrogation department.

Renzo served eight years in the Ital­ian Army; was in quite a few cam­paigns. He was finally captured in
Pantelleria when our bombers pound­ed that island to submission. After
spending some time in camps in the
African theatre, Renzo was moved to
New York, then to North Carolina. He
arrived at San Luis Obispo in Sep­tember of 1944. He now serves with
the First Italian Ordnance Battalion
at Camp Roberts, California. When
asked what he thought of the country
out here, Renzo said he liked it very
much but intends to return to Italy
to help make it a progressive, demo­cratic nation.

“GABBY” DeMARCO ACTS AS INTERPRETER
An Italian prisoner gives out with the “dope” in his mother tongue.
WEEK OF FEBRUARY 4

Sir Bess Sets U. S. Record

Sir Bess Gettie of Taylaker 2nd, senior Holstein sire at Cal Poly, is given highest index rating on record by the Holstein-Friesian association of America. His seven tested daughters averaged 773 pounds of butterfat and 21,240 pounds of milk for a year on a three-times-a-day mature basis.

Fourth NARU Group Leaves

Company 2R-B and 3R-A graduated in exercises held Feb. 1. Lt. Weigel and President McPhee praised the graduates and wished them luck at pre-flight.

"College Way" Planned

City and county authorities will shortly consider a proposal for a "one-name" artery from the highway 101 intersection to the college. This street will be known as "College Way" for the entire distance. The plan was presented to the board of directors of the San Luis Obispo Chamber of Commerce by George P. Couper, a member of the board.

Dairy Council Visits Poly

Three out-of-town members of the Educational Committee of the California Dairy Council visited here Jan. 29 as part of the committee's work in studying educational opportunities and facilities available in the state for study in the dairy industry field.

Poly Varsity Takes Two Games

On January 31 the varsity avenged a previous 35-34 defeat at the hands of the Camp Cooke quintet by swamping the same team, 54-31. The varsity showed their best floor form to that date, allowing the army to sink only five field goals in the first half. Collins made 22 of the Varsity's points.

The next night the varsity licked Camp Roberts at the camp, 39-35, in a game outstanding because of the effective team work of the Poly squad which prevented Roberts' "stars," such as McLaughlin, the fancy ball-handling Indian, from hitting the bucket regularly. Walker was high point man with 18 digits.

El Mustang Jr. Revived

In an effort to bring news to the students oftener than the once-a-month publication in the MUSTANG ROUND-UP, the publication department revived the mimeographed newsheet, El Mustang Jr., which had been originated in 1942 to take the place of the regularly printed weekly paper which was discontinued due to lack of students. (Editor's Note: Unless the students show more interest, this mimeographed paper, which any three up and coming JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS could publish, will be discontinued also. On Feb. 2 more than 20 civilian students promised they would help in the publication of THEIR OWN STUDENT PAPER AND MAGAZINE. Three weeks later the combined staff consisted of two navy men and two civilian students.)

Club News

Boots and Spurs, Aero club, Poultry club and Poly quartet made news with meetings held during the first week of February.

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 13

Veterans Advisers Conference

For two weeks starting Feb. 12, Cal Poly was the focal point of attention of persons throughout the state interested in the formulation of a statewide coordinated plan for veterans' guidance. Outstanding educational leaders from all parts of the state and representatives of more than 50 agencies active in guidance of veterans took part in the conference. The conference was conducted jointly by the division of readjustment education, the bureau of occupation information and guidance and Cal Poly.

Battalion 4R Arrives

Batt. 4R, 96 men strong, arrived at midnight Feb. 6, bringing the total NARU trainees on board to 218. The traditional welcoming banquet was held and the new men were given their first taste of "college life" when they heard the glee club and when they attended one of the best basketball games of the season to see Poly beat the fancy-pantsed Camp Roberts outfit, 47-30, directly following the banquet.

GET HIS LICENSE NUMBER!
That wasn't a truck, Spurgeon, just a lucky punch from Huddleston. After he sat this one out, he out-pointed his opponent for the decision.

Mustang Roundup, March, 1945
Sant a Maria 's P-38's Licked
The night before the banquet, the varsity beat the Santa Maria flyers, 42-32. Walker was high point man with 12 tallies.

Club News
The Young Farmers, Aero department and Corps department make the headlines again with news about their activities.

Ag Dept. Receives Gifts
Recent gifts to the ag departments have included: eight gilts and one boar donated by members of the Calif. Berkshire Breeder's Association, six head of pure-bred Angus heifers from Ed Biagini, Cayucos; one Duorc-Jersey boar from Clarence Dudley, Riverside; three Southdown sheep from Richard M. Griffith, Burbank, and trees of five new varieties of apples originated by Mr. Etter.

WEEK OF FEB. 20
Dance Huge Success
Valentine's dance roaring success. CYF receives congratulations from NARU men and civilians alike for planning and staging the most successful social event of the year. (see page 7 for pictures).

Co-Edettes Again Entertain
A bus load of trainees journeyed to Santa Barbara over the week-end of Feb. 17-18 where they were royally entertained by the Co-Edettes of Santa Barbara college. Included on the program was a dance, picnic, tour of the Mission and then some ad lib activities promoted by the boys.

NARU Swimming Meet
Batt. 3-R challenged 2-R to a swimming meet which was held Feb. 13. Batt. 2-R won 32 to 27½ and they claim they used their "non-swimmers." The feud is still on.

Amphibs at Morro Overwhelmed
Poly's varsity added another to the record during the week when they overwhelmed the Morro Bay Amphibs, 60-27. Collis scored 13 points and Walker sank 12.

Poultry Dept.'s New Crop
The first brood of chicks of 1945 was taken out of the incubator Feb. 16. The first two broods were kept to replace losses in the Poly flock. The rest of the hatch, 500 to 1000 eggs weekly, are being handled here and about 4500 hatching eggs per week are being sent to Black's Hatchery in Paso Robles where they are being hatched for FFA boys all over the state.

Club News Again
This week the Hort department, Dairy department and Junior class squeezed in to take a little space in the activities calendar. Hort received some plant gifts, the Dairy dept. elected Chuck McLaughlin Poly Royal representative, and the junior class elected the following officers: Tom Leonard, president; Clark Burton, vice president; Wes Norton, secretary-treasurer; Dale Madden, social director, and Bruce Day, sergeant-at-arms. (P.S. Wonder who is left?)

WEEK OF FEB. 27
Fun Nite Success
A near-capacity crowd watched 3-R's scrappers take three out of four decisions bouts from 2-R on Feb. 23. (see page 8 for pictures and story.)

Poly Named in Will
Cal Poly eventually will receive all the net income from approximately $400,000 of a $450,000 estate left by Leopold Edward Wrasse, 96, who died in Fresno Feb. 1.

About $40,000 was bequeathed to four friends and the remainder is to be held in trust for the Prussian born rancher's 17 relatives, last known to be living in Germany. When restrictions against sending money to Germany are lifted, these 17 (if they are alive or can be found) relatives are to share equally the income from the estate.

At the death of the last of the 17 named heirs, the money is to come to Poly perpetually under the terms of an existing trust agreement made by Wrasse in 1928. The 1928 agreement established a $25,000 trust loan fund for deserving students.

Clearing the Land
When Librarian Kennedy saw Brig Young and his crew clearing the trees off the plot of land across from the old Ag. Ed building, he thought Poly's post-war building plans had passed him up. Kennedy and a faculty committee are now busy working on plans for a $300,000 library classroom building (first approved item on building program) to be constructed on that very spot. Joke was that Brig's crew were cutting the trees for fence posts.

Over-Production
Lindsay Jewett was faced during the week of Feb. 21 with the problem of how to distribute 12 "lunch buckets" to 23 pigs farrowed by Poly Kings June, patriotic Duorc sow who seemed to be trying desperately to increase California's pork production mark. Nearest to June's record was a previous Poly record of 17 pigs to one litter.

(Continued Page 6)
ELSIE-THE GLOWWORM

By R. E. AHRENS

MANY works of literature have been written about animals, birds, bees, and insects. Some of these compositions have brought enjoyment to those who are students of literature. For the most part, however, it seems the characters have attained more fame than the authors. It is doubtful that the following will bring fame to anyone or anything.

In the paragraphs to come may be found a story, perhaps, a routine incident in the insect world. The story of a beetle, not a beetle as referred to in modern phraseology but the story of a glowworm. An insect called Elsie by those who knew her well.

Elsie was a normal little creature. All through her childhood she was as carefree and happy as any of her playmates. They had great fun in the evenings, romping in the tall grass and shrubs. Of all their games the favorite was follow the leader, a dangerous game in which they were guided only by the taillight ahead.

As Elsie grew older her social contacts expanded; she seemed to become more serious minded and developed into quite a young lady, as insects go. One day she was introduced to Elmer. Elmer was a big, husky caterpillar. It was a case of love at first sight, and after a whirlwind courtship they were married.

Happy in love, they settled down to domestic life. In the toe of an old rubber boot. Theirs seemed to be the ideal existence. Each morning Elmer would go to his job in the bank, and Elsie would hurry about her housework. With her work done she would sit before the mirror preening and glowing, so she would look her best for Elmer when he returned in the evening.

Ah! But one day this inevitable happened. Elsie saw a girl in a plaid skirt. For days on end she did not glow. She did nothing, in fact, sitting around the house conserving her energy. Elmer was sure their marriage was a failure. He pleaded for an explanation of her attitude, to which she would reply, "It shall be a surprise."

Finally the big day arrived, and when Elmer returned from work Elsie was at the door to meet him. "Elmer," she said, "Your surprise is ready, I am going to glow plaid." Taking a deep breath and straining at every nerve she began to glow. The effort was too great, however, and she blew out a fuse. Elmer put her into bed and got a doctor to her side as quickly as possible. After a thorough examination the medic made this statement, "Elsie you must never glow again. To do so will cause your death."

After the doctor left, Elsie remained quiet for a few minutes; then she called her husband to her side, "Elmer I love you," she said. Then with a smile on her face she began to glow. As she lay there dying, Elmer said, "Elsie! Elsie! why did you do it?" She looked up at him and softly said, "Elmer I am an artist, and when you gotta glow, you gotta glow!"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The story of "Elsie—The Glowworm" marks the dwindling of Robert E. Ahrens as a trainee and the emergence of Robert E. Ahrens as an author. Here in this story is gathered not merely a great deal of oddity but a great deal of wisdom. Mr. Ahrens is that quite serious and even weighty thing—a true humorist. This will become clear to any reflective reader who reads this essay to its end. Originally written to fulfill an assignment in an English class, this little gem was later given orally before that same class and Mr. Ahrens' droll method of presenting it had his classmates in the aisles.

A great many hilarious and profoundly discouraging things have happened to Ahrens since 1940 (the year he joined the Navy), but none, he says, so discouraging as having to speak on the subject of "Seasickness" the morning after an over-night liberty. Perhaps we can get him to describe that sensation to us for our next issue.

Ahrens has seen action in all Pacific amphibious operations from Bougainville to the Philippines (six stars on his Pacific theater ribbon). He is a member of 3R-B and is an Aviation Machinists Mate first class.

MORE NEWS IN REVIEW

Two Cows Go Snooty

Two Holstein cows at the dairy barn aren't speaking to the rest of the "girls" since they were honored by being presented with certificates of membership into the exclusive "One Hundred Thousand Pound Class."

WEEK OF MARCH 6

FFA Speech Contest

Jesse Jennings, Reedley high school, won the 1944-45 state Future Farmers of America public speaking contest held here on March 1. The mid-year meeting of the executive board of the state FFA was also held here at the same time.

McPhee Honored

President McPhee was notified March 6 that he had been appointed a national vice president of the American Vocational association. He was appointed by the executive board of the association to fill out the unexpired term of J.ude Guitteau, state superintendent of agriculture for the state of Washington, who died recently. McPhee will represent agricultural education for AVA.

New Quarter

The Winter quarter officially closed at 5 p.m., Friday, March 9, and by noon of that day civilian students were as scarce around the campus as hens teeth. However, the following Monday most of the old students returned and 23 new students had registered. Lost in the shuffle was Mitch Evovitch who was drafted, Dave Wixom who transferred to Colorado State, Eugene Warren, who went south for ranch work, Robert Johnson who went home temporarily to take care of his folks’ ranch, and Robert Christenson, to Orange county to work.

Mustang Roundup, March, 1945
BEST DANCE OF THE YEAR. Many a heart throbbed at the Valentine Dance but it was all very appropriate. In the top row, left to right, we have: a handsome couple (we can't identify), Mr. Whitney & Miss Burrows; DeMarco (catching flies), Wheeler & friends; Alice Johnson & escort, Klaprodt doing the Susie Q, and Miss Jones with Y1/c Langum. In the second row, we have Miss Christy & PhM2/c Murphy, Miss Thomas looking for the love light in AMM1/c Campbell's eyes; Mrs. Beck singing a lullaby to Gene Egan; E. L. Youngs & someone we should know better, and, of course, Marian Culp & friend. In the third row: Pickle-puss Harsh with his one-and-only (for that evening, at least); Da Mob with a few stray hearts, and Chief Gish & the Mrs.

(Continued from Page 2)

LET'S BE FAMOUS

Another prize of $5.00 awaits anyone who can write a good essay on any subject, which the MUSTANG ROUNDUP can print. It will have a better chance if it is funny like Ahrens' "Elsie, the Glowworm," on page ___. The same deadline as above.

We're in the market for cartoons again, so if you can draw get at it before April 1. If you have any photographs of activities here at Poly that you would like to see printed, turn them in and if they are acceptable we'll give you a photo by-line.

VALENTINE DANCE

St. Valentine was honored in grand style by means of a YFA sponsored dance. An easy, cozy atmosphere was lent the occasion by truck loads of tree limbs. Suddued lighting gave the floor a twilight effect. The feature decoration, a huge lighted valentine, was arranged in the center of the floor. It was created cooperatively by Poly's farmers and electricians.

The evening's success may be attributed to the untiring work of the various committee chairmen. Don Fester sparkplugged the whole affair. His long range planning and constant effort were indispensable. Bob Phillips was in charge of the decorations. Candy and pop were dispensed by a committee headed by Mitch Evovitch.

As the music started, a timid young lad, lurking in the background, darted forward.

"Pardon me, miss," said he, "may I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh! a thousand pardons!" he said, "I didn't know your condition."

Mustang Roundup, March, 1945
A near-capacity audience watched Battalion 3-R's scrappers take three out of four decision bouts from their rival battalion, 2-R, in the Fun Night boxing matches held in the Cal Poly gym Friday, Feb. 23. Four other exhibition bouts, a free-for-all with four blindfolded fighters in the ring at one time, and a full-length motion picture filled out the Fun Night program. Cal Poly's 30-piece marching band, under the direction of Student Leader Ed Sherwood, entertained during the intermissions.

One of the best bouts on the card saw Dee Spurgeon, from Seattle, Washington, former Golden Gloves runner-up and now a Battalion 3-R trainee, take a close decision over Sam Huddleston, Nashville, Arkansas, in the 170-pound class. Although Spurgeon was on the canvass for the count of nine in the first round, he came back to out-point Huddleston in the last two rounds.

The only 2-R man to win a decision bout was John Drake, Tacoma, Washington, who won the nod over Fred Klaproot, Hammond, Indiana, in the fastest action bout of the night.

The other two decision bouts were lost by Battalion 2-R men on technical knockouts. Tom Huxford, Russellville, South Carolina, lost to Frank Lewis, New Orleans, when he received a bad gash over the eye in the first round of the 155-pound fight. Fred Fehrle, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was credited with a TKO over Bob Cantrell, Billings, Montana, in the second round. Despite a badly smashed nose, Cantrell would have finished the fight but his second threw in the towel to prevent further bloodshed.

In the 165-pound exhibition bout Bob Grimes, Daly City, California, won a decision over Red Oakley, Houston, Texas, after solving Oakley's rope-bouncing style. Oakley's first round whirlwind attack won him the first round but Grimes wore him out by persistently pushing the fight in the last two rounds.

A clever exhibition of body fighting was put on by John DeMarco, 2-R boy from Full River, Mass., who won the decision over his 2-R buddy, Archie Gubser, Juneau, Alaska.

Johnny Cruse, Spennier, Iowa, out-boxed Abe Fennel, Pensacola, Florida, in the 135-pound exhibition.

In the only civilian bout of the evening, Ernie Larkey, Klamath Falls, Ore., took the decision over Jim O'Neil, G.I. student from San Mateo.

A side-splitting free-for-all which had the audience on its feet and filled the Poly gym with laughter, was presented by four Cal Poly civilian students who fought each other blindfolded. Gene Whitney, Ed Hobson, Don Adams and Mel Eberhardt were the four boys who fought a four-way draw without ever knowing who hit them or who they hit.

Ken Cooper, Battalion 3-R, was announcer. Tony Sebastian, Roy Metz, Gene Roberts were the judges and Harry Kerwin refereed the matches. Dr. W. E. Bowls was timer. Vernon Meacham and Red Jewett were seconds.

* * *}

Corporal: “Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?”
Private: “I don’t know, I didn't see her face.”

* * *

She: “If I sit in that nice dark corner with you, will you promise not to hug me?”
Gob: “Yes.”
She: “And will you promise not to kiss me?”
Gob: “Yes.”
She: “Then what in the hell do you want me to go over there for?”

** Mustang Roundup, March, 1945 **
POLY'S VARSITY BASKETBALL SEASON ENDS

Poly's varsity basketball squad, made up entirely of NARU men, concluded a very successful three-months season on March 7 with a record of 14 wins and five losses. Although they lost the last game in a nip-and-tuck battle with the Goleta Marine Air Base quintet, 57-48, the squad can still boast of a fine record of 828 points scored to 601 points for opposing teams.

When new blood came in with 3-R in January, the squad lost only two in 14 consecutive matches. This does not include a number of wins which the squad had in practice tilts with several squads. Following is the individual scoring record of varsity men who were still here at the time this went to press:

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<th>Player</th>
<th>Total Score</th>
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<tr>
<td>Walker</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caven</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kreegar</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turley</td>
<td>48</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gish</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simmons</td>
<td>18</td>
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<td>Langenderfer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Johnson</td>
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<td>Armstrong</td>
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<th>Total Score</th>
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<td>693</td>
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POLY'S VARSITY ENDS A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Morgan sinks one as Gish follows . . . Walker gets another as Kreegar comes in . . . . . . Collis makes one despite foul

A FREE SIDESHOW WITH EVERY GAME

Lt. Fries (varsity coach) was always willing to express himself.

<table>
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<th>SEASON'S RECORD VARSITY POLY</th>
<th>OPPONENT</th>
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<td>Morro Bay Amphib Base</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>Camp SLO 86th Recon.</td>
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<td>Camp SLO 342nd Recon.</td>
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<td>Goleta Marine Base</td>
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<td>34</td>
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<td>60</td>
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BATTALION

By W. D. TITUS

BATT, 4-R, not unlike the previous battalions sent here to Cal Poly, was formed at the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board at 703 Market street in San Francisco, California. This particular contingent of men, commonly called a draft, arrived here on the fateful day of Feb. 8, 1945, to begin its academic refreshing, which, time has proven, is needed more than the average fellow likes to admit.

This battalion might not be one of exceptional standing, yet it is not to be confused with those of average merit. All of the boys have just returned from the fleet, as have the previous battalions. Many of its members have been awarded meritorious combat medals for outstanding duty while under enemy fire. We feel mighty proud to have fellows like that in our outfit.

But let us leave the past behind us and return to the future. The fourth battalion, like the others, has an A company, B company, and a C company. Company A is composed of the brain trusts, those fellows with better than average intelligence (they think). Company B proved to be the best liked by the majority of hands, as it is the largest company of the three. Needless to say, the faculty was quite surprised to find that there was such an intelligent crew aboard. The remaining company C, is the one that will be here for 24 weeks; need we say more?

Much to the expectations of the students, many of the members of Co. B, both in platoon one and two, are contemplating a transfer to C. I guess they like it here at Cal Poly, for why else would they wish for such a request? (Well, that was fun; what shall we play now?)

As can be found in every naval station, be it naval air station, a service school, or aboard ship, almost every state in the Union (including Texas) is boastfully represented by one of its former residents. We shall detour from the subject of states, as arguments are certain to arise as to which is the best to live in all year around. Each individual has his own opinion, and no amount of discussion will force him to change his mind. “My state is the best,” is always the answer, so who wants to argue?

The married men are the ones that seem to have the real troubles here at Cal Poly. Those who have their wives in San Luis Obispo struggle thru the day here, drifting from class to class, and finally the P.T., that everloving (?) bit of exercise. An hour and a half of that, and they're ready to secure. We can't say that we blame them, for even the single men go through the same—in fact, everybody has to take it. Upon arriving home at night (a special consideration to married men living ashore) the local “war department” takes over where the navy leaves off. We won't go so far as to say that they are henpecked—but! And so it goes, one day to the next, each day proving to be more difficult than the preceding one.

Regardless of the fact that we all enjoy our duty out here in sunny California, I dare say that we all enjoy our liberty A few more hours per

Mustang Roundup, March, 1945
week wouldn't lower our morale; but then again, who wants to go ashore when studies can be done? (Who am I trying to kid?)

An overall look at the fourth battalion will show that it is a rather good outfit to be in. The fellows are a mighty fine bunch, and they have high hopes of finishing the V-5 program in the finest possible shape. It's up to you, fellows; let's make a go of it!

* * *

Said a teacher in Oklahoma: "I am wondering if any of you children have Indian blood?"

"I have," said Johnny.

"That's very interesting," said the teacher. "What tribe?"

"Oh," answered Johnny, "it wasn't exactly a tribe, just a wandering Indian."

* * *

"You're thinner, Pearle."

"Yeah, soldier, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

"Gee, thanks, Pearle."

"Tis sweet to love, But, Oh! how bitter To love a girl And then not glider."

Latest word is that 100 men from 2R-C, 3R-B, and 4R-A are slated to leave our realm March 31, 1945. The first orders received stipulated that only 80 men were to leave. This left 20 holding their books so to speak. The unlucky 20 were to come from the ranks of 3R-B. If the new orders had not arrived, 3R-B might have carried out their threats 4R-A. As you all are thoroughly acquainted with the mechanics of scuttlebutt, you will not be surprised when you hear that no one will be able to leave when the March 31 rolls around.

"You're thinner, Pearle."

"Yeah, soldier, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

"Gee, thanks, Pearle."

"Tis sweet to love, But, Oh! how bitter To love a girl And then not glider."

A strip-tease artist woke up fully dressed one morning and cried: "Good heavens, I've been draped."

The intelligent girl is one who can refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

GI Joker: "Go ahead and telephone, and if a man answers ask him why in hell he isn't in the Army?"
Jack Roy Gish, CRT (AA) (T)—Gish is that good looking chief usually seen walking around the campus with the stern face, and uttering phrases like “Knock it off in ranks”, “Fall out Co. B” or other similar and equally interesting. In spite of all that, Gish is one fine fellow, and then too, he can’t help it if he is the Battalion Comdr.

Prior to checking in here at Poly, Gish was a member of a radio construction outfit that operated largely in advance areas. He has also had a little duty at a transmitter station down in Neumea thus bringing his total time outside the continental U.S. to about a year and half. Gish plans to be a radio engineer when he starts living again, and judging from his past experience he has a good start.

Gish likes athletics. He is a member of the now famous basketball team. Academically speaking, his grades are occasionally marred by a B’s; A’s definitely predominate. Maybe that pretty wife gets after him, hmmmm.

T. Kirkland, AMM 2/c—“Agony” Kirk, the “black kitten kid”, was in VP91 prior to becoming a proposed birdman at Cal Poly. His squadron pulled dumbos for navy and marine fighters off Bougainville and the Admiralties. “Agony” distinctly remembers the day when his Catalina sat down on Simpson Harbor off Rabaul and picked up air crew survivors, “I didn’t enjoy the Japs’ shelling from shore, but when the shells started coming with neon lights spelling Kirkland in capital letters I felt homesick.”

The “airdale’s home is in Florida and he is noted for his Australian milkshake recipe and college roar whispering. His hobby is a blonde and her car.
F. E. Nanney, S/A 2/c — Nanney, company C's physical specimen, is a California boy and comes from the southland.

Known as C's grinder specialist he may be seen any Saturday morning marching Batt. 2 and 3 on the campus gridiron.

Forrest, before coming to Cal Poly, was swimming instructor at Los Alamitos and Cambridge, Maryland.

At Cambridge he took lessons from the back stroke champ of the world. In the water, which he calls home, there is a reasonable facsimile between him and a PT boat under forced draft.

J. V. Cullen, AMM 3/c — "Spider" Vincent spent 22 months aboard the U.S.S. Althmaha (C.V.E.) in which he served as captain of the catapult crew in the airdale division.

His term of duty aboard the mighty A, which he affectionately calls "a canoe with a one-board runway" took him to Australia and Karachi, India, where they furnished air cover for "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell's Burma supply line.

"Spider" comes from Fresno, Calif., which explains the groans at Monday's P.T. class.

Frederick H. Klaproot, AMM 2/c, is the pretty boy who took a chance on his profile by mixing it during Fun Night with 2-R's Drake. Also a swimmer of no small ability, Fred set several swim records while in high school in his home town, Hammond, Indiana. He joined the Navy in 1942 and has seen action in the American theater, Asiatic Pacific, and European-Mediterranean.

Harold L. McEwen, RM 2/c, was unanimously appointed as vice president of the student body as soon as he had described his familiarity with "vice" and pointed out how it made him qualified for the job. A Tennessee lad who enlisted in the Navy in 1942, McEwen served on the U.S.S. ATA-124 and saw action at the Marshall Islands and at Guam and Saipan. He is one of 3R-C's mainstays in English.

The stork is a humorous bird—always kidding.

You've prob'ly heard about the unfortunate Scotchman who was nearly beaten to death because he thought the sign on the door said, "Laddies."

Then there was the little lady who was so dumb she thought a goblet was a sailor's child.

A colored preacher was hearing a confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessin'—you's braggin'."
Jack Warren—If you are looking for a guide to directions on the Burma Road, look up Jack "The Mouse" Warren. Jack was born in Burma where his father worked for an oil corporation. Back in the U.S., Jack went to Fillmore high, where he was active in Hi-Y and FFA. During the recent frosts, Jack spent so much time smudging for Dougherty that he looked like a chimney sweep.

Robert Hall—Among our cosmopolitan men of influence you will find Bob Hall rating a top spot. Born in London, England, Bob came to the U.S. and attended high school at Simi. His father is a motion picture director (Girls, please note!) but Bob isn’t interested in the Hollywood atmosphere. His main interest now is in turkeys—with poultry as a sideline. To further identify Bob you should know that he usually wears a big, red mackinaw, sometimes drives a taxi for Steve and works part-time in the auto shop.

Jay Mitchell Tucker—Jay Tucker, from Anaheim Union high, came here in the winter quarter bringing with him his famous personality. Jay has a smile for everyone and a beam for Miss Chase when she says, "You’re improving a bit." "Friar" Tuck worked at Douglas Aircraft as an office clerk and inspector before venturing to Poly as a poultry major. To get away from the feminine influence which abounds at Douglas, Tuck looked around and chose the Poly Hermitage.

Herb Riley—Herb is a state farmer from Santa Maria who hopes some day to be a vocational-ag teacher. To prove he is the energetic type, Herb took on the job of publications advertising man and has done a good job selling the ads and collecting the money which goes to help make this publication possible. Herb has a nice black Chevrolet which unfortunately spends most of its time in a Santa Maria garage. He’s a meat animals major.

Don Fiester—"Boy! What a deal!" When you hear those words you know you are talking to Don Fiester, big-time promoter from Montebello. Don’s most recent claim to glory was the way in which he planned and executed the YFA sponsored student dance. Don never passes up a chance for practical experience in crops and uses his "super-salesmanship" in unloading his merchandise. Well-liked by everyone, Sophomore Don sets a good example for the freshmen.

John Miller—John’s greatest claim to fame is his outstanding performance in challenging and PASSING Miss Chase’s English class. John, whose folks live in Houston, Texas, but who graduated from San Bernardino high, is one of our three air conditioning majors. Miller and his roomie, Don Adams, live in the gym apartment and act as guardians of the P.T. torture rooms. A good student, John is liked by ags as well as industrials.
Bad habits with Chase Hall associates

Ed Hobson—That tall, over-grown cowboy from Glendale, Ed Hobson, is picking up bad habits from his Chase Hall associates. Last week he smoked a cigar and he still feels ill. Naturally he is a meat animal student and he claims his steer project is a prospect for the 1945 Great Western grand championship.

Lowell Milligan—If you see a red-headed figure whose hair style is definitely of the "scalp lock" type, don't fear for it is not a character from the "Last of the Mohicans." It is just Milligan, the "ragged" individualist, who changes the color and style of his coiffure to suit his ever-changing personality. A meat animals major who came here from East Los Angeles at the winter quarter, Lowell has distinguished himself as a stand-out from the rest of the mob.

Foul play

Foul play that started with a phony long-distance telephone call, included a kidnapping, a general "going over", and a cross-country hike, ended up with an outstanding victory for the industrial boys over the ags in the civilian student swim meet held Feb. 23.

The ag boys' under-handed attempt to Shanghai the industrials' star swimmer, August Motmans, would have succeeded if August had not been able to break loose from his captors and beat them back to the pool via the cross-country route.

Although nearly exhausted by his efforts to fight off his captors and get back to the meet before it was too late, Motmans won every event in which he participated and led the Industrials to a 32-6 victory over the "dirt" farmers.

Boot (timidly) : "Pardon me miss, but you look like Helen Black."

Miss: "Yes, I know, but I look much worse in white."

SMALL BUT MIGHTY

The air conditioning department claims superiority to the other departments in two ways.

First, it is the most cosmopolitan department in the school. Harvey Montague, who is known to Don Adams by Henry, Harry and every other name good and bad except Harvey, hails from Vancouver, Washington. Although he claims Vancouver as his home, his parents live in South Dakota. Harvey has been interested in air conditioning and refrigeration for many—well, since he graduated from high school. After inquiring about such a course at other schools, he decided to come to Cal Poly.

Herbert Wilson comes from Kansas City, Kansas, and believe it or not, expects to stay here in California. Well, anything is better than Kansas, we must admit. Herb also looked around for a school having the best course in air conditioning and decided to come here.

John Miller is another foreigner, claiming Baltimore, Maryland, as his home although his parents are now in Houston, Texas. Kansas and Texas, two of a kind! He claims he is going back to the east coast as soon as he gets his education here, which seems to be one of the very few things California has to offer him. He too, came to Poly seeking the knowledge offered in the one and only four-year course in air conditioning. Judging from the places these boys are from, it looks like Cal Poly's name gets around.

The second boast of the air conditioning department is that this department claims the only graduate student in the school. Herbert Wilson graduated from Xavier University in New Orleans in 1939 and has taught history in the Kansas City schools. Herb then joined the army and served Uncle Sam for two years. He has decided he wants to get into industry so is now taking up air conditioning and refrigeration.

Teacher: "If a number of cattle is called a herd and a number of sheep a flock, what would a number of camels be called?"

Little Johnnie: "A carton."

FLASH!! What seagull flying low over Pier No. 4 shouted "Bomb's Away" and got three storekeepers at one time?
A "C" AVERAGE STUDENT AND A JAP

By LARRY BEA

YEP— I'm just a "C" student who went through "Cal-Poly" long ago. Now, after 18 long months of Pre-Flight, Primary, Advanced, and Operational Training, I am up here looking for my first enemy plane. And with the aid of my slide rule and my notebook, I have it all figured out just how to get him.

Oh—Oh! There are the enemy—or is it there is the enemy—where's my notebook—here it is on page nine; there is a Jap plane, now to get him—

\[ V^2 = V_{x}^2 + V_{y}^2 \]

A S— I'm going 'umpteen feet per second, he is going 'umpteen else at an angle of 47° 13' and—well, if X^2 - 2XY plus Y = 3, Y^2 plus 2YZ - X should equal 3; therefore, if the wind is blowing from the north and I fly at a true heading of 096°, then if I fire 185 shots at him, 90 should hit his tail, 90 should hit his engine, and 5 should hit him in the head. I shall try it.

That's funny—I missed him. I'll have to check those figures—where's my slide rule?—Oh, Yes—I forgot to allow for the gravitational pull of the bullets and to subtract the recoil of the gun and divide by the increase in central acceleration—I think. (I wonder if I spelled that word right—where's my dictionary?) Well, I'll try again now. Where is that Jap?

Yeow! ! How'd them holes get into that wing? Or how did those holes get into that wing?

Now I'll have to try something else to send my little lead slugs hotly speeding after that Jap—or speed hotly sent the Jap—now where in the "H" is he?

Oh—Oh! ! Now he's gone and dropped a bomb on that ship down there. I'll bet the captain of that ship wishes he knew his physics, math, history, and English, so he could have dodged those bombs. But now, I shall get that Jap.

Oh Tish! And there he goes heading back to Japan—or maybe just one of the Islands that the United States sold to Japan during the Monroe Doctrine. Well, anyway, I chased him away.

Now, where am I? Oh, yes—right here—or maybe here—well somewhere about here—or maybe there—Oh no wonder—this chart is upside down. Here I am—I think, and that's where I want to go. So—"Off we go, into the wide blue yonder". (Now I can see why Davidson taught us that song.)

There's the strip now, and according to my slide rule and notebook—

all I have to do is put her down just like this, and—what's that guy doing with the red light—oh well, here goes anyway, and in just a couple seconds more.

Hey—how'd I get up here in this coconut tree?

---

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Mu-tang Roundup, March, 1945
One question has been definitely settled, you may have your choice there as to which you prefer, cadet training or A.P. Of course you all know that married men automatically become A.P.'s.

The married men won't appreciate this, but the housing situation is very bad. It may be somewhat better when this next group arrives, as quite a few co-eds will be leaving about that time.

The subjects taken there are aerology, code, navigation, essentials of naval service, boxing, gymnastics, wrestling, water polo, swimming, hand to hand combat, track, jumping, football, and how to survive in case of a forced landing at sea or near a jungle. The P.T. is really tough, but let us remind you that the physical training received there at Cal Poly helped quite a bit. Form in swimming is stressed to the utmost of perfection. If you don't pass the test, you will be assigned to a sub-swimmers class. The idea is to stay out of these classes if possible. Once the daily schedule starts, one doesn't have time enough for even a smoke.

Clark gave his schedule for the first four weeks as follows: reveille at 0530, chow at $610, first class (Navigation) at 0650 till 0915, march to barracks and pick up gym gear and start P.T.

He does track from 0930 to 1015, wrestling from 1020 to 1130, and basketball from 1130 to 1230. Chow is at 1300. After that, drill comes from 1330 to 1430, academics from 1450 to 1715, 1730 to 1830 is for the sub-swimming classes, chow again at 1835. Study hour commences at 1915 and ends at 2115, with taps following at 2130. The drill period comes three times a week (Platoon officers and other political jobs are rotated.) All reports agree that the chow is 4.0. Scuttlebutt has it that a fellow fractured his wrist just trying to lift a steak from his tray.

Living conditions could be better, although they aren't bad at all. There are from two to four men in each room and they live out of a laundry bag. There is no distinction between a cadet and an A.P. on the station. Both wear 782 HIGUERA
PRE FLIGHT
(Continued from Page 17)
the same uniform and have the same privileges. For single men, A.P.’s get some liberty as do the cadets, but the A.P.’s expect, or rather hope, to get more soon.

The married men’s liberty for the first two weeks is from 2115 to 0640, Monday through Friday. Week-ends are from 1420 Saturday to 2115 Sunday. After the first two weeks it is from 1710 to 0640 Monday through Friday, and week-ends the same.

Liberty for single men is from 1415 to 2330 on Saturdays and 1200 to 1800 on Sundays. There is plenty to do on liberty in case you’re worried about it. Saturday usually brings about at least a half dozen big dances. Also there is roller skating, ice skating, swimming, or just about anything you care for. The catch is that the odds are against you. There are from three to four girls for every fellow. Be sure to pick a good one because it is rather difficult to get rid of them after they once get a hold of you. The beer, if anybody is interested in the stuff, is Eastern beer, namely: Budweiser, Pabst and Schlitz.

Cadets can’t drink at all; however, the A.P.’s may, if they wish, providing they are not in green cadet’s uniform. Cadets wear greens on liberty unless they are fortunate enough to have blues issued to them. A.P.’s wear either greens or their regular service dress blues. Clark states that it costs the average drunk about five dollars for a good liberty and that includes everything.

The female situation is approximately as follows: 3200 co-eds, 1200 cadet nurses, and a few hundred waves. The waves aren’t bad but those co-eds are really nice. What with about 1200 cadets and A.P.’s there, you can see that the situation is rather pleasing, to say the least.

There are well over two hundred officers here and each must be saluted every time one meets him. Most of them are a good bunch however.
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JOKES
Every man likes to see a broad smile—especially if she smiles at him.

* * *
Davidson: "Name two pronouns."
Souza: "Who? Me?"

* * *
Californian: "Now in my state we can grow a tree that size in about a year. How long did it take you to grow that one?"
Floridan: "Can't say for sure, but it wasn't there yesterday."

* * *
"Women's minds are so much cleaner than men's."
"They ought to be. They change them so often."

* * *
When the minister asked the little boy what his dad always said before meals, the lad replied—"Go easy on the butter, kids, it costs 20 points a pound."

* * *
Trainee: "May I move a little closer?"
Cal Poly Campus Queen (are you kiddin'): "Oh, no, I'm afraid you'd—"
Trainee: "No, I wouldn't, honest!"
C. P. C. Q.: "Then, what's the use."

Mustang Roundup, March, 1945
YOU'LL BE SORRY

IF YOU DON'T EAT AT WHITEY'S

DRIVE-IN CORNER-MARSH and OSOS