

THE AZTEC NEWS LETTER

Edited by
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CLASS OF 1946

To All of the Aztecs in the Service and Their Friends:

Thanks for the nice letters. They are the things that make the News Letter possible. Keep it up even though they have to be whittled down. This time in my enthusiasm, I made some of the letters longer than usual and then found I had to leave some out. I hope that YOURS was not one that had to be omitted or cut.

The Service Men's Panel has visitors practically throughout the day. It now has over 1,400 names and probably 800 pictures. More and more "uniform" pictures are coming in. By the way, do you think that your public relations offices would send us your pictures? Tell them it's really important. At least, it's an idea.

Your families are invited to come out to the campus (on school days) to see the Panel. Ask them to send us pictures in case you didn't have one in a rather late Del Sudoeste, and don't forget to tell them that they also can get on our mailing list.

And again, best of luck!

Lauren C. Post, Editor of the News Letter.

PFC. ROBERT S. NEWSOM

Mrs. R. P. Newsom was notified that her son, **Pfc. Robert S. Newsom**, who formerly had been reported "missing in the Manila area" was alive and a prisoner of war in the Philippines. We had waited long for that news, and now we won't have to wait that long before Bob gets home.

LT. HORACE D. BOWMAN

Mrs. H. D. Bowman was notified that her son, **Lt. Horace D. Bowman**, had been shot down, wounded, and taken prisoner over the continent on a raid from England. The report also said that he had been decorated. Things like these remind us who are at home how much we owe to those Fighting Aztecs.

From **Lt. Wallace M. McAnulty** who is still on the island down in the South Seas: "**Lt. Bob Boughn** and I have had all kinds of sport with the 'Aztec' stickers you sent. You see our 'skipper' is a Redlands man. We have them on our hut so that they can be seen when he enters, the btry 'peep' has sported one, much to the 'skipper's' dismay. He has sent home for some Redlands stickers so he will have a comeback.

"Back to the Captain again—a while back he wrote home and told his wife he could buy the whole island with a handful of colored ties, joking of course. Well, yesterday he received a package from a friend in Coronado. It had about two dozen bright ties in it! He's kind of stumped now as they will expect him to come home a property owner.

"I heard from my mom the other day telling me about Ernie being in Africa. Sure wish I could be over there with him as this waiting war gets a guy down.

"Boy! the guys really got a bang out of hearing of Bob Menke and Jane Russell attending the Blue Book Ball together.

"There isn't a heck of a lot of news, Doc, so I'll call it all pau for now. By next time I'll see if I can have all the fellows' class years."

From **Lt. Ernie McAnulty**, who is in North Africa (Ernie is Wally's younger brother whom all Hooverites will remember as the great punter of about 1937. He didn't go to State but we'll make him an honorary Aztec being that he's Wally's brother. We are awfully glad to hear from him and hope that he can be up and at 'em again soon and also that we'll be seeing him soon. L.C.P.):

"As you know I transferred from the R.C.A.F. into the American Air Force and was commissioned in the States. I rather miss all the fellows up there at times though. I am flying Fighters over here which is a bit nerve racking at times. One develops what we call the Messerschmidt twitch from looking around. Jerry is pretty good and flies a very good air craft. We have been knocking them down though. Our Fighter Sweeps are quite a lot of fun, blowing up trucks, tracks, and a number of other things. When the Boche see the P-38's sticking that deadly nose towards them they take cover damn quick.

"You know, I was very glad to read my brother's letter. I haven't heard from him for a long time but he can take care of himself with those Japs. At the present time I'm in an English hospital recovering from a pair of burned legs. I hope to rejoin my sqd. very soon though. The

writing must be excused as I'm lying in bed and getting very tired of it also.

"Thanks for stopping in to see my mom. Tell her not to worry.

"P.S. I would appreciate it if you would see what can be done about sending some good old American girls over here to keep us company. Blondes preferred."

From **Col. Bob Wade** who also is in North Africa: "Just a few lines to let you know that despite the rain, the snow, the wind, and the Germans, everything is still all right on this end of the line. However, if this weather keeps up I don't know how much longer I'll be able to say that—and mean it. Sleeping on the ground in pup tents and snow just can't make a very pleasant combination as far as I'm concerned.

"But as long as I stay alive and relatively healthy I won't complain too much. After all, that's about all you can expect over here. I would appreciate some warmer weather, though—and the local residents promise that March will bring it. I'm getting skeptical, since March is only a few days away now, and there seems to be no letup in the wind and the rain. What a joke if they decided to pull that "unusual" weather angle on me—a California boy!

(And here the censor cut out a whole paragraph.)

"Well, so much for that. I was just thinking that before long spring will be coming to State. If there is any time I miss the old school it is then, I believe: the long, lazy days with the crowds of loungers on the quad and the girls in the bright dresses. Those days are over for me and for most of the other Aztecs who are spread out around the world. But I can't help feeling that that is a good part of the reason why we are out here: so that the kids that are coming will be able to loaf on the lawn and study or not study as they wish and cut classes and listen to the jukebox in the caf'. Call it democracy or the American way or anything you like—all I know is that it is something worth preserving and worth fighting for.

"Thanks a lot for the letter, Doc; I feel honored, as I know you are rushed for time. I believe that all the News-Letters (up to No. 10) have caught up with me now, and even The Aztecs are coming pretty regularly—so I'm fairly well informed as to the news from State. Keep them coming—they mean a lot out here.

"Aside from this, our mail situation here is very poor. The only letters we are getting is V-mail, and since I told

everybody not to write V-Mail you can see where that leaves me. And since mail is about my only excitement and only recreation—well, it's a bad situation.

"Well, Doc, that's more than enough for now. Say hello to the whole gang back there for me; I think of them often and hope it won't be too long before I can see them all again. Take it easy."

Margaret Hartigan writes from Spokane for her husband, **Ensign Selwyn Hartigan**:

"Each time we receive one of your welcome News Letters I resolve to fulfill my duty as chief correspondent for my husband. His duties as Assistant Officer in charge of Recruiting for the Inland Empire keep him occupied beyond the point of letter-writing.

"Any attempt on my part to laud your fine work in producing the News Letter would be pale repetition of the fine tributes other Aztecs have paid. The entire project has been of the greatest interest to everyone who has seen a News Letter here—especially interested was the Navy Publicity department in the office.

"Although I am an Aztec only by adoption, I can assure you that I devour the News Letter as avidly as does my husband. Like all other good Aztecs, we are terribly lonely for San Diego and State College. Last Friday night we went to a basketball game at Gonzaga to see **Kenny Hale** and **Barney Newlee** who were playing for the Coeur d'Alene U.S.O. Although it was fine to see them, the game only served to stir memories of happier days in State's beautiful gymnasium.

"Shortly after our arrival last November, we met **Bob Cozens** on the street. We were so glad to meet that we all stood in a driving snow to exchange news of home. Before we could get together again Bob was transferred to South Dakota.

"We also met here an old college friend of yours, a **Mr. Hall**, until recently stationed here as Warrant Officer in charge of the Maritime Enrolling Service. He, too, was tremendously interested in the News Letter.

"Please remember us to friends at State and accept our thanks for including us on your mailing list.

Pvt. John Reeve writes from Hawaii: "This letter is also to serve notice on some of my friends, still at State, to write. Evidently, you are all working them too hard—I haven't heard from any of them in a long time.

"Well, I've been here several months now, but am still much more impressed with California. The only bit of Hawaiian I've encountered is the pine-

apple. And the Army provides plenty of them—according to Army cookery, there are plenty of ways to serve this fruit."

From **Ens. Robt. Noel**, who is on some ship:

"I used to wonder what would happen if the ocean ever dried up. Well, you can take it from me that there's not much danger of that. I've seen quite a bit of the Pacific and they tell me there's an Atlantic, too. (And you've just been looking at the top of it. L.C.P.)

"I met **Bob Wilber** here—a former Aztec. Small world, isn't it? Thanks a million for the News Letter and thank **Beverly Westerlind** for giving you my address.

"Was sure glad to read in the N. L. that my old friend **Bill Mohler** received an army commission. And I bet **Mildred Robertson** is sure a honey in her WAVE's uniform."

From **Lt. (jg) Frank N. West**: "Your last News Letter was a pip! Nothing ever happens here in the middle of no-man's land (Arizona), so whatever I could tell you would seem inconsequential when compared with letters from some of the boys who are really doing something.

"This memorandum is merely to inform you that **Ensign Frank N. (Norrie) West, U.S.N.R.**, is no more. He is Lieutenant (junior grade) **Frank N. (Norrie) West, N.S.N.R.**, as of this date.

"It has been a few centuries (actually I have been here a year) since any Stater made a personal appearance in these parts so far as I am concerned. I might as well be in North Africa.

"Keep the News Letters coming, they're always welcome at this landlocked 'ship on the desert.'

"P.S. I saw **Alex Goldie**—he's a Hospital Apprentice, U.S.N.R., at the Naval Training School, Tucson—a few weeks ago. **Ben Palmgren** graduates from that school March 11—he's a Lt. (jg) U.S. N.R."

Pfc. Chas. N. Ables (with the Marines somewhere in the Pacific): "Well, they finally broke down and sent me overseas. I thought I'd drop you a line to say HI to you and the fellows all over the world and the boys in the APO. I always enjoyed the News Letter in the States but I know that I'll appreciate it more than ever now.

Pfc. John A. Chandler (with the Marines somewhere in the Pacific and with **Chas. Ables**):

"Well, after a long ocean voyage I've arrived at a new home. It's quite different from any place I've ever been in

before. The country is beautiful and the people are very friendly and nice. I can't tell you where it is but it's somewhere 'with the Marines.'

"The men seem to like it very much although we just arrived and any dirt is beautiful after being aboard a ship so long.

"I ran into **Chas. Ables** on the second day out and we were both very much surprised as our units were entirely different. We spent lots of time together and rather enjoyed the trip. Neither was seasick.

"San Diego seems a long way off but no one is homesick. We do miss some things, however. I have my phonograph along and we play it every evening. And then there is the inevitable poker game which takes some of our time (and cash). Amusement is the hardest thing to find."

1st Lt. Ralph Bailey, Chaplain, U.S.A., and of the class of '42, has left for Harvard for a four weeks' course of indoctrination. Lt. Bailey probably is the first Aztec grad to receive a commission as chaplain in the armed forces. Congratulations, Ralph!

Cpl. W. L. Post (with the Marines in the South Pacific) writes:

"I got your letter with all of the clippings. Certainly enjoyed them and so did everyone else here. Still have hopes of making the Air Corps when we get home but there isn't any chance here.

"I knew darn well you would leave a little room in the back yard for your rope-spinning. They wouldn't expect a fellow to dig up his rope-spinning ground just for a Victory garden, would they?

"In case you didn't get the letter before this one, we moved again. We get air raids quite frequently but the Japs never seem to hit anything. I got the three January magazines. Thanks a million.

"Will be seeing you sometime between cotton-picking and potato-digging time."

F/O Gordon C. Chamberlain graduated from Lubbock on February 20th and is now at Ardmore, Oklahoma. He says the new News Letter is the "bees knees" and that **Lt. John W. McCulley** is at La Junta, Colorado, where **Lt. Earl Allison** is. McCulley's address is Gen. Del., Rocky Ford, Colo.

Pvt. Frank C. Heryet '37 is with an Air Crew in Logan, Utah.

Pvt. William M. Moore writes from Greenville, Pa.: "Of course we miss the addresses but the names bring back memories of past events. For us native

Southern Californians this Pennsylvania weather is rather hard to take. I am still in the kitchen doing pastry work—of course this is a far cry from Botany and Zoology but as soon as spring comes I'll try to do some collecting.

"The people here sure treat us fine. Will try to get a picture to you soon."

Lt. (jg) L. W. Ballinger has gone back to Officers' School at M. I. T.

Pvt. Hans Fellestad is stationed up in the snow somewhere in the Rockies. He is just waiting to get a pair of skis issued to him so he can start in where he left off in the old country.

From **Lt. John L. Westland** in Pensacola: "So far the war has been very far away, but as time goes on it gets much closer. It seems strange that I have to stay here and just read what other fellows are doing. This is going on my third year here and already my students are returning from all of the war zones—and I'm still here.

"Haven't instructed for months now. At present I have my hands full with the Link Trainer Department. Maybe some day I'll be able to wing over to the battle fronts and when I do, old Monty-Zuma will be on the nose riding hell out of the people who caused all of this trouble.

"Say hello to the Delta Pi Beta's. I still think of **Vic Talbot** and hope he'll turn up on some small island. If you have time, Doc, drop us a line. We are out of it here and would enjoy hearing from you."

(The Westlands have a big fine baby boy and they are already getting him ready to enroll at State. According to the straight dope, **John and Mary Belle (Foster)** really have a scrappy young Aztec. L.C.P.)

Remo Sabatini writes from St. Mary's: "I'd like to say 'hello' to **Gabe Ferazzi** via the News Letter. I hope he is still as full of fire as he used to be.

"Quite a number of ex-Aztecs have passed through St. Mary's Pre-Flight School since I have been stationed here, and it has been a pleasure to renew old acquaintances."

James D. Wood, PhM3c, is at the Naval Hospital at San Diego and has applied for a transfer to Mestheda, Md., for instruction in Epidermiology. He sent in the address of **A/C Bert A. Betts** who is at Santa Ana and **Pvt. Milton Schwartz** who is at Fresno, and **Burke Royle** who is at San Antonio, Texas.

✓ **Ens. Earl Sever**, who was at the Naval Hospital, has moved down to this part of the State.

Pvt. Clarence R. Harper is up at Fresno. "Most of the fellows in our barracks are from Los Angeles. I have only met a couple of future cadets who are from San Diego. This army spends most of the time either waiting for orders or chow."

✓ **Captain Delmar L. Dyreson**, Chaplain in the Army in North Africa, is on our mailing list although he never attended State College. He writes:

"Thank you kindly for two copies of your News Letter which were forwarded to me. I am an alumnus of several institutions but to date none has shown such efficient concern over personnel in the services.

"Please enter my name as an enthusiastic subscriber to your News Letter."

Pvt. Chris Franovich writes from Camp Carson, Colorado:

"I am with the Mountain Pack Troops. We do not know what the word mechanized means as we do all our traveling on foot and mules carry our guns.

"The weather here is really cold. It has been 27 below zero and I am hoping that it will warm up soon.

"**Donald Crouch**, a fellow Stater, is here with me, which makes it very nice.

"Give my regards to fellow Staters, and especially the Phi Lambda Xi's."

1st Lt. Harold Baker writes from Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma:

"Just received my first A.N.L. and thanks a million. It's a noble contribution to the uplifting of morale to say the least.

"Noticed several familiar names that brought back fond memories. Wish I could give you some news of some of the boys but this is my first contact with the old school for several years.

"Will be eagerly awaiting No. 13."

From **Ens. Robt. Brown**, who is up at St. Mary's:

"The A/C's we have here are **Bob Cleator**, **Harold Peterson**, **Bill Meyer**, **Marold Isham**, **Norman Wier**, and a couple of other fellows that I'm not yet familiar with. Cleator is in the senior battalion and will soon leave us and go to one of the primary flying bases. These fellows would greatly appreciate an occasional letter from some of their old 'buddies.'

"Just learned from Isham that **Frank Diamond** has landed back in the States from 'down-under' on board a naval vessel.

"Give my regards to Seminario and Quade and all others who knew me 'when' and would like to hear from some of them once in a while."

From **David Steinman, A/C**, who is down at Corpus Christi, Texas:

"Just a note of thanks for those swell Aztec News Letters. State has given us the background to be turned out Marine or Navy Aviators that'll be a terrific pain for the Axis! **John Sinderholm**, **Dick Rash**, and I—and other Staters expect to graduate with 'wings' from PBY's this month."

From **Ensign Thomas Hungerford**, who is now at Recognition School at Columbus, Ohio, and will soon go to NAS at Peru, Indiana:

"You see, there have been no Aztecs at any of the stations I have had. That makes the News Letters twice as valuable as they give much wanted news of many old friends.

"I have had tours of duty at Fort Schuyler, New York; Chicago, Peru, Ind.; and am now finishing a temporary tour at Ohio State University, after which I will return to NAS, Peru, to teach. Your most welcomed News Letters have followed me to all of these places and afforded me much pleasure. My contact with State comes from only a few sources—the Harwoods, Harveys, and your own efforts. Please keep the good work going."

From **Robt. C. Langsett**, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina:

"It's just about 7:30 and we just finished breakfast (if you can summon the nerve to call it that) and it's raining pitchforks and hammer handles. In this part of the States if it isn't raining it's so cold that you shiver even under three wool G.I. blankets.

"I saw **Warren Butcher** and **Bill Burrows** who have just come off the rifle range and will leave for Quantico next week. We had a little gabfest and they've been giving me the word on what lies ahead.

"The first thing Butcher did was to grab my cap and look at my haircut. No one knows what a good feeling it is to see the boys from San Diego."

Lt. (jg) Walter Harlin, class of '36, on some ship in the Pacific:

"State seems to be well represented in the Nation's armed forces. Thanks for the News Letter."

Pvt. Albert W. Bradt is still up in Ogden servicing planes.

Mabel Grant Hazard, who is not in the service but who has a lot of friends that are, sent us some information:

"My brother, Bud, certainly appreciated receiving the News Letter. He was recently accepted for Officers Training and is taking a preliminary Non-Com schooling in which they learn all about

the horse.

"I noticed where **Joe (Hurwitz) Howard** inquired about **Wally** and **Chuck Springstead**. Wally is out in the Pacific, at the age of 23 has just been made a captain in the Marines."

Pvt. Max P. Vander Hork wrote a nice surprise V-letter from North Africa:

"I was recently surprised and delighted to have a copy of your News Letter come into my hands through an ex-State man, **Charles Hampton**, whom I happened to encounter, and I am wondering if my own short stay at State in 1937 entitles me to a place on your mailing list. I hope so for there are many "empty" moments in the daily life of a medical soldier in North Africa—moments devoted to the reading of such fiction, fact, and current literature as may turn up on the scene; next to the Reader's Digest, your own paper, with correspondence from Staters all over the world and local bits on San Diego, would prove the greatest time-killer I can imagine.

"Give my best regards to the members of the music faculty and to **Dr. Lesley**, whose oft-impressed 'divide et impera' still rings in my ears—with its basic truth frequently made evident nowadays!"

Ens. Walter A. Nagle is down in New Orleans:

"It is really a swell place—much nicer to live in than Boston or Newport, R. I., but I'd still like to see Southern California. It's funny how we dream of California.

"Say hello to the Hods, and I'd certainly like to get **Lt. Harry Hall's**, **Lt. Jim Border's**, and **Lt. Harry Miller's** addresses."

A/C George W. Peck writes from Corpus Christi:

"My first impression of the base was not too sharp as I arrived in the midst of a tropical rainstorm and almost needed a boat for my first day's check-in.

"Of all the Aztecs on this base, **John Sinderholm** (now a Marine and P-Boat pilot, poor fellow), **George Knapp**, **Hen Coleman**, **John Steinman** (P-Boat), **Jack Stalnaker** (P-Boat), **Herb Tompkins**—just to mention a few. Quite a few more will arrive next week.

Barney Newlee, PhM3c, writes from Farragut, Idaho:

"Not much news around here lately. **Kenny Hale** was promoted to SK1c. The weather is really nice now that it has quit snowing. The sun is out every day and it reminds me of San Diego except that there is a hidden nip in the air that could come only from ground that is frozen.

"This station is really growing and I am in charge of all the dental records for the recruits. It is quite a job with so many recruits coming and leaving for the various schools and sea drafts.

"Our basketball team is entered in a servicemen's tournament held in Spokane next month and it should be the real thing. **Kenny** is playing better than ever and has been the higher scorer in our recent games.

Ens. Wm. L. Buehlman writes a V-letter from overseas:

"Ran into quite a few State fellows out here and they all speak of the wonderful service you folks are doing. They really appreciate the News Letter and Aztec, so keep 'em coming."

2nd Lt. Lawrence R. Devlin writes from Camp Haan:

"It is one of the greatest thrills that I have ever known to receive my News Letter and hear from old school friends who are fighting all over the world.

"I have been in this country all the time but I hope to get some action soon. At the present time I am stationed at Camp Haan, California, and **Lt. Roy Booth**, an Aztec, is with me. Doc, you know if there are any other Aztecs up this way?

M/Sgt. Bernard G. Carroll writes from North Africa:

"The last time that I wrote to you I think that I was in England, but as you can see, I am quite a ways from there at the present time. I have been intending to write to you for some time but I have been quite busy and have had to put off a lot of things that I had intended to do.

"**Walter Bugg**, who is a first louie, was here when I got here, but was in the hospital and I was unable to see him. His outfit moved from here and I didn't get a chance to see him before he left. He is not far from where I am and I might get up there one of these days to pay him a visit.

"This is quite a little place that we have here and though it is not like the posts I have been on in the past we still call it home. There are four of us living together in a double pup tent, which we have fixed up pretty nice. We dug down into the ground and then put the tent over it, so that it makes for a lot more room than a regular tent. I am the proud possessor of an inner spring mattress which is the envy of the camp and is without a doubt the only one in captivity over here that is in a pup tent.

"Since coming to Africa I have gained a lot of respect for a slit trench and I can tell you here and now that there is nothing like them and there is one thing about them, they are never

deep enough to satisfy those who are using them.

"I haven't gotten any of your correspondence for a long time, Doc, but I am sure it is due to the fact that I have been moving around too fast; in fact I haven't even gotten any word from home in three months, so I am really due for some mail soon.

"Give my regards to all the gang and the best of luck to all. Keep 'em flying."

(Take a look around and perhaps you will find Captain **Griff Williams**, **WAAC Katherine Pyle**, and **Cpl. Bob Wade**. They may be in your outfit.—L.C.P.)

Pvt. R. S. Rossman, Fort Bliss, Texas:

"My first Aztec News Letter arrived today and oddly enough one sponsored by the Hods, my own fraternity, which made it even better, if possible.

"It may interest you to know that I am receiving the Cal. Poly News Letter, which was instigated by **Bob Kennedy**, if I'm not mistaken, and adopted after yours. Between the two I'm kept well posted on everyone. **Bob** and I became pretty good friends last year while I was attending Poly.

I would like to hear from some of the fellows. I understand **Bob Plaister** is only some 100 miles from me. How I'd love to see him."

From **Ens. Ross Evans**:

"I visited **Jack Boaz**, a former Stater who is stationed at Treasure Island and there I saw the latest issue of the News Letter. I enjoyed it very much and noticed that I was among the unknowns as far as addresses were concerned. I certainly want to remedy that situation immediately.

"I am attached to the Naval Air Station in Oakland but we have an outlying field in Livermore, where I work. I am an instructor in Navigation.

"We just heard from **Paul Fern** and are going to visit him in San Francisco this week end. Otherwise, I have come in contact with very few Staters.

"I met **Joe Irick** when I first arrived here."

Mrs. Marjorie P. McGehee sent us the addresses of **Pvt. Charles W. Listmann** and **A/C Robert H. Smith**. Charles is overseas and Robert is at Santa Ana.

Lt. Otis Pemberton has been transferred to Williams Field in Arizona. He is living at the Hospital Bachelors Qtrs. and wants to know if there are any other Aztecs in those parts.

A/C Reid M. Scott writes from San Antonio, Texas:

"I also would like to second the "hats

off" to the Hods and the Phi Sigma Nu's.

"I sent you an issue of the 'Tail Spinner,' which is gotten out by the cadets for the cadets and of the cadets. It is supposed to be the best of its type in any branch of the service and considering the rapid turnover of the staff it is very good. You see all the work is done at odd moments through the week and on Saturday night it is made up and put to bed, which means that we stay up until 2, 3, or 4 o'clock, if it is necessary, and it nearly always is!

"As lower classmen we have a quick brush over in math up through the fundamentals of Vectors. Then a course in Ground Forces and Air Forces and one in Aircraft Recognition.

Then as upper classmen we have physics, naval identification and maps and charts. We attend classes in Code throughout our stay here.

"Sometimes we get an hour off but then we are lost for we spend most of it trying to decide which one of the many things available to apply it on.

"All of the fellows grumble about the rush, rush, rush but it is good natured for they realize that our entire course is one fast whirl."

Sgt. R. J. Carter writes from the Parachute School in Fort Benning, Georgia:

"I never see anyone from State around here and I really would like to hear about my old friends.

"I have just returned from a training film released by Great Britain. I mention it now as it was about censorship. We were told how little bits of information dropped from time to time can cause great harm.

"Give my best regards to everyone and keep them coming."

2nd Lt. Edward B. Davis, U.S.M.C.:

"The Aztec News Letter was like finding an old friend. **Z. Allen Barker** was my classmate at Quantico but I didn't know he'd been at State 'til I read it in the News Letter. **Chet Devore** was also in the same company at Quantico but I have no idea where he is now.

"I've studied camouflage and am now an instructor at New River, N. C., in that art of appearing to be somewhere you're not while you're really somewhere else but don't show up even when the enemy takes pictures. It's a great field for experimentation and anything goes as long as it's either invisible or looks like what it isn't when you get through."

Pvt. David R. Ward writes from Atlantic City, N. J.

"It does my heart good to hear of and from campus acquaintances."

Lt. Kramer W. Rorig: "I'll probably

end up in North Africa but of course, we never know."

From **Pvt. Frank (Bill) Johnson:**

"Well, I'm on solid land again and does it feel good!

"All I can say is that I'm somewhere in the Middle East.

"Say, can't I wrangle some geography units out of this little jaunt I've had? When I return to the States I'll have been completely around the world.

"We are having quite a cold winter here—102 degrees in the shade and no shade. The place is a combination of Tijuana and Borego—the worst of each. Making quite a few notes about this country—might assist you some time in the future in your classes.

"Understand mail takes about three months but will try to keep in touch with you. (But your letter really got here in about 12 days.—L.C.P.)

"Can't say what my job is but we are really close to 'things' here."

Pvt. Val Robbins, who is at the Marine Base in San Diego:

"Being stationed in San Diego makes it no easier to keep in contact with all the gang I knew at State. Therefore, I believe I appreciate the News Letter as much as the ones overseas.

"I am awaiting transfer to O. C. S. in Quantico but I think it will be about two months before I leave.

"Please send the News Letter to **Al Robbins** who is in the Army paratroops in Georgia." (Val and Al—no relation—Robbins both played end last year and the year before at State. L.C.P.)

Ens. Fred Meiers in a V-letter from overseas:

"Four of your News Letters have come to me and all of them interest me because of the variety of duty that Aztecs are engaged in and because of the number of familiar names on the pages of the Letter."

Lt. J. S. Spore (sc) U.S.N., wrote a censored letter, part of which follows:

"Have received No. 12. Thank you. Would appreciate it if you'd put my brother, **Burns W. Spore, Lieut., U. S. Navy**, on your mailing list. We both attended State in '36 and '37." (It was better to leave out the rest, however interesting it would have been to the rest of the Aztecs. L.C.P.)

Pvt. Jack Ball, who is in Michigan: Jack writes that **Nils Winther** and **Robert E. Davis** are with him at Fort Brady and that **Dick Hussong** is at Camp Swift, Texas.

A/C Maurice G. Wilson:

"Two more Aztecs are serving their country now. **Jim Hardin** and I are here at the Classification Center prior to becoming one of the flying officers of the Air Crew.

"Map reading helped me out yesterday in one of our tests. I can't tell you what they were about but the practice we got last semester really was beneficial.

"This army routine is a lot harder than college life. I especially miss my unit of Quad and Caf'. In spite of the long hours we put in here we are pressed for time. We are rapidly adjusting ourselves to a very different type of life."

Cpl. Milford S. Hunter writes from Camp Haan:

"I'm one of the Army's 'desert rats.' We live in this hell 50 miles from no place.

A/C John J. O'Leary:

"I'm down here at Ellington Field near Houston, Texas, at Advanced Twin Engine School. As yet I've seen no Aztecs here but there were quite a number of San Diego fellows with me at Randolph Field. I also saw **Lt. Couvrette**, brother of **Al Couvrette** of State but I don't know if he's a former Aztec. He's a flight commander there. I also thought I saw "**Babe**" **Thompson** there but I couldn't swear to it." (Babe was down there but his last News Letter "bounced." L.C.P.)

2nd Lt. H. R. Greene writes from India:

"It is self-evident that State is doing its share in this mess. How you ever got my foreign address is a mystery to me. We have been over here since Dec. 4 and it seems like years already.

"Whoever said that India is the land of mystery was sure right. It is a mystery how these "wogs" ever survive all the squalor and filth.

"Keep me 'posted' on the News Letters. I missed a few in my travels around the U. S. but they should all get to me here for some little time yet."

Pvt. Wm. Scarborough:

"This time from St. Petersburg, Florida, to Amarillo, Texas. It's a huge aircraft mechanic training center. I qualified for five or six separate courses but chose only aircraft mechanic. That's how come I'm sitting here.

"So far everything is O.K. The food is wonderful after the slum they fed us at St. Pete. Of course, this weather isn't as good as San Diego's (God bless it.) Here it is March and it's snowing like — blazes! There is also a wind coming from the north. I'll bet the snow

starts to fall in Kansas and ends up here. Oh well, better the snow than Texas dust.

Aux. Katherine Pyle, State's first WAAC in North Africa:

"It seems only a few days since I received News Letter No. 10. We were in a staging area and **Bob Wade's** letter from 'somewhere in North Africa'—the News Letter's first from that continent—was so interesting that I passed it along to everyone else in my part of the barracks. Now here I am writing to endorse his description with what is probably your first letter from a WAAC in North Africa.

"We are luckier than he as to barracks—the Army has done everything to make us comfortable—but it is still a long way from the conveniences of home. Yet we are so busy working and our locale is so new and strange to us that we don't mind particularly. We can shrug our shoulders as do the French we meet and say 'C'est la guerre.'

"I should like to say hello to all my friends at the college. And please don't forget to send me the News Letters.

"Also, I'd like to know whether there are any more Aztecs in North Africa?"

Cpl. Bob Falconer writes V-mail:

"Have received the Aztec News Letter twice now since I've been overseas and believe me no publication has been read more thoroughly nor with greater interest. It fulfills the request of every ex-Stater serving on one of the outposts of this global war—the desire for news from home. Lately, however, they haven't been coming, due probably, to many changes in address.

"I've been on the shores of this island continent for 8 months but have seen no combat duty. Have done a horse out of a job on more than one occasion. This place is crowded with American soldiers. They literally occupy it.

"As yet, I haven't seen anyone from State although it is quite likely there are more than a few in the area. Could be that I'll bump into an old classmate some day."

Lt. Rudolph M. Morales:

"Received my commission as a 2nd Lt. (Signal Corps) on Feb. 19 at Fort Monmouth, N. J., where I spent three months of the most 'un-San Diego-like' weather I've ever experienced.

"Have been assigned to a post across the Potomac River from Washington, D. C. Are there any San Diego Staters around here? I hope to correspond with **Bill Koller** and several others.

"Before all of this housecleaning is over I hope that I may have the opportunity of applying your 'Geography of

Latin-America' to a practical situation."

Ft. Off. Willard Wallace:

"I'm back at Ft. Sumner, 'foreign duty,' as titled by my C. O. It's not that bad but it could be lots better but so could Tulagi, etc. The sky's blue, the ground's firm, and we can walk straight up. On the train I met two of my old frat brothers, **Frank Fraine** and **Whit Hoskins**. Frank is going to the midshipmen's school in New York. Whit Hoskins is being transferred to the medical department to the paratroops.

"Do you have the address of **Jack Robinson**? He's an old Delta Pi Beta."

A/C R. Norman Wier, Pre-Flight School, St. Mary's:

"I was certainly glad to hear from you personally. After a month in the hospital I am back at pre-flight.

"The weather has hindered our athletic program to a great extent. Consequently I am now back up to 188 lbs. I have been down to 182 but when I lay off like this up she goes.

"**Ensign Duane 'Squirt' Wilson** and I got together for a couple of liberties while I was in the hospital. He is on a tin-can.

"**Dan Fitzek** was up this way and dropped in on me yesterday. I was so darned excited when my officer told me I had a lieutenant waiting for me in the O.D.'s office that I tripped over the door sill and nearly fell down on my way out of his office. I had been waiting a long time to see that boy but I know you realize how I felt when I got the word he was here."

(Norm, we are glad you are out of the hospital and back on the job. Also, we are glad to hear that Dan is back in the States. We figure he has seen about as much action as the rest of them.—L.C.P.)

Cadet Frank Whigham:

"Things are really going swell for me here at Naval Flight Preparatory at U.S.C. My subjects in academic work are not too hard for me due to my background in geography and natural sciences which I received at State.

"There is one other State man here. His name is **Harry Catrell** and he's a Delta Pi Beta.

"The fad here is short haircuts and I have conformed. Say 'hello' to the Omega Xi's."

Major James B. Willey wrote Miss Smith of the Music Department about the News Letter: "The gang out here call each other and talk about the News Letter on the field telephones during slack periods. 'Did you know that so and so is in Alaska, and boy, would I like some of that ice now; and so and so is in Africa. Wonder if it is hot

there too?' It seems at times that the present and past members of this outfit monopolize the pages of the News Letter, but perhaps it is just my imagination. I have never taken my pen in hand to write Dr. Post but he has given me so much pleasure that I think I shall break the long silence."

(Thanks Jim, and we would like to hear from you. Sometimes the mail ship from your way brings a big load of letters from that gang, and then there are long periods of silence. I figure that in those times, either the ship isn't running or the fellows are off fighting Japs. Do you realize that even **Wally McNulty** didn't have a letter in the last one? Thanks and tell him to write. L.C.P.)

From **1st Lt. Wm. Leaf**, in the South Pacific:

"The last letter I wrote you was certainly a killer. I never realized it sounded so bad until I re-read it in the News Letter. It almost sounded like I was on my last leg; this I can assure you is not so. Frankly, we have a good set-up here; a little bit boring but compared to the sacrifice some of the fellows have made we are fortunate. I have met some of my less fortunate brothers in arms and all I can say is they got plenty of old American 'guts.' The average American I know can fight it out to a finish with any of the Tojo boys and come out on top. Our enemies surely missed the boat when they figured they could take a cut at Uncle Sam and he would take it laying down. I used to think I was unlucky because I was among the first 10 per cent out of the country; it was certainly an error on my part. I wouldn't trade my position for any of those back there. I am a range officer in this regiment and it is the best job a fellow could have. I only pray that when the opportunity knocks I will reap the harvest; I have plenty of faith in prayers.

"**Lt. Johnston** has been transferred but **Capt. Rodney** and I are still together. **MacAnulty** is doing O.K. from all reports. **John Finan** (a former Hoover High student) is in the hospital with a broken arm. He played in some rough football games in San Diego and came out on top; slipped down here in the mud and ends up with a broken arm, beats me. He sure is taking a 'ribbing.'

"The weather down here is still quite warm and we have plenty of rain; when it rains it pours. Even though you do have a lot of rain, there is still plenty of sunshine to go around. The men are all tanned; they will have a hard time coming across the border from Tijuana to San Diego. I think the Mexicans will look light alongside of some of the fellows. Everyone seems to be in good health and getting along fine. I know I have never felt better in my life.

From **Capt. George ("Cotton") Gilliland**, U.S.M.C., somewhere in the South Pacific:

"Here's just a line to let you know I received News Letter No. 10 and the Aztec sticker. Right now I'm afraid my mind isn't on my work.

"As you know, this is the first time I have written so I hope it doesn't prove to be too much of a shock. Since leaving the old stamping ground I have been around (geographically) and have had many and varied experiences.

"I was lucky to be aboard the same ship with **Junior Todd** coming across and I guess you can imagine how we 'shot the breeze' to all the fellows. When we arrived at our first destination both the skipper of the ship and the General agreed that San Diego State was undoubtedly the finest school in the country with the best football team.

"I haven't seen Jr. since we left that port but I do know he is doing an excellent job and has received a great deal of praise for his work.

"I have been in my present location only a short time and I can't say I am too fond of the country. Things have been pretty warm. At the present time, however, we are getting along fine with nothing to bother us but heat, rain, mosquitoes and Gremlins. Do you have Gremlins in San Diego? Well, the little rascals out here keep us pretty busy. They usually confine their activities to draining gasoline from planes in flight, drilling small round holes in the wings, etc., tangling parachutes so they won't open, swiping ammunition, pouring out the drinking water, stealing the chow, and other mischievous little tricks. Here is an example of what the little devils like to do: About 2 months ago a fellow and I happened to be in a small motor boat and we were put-put-putting right along without a worry in the world. Well, along came one of the little seafaring type Gremlins and when he saw we were having a good time he went to work. He "conked out" our motor and we couldn't repair it. He wasn't satisfied with that so he poured out our drinking water. We were getting pretty worried two days later until we were picked up by plane.

"I have seen only one man down here from State and that was **Lt. (ig) 'Snozz' Snyder**. I ran across him about two months ago in another port and the lucky stiff was heading back for San Diego. I have been expecting to run across **Lt. Bill Stoll** because I know he is around here but so far no luck.

"Well, Doc, I don't want to take up too much space in our News Letter because some of the fellows probably have something interesting to tell about. I would like to say one thing to the men, however, and that is about that big get-together after the war. I'll bet Pete is working on it now. It is going to be one

colossal bull session. I can just see it now; C. E. as master of ceremonies and **Lt. General Poluzzi** as guest speaker, with all the fellows talking at once trying to convince the others than the Army can outfight the Navy or Marines any time and vice versa; while this is going on **Jack Frost** is telling **Jim McColl** about the swell liberty in ——. I'll tell you, it's something to look forward to.

"Doc, tell Dean C. E., Clarence and Andy, Annie's 2nd crew and the rest of the gang hello for me.

"I wish some of you rough-tough Staters in the service would drop me a line (yes, you know who I mean).

From **1st Lt. Chas. Perry DeLong**, U.S. M.C., in the South Pacific:

"I had heard about **Bill Stoll** and was trying to get in touch with him but didn't make connections. Our location has been changed, Doc, and now I can't see him. I don't know whether Bill has moved yet or not. The chances are he has.

"Everything is very peaceful and quiet here. We have established quite a comfortable camp and are really enjoying it. The hard work is past, temporarily, and we are making the most of our leisure. Just how long they will allow us to remain inactive is something else. We aren't wasting any time worrying about it, however.

"Received word last week that I've been a 1st Lt. since Jan. 1st. It was rather sudden but nevertheless an extremely pleasant surprise."

Sgt. Paul Kuyama from Australia:

"Much to my pleasant surprise, your News Letter No. 10 arrived today. I had not known that there existed such a paper and perhaps I might never have known had not my college chum, **Paul Nakadate**, sent you my address.

"Here in Australia it is now midsummer and it is uncomfortably warm on account of the high humidity. One can work up a sweat in the slightest exertion and taking a nap during the day would be the easiest way to get a good sweat up.

"Space being limited on this form I wish to extend my greetings now to my fellow Aztecs of 1934-1939."

Wyman Hack, Y2c, writes from San Diego:

"I honestly appreciate receiving the News Letter and get quite a bang out of reading the notes from the ex-Aztec men. I receive letters from a few of my pals (ex-State men) stationed from Florida to the South Seas and they mention from time to time that they get the News Letter and that it has just the right (Scuttlebut—navy term) news they like to read.

"I might mention that **Harlan Boucher**, Y3c, is stationed with me here; also that he has quite a dance orchestra in which I do my little part. We broadcast on Tuesday afternoons at 1600 (4 o'clock) for one-half hour on station KFMB. If you ever get a chance, listen some time; if the shock isn't too great, maybe you'll be able to tune in every Tuesday."

Barney Newlee, PhM2c, writes from Farragut, Idaho:

"We played in a servicemen's basketball tournament in Spokane last week end and won the thing. So now we have a trip to Seattle coming up some time next week. I hope that we get to go.

"**Kenny Hale** has been transferred to the United States Naval Training Station at Norfolk, Virginia, for special instruction as an athletic specialist, first class. He leaves here tomorrow morning on the train. I thought I would tell you as he sometimes forgets these things. That leaves me up here as the only Aztec in the far north. I don't think that I will be here for long either. We saw **Sully Hartigan** at the tourney and he looks nice in his Ensign's uniform."

Lt. Guy E. Boothby, U.S.M.C.R., writes from Quantico:

"I've been in Quantico, Va., for about 4 months' training to be a Marine. The work is tough and rugged—both mentally and physically—but that is the way all of us here want it to be. It keeps you on the alert—that is, until you become so darned tired you fall asleep as soon as you hit your bunk.

"Did you know that **Neil** is now a **Captain** in the Coast Artillery and is stationed at Camp Davis, North Carolina. This is only a few hundred miles from where I'm stationed and so we are able to visit each other once in a while."

Jesse E. Bailey, Ensign, writes from Treasure Island:

"If possible, I would like to be placed on the mailing list for Aztec News Letters. I've received a couple of issues from friends and enjoyed the news very much. Also, if **Paul Nordquist** is not listed, I know he would appreciate receiving it.

"For your information, I was in your geography class but doubt seriously if you remember me. I graduated in 1939, an accounting major. I am an Ensign of the Line in the U.S.N.R. and attended Indoctration School at Tucson, Arizona. After Local Defense School I hope to be stationed somewhere aboard a ship."

From **Aux. Barbara Woollet**, who is in Radio School, Kansas City:

"Basic training, the hardest weeks of a soldier's life, is over at last. The Army

has decided my fate for the next few years. I am attending Radio School at Kansas City. Nothing could have happened that would make me happier. I am a radio operator.

"The school in itself is most unusual. Soldiers and WAACs alike attend. We go to classes together, eat in the same mess halls, and some even live at the same hotels. Everyone is very cooperative and friendly. Unlike the city of Des Moines, the citizens are very friendly and helpful, also.

"The most unique feature of the army life in Kansas City is maid service. Yes, believe it or not. We do have maid service. Since we are so busy attending school and studying, there is no time to do chores or K.P. as Major Mitchell, the commanding officer, put it.

"Nowhere else in the United States does a soldier have maid service.

"My mail has not caught up with me yet. I am hoping that the next mail call will contain a News Letter. The last one, No. 12, is wearing thin from use. I saw that there were other San Diego girls in Des Moines but had no chance to look them up.

"Please keep sending those News Letters for you'll never know how welcome they are."

From **Lt. Kenneth Scidmore**, who is in North Africa. He writes:

"They sure enjoyed reading it over here. I have been traveling around the last two weeks but have returned to the front to start operations again. At this base I have received more mail in the last two days than at any other time. I heard from Doc Harwood today.

"My sister also said she sees you now and then around school. The war is going about the same with the Germans retreating after a short drive into our line. It was stopped in short order and they retreated back to original positions. I have not met any Staters over here or any other time or place. I also received a promotion to 1st Lieutenant which I was glad to get.

"Give my regards to all and hope everything is going all right with you. I am always glad to hear from you."

1st Lt. Harold Guy Hevener, pilot of a Liberator, was mentioned in the last News Letter because the local paper carried a story on him for bombing Ambogna Island on a 1000-mile mission.

About the time we came off the press he was written up again in the S. D. paper and his story was broadcast by Bill Henry over a Los Angeles radio station. His plane was hopped by 10 Zeros, and they shot down two of them and damaged a third. The details were really thr-rilling.—L.C.P.

1st Lt. John (Buster) Murphy, former

badminton player at State, had written us earlier about taking part in the "show over Lille." This time he turns up in Malta and the S. D. Union showed a picture of him talking to a sergeant who had been hit by ack-ack in a bombing mission over Italy. They do get around.—L.C.P.

And then comes a picture of **Major Orin H. Rigley** and **Joe E. Brown**, whom he is flying around to the military camps in the South Pacific. "He has been in the United States only 48 hours since the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor."

A/C William H. Jennings is taking Primary at Sikeston, Mo., and he says the News Letter "sure helps a California boy up here in Missouri." (Note to Tau Dets: Bill wants more mail.—L.C.P.)

Lt. Lionel Chase arrived in North Africa. He writes:

"Morale is high all around and we are all in top shape. Boy, I'll bet you'd give up two degrees to see the Geography we've seen. Regards to the gang. P.S. Did we beat Santa Barbara this year?" (Game called off—L.C.P.)

Lt. Margaret A. Redelings (WAAC) is still down at Daytona Beach. Since she is not permitted to write for publication without the approval of Public Relations, only the highlights of her nice letter can be given here.

"Lt. Redelings expects to be organizing a mess for 1,000 WAACs and will have a chance to put her Home Economics to work. She has seen **Lt. Joyce Cunningham** at last down there. Also she said that she was proud of **Barbara Woollet** who is one of the newer WAACs. She said she always knew that Barbara had a lot of sense. One of these days we hope to get a longer letter all approved for publication.—L.C.P.

Pvt. Fletcher A. Carr is in Illinois at Chanute Field.

Lt. Charles Caston writes from the "Pacific Area":

"I'm at the place where the amazing phenomenon of a waterfall flowing upside down is to be seen. The clouds come over a level area and are forced up and consequently it rains on the opposite side. The place would be a paradise as far as geographers are concerned. No doubt you would go 'hog wild' here.

"P. S. Have seen **Lt. Lawrence Burke** here."

Broadcaster **Glenn Hardy** had a note on **Sgt. Charles Norman Janke** on Los Angeles program on January 31. Upon

request he sent us a copy of the broadcast and then it was sent on to Norman's father who is here in San Diego but who had not heard the program. The last previous note on Norman was that he was in the gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada. The next was from Rabaul as below:

"**Lt. Arthur Curran**, pilot of one of the fortresses said: 'We put our bombs right down along the main streets of Rabaul. My gunners were so eager to do some shooting, I had to order them not to shoot until we were close enough. When I gave them the order they started shooting like mad. We were so close to the Rabaul business district that I could read the drugstore signs.'

"In another plane—a Liberator—which dipped low and laid its bombs on a crowded Japanese transport and cargo vessel was **Sgt. Norman Janke** of San Diego."

(To **Sgt. Ohan Kerian**, gunnery instructor at Las Vegas—Was **Sgt. Janke** one of your students? He was there when you were there.—L.C.P.)

Frederick A. Benson, Y2c, writes from Alameda: (Fred was on the U.S.S. Lexington until she was sunk last year.)

"I didn't think very much of Jane Russell and I thought the picture stunk. It cost me \$1.10 to sit in the balcony; I guess they have to pay for all that build-up before the public all sees the picture. I also saw 'Junior Miss.' It was the best play I have seen to date, but then I haven't seen many.

"I enjoyed **John Osborn's** letter in News Letter No. 12 immensely. When the ship was sunk and my squadron was in the South Pacific for 3 months we wondered quite the same thing concerning women. When we hit New Zealand the boys really made up for lost time. During the 4 days we were there five of the boys became engaged. Any and all white women were beautiful. If we had stayed a couple of days longer I am afraid some would have been married. Then we came back to the States and the American Beauty and I'm not talking about apples.

"I accidentally bumped into **Ensign Dan Showly** about two weeks ago; we are practically in the same outfit.

"I understand they have a picture of me up there somewhere on that 'Aztecs in Service' board. You may have one of me in uniform soon if they turn out all right."

(Will be waiting for that picture, as well as hundreds of others from our Aztecs in uniform. You'd be surprised at how many people stop to see that board. No one has ever looked at it long enough to identify all their own personal friends. That's how many there are.—L.C.P.)