

THE AZTEC NEWS LETTER

FIRST ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Edited by
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San Diego State College
San Diego, California

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This issue sponsored by
PHI LAMBDA XI
and **SHEN YO**

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

A year ago this month a little mimeographed publication made its debut on the campus. It immediately gained popularity with the FIGHTING AZTECS as well as with those on the Home Front. This issue is the 14th and also the ANNIVERSARY EDITION of what has become the Aztec News Letter. An attempt was made to make each issue better than its predecessor even though the many chores connected with the project have grown in all dimensions.

It has grown rapidly during every month of its existence, and it has more than met all of the services that were originally expected of it. The address file has proved useful to faculty and students as well as to the men themselves. The AZTECS IN SERVICE panel has been an outgrowth of the News Letter and the address file.

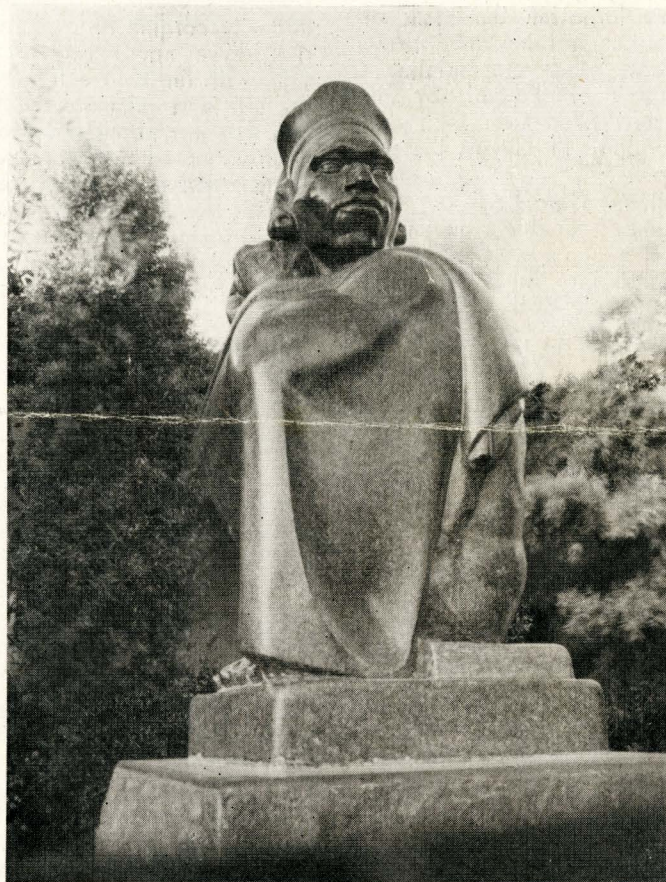
And to our new members, we hope that you will always keep us informed of changes in address and promotions. Be sure to ask other Aztecs if they are getting their News Letters. In case they are not, please send in their addresses. Also, we still want your pictures showing the uniforms if possible.

And to the parents whom we sometimes place on the mailing list—please forward the News Letters unless they are addressed to you. In that case, your son is getting his own copy.

Cetza, a women's service organization on the campus, sponsored the enclosed cards. We read that some mail ships had been lost, but we sincerely hope that the News Letter always gets through. Please fill out the cards. **DO IT NOW!**

Thanks again for the nice letters. There were more than ever this time and consequently, more of them had to be cut down. Many a fine letter was reduced to a single sentence in this issue.

The letters that you have written compensate many times over for all the work done on the News Letter. It makes one



Montezuma says: "The sun never sets on the FIGHTING AZTECS of San Diego State College." (Why shouldn't some of the **Sons of Montezuma** name their planes for old Monty?)

proud to be associated with such men. When you read Burdette Binkley's letter you will see what this means.

And again, best of luck,
Lauren C. Post
Editor of the News Letter



Lt. John Burdette Binkley

Lt. John Burdette Binkley was reported by the war department to have been "killed in action in Africa."

Recently he had written to his Mother and Dad in part:

"Dear Mother and Dad:

"Don't worry about me and how the war will affect me—that is without regard to actual physical injury. I mean emotionally and mentally. I believe that I am more stable now than ever before. What I mean is that I have probably reached a greater peace of mind. I am exposed to death fairly constantly, yet I can truthfully say that there is really no fear present. An occasional moment of nervous terror, yes—but if my number should come up, I am ready. . . . Yet I do have a very strong faith. It is not a faith to be put into words but rather

to be kept in heart. The 23rd Psalm and the Lord's Prayer give me a peace of mind that is real. Sometimes when I am flying I look out at the tremendous blue sky, the fleecy clouds, the earth below. I realize what a small yet somehow integral part of things I am. It constantly amazes me, this flying. . . . I don't know how you all feel about this war and how long it will last but I am afraid it is going to be a long one. It is going to be hard on you people at home and it will get harder. I know that we in the army are going to really see this thing through. I hope that the people at home do not tire of war until this is accomplished. When I look ahead I see a rather morbid picture but when I look back into history I see many which were equally frightful. Along with this morbid picture, I also see a very bright one. . . . A few years after the war is over our standards of living will be changed to a new undreamed of level. Possibly this war will wipe out racial and political boundaries uniting this world in an intelligent peace with plenty for all.

"I am getting tired so I will say good night. I am going to seal this up with-

out reading it—otherwise I probably would never mail it.

"Love, Burdette."



Capt. James Q. McColl writes from Africa: "Just a page to say hello and that I haven't forgotten the Halls of Montezuma although I haven't written to you or Monty for several months. I know you must be bored stiff by this time with letters filled with mud and blood and horror so I'll lay off the war angle this trip.

"Ran into **Bernie Carroll** not long ago at a much-bombed air dome out in the desert. He is manning a weather station.

"Also bumped into **Ernie McAnulty** up in Algiers a while back. He'll have some hair-raising stories to tell when he comes home. A few days ago I ran into old **Jack Frost** again and we were able to hold a frat reunion before our paths took different directions again. We spent a day on one of the really super beaches down there swimming, sunning, and just plain loafing.

"I have a question I'd like to ask you—it's been bothering me quite a while—when in the hell is the draft board going to catch up with that false alarm, Durlin Flagg?"

"Say, Doc, the other day someone asked me if State had a frosh football team in 1938. I told them I wasn't sure but I thought I had read something to that effect somewhere. (Yes, Jim, we had a team in '38. I was about to say that was the first year that we had a team but then I remembered that you and **Glen Wirt** and **Hal Tracy** had gone to Brawley the year before. Remember? But we won our game.—L.C.P.)

"P.S. If there are any of those perpetual sophomore Kappa Phi Sigmas, how about hearing from one of them on the state of the tong?"



Corp. Bob Wade, who is still in Africa, saw **Capt. Griff Williams** recently and reported that he was looking fine. They are in the same outfit. Bob's letter follows:

"Since I wrote you last, my outfit has made another of its many moves—but that's about all I can tell you. As to direction, location and so on, I can't say much. I can say that our new base is definitely an improvement, especially in the way of weather. True, we still have frequent rain (good ol' dry Africa), but there is no frost or snow and little mud to plague us. We've had one or two days that give a hint of what summer is going to be like over here—and I'm not exactly looking forward to it, though I will be glad to get rid of this long underwear for a while.

"There are other improvements, too. For instance, here there are shower baths available, with hot water most of the time—and, believe me, that's rare on

this side of the world. I'm so used to bathing out of my helmet that I still can't quite get used to it.

"In a spurt of ambition when we first got here, my tentmate and I took a day off and fixed ourselves a home of which I am very proud, and which is very luxurious, according to local standards. We dug down about two feet, lined the sides with tin, built a framework to hold the tent and eliminate the center poles, and thus just about doubled our lebensraum. And when two of you are living in the small space a pup tent provides, that is mighty important. Then we added such homelike touches as shelves, gun racks, wash stand and gasoline lamp. For this country it's a veritable palace—and most of our spare time is spent wallowing in our new luxury and telling each other what clever fellows we are, after all.

"Enough of this. I'm looking forward to the next (and succeeding) News Letters. You're doing a great job, Doc—one for which a lot of us will be eternally grateful. Take care of the home front—we'll do our best with the others."



Lt. Lionel Chase writes from North Africa: "I have looked all over North Africa for another Aztec without meeting one. I've looked in every bar, hospital, and guardhouse without results. So I conclude that either there are none here or that they're all up at the front (where we don't get time to make inquiries) just raising hell with the Jerries.

"It's been so long since I've seen mail from home that I've forgotten what it looks like. How about a News Letter? Even an old one! Every man in the squadron reads it.

"Wish I could tell you about our little 'tea-parties'—quite an experience, they are!"



Lt. Jack Frost writes from Africa: "Your News Letter No. 11 came in yesterday and was really welcomed as usual. The fellows I am living with here all enjoyed it nearly as much as I did. That is getting to be a very popular letter, at least one that everyone can read without causing complications.

"I am in equatorial Africa now and this place is really nice. Good beds, clean sheets, showers, and everything. This is quite a change from sleeping on the ground and floors and walking about two miles to take a bath.

"I am really seeing a lot of this continent of Africa, Doc, and I think that before long you will find that the maps of Africa will be a little more complete and a great deal more accurate.

"I sure would like to hear from some of the fellows if they can find time to write. If possible, I would like to have the addresses of **Mason Harris**, **Bob Cozens**, **Bill Nettles**, and **Bill Matthie**.

From **Bob Kennedy**, former journalism student at State, who is teaching at California Polytechnic School, came a nice long letter about their Mustang News Letter. (Bob is on our mailing list although he is not in uniform.)

"Congratulations on a fine publication! For a long time I've been meaning to write you and tell you what a splendid job I think you are doing. I like your News Letter even better now that it is being printed, and like the copy cat that I am, I am tonight sending off your latest issue to our printer in Santa Barbara to get an estimate on something similar.

"Miss Maha showed me her recent letter to you and your reply. I think your idea of displaying the service men's photos is a capital idea and probably will be emulated by your 'followers' here in San Luis.

"I see that plenty of my old frat brothers and classmates are doing their bit for Uncle Sam and I sometimes feel that even teaching navy aviation cadets isn't quite up to the par set by the vast majority of former Aztecs."



Ens. Timothy Hallahan is still at Cornell but probably will be a gunnery officer on some ship shortly after this goes to press.



A/C Adelbert Faulconer, class of 1943, writes from Midland, Texas:

"I happened to run into **Major Orland Huffman** here the other day. It was just like a family reunion. He brought out some of his News Letters and we spent the whole afternoon reminiscing. It was nice to hear about some of my old buddies and classmates. I would like to hear from some of the old gang, especially the Tau Delts, and the members of the 1939 freshman team.

"Meanwhile I'm here at the Bombardier College trying to solve some of the mysteries of the bombsight."



1st Lt. Don C. Owen is still in the South Pacific and gets his mail through the Fleet P.O., San Francisco.



Warren C. Chambers, PhM3c in the Marine Corps, has arrived safely overseas.



Ted Withall is now at Officer Training at Fort Benning, Ga.



Pvt. David L. Tennebaum is at the Marine Base in San Diego. He is in the mathematics school.



Pvt. A. D. Henehan is at Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

"Thought you would be interested to know that as usual Henehan is enacting the role of guinea pig. Our outfit is

the first group of potential aviation cadets to aspire to a five months' college training program prior to pre-flight.

"There is only one Stater here besides myself and he is **Frank Heryet**, around 1937, a track man, I believe, and a very fine chap."

Lt. Wm. E. Sage has moved from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, at least temporarily.

John Donald Coker is now at Camp Roberts.

Pvt. Wm. Bruce (Toar) Hollenbeck writes from Vancouver, Wash.:

"The News Letters have been a wonderful bond between us ex-Staters. It makes me feel proud to boast a school that is doing so much for its servicemen. I graduated from radio school in South Dakota in February but Doc, I just couldn't see myself taking code all day so I asked to become a maintenance man. My application was approved and they sent me here to Vancouver.

"Things looked pretty rosy and then a call came for technical men to go to college. I was chosen to take a test in mathematics, physics, and calculus. At State I did my best to miss them all and I did. But I leaped at the chance to take the test and yesterday 12 of us were notified that we had passed and we will be interviewed tomorrow. And the big prize comes if I finish the course with good marks. If my grades warrant it I will have a crack at engineers O.C.S. Then I'll really have something to work for.

"We have a swell setup here. Our physical exercise consists of touch football but we get some pretty rough scrimmages.

"We are attached to the Medics here for the rations and quarters so that accounts for the hospital being my address."

A/C Robert F. Russell, former football end, wrote the longest letter received to date for the News Letter. He is at Santa Ana SAAAB and he described in detail the training and routines they go through up there. From the long letter, here are some notes:

"It has been the general and most incorrect opinion that the bombardier or navigator is the fellow who 'washes out' in Primary or Advanced.

"During a two weeks period here the cadet is given tests that would find every flaw in character, knowledge, and general aptitude. They determine what the cadet is best qualified for mentally and physically. They include mechanics, math, speed tests, coordination tests, physics, English, etc.

"The pilot must have certain definite

qualifications, the Bombardier must be accurate and have qualifications that the pilot and navigator do not need: deft eye, etc. The navigator must have a sharp, clean, fast head filled with every detail of math necessary for dead reckoning, blind flying, and shooting a star. He must be consistently on the ball as without him the rest are helpless. Together they form a unit. The Army wants you where you can do the best job.

"So fellows, don't be disappointed if you become a navigator, bombardier, or a pilot. Take the one they give you for that is where you'll do best.

"You know, I can't get over how they take a bunch of jerks and make good men out of them in so short a time. After a few days you find yourself walking erect and with poise—head straight and with a once rounded jaw turned square.

"And food—all first class. Tuition, room, clothes, laundry, toilet articles all furnished free—and all we are doing is defending what belongs to you and me.

"All the fellows in my barracks are rare characters—like any Americans—normal. An Esquire cartoonist on my right, a millionaire on my left, but they don't have more than I have now."

SOS—COMMERCIAL—SOS

At last the News Letter has to ask for help. This anniversary number will exhaust our backlog which civilian friends have contributed. No longer can the student organizations, as generous and patriotic as they are, meet all of the ever-increasing bills for printing and mailing even though those are the only cash expenses there are to the News Letter. It is understood that none is forced to contribute in order to receive the News Letter whether service man or civilian, and none is expected to work any hardship on himself. For 14 issues we managed to put off asking, but there are just too many AZTECS IN SERVICE and too few on the campus. Besides, summer is approaching and the News Letter must carry on. You may send contributions to either the editor or to Ed Herzig who is the manager of the bookstore. Ed has handled all of the News Letter finances from the beginning, and he has done a wonderful job.

Pvt. Thos. D. Hart (The ladies will remember him as the "Real-Silk" man) writes from Hawaii:

"With the arrival of each News Letter the morale of the army in these parts hits a new high.

"Before my third week in the army was up I had arrived in Hawaii. Here I went through Basic Training that was a basic training. This place is famous

for red mud, deep gulleys, and the fastest double time in the world. When on pass, I spend most of my time on the famous beach and have acquired a heavy tan. Board riding hasn't much on the San Diego beaches.

"I have gained 25 pounds—that army food again!"

Midshipman LaVerne W. Brown writes from Annapolis:

"Received the News Letter No. 11 all O.K. and think that the servicemen's panel is an excellent idea. Keep up the good work and soon S.D.S.C. will be famous for outstanding and original ideas.

"I have a new name for you. **Dan Magnusson**, my brother-in-law, is now a private and is stationed at Fort Eustis.

"Well, I must knock off in order to go work out. Our Commandant's new physical training program seems to be trying to stress the MAN in midshipman, and even the canteen athletes have to take a workout once in a while."

Ensign Alfred C. Dildine writes from Navy Yard at Mare Island:

"I received my commission in the Naval Reserve in March of last year and remained on the inactive list 'til called to active duty in the middle of October after graduation.

"At present I am assigned engineering duties ashore in connection with underseas craft. It's darned interesting work. But like a lot of sailors, I'm waiting for further orders and where that will take me I don't know. However, I do have application in for Sea Bee duty."

1st Lt. Garry Meeker writes from North Africa:

"News Letter No. 6 was just forwarded to me. Am certainly anxiously awaiting No. 7. (And to think—this is No. 14! L.C.P.)

"Have been here quite a while but have not received any mail from the folks.

"If Mr. Baker is still teaching French tell him that the little French that he did manage to teach me is certainly coming in handy and that I wish I had my French books with me. Might say that everything over here is just fine and the future looks very promising. Would like to be home by Christmas. What do you think? Would certainly appreciate hearing from you in the near future. Please give my regards to everyone."

Lt. Derwyn D. Robb has moved about since his graduation from Q.M.C. school at Ft. Francis E. Warren. He has been in Omaha at Ordnance School, at Spokane, at Santa Maria. And now he is on his way to San Antonio.

Lt. Clelland A. Wharton writes from Leesville, La.:

"It took me a long time to get out of the hospital (the unit—I wasn't sick)—and when I was at Camp Berkeley, Tex., I saw another good HOD, **Stan Thein**, and now I am back in Louisiana.

"I spend my time bouncing all over this part of Louisiana and Texas in a jeep making inspections of motor vehicles.

"Tried to look up **Bob Duncan** but found that he had gone to O.C.S. We have started the HOD chain letter again and Gordon Peterson can probably furnish you some more addresses."

A/C Robert E. Nath writes from Pampa, Texas.

"I'm in Advanced Training and am training to be a bombardment pilot. This phase of flying is very interesting and I am hoping to be sent to a B-24 or a B-17 school.

"If you have **Glen Burne's** address at 'Cal' I'd appreciate it if you would forward it to me. Say hello to any Phi Lambda Xi's you see around."

Pvt. Jack C. Daw writes from Fort Belvoir, Virginia:

"I left State last June. Was in your class with Don Kiel, **Jack Carr**, Gloria Weems and a number of others who should now be juniors. Was inducted Feb. 16, 1943. Am stationed here at the Engineers Replacement Tr. Center."

Pfc. Wm. Olmstead writes from Barksdale Field, Louisiana:

"Every News Letter that I get, I read and re-read."

Ens. Glen M. Wirt is still up in San Francisco. Glen says that his brother, **Wayne**, who is down under and has been there for a year asks if they still wear clothes up in this hemisphere.

"The News Letter is good in any form. Keep it coming. We are proud of it and S.D.S.C."

Robert Romaine was commissioned at Corpus Christi recently.

Pvt. William Martin writes from Roswell, New Mexico:

"I'm out here in the God-forsaken 'Land of Enchantment.' I saw by the News Letter that **John D. Hardie** is in the Glider School here but the only time I see the glider pilots is when they march by in formation. I work nights one week and days the next—12 hours at a stretch.

"Wind!! I have never seen such winds as they have here. When the temperature drops to 5 or 6 and the wind blows as it always does, believe me, it gets cold. And I ain't kidding!!!!

"The food they serve here is good before they cook it—but after, it ain't worth——. And then it's cold, but this is war. Say hello to Dr. Stone for me."

Paul W. Casad, ART 2/c, writes from Corpus Christi: "**Alan Richardson**, who is an ex-Stater, just reported here from Texas A. and M. My bookwork was finished with graduation yesterday. I have a short gunnery course to take and then will stand by, and I hope the standing by is not too long.

"**Forrest (Bud) Brown** arrived here yesterday. **John Bartholdi** also reported for his share of Texas tan. Please give my regards to Dr. Harwood and the Tau Deltas."

Lt. (jg) H. B. Grant writes from Corpus Christi: "You know this is the place about which a fellow said that if he owned it and Hell, he'd lease Texas and live in Hell. But this is a fine station if it is considered 'foreign duty.'"

"**Lt. R. L. Allphin** is at New Haven, Conn., and **Lt. (jg) Norman Rock** is at Columbus, Ohio. The Tau Delt-sponsored issue caught up with me. If you have a new address list I'd certainly appreciate it." (We can't send them out so we don't run them off. Sorry. L.C.P.)

Pvt. Phil B. George writes from the Meteorology School at Pomona College:

"I received my notice at 6 p.m. and was told to report the next morning. Will be here for a year. We study or have classes 11 hours a day. Two other fellows are here—**Frank Watenpaugh** and **Alan Perry**. Is there any way I can get **Harry Cattrell's** address?"

Sgt. Alex (Rogers) Regas writes from Richmond, Va.:

"Was promoted to corporal last month and now am a Sgt. Would like to say hello to some of my buddies, **Lt. Joe Cobb**, **Jack Jenkins**, and also **Dick Ball**, who is up at Camp Roberts. Saw that **A. D. Henahan** is now one of us. Bet he livens up the service as much as he did State! I don't know if Bud East, **Fred Smith**, and **Red Williams** are still there but I'd like to say hello to them. (**Fred Smith** left with the 38 for basic and O.C.S.—L.C.P.)

"We've been taking the usual typhus and cholera shots. Am getting used to the continual puncturing—it must have paralyzed all my nerves.

"These southerners have been nice to me and I'm getting attached to Richmond."

Lt. W. H. Ross wrote from a ship on the east coast:

"**Ens. Barney Carmen** completed the

course in Naval Communications at Boston and stood very high in his class. He was selected for additional training in Aviation Communications and then will have duty afloat.

"**Ens. George 'Bud' Thompson** is in Boston at the Naval Finance and Supply School. He is to finish in June.

"Saw **Ed (Buzz) Smythe** in Chicago last fall. He was stationed at Great Lakes. I've just been made Supply Officer of this (?) ship."

Ens. Wm. S. Miller of the class of 1940 wrote one of those censored letters. His mail goes through Fleet P.O., New York:

"The trip was uneventful except for the ever present tension that always accompanies a convoy. We arrived safely and I landed a really swell job, disbursing. Am happily situated with excellent quarters, food that's A-1, and really wonderful fellows to work with (but no Aztecs here, unfortunately).

"As my location is secret I can only say that the people here are most interesting, the country picturesque in a barren sort of way, and the climate quite tolerable. I've had some interesting contacts with the natives in line of duty and socially. But, life has been without the expected sort of 'excitement' that war usually brings.

"'Excitement' is made up for here by plenty of really hard work by the fellows in the Sea Bees. These boys 'put out' for Uncle Sam in a big way by working long hours at tough jobs under trying conditions. They deserve all and more of the credit they are getting in the home papers."

In the last News Letter we said that **1st Lt. Delmar L. Dyreson**, Chaplain in the Army in North Africa, had never attended San Diego State College. We were in error as he graduated with an A.B. in Liberal Arts from State in August 1939. We are glad to claim him and add his name to the AZTECS IN SERVICE. Now, all we need is his picture. Perhaps he can have his folks mail us one.—L.C.P.

Jesse Osuna, who is "somewhere in the Southwest Pacific," has recently made a double jump and is now Battalion Sergeant Major in Personnel. He writes:

"I can't say exactly where I am except that it is below the equator. The people here all speak French, the official language; the waters are full of man-eating sharks, and we eat all the coconuts we want!

"When this mess is over and I can return to San Diego I am going back to State to finish up my education.

"Please remember me to Dr. Brown (Mrs.) and tell her that the French I

learned from her is certainly coming in handy now. And you, Dr. Post, are doing marvelous work in getting out this paper which means so much to us over here. Keep it up as long as you can and good luck to you! Au revoir. Jesse Osuna."

From **Pvt. Chas. Bradshaw**, who is at Camp Robinson, Arkansas:

"Quite a few of the E.R.C. that left school on the 17th of March are stationed here. Among them are **Ray Berry, Jim Hurley, Corny Swift, Orcutt Hover**, and yours truly. We are to take eight weeks of basic training here and then we will be shipped to other camps for more advanced training."

M/Sgt. Loy L. Flor is still "down under." His brother, **Kenneth**, is in air crew training at the University of North Dakota. Thanks, Mrs. Flor, for sending their addresses.—L.C.P.

Dick Brewer, Pvt., writes from the University of Washington:

"I am still a private in the meteorology course at the University of Washington."

"Quite a few State boys are here with me, **Ted Livingstone, Art Calmon, Al Marrs, Bruce Dorsch, and Bill Bramble**. We have a small State College up here."

"We live in frat houses taken over by the army. We are "surrounded" by sorority houses. What a fate! Every Saturday we play touch football with the sorority girls from across the street. They are really swell to us. In what other outfit but the air corps could you get a deal like this?"

"Don't let me give you the idea we don't work. This gay life is only on Saturday afternoons and Sunday. The rest of the week we are so busy that we don't have a minute to ourselves."

"Tell the boys who are left at State to stick with the drilling. It is the most important thing they can learn right now. Also, tell them to take every opportunity to command the flight. It is the best experience in the world."

"Every man who wants to can command a flight during our drill period of two hours."

"Tell Mr. Baird that I have talked with Dr. Utterback, head of the physics department and the meteorology program at the University. He says he knows Mr. Baird well from the last war when he was picked to teach some courses."

"P. S. Tell my Delta Pi Beta frat brothers to keep at least one man on the campus for the duration. Old '4-F' **Jack Jackson** should be there for quite a while. I think State needs him more than the Marines."

Pvt. James R. Hurley wrote from Camp Robinson, Arkansas:

"Today we were activated as an Infantry Combat team—the advantages of the E.R.C.!!"

Pvt. Howard J. Quam writes from Camp Robinson:

"Well, here I am in the great frat. I'm located here for basic training and it's quite a place—trees all over in a sort of a 'park landscape.' There are fellows here from every E. R. C. and college in the U.S.—no fooling."

"**Pat Kelly** is in the medical corps here. I am unassigned as yet. We probably will all end up in the infantry."

"Say hello to the Mediterranean geography class for me."

Barney Newlee has been promoted to PhM2/c up at Farragut, Idaho. He writes:

"Now I have caught up with my fraternity brother, **Tom McGraw**. He had the bunk next to mine when we stationed at the Naval Hospital in San Diego. I guess he is in the thick of things now that he's with the Marines. (How about sending us **Kenny Hale's** real address." L. C. P.)

Ens. Winifred M. Smith writes from Long Beach:

"Roosevelt Base has certainly given us ten new Wave officers a royal welcome. We were all assigned to Communications work but last week I was told after an interview to report to the Aide to the Commandant's office the next morning. The work there is fascinating and I feel very fortunate to have this opportunity to learn so many new things about the Navy and working in that busy office is a much more complete indoctrination course than any school could give."

"Ran across **Ens. Howard Shaw**, an ex-Stater, who is on the Base. The first thing he asked me was whether I received the News Letter."

"We are finding out that Navy hours are long but some way it doesn't seem long when there is important work to be done."

"**Lt. John Perry** is also up here as perhaps you know—in charge of the athletics and recreation of Stark Center on the Base."

"Am looking forward to the next issue of the News Letter which I realize isn't a new or unique statement but nevertheless true."

A/C Robert Harvey writes from Eagle Field, Dos Palos, California:

"Just received No. 13 A.N.L. Was sure glad to hear about **Ernie McAnulty**. He and Wally and I used to run around together when we were in Hoover Hi."

"Probably by the time you get this I will have my first solo out of the way and will be well on my way to becoming

a hot pilot, as the guys here call it."

"I never realized when I was helping Mary Lou Thompson mimeograph the News Letter that the fellows appreciated them so much until I started receiving them myself. Keep up the good work, Doc!"

"By the way, would you send **Ernie McAnulty's** address to me?"

"Good luck to all the guys in the service, especially the Delta Pi Beta's."

From **Cpl. John Fox** (overseas) to Dorothy Ferguson:

"You probably know that in one of the News Letters they sent us Aztec stickers. Well, now . . . where's a soldier gonna put a sticker? No suitcase, no windshield (except maybe on a peep) and darn few 1st Sgts. will let a sticker like that be put on barracks windows (if there are any windows and we don't have any), so where is the sticker gonna be put? Can't let it go to waste. Fox of the Weather Squadron . . . The Fighting Feathermerchants . . . has solved this dilemma. On the fibre lining of the steel helmet is the only suitable spot for this worthy emblem. Nuf sed."

"I won't bother to proof read this. You are so good at it."

Lt. Lawrence Madalena writes from Fort Eustis, Va.:

"But the ways of the army are strange at times—to say the least—and so, with a couple hundred other strapping new 2nd leuys, I'm cooling off and twiddling my thumbs at Fort Eustis."

"We're slowly—painfully slowly—being sent out, either directly overseas or to another camp in the U. S. to train recruits."

"Meanwhile, we're undergoing a delightful 4-week course in Junior Commando tactics, designed to supply bulging biceps for shavetails. (By the way, I haven't shaved mine yet.) One of the newest additions to the 'toughening' routine is crawling along on our stomachs while Eustis' experts (I hope) fire 36 inches above us with .50 caliber machine guns. (The idea is to teach us not to lose our heads while under fire.)"

"My address is AAAORP. (Nope, Doc, I didn't burp!)"

Ralph R. Small has been promoted to Major. He is of the class of '31. Wish I could say what branch of the army he is in—it sounds interesting now that he probably is overseas.—L.C.P.

James Kinsella, Lt. (jg), shot down two Jap planes. He is recuperating from injuries, including a back burn.

Mabel Grant Hazard sent two more addresses—**Capt. Wallace Springstead** of the Marine Corps, is in the South

Pacific, and **Capt. Richard Lee Coutts** is in Great Falls, Mont.

1st Lt. Garry W. Meeker wrote from North Africa saying that he would like to get some mail, also that he had seen **Ernie McAnulty**. He said **Jack Frost** was flying a big one and that Ernie was flying a fast one.

Lt. Chas. Caston wrote one of those V-Mail (terrible to read) letters from Hawaii. "As for myself I am still going on all 18 cylinders and having a hell of a good time. They say that **Lt. Lawrence Burke** is 'down under'."

A/C Donald K. Major writes from Grand Rapids, Michigan:

"**Ted Thomey** of the **San Francisco Chronicle** sent me the 12th edition of the News Letter.

"I have been in the best 'resorts' the Army offers in Florida and have associated with many swell men. I would like to hear from **Bob Exter** and **Bob Myers**."

Cpl. Maurice J. Kahan writes from Shreveport, La.:

"We have finished our regular two months maneuvers and have to stay over two more months training. The weather hasn't been so bad of late except the heat brings out millions of bugs and snakes. They say it gets even worse later on but I don't see how it can.

"Tell Miss Smith I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to come back and see her."

Pvt. W. A. Cassin writes from Oregon State College, Corvallis:

"I took a few tests and evidently I was lucky because I ended up in college taking the Army's specialized training program. I am slated for electrical engineering. As for 'cuts,' they are out for the duration."

Pvt. Robert D. St. Morris writes from Camp Barkeley, Texas:

"It has been my good fortune to be selected for training as a medical soldier in the MRTC. I shall refrain from remonstrating the 'Lone Star State.' Before I am through I shall be familiar with all of the administrative work of the Army—Pay Roll, Service Record, Logistics, Morning Reports, Roster Data, Personnel Records, Military Sanitation, etc.

"My brother, Wayne, has been promoted to staff sergeant. He is in Honolulu and is attending a special school there. Heard from **Willie Trask** and **Joe Campbell**. **Paul Fern** visited my folks and said he would look up my brother while in Honolulu.

"It's really swell, the way the Aztecs stick together."

Pvt. Earl J. Cantos writes from Camp

Wolters, Texas:

"Here we are in beautiful (?) Texas. We could say a lot of things about Texas but why swear on Sunday? (Is it true that down in Texas you can stand in mud up to your knees and at the same time have dust blowing in your eyes?—L.C.P.)

"Here are the addresses of **Pvt. Francis V. Howell**, **Nick Stamatopoulos**, **Paul M. Arriola**, **F. X. King**, **Chas. T. Kruse**, **Wayne Kenaston**, **Al Williams**, **Robert G. Kelly**, and **W. R. Simonsen**." (Thanks for all the addresses and we have answered all of their requests for addresses.—L.C.P.)

Pvt. Manuel M. Doria writes from Vancouver, Wash.:

"I was very fortunate in being sent to the medical detachment since I was preparing for pre-dental while attending State. Most of our basic training deals with medicine.

"Let me know if there are any other Aztecs here." (Yes, there are about three others but I can't think who they are.—L.C.P.)

Pvt. Donald J. Crouch writes from Camp Carson, Colo.:

"As you probably already know we San Diego fellows at Camp Carson are 'mule skinnners.' Yes, we have a mule to groom a day. **Chris Franovich**, a fellow Stater, is here also."

A/C Geo. C. Knapp writes from Corpus Christi:

"I can easily understand why San Diego is so full of Texans. I am looking forward to leaving Texas almost as much as I am looking forward to receiving my wings.

"I put in for fighters and was selected for the Marine Corps which didn't make me a bit mad.

"There are quite a number of Aztecs on the base. Among them are **Jack Bartholdi**, **Joe Irick**, **George Peck**, **Forrest Brown**, **Ken Coleman**, and many others."

Pvt. Pat Kelley writes from Camp Robinson: (He's one of the 38.—L.C.P.)

"Well, Doctor, your Machiavellian predictions have materialized. Here I am in the bloody army—bloodier than you think—I'm in the Medical Corps. You are already aware of my sentiments but I am forced to confess that this is an extremely lovely camp. The inmates live in little bungalows known as 'huts.' I'm upon a high hill; the rest of the boys are about a mile down the road—**Hurley**, **Orcutt**, **Cook**, **Smith**, **Quam** and some others. Imagine! Three months' confinement with Quam—wotta break! Most of the boys look a bit different in their uniforms but Quam is still Quam!

"The trip across Texas was uneventful

—and above that, the sky.

"It may seem paradoxical to you but actually, I have heard more backwoods accent and hillbilly twang in San Diego than I have heard here in the heart of the backwoods.

"Of all the many undesirable aspects of army life the worst of all is of an auditory nature. You can't get away from the sound of whistles, bugles, tramping feet, snoring males, profane sergeants, and inarticulate corporals. At any time of the day or night you can hear one of these."

Lt. Lee B. Williams writes from Geiger Field, Wash.

"When **Barney Newlee** said he was the only Aztec left in the far north he was very much mistaken.

"You probably never knew me, Doc, but I was there from '37 to '40 when I transferred to Cal. I was taking pre-engineering and played in the band. I doubt also if you have a picture of me but I'll get around to sending one some time.

"I hardly ever hear of any Aztecs being in the Engrs., especially the Avn. Engrs. You know, we're the ones who build the fields so the boys can 'keep 'em flying'."

Lt. Rudolph M. Morales writes from Washington, D. C.:

"In the last month I have run across the following former Staters: **Byron Lindsley**, **Ensign Mildred Robertson**, **Lt. Chas. Kerch**, **Lt. Bernard Siner**, and a few others from back home.

"Where I am going soon I will want the News Letter more than ever."

Flight Officer Joseph K. Robbins, who used to be in the 251st, is now at Boise, Idaho.

"Would like to say hello to **Lt. Dick Bate**, **Lt. Bob Logan**, **Lt. Art Brindley**, and **Lt. Johnny Lamont**. Greetings to **Dean C. E.**"

Weldon M. Lewis, **Lt. A-V(S) USNR**, writes from the University of Washington:

"To start from the beginning I should start with indoctrination at Dartmouth. Here I spent two months with **Hal Grant**, **Ross Evans**, and **Byron Taylor**. All four of us from San Diego and three from State. Both Hal and I were Phi Lambda Xi's together. **Ross Evans** and I taught in the science department at San Diego High before going into the Navy. All three of us went from Dartmouth to Chicago to the Naval Aviation School. From Chicago **Ross** went to Oakland and **Hall** and myself were sent to Columbus, Ohio, where we spent two months learning how to teach the recognition of air and surface craft at Ohio State University. **Hal** went from here

to Corpus Christi and here I am at the University of Washington. We are both teaching recognition. I am at a Flight Preparatory School where the cadets first start their training program.

"Hungerford must have written his letter to you before Hal and I met him at Ohio State. While here I saw **Frank Petrich**, art teacher from San Diego High, and **Norman Rock**, a charter member of Phi Lambda Xi. Both Petrich and Rock were still in training when I was detached. They will most likely end up teaching recognition somewhere."

Lt. (jg) Harold P. Lasher, USNR, writes from the University of Arizona:

"I was on duty at the Section Base, San Diego, before transfer here to N. T.S., Tucson, Arizona, where the 'Bear Down,' the ship in the desert, is our home.

"Received my commission as lieutenant, junior grade, U.S.N.R., in December and remained at the Section Base as Assistant Executive Officer."

A/S H. Ted Reynolds writes from the University of Montana:

"I am now at the University of Montana taking refresher courses in math., physics, English composition, history, etc. I will spend about two months here, then go to Santa Ana for classification as a pilot, bombardier, or navigator.

"We were sent here from Lincoln, Nebraska, where we received 30 days of basic military training. Conditions were pretty poor there—but here at the University things are just about perfect. We are addressed as 'Mister' and are known as aviation students (A/S)."

A/C Robert F. Russell writes from Santa Ana Air Base:

"Two more weeks now and then—I'm due for a refresher course—probably nearby. Thousands are arriving here and every day you look for familiar faces in the fresh party ranks. Well, I found two to date—**Jim Hardin** and **Maurice Wilson**. Both are leaders in their squadrons due to the efforts of ole 'Doc Waller,' former C.P.T. instructor at State. By the way, where is he now? And too, remember **Marvin (Red) Walker** of 1940? He played frosh ball there under you, I believe. He's the adjutant of the squadron and also one of the leading athletes.

"**Lt. Charles Smith** has now been transferred to Director of West Coast Athletic Training Center located in the heart of Santa Ana on Eighth St. Doing a darn good job in keeping us in good shape by obstacle courses that only he alone could conceive.

"**Lt. Paul L. Pfaff** is now head Academic Officer in the Fourth Wing. Saw him yesterday practically all day. We

were wondering about the Phi Lambda Xi's. Where are they? Under some rocks? (Come on out, you guys, and drop Doc a letter so we can hear from you."

Charles M. Witt is now full Lt. in the U.S.N.R. He was among 600 reserve officers selected to take flight training at Dallas, Texas.

Pfc. ValJean F. Robbins writes from Quantico:

"I have been at O.C.C. here in Quantico for four weeks now and have been plenty busy the whole time. **Warren Butcher** is in the same class but in a different company.

"**Al Robbins** has also been transferred. He is at Camp Mackall, N. C.

"P. S. Those two months I spent in your map reading class enabled me to pass the map reading course here with a pretty good grade."

Lt. Bernard T. Harmer is with a bomber squadron in New Guinea.

Major A. W. James wrote from Langley Field, Va. He is still chasing the elusive sub. He asks if we are going to publish complete files of the News Letter when the war is over. He thinks it would be a wonderful idea. So does everyone here, but we all know that the real letters have not yet been written. They can be when the censorship is lifted. And we are all hoping.—L.C.P.

Pvt. Warren C. Golson writes from Keesler Field, Mississippi:

"Here we are, a sad remnant of the first 38 ERC's. (Not to be confused with 1938 frosh football team.—L.C.P.) This bunch were assigned here for basic training. It is the Army Air Corps, Q.M. Division.

"Doc, it is interesting to note how much of the stuff we learned in Geog. I has its practical application on this trip. Few of us had been into this country before but those who had had "Elements" knew what to look for as to climate, vegetation, etc.

"We drilled for an hour and a half in the rain but due to the fact that Uncle Sam provides you with the proper clothing, we came in dry.

"Doc, for the information of other ERC's, I will say that here it doesn't mean a thing—however, we have more than held our own. Physically, we are O.K. except for slight colds, our morale is excellent; we drill better than other 'rookies,' and we have a decided edge when it comes to calisthenics. We did very well on the tests. Our I.Q.'s ranged from 108-146."

Pvt. Leonard Cosgrove writes from

Keesler Field:

"Privates **Warren Golson**, **Milton McGill**, **Paul Marsden**, **Czar Rafalovich**, **Charles Rodenbaugh**, and **Wm. Spencer** are also here. We can't wait until that swell summer weather hits us."

A/C John E. Rockey writes from Boca Raton Field, Fla.:

"I am now an aviation cadet in the ground forces in the meteorology department. We'll be sent to our technical training school at some college. The air corps is sure different from our army training that I was going through at Camp Adair."

Pfc. George R. Oake is in Weehawken, N. J.

Capt. Charles D. Holliday is at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Clinton E. Smith is still with Pan American up at Oakland. **John Shepherd** is also with Pan-American and **Clifford Croome** is at Cal. Cliff says that **John Axelson** and **Charles Davis** are with N.A.C.A. at Palo Alto.

Lt. George Farina was in San Francisco but is now in Hawaii.

Clinton (Kit) recently had his first flight to Honolulu. (All of the above from the Kit Smiths—L.C.P.)

Lt. Wallace McNulty writes from the South Pacific:

The letter with the pictures was received today with a hearty welcome. Shades of Will Rogers! You really spin a mean loop. I imagine it would be great exercise but I'm kind of handicapped for want of a rope. Guess I could get one of my chief's boys to fix me up a bark rope. You know they are quite handy people. They can make practically anything out of nothing.

You are right about us wondering about the mail at times. We always figure we have mail on the way and somehow it never gets here.

I'll bet the Dad's Day dinner had quite a few faces missing didn't it? I hope I'm lucky enough to be able to attend next year's dinner. The only thing is that, the way I see it I won't be eligible to get home for another year and a half. I rather hate to think of that as a future, yet we have made it through 30 months. Another 18 won't be so bad. (Wally, I want to put in my bid early. Will you be my son at the next Dad's Day dinner that you can attend? I'll use all of the drag I can to get a good seat for you. L.C.P.)

You say I should weigh about 200 pounds. Its a cool 185 I am. I guess this drilling men in the proper way to hit the dirt when running and under fire keeps me down around the waist line.

We do eat pretty good but man

alive a guy can get tired of army chow. Just to look an egg in the face that hasn't been powdered—what a day that will be!

I guess Ernie has had some time since he has been in Africa. It seems as though the only news I get of him is what you and my mother write. I haven't heard from him for quite a while but from what I have heard, he did pretty well by himself before he got hurt.

I saw a clipping of **Jim McColl** the other day. He seems to be making out pretty well—an Air Medal and the Oak Leaf Cluster on it! **Captain Jim McColl** too by golly.

Here is the only picture I have had taken since arriving here. It was taken by a local native and it looks as though he didn't know too much about the art of picture taking. I'll call it "pau" and thanks for writing. Aloha, Wally.

Joyce Cunningham, 3rd Officer, WAAC, wrote to Miss Amsden: (From Daytona Beach, Fla.) " . . . The News Letter is one of the best ways I know of keeping up with my friends. I know several times it brought me news of WAACS that were in the same Post I was in. **Lt. Margaret Redelings** was here for some time before I realized it. You can contact her by writing her at the 2nd WAAC Tng. Center. She is a mess officer and is enjoying her work very much.

Much has happened since I joined the WAACS—much hard work, but many interesting experiences and much fun.

Each time I receive a new roster of my company I look hopefully for a familiar name. From some of the letters I have received, it looks as though by June I shall not be disappointed.

Am looking forward to the time when I can come home to see the AZTECS IN SERVICE Panel.

Ens. J. H. Halsey is at the mine depot in Yorktown, Va.

Willard W. Trask is at Northwestern U. and he recommends that our students concentrate on Math, Physics, Geography (weather courses especially) and Phys. Ed. Also, learn to use Bowditch—and use the Naut. Alman. accurately. Your friends, **Willard, Joe, Sam, Ralph** (Please send the rest of the names. My memory is failing me. L.C.P.)

Charles M. Witt is a full Lt. in the U.S.N.R. and he is taking flight training down in Dallas.

Pvt. Robert Wilson is at Fresno and will soon be transferred to Meteorology School. **A/C Maurice G. Wilson** is at Santa Ana.

Pvt. Hughes Hill is at Camp Wallace, Texas.

A/C Robert K. Cleator left St. Marys for N.A.S. at Pasco, Washington. He said that **Robert Griffin** had left for Corpus Christi.

Pvt. R. A. Ganger is at Camp Roberts, Calif. Say hello to the Phi Lambda Xi's.

Pvt. Chas. Patrick Bradley wrote from Lowry Field, Colo. He is in photographer's school. He wants the address of **Paul Hayes** of National City. He said **Pvt. James R. Beers** left for Clearwater, Fla.

A/C Howard Dempsey is in Marana, Arizona. Met **Charlie Smith** at Santa Ana. Say hello to Clarence and Andy.

Pfc. Pedro C. Siguenza (U. S. Marine Corps) "arrived safely overseas."

Pvt. Maron E. Lee is at Fort Bliss, Tex.

A/C Gene G. Hartley is at Santa Ana.

Lt. Robert (Bob) Durbin is a battery officer at Camp Davis:

"Tell Clarence and Andy hello for me. If any State fellows come to O.C. S. here (AA) tell them to look me up."

Pvt. Franklin Alverson is at Camp Mackall, N. C., and writes:

"I am down here in the Air Borne Engineers. We are supposed to be glider troops but we walk our legs off. Last week we got our first pay. Never was so glad to see a greenback."

Pvt. Raul Callo, one of the E.R.C. men, wrote from Fresno. With him at the Air Corps Reception Center are: **Quentin E. Goldstein, Lewis A. Hillyard, Harry T. Harvey, Clarence Bach, Edmund L. Flood, Orville P. Ball, and Orville L. Hill.**

Lt. Jerry E. Thomas has also received the Oak Leaf Cluster in North Africa for "the destruction of enemy aircraft and successful bombing missions in North Africa." (Be sure to let us know of all decorations received by our Aztecs. They get blue stars on their pictures on the Panel. L.C.P.)

Ernest Kirkpatrick, Y2c, is still here in San Diego. He writes that **Robert Caulfield** is at Radio School in Port Blakeley, Wash.

1st Lt. George E. Piburn was awarded the Air Medal at the Hq. of the Eighth

Air Force in London. (Another blue star. L.C.P.)

Ens. Charles W. Stooke is at the Section Base in Santa Barbara.

Pvt. Albert Couvrette is stationed at Camp Callan, and **Pvt. John F. Couvrette** is at Keesler Field, Mississippi. Their two brothers, **George and Joe**, are both captains.

M/Sgt. Loy L. Flor wrote from Australia: "You can chalk up this accidental meeting of two Aztecs on this side of the world. Just a day after **1st Lt. Reginald Davis** wrote you, we met, quite by accident. Had a brief chat before he had to leave for his station. Let's have lots more of those letters."

Pvt. John A. Orcutt, who left with the first E.R.C. group, is at Camp Robinson.

Pvt. Bartow B. Morris is at Drew Field, Florida.

Ens. Lincoln G. Rock is at the N.A.S. in Tillamook, Oregon.

"I stopped at Moffett Field on my way north and discovered that **Bruce Davis** is now stationed at Watsonville."

Ph.M.3/c James D. Wood is at the Naval Medical School, Bethesda, Md.

Pvt. Blake Vandewater is at Camp Hale, Colo.

Capt. Otto W. Wolgast writes from Camp Davis, N. C.:

"I'm at the A.A. School at Camp Davis. Got a commendation from the commanding general for work on camouflage (San Diego).

"The sunny (?) South has been anything but."

Ens. Edwin Barker has moved down to Cambridge, Mass.

Sgt. Geoffery Rothero is still at Camp Lockett, Calif. (Note the new rate. L.C.P.)

Pvt. V. W. Kenaston is at Camp Wolters, Texas.

Pvt. James R. Hurley writes from Camp Robinson:

"Here I am an Arkie! Taking Inf. Basic. Right now I'm in the hospital with pneumonia." (Tough luck, Jim. You need a more southern climate—perhaps Florida or better yet, Louisiana. L.C.P.)

Pvt. Jack Bahl writes from Camp Strong, Mich., where **Nils Winther** and **Bob Davis** are also located. The nearest town is 33 miles away and there are no recreation facilities at the camp.

A/C W. E. Langford writes from Santa Ana. "It is very interesting but they work the dickens out of us."

Lt. Sid J. Colvin writes from Camp Swift, Texas. He has become the father of Sidney Diane Colvin. Mrs. Colvin (Marjorie Jane Mily, '40) and Sidney are "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

Sid asked us to change the Pvt. in the last address to something else. (He graduated from Ft. Benning and is now a 2nd Lt. Congratulations to you and best wishes to Sidney Diane!! L.C.P.)

A/C Joseph R. Moran writes from Grider Field, Arkansas:

"The courses at State in Physics, Chemistry, and Math provided me with even more than the army required."

A/C Horace Walton writes from Corpus Christi, Texas:

"I met **Bill McKinley** the first thing when I arrived here. He has decided to cast his lot with the Marines. Hope to see **George Peck** and **Ed Totten**."

Pfc. Jack Welch writes from North Africa:

"Have been here six months now. At present we are living in a cork oak forest which is quite similar to some spots I know back home. There is little underbrush and the forest thins out to a park landscape. It is really beautiful country though bare and war at times seems very far away. From **Bob Wade's** description he must be a little further north than I am.

"Good luck and good hunting to **Lts. Archie Johnston** and **Don Phillips**."

Pfc. Charles Hilliard writes from North Africa:

"I finally took the wet step and landed 'Somewhere in North Africa.' I only wish I could speak French or the sign language. When this war ends, you will know it before we do because we just don't get news.

"Doc, why don't you take it easy on those students so they can take time out to write to an old Omega Xi? (Chuck, those fellows you are talking about are just not on the campus. Honestly, I walked across the campus with **1st Lt. Robert Cozens** before he made the hop and he and I got clear across it without a single student speaking to him. None of them knew him. You would be a total stranger in those parts. L.C.P.)

"This country is quite different from what I thought it would be. Say hello

to the Omega Xi's, especially **Squirt Wilson** and **Norman Wier**.

"Your G.I. student, Chuck."

Lt. Bruce W. Kurtz writes from Camp Grant, Ill.

"I was sent to the Med. Admin. Corps O.C.S. at Camp Barkley, Texas. Here our job is to give new trainees their basic training so most of my work is instructing.

"My brother, **Malcolm**, is in North Africa, and he recently became a father." (That makes three brand new Aztecs I have run across in this editing business in the last hour. Congratulations—and best wishes to all three. L. C.P.)

Capt. Ben L. Parker wrote from overseas (?) via Seattle:

"Thought you would be interested to know that I ran into **Francis Milligan** and **Robert Gray** at Ft. Randel working with the navy as civilians. Of all the places to meet former classmates in a blinding snowstorm. We had chow in the Officers' Mess and spent the afternoon chewing the rag about home and State College. We struggled through the snow to my ship and I gave them the dope about flying up here.

"We had all taken the C.A.A. flight training together out at State. Flying up here is a bit different from that at State.

"Am hoping to get back and visit the campus in May or June. It will be my first visit there in 16 months. I am looking forward to seeing you and telling you personally how much the News Letter has meant to me." (And I'll be very happy to show you the blue star on our Panel which indicates that you have been decorated. Also we want a picture. L.C.P.)

Jean Duncan Decker, a former Aztec co-ed who is at 952 Sutter St., S. F., saw No. 13 and sent in some information about other Aztecs:

She had seen **Hilbert Crosthwaite** and **Bob Brown** long ago when they were back at the Academy.

Kirk Simpson is a First Classman at the Academy and should graduate in June. **Dan McCauley** is an ensign and was in S. F. for a time. **Ens. Spencer Church** is a Tiberon. (His letter followed his first News Letter.)

Mrs. Decker also wants to know where **Johnny Prochaska** and **Dick Gilliland** are. Thanks, Mrs. Decker. Send us any more info. You are now on our mailing list.

Pvt. Lester A. Monson writes from a Medical Detachment in Modesto:

"I was separated from the rest of the E.R.C. men at Fort McArthur and was

sent up here. The News Letter is a 'lifter-upper' of morale."

Gordon R. Edwards, PhM3c, wrote from overseas:

"I can't tell you anything of my activities because of the strict censorship. We have spent several busy months and we are supposed to be having a rest but we still roll out at 6 a.m. and is it cold at 6 a.m.!"

Cpl. James S. Casteel also wrote overseas:

"Wish you could publish addresses as I know several of the fellows are in this area, if not on this island, from their remarks about the mosquitoes (we have some honeys), lizards, mud, bugs and (censored). I am wondering if **Lt. Whipple** is the former Hoover Hi debater I met when I was on the stand for Grossmont. From his paragraph, I judge we are in the same locality. (Yes, Warren is the same fellow. See his letter elsewhere. L.C.P.)

"Tell **Lt. Lionel Chase** that spirits here most as high as \$30 a quart—if it can be gotten!

"Do cokes and fresh eggs and steaks still taste the same? How about a pool on the date of the closing of this mess? Will it be Victory in '43?

"I'll inspect my mosquito net and turn in as the bugs have me whipped for tonight. The News Letter highlights the mail call. I'd rather have mail than an issue of 'K' rations."

Paul W. Heritage, Aviat. Radio Tech. 2c, writes from Quonset, R. I. (He is ex-Stater, '31.):

"Have been in the service almost a year and a half and at present am a radio technician in the Naval Air Service. We operate at various points on this coast. When at State I took work in engineering. I'm in my present job of helping Uncle Sam due to my interest in amateur radio, having help license 'W6EGY' in San Diego and 'W7AFZ' at time of joining up."

Mrs. Charles Byrne is still sending in clippings from the local newspapers just as Charlie used to. A good many Aztecs are getting the News Letter because of her alertness in picking up names for us. Four members of her family are in the service. More later.

Charles Byrne, Y2c, U.S.M.S., is at the Graduate Station at Portland, Ore. **Ens. J. W. Rudrauff** is there also and they are putting a Replacement Station in order. Charlie said that **Vic Howard** is still at the San Diego office but is to be transferred.

A/C Harry E. Betts was at Camp Haan and is now being transferred to Santa Ana.

William S. Keene is at an Ordnance Ammo T. C. in Mississippi. He said that he saw the first group of Aztec E.R.C. fellows at Ft. McArthur.

A/C Robert K. Cleator is still at the N.A.S. at Pasco, Wash.

T. H. Milligan is still at Saskatoon, Sask., in the R.C.A.F.

Mrs. Alta Grant, mother of four sons in the service, wrote that **Lt. (jg) Harold Grant** is at Corpus Christi; **Lt. (jg) Russell Grant** is at Savannah, Ga., and **Lloyd Grant** is still in the South Pacific.

Mrs. Ruth J. Nolen sent in a picture of her son, **1st Lt. Chas. W. Nolen**, who is in the South Pacific. He was at State in 1936 and 1937. Thanks, Mrs. Nolen. I wish I could put in the whole letter. L.C.P.

Lt. Arthur J. Porter writes from Avon Park, Florida:

"I haven't as yet had any active service but after I left Advanced I drew a real combat plane. There is something about having a crew of men all your own to work with. Tell **Lt. Lionel Chase** for me, if you see him, that the co-pilot of a B-17 hasn't much to do. He ought to see a B-26. I get a kick out of moving around the B-17's.

"Tell the boys in Delta Pi Beta hello for me and if you see my brother, **Mac**, tell him I love this B-26."

Pvt. Norman P. Langley wrote from Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming:

"I am up here in the Quartermasters Replacement Training Center."

S/Sgt. Alfred Rhodes wrote from Fort Sam Houston, Texas:

"I have been on the gad again but I am now teaching illiterates. Where is **Stan Weinrich**? I saw **George Ellis** on the train bound for Alabama."

Pfc. Walter F. Thorton (Class of '33) writes from Hobbs, New Mexico:

"There isn't anything to beat a letter from home except the A.N.L. I met a former Aztec here—**Pvt. Walt Gault**. He read the News Letter with great interest. **Ens. Frank Quinn** is in Houston and is to be assistant gunnery officer on a ship."

A/C Howard E. McBride writes from Monroe, La., at the Navigation School: "I just received my honor award today. It was swell—thank **Jim Fairchild** and **Dusty Miller** for seeing that it got here. (Dusty Miller is joining something—I think it's the WAVES. L.C.P.) Tell **Deans C. E. and A. G. and Miss Jones** 'Hello'."

A/C D. E. Totten, U.S.M.C.R., writes from Corpus Christi, Texas:

"There are very few lawns here and those are Bermuda grass with patches of sand showing through. I have never seen a place where the glare of the sun, sand, and water is so terrific.

"I was pleasantly surprised on the day I joined the instrument squadron to find that **Lt. (jg) Jack Kelly** was an instructor in my group. Jack is a veteran around Corpus Christi. He and I were in **Mr. Pfaff's** public speaking class in the fall of 1940. I recall his speeches in which he gave glowing accounts of his actions in the air. He is one swell officer and is admired by all his students and the other officers. (Please send us his exact address as his last News Letter came back. L.C.P.)

"I have seen **Bob White, Joe Irick, Horace Walton, and George Peck** here."

Ens. Spencer C. Church wrote from Tiburon, California:

"I represent State at a place no one has ever heard of—Tiburon. It is named 'Little Siberia' and 'Pneumonia Gulf.' We are called the 'dungaree Navy.' Imagine me in the midst of all of that—but I love it!"

Midshipman Kenneth A. Wade writes from Annapolis, Md.:

"**Ensign Jack Vogel** who used to sit next to me in Mr. Walling's class in 1940 is my Chemistry professor here. I hear that **Eddie Williams** is going through reserve training at Notre Dame, and will be an Ensign in a couple of months. **John Williams** (no relation) who went to State in 1940 is a Second Lieutenant. He visited here a couple of weeks ago."

Lt. Philip N. Van Slyck wrote from Camp Richie, Md.:

"I spent only my freshman year, '37-'38, at State but I know a lot of the old guard of those days from working on the Aztec with **Everett Coffin, Orville Danforth, Orville Nordberg, Muriel Fenerty, Margaret Bach, and Verena Cronburg**.

"Would like to have **Paul Pfaff's** address, and also that of **Franklin Walker**."

Lloyd Nelson Sanford, CM2/c, writes from Alaska:

"The News Letter has been getting a warm reception up here in icebound Alaska. I had the pleasure of running across another 'Aztec' in the 'Seabees' up here recently. He is **Dr. Bill Hamby**. He hasn't been in San Diego for several years but would like to hear from some of his old friends. He is in the same outfit as I am so if you can include him on your list he would appreciate it.

"I've been up here nearly a year and

have become a 'Sourdough.' We, up here, speak of the States as the 'old country,' and often times talk about what a sensation it would be to hear a street car clang its bell or to see neon signs or any of the other common sights of civilization. To see the sun again is a longed-for privilege.

"To make it tough on our creditors, our address has been changed again. My rating too, has been changed from CM9/c to CM2/c."

Stan Weinrich wrote to **Ed Herzig** from Quantico, Va.: "We were rescued from Parris Island about 10 days ago by a dauntless expeditionary force and shipped up here to Quantico. Sixteen and one-half more weeks here providing that I don't get busted out before then and I will get a government all-expense tour to the South Pacific and return!"

Lt. (jg) James A. Sims wrote from Dartmouth College:

"We are undergoing a very strenuous program from 0600 in the morning 'til 2200 at night. They are going to make small boat operators out of us. After we have been here eight weeks we go to Princeton for another eight weeks."

Ensign Duane E. Wilson writes from a destroyer in the Pacific:

"They really give one a clear picture of the traveling that Aztecs are doing in fighting this war. We'll probably all end up as gypsies when this fracas is over.

"I haven't received a letter from **Chuck Hilliard** for over a month, so I guess he has taken the long wet step on the other side. **Dick Thomas** writes me regularly, and his flare for writing makes the letters most enjoyable. Masterpieces in my estimation. My duty is on a destroyer in the Pacific Fleet, and I say that it can't be beat. Say hello to all the Omega Xi's and Theta Chi's for me. Can you send me Tom McGraw's address?"

Lt. John F. Roche writes from Alamogordo, New Mexico:

"One reached me in Miami, another in Boston, and another followed me from Spokane to Alamogordo. The latter is the place where they say 'even the chaplain goes over the hill' and of which Bob Hope said, 'The Army has found a place that God forgot'."

Marion Moreno writes from the Naval Hospital in San Diego:

"I received the 'News Letter' while doing duty at Esprito Santo Island (about five hundred miles southeast of Guadalcanal) and I am sure you know how great it was hearing about college friends. Being confined to the decks of our destroyer, I didn't have the grand

experience of meeting any former Staters. However my company commander in training was a graduate from State and was teaching in Los Angeles before Pearl Harbor. His name is **L. B. Jones**. Give my best to the music department. I greatly enjoyed hearing from Mr. Leib some months ago.

"Hospital Corps School keeps me plenty busy but am anxious to finish and return to the base hospital 'over the pond' where every man is needed."

Mr. Ira F. Harbison of National City wrote about his son, **Lt. Robert F. (Bob) Harbison** of the class of 1942:

He said that Bob had been commissioned in '41 and had been assigned to a carrier. Also, Bob has been away from the mainland for twenty-three months. He added incidentally—that he had been cited by Admiral Nimitz for "meritorious service" in the Midway affair and again for service in the South Pacific.

(That means another blue star for our Panel. L.C.P.)

Lt. Harold G. Hevener writes from somewhere in the South Pacific:

"I've gotten so used to living in a tent that I don't know what I'll do when I walk into a house again, ha! ha! I wonder if there is any chance of getting a '42 Aztec over here? I left 'State' in late '41 and I've been 'sweating out' one ever since. Certainly would like to hear from **Don Peck, Gene Erdman, Fred Smith, and Earl Allison**. Maybe the HOD's would even drop me a line. This is the damndest place to live. The bugs about eat you alive and the kangaroos and wallabies run around like rabbits."

Mary E. Daggett, Sp(T)3/c, V-10, U.S.N.R., writes from Corpus Christi, Texas:

"I noticed in the last News Letter, which was forwarded from Atlanta, that several former Aztecs are here. I hope to contact them soon. We'll have a great time discussing our alma mater. Among those here are: **George Knapp, Ken Coleman, John Steinman, and Dick Rash**.

"I sincerely believe that the News Letter is a wonderful thing and all of us in the service really appreciate it.

"In reply to your request for a picture for the Panel, I will send you one as soon as possible. Best regards to all on the campus. Tell Prof. Brooks 'hello' for me."

Capt. Joe Rodney writes from "Somewhere in the South Pacific":

"I don't know as there is any news to write about, at least none we can write about. All of us seem to be in the old expectant mood, just waiting, waiting. That seems to be the hardest part of this war. We, as you at home, only

want to fight as hard as we can, to complete this thing as soon as possible.

"I note with anxiety the growing gold star list of Aztecs. I guess it is something we have all grown to take in stride, to expect it if it comes to us personally, but it is hard to realize the empty places that must be if and when an Aztec reunion takes place. I guess we can only offer that fervent prayer that they didn't die in vain. Certainly we can all be proud to have known them.

"MANulty is as good as ever and is making a really fine officer. Frankly you wouldn't know him—he has really grown up—but haven't we all?"

Warren E. Whipple, 1st Lt., U.S.M.C., writes from "Somewhere in the Pacific":

"I have just received Number 12. It is a great service that you are doing and the fellows in the service really appreciate it. All the men in this vicinity take a look at the 'Aztec News Letter.' Even non-Aztecs like to read it.

"I have been out here in the Southwest Pacific for about eight months now. The Marines get that kind of jobs you know—sitting on some rock waiting for the Japs to come along. Heaven help them if they pick on this rock for a stopping place.

"If anyone attempts to tell you about all the Dorothy Lamours and beautiful native girls in the South Pacific Islands, you can tell them for me that 'it ain't so.' There just ain't no such animal down here.

"This island where I am located isn't much. It is dreadfully hot here all the time and sultry day and night. The mosquitoes, rats, and flies are terrific. The natives, such as they are, are all diseased—they have every disease I have ever heard of and some I had never heard of. Nothing happens here—the same old thing day after day, month after month. Thanks a million for the News Letter. In case you have forgotten me I was debate manager '40 and '41 and cashier in the cafe in '41—remember?" (We all certainly do remember you, Warren. L.C.P.)

Capt. Jerome Niederman writes from "Somewhere in North Africa":

"I have spent quite a bit of time traveling around in the army, having been to Alaska, Georgia, Texas, and now over here in Africa, and as yet I have not run into anyone from home with the exception of **Lt. Slayen** who is now with a censorship outfit here in Africa. The fellow that says that show-ers here are twenty cents must have arrived early. The OPA didn't work on that, and now we pay thirty, when we are close enough to a place where we can get one.

"It didn't take the Arab children, or the French either for that matter, long

to pick up a few essential words of the English language. They can all ask for candy and chewing gum in perfect English. Our main trouble is in keeping them from crowding around our quarters and from getting in the way of our trucks.

"I would appreciate it if you could give me the address of **Warrant Officer George Boldrick** who is on an army mine planter somewhere—I lost track of him some time back, also **Frank Preston** who is a Lt. in a Coast Artillery outfit somewhere."

Lt. Thomas N. Chavis wrote from the South Pacific:

"The News Letter is still arriving with as much regularity as the 'ration truck' and undoubtedly, it is just as popular. At most any base in the Pacific one runs across someone from State or San Diego. The other afternoon a former Stater who had just returned from a submarine voyage up the Japanese coast dropped into our office. He promised to drop you a line when he finished celebrating. **Smedley Warfield**, a Stater from way back, is stationed near us here. He is also in the submarine service. Made 1st Lt. last week. **Neil Boothby** is also getting up the ladder. He made Captain. All Paul until later."

Cpl. J. C. Torres (the former **Sef Murrillo**) writes from Fort Ord, California:

"I was at the office when the News Letter came along, and you can bet that I stopped to read it from end to end. Once in a while I would stop, glance across the room to one of the other clerks, explain it to him and tell him who this fellow was.

"Tomorrow, I take a physical exam preparatory for OCS. Wish me luck. This year I had the privilege of managing and being the captain of the Signal Corps basketball team."

A/C George G. Crawford writes from Santa Ana, California:

"I had the surprise of my life the other day when I met **Billy Miller**, the **H. Billy Miller**, and no **Bob Wade**! I still can't understand how the Army managed to separate those two! Our group, while waiting for pre-flight, was used as a 'test-tube' by the psychology department. We are the 'most-tested' group in the history of Santa Ana."

1st Lt. Robert C. Cozens has made the hop overseas. His place is now taken at home by **Robert C. Cozens II**, weight 7 lbs. 4 ozs.

A/S Jack W. Hubbard writes from college in Jamestown, North Dakota:

"Well, Doc, here I am going to school again, only this time it is for Uncle Sam. The A/S you see in front of my name

stands for 'Aviation Student' which means that I am taking a college course in a few pertinent subjects after which I will become an Aviation Cadet. Say hello to my brothers of Delta Pi Beta."

Pvt. Walt Gault writes from Hobbs, New Mexico:

"I was very pleased on receiving my first letter to see that 'My Boys,' the Tau Delts—had sponsored it. My best regards to all of them from their ex-prexy. At the moment I'm at Hobbs Air Base and am 'sweating out' my application for officers candidate school.

"Well Doc—I just gotta hit the hay

And rest mah bones for another day,
In behalf of all Aztecs I make this toast,

Good health and more power to you
—Doc Post!"

Pfc. Ed. Coleman writes from Fort Custer, Michigan:

"I have been in the hospital since February 27 with scarlet fever and its after-effect. It will sure be good to get out and stretch my legs and breathe some unhospitalized air. **Eleanor Spinola** has gone the way so many girls are going nowadays. Yes, she has joined the Waacs."

Pfc. W. G. Robison writes from Huntsville, Texas:

"It is raining now and promises to continue so. I was hoping to be California-bound when I got my shipping orders but when they said we'd go by bus, I had a suspicion it'd be another Texas location."

A/C Robert Nation writes from Cochran Field, Macon, Georgia:

"Finally managed to complete my course in Primary and am now in Basic. This Georgia weather, at present, is just like good old San Diego in the summer time."

A/C Robert C. James writes from Boca Raton, Florida:

"I finally got my appointment as Meteorology Cadet and was sent here to a spot which has a reputation for being (formerly) the ritziest one of all Florida society spots. It is a \$3,000,000 club house, and I have never seen anything as nice even in California."

Pvt. Paul Arriola writes from Camp Wolters, Texas:

"As for topography, the one hill on the Texas plain is located behind our mess hall and the Mess Sgt. had to pick it as the spot for his victory garden. No anyone knows that is in direct opposition to the postulates of Finch & Trewartha but nothing is impossible in the army, given enough 'privates.'

"After removing one rocky fan, ten

batholiths, and hardly denting one dike, the Sgt. had a victory. Now all he needs is a garden. Doc, I wish you could see one of our indoctrination films which deals with the Haushofer Institute."

Lt. Thomas Brent Burrell writes from Ephrata, Washington:

"I've just returned from a night mission, and thought I'd drop you a line before I 'turn in.' The position of bombardier is very interesting, although rather trying at times. There is so much to learn about bombing that a person could bury his nose in a book for a lifetime and still have volumes to learn. It's really great, though, being up there in the nose where you can see just what's going on. The finest grandstand seat in the world. I'm glad to hear that **Bill Post** is well and fighting. Tell him to hold those Japs awhile longer 'til we can get a crack at them! Give my best wishes to the Sigma Delts."

John H. (Jack) Carr, HA 1/c, is with the Marines in the South Pacific:

"Hi Doc! This might be some marine addressing me (for that is what we are called), but it is me addressing you, Dr. Post. As uninterested as I might have looked in your classes I would give anything I own to be back there—yes, even all the money I have on the books and all I have been paid since December 5, 1942.

"There is more than one way to get the News Letter. **Lt. Chester Devore** was over at my tent today and brought me No. 12. I spent all evening consuming it. Also **Cotton Gilliland** (of football an dtrack) is down the road from me about 10 miles. Both are frat brothers of mine.

"I have the honor of keeping the Mighty Marine well physically—and mentally too—for we have no chaplain permanently attached. That is a big job when they are not busy but when they are in there fighting you don't have to worry too much about them. When there is a Jap to be killed they are the meanest in town and forget all their ailments."

Lt. Sheridan Rex Gorton writes from Los Alamitos, California:

"I am still in Recognition training here at the Air Station. The Navy considers recognition training as one of the pilot's most important ground school subjects. To mis-identify an approaching aircraft or surface craft can be costly.

Morgan Finney is just finishing up here. **Bob Cleator** is at Pasco, Washington. Sam **Ed Overend** awhile back. He was testing for Douglas, but was thinking seriously of going back in the Marines. Since then he has gone east.

"**Norrie West** is in Phoenix, Arizona,

in charge of Public Relations. I believe he is now a j.g. Incidentally you can leave the j.g. out of my title now, as I went to full Lieut. the first of March.

"Keep up the good work, Dr. When the war is all over you'll be the hero of a terrific dinner party or 'sumpin'."

Lt. (jg) Herbert Peiffer, who was our registrar, left for Columbia University. Dr. Watson has taken over his duties.

Robert Cleator, A/C, who is up at St. Mary's, sent down a clipping from the Sports Section of the San Francisco Examiner in which it told of the work of **Lt. Comdr. Carl H. Young** in building up the cadets and instilling the spirit of combat in them. When they finish up they can do 25.1 pushups and chin themselves 8.25 times on the average.

"Cadets coming out of St. Mary's are as tough mentally as they are physically. They are spoiling for a fight and their one regret is that, upon graduation, they must still face months of training before they can get the chance."

(Thanks, Bob, and send us the names of the rest of the fellows there, especially those that are not getting the News Letter. L.C.P.)

Cadet LaVerne Brown, Annapolis, Md. (See other letter elsewhere.)

"This one is really 4.0 and again you have cut it down without taking all of the personality and friendliness out of the letters.

"Was certainly surprised to read that our assistant commissary officer is an ex-Stater. I have not looked him up yet but intend to in a day or two. Graduation is about 120 days off. . . . Well it's time to drill now. Say hello to Dean C. E. Peterson and Dr. Moe for me, please."

(Dr. Moe is a two-striper now. L.C.P.)

Charles Miller, who was at State last year, is also at St. Mary's and wants the News Letter. (About 20 of the Aztecs who were at St. Mary's have scattered out, but more are streaming in all of the time. Any new fellows that check in there should see either **Ens. Bob Brown** my old pal, **Remo Sabatini**. How are you or **Lt. Comdr. Young**. And don't forget you, Remo? L.C.P.)

Pvt. W. G. Robison writes from Shepard Field, Texas:

"They certainly move fast in this man's army. We are on the go almost continuously.

"Basic training for us chemical warfare servicemen has covered drilling, marching, use of gas mask, and different gases, rifle drill and bayonet drill, as well as many training films and a few tests.

"The wind is blowing today, as per every day."