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Anniversary
Edition . . .



Rankin' File

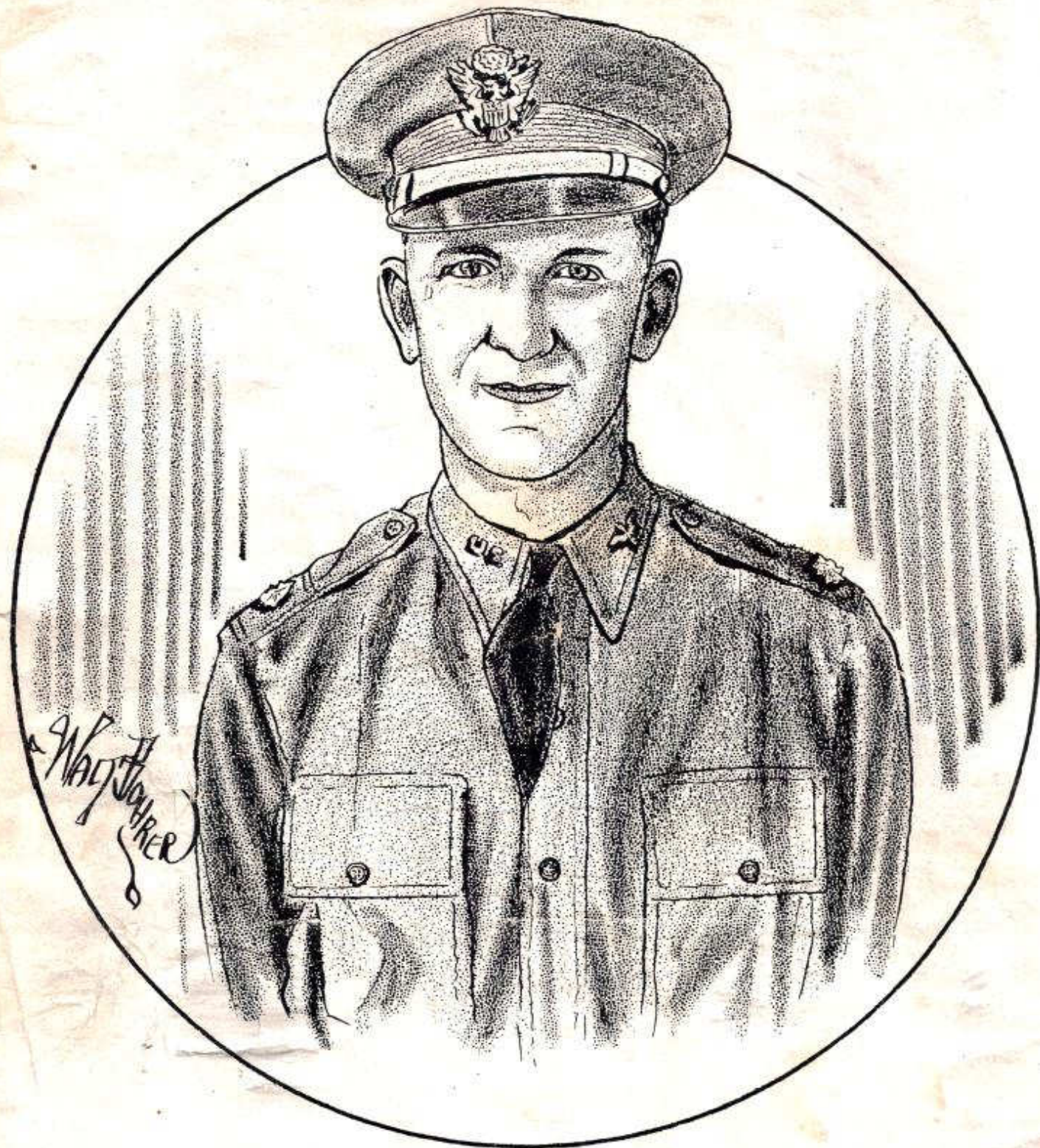
Published In the Interest of the Aviation Cadets, Rankin Aeronautical Academy
Tulare, California



Class 42-H



April--1942



Major Frank P. Sturdivant Commanding Officer, Air Force Supervisor—

Tall, erect, soft-spoken, Major Sturdivant is a West Pointer. He was commissioned in 1938 and went directly to Randolph Field for flight training. He graduated from Kelly Field in August 1939 and stayed there as an instructor until January, 1941. He was sent to Stockton Advanced Flying School where he was Assistant Commandant of Cadets and Commanding Officer of the Recruit Detachment. In May, 1941, he went to Bakersfield, now Minter Field, Basic Flying School as Commandant of Cadets. He came to Rankin Academy in October 1941 as Commanding Officer. Cadets are still talking about the deluxe cigars that were distributed to the entire detachment to celebrate the birth of a baby girl.



A Message From the C. O.

This issue of the Rank'n' File marks a year of progress for the Rankin Aeronautical Academy. During this year the school has grown from mere plans to a school which might well be pointed out as an example of what the American people can do in time of crisis. The accomplishment is due to the hard work and fine spirit of cooperation which we have had from all the personnel at this school. It has been a game of give and take between what we would like to have had and what we had, without compromising the type of training that it is necessary for our Air Corps to have in order to perform its mission properly.

Much credit is due Mr. Rankin, Mr. Norswing, the officials of the organization and the personnel who work at Rankin Field. Hard work and long hours have been the answer to many of the problems but no expense or effort has been spared to put out a superior product. Of course mistakes have been made but they have been or are being remedied.

The future holds no easy task for the personnel at this school for although we can now see our way clear in the future to give the kind of training we would like to give we can never be satisfied with what we are accomplishing.

Throughout the next year we should always keep in mind that no effort or expense which we are able to expend is too great, for the kind of training that is given at this school can never be good enough for the young men who will defend our country. They well deserve the best and the best is none too good. The next year will see no detail slighted to "Keep 'Em Flying."

—MAJOR FRANK P. STURDIVANT.

Major Charles J. Daly, First C. O. of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy—

On hand to organize and serve as Commanding Officer for the first four classes at Rankin, Major Daly played an important part in the history of this first year at Rankin. A West Point graduate and a flying officer since 1936 Major Daly, with the help of Major Kilgore took over the job of putting the first group of flight instructors through their refresher as well as starting the actual cadet flying program.

Major Daly is Commandant of Cadets at the West Coast Air Corps Training Center in Santa Ana but visits Rankin often.



Major Kilgore Sends Greetings

Have just received your letter announcing the First Annual Edition of Rank'n' File with graduation of Class 42-H. My heartiest congratulations to the Class and to all the Academy. Especially to Mr. Rankin and those who were working hard and loyally one year ago. I have seen members of Class 41-H develop into fine officers in the service. Class 42-H I am sure will carry on the record of your success and their advancement.

JOHN R. KILGORE, Major Air Corps, Mather Field.

:-: RANK'N' FILE :-:

A magazine published now and then in the interests of the Aviation Cadets of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California.

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First Cadet Captain—Grant Caywood



Ten classes or a year ago the first class of Aviation Cadets, then known as Flying Cadets, made its appearance at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy to start training. In that group was Grant D. Caywood, chosen by members of his class, 41-H, as the first Company Captain.

From our files is a picture of Caywood a year ago as Cadet Captain. Recently he returned to Rankin, flying a late type Advanced trainer and is pictured here beside his plane. Today he is known as Lt. Grant Caywood, instructor at Mather Field in Sacramento.

A year ago Lt. Caywood said:

"To us it is a realization of an ambition which for the most part has grown up with us.

"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.

"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, 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."

Thanks, Lt. Caywood, for your prophesies which are coming true and congratulations to you in having lived up to the goals and ambitions you wrote about a year ago.



I'd Rather See Than Be One

By A/C LASHLY, J. H.

I'd never seen an asphalt mat
And never hoped to see one
But since I've flown a Stearman
I'd rather see than be one.

The punishment this mat can take
Is wondrous to behold.
It carries dust and rain and sleet
And weather, warm or cold.

But worst of all it's beatings
Is the actual percussion
Of Stearman wings and landing gear
When ground loops are a-rushin'.

A crosswind boys—your crab angle!
Full rudder before it's too late.
But no! your landing's nothing more
Than a skidding pylon eight.

I've heard cadets all talk about
How easy it is to fly
If you've got two thousand feet beneath
And nothing above but sky.

Why can't they be considerate
Of the runway and the mat?
It's the bestest friend a flyer's got
Any fool can tell you that.

I suppose this plea is useless,
But the only word I've got;
I've never been an asphalt mat
And I'm plenty glad I'm not.

★ ★ ★

JAPS

By A/C BOSCHMA, B. B.

We're out to beat the Japs
And help our Uncle Sam,
We'll stop their playing craps
And put them on the lam.
They've told us lots of lies,
We tried to treat them square
But now we'll fight the guys
And shoot them everywhere.

Flying, fighting, shooting down
their planes;
Diving, bombing, leaving their
towns in flames;
Scoring, scoring hits on land and
sea;
With pep and zest
We'll fight our best
And win a victory!

Captain Theo Drake Bradley, Commandant of Cadets—

The past year has seen a succession of one class after another coming and leaving in almost a steady stream. Our chance to know each cadet personally and to become thoroughly familiar with his problems and his capabilities has naturally decreased as the number of cadets has become larger and the training period has shortened. Our interest in their welfare and training, however, has suffered no decrease, and it is still our desire to see that they receive as much preparation for the job that lies ahead as can be given here.

The early classes of cadets who trained at this detachment have received their commissions and are now serving our country all over the world. They established enviable traditions to be upheld and have left a worth-while trail for the men who follow them to equal and try to exceed. Some of them are now training recent graduates of the primary school where they "took their first ride."

The members of class 42-H are continuing the traditions begun by the first class 41-H. We are proud to see them go on to their next stage of training. Keep your eyes ahead on the goal you have before you. You'll find the time will be all too short. The best of luck to all of you.

—THEO DRAKE BRADLEY, Capt. Air Corps.

A native of Glenwood, Iowa, and a graduate of the University of Nebraska, Captain Bradley has been on hand to see Rankin Academy emerge from a sea of mud to its present outstanding position. Faced with the problem of solving the problems of the cadets Captain Bradley is to be commended on the efficient manner with which he has discharged his duties.



Captain Neywood H. Roberdeau, Adjutant—

Another man from the deep south, a Texan, pleasant, informal, inspires immediate respect. . . . He was born in Austin, Texas, educated at Marian Military Institute in Marion, Alabama, and the University of Texas where he took a degree in 1939. In 1934 he was commissioned in the infantry reserve and served on active duty from 1935 to 1938 in the South Texas C. C. C. district. In October, 1940, he returned to active duty at the Air Corps Training Detachment in San Diego and came here as Adjutant on March 12, 1941.

Captain John E. Gilmore, Flight Surgeon—

Friendly, capable. . . . Born in Murray, Nebraska. He spent a year at Long Beach Junior College in California, then returned to his native state for three years of pre-medical and four years of medical school at the University of Nebraska, completing his work in 1939. He interned at a hospital in Victoria, B. C. for three months until war broke out and then went to Fresno to finish his internship. Captain Gilmore had held a reserve infantry commission since 1935 and was a first lieutenant before transferring to the medical corps and going on active duty on July 1, 1940, at March Field. After six months he went to the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. On February 20, 1941, he came here as medical officer and flight surgeon.





Captain Roger W. Page, Engineering Officer, Assistant Air Force Supervisor—

An ace flyer, Captain Page is a native of California. Born in Los Angeles, educated at Chaffey Junior College at Ontario, he entered the Air Corps in November, 1939, as an aviation cadet. He took his primary training at San Diego, went to Randolph for Basic and Kelly for Advanced. He was commissioned in July, 1940. He was sent to Randolph Field as an instructor and shortly afterwards to Moffett Field when the Basic school there was opened. In April, 1941, he came to Rankin.

Lieutenant Craig P. Bade, Assistant Supply Officer—

Another man from the deep south, most pronounced drawl on the post, tall, slender. . . . Born in Birmingham, Alabama, attended the University of Alabama. He joined the Air Corps as a cadet in October, 1940, took primary training at Hicks Field, Texas, was sent to Randolph and Kelly, and commissioned in May, 1941. He was an instructor at Randolph Field for three months before coming to Rankin in August, 1941.



Lieutenant Horace N. Crecelius Assistant Commandant of Cadets—

Handsome, rosy-cheeked, well-liked by cadets. . . . Born in Volin, South Dakota, attended the University of South Dakota for three years, took a degree in Bacteriology at the University of Montana in 1941. He joined the Air Corps as a cadet in July, 1940, took primary training at Santa Maria, basic at Moffett Field and Advanced at Stockton where he was commissioned in March, 1941. He was an instructor at Stockton Field until January of this year when he came here.

Lieutenant Donald B. Clark, Tactical Officer—

Born in Alameda, California, graduated from Stanford University in 1936. Took primary training at Glendale, Basic at Moffett and Advanced at Mather Field at Sacramento. Was assigned to Mather Field as instructor in Advanced before coming to Rankin early this year. Baseball was his sport while at Stanford.



Lieutenant Chester M. Campbell, Assistant Engineering Officer—

Likeable, puts you at ease, a drawl . . . Born in Boston, Georgia, lived in Birmingham, Alabama and Memphis, Tennessee. Attended College of Memphis and Southwestern University. He enlisted in the Air Corps as a cadet in 1940, took primary training at Love Field, Texas, then to Randolph and Kelly. He graduated from Kelly Field in May, 1941, was sent to Moffett Field as an instructor for three months and was transferred here in August, 1941.



Lieutenant Gale S. Glenny, Operations and Supply Officer—

Chunky, an engaging smile. . . . Born in Lewiston, Idaho, Lt. Glenny graduated from Eastern Washington College of Education in Cheney, Washington in 1940. He entered the Air Corps in June, 1940 as a cadet, took primary training at Oxnard and Glendale, then went to Randolph and Kelly where he graduated on February 7, 1941. He went to Randolph Field as an instructor and then to Stockton where he stayed two months. He came to Rankin in April 1941.

Lieutenant Adrian W. Acebedo, Assistant Commandant of Cadets—

Dark, quiet; men of C company, of which he is tactical officer, swear by him. . . . He's stationed not far from home. Born in Hanford, he attended California Polytechnic and Visalia Junior College. On December 26, 1940, he joined the Air Corps as a cadet, went to primary at Glendale, Moffett Field for Basic and Stockton for Advanced where he was commissioned on August 15, 1941. He was an instructor in the advanced school at Mather Field for three months before coming here November 15, 1941.



Captain Wallace Diehl, Director of Ground Training, Assistant Adjutant—

At present attending Adjutant General's school in Washington, D.C., Captain Diehl will return shortly to take up his duties at Rankin. A native of South Dakota, he graduated from the South Dakota State Teachers College and was an outstanding athlete. He coached athletics several years before going on active duty last year.



J. G. "Tex" Rankin, Director of Operations—



A true gentleman and a champion flyer are only two of the many things you could say about "Tex" Rankin, head of the Academy which bears his name. Holder of the international acrobatic championship he needs bow to no one when it comes to flying. The successful record of achievement and expansion of the Rankin Academy during its first year indicates that this same championship spirit carries over into other fields.



Manager Robert Norswing and Director Tex Rankin Talk It Over

Carry On 42-H!

Through the portals of Rankin Academy have passed many hundreds of Cadets during the past twelve months.

Some are serving as flight instructors in Basic or Advanced Schools; some are assigned to special duties of different kinds and many are serving directly on the far flung battle fronts of the world, but all are doing their bit toward the winning of this war.

We have gathered together here at Rankin Field the world's finest group of flight instructors. The experience level of these men is more than 2,000 hours each. None have less than 1,000 hours. These men come from every State in the Union. Many have conducted their own flying schools for years. Some have sons of their own serving as pilots in the Air Corps.

It is the supreme desire of every one of these splendid instructors that each Cadet he graduates will be an excellent pilot and a SAFE one.

Here at Rankin Field we have spared no expense or effort to make you the world's finest airmen. The only reward we want is your cooperation in proving that you are a safe, sane and efficient pilot. You can do this by going through Basic and Advanced successfully.

J. G. "TEX" RANKIN, Director.

Behind the men, behind the men . . . are the members of the Advisory Board who determine the destinies of the Rankin Academy. This group of executives has been faced with the problem of keeping the construction of the Academy up to the demands of the increased enrollment. The high scholastic standing of the Academy is a silent compliment to the manner in which they have met this problem and solved it. Most of them do not have the pleasure of active participation in affairs of the Academy yet its problems are theirs.

Probably the best-known of the group is Paul Kelly, famous movie personality, who is known to millions through his screen performances. William V. O'Connor, a nephew of Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor, has completed the writing of his second book on banking law. Each is a success in his own field.

Their positions in the Rankin organization are as follows:

J. G. "TEX" RANKIN, Director of Operations.

ROBERT S. NORSWING, General Manager, Secretary and Treasurer.

WM. V. O'CONNOR, Counsel.

JAMES WOODFORD

FRED JESSEN

C. T. STOVER

BEN CHASE

PAUL KELLY

LESLIE HEALD.



J. R. Lund, Chief of Flying Operations—

On March 24, 1941, the Rankin Aeronautical Academy started training Army Air Corps Cadets on the temporary Cornell Airport. On May 4, 1941, this class 41-H, was moved to the new Rankin Field. This graduating class 42-H, is the tenth class to be graduated from the Rankin Academy in slightly over a year. It was necessary to fly approximately 65,000 hours to accomplish the above.

The total hours flown by the Civilian Flight Instructor Staff at Rankin's are 255,000 hours. The average experience level for instructors is 2,000 hours.

Many of the commissioned officers, who make up the Instructor personnel of the nearby Army Basic and Advanced Schools are graduates of the Rankin Academy primary course. Others are serving their country in various localities in several branches of the Air Corps.

By the time another year has passed this class, in all probability, will have followed Class 41-H's footsteps. We wish you success in your future training, and remember your Instructors enjoy hearing from you.

J. R. LUND, Chief Pilot.

The job of getting several hundred budding pilots off the ground and back every day is Mr. Lund's responsibility. Figures for the first year of operations attest to the successful manner in which he has handled his duties. A man with a lot of problems but one who solves them successfully.

Herbert W. Smith, Director of Ground Instruction—

Major Smith, as everyone knows him, is a native of Lansing, Michigan. Took his education at Oregon State College and in Army Specialized schools. Resigned as a Major, Field Artillery, in 1938. Was affiliated with Tex Rankin in Oregon from 1927 to 1932.



Otto Traber, Chief of Maintenance—

The responsibility of keeping the flight lines supplied with the planes they need, plus making all minor overhauls and regular inspections rests squarely on the shoulders of Otto Traber. A native Californian, born in San Francisco, he has been on the job at Rankin since the start. The largest single group of employees, numbering well over 200, is under his direct supervision.

George L. Kurtz, Superintendent of Maintenance, Chief of Guards—

Born on the county line between Tulare and Kings counties, Mr. Kurtz says he doesn't remember whether both counties claimed him or neither. Started from scratch with the organization in the big mud puddle that has become Rankin as we know it today. Shoulders a big responsibility, carries it well.

H. L. Percy, Chief Dispatcher—

A Kansas boy, Hal studied aeronautical engineering and got his practical experience while head dispatcher at Cal-Aero before coming to Rankin. He has been with the organization since the start. With the present enrollment a volume of material passes through his department, vital statistics in the flying program. He takes time to give a helping hand on the RANK'N' FILE.



Hugh H. Burton, Accountant and Office Manager—

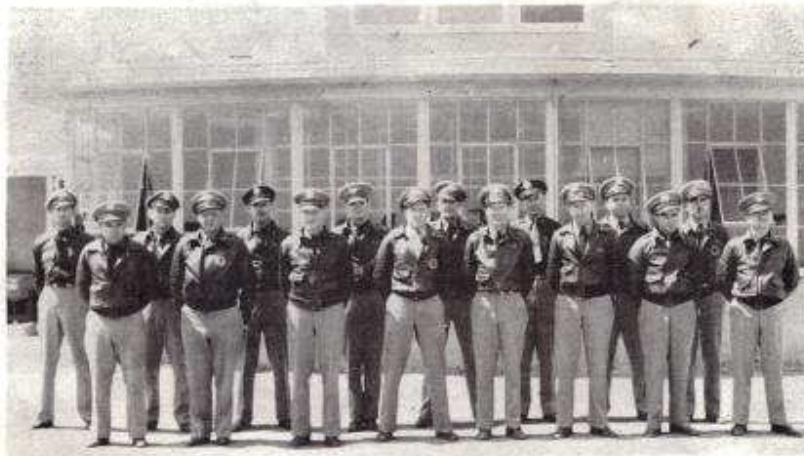
Business affairs of the Rankin Academy must go through the main office and the careful and efficient handling of them rests with Mr. Burton, office manager. Born in Wisconsin, he was educated in California, being a graduate of the University of California. A veteran of the last war, he has been active in American Legion work for many years. His experience prior to being associated with the Rankin association included several years in foreign banking and accountant for a large construction firm.

Stage Commanders

Boring, Chenoweth, Ralston, Fry.



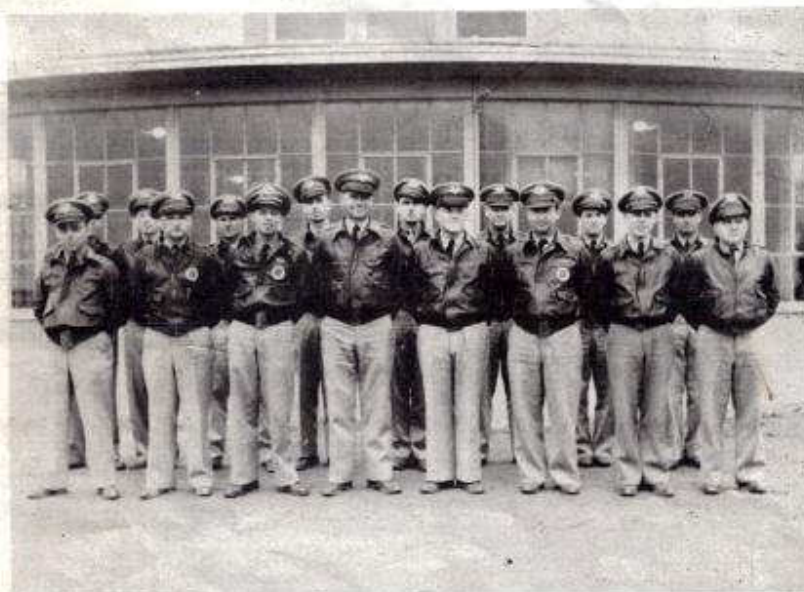
Instructors . . .



"A" Flight

Front row—Ceniceros, Lillie, Sink, Armstrong, Jorgensen, McKee, Lucie, Barks,

Second row—Tyler, Powell, Rogers, Anderson, Burton, Woods, Meek, Fritz,



"B" Flight

First row—Thurp, Boggs, Weston, Ralston, Walters, Lyndon, Bartlett, Berg,

Back row—Hillhouse, Monroe, Clayton, Rathbun, Morrison, Jones, Sawyers, Oliver,



"C" Flight

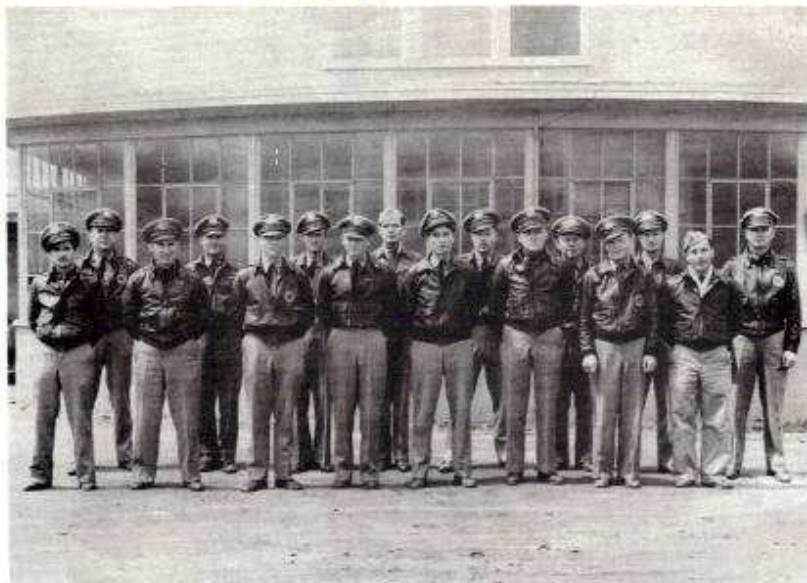
Front row—Hodges, Tyler, Fall, Gluscel, De Young, Tatsis, Parkinson, Howard,

Back row—Hill, Hardy, Feliz, Sandall, Schrack, Mefford, Linneman, Mazzie,

"D" Flight

Front row—Mundy, Grady, Pepper, Derby, Zoharelli, Reed, Edwards, Whiteman, Schevrer.

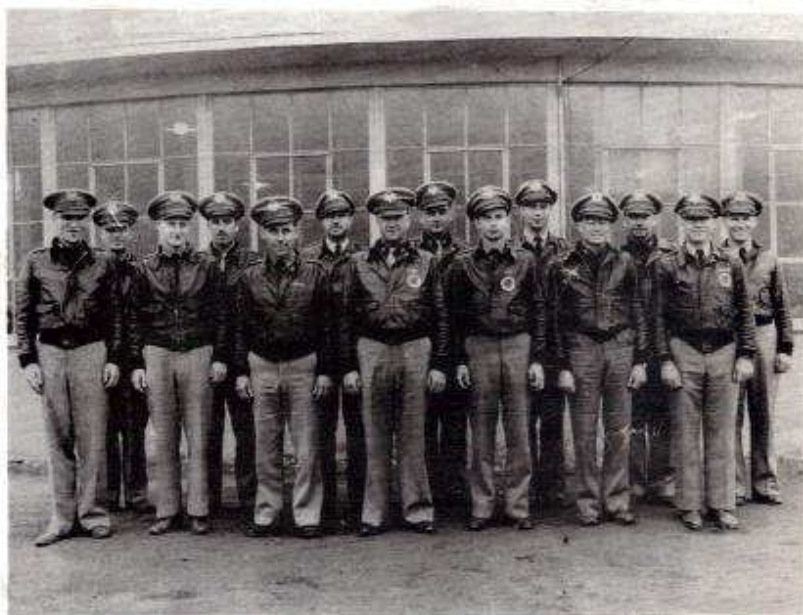
Back row—Coleman, Swenson, Ziemer, Austin, Kay, Christiansen, Carter.



"E" Flight

Front row—Fry, Raymer, Coigny, Severson, Carter, Johnson, Richcreek.

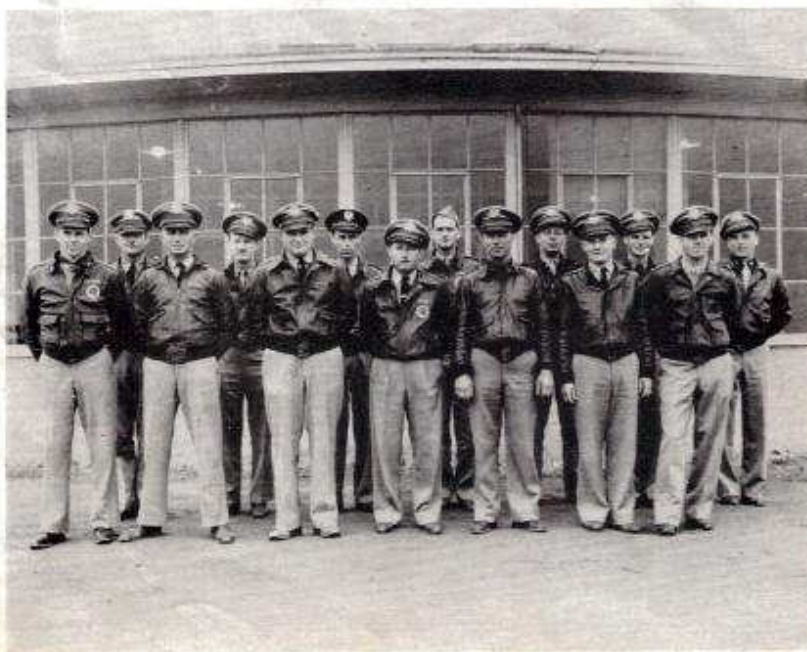
Back row—Hahn, Kunz, Van Briesen, Lackey, Weible, Linden, Borden.



"F" Flight

Front row—Duddleston, Dunlop, Chapman, Johnson, Boring, Zundel, Coleman.

Back row—De Ruiter, Richardson, Patrick, Lafferty, Eckert, Lowinske, Lehmann.





Instructors

"G" Flight

Front row—De Baun, Lewis, Offield, Leech, Chapman, Watson, Cooley.

Back row—Vasey, Sells, Mason, Atwood, Cochrane.



"H" Flight

Front row — Peterson, Ralston, Christensen, Jameson, Baber, Moore, Platt.

Back row—Martin, Hendy, Reeder, Swauger, Fager, Anderson, Morelli.



Ground School

Front row—Morrison, Jones, Grossman, Smith.

Back row—Eckels, Manro, Johanson, Van Dusen, Purdy.

MAN TO MAN



DEAN SPENCER
(Chief Parachute Rigger)

When you were picked from the "many who seek but few are accepted" throngs that clamor for the coveted privilege of receiving training as an aviation cadet in the U. S. Army Air Corps, you had, at that moment, a great honor bestowed upon you. The chemistry of your make up proved favorable. You no doubt felt highly complimented and thankful for the opportunity, to earn in less than twenty-seven weeks, your gold bars. Only the fittest and the finest are eligible to wear the insignia of an Air Corps Officer. Your wings will pass you through the portals of the Shangri La known only to trained birdmen who no longer look skyward and day dream, but actually know the fascinating charm of Queen Air, seducer of men. You will cease to be part of the earth earthly, but you will fill the uniform of a full fledged flyer possessing the confidence and skill achieved only through constant determination to conquer, through the nonpareil training of the Army Air Corps, plus a deep desire to serve your Country.

It is of the utmost importance that you exert every thread of intelligence and ability to become an

officer as well as a flyer. It is much easier to become a flyer. This job is no easy assignment. Officers are made, not born. When the gold bars are pinned on your shoulders, your boyhood evaporates. You are a seasoned, finished product with responsibility richly deserved. You must strive to uphold the high standards of this historical institution which might easily become weakened or depreciated through expansion in war time. In this great career your performance must be magnificent. It is your duty to create in your subordinates a willing cheerful desire to obey their leader. You must also instill confidence by example. Discipline is paramount.

Aviations' annals of fame are overflowing with accounts of heroism and beautiful courage written with history and tradition by the U. S. Army Air Corps. Protect, with fanatical jealousy and pride, the name of this great organization. You must always, and without fail, wear your uniform well and exhibit a tireless fine example at all times as the eyes of young America constantly gaze with admiration upon you. Remember the impressions you make help fill the ranks of the services you represent.

You must and will, as it is yours to do, and as only good Americans such as you can do, serve as officers as well as flyers when you realize your ambition at the termination of your training.

Godspeed and Happy Landings!,
Gentlemen!

By DEAN SPENCER.

★ ★ ★

CADET'S LAMENT

By A/C BYINGTON, T. S.

It's not the hours we keep—No
not at all!
Nor the work we do that kills.
It's the pace we travel "on the ball"
Sustained by food that only fills.

From early dawn till late at
night
We're going plenty fast.
And so darn tired it blurs our sight
We fall in bed at night.

Rigger's Ramblings

By Dean Spencer

The brace and haze have gone my
friend
Perhaps they weren't so hot
Yet they ALONE have gone my
friend
But DISCIPLINE has not.

The shoes that you are soon to fill
Are large and quite demanding,
Fear not Cadets, your feet will
grow
To give you UNDERSTANDING.

If I could save my hatred up,
And stow it in a can
I'd have a heap of hell to spill
O'er Tokio, Japan.

It's very well to manufacture
bombers, ships, and guns
But why omit essential things
(please overlook the puns)
We need steel cages strong as hell
equipped with chains and
locks
For captured buck-toothed Japs can
gnaw,
Their way out of a box.

★ ★ ★

HE DIDN'T DIE

By A/C BYINGTON, T. S.

He toiled hard in rain and snow
He worked at books he didn't
know.
He always strove for glorious fame
But caring not for just a name
His thoughts were of a world to
be—
Seeing things we cannot see.
He fought his way through bat-
tles hard,
Emerging from many bruised and
scarred.
Yet undaunted he used to fight
Through blazing day and chilling
night
Until at last death took its toll
He lies besides a sloping knoll
With epitaph telling of deeds now
done
Deeds living without that striv-
ing one.

Switch on---

By Walt Bohrer

How do you do, I'm sure! We can't tell you how fast some of these new airplanes are, but we can warn you not to spit out of 'em whilst flying or you'll knock off the tail surfaces! And unless you are panting you can't take more than two breaths in any one county!

★
They tell us a Rankin instructor who wanted to go home on the train for a visit asked the station agent why a lower would cost him more than an upper.

"Wall", dibs the station agent, "That's because the lower berth is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it's lower, on account of its being higher. When you are in an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down to get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher."

If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

★
The instructor is going to drive home, tires or no tires!

★
Well here we are again roosting on the 42-H roster, picking around here and there to see what we can scratch up now and then:

Outside of students, the most popular occupation of these misters, ere they joined the Air Corps, seems to have been that of clerk. There are 23 clerks of one type or another represented! Farming comes next with 13 farmers now ready for basic cockpits. (Note to Taft: Hide your window boxes, if any, if you don't want potatoes and radishes growing all over the place!). Now we had better be very careful of our English and spelling for next come the teachers with a representation of 9. The teachers are followed by a neck-and-neck (Hey! No necking here) race betwixt the mechanics and the salesmen, there being seven each. Accountants and newspapermen follow with six and five each res-

pectively. There are three bankers, several carpenters, a baker, a cook, a film technician, a laboratory technician, a civil engineer, a seed analyzer, a—well that's enuf!

★
Add hopeless sitchyashuns: A/C Thomas Cosgrove, of L. A., was a rubber worker in a tire factory.

★
A/C Paul Cochran was a Hutchinson, Kansas radio announcer. He also received a letter in wrestling. Mebbe he wrestled the microphone.

★
Before joining up with the Air Corps, A/C Samuel Bull had 65 hours of flying time in a Tiger Moth at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, 60 hours in a Cessna at Saskatoon plus 70 hours in a Taylorcraft somewhere else! And that's no BULL!

★
A rare bird is A/C Harry Crosby of Des Moines. He claims no relationship to Bing!

★
If A/C Herbert Curran, of Kansas City, Mo., and A/C John J.



"That's what he gets for trying that tight formation with those 42-H Cadets!"

Switch On (cont.)

By Walt Bohrer

Driscoll, of Sausalito, Calif., ever have a forced landing on a railroad track, it's from from of habit. Curran used to be a locomotive fireman and Driscoll was a railroad mechanic!

'Tis over the air waves now instead of the waves of Puget Sound for A/C George Eshelman, of Tacoma, Wash. He was a bos'n on a Sea Scout ship! And we might just add that he was a Junior Assistant Scoutmaster and leader of a Scout camp!

As he hails from Fairbanks, Alaska, we thought A/C Francis Harper should be an Eskimo, but he's not! He's one-fourth Koyuchuk Indian and three-fourths Irish and Russian!

A cadet who should know his PT-17's is A/C Philip Hudspeth of

Caldwell, Kansas. He was a sheet-metal worker in the Stearman factory!

If A/C V. L. Johnson, of Riverbank, California, who was a swimming pool manager, ever got together with A/C Donald Hilgert, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who was a life guard, and opened a business they'd no doubt have a customer in A/C Owen Ladd, of Fremont, Ohio, who won a letter in swimming!

Well, curdle the Northern Lights! Here is another feller from Fairbanks—A/C Richard Osborn! He was Deputy Game Warden for the Alaskan Game Commission and we'll bet he could really tell us some bear stories!

A/C Raymond Shallis' dad is Deputy City Clerk of Jersey City, N. J.

Maybe we should have gotten A/C Dave Sheppard of Arlington, N. J., to write some deep, dark plot

for this issue of "Rank'n' File." He is a scenario writer!

Add height-of-something-or-other: A/C John Wilson of Des Moines was an AVIATION INSTRUCTOR before coming to Rankin as a Cadet—to take instruction!

Coincidentally: As there was a Mr. Driscoll in Class 41-H a year ago, so is there a Mr. Driscoll in Class 42-H now!

The distinction of being the farthest from home goes to A/C's Francis Harper and Richard Osborn, both of Fairbanks, Alaska. The distinction of being the nearest to home goes to A/C Corwin Drake of Pixley—13 miles down the pike!

Speaking of distinctions, the distinction of having the most appropriate name in 42-H is a toss up between A/C Ira Bird and Jack Hawke!

And now, so long, good luck and we'll see you next issue!





Aviation Cadet Battalion Commander

C. M. CRAWFORD

It would be far simpler to write a novel on Aviation Cadet John Doe, United States Army Air Corps and his transition from Mr. John Doe, civilian to A/C John Doe, than to say it in a few words.

There are many memories A/C John Doe, Class 42-H, will carry away from Rankin Aeronautical Academy. The wrath of Class 42-G on that first day when he took his last gulp of fresh air at the gate, pulled back his shoulders, reached for the ground, wiped off his smile, picked a point with his eyes, and became proud he was actually in the air corps. For the first few days he stumbled around in a fog all his own trying to find out exactly what the score was.

His ears jumped to attention every time he heard those words which were to shape his activities: "Attention, Attention, all aviation cadets. Formation in ten minutes; formation in five minutes; formation in three minutes. You're late mister! On the double, mister! Dodos are always late!"

How could he ever get everything done in one day? Reveille, mess, ground school, flight line, athletics, drill, memory work. How could he get dressed in five minutes and still keep his room in order? Somehow he did during those first days. He "griped" but he knew there was a job to do. He learned to act quickly, make decisions. Soon he could stand at attention for a whole drill formation without his back aching and five minutes became a short century. No sir, they won't have to wait for Mister Doe, 42-H, to get dressed and get on the line of action when the time comes.

Then there was his first ride with his instructor to show him the lay of the land and the mysterious workings of an airplane: Confidence maneuvers—and his discovery that learning to fly the army way was hard, concentrated work. He learned that he was under a strain and had to produce.

He will never forget that St. Patrick's day when his instructor jumped out of the front seat. "Shes' all yours, Mr. Doe." John's stomach had a weak feeling and he hoped that the instructor knew what he was doing . . . letting him fly this machine. But he got around the field and back on the ground with two of the prettiest bounces a plane could make.

Then one morning a few weeks later after John has become an upperclassman, he climbs his plane up to practice chandelles and lazy eights. Over in the east the foothills have a transparent misty blue gray about them. Long shafts of sunlight pour down through the clouds and jutting up above are the dazzling white peaks of the Sierra Nevadas. It is a picture no artist's brush could ever capture. It is beautiful,—and more than worth all the work he has done to be able to fly.

Then there are Mister Doe's roommates. They are all types and sizes. They hail from every part of the United States and each of course thinks his corner is best. Each of course is right. Mr. Doe finds he doesn't talk about why he is here. He hasn't the time. He knows why he is here. There is a job to be done, a hard one. He is doing it and the folks at home are proud. Major Sturtevant and the staff officers of the post have set a standard for him to strive for in his quest for wings.

Some day Mister Doe, 42-H, on the field of action will know that statement of Captain Bradley's to be true: "You men can take it, can't they?"

Yes, Sir, we can take it.

Battalion Officers



Left to Right: Lesperance, R. J.; Crawford, C. M.; Campbell, C. D.; Cassaday, C. G.



COMPANY CAPTAINS (from left): Marsh, Jack N., Company A; Light, Bluford, Company B; Cochran, Paul R., Company C; English, Peter F., Company D.

Company Captains

AVIATION CADET BATTALION COMMANDER

A/C. Crawford, C. M.

AVIATION CADET CAPTAINS

| | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------|-------------------------|-----------|
| A/C Marsh, J. N. | Company A | A/C Cochran, P. R. | Company C |
| A/C Light, B. | Company B | A/C English, P. F. | Company D |

AVIATION CADET LIEUTENANTS

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| A/C Campbell, G. D. | Battalion Adjutant |
| A/C Lesperance, R. J. | Battalion Adjutant |

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|-------------------------|-----------|
| A/C Hanks, E. F. | Company A | A/C Mackey, J. S. | Company C |
| A/C Seabold, H. C. | Company A | A/C Anton, S. E. | Company C |
| A/C Marsden, R. E. | Company A | A/C Barnard, C. B. | Company C |
| A/C Neessen, W. N. | Company B | A/C Rameriz, N. D. | Company D |
| A/C Reeder, S. H. | Company B | A/C Blue, W. L. | Company D |
| A/C Gardner, R. E. | Company B | A/C Hearing, V. O. | Company D |

AVIATION CADET BATTALION SERGEANT MAJOR

A/C Cassaday, C. G.

AVIATION CADET FIRST SERGEANTS

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A/C Brewster, E. L. Company A | A/C Windrum, C. K. Company C |
| A/C Wilson, J. W. Company B | A/C Curran, H. A. Company D |

AVIATION CADET SUPPLY SERGEANTS

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| A/C Spaulding, J. P. Company A | A/C Eschelman, C. T. Company C |
| A/C Wyche, W. E. Company B | A/C Garber, W. A. Company D |

AVIATION CADET COLOR SERGEANTS

A/C Tuis, G. S.

A/C Finan, G. K.

AVIATION CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| A/C Lashley, J. H. Company A | A/C Sandal, J. C. Company C |
| A/C Olson, E. I. Company A | A/C Cles, L. P. Company C |
| A/C Allen, J. G. Company A | A/C Bamberg, F. L. Company C |
| A/C Le Bus, R. L. Company B | A/C Marsicano, J. A. Company D |
| A/C Emory, R. N. Company B | A/C Hemphill, T. L. Company D |
| A/C Cosgrove, T. W. Company B | A/C Clough, R. E. Company D |

AVIATION CADET COLOR CORPORALS

A/C Doherty, T. R.

A/C Chadwick, C. V.

AVIATION CADET CORPORALS

COMPANY A

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Emerson, W. S. | O'Conner, R. M. | Frese, C. H. | Winters, D. R. |
| Burkett, W. R. | Alber, G. D. | Steele, W. J. | Belanger, K. L. |
| Winter, A. C. | Keuhnast, E. L. | Courtright, J. W. | Golden, E. O. |

COMPANY B

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Drake, C. D. | Moore, W. J. | Fox, B. S. | Curtis, G. G. |
| Loder, E. E. | Amundson, V. A. | Oberholser, B. W. | Campbell, J. L. |
| Stewart, W. L. | Roane, D. C. | Rudolph, D. F. | Hloucal, O. A. |

COMPANY C

| | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Hilgert, D. B. | Wayman, E. C. | Nolan, L. G. | Osborne, R. H. |
| Epperson, R. B. | Nimocks, J. R. | Wilson, H. G. | Johnson, V. L. |
| Jameson, P. G. | Hall, J. J. | Bergeron, J. E. | Cooper, J. G. |

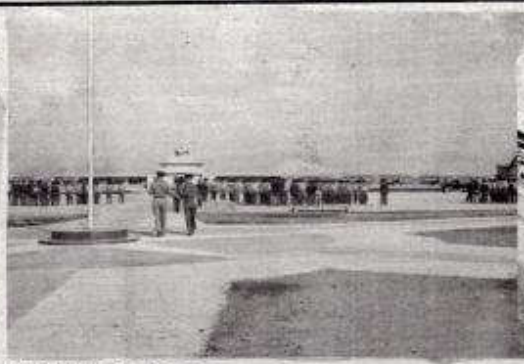
COMPANY D

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Ladd, G. F. | Clampitt, W. A. | Martin, J. H. | Nolte, H. A. |
| Cassimatis, E. A. | Crutcher, R. J. | Kuta, C. J. | Good, A. N. |
| Williams, C. J. | Taylor, R. M. | Moore, W. T. | Hollamon, M. L. |





WE LEFT THE GALS BEHIND US



~ WHEN WE ENTERED RANKIN'S ~



FIRST-WE LOST OUR BAGGAGE



THEN THEY SHOWED US HOW
TO HANG OUR CLOTHES-



~ POPTO! ~



~ AND FIX OUR BEDS-NOT FOR
SLEEP-FOR INSPECTION!



THAT
BROAD
SMILE IS
FOR THE
FIRST SOLO!



WE MARCH, MAINLY,
BUT--
WE EAT, TOO!



THEY
EVEN MAKE
US
LOOK LIKE
AVIATORS!





~ THE FLIGHT LINE IS A RESTFUL PLACE AT EXETER. ~



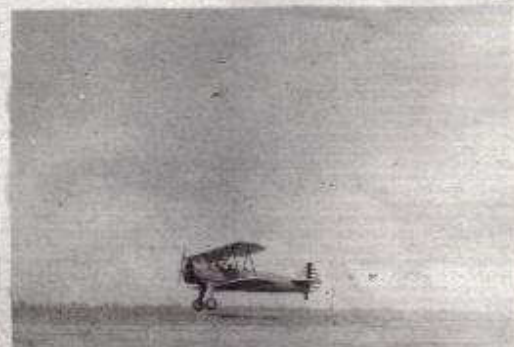
DAVE DOESN'T HOLLER LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME. /



— ONLY WHEN HE WANTS ONE SHIP TO TAKE OFF —



OBVIOUSLY NOBODY IS ON SCHEDULE AT EXETER. /



~ AND ANOTHER ONE TO LAND. /



— THEY'RE EITHER BUSY WITH THEIR INSTRUCTORS (!) —



— OR "STUDYING" HARD. /



UNCLE'S HAT WON'T FIT, BUDDY!



← SEQUOIA FROM NEAR AND FAR →



BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE VISIT



BOB H.



MUSTA HIT IT
THAT TIME—
TH' BALLS GONE



GREAT CREW THIS! FROM
LEFT THEY ARE "SCOTTY"
CHISHOLM, GOLF AUTHORITY,
JOHNNY "TARZIN" WEISMULLER,
JOHNNY CROSBY AND PAPPY,
FING, TEX RANKIN AND
GARY KING (AMATEUR)

BING WITH A/C MCCARROLL
AND GLASS OF TULARE
WATER, NO DOUBT!



B-B-B-BOOO! SING BING!
TEX RANKIN, A/C RAWLS
AND "SCOTTY" DON'T
MIND!

CROSBY CROONS CHORUSES
CAREFULLY FOR CADETS!
HOPE (NO. 2 FROM LEFT)
IS JEALOUS! BUT HE'LL
FIX BING!

HOPE MUSTA
MIXED THIS
ONE!



STILL SINGING—OR IS HE
DOING A BIT OF
ORATION?
ANYWAY HOPE'S
SMILING AGAIN.



CLARENCE WASSERMAN, A/C RAWLS
SURROUND BIG CROSBY AND
LITTLE CROSBY IN
OFFICER'S MESS!

(DECORATIONS BY WALT BOHRER)

RAISE RANKIN ROOF WITH GAGS!



WEISMULLER,
CHISHOLM,
DAWSON,
GARY CROSBY
IN PARTY!

BOPE: "NOW WHAT WAS I GONNA SAY?"



STAN SIMPSON, KTKC "MIKEMAN!"
SEZ SOMETHING FUNNY, TOO!



GARY'S WISECRACK KNOCKS PAPA
BING FOR A LOOP!



BING AND BOB IN A DUEL—
WE MEAN DUET!

SEE THAT PICTURE
UP THERE? THAT'S
ONE TIME THEY
HEARD ME ON THE
PIANO!



BOPE HELPS SING "AIR
CORPS SONG" LEAD BY
CROSBY WITH CAPT.
BRADLEY AT THE
PIANO.



STANGIN' UP IN THE
OFFICERS MESS!



ED
HANKS,
LT. 1ST PLATOON,
"A" Co.



SGT. MAJOR
CASSADAY



"R.P.M." HANSON, "H.P."
~ Effervescent Gnome of "B" Co. ~



JACK MARSIT,
CAPT. "A" Co.



"BLUE" LIGHT
CAPT. "B" Co.



JACK CAMPBELL,
THE HIGHEST
SITTING PILOT at
RANKIN.



JOHN SANDALL,
SGT., 1ST PLAT.,
"C" CO.

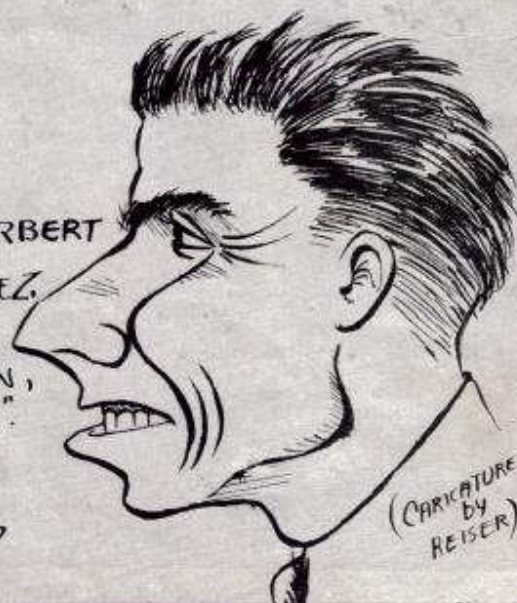


BROTHER CRAWFORD,
BATTALION CMMDR.



GO SATISFY MY VICTIMS,
HERE'S CAMPBELL'S IMPRESSION OF ME!

ROBERT RAMIREZ,
LT., 1ST
PLATOON,
"CO. D".



(CARICATURES
BY
REISER)

Ready Room Flying

A/C BYINGTON, T. S.

Ready room flyers offer quite the sights
Slow rolls, chandelles, even dog fights.
It's all very easy when you're on the ground.
And there's no other planes flying around.
Once in the air it's pretty darn hard
The result is an E or an F on the card.
But back on the line we tell how we've done
Why there's no better flyer under the sun.
The instructor grins and says with a smirk
"I don't know why I don't fail that jerk."

DREAMS

By A/C SPAULDING, J. P.

Dreams I dream as into cloudless skies
I climb, borne on man made wings:
Are not of war—of intercontinental strife—
Nor even of the multitude of things
Which, filling men's heart with greed,
Leads souls to hate
Minds to dreams of conquest
And hands to destruction.

My dreams are rather of an everlasting peace,
Of a world where men shall love
and understand as brothers,

Where freedom of the skies shall mean

Freedom for all men—everywhere
—to share the thrill which now
is shadowed for me by premonitions of winged death.

We care not for ourselves.

We've lived as men, will die if need
be proud to serve the cause of freedom.

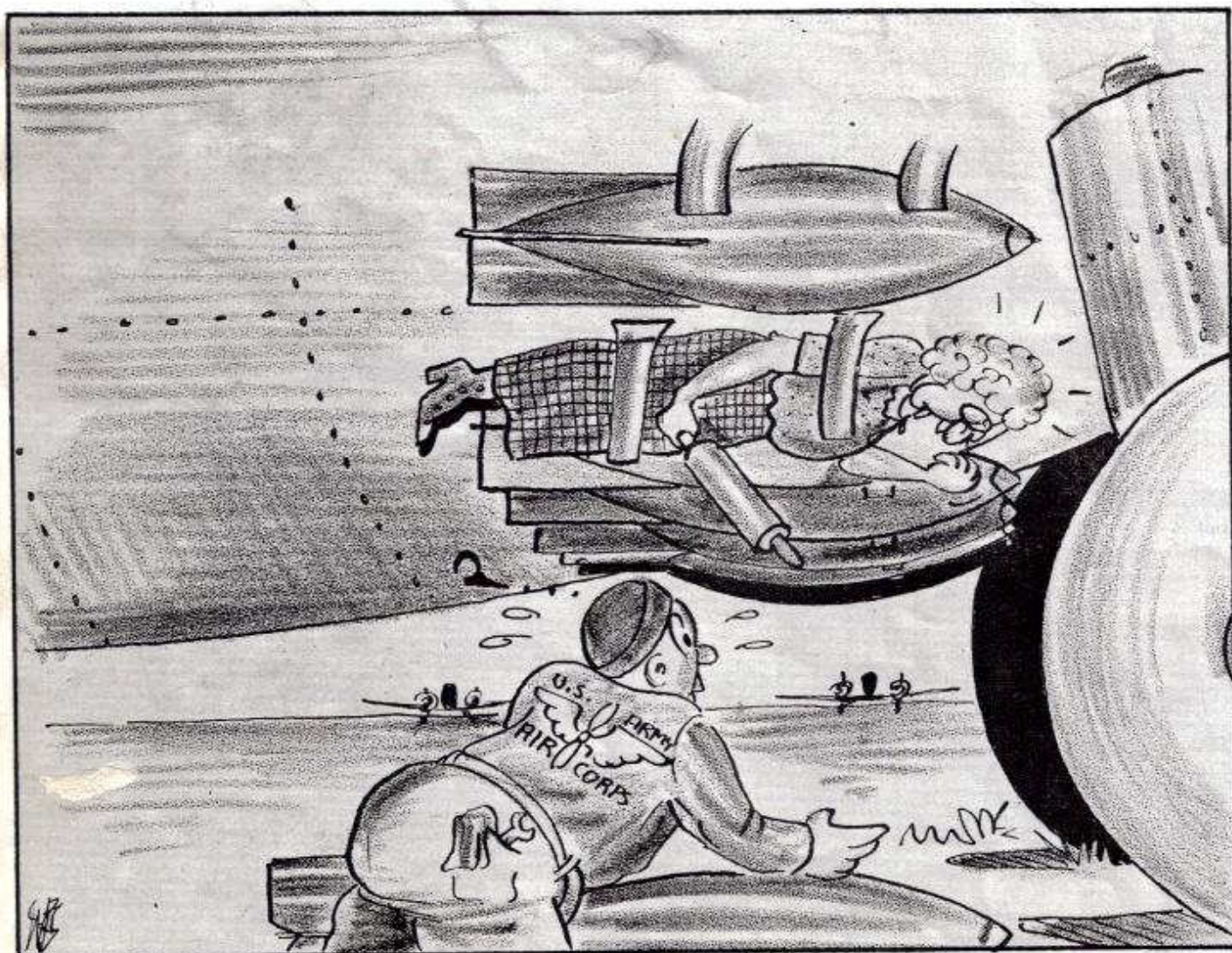
Giving our all in our hope for the future.

We only ask that others yet to come

Shall not again be called to kill
their fellow men.

Men of many nation's whose souls
like our,

Have found peace, beauty and understanding
in the skies.



"Never mind how I got here, young man; just drop me on Hitler with the rest of these things!"

Student Officers



STUDENT OFFICERS (top, left to right): Capt. John B. Ruckstuhl, Lt. George M. Seemann, Lt. Arthur W. Goring, 1st Lt. George W. Knight. (Bottom, left to right): Lt. Richard C. Brookins, Lt. James E. Bailey, Lt. Charles R. Bullock.

Among the many student officers of Class 42-H whose names we will long remember for their outstanding work are those of:

LT. G. M. SEEMANN—Comes from Omaha, Nebraska, and the University of Nebraska. While at college he became famous as an athlete and carried off top honors in football. He went on to make the second All American team even though he and his team met defeat in the Rose Bowl. In his spare time Lt. Seemann hung up many honors in swimming and wrestling, going so far as to become Big Six champ. With school over he played football for the Chicago All Stars and Green Bay Packers.

LT. G. W. KNIGHT—Another Nebraska University boy who made good on the athletic field. Although a Big Six champ in the javelin, Lt. Knight also was a star on the gridiron. With his fellow officer, Lt. Seemann, he traveled to the Rose Bowl in 1940, where he called signals for "good old Nebraska." A few months ago Lt. Knight could be found

playing the role of assistant Commandant of Cadets at Ontario, California.

LT. J. E. BAULEY—Hails from Carrington, North Dakota, and the campus of North Dakota State. On a sunny day he could inevitably be found on the football field. Commissioned as a second lieutenant in the National Guard, Lt. Bailey is headed for greater things for his country.

LT. C. R. BULLOCK—From Seattle, Washington, and also a member in good standing of the University of Washington. He is one of the very few men to have previous flying time on floats. As a Structural Engineer, Lt. Bullock worked in the stress analysis department of the Boeing plant.

LT. R. C. BROOKINS—Although his home town is Los Angeles, Lt. Brookins comes to us from Louisiana State University. While in school he logged many hours in primary and secondary C.P.T. Another stress analysis boy from the Douglass Aircraft Company.

CAPT. J. B. RUCKSTUHL—From St. Louis, Missouri, to Culver Military Academy in one easy lesson. While working as a steel foundry foreman he built up enough muscles to become a runner up in the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament. In a military line Capt. Ruckstuhl was known as the Commandant of Cadet at the Cal-Aero in Ontario, California, before taking up flying.

LT. A. W. GORING—A student of the University of Washington and chemical warfare school. Although a mining engineer by trade, Lt. Goring has worked on and around boats and has made several trips to the Orient. While at Paine Field, Washington, Lieutenant was outstanding in the role of a football star.

Famous Last Words

If I do's it I get a check ride. I do's it.

★

I want to sleep this Saturday night anyway.



ALBER, G.D.



ALLEN, J.G.



ANTON, S.F.



AMUNDSON, V.A.



BACKMAN, V.N.



BAIRD, J.P.



BAMBERG, F.L.



BARASCH, H.M.



BARNARD, C.B.JR.



BARNETT, E.S.



BARTIMUS, S.L.



BELANGER, K.L.



BERGERON, J.E.



BITNEY, R.V.



BLEVINS, V.L.



BLUE, W.L.



BOOZE, G.L.



BRADBURY, J.E.



BREWSTER, E.L.



BROADHEAD, J.E.



BROADY, D.M.



BROERMAN, L.W.



BROWN, G.M.



BURKETT, W.R.



They Graduate

Alber, C. D.

Home town: San Mateo, California.
School: San Mateo Junior College.
"The Air Corps was never like this."

Allen, J. G.

Home Town: Smackover, Arkansas.
School: Henderson State College.
"What happened to all the time I thought I had?"

Anton, Soren E.

Home town: Lovelock, Nevada.
Sports: Shooting dice.
"Haven't you heard of Lovelock."

Amundson, V. A.

Home town: Lamoni, Iowa.
School: Graceland Junior College.
Sports: Ice skating.
"What do the flags mean?"

Backman, Van N. —"Truck"

Home town: Pine River, Minnesota.
Previous servitude: Farmer and lumberjack.
"Still can't figure what a white light stands for."

Baird, John R.

Home town: Hereford, Texas.
School: West Texas State College, Canyon, Texas.
Sports: Riding horses.
"Is this Form One correct?"

Bamberg, F. L.

Home town: Santa Ana, California.
School: Santa Ana Junior College.
Sports: Baseball.

Barasch, H. M.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
"You should have seen the half roll I did today."

Barnard, Curtis B.—"Barnyard"

Home town:
School: University of Washington.
"I had a good deal last weekend."

Barnett, E. S.

Home town: Mankato, Minnesota.
School: Gustavus Adolphus College.
"Just give me time to think."

Bartimus, James L.—"Barney"

Home town: Trenton, Missouri.
College: Trenton Junior College.
Barney found out that spins under 2000 feet are not done on a check flight.

Belanger, K. L.

Home town: St. Paul, Minnesota.
"And then I came down and landed."

Bergeron, J. E.

Home town: Wilmar, California.

Bitney, Robert V.

Home town: Fremont, Nebraska.
School: Midland College.
Sports: Basketball.
"Get thee behind me, Hugo."

Blevins, Virgil V.

Home town: Granite City, Illinois.
Sports: Playing.
"Relax, Mister, relax. Rest."

Blue, Wayne LeRoy

Home town: Lincoln, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
Sports: Football.

Booze, G. L.

Home town: Eureka, Kansas.
School: Kansas, University.

Bradbury, J.

Home town: Bexley, Ohio.
School: Capital University.
"Standback men, I'm about to take off."

Brewster, E. L.

Home town: Burbank, California.
"Did you see my ground loop?"

Broadhead, J. E.

Home town: Rupert, Idaho.
School: Idaho State Normal, Brigham Young University.
"Boy was she cute."

Broady, D. M.

Home town, South Gate, California.
School: Fullerton Junior College.
Sports: Hand balancing.
"I'm really a H. P."

Broerman, L. W.

Home town: Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Brown, George M.—"One-Rib"

Home town: San Jose, California.
College: California Aggies.
Sports: Skiing.
Nickname: One Rib.
Still wondering how to do coordination exercises up side down.

Burkett, W. R.

Home town: Grand Junction, Iowa.
"Boy am I a H. P."

Due to a recent change in graduation date of the class of 42-H the following members have been transferred to 42-I and will continue their flying with that class.

Lt. Storch, J. A.
A/C Richardson, G. W.
A/C Simerly, M. F.
A/C Stenberg, O. D.
A/C Eshelman, G. T.
A/C Kuta, C. J.
A/C Fuhrman, C. F.
A/C Hollamon, M. L.
A/C Chadwick, C. V.



BOWLES, A.C. JR.



BYINGTON, T.S.



CAHILL, J.C.



CAMPBELL, C.D. JR.



CAMPBELL, J.L.



CAREY, R.L.



CARPENTER, M.E.



CARTWRIGHT, R.R.



CASSADAY, C.G.



CLAMPITT, W.A.



CLES, L.P.



CLOUGH, R.E.



COCHRAN, P.R.



COMSTOCK, H.B.



COOK, L.G.



COSGROVE, T.W.



CAPT. CRAWFORD, C.M. JR.



CROCKETT, E.M.



CRUTCHER, R.J.



CURRAN, H.A.



CURRIE, A.C.



CURTIS, G.D.



CUTLER, R.L.



CZARLINSKY, P.G.

MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE BROUGHT
THIS UP!



They Graduate

Bowles, Arthur C.

Home town: Manhattan Beach, California.
School: University of California.
Sports: Surf board riding.
"Well, I got by."

Byington, T. S.

Home town: Hot Springs, Idaho.
School: University of Idaho.
Sports: Boxing.
"Ah. Sweet Poetry."

Cahill, J. C.

Home town: San Francisco, California.
School: San Francisco Junior College.
Sports: Baseball.
"I may be short, but I'm powerful."

Campbell, Clyde D.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
Sports: Eating.
"It's Los Angeles, not L. A."

Campbell, Jack L.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: University of California.
Sports: Enjoying California weather.
"What's the matter with rain?"

Carey, Robert L.

Home town: Long Beach, California.
School: Long Beach Junior College.
Sports: Tennis.
"Is there anyone here from Texas?"

Carpenter, Marvin E.

Home town:
Sports: Drinking.
"What kind do you have?"

Cartwright, R. A.

Home town: Payette, Idaho.
School: College of Idaho.

Cassaday, Charles G.

Home town: Denison, Iowa.
School: University of Tennessee, Iowa State Teachers College.
Sports: Singing.
"I will now sing the Sextette from Lucia."

Clampitt, William A.—"Arm Pit"

Home town: Stockton, California.
School: Stockton Junior College.
Sports: Hazing Mr. Burns.
"Who put that water in my bed."

Cles, L. P.

Home town:
School: Montana University.
Sports: Watching D. Company drill.
"They aren't much better than we are."

Clough, Ray E.

Home town: Mason City, Iowa.
School: University of Minnesota.
Sports: Tennis.
"Let's go to sleep."

Cochran, P. R.

Home town: Hutchinson, Kansas.
School: Hutchinson Junior College.
Sports: Doing it in cadence.
"So I pushed on the stick—"

Comstock, H. B.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: Los Angeles City College.

Cook, L. G.

Home town: Long Beach, California.
"This certainly beats the old pick and shovel."

Cosgrove, Thomas W.—

"Buckwheat"
Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: Los Angeles Junior College.
Sports: Tennis.
"Look at the grey hair on Mr. Lafferty's head."

Crawford, C. M.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: U. S. Naval Academy.
"Battalion, 'tention."

Crockett, E. M.

Home town: Austin, Texas.
School: University of Texas, Pasadena Junior College.
Sports: Football.
"Texas has the greatest football team in the nation."

Crutcher, R. J.

Home town: Kansas City, Missouri.
School: University of Kansas.
"Upperclassmen with no dodo's."

Curran, H. A.

Home town: Kansas City, Kansas.
School: University of Kansas.
Sports: Football.
"Isn't anyone else late?"

Currie, A. D.

Home town: Seattle, Washington.

Curtis, G. G.

Home town: San Diego, California.
School: San Diego State.
Sports: Track.

Cutler, R. L.

Home town: Arkadelphia, Arkansas.
School: Henderson State College.
"Why shooore."

Czarlinsky, D. G.

★ ★ ★

San Joaquin Valley

At noon it's hot
At night it's not
With sudden rains
To change the plot.

★ ★ ★

Upperclassman: Only fools are ever positive.
Lowerclassman: Are you sure?
Upperclassman: Positive.



DAVIS, H.K.



DE VRIES, P.K.



DICKSON, R.A.



DOHERTY, T.H.



DOLAN, L.G. JR.



DOWN, R.J.



DRAKE, C.D.



EMERSON, W.S.



EMORY, F.N.



ENGLISH, P.F.



ERICKSON, M.I.



FARLEY, D.A.



FICKEL, P.D.



FIENUP, V.E.



FINAN, G.K.



FOX, B.S.



FRANKLIN, C.E.



FRESE, C.H.



GARBER, W.A.



GARDNER, R.E.



GETER, E.W.



GIBBS, C.E. JR.



GOLDEN, E.J.



GOOD, A.N.



They Graduate

Davis, Herbert K. —

"Turtle Neck"

Home town: Winfield, Kansas.
School: Southwestern College at Winfield, Kansas.
Sports: Farming.
Better known as Turtle Neck—get it out.

De Vries, Paul K.—"PK"

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
Metal worker at Douglas Aircraft.
Sports: Consists of autoing with his gal friend.
My gosh, he left a class 2b deferment to join the army.

Dickson, R. A.

Home town: Modesto, California.
School: Modesto Junior College.
Sports: Basketball.
"Wow."

Doherty, Thomas H.

Home town: San Francisco, California.
School: University of San Francisco.
Sports: Talking in ranks.
"Oh, should I fasten my safety belt before doing stalls?"

Dolan, L. G.

Home town: Clyde, Wisconsin.
School: University of Wisconsin.
Sports: Watching Wisconsin lose.
"Back in 1911 Wisconsin won."

Down R. R.

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
Sports: Baseball.

Drake, Corwin D.

Home town: Pixley, California.
Sports: Making formations—late.
"What time is it?"

Emerson, W. S.

Home town: Neligh, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
"Is everybody here?"

Emory, Frank N.

Home town: Bremerton, Washington.
School: Washington State College.
Sports: Football.
"Why do all my instructors quit?"

English, Peter F.

Home town: San Francisco, California.
School: University of California.
Sports: Drill.
"Why go to bed? We'll be tired in the morning anyway."

Erickson, Malvern L.

Home town: Harlan, Iowa.
Sports: Mining coal.
"I like Iowa better."

Farley, Donald A.

Home town: Albion, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
Sports: Football.
"I have more time with the Army than with my instructor."

Fickel, P. D.

Home town: Ottumwa, Iowa.

Fienup, V. E.

Home town:
School: Jefferson College, St. Louis.
Sports: Whipstalling.
"How did I know what would happen?"

Finan, G. K.

Home town:
School: Community College, Los Angeles, California.
Sports: Writing letters.
"She said she was coming this weekend."

Fox, Burton S.

Home town: Minneapolis, Minnesota.
School: University of Minnesota.
Sports: Pool.
"I'm a pool shark."

Franklin, C. E.

Home town: Birmingham, Alabama.

Frese, C. H.

Home town: Mt. Carmel, Illinois.
School: University of Illinois.

Garber, Wiley A.—"Gabber"

Home town: Oakland, California.
School: Chico State College, Chico, California.
Sports: Talking.
"Did I tell you the one about—"

Gardner, Robert E.

Home town: Salt Lake City, Utah.
School: Westminster Junior College.
Sports: Football.
"Where is a Dodo for me to chew?"

Geter, Edward W.—"Jeeter"

Home town: St. Louis, Missouri.
School: Jefferson college.
Telephone installer for the Western Electric Company, Inc.

Gibbs, C. E.

Home town: San Francisco, California.
"Go away and let me sleep."

Golden, E. O.

Home town: Minneapolis, Minnesota.
"Boy you should see my gal."

Good, Arnold N.—"Arnie"

Home town: Akron, Ohio.
Previous occupation: Broadcasting station engineer. Is a ham radio operator and gets little blue letters.



GORDON, H.W. Jr.



HALL, J.J.



HANKS, E.E.



HANSON, R.P.



HAWKE, J.E.



HERRING, V.O.



HEMPHILL, L.L.



HILGERT, D.B.



HLOUKAL, O.A. Jr.



JAMESON, P.G.



JOHNSON, V.L.



JONES, N.N. Jr.



KEMIST, T.L.



KUEHMART, E.L.



KUHN, F.L.



LADD, O.F.



LARSON, C.B.



LASHLEY, J.H.



LESPERANCE, R.J.



LIGHT, B.



LOCKWOOD, R.



LODER, E.E.



MACKEY, J.S.



MARSDEN, R.F.



W.B.

They Graduate

Gordon, H. W.
Home town:
Sports: Taking checks.
"I can't fly for him."

Hall, J. J.
Home town: Independence, Iowa.
School: Independence Junior College.
Sports: Football.

Hanks, E. F.
Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: University of Southern California.
Sports: Football.
"Hi, McNutt."

Hanson, Robert P.
Home town: Wakefield, Nebraska.
School: Wayne State Teacher's College.
"All I do is double time. Is that 'double talk?'"

Hawke, Jack E.
Home town: Lancaster, California.
School: Antelope Valley Junior College.

Hearing, Vernon O.—"Buckshot"
Home town: Neodesha, Kansas.
School: Fort Scott Junior College
Sports:

Hemphill, Lloyd Lee—"Mummy"
Home town: Joplin, Missouri.
School: Joplin Junior College.
Sports: Soloing.
"I'm a hot pilot."

Hilgert, Donald B.
Home town:
School: University of Nebraska.
Sports: Football.
"I want to get married."

Hloucal, O. A.
Home town: Ellsworth, Kansas.

Jameson, P. G.
Home town: North Kansas City, Missouri.
School: William Jewell.
Sports: Football.

Johnson, V. L.
Home town:
School: Modesto Junior College
"I want to dog fight."

Jones, N. N.
Home town: Burlington, Iowa.
School: Dartmouth College.
Sports: Getting out of drill.
"I'm hungry."

Kemist, Terry L.
Home town: Dawson, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
"I don't like slow rolls. They cost me money."

Keuhnast, E. L.
Home town: Badger, Iowa.
School: Iowa State College.
Sports: Baseball.

Kuhn, F. L.
Home town: Atchinson, Kansas.

Ladd, Owen F.—"Laddie"
Home town: Fremont, Ohio.
Sport: Sleeping.
"Good night, damn it."

Larson, Carl B.
Home town:
Sports: Loving.
"I love them all."

Lashley, J. H.
Home town: St. Louis, Missouri.
School: Swarthmore College.
"Here's an interesting case for you."

Lesperance, R. J.

Light, B.

Lockwood, R.
Home town: Entiat, Washington.
School: University of Washington.

Loder, E. E.
Home town: Wichita, Kansas.
School: Wichita University.

Mackey, J. S.
Home town: Onsey, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
Sports: Dancing.
"Do that step again."

Marsden, Roy F.
Home town: Pasadena, California.
School: Pasadena Junior College.
Sports: Skiing.
"Why try?"

★ ★ ★

KNOWLEDGE IS EASE

By A/C BYINGTON, T. S.

Knowing little we start our way,
And build unto a coming day;
When we are judged by what we know,
Just what we are and where we go.
If this is life let us start here
Striving, securing this knowledge dear
That builds us up and makes us great.
Then cease, you sluggard, to procrastinate.
For procrastination is a thief of time
That can't be redone like a faulty rhyme,
Or even reclaimed by effort strong,
But if we work earnestly and long,
When our goal is reached our time is ours,
And our castle bounds all time and stars.



MARSH, D.N.



MARSICANO, J.A.



MEREDITH, H.S.



MILLER, A.T.



MOORE, W.T.



MOORE, W.J.



NEESSEN, W.H.



NOLFE, H.F.



NYGREN, B.E.



OBERHOLSER, B.W.



O'CONNER, R.M.



OLSON, E.I.



PAULSON, O.R.



PETERSON, R.C.



PETERSON, R.C.



PICKENS, R.L.



PREYER, J.A.



RAMERIZ, N.D.



REEDER, S.H.



RIESER, R.E.



ROANE, D.C. JR.



ROSS, W.L.



RUDOLPH, D.F.



RUFF, D.M.

I B' LIEVE
I KIN GIT
UP TO THAT
CLOUD!



They Graduate

Marsh, J. N.

Home town: San Jose, California.
School: San Jose State, Stanford.
Sports: Almost anything.
"March your mess into the mess hall."

Marsicano, J. A.

Home town: Manhasset, New York.
School: Union College, Hofstra College.
Sports: La Crosse.

Meredith, Herbert S.

Home town: St. Louis, Missouri.
School: Jefferson College, St. Louis, Missouri.
Sport: Smiling.
"What did I run into with this plane?"

Miller, Allen T.—"Chin"

Home town: Seattle, Washington.
School: College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington.
Sports: Measuring heads.
"I'm saaaad."

Moore, Wallace T.—"Moe"

Home town: LaJolla, California.
School: San Diego State College.
Sports: Changing instructors.
"Who is my instructor this week, Mr. Platt?"

Moore, W. J.

Neessen, W. H.

Home town: Grundy Center, Iowa.
School: Drake University.
Sports: Football.
"Did you my rudder exercise at 30 feet?"

Nolte, Henery A.—"Hank"

Home town: Broadwater, Nebraska.
School: Midland College.
"See you in Africa."

Nygren, B. E.

Home town: Wayne, Nebraska.
School: Wayne State Teachers College.

Oberholser, B. W.

Home town: San Luis Obispo, California.
School: Humbolt State College.
"Why don't you guys shut up and let me sleep."

O'Conner, R. N.

Home town: Grafton, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
"Does anybody know when we get our travel pay?"

Olson, E. I.

Home town: Luverne, Minnesota.
School: University of Minnesota.
Sports: Golf.
"Shucks. No more braces."

Paulson, O. R.

Home town: Fremont, Nebraska.
School: Midland College.
Sport: Swimming.
"Look at this profile."

Petersen, Raymond C.

Home town: Oakland, California.
Former electrical builder with General Electric Company.
Noted for his deep base voice.

Peterson, Raymond C.— "Minnesota Masher"

Home town: Windom, Minnesota.
School: Macalester, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Sports: Baseball.
Claims his instructor got off cheap as he only ground looped once.

Pickens, Robert L.

Home town: Yamhill, Oregon.
School: Pacific University.
Sports: Chewing gum.
"I'd rather walk P.T.'s than stop chewing gum."

Preyer, James A.—"Reverend"

Home town:
School: University of Kansas.
Sports: Cutting out figures.
"Hmmm."

Ramirez, Norbert D.—"Norb"

Home town: Los Angeles, California.
School: University of California at Berkeley.
Sports: Wrestling.
"Shoes start clicking. Here comes an officer."

Reeder, Sumner H.

Home town: St. Louis, Missouri.
School: Jefferson College.
Sports: Telephoning.
"What is a gosport?"

Rieser, Robert E.

Home town: Oakland, California.
School: Stanford University.
"I want to teach theory of flight."

Roane, Donald E.

Home town: Oakland, California.
School: Stanford University.
"I may be bad, but I passed."

Ross, W. J.

Home town: St. Louis, Missouri.
School: Westminster College.
"Carry on with Marilyn."

Rudolph, Donald E.

Home town: Webster City, Iowa.
School: Webster City Junior College.
"And then I got the measles."

Ruff, D. M.

Home town: St. Paul, Minnesota.
School: University of Minnesota.
"Look at these shoes would you. Some class."



SANDALL, J.C.



SCHWARTZ, G.H.



SEABOLD, H.C.



SIGLIN, P.F.



SPaulding, J.P.



STEELE, W.J.



STEWART, W.L.



SULLIVAN, J.E.



TAYLOR, R.M.



TUIS, G.S.



WAYMAN, E.C.



WEHMAN, G.E. JR.



WILLIAMS, C.J.



WILSON, H.G.



WILSON, J.W.



WINDRUM, C.K.



WINTER, A.C.



WINTERS, D.R.



WINTERS, E.E.



WYCHE, W.E.



ZALESKY, J.C.



EUDEY, W.M.



MARTIN, J.H.



YEHUDI, Z.Z.



N.B.

They Graduate

Sandall, J. C.

Home town: York, Nebraska.
School: University of Nebraska.
Sports: Crewing.
"The next exercise will be—"

Schwartz, G. N.

Home town: Eagle Grove, Iowa.
School: Eagle Grove Junior College.
Sports: Baseball.
"Can I do a split S out of a half roll."

Seabold, H. C.

Home town: Hillsboro, Oregon.
School: Pacific University, University of Oregon.
"Hello long distance. Los Angeles please."

Siglin, P. F.

Home town: Cedar Falls, Iowa.
School: University of Iowa.
"Aw shucks."

Spaulding, J. P.—"Corn"

Home town: Des Moines, Iowa.
School: Grinnell College, University of Chicago.
Sports: Football at Chicago U.
"Now when I was in Chicago—"

Steele, W. J.

Home town: McPherson, Kansas.
School: Kirksville College of Osteopathy.
Sports: Softball.
"Married; so there's no chance for the single girls."

Stewart, W. L.

Home town: Owensboro, Kentucky.
School: University of Minnesota.
"Elimination rides are just progress checks with serious consequences."

Sullivan, J. E.

Home town: Minneapolis, Minnesota.
"Sir would you explain that just once more."

Taylor, Robert M.—"Romeo"

Home town: Bedford, Iowa.
School: Northwest Missouri State Teachers College.
Bob gets into more trouble accidentally than most people do on purpose.

Tuis, Gay S.—"Tuie"

Home town: Topeka, Kansas.
School: Kansas State College.
Tuie's battle cry, "Why do the Flight Commanders always ride with me?" What about those ground loops?

Wayman, Eugene C.— "Lady Killer"

Home town:
School: University of Arkansas.
Sports: Doing it.
"She's all right."

Wehman, G. E.

Home town:
School: New York University.
"I do not have an accent."

Williams, Carl J.—"Squawk"

Home town: Pocatello, Idaho.
School: University of Idaho, degree B. S.
Sports: Duck hunting.
Just because he has had previous service he claims to be the best gripper here at Rankin.

Wilson, H. G.

Home town: Portland, Oregon.

Wilson, J. W.

Home town: Des Moines, Iowa.
School: University of Iowa.
"Now just watch this brace."

Windrum, C. K.

Home town: Sabetha, Kansas.
School: University of Nebraska.

Winter, A. C.

Home town: Manhattan, Kansas.

Winters, D. R.

Home town: Wichita, Kansas.
School: University of Wichita.

Winters, E. E.—"Night Time"

Home town: Legington, Nebraska.
School: Kearney State Teachers College.
Teaching isn't half as difficult as dodging all these planes in the air.

Wyche, W. E.

Home town: Gustine, Texas.
School: John Tarlton Agricultural College.
"Yeah! I'll show you that maneuver on the blackboard."

Zalesky, J. C.

Home town: St. Paul, Minnesota.
School: Washington High School.
Sports: Football, boxing, track.
"Just a minute. I'm coming."

Martin, John H.

Home town: Tatum, Texas.
School: Sam Houston State Teachers College.
Sports: Sneaking in late for drill.
"Who me? Drawl?"

Eudey, Wm.

★ ★ ★

HOW WE LEARN

By A/C LASHLY, J. H.

There was a cadet at Tulare
Who's schedule was too tough to carry
He thought with chagrin
As the gig sheet went in
"I think I prefer hari-kari."

He thought the Air Corps was a spree
Why not? all the flying's for free!
He thought a chandelle would be easy as hell
For you see he had had CPT.

But something about the technique
Of the Army he found was unique
Tough slow rolls and snaps
And I don't mean perhaps
Made him think twice before he would speak
Of the prowess he had as of old.
As a pilot he's not quite so bold
His perspective has spread out
For he's now got his head out
And he does darnwell just as he's told.

E Flight



In Front: Captain Crawford; Flight Leader Marsh.

First Row: Lashly, Marsden, Kuehnast, Golden, Burkett, Emerson, Down.

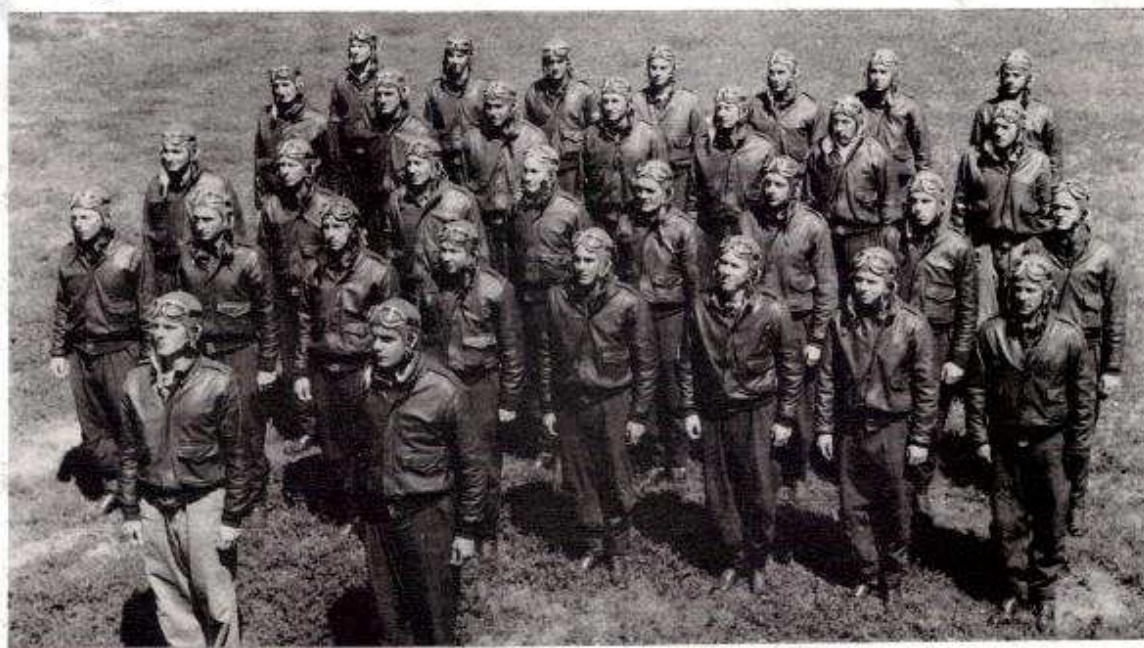
Second Row: Ruff, Brewster, Gibbs, Crockett, Belanger, Allen.

Third Row: Carey, Spaulding, Broerman, Cutler, Olson, Steele, Broadhead.

Fourth Row: Bradbury, Winter, Seabold, Alber, Griswold.

Fifth Row: Barnett, Winters, Siglin, Booze, Byington, Comstock, O'Conner, Lesperance.

G Flight



In Front: Adjutant Campbell; Flight Leader Cochrane.

First Row: Wehman, Carpenter, Wilson, Windrum, Cies, Johnson, Eshleman, Cahill.

Second Row: Barasch, Anton, Dolan, Fienup, Gordon, Nygren, Barnard, Larson.

Third Row: Preyer, Wayman, Jameson, Bamberg, Erickson, Bergeron, Cartwright.

Fourth Row: Jones, Sandall, Mackey, Kuhn, Finan, Lockwood, Franklin.

F Flight



In Front: Flight Leader English

First row—Campbell, Oberholser, Hawke, Fickel, Baird, Rudolph, Farley.

Second row—Paulson, Reeder, Schwartz, Wyche, Blevins, Sullivan, Hanson.

Third Row—Cosgrave, Zalesky, Hloucal, Chadwick, Cassady, Fox, Kemist, Bowles.

Fourth row—Pickens, Neesen, Stewart, Bitney, Amundson, Curtis, Roane.

Fifth row—Drake, Moore, Gardner, Wilson, Rieser, Loder, Emory, Lt. Brookins.

H Flight



In Front: Flight Leader Light

First row—Ramirez, Geter, Hearing, Brown, Hemphill, Good, Winters, Merideth, Ladd.

Second row—DeVries, Marsicano, Taylor, Nolte, Davis, Williams, Tuis, Ross.

Third row—Peterson, Blue, Crutcher, Curran, Clam-pitt, Clough, Bartimus, Moore.

Fourth row—Martin, Peterson, Fuhman, Bachman, Doherty, Miller, Czarlinsky, Garber.
Flight Leader, English.



Little did the alleged parents of the mythical Hugo Jones realize, as they gazed fondly upon their chee-ild, that someday his name would be famed in the annals of aviation—not as the man who pioneered IN the field of sky-adventure, but the man who pioneered OUT.

For that little Hugo, when he had come to man's proud estate was to be the first (and, as we all know, far from the last) of the dynasty of those who "Maytagged" at Rankin Academy. And that same Hugo Jones was to provide a name that would be as a clarion call when sounded in the spacious messhall, the far stretches of the barracks or in the cozy confines of "Le Club Hugo" (known to some misguided souls as the Palm Room).

The Mystic Order of Hugo numbers all those hardy souls who have successfully withstood all the attempts made by officers and instructors to impart some knowledge of flying. These dauntless men, after having proved to every-

one's satisfaction that the Stearman will not perform in keeping with the demands made upon it by the Hugo Code, have still shown their desire to serve by continuing training as navigators, bombardiers, armament officers, and so on down to the lowly buck private.

The Great and Mystic Order of Hugo embodies in its ritual many secrets known only to the elect. The pink slip, rather than the black ball, determines membership. Dut to excessive nocturnal

activities in the best interests of the Order, the members most often confine their daylight activities to that important strategic maneuver (to which only Hugos have priority) known in Army circles as "bunk fatigue."

In the glorious round of social activities the Hugos play an important part, alternately serving as entertainers at the Emerton, coconstrirers at the USO and gunners in the messhall.

The spirit of the first Hugo still lingers at Rankin, and to our future members of 42-I we can only say that when this elusive sprite rides on your wing-tip you are really in for something.

The meeting of the Board of Directors is held the sixth Tuesday of every month under the corner table at Barney's (no plug intended) and all who wish to join are cordially invited to attend.

OUR MOTTO: A Hugo in every Pot.

OUR WARCRY: &%\$::!!l, Captain, I can fly!!

OUR ANTHEM:

★ ★ ★

"Hugo will shine tonight,
Hugo will shine,
He'll shine in beauty bright,
But not on the "line".
He can do everything,
(Except maybe flyin')
But when the war is fought
in the ol' Palm Room
THEN Hugo will shine!

Hugos from 42-H

ABRAHAMS, MERRILL G.
 ALTMAN, FRANK N.
 BAKER, ALLEN P.
 BANE, HARRY P.
 BAUGHMAN, RICHARD A.
 BEARD, ROBERT L.
 BENSON, HARRY A.
 BERGE, OLAF A.
 BIRD, IRA M.
 BJORNSGAARD, CALVIN O.
 BRUCKNER, LOUIS M.
 BUCK, MELBURN C.
 BULL, SAMUEL
 CALLAHAN, JOHN L.
 CARRUTH, ROBERT B.
 CASSIMATIS, EMANUEL A.
 CHRISTENSEN, LEON R.
 CHRISTENSEN, THOMAS E.
 CLARK, LEROY R.
 CODY, THOMAS W.
 COMBS, ROBERT W.
 CONWAY, LEONARD B.
 COOPER, JOSEPH G.
 COURTRIGHT, JAMES W.
 CROSBY, HARRY H.
 CROTT, CHESTER L.
 CUNNINGHAM, KEITH L.
 CURTICE, HAROLD H.
 DALRYMPLE, CHARLES L.
 DeMEESTER, HUIBERT R.
 DRISCOLL, JOHN J.
 DYER, LOUIS
 ELLIOTT, DONALD W.
 EPPERSON, ROBERT B.
 FAULKNER, JAMES H.
 FRITZPATRICK, RAY F.
 FRANCIS, ROBERT F.
 GERKOVICH, ALEX
 GERSHENSON, MEYER
 GOULD, PHIL
 GRAY, MILLARD P.
 GREGORY, PHILIP W.
 GRISWOLD, HAROLD R.
 HANNEY, THOMAS K.
 HANSEN, LLOYD S.
 HARPER, FRANCIS S.
 HEBERER, WILLIAM D.
 HEXBERG, CASPER J.
 HOWELL, JAMES W.
 HUDSPETH, PHILLIP L.
 HULL, LEWIS W.
 JORDAN, CECIL F.
 KEELE, VERN W.
 KELLER, JOHN B.
 LARSON, WILLIAM M.
 LE BUS, ROBERT L.
 LONG, MELVILLE, H.
 MacKINNON, RAYMOND L.
 MANDELBERG, LAWRENCE F.
 MARCHEL, HAROLD L.
 MARTIN, BYRON C.
 MATTHEWS, FONTAINE M.

McBRIAN, LEO R.
 McCORD, BLAINE
 McVICAR, DONALD D.
 McWILLIAMS, PATRICK O.
 MELROY, CHARLES D.
 MILDER, FRANCIS G.
 MODE, LESLIE N.
 MOEHLE, CHARLES F.
 MULCAHY, WILLIAM J.
 MUSSER, BILLY O.
 MYERS, OLIVER T.
 NEREIM, ROBERT E.
 NICHOLAS, JUSTIN D.
 NIMOCKS, JOHN R.
 OLSON, WALTER
 OSBORNE, RICHARD H.
 PEPPERS, BENJAMIN R.
 REDMOND, OWEN J.
 RUDOLPH, DONALD R.
 RUSSELL, ELOF H.
 SHALLIS, RAYMOND C.
 SHEPPARD, DAVID P.
 SHIELDS, FREDRICK M.
 SMITH, RUSSELL L.
 TAYLOR, WILLIAM R.
 VAGI, LOUIS D.
 VINCKEL, EUGENE A.
 VOLSTORFF, CLIFFORD H.
 WATSON, ALBERT W.
 WEBB, BERT H. JR.

★ ★ ★

A PRAYER

By A/C CARRUTH, R. B.

Through depthless blue of troubled
 sky
 Flashing a challenge as they climb
 and spin,
 Our nation's well trained pilots fly
 To sweep oppressions' threat away.

Across the hazy blue void their
 flight
 Leads past God's boundless throne,
 And he, embracing them each night
 Protects each one alone.

★ ★ ★

JOB

By A/C BYINGTON, T. S.

I have so many retrospections
 Of small consistent incorrections;
 That lead to sorrow and rejections,
 And cause a need for loves inspec-
 tions.
 God knows that in the resurrection
 I'll be a job for true correction.

Dodo Dilemma

The Dodo was a funny bird. No
 wonder he's no more.
 He never flew unless he had his
 hind parts to the fore.
 Where he had been (and not ahead)
 this foolish fowl insisted,
 Were things to watch and guard
 against to keep from being twist-
 ed.



Don't be a Dodo, looking back at
 things that's past and gone,
 Afraid to face the future for fear
 of being wrong.

A backsight is important, but
 you've got to look ahead,
 Or like the foolish Dodo, you'll be
 gone, forgot and dead!

(Thanks to Liberty Magazine.)

★ ★ ★

REVEILLE

"Reveille T-E-N M-I-N-U-T-E-S" the
 O. D. cries,

The lights snap on, sleepy eyes,
 Groans and grunts and oaths of
 hate

It's hurry, hurry or you'll be late.
 "Five more minutes" the PA blares
 Amid squeak of bed and clank of
 chair

Sleepy cadets start a frantic race
 To put on shoes and fix ties in
 place

"Reveille T-H-R-E-E M-I-N-U-T-E-S"
 comes the call again

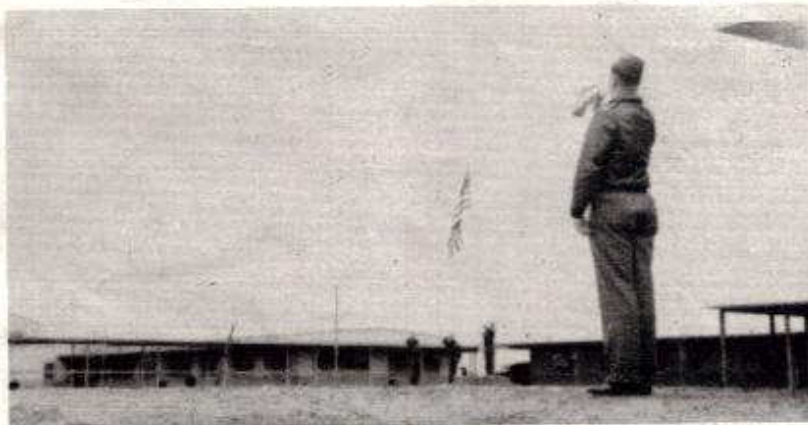
And one runs out in dark and rain
 Out of his room into damp, dark
 cold

Where sleep is banished by
 orders old.

★ ★ ★

There was a young aviation cadet
 Who as a pilot was really all set,
 Till he came from the sky air,
 Missed his drift by a hair,
 And gave his wingtip a permanent
 set.

ADIEU . . .



By A/C BOSCHMA, B. B.

It's "hello" and "goodbye" in this
world of ours,
We meet, exchange greetings and
are gone;
We are born, grow up, work a few
short hours,
Try to help this old world—then
pass on.

Our lives consist of greetings and
farewells;
We meet, we learn to like—and
then—
A duty calls—we bid a fond adieu
And part—never to meet again.



Congratulations

to the

Rankin Aeronautical
Academy

upon completion of its first year
of training men for the fighting
forces of our country « « «

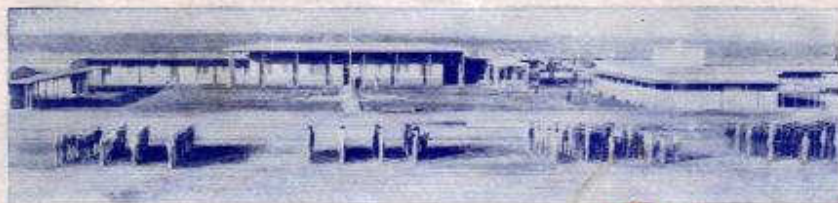


C. T. and W. P. Stover

General Contractors

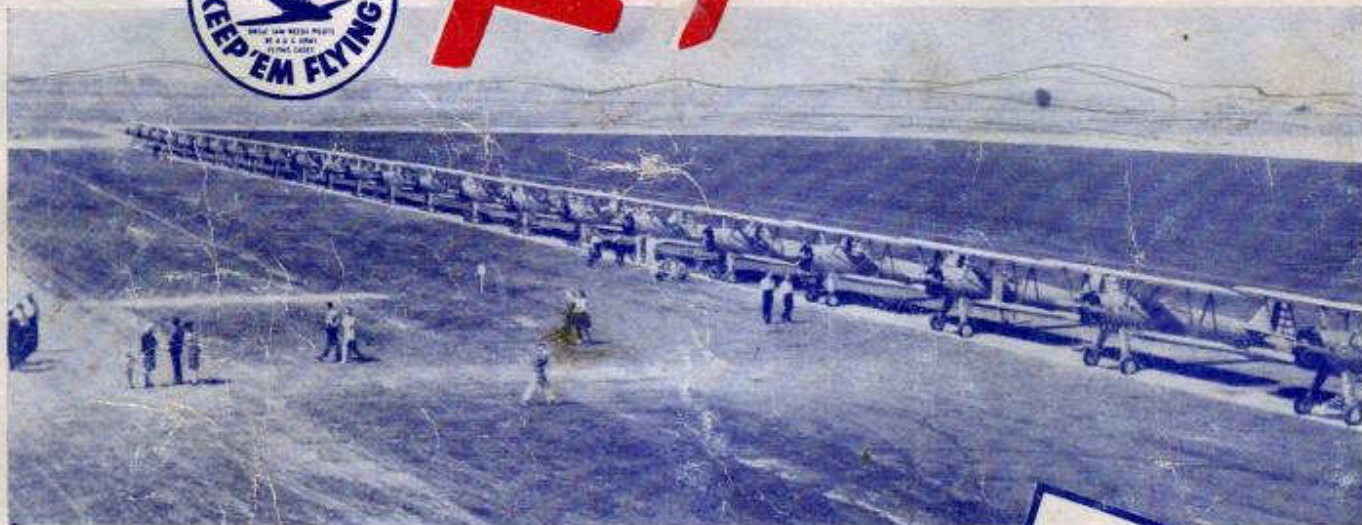
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