

Joann Ledbetter

Rankin *in* *California*

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Dedication Issue

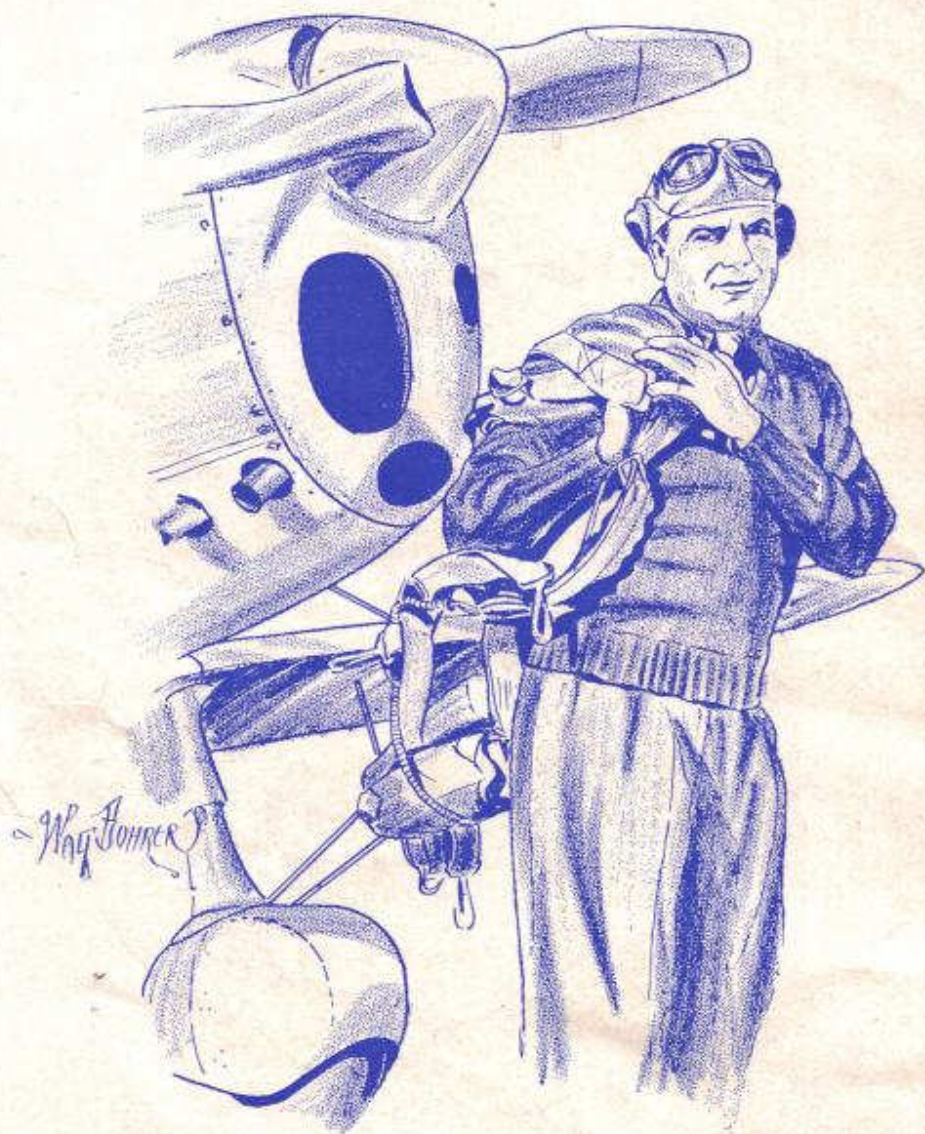


June 1941



Price 25c

Tex Rankin . . .



International aerobatic champion, holder of world's outside loop record and president of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

The History of Rankin



IF JOHN GILBERT RANKIN had been two years older at the time of his trip to Canada he might now be riding the wastes of the great Northwest as a member of the red-coated Mounted Police instead of being the famous Tex Rankin, head of the \$350,000 Rankin Aeronautical Academy at Tulare, California.

Tex was born into a family of newspaper men. His grandfather founded the Brenham (Texas) Banner in 1859, but interrupted his newspaper career two years later to serve as colonel of a Texas regiment in the Civil War. Returning to Brenham in 1865, Colonel Rankin resumed publication of the Banner and, some years later, gave the job of conducting the paper to Tex's father.

From the day of Tex's birth he was marked for newspaper work, but Tex had different ideas, and in his second year in high school, when he was sixteen years old, he left Brenham for Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, with the intention of joining the Northwest Mounted Police. However, Tex couldn't lie convincingly enough to prove that he was the required 18 years of age, and so was turned down.

Drifting back to the United States, Tex finally landed a job on a ranch near Walla Walla, Washington. But he became very unhappy tending cattle, and moved into the city where he soon found work in a garage as a mechanic.

As was the case with so many of the young men in town, Tex joined the Walla Walla National Guard and, as Private Rankin, did duty on the Mexican border in 1916. Returning from the border, Tex became acquainted with an airplane builder, helping him construct two ships.

Then came the entry of the United States into the World War, and Tex's regiment was called to active duty as part of the 41st Division. From the moment he reached the battle-grounds in France Tex worked for a transfer to the Air Corps. Passing his examination,

Tex was sent to a French air school, where he studied for three months. Then he was assigned to Romorantin, where he had charge of the final assembly of American-made planes. Before the Armistice was signed, over 1,250 U. S. planes were assembled and sent to the front.

After the war Tex had charge of the receiving and storage of German planes. In February, 1919, Rankin went to England for experimental plane duty, and in July was discharged at Roosevelt Field, New York.

The flier returned to Walla Walla for a short vacation, then went to Spokane to work in a flying school. He saved enough money to buy a ship, and in May, 1920, returned to Walla Walla to open a flying school. In November, 1922, ex-Sergeant Rankin moved to Portland, and the following Spring opened the Rankin School of Flying there. By 1928 the school had instructed 700 students. Many of these first students now hold high positions in the nation's air transport lines.

In 1935, after Tex had won national laurels as a racing pilot and as holder of the world's outside loop record, he moved to Hollywood where he taught Edgar Bergen, Brian Aherne and many other movie stars to fly. In Hollywood he also flew in a number of air pictures, becoming president of the Hollywood Motion Picture Pilots Association.

In 1937 Tex again won world fame when he out-performed the leading stunt aces of the world to win the international aerobatics championship, a title he still holds.

Tex is married to the former Shirley Wadsworth of Walla Walla. They have four children, Dale, 18, Wilma Jean and Willard, 15, and Carolyn, 12.

Although he is the world's champion stunt flyer, Tex's hobby is safe flying, and he points with pride to his record of 21 years of civilian school operation without a single fatality. He believes that stunt flying has no place in aviation except to demonstrate the safety of planes.

Rank 'n' File

A monthly, high lift, double-exhaust, 1000-hosspressure magazine published in the interest of the flying cadets of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California.

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Editorials

TAKE up the slack in your safety belts and poke the corks in your gossports, misters, for here is the first issue of "Rank 'n File" to zoom off the press!

Due to the rush of events preceeding the academy dedication, we didn't have all the time in the world to set this first issue up as as we would've liked to have done, but in the short time we did have, we piled—or rather compiled—the thing the best we could and we hope you like it. As a matter of fact, after showing the copy proof (we had to prove we had copy!) to the powers-what-am, they hesitated nary a second in stating commendations were in order. What they meant was condemnations but we can't spell it!

However that may was (or be—depending upon whether you went through or merely past, Princeton), here is the book for your edification. We are herewith, without benefit of giggle water across the prow, dedicating same to our outgoing class 41-H who, in turn, will no doubt dedicate it to the ashcan.

We bid them "bon voyage" and hope they "carry on" as successfully in their advanced work as in their primary. Keep in touch with us from time to time so that we may include

you in the aluminum—or alumni—department of future issues of this, the book you so ably christened "Rank 'n File"!

Also in subsequent (that's a good word! Wonder where we got it?) issues we will include the personnel—from instructors to mechanics—that we didn't have room for in this first issue.

We hope you like us and that nobody gets any anti-editor movements under way!

★ ★ ★

LET'S NOT DROP THE BALL!"

(An Editorial by TEX RANKIN)

TWENTY-ONE years ago a young Texan flying a Standard J1, Hall Scott, trainer, looked down upon a beautiful valley from an altitude of 5000 feet and decided that was the spot to settle down and hang out the shingle. Two days later, on the outskirts of the city of Walla Walla, Washington, a freshly painted sign was nailed to the fence bordering a green alfalfa field. The sign proclaimed to all that here was located the "Rankin School of Aeronautics." Beyond the fence stood the greatest bundle of spruce, wire and iron ever wrapped up in a thousand square feet of Grade A linen, the sturdy old Standard. It, together with a piano box in which was stored a drum of gas, and a six-foot stepladder that was used to enable students or passengers to climb up to the cockpit, represented the entire equipment of the "school."

A class of ten students was immediately enrolled at one dollar per minute, or fifty dollars per hour if they paid in advance for ten hours of instruction.

From that humble beginning to the splendid academy you attend today more than 3000 young men have graduated into the profession of flying without a serious accident or fatality occurring to a student in all these years while flying the school's equipment.

This has been made possible by the full cooperation of the finest and most loyal group of instructors and mechanics any school operator has ever had the good fortune to work with.

It is to this fine group of men that I give full credit for this magnificent safety record. However, it would be unfair not to give a large portion of the credit to the splendid type of young men we have been proud to call our student body.

The present Rankin Academy is built upon a foundation of honest and sincere effort to

Editorials Continued

train the world's safest pilots. This policy will never be deviated from.

Rankin instructors are recognized throughout the industry as the world's finest group of flight instructors. The average total time of our instructors is 2500 hours each.

In addition to the basic requirement of exceptional teaching ability, all applicants for positions as flight instructors in the Rankin Academy must also have not less than 1000 hours total flying time. Flying time alone is not the determining factor however, for we have declined the applications of many instructors having from 1000 to 7000 hours.

Each and every flight and ground school instructor, as well as each licensed mechanic in the maintenance department is selected upon his individual merits in order to insure you of the finest and safest instruction available anywhere in the entire world.

I pledge to you and to those who will come after you leave us, that no time, effort, or expense will ever be spared in upholding the Rankin tradition of safe and adequate instruction.

In all fairness to me and to the entire personnel of the Academy, each and every cadet of maintaining our perfect safety record lies squarely upon his shoulders. One thought must be ever present in your minds, every moment you spend on the field or in the air, the safety of yourself and that of your comrades.

The class of 41-H has done a splendid job of "carrying the ball." Soon it will be tossed to the eager hands of Class 41-I and I feel confident they will not drop it.

★ ★ ★

THE AIR CORPS AND YOU

(An Editorial by CHARLES J. DALY,
Captain, Air Corps, Commanding)

IT IS MY DESIRE to take this opportunity to welcome you young gentlemen to the United States Air Corps, of which you are now a part. You are embarking on a course which, whether spent in the Army or in other branches of aviation, will give you an enviable career. Aims of this course of training which you are now undergoing are to produce not only military pilots but army officers. Time allotted to achieve these two aims is extremely limited, being only of thirty weeks' duration.

As a result, we expect and demand from you an intelligent application of your best abilities.

The standards by which you are selected are the highest of any country in the world. Physically and mentally you have no peers whether it be in the British, Australian, Canadian or German forces. Because of this, our standards are the highest in the world in order for us to be able to maintain the best trained and the most capable air force in the world.

Someone once made a remark that a second-best navy was like a second-best poker hand—utterly valueless to the one having it. The same line of reasoning applies to an air force. We can and must have not only the best airplanes, but the best pilots and officers of any country. We can give to you the equipment and the instructors, but in the final analysis, the product to be turned out of our training schools will depend on your application of what has been taught to you and your esprit and your patriotism.

We in the army make a study of how to wage war, its effects upon people, and as a result fear war more than any other group of people. However, we know that once war comes, it is not sufficient to have merely a good army, a good navy and air force. We know these three fields of national defense must be the best. For the past 150 years the American people have found it possible to produce the best army and the best navy in times of crises, and in these critical times we must continue to uphold this tradition by producing the best Air Force in the world torn apart by war.

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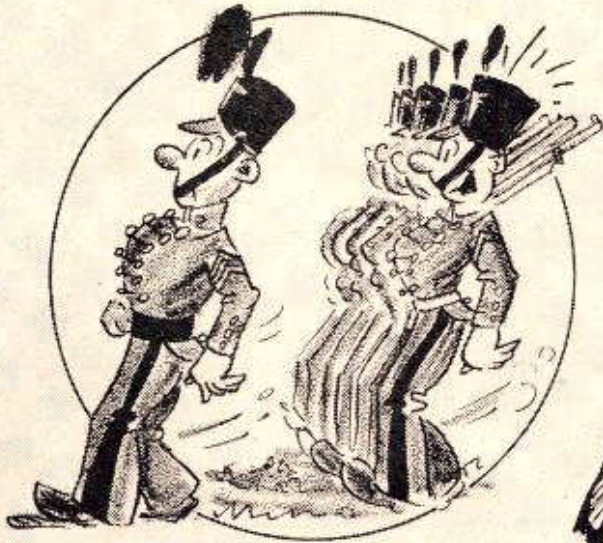
SETTING GOOD STANDARDS

(An Editorial by J. R. LUND, Chief Pilot)

CLASS OF 41-H, you have the honor of being the first class to receive training at the Rankin Academy. It has been a pleasure to work with you. Your fine cooperation and spirit has been a wonderful help in maintaining and making up schedules.

Usually, a pilot remembers longest the things that happened in the early part of his flight training, his solo flight, first spin, some statement his instructor made, or the errors he received the most demerits for. It is our hope and wish that you will all have some

(TURN TO PAGE 18, PLIZZ!)

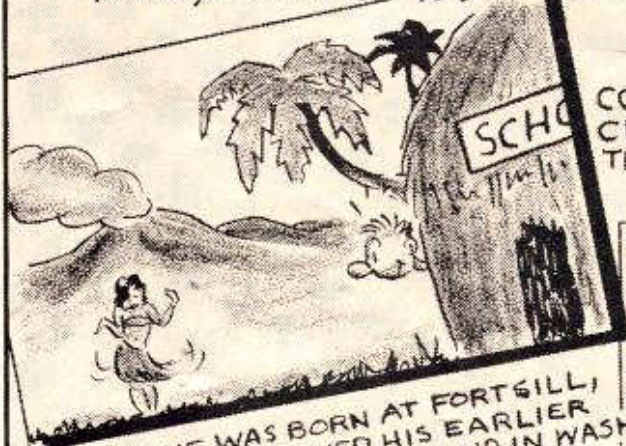


THE CAPTAIN COMES FROM AN ARMY FAMILY AND IS A GRADUATE OF WEST POINT, CLASS OF 1935.



CAPT CHAS. J. DALY

COMMANDING OFFICER IN CHARGE OF AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT AT TULARE!

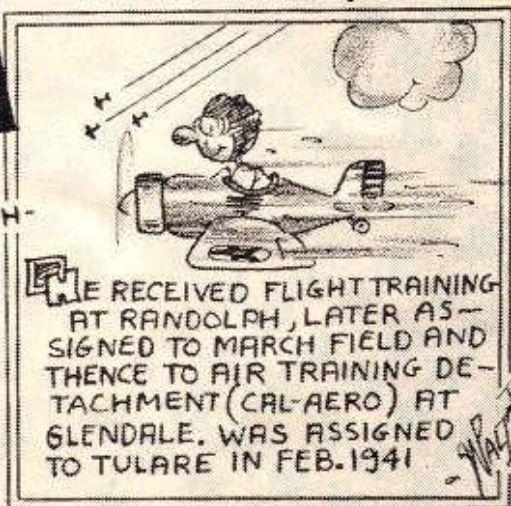


ALTHOUGH HE WAS BORN AT FORTSILL, OKLA., HE RECEIVED HIS EARLIER SCHOOLING AT HONOLULU, AND IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



HE'S A TENNIS CHAMP!

HAWAII JR. SINGLES CHAMP, 2 YRS., OTHER CHAMPIONSHIPS WON IN EAST.



HE RECEIVED FLIGHT TRAINING AT RANDOLPH, LATER ASSIGNED TO MARCH FIELD AND THENCE TO AIR TRAINING DETACHMENT (CAL-AERO) AT GLENDALE. WAS ASSIGNED TO TULARE IN FEB. 1941.

WALT DORRER

CAPT. CHARLES J. DALY, U. S. Army Air Corps supervisor at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, was born at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. His father, now retired, was a Field Artillery officer.

Capt. Daly was educated at Honolulu and at Washington, graduating from the Millard Prep School in Washington. He entered the U. S. Military Academy in 1931 and was graduated in 1935, receiving a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Infantry.

He was assigned to Randolph Field in October, 1935, and was graduated from the primary and basic schools in June, 1936, and from the advanced school and attack section in October, 1936.

Capt. Daly was transferred to the Air Corps the latter part of October, 1936, being assigned to the 95th Attack Squadron of the 17th Attack Group. In December, 1937, he was transferred to the headquarters squadron of First Wing at March Field.

On June 12, 1938, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and in July, 1939, he was transferred to the Air Training detachment at Glendale, California. In September, 1940, he was promoted to Captain in the Air Corps and in February, 1941, was assigned to Tulare as Air Corps supervisor at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

Capt. Daly's hobby is tennis. He was at one time junior singles champion of the Territory of Hawaii for two years; junior singles champion for the Middle Atlantic States for one year, and Eastern Intercollegiate doubles champion for two years.

Tex

By DEAN SPENCER

God made the grandest feller when he made
this Texas guy
But He slipped up when He didn't build wings
on him fer to fly.
Fer without 'em Tex weren't happy so he
did the next best thing
And became the Champ of Pilots; Maestro
of the man-made wing.
Yep, I 'low he should have growed 'em fer
I've seen him pitched sky high
By a range hoss and a Brahma where he
needed wings to fly
Back to earth because the distance were too
far fer him to glide.

As a gliding angle zero weren't no good
on Tex's hide.

So he took to air contraptions which were
honin' to be tamed;

Contestants shore were needed as the most
were dead or maimed.

And it just come sorta natural fer ol' Tex
to toss his kak,

Cinch her down, then pull the blinders and
stay sittin' on the back

Of a stunt plane with a motor blowin' flame
and snortin' loud,

Tearin' through the blue horizon, disappearin'
in a cloud

With gyrations and conceptions that would
make a broncho steed

Hide his face in shame and wonder if Tex
et the loco weed.

Fer he makes 'em all take water when it
comes to flyin' planes.

All maneuvers executed with the Maestro
at the reins

Of the pinto with the wingspread pawin'
smoke up o'er its back

And with no daylight a showin,' Tex a stayin'
in the kak.

With a deep seat just a grinnin' and his hooks
gouged in its flank

Maestro of coordination; Maestro of the
turn and bank.

Nonpariel of all the Ozone, King of Ailerons
and Fins,

Maestro of square outside looping, Maestro
of inverted spins.

God made the grandest feller when he built
this Texas guy,

But I still maintain He should have built
wings on him fer to fly;

Fer without 'em Tex ain't happy so he does
t he next best thing

And carves history in the heavens with a
~~the next best thing~~
puny man-made wing.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE BUSINESS WAS DEAD!

When J. G. (Tex) Rankin got ready to
make his first stunt exhibition before an Or-
egon crowd, as an Air Corps veteran just out
of the World War, he found the committee-
man who had arranged it was an undertaker.

Blame It On The Beam!

By CHAS. GARTNER

IF THE townspeople of Tulare ever decide to erect a monument to a man prominent in the history of the city, serious consideration will have to be given to the inventor of the radio beam. For it was these unseen electrical impulses flying through the air that was the final, deciding factor in choosing Tulare as the site for the Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

The radio beam started playing its important role in the life of the City of Tulare less than a year ago, when Tex Rankin, famous flyer, was in Washington conferring with government officials regarding an air school in Los Angeles for advanced students. Upon learning of his visit, and the purpose of it, a friend asked Rankin why he didn't go into the training of air cadets on a large scale. Impressed with the possibilities of the tremendous service to the government of such a school, Tex began to look around for a field.

Tex first selected the airport at Bakersfield as the site for the future Rankin Academy. However, Army inspectors refused to O. K. the field.

Realizing that somewhere in the Valley could be found an ideal spot, Tex worked his way North and came to Delano, where he secured an option on the tract. The Army inspector approved the site and plans were sent to Washington for approval.

With the matter apparently settled, Tex returned to Los Angeles to make preliminary arrangements for the construction of the school.

Then fate, in the form of Don Cornell, appeared at the Rankin School in Los Angeles.

Friends for years, Cornell told Tex that he was at Tulare, and that it was the ideal spot for the new cadet school. Cornell refused to consider the fact that the site apparently had been chosen, and asked Tex, for the sake of friendship, to take a trip to Tulare. "Among other attractions," Cornell told Rankin, "is a new type of hangar—quakeproof!"

Tex had very little time to spare for trips out of Los Angeles, but his curiosity about the quakeproof hangar, plus Cornell's pleadings, finally broke him down and he promised to go.

Upon Tex's arrival in Tulare he was greeted

by Cornell, Percy Whiteside, Doctor Young, Gail Bash, Elwin Rose and several others. Tex admits now that he took a "show me" attitude as he was being taken around, but before his visit was over he found himself asking a million questions about the city. He stayed all day, and when his visit was over he was thoroughly sold on Tulare. Shortly after he told an associate he was sorry he ever visited Tulare as he felt he would never be happy in Delano.

Feeling that it was too late to have the location changed, Tex went to the Army officials in Los Angeles to sign the contract for the Delano field. While at the Army office Tex talked with General Grant about Tulare, and the General advised him to hold off signing and go to Washington to repeat his story.

Still dubious about his chances, but willing to do anything to have his school stationed at Tulare, Tex went to the Capitol where his greeting was, "We have bad news for you! Delano is too near the radio beam. Your school there is out!"

Back to Tulare came Tex, and with Cornell, Percy Whiteside and Elwin Rose secured options for an ample site.

At this point in our story the radio beam again plays an important role—a villainous one—for the word came back from Washington that the new site was two miles too near the beam.

However, the group of Tulare men working on the project refused to become discouraged, and in a short time had other sites lined up for approval.

Again Washington was contacted, and this time the long-awaited approval came through with the flattering comment that "Nowhere in America will there be a finer site than this for an airfield!"

The enormous field, which is four miles east of Highway 99, has absolutely flat terrain, exempt from obstruction and plenty of space available in the vicinity for forced landings.

cellent all-year weather, absolute freedom

The vast property is nearly two-thirds the size of Randolph Field, the largest air training area in the world. So practical has been the Randolph plan of placing all buildings in

the center of the flying area so that all air approaches are unobstructed and ground operations are carried on in a compact space, that Rankin has adopted it. Because of this resemblance to the general plan of Randolph, the new field has been termed "the Randolph of the West."

The \$350,000 project will employ a personnel of over 100, with a payroll of approximately \$35,000 per month. The initial personnel will include Rankin, as president; two flight commanders; 20 flight instructors; 50 mechanics; 20 office employees; four ground school instructors; housekeepers, cooks, gardeners and maintenance men.

At present the Academy has nearly 100 cadets, all quartered at the field in air-conditioned barracks. By October the number of cadets is expected to total 400.

"Safety" is the motto of the Rankin Academy, and Tex is making certain that the cadets are started off right by personally selecting every one of the flying instructors at the field. No less than 1000 hours in the air, plus teaching experience, is required of every man who will teach the Academy cadets to fly. In many cases the instructors have more than 3000 hours to their credit.

Tex himself has taught over 3500 men and women to fly without one fatal accident among his pupils, and he is doing everything possible to have the Academy bearing his name keep up the record.

Noah Wuz A Piker!

(FLORIDA C. OF C. TAKE NOTE!)

THE STORY of the construction of the field and the buildings of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy at Tulare, California, is the story of a fight by men and machines against the elements. In the face of the worst rainfall that the Valley has experienced in years, the workers labored to complete the job, and today the Academy stands as an enduring landmark to their strength, ingenuity and courage.

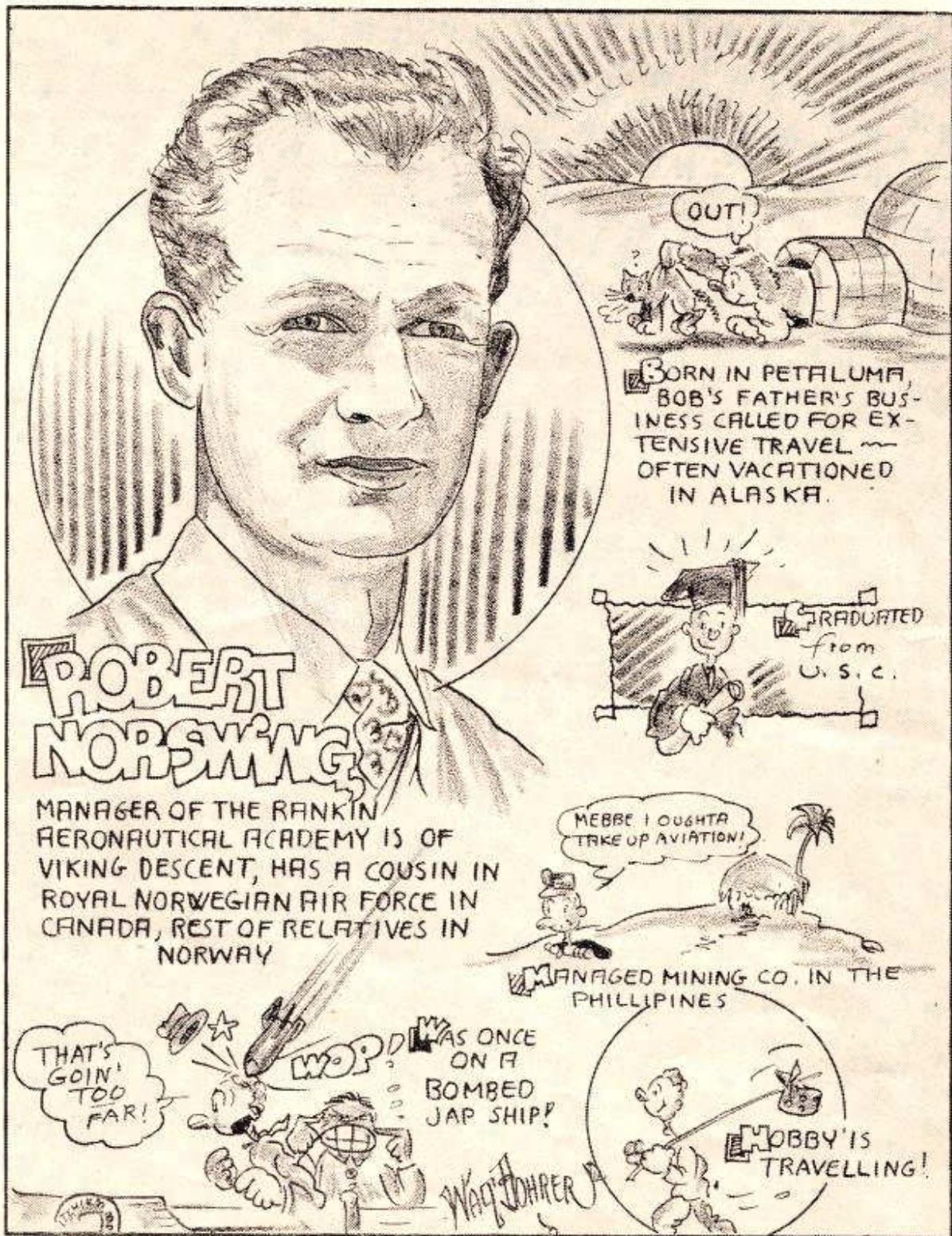
Actual construction work was started on Feb. 12, 1941, under the worst possible conditions. Up to that date the Valley had already experienced the equivalent of a full season's rainfall, and the tract was a sea of mud made still more difficult for working conditions by the deep ruts caused by trucks carrying material.

On Feb. 13 it started raining again, and in the following 60 working days during the construction period, 45 days of rain fell.

All workers wore hip boots, and by actual measurement the average depth of mud at the field was a little short of three feet. Planking was useless, as the boards sank into the quagmire as soon as laid. Some of the 2x4's used

(FLOAT TO PAGE 14)





ROBERT NORVING

MANAGER OF THE RANKIN AERONAUTICAL ACADEMY IS OF VIKING DESCENT, HAS A COUSIN IN ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE IN CANADA, REST OF RELATIVES IN NORWAY

BORN IN PETALUMA, BOB'S FATHER'S BUSINESS CALLED FOR EXTENSIVE TRAVEL - OFTEN VACATIONED IN ALASKA.

GRADUATED from U.S.C.

MEBBE I OUGHTA TAKE UP AVIATION!

MANAGED MINING CO. IN THE PHILLIPINES

THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR!

WOP! WAS ONCE ON A BOMBED JAP SHIP!

WAGG JOHNER

BOBBY'S TRAVELLING!

WITH A COUSIN in the Royal Norwegian Air Force in Canada, and the rest of his relatives in Norway, Robert "Bob" Norswing, manager of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy at Tulare, Calif., has a very personal interest in the "Big Show" in Europe. His extensive travels also have made him familiar with almost every foot of ground being laid to waste by the war, so that each new report of devastation of familiar territory causes additional heartaches for Bob.

Born in Petaluma, a town near San Francisco, Bob's father's wide business interests necessitated much traveling, and Bob used his summer vacations between studies at U. S. C. working in Alaska and other parts of the world.

After graduation from U. S. C., Bob went to Manila as assistant manager of the Marsman Mining Co., but after a short time there his father died and he returned to the United States, making his home in Fullerton, California.

Long interested in aviation, Bob came to Tulare in January, 1941, to help organize the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, and has stayed on to act in his present capacity.

Bob has had two big thrills in his life. One has been watching the completion of the Rankin Academy, and the other was when the Japanese boat on which he was a passenger was bombed by a Chinese plane at the beginning of the Chinese-Japanese war.

Bob speaks all the Scandinavian languages, and boasts of only one hobby—traveling. He loves flying, but always finds himself too busy to put in the time necessary to get a license.

A Lot of Hours!

PPOINTING to the combined total of 59,680 hours in the air, the 24 instructors at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy are claiming the highest average per man of any group of instructors in any flying school in the country.

The minimum requirements for an instructor at the Rankin Academy are 1,500 flying hours, but Tex Rankin, president of the Academy, scoured the country for men of even greater experience. As a result, the flying time of each instructor amounts to the record-breaking average of 2,486 hours.

Following is a list of the instructors at the Academy:

J. R. Lund, chief pilot; Chester Chenoweth, flight commander; John D. Fry, flight com-

Slang Bang!

WELL, NOW that you birds of class 41-I are well on the way to becoming stylists on the "traffic pattern," we feel you ought to "get in the know" of a bit of typical cadet slang just in case, when some bozo asks you if you've had your "wash tub ride," you won't think he's insinuating you need a bath and lay one on his chin.

Following are a few sizzlers that'll keep you out of many a "flat spin" while "bunk flying" with the upper classmen:

Dodo: A rookie underclassman, a rare bird that has wings but can't fly.

Ground Loop: The spinning movement of a plane when a cadet brings it to earth and the rudder gets away from him on touching the ground.

Wash tub ride: A flight taken with the Army captain to determine whether the cadet is to be dropped from the service.

Wash out: Dropped from service.

Check ride: A flight taken with the flight commander to determine whether the cadet needs the wash tub ride.

Getting the lemonade: Another term for wash out.

Stuffed cloud: A mountain with a cloud around it.

In a flat spin: Means he doesn't know what it's all about.

Sinker: A dangerous down draft that pushes the plane's nose down.

Hedge hopping: Flying too low.

The old man: The commanding officer.

Raunchy: An unkempt cadet.

Bunk flying: A "bull session."

Checkitis: Getting the jitters while taking routine ride with the flight commander or being a-twitter on the flight line.

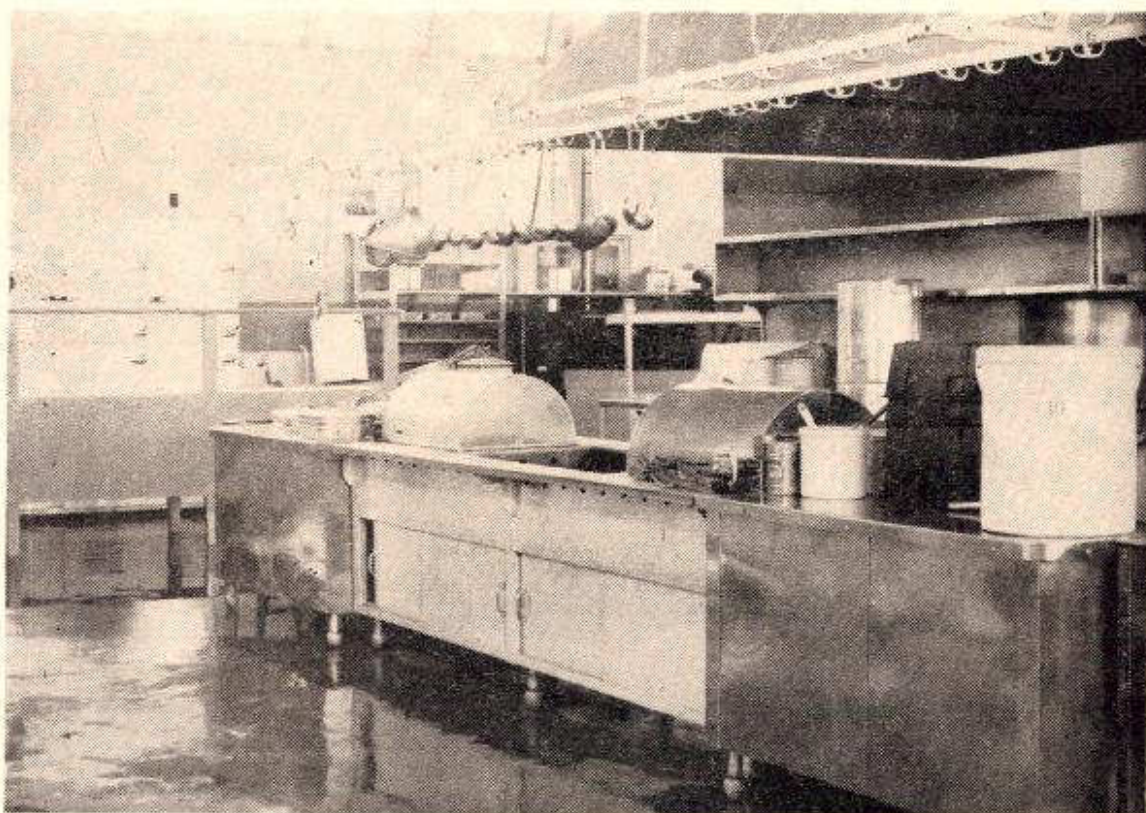
Rack it back: Get chin in.

Reach for suitcases: Get arms down on side.

Get in good brace: Rigid attention.

Get your head out: To use your head while flying.

mander; L. E. Atwood, George Barnes, Herbert Bartlett, Earl L. Bennett, Carl W. Berg, Earle Bradford, Ralph Boring, Thomas Bowles, E. C. Chase, John A. DeRuiter, Ted DeBaun, Thomas Jamieson, Donald Jorgensen, Willis M. Morrison, Lyle Oliver, Frank M. Ralston, Gene Tigar, Richard Torrence, Victor Torres, Lou Tyler, Arthur Walters, David W. Weible.



Here's a section of the Rankin kitchen where those well-balanced meals for cadets are prepared.

We Plus Ultra, That's What It Is!

—P. S.: AND IT'S GOOD, TOO!

WHEN fully completed, the facilities for hospitalization at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy will be the finest of any primary training school in the country, according to Lt. John E. Gilmore, head of the medical unit stationed at the Academy.

In addition to the equipment already installed, which includes complete surgery and laboratory facilities, as well as 10 hospital beds in air-conditioned quarters, the Academy soon will have an air ambulance available for special cases. Arrangements also have been made whereby specialists and private nurses will be brought to the field at government expense for emergency cases.

However, the prevention of sickness and not the cure—is being emphasized by Lt. Gilmore and his staff. Sick call is sounded every morning for the cadets, who are encouraged to report any sign of illness. The students cooperate with the medical staff because cadet standings are not jeopardized by confinement

through illness. As a result, the most serious case on record for the two months the school has been in operation has been that of a sore throat, and an investigation revealed that the ailing cadet had had the bad throat the day he arrived at the Academy.

The feeding of the cadets comes under the supervision of the medical unit, who make a careful check on the menus, which are supplied to Lt. Gilmore and other officers a week before being served. Dietetic specialists examine the various items so that each meal given the cadets is a well-balanced one from the health standpoint.

The source of supply of all food bought locally is carefully checked by a visit of a member of the medical staff to the farm where the vegetables or fruit is grown. The dairies supplying the butter, eggs and milk also are examined regularly.

Kitchen help at the Academy must undergo frequent physical examinations, while dishes and glasses are sterilized after being used.

At the barber shop at the Academy the

cadets get their hair trimmed weekly. And if any of the students want a shave they get their faces lathered with suds from a machine that mixes the water and soap so that there is no danger of contamination from a disease-carrying brush.

Amusements for the cadets are plentiful. In addition to the theatres in the city, dances are arranged regularly by the townspeople. At the Academy grounds there is a large recreation hall where the future flyers may play billiards, ping pong, etc. Plans also have been completed for the construction on the Academy grounds of one of the largest outdoor swimming pools in the Valley.

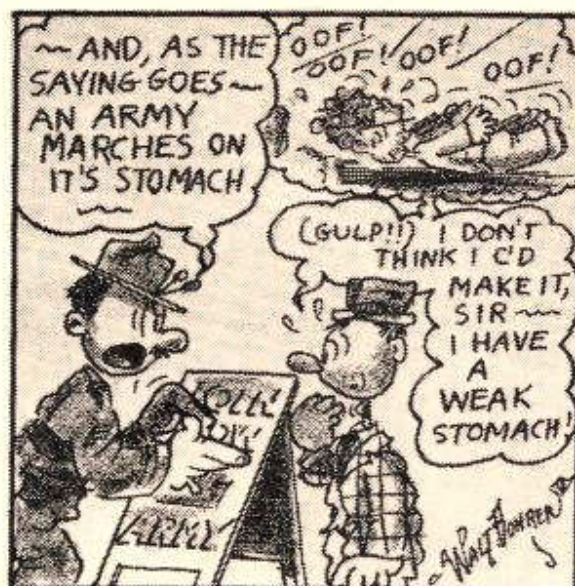
"--But This Is What They Ate!

THAT the big banquet on the eve of the dedication of the academy was a huge success is attested to by the amount of food that was crammed away during the hour of actual food consumption of the gala 3-hour "fiesta".

According to Mr. R. L. Paylor, academy steward, a guy who certainly ought to be up on his food statistics, approximately 400 participants gastronomically reduced to a "ceiling zero" status 450 pounds of turkey, 8 cases of No. 10 cans of peas, six 100-pound sacks of spuds, 200 pounds of bread—exclusive of the crumbs of which there were 8,463,891 (count counter from way back), 42 pounds of butter, by instructor George Barnes, an old crumb—16 pounds of java and 48 pounds of cream!

Then came the dishes—millions of dishes! According to further data by Mr. Paylor (who turned even paylor when he saw the banquet hall after the mess—or rather, the mess hall after the banquet), it took a crew of six 2½ hours to wash 'em and another 2½ hours to clean up the dining room, all work finally being completed whence came the dawn!

Mr. Paylor and his excellent staff are here-with highly commended for their grand work, excellent cuisine (the food was good, too!) and efficient service. A better banquet and a better time was never enjoyed anywhere!



What! No Beans?

THAT old Army stand-by and the bane of the doughboy's existence—beans—won't be found on the menu in the mess hall at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, primary training school for flying cadets of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Napoleon's famous remark, "An army marches on its stomach," has been taken very seriously by Uncle Sam, and the menu at the Rankin Academy is a fine example of what is being done to attract recruits to the service.

A recent survey at the Academy revealed that not only is the food served to the cadets the equal of that in most private homes, but from the health standpoint it is far superior. Where the average citizen gluts himself with food that will hasten him to his grave, the cadet is given a healthful, well-balanced variety that must be passed on by expert dieticians before being served. As a result, the only stomach-aches reported to the medical staff in the two months operation of the Academy were all traced to over-indulgence in ice cream and soda pop at the canteen.

The kitchen at the Academy is run by R. L. Paylor, under the supervision of the Medical Staff and Capt. Chas. J. Daly, and that the cadets all are in excellent physical shape, with the resultant healthy appetites, is shown by the fact that the average gain in the weight of the cadets is at the rate of four pounds a week.



BEFORE LEARNING TO FLY, LUND WAS A CARPENTER ~ UNTIL HE DECIDED FLYING WAS SAFER!



J. R. LUND

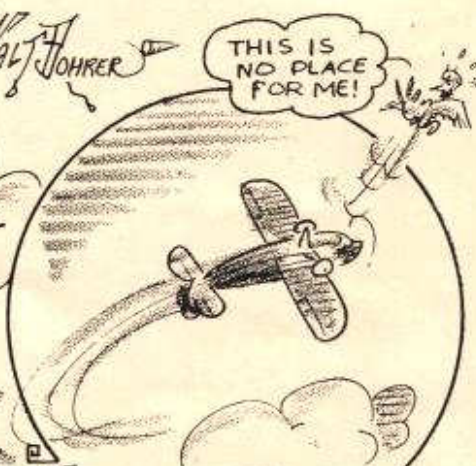
~ CHIEF PILOT OF THE RANKIN ACADEMY, HAS OVER 5300 HOURS OF LOGGED FLYING TIME.



WALT JOHRER

IN 1938-39 LUND SPENT A YEAR FLYING IN NEW GUINEA AMONGST THE HEADHUNTERS! ~ P.S: HE DIDN'T LOSE HIS HEAD!

IT'S LUND!



AN EXCELLENT STUNT FLIER, "JIM" LUND OPERATED AN AIR CIRCUS IN UTAH SEVERAL SEASONS

Rigger's Ramblings

By DEAN SPENCER

★ ★ ★

We sing a song as we fly along
Of our Captain C. J. Daly.
Who rules our school
With a hickory tool
Known as Irishman's Shillalah.

We sing a song as we fly along
Of the way in which he's striving
To make this joint
A young West Point
With his conscientious driving.

We sing a song as we fly along
For the Basic Schools are rougher.
We won't wash out
We loudly shout
As we're trained a little tougher.

We breathe a prayer as we take the air
For a thumb in "up" position.
We are here to learn
And we sorely yearn
For wings and a Commission.

★ ★ ★

A toast to Billy Griffin
Also one to Vic Perdue
For the food is fascinating
Be it steak or be it stew.
Paul Brink rates one for his salad,
As they're really quite delish.
My verse has ulterior motives
I would like a second dish.

Though my ramblings wax commercial
It is just old Rigger Dean
Showing his appreciation
For the excellent cuisine.

★ ★ ★

I wonder why Hal Percy doesn't chow in
Paylor's place?
He's much thinner than a clothes pin and he's
mighty gaunt in face.
We are apt as not to lose him when the winds
blow in the fall,
As there ain't no anchor on him for to hold
him down at all.
Will you do a man a favor (he's my boss as
you can guess),
Round up Hal when chow is sounded at the
A-1 Rankin mess.

You may cuss the wiley grease-bug
Stinging gnats and oily dirt
But you'd better see Doc Gilmore
When you start to read your shirt.

★ ★ ★

Mayor Bash and Rigger Spencer
Ought to pay a grocery bill
For the way they stuffed their tummies
At the house of Rounsaville.

★ ★ ★

I peered through the classroom window the
other day and saw Major Smith exhibiting a
very clever imitation of a broken propellor in
action.—Or was it gnats Major?

★ ★ ★

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

I'm much afraid Tulare gals with broken
hearts are many
For most of them "Cher-chez la femme"
Have met Lt. Glenny.

A very well groomed officer that's also quite
the rage

Is a dashing caballero
Named Lt. Roger Page.

There's a charming First Lieutenant that the
lovelies like to know.

You can't blame them. He's terrific
In his blues, that Roberdeau.

And of course Lt. Bradley
With his musical renown
Has a Cadillac colossal
Put him over in the town.

★ ★ ★

Come all you cheerful liars
Pay your hangar flying dues,
To your chief prevaricator
Better known as Karl Hughes;
For the funds are fast subsiding,
To maintain the liars booth,
If exhausted we will lose it,
And be forced to tell the truth.

★ ★ ★

To be a veteran flyer with a body safe and
sound
Don't practice aerobatics and pull out beneath
the ground.

(RAMBLE TO THE NEXT PAGE)

Rigger's Ramblings 'Cont'.

Capt. Daly: Take a letter.
Spencer: Where to?

★ ★ ★

Major: (Upon arrival with new PT-17 delivery) Dispatcher, I want to get to Moffett Field as soon as possible. Will you call me a taxi?

Walt Bohrer: All right, you're a taxi. Gosh, if I was a Major, I'd want to be called a major.

★ ★ ★

Why does a car (?) as small as Lt. Bradley's need such a large static wire dragging beneath it?

★ ★ ★

If you would live to a ripe old age and die without your boots,
Heed my teachings, all you Kay-dets, don't mistreat your parachutes.
For my troubles are a plenty and my hours long in toil
To protect them from the grease bugs and the damn black sticky oil.

★ ★ ★

I'm indebted to Bob Norswing for the little extra things
That were purchased for my rigging room, and to my mind it brings
The fact that I should thank you Bob, the room commends much praise
But for me, I'm broke each payday, I could stand another raise.

★ ★ ★

All Cadets with wit prolific
Grab your pencils or your mill,
And contribute to our magazine
Of literary swill;
For we'll publish any efforts
Essays, poems—I might hint
All the work to be submitted
Must be clean enough to print,
For our Editor Walt Bohrer
(A cartoonist of the day),
Can't conceive of anybody
Writing stuff the least risqué.

★ ★ ★

Cadet: Sir, in taking off and landing I'm troubled with white spots jumping before my eyes. Would that be eye or liver trouble?

Doc. Gilmore: Neither. You're suffering from a mild case of changing wind tee-itus.

I wonder what Mr. Paylor is putting in the food

To make a bunch of Cadets manifest deep concern

About whether a fly half-rolls or loops to land upside down

On the ceiling of the messhall.

★ ★ ★

Dump all your wit in our kettle of bile
And we'll go to press with Rank 'n' File.

★ ★ ★

I want to thank Hugh Burton
(Something here has got to rhyme)
For my pay check comes in handy
When he makes it out on time.

★ ★ ★

A tip to Doctor Gilmore—
If you want to save your hair
You should always wear a helmet
When you're taken in the air.

★ ★ ★

Life is something of a mystery
And in mulling o'er the facts
I can't fathom why our Rigger
Writes such very lousy cracks.

★ ★ ★

You read this little column,
Strictly on your own volition.
If you can stand it I can
And I'll see you next edition.

★ ★ ★

NOAH WAS A PIKER!

Continued from Page Seven

for planking during construction still are being dug up from a depth of six feet.

Special buildings had to be erected to protect and keep dry much of the materials used in construction, while cement foundations had to be poured between rainfalls and, on several of the structures, the cement dried with only a half hour to spare before rain again set in.

In certain sections of the tract two horses had to be used to haul an ordinary hand truck through the mud, while work all night was frequent in order to take advantage of a lull in the rain.

Normal construction procedure was impossible, and credit for meeting all deadline dates under incredible conditions must be given to C. T. & W. P. Stover, contractors, to J. E. White, general superintendent on construction, to C. R. Wiberg, who followed Stark on finished carpentry, and to Roger Sanders for his general aid on the entire project.

In Appreciation...



By GRANT D. CAYWOOD, F/C,
Captain, Class 41-H

THIS is the first issue of Rankin File; so along with the school, equipment and cadets, everything about it is new. And with all this new equipment about a hundred flying cadets are starting a very new and a very fascinating experience in their lifetime. To us it is a realization of an ambition which for the most part has grown up with us. But unlike most dreams come true we have found it even more fascinating than the imagination.

The Army Air Corps has always been famous for its traditions, its customs, and the quality of the men it turns out. From all over the country come boys selected from their applications, education, and physical condition to learn not only to fly but to be officers and gentlemen. From this detachment and others like it will come the leaders of our nations' air force. These will be men who have been trained on the best equipment in the world by the finest instructors in the world after a time honored method of disciplinary schooling.

The dream of every cadet is to complete this first or Primary training course and then to satisfactorily finish Basic and Advanced training at other schools and to finally receive his "wings" and a commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps Reserve.

To facilitate the training, we are organized into a company of flying cadets much like a company of regular soldiers in the Army. We have our own officers and non coms among the cadets and are supervised and directed by

a staff of selected officers of the regular Army or organized reserve.

Our training consists of drill, ground school, flying, and plenty of spit and polish discipline. So the cadet who graduates from the entire course has been subordinated so he can know how it is to take orders as well as to give them. Every five weeks an under class enters and the upper class graduates to Basic Training. The new upper class then takes over the duties of Cadet Officers of the new under class. Hazing is strictly taboo, but courtesy, manners, and gentlemanliness is demonstrated to and expected of the under class.

We are indeed fortunate in having quarters as fine as those in which we live. The school in general, the civilian staff, the instructors, are all of the highest quality available, and the airplanes themselves are the finest primary training ships in the world. The field is large and adequate and beautifully engineered as is our auxiliary training field at Exeter.

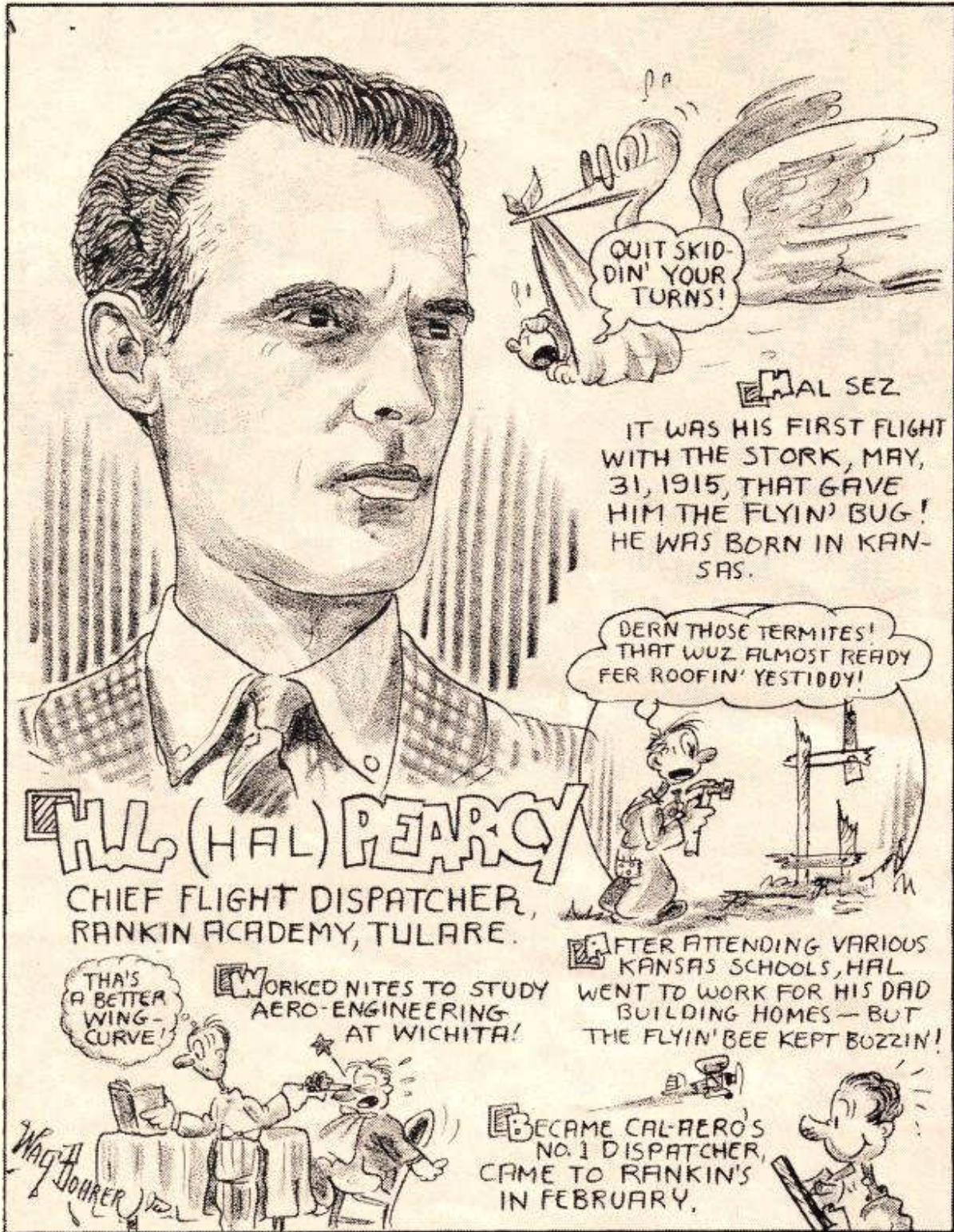
The people of Tulare have given us nothing but the finest treatment and have shown every courtesy imaginable. We are deeply grateful to them for their cooperation in making "home away from home" more pleasant with their entertainment and unbounded hospitality. It is a privilege to be the first class and as such to formulate the customs, ideals, and ambitions of this particular detachment.

Looking ahead a little, I can see this detachment growing to one of the finest in the country. With a Valley as flat and great as this, with California's blue skies and perfect flying weather, with equipment as fine as ours, and with a personnel at the head of it all holding the highest reputation in the country, nothing can prevent a tremendous success.

I am proud to enjoy the privilege of training here and know that I speak for every cadet in expressing a determination to make our air corps second to none and to personally be as polished an officer and gentleman as the service is great.

★ ★ ★

"Maybe I shouldn't have brought this up", said F/C Armstrong as his plane went into a tailspin.



HAL SEZ

IT WAS HIS FIRST FLIGHT WITH THE STORK, MAY, 31, 1915, THAT GAVE HIM THE FLYIN' BUG! HE WAS BORN IN KANSAS.

DERN THOSE TERMITES! THAT WUZ ALMOST READY FER ROOFIN' YESTIDDY!



HAL (HAL) PEARCY

CHIEF FLIGHT DISPATCHER, RANKIN ACADEMY, TULARE.

AFTER ATTENDING VARIOUS KANSAS SCHOOLS, HAL WENT TO WORK FOR HIS DAD BUILDING HOMES — BUT THE FLYIN' BEE KEPT BOZZIN!

THAT'S A BETTER WING-CURVE!

WORKED NITES TO STUDY AERO-ENGINEERING AT WICHITA!



BECAME CAL-AERO'S NO. 1 DISPATCHER, CAME TO RANKIN'S IN FEBRUARY.



HAROLD PEARCY can't be certain, of course, but he thinks it was his flight with the stork on May 31, 1915, that first gave him the flying bug. At any rate, the future chief dispatcher at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy says he's been interested in flying ever since he can remember.

Claiming Kanorada, Kansas, as his birthplace, Hal attended various schools of learning in Kansas. His father was a contractor and although Hal wanted to take up aviation, Mr. Percy, Sr., thought otherwise. As a result, Hal went to work for his dad after completing high school.

As a superintendent for his father, Hal helped in the construction of homes throughout the Middle and Far West, but through it all couldn't shake the aviation bee out of his bonnet. After several years of home building, Hal decided to go out on his own. He went to Wichita where he took up aeronautical engineering, working nights to pay for his schooling.

Unfortunately, however, Hal found himself in the middle of the depression, with no call for aeronautical engineers, and so he spent six months earning a living by ferrying cars from the Central States to the Coast.

Deciding that life with father was a bit more stable, Hal went to California where Percy, Sr., had established himself. After again working with his dad for a few months Hal got himself a job with Cal-Aero, where he became first dispatcher. From Cal-Aero he came to the Rankin Academy.

Hal is still a recent bridegroom, having married Kay Riley, a schoolmarm, only last year.

Hal loves living in California because it's the best place in the country to indulge in his two hobbies—flying and golf.

Just A Gig-ola

Tramp, tramp, we walk the ramp;
Our heads are hot,
Our clothes are damp.
And when we come to the end of the track
We do about face and march right back.
We shine our shoes, we hang our clothes,
We fold our socks in neat little rows,
But Saturday morning after ten,
There we are, confined again.

F/C D. N. Armstrong.

Switch On!

(By Walt Bohrer)

How do you do, I'm sure; shake hands with a connecting rod! Always remember that it is better to be calm and collected than to be scared and gathered!

★ ★ ★

Wasn't it Otto Traber who said a pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer? ★ ★ ★

About a hundred years ago

Before we folks were here,
The men put powder in their guns
To go and hunt the deer.

But olden times have changed, my friends,

And we've a modern plan—
The dear puts powder on her face
To go and hunt the man!

★ ★ ★

And so long as we're waxing poeey-etic try this one on your bazooka:

A Cadet from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Gramazon;
The reasons' that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon!

★ ★ ★

"I shall now illustrate what I have in my mind," said Major Smith as he proceeded to erase the blackboard.

★ ★ ★

Sign suggested for the mess hall:
"Use less sugar and stir like hell, we don't mind the noise!" ★ ★ ★

A Most absent-minded old fella
Was aviator Alonzo McKella;

In a parachute jump
He lit with a bump
He'd forgotten the well-known umbrella.

★ ★ ★

It may be of some help to the ground school department to know that the "Rank'n' File" research department, misconducted by your editor as a side rack—er—sideline, has definitely decided that the proper definition of the term "stagger" should be as follows:

Positive stagger: When the upper wing is ahead of the lower.

Negative stagger: When the lower wing is ahead of the upper.

Decided stagger: When the pilot is ahead of the ship.

(SWITCH TO THE NEXT PAGE)

Switch On!

Continued from Page Seventeen

Chief Flight Dispatcher, Hal Percy is confined in the field hospital at this writing wondering if he has skyatica, aerosipilas or just plane fever!

★ ★ ★

Have you heard about the manager of a certain large aviation company who laid down the law to his stenographer?

Sez he, "Now, I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated and not the way you think it should be, understand?"

The stenog nods a meek affirmative indicating that, without any argument whatever, his orders would be carried out.

Accordingly, Mr. Otto Stretch, president of the Stretch Shock Cord Co., received this letter the following day:

Whifflehen Center
June 1, 1941

Mr. O. K., or A. J. something, look it up, Stretch, president of the Stretch, what a name, Shock Cord Co., the gyps. Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it?

Dear Mr. Stretch, h-mmm;

Your a H— of a business man. No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't tell him or the overgrown calf'll sue me. That last shipment you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no scratch out understand, better scratch out that whole line—ah, unless you can ship, furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular shock cord you needn't send us no more period and where's my cigar lighter, this darn cigar is out and furthermore where was I? Nice hair you have.

Paragraph. The shock cord you sent us wasn't fit to hang a dead dog with comma let alone put on an airplane and we are sending it back period. Yours truly, read that over, no never mind, I won't waste no more time on that numbskull. I'll look at the carbon tomorrow. Sign my name, I want to go eat.

★ ★ ★

And outside of the fact that I think radio stations ought to commence their morning broadcasts with "Who the heck left the radio on all night?" that will be about enough out of me for this month, don't you think?—or dont' you?



SETTING GOOD STANDARDS

Continued from Page Three

pleasant memories to take with you from Rankin Academy. We have tried to give you good flight instruction. The total hours of the instructional staff now training you is 59,680 hours or an average per instructor of 2,486 hours. Every man is a seasoned instructor and takes pride in his group, and his ability to obtain satisfactory results through his work with them.

You go from here to other training centers. We know your future showing as pilots, gentlemen, and scholars will be a source of pride and satisfaction to the men who were responsible for your training while here at Rankin Academy. The standards you set will be the standards future classes will use.

Remember, an old pilot got that way being careful and never taking chances. A good pilot acquires this reputation by never ceasing to learn and being a gentleman. We wish you every success in your new career and sincerely hope our paths will cross again.

Class 41-I, in the matter of only a few weeks you will be upper classmen. At that time it will be your duty to lend that, shall we say, helping hand to the new class. We are sure you will not fail them. Remember that your actions will have a definite bearing as to the manner they will carry on when they become upper classmen and are vested with the responsibilities of mothering a new class.

Academy Officially Dubbed!

★ ★ ★

THOUSANDS of people from all parts of the San Joaquin Valley and Southern California attended the dedication exercises and open house at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy on the afternoon of May 18, 1941 in what local police officers directing traffic said was the biggest crowd ever to gather in Tulare County. Other thousands listened to the broadcast of the program by Mutual-Don Lee over a Pacific Coast network.

Highway Patrol officers estimated that nearly 50,000 people drove to Rankin Field. The vast number of cars created a traffic problem that required the combined efforts of the Tulare Police and the Highway Patrol several hours to untangle.

By 2:30 it was estimated that 25,000 people were at the Rankin Dedication ceremonies and 35,000 by 3:30. A steady stream of cars still were arriving as others tried to leave the sea of parked automobiles. Several thousands drove out to the field and did not stop when they saw the size of the crowd already there.

Brigadier General Henry W. Harms, Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor of Los Angeles, and Movie Actress Jean Parker were among those who took part in the dedication program which climaxed a three day celebration of the Aviation school built by Tex Rankin to train air cadets for the U. S. Army.

Army planes maneuvered in formation and General Harms reviewed the 100 Flying Cadets in their blue uniforms to give the dedication a military atmosphere. Forty Army planes were at the field. Thirty-three are here regularly as training planes and seven others of more advanced types were flown here for the days' exercises.

"The Rankin Aeronautical Academy, although one of our very recent additions, in my opinion is destined to become one of the finest," Brigadier General Harms, commanding officer in charge of Army flight instruction in the Ninth Area, said at the dedication. Tex Rankin and the officials of Tulare have further shown sound judgment by providing

plans for expansion of the present establishment. Your present allotment of 53 students every five weeks will soon be increased to approximately 200 every five weeks so that ultimately you will have 350 to 400 students."

In his address, Judge J. F. T. O'Connor pointed out that the contract between the U. S. and the Rankin School to train Army air pilots was signed on Dec. 20, 1940, and within 90 days all the work of preparation was completed, planes and instructors secured and the future pilots on the ground ready for their training. "The brief time between the execution of that contract and the complete operation of this Rankin School is a refutation of the theory that the Army of the U. S. is tied up in red tape and cannot move efficiently", Judge O'Connor said. "The Army is to be congratulated on securing the services of John Gilbert (Tex) Rankin, who was two years in France and England with the U. S. aviation section in the first world war, and who established the Rankin School of Flying in the Pacific Northwest, which became known as the world's largest civilian flying school and which graduated more than 3,000 students without a single fatality or even a serious injury", he continued.

★ ★ ★

The Dispatcher's Lament

By WALT BOHRER

As dispatching grows, a dispatcher's woes
Increases in bounds and leaps;
It sure is a crime how you lose track of time
As ships land in bunches and heaps;
And solo cadets dance short minuets
About you, eight at a crack,
For those li'l white slips and batches of ships,
The outlook is certainly black!
For increasing his speed, a dispatcher'll need
Eight arms and four sets of eyes;
E'en then I'm not sure his plight it would
cure—
If so 'twould be a surprise!

Rankin Academy



THIS TOP SHOT, snapped during the Academy dedication, broadcast vit KTKC-Mutual, Sunday, May 18, shows (left to right, Brigadier General Henry W. Harms; Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Conner, of Los Angeles, who was principal speaker of the day; screen star Jean Parker, who flew up for the dedication with Elmer Von Glahn of Corcoran, and Tex Rankin—all seemingly having a joyful confab before the "mike."



BILLY GILBERT, movie funny man, really wowed 'em at the Dedication Banquet. Here he is "goin' to town," and Tulare's mayor, Gail Bash, really looks wowed—as does Doug Dawson, Jean Parker's hubby (peeking out at left).

Officially Dedicated!



TRULY A ROSE BETWIXT A COUPLE OF THORNS! Lovely Jean Parker of Filmland wishes Editor Walt Bohrer, right, and Associate Editor Hal Percy, left, just oodles of luck. Thank you, Jean!

JOSEPHINE REEVES, Tulare's pretty "Cotton Queen," also duly elected "Miss Rankin Academy" by the Cadets, is shown here handing the flag to Color Bearer F/C Chas. W. Frayser, during dedication.



The Boys "Strut Their Stuff!"

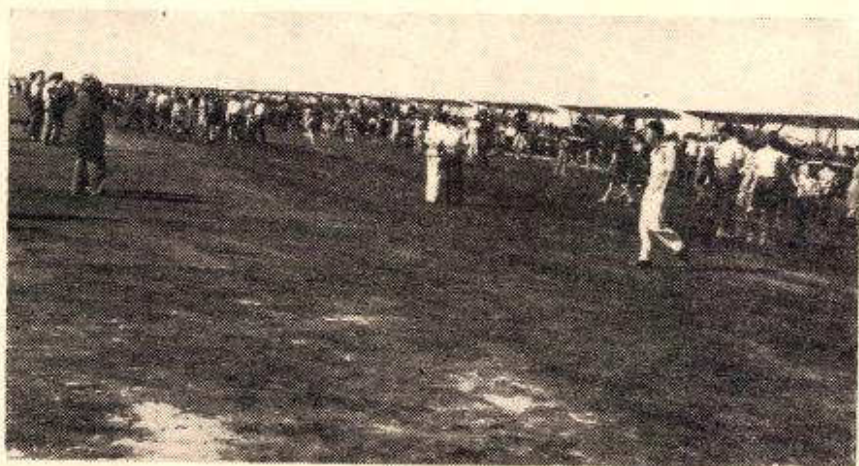


THE CADETS of Classes 41-H and 41-I "strut their stuff" (and their "stuff" was "top flight"!) for Brigadier General Henry Harms during the dedication exercises, Sunday, May 18th.

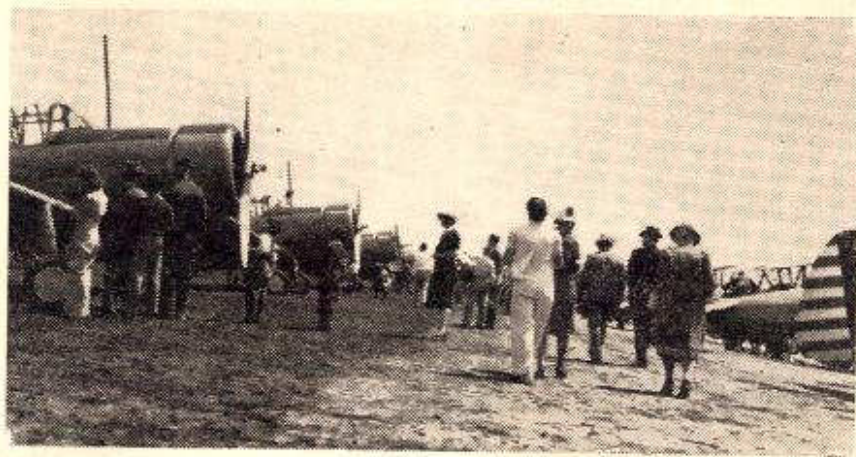


DEAN SPENCER, former Hollywood sound-recorder and western film player (now Rankin parachute rigger—and a "Rankin 'n' File" scribe deluxe!) had a happy reunion when his old film pal, Jean Parker, attended the Academy dedication. "Spence had the pleasure of sound recording Jean's pictures at Monogram Studios, Harry Sherman Productions, Paramount and at Eddie Small's Productions Pictures; says Miss Parker is one of the finest feminine stars with whom he has ever worked. Her own crew are her biggest fans.

Spectators Spectate to Heart's Content!

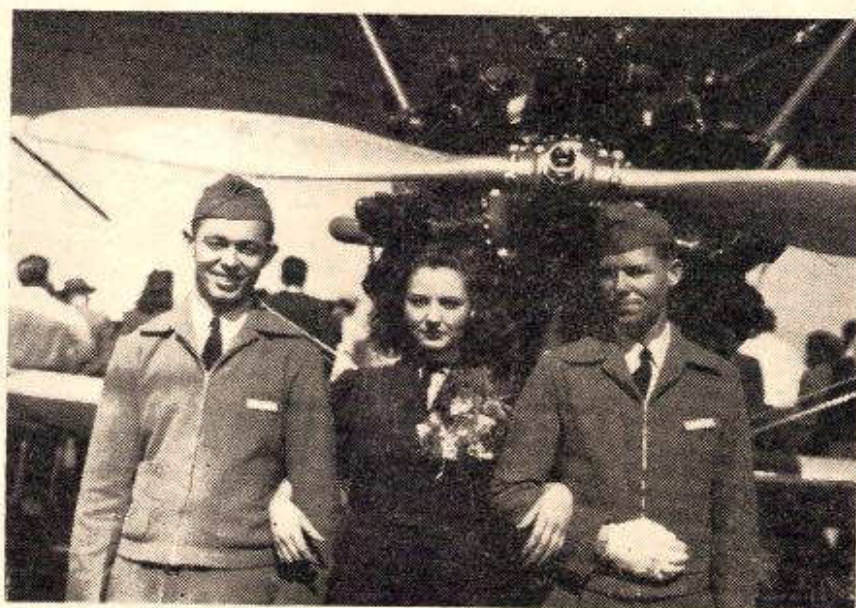


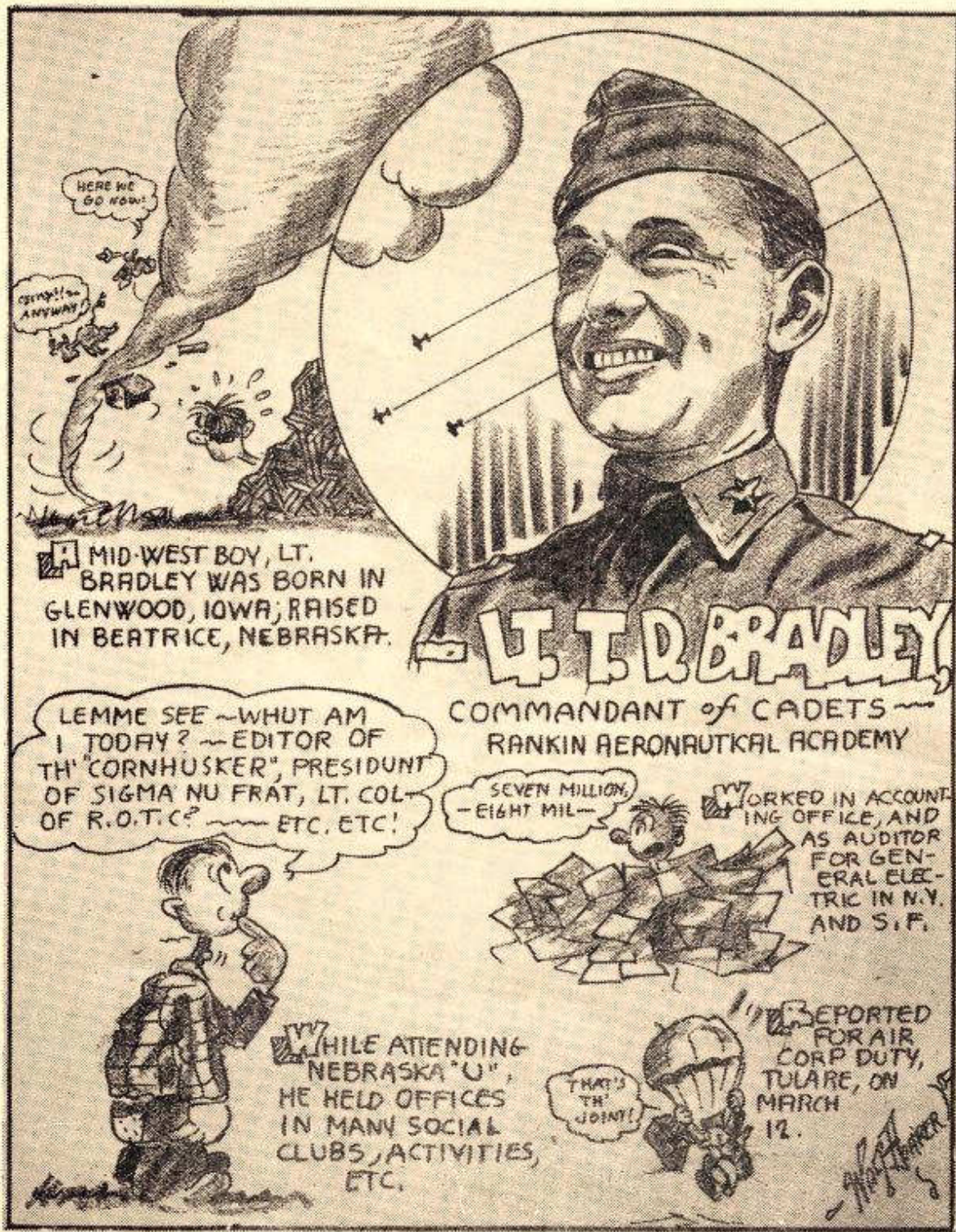
THOUSANDS inspect the Rankin Academy Stearman trainers during Sunday's "open house."



THE ADVANCED TRAINERS from Moffett Field, Sunnyvale, were magnets for the crowds that swarmed the port during the dedication.

FLYING CADETS Billy Carson, left, and Franklin McColgin, right, both of Class 41-I, with Josephine Reeves, "Miss Rankin Academy."





A MID-WEST BOY, LT. BRADLEY WAS BORN IN GLENWOOD, IOWA; RAISED IN BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

LT. T. D. BRADLEY

COMMANDANT OF CADETS
RANKIN AERONAUTICAL ACADEMY

LEMME SEE -- WHUT AM I TODAY? -- EDITOR OF TH' "CORNHUSKER", PRESIDENT OF SIGMA NU FRAT, LT. COL. OF R.O.T.C. -- ETC. ETC!

SEVEN MILLION, -- EIGHT MIL --

WORKED IN ACCOUNTING OFFICE, AND AS AUDITOR FOR GENERAL ELECTRIC IN N.Y. AND S.F.

WHILE ATTENDING NEBRASKA "U", HE HELD OFFICES IN MANY SOCIAL CLUBS, ACTIVITIES, ETC.

THAT'S TH' JOINT!

REPORTED FOR AIR CORP DUTY, TULARE, ON MARCH 12.

SOME EXCELLENT TIPS

FOR YOUSE KAY-DETS TO PAY HEED TO!

POPS!

AW HIS NECK
DON'T LOOK SO
DEVELOPED!



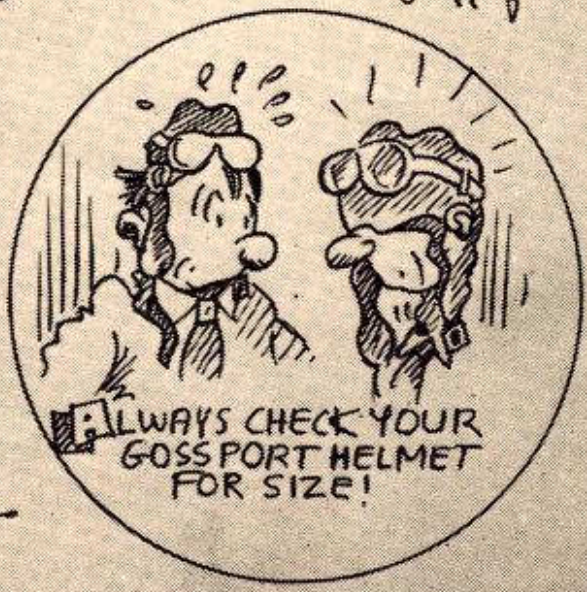
TRY TO DEVELOP A NECK LIKE AN OWL SO
THAT YOU CAN LOOK IN ALL DIRECTIONS WHEN
IN THE AIR!

WALTER STANLEY

AND SOME NOT-SO-EXCELLENT!



THEY SENT ME FOR A KEY, SIR
THE BRAKES ARE LOCKED ON
NO. 33!



ALWAYS CHECK YOUR
GOSSPORT HELMET
FOR SIZE!



MAJOR Herbert W. Smith, ground school supervisor of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy was born at Lansing, Michigan. In 1907 he came west with his parents, settling in Portland, Oregon, where he attended high school. In 1914 he enlisted in the Oregon National Guard, Field Artillery. In 1916 Major Smith helped chase old Pancho Villa and his cohorts back into Mexico, returning to Portland after 8 months on the border.

Upon his return he was immediately called "to the colors" for the 2nd time, this time for World War service. After some time in various east coast stations, Smith was sent to France arriving there in the winter of '17 as one of the first "One Hundred Thousand".

He was assigned to the School of Fire at at Saumur, then under French supervision. It was here that he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant and took his first aerial observation training, both airplane and balloon, and made his first parachute jump.

After 3 1-2 months in several major offen-

sives he was again assigned to Saumur as an instructor, remaining until the Armistice.

Returning to the states he remained in the service, was promoted to Captain and later, in 1930, was made Major.

Major Smith majored in Teacher's Training at Oregon State College, was a faculty member of the Benson Polytechnic School, Portland, Educational Director and Chief Instructor of the Tex Rankin School of Flying, Portland, from 1927 to 1931.

He held the Oregon State pistol championship for four years, was Associate Professor of Aeronautical Science at Portland University and at Clark Junior College, Vancouver, instructor for Hill Aeronautical Academy, Buroker Flying Service and Portland Flying Service.

He is a graduate of the Battery Officer's class at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, 1927, and the Field Officer's Advanced Course in 1932. He resigned from the service for his own convenience in 1939.

Prior to Major Smith's arrival in Tulare, he was Assistant Building Engineer for the State of Oregon. At present he is Senior Vice Commander of Hollywood Post 105, American Legion; organized the Son's of Legion Squadron 105 which took many sports championships for the Oregon Department. He has long been chairman for the Scouter's Committee of Troop 132, Boy Scouts of America and Cub Pack 432.

Major Smith says he thoroughly enjoys his work with the Cadets at the Rankin Academy because he likes boys. He is married, has four children and is anxiously awaiting close of school when he can move his family to Tulare.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Perkins returned to camp late Sunday evening, (7:58), very happy. When asked by the F/C O. D. why he was so happy, he replied "I have found a diamond mine, sir, a Diamond; diamond in the rough, sir." Word passed from cadet to cadet. The town of Tulare is now a Boom Town. But no more diamonds have been found. Mr. Perkins! Could you have been wrong?

F/C Rex T. Barber.



WM. P. ACKERMAN, JR.



R. M. ANDREWS



R. N. ARMSTRONG



R. T. BARBER



R. D. BENELL



F. S. BODINE



A. E. BOWMAN



J. H. BROWN



G. D. CAYWOOD

Class 41-H Exposed!

ACKERMAN, Wm. P., Jr.

Hails from Sidney, Nebraska, sporting wardrobe of "extra quality" clothes, having worked in a clothing store before his Air Corps "debut." Doane College of Crete, Nebraska, is his Alma Mater where he spent two years following the Liberal Arts course (wonder if he ever caught up with it!—Ed.), was member of Glee and Madrigal Clubs, but still found time for football, basketball.

ANDREWS, R. M. (Stepins)

The U. of Idaho's loss was the Air Corps' gain when Bob decided to fly after spending three years absorbing a Business Administration course. He is a Cadet Lieutenant and has a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. Also "one of the boys" from Idaho U, Bob is a Beta Theta Pi and a member of the Scabbard and Blade honorary. Caldwell, Idaho, is home to him.

ARMSTRONG, D. N. (Strong Arm)

Left the farm up in God's country at Carvallis, Oregon, to become a Flying Cadet. He was right at home while taking three years in Agriculture at Oregon State College where he figured prominently in track and held down a position on the rifle team. Having had civil instruction in addition to his work here, he really can make the Stearman say "uncle."

BARBER, R. T.

Was slaving away his life in the Finance Department of the Regular Army when he decided that the Air Corps was the only place for him. We can't deny he is right after seeing him put the PT-13 through the paces. The Oregon lad received his schooling at Linfield College, McMinnville, and at Oregon State College, where he was quite a baseball star while studying Agricultural Engineering.

BENELL, R. D.

Benell came to Tulare well prepared with Civil Flight Instruction and it is rumored he gave his instructors an inferiority complex. At any rate he is a good pilot and a definite asset to 41-H. He was in school at Montana State U when he enlisted in the Air Corps.

BODINE, F. S.

Francis wanted to be a Flying Cadet since he was a freshman in his home-town high school at Voltaire, North Dakota. After he had two years in a pre-engineering course to

his credit at Minot State Teachers College, he was accepted for an appointment. While in college, he was an all-around athlete, playing halfback on the football team, doing dashes and broadjumping on the track team. He got a good close view of the King and Queen of England while he was up in Regina where his college football team had a tussle with the Canadians.

BOWMAN, A. E. (Andy)

Transferred from the Signal Corps of the Regular Army into the Air Corps. How he was able to do this through military channels in less than one year's time with less than ten mistakes is something for the Ninth Corps to be proud of, but we think the Army gained a good pilot even though they had to give up a good signal man. He studied Agriculture for three years at California State Polytechnic at San Luis Obispo, where he was an all-events man in athletics. He pitched ball in the Mendocino County League for three years. Gamma Pi Delta claims Andy as a member.

BROWN, J. H. (Jimmy)

Went to Glendale Junior College, San Jose State and finished at the U of California before he polished off a degree in Business Administration. He is a member of Phi Sigma Kappa and the Honor Society of California. After finishing school he worked in the product planning department of the Vega Airplane Company and with Warner Brothers Studios, where he worked as an extra in several pictures among other duties. Around the barracks, he is known as the "Tulare Lady Killer."

CAYWOOD, G. D. (Cay)

Was picked for our Cadet Captain when he drove up, and did an excellent job of it. Holding a commission as a second lieutenant in the 341st Field Artillery, he was well qualified to order us about and dish out the gigs. Before coming into the Air Corps, he worked as a contracting engineer for an Omaha steel firm. He took primary and advanced CAA work, piling up about 200 hours during the last year or so. He is an Omaha boy, but he went across the cornfields to Iowa State College for four years to get a B. S. degree in Architectural

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R. T. CROSBY



J. D. CROSIER



C. L. DRISCOLL



J. W. EGAN



L. J. FASSMAN



J. S. FENNEL



D. E. FREEMAN



J. E. GAFFNEY



W. W. HOVEY

(Continued from Page Twenty-Nine)

Engineering. While there he was on the swimming and rifle teams and found time to squeeze in work on school publications and productions. "Cay" is a member of ATO fraternity and is a pretty fair cameraman.

CROSBY, R. T. (Bing)

Bob studied at Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, Omaha U and Nebraska U, taking Math and Geology; is a talented gymnast and also has a good set of pipes. While going to college at Nebraska, he drove a bakery truck, washed dishes and held down a bus boy's job at various intervals, which took practically all of his spare time. He bummed his way up and down the West Coast for six months in 1939, so he is a little more familiar with this place than most of us.

CROSIER, J. D. (Buck)

Says he quit an excellent job with Montgomery Ward, where he was a department manager trainee, to join this man's Army. He is from Colorado and has four years at Denver U where he took a Business Administration course. In school, he went out for tennis, but now he's swinging another stick, and the PT-13 responds faithfully.

DRISCOLL, C. L. (Ace)

Our man Driscoll hails from Boise, Idaho, and will long be remembered as the first cadet to solo from the Rankin Academy; also for his uncensored gripes at the dinner table. He took CAA at Stanford U, from whence he graduated in 1940 and where he is a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. He owns a convertible Studebaker which many a hapless cadet has sought as a place to sleep and be safe from the commandant's eagle eye.

EGAN, J. W. (Slicker)

Claims to be a legal resident of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. He attended Nebraska State Normal, taking Pre-Med and Chemistry. While there he was president of the freshman class and a member of the student council. His fraternity is Delta Pi Sigma. Flying caught the young man's eye back in Nebraska where he took CAA training. Before enlisting in the Army he worked as a parts sales manager for an auto firm; spent two years as a hard-rock miner in a gold mine. He is an accomplished conjuror.

FASSMAN, L. J. (Burble)

When Roy was called in, he was attending North Dakota State College and dodging snowflakes while taking a Mechanical En-

gineering course. While there he played hockey (or hookey?) and was on the rifle team. In the summers his time was spent in loafing and finishing furniture. He is a good flyer and was among the first to solo here.

FENNELL, J. S.

Came from March Field, where he was with the regular Army. A year and a half at Colorado State studying Engineering gave John his background for the Air Corps. He is one of our tough sergeants who are always griping about the way we drill, but he is really a swell Joe and a good pilot.

FREEMAN, D. E. (Shiftless Dave)

Was attending the U of Idaho taking a business course when the Air Corps demanded his presence. He was on the varsity tennis team over at Idaho and hails from the tongue-twisting lake town called Couer d'Alene (pronounced Couer d'Alene).

GAFFNEY, J. E. (Bud)

Bud is our dirty old first sergeant and it is he alone who falls us in and falls us out. But Gaffney says someone has to do it and it might just as well be him. The big curly-headed lad from Orofino, Idaho, stayed with a Business Administration course at the U of Idaho for two and a half years, where he is a member of Phi Delta of Idaho and Pershing Rifles military honorary.

HOVEY, W. W. (Dude)

Came out of the brush at Challis, Idaho, where he was employed as an assistant dispatcher for Challis National Forest. He has a B. A. degree in Architecture from the U of Idaho. School organizations in which he had membership were Sigma Chi fraternity, Pershing Rifles, Hell Divers, Attic Club and the swimming team.

HOWARD, J. A. (Fassman's roommate)

His home is in Minot, North Dakota, where he worked as a bank teller, and went to Minot State Teachers College. In school, he won letters in football and was a member of the high school champion basketball team of North Dakota for the year 1934. He is noted for his constant appraisal of a picture of a certain cute little girl back in the snow and ice of North Dakota.

HUHTALA, O. N. (Nick)

Nick blew in from a farm in northern Idaho where he lived with his parents, who are both natives of Finland. He spent two and a half

(Continued on Page Thirty-Three)



J. A. HOWARD



O. N. HUHTALA



E. C. IMLER



K. KEHRER



H. L. KING



J. S. LOISEL



W. B. MANSFIELD



T. R. McCLURE



R. H. MEYERS

(Continued from Page Thirty-One)

years in the U of Idaho, taking Electrical Engineering, became a member of the AIEE and the Associated Engineers. To defray school expenses he worked in the country's largest silver mine (Sunshine Mine, Idaho) where he would go from an altitude of 2750 above sea level to 350 feet below sea level daily. But now he has discarded the hard mining level for the flight cap and goggles and goes each day to high altitudes instead of low. He likes to fish and hunt, play around with photography.

IMLER, E. C. (Emily)

Gene got his education at Kemper Military School, where he spent two years, and at Peru where he studied another two years. While in college he held down a shortside guard post on the football team, being quite a sportsman in military school also. Before coming into the Academy he worked in a grocery store for two and a half years and as an embalmer for an undertaker. Last year he spent his time doing private flying in the Midwest.

KEHRER, K. (Kenny)

Is from Boise, Idaho, and holds a B. S. degree in Forestry at the U. of Idaho. Prior to his cadet training, he was with the U. S. Forest Service in the Bitterroot National Forest near Hamilton, Montana. Nothing seems to worry the tall, dark fellow—in fact, they say Kehrer hasn't a care.

KING, H. L. (The Okanogan appleknocker)

Howard was a beat-up old sergeant in the Signal Corps of the Regular Army working as a company clerk when he came here. He attended Washington State College for one year, taking Electrical Engineering. Music and outdoor sports are Mister King's main interests—that is, outside of flying those trim little Boeing gold mines.

LOISEL, J. S. (Lysol, or Long John)

This tall, blonde native of Nebraska learned to like flying while receiving civilian instruction back in the prairie state. John went one year to Wayne State College and piled up two years at the University of Nebraska studying Pre-Med., and there he became a loyal member of Sigma Phi Epsilon. His sports are boxing, swimming and ping pong—skilled in all three.

MANSFIELD, W. B. (Weldy)

Big Weldy always had to adjust the seat, rudder pedals and his parachute before he could start to worry about the take-off, but his reward was in the fact that he always left

the same equipment miles too large for the next guy. He graduated from the U of Southern Cal. in Business Administration. He worked as an insurance salesman back in Omaha, his home town, for a couple of years. Music, drawing and sports are extra interests of his. In prep school, he was a rugged all-round sports star.

McCLURE, T. R. (Violent Ray)

Is a jennywine native of Antler, South Dakota. There he was a broken-down typewriter salesman for quite a spell. He talks consistently of the brand of machine he was selling but he ain't a gonna mention it here on account of how we ain't running no commercials. Two years at the North Dakota School of Forestry gave him an A.S. degree with that institution. Ray gets around in Tulare and Visalia more than any guy in the class.

MEYERS, R. H. (Fat Boy or Corky)

After spending two and a half years at Omaha U taking a Business Administration course, Meyers went out and grabbed himself a position as an accountant, and he pursued that there job until the Air Corps gave him a deal he liked considerably better. In school he was given over to such items as football, basketball and baseball, (Now it burns him up to have to exercise for ten minutes.)

PALMER, J. M. (Jolly Jim)

Dropped out of school last semester to get into the Air Corps and finish up his CAA training. He was attending North Dakota U, taking a Commerce course with his major in merchandising. In intramural athletics he cleaned up for his fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega. He is a darned good pilot and makes a plane do everything but sing, however we doubt if he will soon forget the time the Stearman did some acrobatics of its own accord the day the tire on the tail wheel blew out.

PERKINS, D. T. (Dave)

Is a son of the Golden State from Sacramento and attended Junior College there for two and one-half years, taking Engineering. He then went up the Valley to Chico State College for one year and studied Science. His activities at both schools were band, glee club and track. Before he moved down to Tulare, Dave was on the selling end of an air conditioning concern. Other than flying a plane, his main ambition here is to get through just one week without being confined to post.

PETROVICH, J. R.

John graduated from Long Beach Junior

(Continued on Page Thirty-Five)



J. M. PALMER



D. T. PERKINS



J. R. PETROVICH



W. R. RAAP



A. J. SAMPECK



J. K. SCRIVNER



A. D. STRUNK



J. D. WHALEN

(Continued from Page Thirty-Three)

College and while there he played two years on the football team, also turning out for baseball and track. This old military stuff is all new to him but he looks more like a general every day. Before his enlistment he was employed as a pipe spinner and welder near Santa Anita. His hobby is hunting.

RAAP, W. R.

After attending Pasadena Junior College, Bill went to work for the city at Morris Dam and was later transferred to Pasadena Power and Light Company, where he worked for three years at various duties. The draft caught up with him last March and he was sent to the 185th Infantry, but within a short time he received an order to report to the Rankin Academy and was thereby saved a fate worse than death, almost. In school he was active in football, baseball, water polo, tennis and boxing. On top of that he is proficient in swimming, skiing, golf, dancing and flying—naturally.

SAMPECK, A. J.

Wyoming U gave Adrian a good background in the way of a general engineering course. He was attending that school when he was struck with the idea of getting into the Army Air Corps. While there, he became a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity and Phi Epsilon and Scabbard and Blade honoraries.

SCRIVNER, J. K.

Keith is another one of those boys from the spud state. His home is Boise, Idaho, where he attended Boise Junior College. He also studied at Long Beach Junior College in the Golden State, taking up Mechanical Engineering and Business courses. He had some civilian flying training to help him along and was going to school at Boise Junior College at the time he got his call.

STRUNK, A. D.

If there is anyone in class who receives more mail than Al does, we don't know who it is. And if there is anyone in the whole Army who takes in more letters daily than Strunk collects in twenty-four hours he must indeed be a great man or have a great deal of credit extended him. Zeta Pi honorary, Pi Gamma Nu honorary and Sigma Phi fraternity all claim Al as a member. His college is Bradley Tech of Peoria, Illinois, where he received a B. S. degree in Business Administration. He participated in basketball, track and baseball, and worked as a director of the student employment bureau. After school he was inventory

control manager of Sears and Roebuck at Peoria. Morton, Illinois, is his home.

WHALEN, J. D. (John)

The good-lookin' gent from Payette, Idaho, was the first man with no previous flying experience to solo from this academy. He is a platoon leader who can really sound off on the commands, having gained his military experience through having a commission in the 414th Infantry Service. From 1936 till 1940, he attended the U of Idaho, studying Political Science and received his B. A. degree. He was in the University of Idaho Law School at the time of his enlistment.

★ ★ ★

INCIDENT

It has been rumored that Ken Kehrer has been getting more mixed up every day. The other morning while preparing for inspection he went to empty the wastepaper. Upon returning he found Sampeck in the doorway of what he thought was his room, but Mr. Sampeck convinced him that it was Sampeck's room and not Kehrer's. Kehrer wandered on up the walk and discovered to his amazement that Sampeck had talked him out of going into his own room. A good laugh was had by all.

F/C K. Kehrer.

★ ★ ★

Upperclassman: (To Dodo) What time is it, Mister?

Dodo: Sir, I am deeply embarrassed and greatly humiliated, but due to unforeseen circumstances over which I have no control, the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of my chronometer are in such accord with the great celestial system by which time is commonly reckoned, that I cannot, with any degree of accuracy, state the correct time. However, without fear of being too far wrong, I should judge that it is approximately 39 minutes, 15 seconds and 4 ticks past 6 o'clock, Sir.

F/C J. S. Fennell.

★ ★ ★

HANGAR FLYING

Most of the Flying Cadets will only have 60 hours of flying time by the end of the 10 weeks course at Rankin. If there were some way that the hours of hangar flying (bull sessions on flying) could be added to the students time, they'd all have enough hours to qualify for Commercial licenses.

F/C R. L. Davis.

AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER!

- A SCORE OR SO GOOD REASONS WHY THE RANKIN AERONAUTICAL ACADEMY HAS TURNED OUT SUCH A FINE GROUP OF FLIERS AS CLASS 41-H!

MEET THE GUYS WHO TAUGHT 'EM!



OH FOR THE LIFE OF A K-DET!

WE ARE NOW GOING
TO DO AN ACROBATIC
MANEUVER - IS YOUR SAFETY
BELT FASTENED?

I COULDN'T FIND IT,
SIR, SO I WIRED MY
SUSPENDERS TO THE SEAT
WITH SAFETY WIRE!



"NOW THAT WAS AN EXCESSIVE DIVE!"



Karl Hughes

By KARL HUGHES (And he should know)

A LONG about 1920 I got tired of taking tractors and farm machinery apart, so I enrolled in a correspondence course in aviation. They told me all I needed was a chair and a broom stick to start out with. I learned how to cross controls perfectly. Nobody ever bothered to straighten me out. I "graduated" in 1922. That was up in Wyoming in the shadow of the Air Mail which was stretching its wings from coast to coast in four days schedule with Liberty DH's as regular fare for the pilots; Jimmy Murray, Jack Knight and Clair Vance were a few of them.

I "hopped" down to St. Louis in a stripped-down model T Ford in late 1924 to try out my technique of the broomstick school. Dan Robertson, the youngest of the Robertson Brothers at Lambert Field had a time making a flyer out of me because I could "slip" so perfectly—crossed controls, you know.

They finally said "God Bless you My Boy". After struggling with me for 2 1-2 hours, a

barnstorming pilot was born that cold January morning in 1925.

Thereafter, I roamed the open skyways for several years, searching in vain for the abundant source of the great American Phenomena — Hamburger sandwiches — I found the supply, but never the source.

Eventually, my first love, the "innards" of gasoline engines coaxed me into the shops of the Travel Air Manufacturing Co. of Wichita, Kansas. There, I worked my way right back into the air again as flight engineer and navigator on the 1929 National Air Tour—which we did not win.

The factory folded up that fall. "Partly my fault", but not until after we had heckled the original Travel Air "Mystery S" racing plane on to a new World's record for land planes at the Kansas City Air Races of 268 miles per hour.

Lean years followed the depression. I resumed my research work, mentioned earlier, gravitating from first one city to another until eventually landing in New York City and getting lost on the subway in the Bronx. It was a horrifying experience I assure you. The right place for a true Westerner is "out West". The only subway I have had to avoid for the past seven or eight years is the one in Los Angeles, for I took my own advise.

The only moral I can think of is: if you cross your controls—just slip out of it and start all over again. Remember what a time Danny had with me.

★ ★ ★

"Have you ever been up in an airplane?"

"No", answered Senator Fizzbritches, "the publicity is no good. Things have gotten so that your liable to get only a half a column on an inside page, even if you fall out."

A IM your peepers at the page opposite, youse 41-H kay-dets, and take a gander at a swell batch of memories. We'll bet you a hand-tinted set of false walrus teeth that this scambola (we made that word up—for all we know it might be an Italian headache pill!) will bring back a lot of pleasant memories of your primary days (or daze) at Rankin's—especially you lucky bozos up that at the top with lovely little Jean Parker!

Wing Dings by 41-H!

LOOK AROUND

When I fly I don't look around,
For fear the ship may hit the ground;
I'm told each day before I leave the ground,
"Now don't forget to look around."

I do not watch for ships around,
I always say, They'll look around;
I'm given a forced landing near the ground.
I would have made it if I looked around.
I know that turn was wrong,
Why can't I remember to look around.

Each day I do a chandelle
I'll crack up sure as hell.
My lazy eights would be o. k.
If I did them the proper way.

Some day I'd like to come down
And have my instructor say I looked around.
But still I fear that day is near
When they'll say, "yes, he was here"
But now he's gone to a world beyond,
He forgot to look around.

F/C John R. Petrovich.

★ ★ ★

HE SAW SNAKES!

In the wee small hours one night Jim Howard woke up. He had felt something in bed with him. Jim lay still—afraid to move, then instantly he jumped up shouting, Help! Help! There's a snake in bed with me!!! Jim, half crazy with fear and still half asleep, fought violently with it but couldn't rid himself of the snake. After a few moments of struggling, Jim woke up. The "snake" was his arm that had gone to sleep when he laid on it.

F/C David Freeman.

★ ★ ★

The dodos are a funny bunch
They think that they can fly,
But wait until the ground-loops start
Then listen to their "why's"
"I started this, I didn't do that
I tried just everything"
But there my friend is the aeroplane
With a Helluva damaged wing.

F/C James H. Brown.

HE'S FROM MISSOURI!

Lt. Roberdeau has just finished explaining for the third time the details of the government insurance policy. Seeing a perplexed face, he asked again if there were any questions. Bob Crawford rose for the third time to question the Lt. "Sir, I think I understand the set up perfectly, but now I'd like to see some of those premiums you have been talking about."

F/C Francis S. Bodine.

★ ★ ★

HE WAS JUST HORSING AROUND!

We wonder if a certain Omaha Cadet is related to Paul Revere, whose passion for midnight rides seems to have carried over to the present day.

F/C W. P. Ackerman, Jr.

★ ★ ★

PAGING BOREAS!

We're just beginning to get a taste of some really hot weather. Most of us nearly died of heat prostration during the last Saturday morning drill period. But early Monday morning the following consoling statement appeared on the black board in the ready-room: "It gets almost as hot in Tulare as it does in California." I'm sure everyone feels better about it now. It's beyond my understanding when people say its still cool and the HOT weather hasn't set in yet.

F/C J. S. Fennell.

★ ★ ★

HOT PILOTS

At ten hours all student pilots are hot,
Regardless of whether they've soloed or not.
They fly a period then come in and land
Then re-fly the flight to a classmate by hand.

Yes, all Mr. Dumb-Johns are hot pilots
And in all probability riots.
They live in vain and are grounded in rain
Poor, poor, Dumb-John, the instructors pain.

F/C J. D. Whalen.

★ ★ ★

(And now it's 41-I's turn!—Ed.)



"Ye open yer 'chute, Angus—mine dinna
hae to be re-packed for thir-r-ty days yet!"

(DEDICATED TO DEAN SPENCER FOR HIS ADEPTNESS AS OUR
PARACHUTE RIGGER, AND TO INSTRUCTOR CARL BERG FOR A
SWELEGGANT IMITATION OF A TRUE SCOTSMAN!)

