

RANK'N' FILE

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

CLASS

42-K

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1942



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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Behind the Scene

They say it's total war, and co-ordination is the key word. Co-ordination of ground, air, supply, naval forces. At Rankin, coordination is the key word too—of flying, ground school, dispatching, maintenance. And it doesn't just happen like Topsy.

The man behind it all is John T. Africa, onetime professional golfer, sports writer, oil man, and what not. On April Fool's Day, 1941, when the academy opened, Mr. Africa started work in the lowest classification, at the lowest salary on the Rankin payroll. Today he's



HOLD IT PLEASE!

Meet Phil Livingston, official photographer of the Rankin organization.

A Boston, Massachusetts native who has been hobbying around with a camera for more than 10 years and flying an airplane for just about as many, Phil has an impressive photographic record behind him and big plans for the pictorial side of flying in the future.

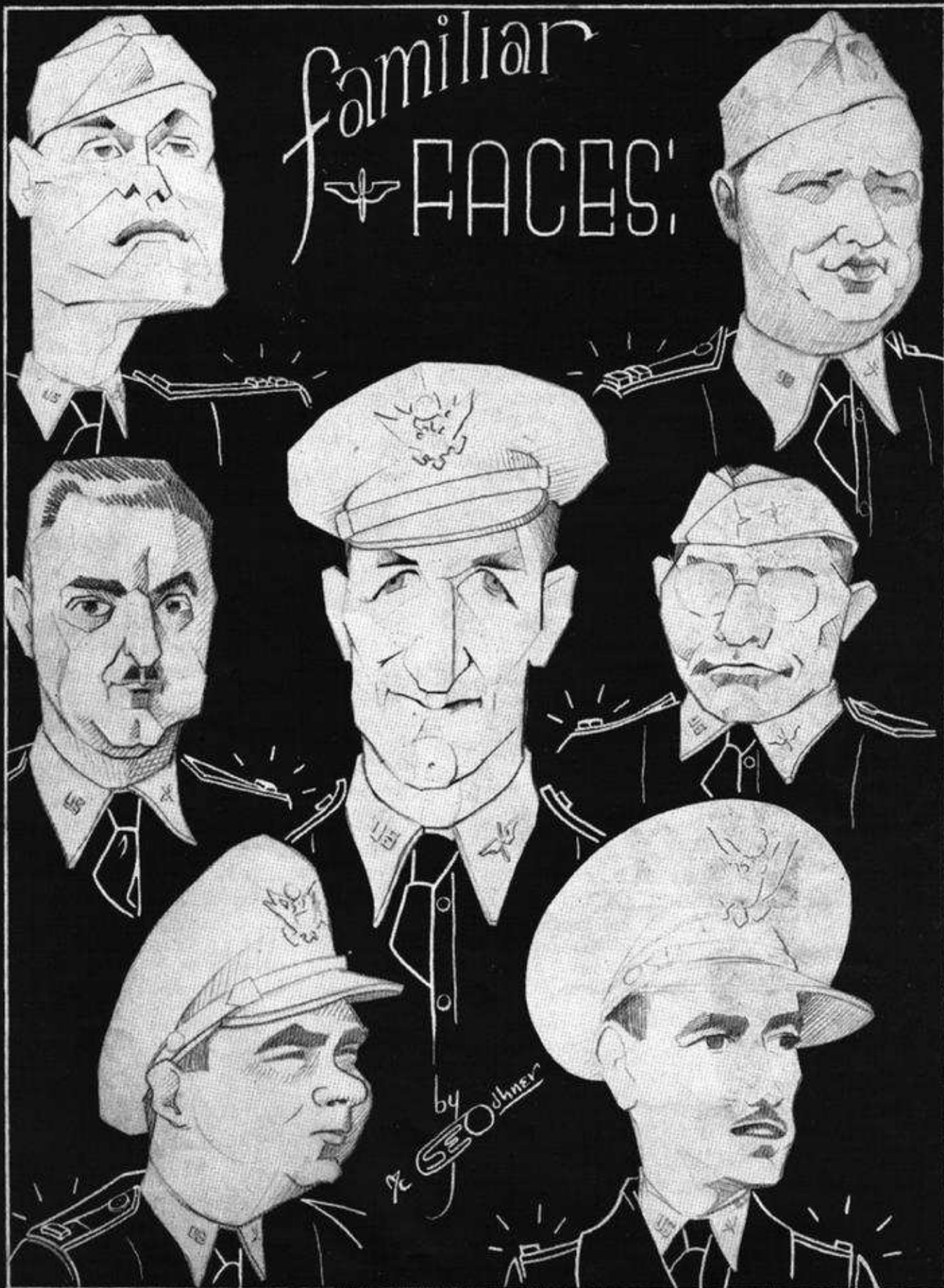
Although he classes photography as a hobby he has had photos in Sportsman Pilot, Yankee Pilot, Flying and Popular Aviation as well as many other magazines and newspapers.

At present Phil is a flight instructor, with a group of students from 43-A. Before taking to the air he worked as a mechanic at Rankin and at Cal-Aero.

The front and back covers give you an idea of the Livingston touch.

Mr. Rankin's direct assistant.

The story of his entry into the flying business—about which he knew next to nothing—starts with two kidneys and a passion for hunting. One kidney was taken out for good, the other was taken out, fixed, and put back. Mr. Africa was left to sputter out. He figured he might as well have a good time doing it, so he set out for Tulare hunting grounds, on the trail of deer, coyote, quail, practically any but the flying game. He didn't sputter out. He got a job with Rankin, and the rest you can see every day in the efficient manner a tight schedule is run off.



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A Company—

[Class
42-K

Remember!

S. N. Busch chasing rabbits with his Stearman

Mr. Lillie flying his model airplane to show his boys the maneuvers

Mr. Rogers inquiring of W. G. Ault whether or not he had had his ground-loop that day

Mr. Fritz trying to find enough men to convoy a ship to the line . .

D. E. Aulenbach trying to get Dr. Eckels to be his navigator on his cross-country hop

R. D. Dolph giving his personal advice and instruction to the instructors

C. C. Bunnell "What are you all trying to do; get me giggled in?" . .

Mr. Woods "Puh-leeze Mr. Buxton, 500 feet."



BUNNELL Capt. IRISH
Co. "A" Capt.

BUNNELL, C. E. JR.—He all is from Memphis, suh, in Tennessee, and among other things, Cecil, suh, would like to know what time it is.

IRISH, E. J.—Captain in the cavalry. Machine gun officer in the 14th Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kansas. His instructor always wants to know "Irish, when do you sleep last?" University of Illinois, class of 1939.

BEAUCOND, C. A.—2nd Lt. in the Infantry. U. S. M. A. class of 1942. Comes from Springfield, O.

MUSSER, J. F.—2nd Lt. in the Field Artillery. Served at Camp Roberts, Calif. Comes from Ada, Okla. Instructed in C. P. T. before going on active duty. Has about 500 hours under the collar. University of Oklahoma, class of 1940.

J. M. Colleson "I know I'm an H. P., but why doesn't my instructor think so?"

J. A. Doherty relating his troubles from his last dual hop

An orchid to R. L. Baker; first solo in Flight A

What patience Mr. Purdy must have to try to teach a group of sleeping cadets

H. J. Copsey astride a bench in the ready room riding herd back in good ole Broken Bow

It wouldn't be a complete day for W. T. Decker to find all of the men in his squad present

R. B. Benton heading for his plane with three pads to make him high enough to see out the cockpit.

The CPT Hot Pilot, D. G. Craft, doing a circular march around the "T"

It would be a miraculous event to find W. R. Connery making a formation with the rest of his flight

E. W. Benson and S. Booth can be heard harmonizing on a few tunes most any time; day or night.

S. A. Bell making a dash for the O. D. room to answer the phone. Guess who?

P. H. Bacon, the quietest man in the flight and one of the best when it comes to a Stearman. . . .

R. E. Ashmead checking gig sheet for Form I errors

A. G. Barber passing out the grey hair to all instructors and definitely not omitting himself.

K. E. Clutter is still trying to figure out why instructors are allergic to red hair

D. D. Africa relating some of his wild experiences encountered while on some of his solo trips

Seeing H. W. Cederstrom without his brother, Glenn, would be much like seeing W. J. Daly without his usual attire of mask, scarf, and neckerchief covering his face.



You'll have to replace me, sir—I've just been drafted!"

Class 42-K

AFRICA
AGUE
ASHMEAD
AULENBACH
AULT



AFRICA, D. D.—Dan, with the ramrod walk, hails from Harrisburg, Penn., and attended Harrisburg Academy. Before enlisting as a cadet, he was employed as a rodman, and the information sheet fails to specify whether he rode or shot them.

AGUE, R. M.—Bob is an uneager beaver from Beaver Falls, ran the scholastic gamut from Valley Forge Military Academy to Washington and Jefferson and Ge-

neva colleges, worked as a clerk before donning khaki.

ASHMEAD, R. E.—Ronnie's from the heart of the corn belt—Ottumwa, Iowa. He worked as a sales clerk in civilian life and snapped photos as a hobby. Pic, Look, Peek, Snap and Sneak might well be jealous of some of the shots he contributed to this Rank'n' File.

AULENBACH, D. E.—Dan's a native of Reading, Penn., was fore-

man in a meat packing establishment before winding up in the air force by way of Camp Lee, V., medical outfit.

AULT, W. G.—Bill's an air force man from way back, having enlisted in 1939 and taken basic and advanced courses in ground and aerial photography at Lowry Field, Colo. A couple of snaps in this Rankin File prove that the native Philadelphian wasn't wasting his time with the camera.



BACON
BAKER, E.
BAKER, R.
BARBER
BARRISCALE

BACON, P. H.—Paul gives his hometown as Weedsport, N. Y., which is a new one on the native New Yorker who's editing this. He spent two years at Syracuse University and was an artist in civilian life before joining the army's medical corps at Camp Lee, Va., enroute to the air force.

BAKER, E. M.—Jack Benny isn't

the only reason Waukegan, Ill., is on the map. Earl's from there too, having worked as a coke and gas oven apprentice before becoming a cadet.

BAKER, R. L.—Bob, first to solo, comes from Spongler, Penn., a small coal mining town. He's quiet and reserved, but can make that Stearman talk.

BARBER, A. G.—Al's from Bridgeport, Ill., where he worked as a parking attendant prior to joining the air cadets.

BARRISCALE, W. H.—Only man in the class to do a power dive through a transom. Bill's from New York City, worked as an advertising copywriter, spent sometime in the medical corps at Langley Field, Va.



Never mind, now—you're down!

**BELL
BENSON
BENTON
BOOTH
BUSCH**



BELL, S. A.—Stillman can tap out rhythms on those rudders. Another Ottumwa, Iowa, product, he was a professional dancer in the winter months, life guard in the summer.

BENSON, E. W.—Benny's from Kane, Penn., worked as assist-

ant manager for personal finance company in civil life.

BENTON, R. B.—A small bit of furniture from Grand Rapids, Mich. Historians will quote him as saying, "Come on, fall in."

BOOTH, S. R.—Sid's home town is McKeesport, Penn., which is fa-

mous for something or other. Educated at Penn State.

BUSCH, S. N.—They call this Philadelphian "Rabbit Hunter." (That pith helmet makes him look the part). On occasion, he is known to have commented, "The mat was crowded, so I got off."

**BUXTON
CEDERSTROM, G.
CEDERSTROM, H.
CHAMBERLIN
CLUTTER**



BUXTON, G. H.—Grover comes from Delaware, Ohio, went to Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill.

CEDERSTROM, G. R.—Glenn was overlooked by Bernie Bierman at the University of Minnesota, in Minncapolis. He'd like to know,

"Don't I change instructors to-day?"

CEDERSTROM, H. W.—Horace had the same experience at Minnesota. Spends a certain amount of time wondering where his brother is.

CHAMBERLAIN, E. S.—Ertel's an H. P. from Whitehall, Montana.

CLUTTER, K. E.—Kensel, otherwise known as "Casey," hails from Marion, Ohio, says, "Noooo! I don't take girls' pictures."



**COGHLAN
COLLISON
CONNERY
COPSEY
CRAFT**

COGHLAN, J. N.—John is from Cleveland Heights, Ohio, attended Western Reserve University.

COLLISON, J. M.—Dundas, Minnesota is Jimmy's home town. He usually claims, "Honest, she was over sixteen."

CONNERY, W. R.—Adjutant Bill, from Springfield, Mass., started his army career in the medicos at Camp Lee, Va. In civilian life he was a production engineer. Now, when his hands aren't cluttered with cameras, he flies. A big percentage of the snaps in this Rank'n' File are his.

COPSEY, H. J.—"Cowboy," winner of many a rodeo championship, is giving the Stearman a taste of the technique he learned back home in Broken Bow, Nebraska.

CRAFT, D. G.—Don's a former C. P. T. student from Uniontown, Pa.

Class 42-K

CUMMINS
DALY
DAVIS, M.
DAVIS, R.
DECKER



CUMMINS, F. P.—Frank's from Johnstown, Penn., worked as a mail clerk for Utility Corp., before joining up.

DAVIS, N. M.—Another Pittsburghian, Maurice attended Waynesburg college, worked as a brakeman in the postal service.

an enlisted man before becoming a cadet. Was radio operator in the Second Bombardment Group.

DALEY, W. J., JR.—A native of Lansdale, Penn., Bill's another Penn State collegian, had two years of R. O. T. C. training.

DAVIS, R. D.—Positively the last of the Davises. Ray's from South Carolina, attended the State University and Clemson A. & M. This army racket is nothing new, for he spent seventeen months as

DECKER, W. T.—Walter was born in London, England, later pitched his tent in Elizabeth, New Jersey. His C. P. T. experience has come in handy, and it may not be long before he sees his birthplace again.



DENNIS
DOHERTY
DOLPH
ENSSLEN
STENBERG

DENNIS, R. G.—Middletown, Ohio, in transition. Russ is constantly looking for his book, his pencil, etc., but he knows where to find the gadgets on a PT.

DOHERTY, J. A.—Jim's an experienced army man from Pittsburgh, Penn. Took basic C. M. T. C. and R. O. T. C. training, attended the University of Illinois, formerly worked as an aircraft dispatcher. His is a turnabout table.

DOLPH, R. D.—Another C. M. T. C., R. O. T. C. cadet. Hails from Tecumseh, Nebraska, once stopped an instructor with, "Instructor? I thought you were a mechanic."

ENSSLEN, G. J.—George is from Abbottstown, Penn., worked as a defense stock clerk as a civilian.

STENBERG, OVE D.—

DEKLE, T. A.—Tommy's from Chipley, Fla., and the California Chamber of Commerce needn't come around for a statement. Started his army career eighteen months ago in the Quartermaster Corps.



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THE ORDINARY MAN
AND FOLLOWERS

- PARACHUTE ADVERTISEMENT!



WRITE LT. MABEE FOR
CIRCULAR!



"AIR HOG" HERMANN



3-POINT LANDING!



SABOTAGE!



- DODO BIRD -

Well, we'd heard about it and now we were in it. Yes, it certainly was a nervous morning when B flight put on those blue coveralls and flight jackets for the first time. We reluctantly set our helmets on our heads and went running wildly to that sandy place in front of the Rankin star.

"Mister!" we heard. "Those gosports!" Put 'em down, put 'em down. Oh, you poor—poor dodos."

I suppose we all felt curdled inside, but we laughed at the Rankin veterans and marched with outwardly bold steps to the northeast hanger.

Everybody got a ride that day, and a group that a few hours before had been strangers to one another, started making friends.

Perhaps curiosity was the important factor in this process the first day.

"What did you do? How long did you fly? Did you land it?" Thous-

ands of questions, exaggerated tales, short burbles of hesitant laughter, and exclamations of surprise floated in the air.

Instructors and Flight Commanders were given a verbal going over. There was Mr. Oliver—the flight commander. Certainly he was envied by that group of dodos. He could fly something terrific, and best of all to us then, he carried the necessary features of a weathered pilot.

Then Mr. Bartlett. He was in charge of the Red Section. It didn't take long to find out how he'd treat us. True, we looked at him rather dubiously at first, but the softness of his speech soon destroyed our fears.

Our minds, having dispensed with those two gentlemen, settled on another list of men—our instructors. Mean? Yell? Yes, some of them could. Often we wondered if they were going without sleep, or if they

were just hungry. Such slander we had never received and we couldn't quite understand why we were the cause of such apparently foolish bad temper. May we stop now with a small tribute to them and admit we know damn well why their actions were necessary.

If it took us a long time to realize this, blame it on the fact that we were a little on the green side.

Confidence! That word that held no place with us that first day or two has been steadily restored by the psychology of our instructors. If we had a hard job, their's was anywhere from five to ten times as hard.

Messrs. Sawyers, Berg, Hillhouse, Boggs, Swenson, Weston, Walters, Lyndon, Tharp, Morrison, Zandell, Jones, Monroe, Clayton and Lt. Faulkner! Our appreciation hasn't been sung very loudly, gentlemen, but, felt or spoken, it's there.



FARRIER
Co. "B" Capt.
LT. FAWKES
LT. BERMAN



FARRIER, J. W.—Captain Jim of "B" Company, is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. His flying is as hot as that Gopher football team.

BERMAN, R. A.—2nd Lt., Field Artillery, U. S. M. A., Class of '42. Nickname: "Boo." Hails from Dayton, Ohio.

FAWKES, B. E., JR.—2nd Lt. Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft. (601st). Class of 1941 at the University of

Minnesota. Minneapolis is his home town too.

HAY, O. W.—"Yard bird" Wayne is a serious Joe from Somerset, Penn. Famous last words: "Sir, I don't see why!"

BENNER, A. V., JR.—1st Lt. Army Air Forces. Formerly Administrative Officer of the 41st Bombardment Group. Graduate of Texas A. & M., Class of 1938. Home is in El Paso, Texas.



**FEIGLEY
FISHER
FOGEL
FORD
FROST**

FEIGLEY, H. M.—"Feig," from the Buckeye state, was flying high in the R. C. A. F. when December 7th rolled around. He promptly switched to the home team and his only regret is that he picked Dick Ford as his roommate.

FISHER, W. H.—"Fish" is another Buckeye, from Patterson Field, in Dayton. As he has been known to say, "That's a lot of Fiegley."

FOGEL, M. I.—"Moe" spent a year in the Twenty-First Engineers before coming to Rankin. Before that he was punching a time clock at Bethlehem Steel.

FORD, R. E.—This place is lousy with Buckeyes. Dick attended the University of Toledo, kissed an office job, etc., goodbye to join the air force. Replying to his

roommate: "Why did I move in with that lazy Fieg?"

FROST, L. L.—Still they come. "Beats me" Lou used to watch the weather at Patterson Field after previously spending his time convincing people they ought to use (censored—no advt. please) spark plugs.

**GIRARD
GIVINS
GOODRICH
GOSNELL
GRACE**



GIRARD, K. A.—Thank goodness, we're out of Ohio. Keith's from New Mexico, went to the College of New Mexico, from there to the army and finally into cadet ranks.

GIVENS, D. R.—Don walked four P. T.'s before being informed that the punishment was an error. His reaction was logical. He walked them backwards to compensate somewhat for his woebegone state of mind.

GOODRICH, H. T.—Herb's a Nebraska boy, with quite a career as a dodo behind him. To 42-J: quote "Thanks fellows—for the gigs."

GOSNELL, E. S.—Earl's home town's melodic Swichley, Penn. He attended Carnegie Tech and worked for Bell Telephone for a stretch. In the air corps, pneumonia

benched him awhile, but he's due back in the lineup soon.

GRACE, R. A.—Hoosier Ralph attended Purdue for a while, then tossed the books into the boiler to take a position in the laboratories of an aluminum company. He's still bent on playing around with aluminum, from a different angle.



**GRAHAM
GRANT
GRAY
GRAYBILL
GUENTHER**

GRAHAM, J. J.—John, alias "Ears," is an army vet from Oklahoma City. Spent two and a half years in the National Guard, two more in the regular air corps.

GRANT, E. A.—Ed, coming from the hills of West Virginia, found

the ground so flat at Rankin that he had to bed on the side of a revetment in order to ease his wretched frame of mind. "Beats the hell out of me."

GRAY, D. M.—Darrell's from Iowa, the corn state, made his living in the gas and coal business.

GRAYBILL, P. C.—Paul's an athlete from Pennsylvania, only he hasn't quite mastered the T-formation.

GUENTHER, W. E.—Walt was Philadelphia's gift to the quartermaster corps before transferring to the gadgets.

Class 42-K

HAGEN, L.
HALEY
HALL, F.
HALL, J.
HAM



HAGEN, N. L.—Norm's a Montanan, former logger, and railroad employee, with a new home in the state of Washington.

HALEY, L. E.—Another Hoosier, a former salesman, and judging from his line, it looks as though he's still trying to sell something.

HALL, F. E.—Frank's from a little

town called Buckhannon (that's the way somebody copied it off the information sheet). It's one of those West Virginia spots where the sun can only be seen at high noon. Frank says someday he'll bring the joint out of the hills and put it on the map.

HALL, J. S.—This should about ex-

haust the population of Ohio. Jim's another Patterson Field alumnus, an ex-weather man and possessor of a fine tenor voice which perked up many a trip to an auxiliary field.

HAM, R. D.—Bob has a mint julep accent that could only have been concocted in his home state of Virginia, suh.



HANSEN, F.
HANSEN, L.
HAPPEL
HARTSWICK
HEATHCOTE

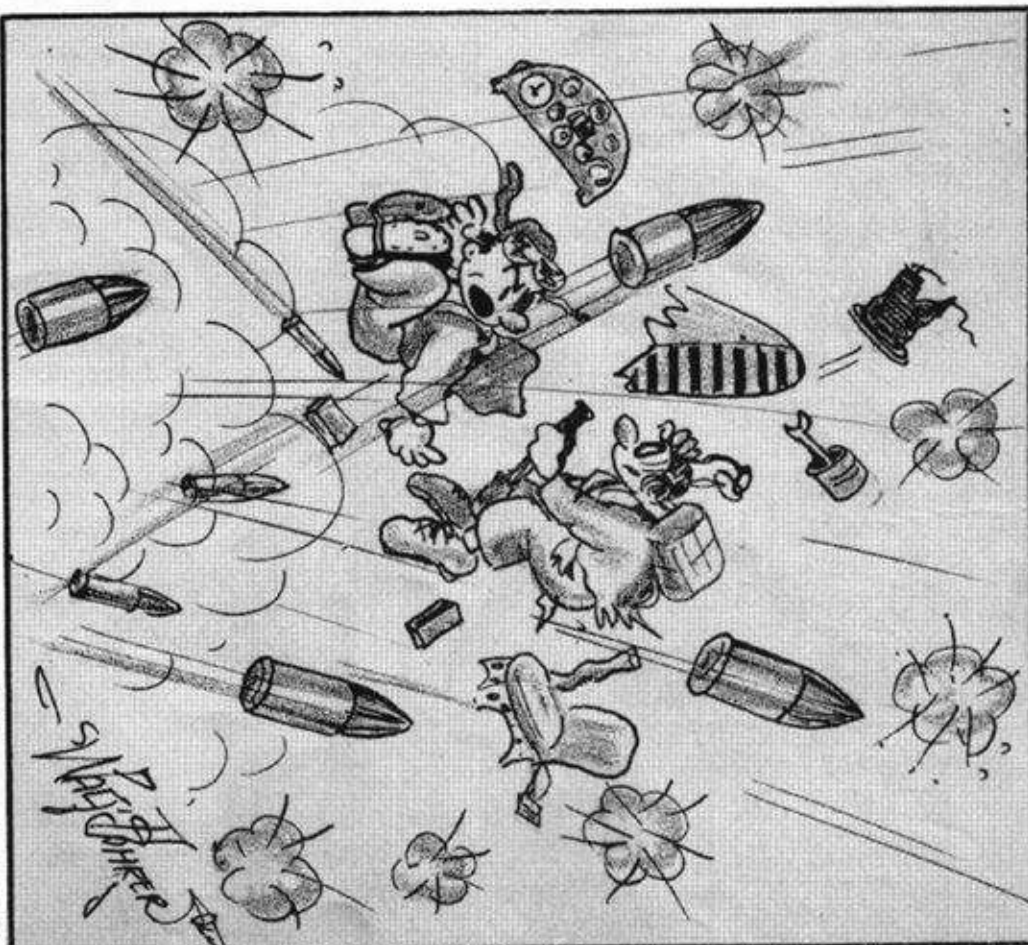
HANSEN, F. C.—Carl's from Gary, Indiana, and say that for the past quarter century he has studied at the college of hard knocks. (Colors—black and blue).

HANSEN, LEROY—Leroy, former U. C. L. A. collegian, has but one pet gripe. "I study to get good marks, I find myself eligible for open post, then it dawns on me that I'm too damn tired to go out."

HAPPEL, R. G.—Hap's a guy what wants to get to Ohio—Dayton's the town, a brunette's the thing.

HARTSWICK, J. A.—Rankin's weather amazes Johnny, a refugee from Pittsburgh, where they say you can see 30 feet on a clear day.

HEATHCOTE, M.—Martin's from Freeland, Maryland. He needn't worry about being caught with his carburetor down because he was a mechanic before climbing into the cockpit himself.



Well, you wanted to bomb a munitions plant! Now, are you
SATISFIED?



**HEGEWOLD
HENRY
HICKO
HILL
HOAGLAND**

HEGEWOLD, J. M.—Another ruddy rather rotund Hoosier from Bedford. Johnny spent two years at Culver Military Academy and eight years in the National Guard.

HENRY, J. H.—Hard-luck Jim, with a fever, hospital, no week-ends at Santa Ana, has finally put the bite on the old jinx and is flying right up there. Ask him about the toothbrush he lost in

a certain hotel.

HICKS, E. J.—Six foot two Eddie, or "Hicks the Kid," is Hoosier born but reminds us that his home town is Whiting, Indiana. One of the Kentucky cadets asked which part of Canada Whiting incorporated. The funeral was held last week.

HILL, A. L.—Al hails from Liechberg, Penn., with some C. P. T. time. He's quiet until somebody

asks him about it, then it's "Dog-gone, that stuff! I wish I'd never had it."

HOAGLAND, R.—Ralph comes from Washington, D. C. He's quite a Joe, but says his Joein's undergoin' quite a throwin' thru the absence of one fast steppin' convertible. He's toying with the idea of using a Stearman, but fears the streets are too narrow to parkin'.

**HOKE
HOOK
HORCHLER
HOYT
HUGHES**



HOKE, W. L.—Walter (Flyin' is fun, but I miss the little woman") is one of our sentimental gentlemen from Maryland. Sufficient evidence of this can be seen in his patriotic tendency to keep the letters flying.

HOOK, R. L.—Straight from Kentucky, the land of beautiful horses, fast women, blue grass and revenoors comes Robert, one of "B" Flight's more subtle

humorists, as witness his pet phrase, "Shoot him maw—he looks like a revenoor!"

HORCHLER, G. R.—Having been employed as a C. P. T. instructor in civilian life, Ray comes from New Castle, Penn. Despite his previous time, he likes to be just another cadet.

HOYT, R. H.—Reminds us of the rubber shortage when we see

him bounce around. Seriously, Dick was an eagle scout in civilian life, and no doubt it's stood him in good stead in the air force.

HUGHES, M. L.—Merlin is from Souix City, Iowa, and holds some sort of record. Scratched two wings on the same plane in the same period, whence his current phrase, "Well, you can't fly this one now."



**HUNTER
JAMISON
JESSER
JOHNSON, C.
JOHNSTON, R.**

HUNTER, J. E.—Ever been to Springfield, O? Well, that's where John used to be, but he left on a windy day to join up. Best phrase, "Oh, I was practicing."

JAMISON, J. S.—John is one of the quiet individuals of Company B, of which there are few. He comes from Freedonia, Penn., and as a civilian, he worked as an apprentice engineer. Got a degree from Waynesburg, College.

JESSER, H. L.—A former Colorado State (Aggie), Larry has shown agility on the gridiron as well as in the air. "Is dot you Chosef?" "Jesser."

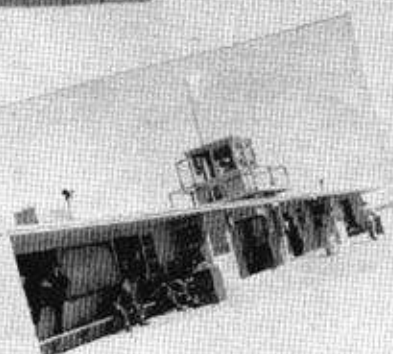
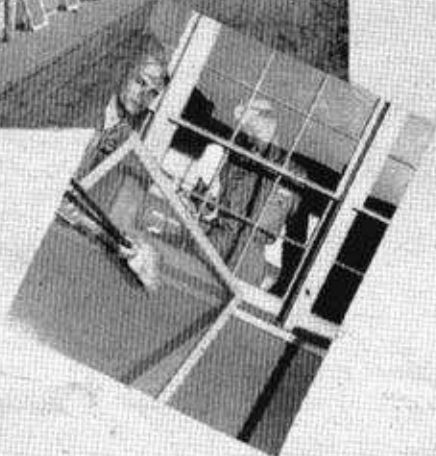
JOHNSON, CARL A.—Carl, another Pennsylvania lad, graduated from Williamsburg high not too long ago, and started to learn the machinists' trade. Fortunately the air of the shop was not pleas-

ant so he acquired a little altitude.

JOHNSTON, R. S.—The only time Bob isn't happy is when somebody leaves the "T" out of his last name. His pride and joy is the fact that he comes from Parker's Landing, the smallest city in the United States. Incidentally, old man, that isn't the only important "T" in your life.

OH, FOR TH' LIFE OF A K-DET!

WE NEVER WORK—WE ALWAYS PLAY,
OR FLY AND FLY THE LIVE-LONG DAY!
(OH, YEAH???)



C Company—

**Class
42-K**

Hop aboard everybody, for we're off to take a trip with Rankin's crack outfit—"C" Flight—"C" Company. Hold on tight, open your weary eyes, and gasp as these mighty warriors swing out in perfect (no guffaws) formation. Monsieur Kearns can really make these boys step. "Hut, two, three, four" The long trek across the mat has begun. Wait! I see some of them falling behind. Could it be that a mere 110 degree temperature has dulled their spirit? No, couldn't be. Minutes seem like hours as they push valiantly on—some swearing, some singing, others just plugging along. Schaaf counts an absurd ca-

dence and look! Souders is starting to sing again. Now doesn't that make you proud, folks, to see such a hardy group.

In the Ready Room, muscular Mr. Mazzei and smooth looking Mr. Fall shake in anticipation as our heroes pile through the door. Almost shamefully, the boys listen to the mistakes that were made yesterday, and swear with sincerity it'll never happen again (unless there's a cross wind). As eager as new born beavers, they split up to report for a day of toil, worry and fun with their hard-hearted instructors (shame on you Mr. Armstrong). (Ed. note: Any reference to people living or otherwise is just the way I want it).

Motors are started, mags are checked, belts are fastened, and folks here comes the mostest excitement you've ever seen. They're off.

For those who aren't flying, we take you now to the Ready Room. Robins is blowing his top, or Petersen is figuring out his time, while poor Johnny Mark just beats time on the table and sends himself outa this world. (Efforts are being made to provide John with a band).

As the sun dips slowly into the West, we bid farewell to "C" Flight, the jolliest, toughest, fightenest bunch of H. P.'s on record.



RITTMAN
Co. "C" Capt.
NAGORKA
Battalion Commander
Capt. **OLDS**

RITTMAN, W. C.—"Harvard Law School was never like this." Bill's educational whistle stops also included Penn State, Swarthmore, and Harvard Colleges. Comes from Salem, O. If Felix Frankfurter's the man behind Roosevelt, you know who the man behind the man is, don't you?

OLDS, V.—Captain in the Quarter-

master Corps. Served at Fort Lewis, Wash., starting in 1940. Commanded a truck company. An old national guard officer.

NAGORKA, H. J.—Nick's blurb should be written by a foreign correspondent. A citizen by birth, he went to Poland to study music at the Warsaw Conservatory. Soon, putting his voice to good



use, he drifted into international news broadcasts for N. B. C., blew the joint one jump ahead of the Nazi invasion.

KEARNS
KEIN
KIRSCH
KRUGER
LAMBERT



KEARNS, R. L.—Bob's from Louisville, Ky., was a clerk in civilian life, and his natural ability to count to four makes him a good drill master.

KEIN, E. C.—A favorite son of Evanston, Ill., or at least of all those Evanstonians to whom he didn't sell what Damon Runyon

calls Tight Shoes. Ed likes nothing so much as to drive a convertible at fantastic rates of speed.

KRUGER, D. W.—Don's from Bellaire, Ohio, was a glass worker and foglite assembler in civilian life.

LAMBERT, E. L.—Why anyone

would go from Porto Rico to Bayonne, N. J., is a problem that Cook's, Tour will have to solve when they get back in the travel business. Anyway, that's what Erven did—born on the island, worked as an aircraft mechanic in Jersey, caught the flying fever, and here he is.

Class 42-K

LARSEN
LEEDS
LENGEL
LEONARD
LUTTRELL



LARSEN, E. M.—Much travelled Ed is one of dem bums, alumnus of Manual Training High in Brooklyn. Born on January 1st.

probably as a publicity stunt, he may do a lot more globe trotting soon after wishing everybody Happy New Year 1943.

LEEDS, F. M.
LENGEL, J. S.
LEONARD, T. M., Jr.
LUTTRELL, P. T.
LITTLE, E. M.



MADDEN, V. L.—A man from football. Steel worker by profession, was an M. P. in the army, ancestors must have survived the flood in Youngstown, O., his home.

know. "I can't be wrong," isn't just a play on words.

MARK, JOHN S.—Just get in step with the greatest swing fan on the field. The jive kid went to the University of Cincinnati, was renowned in Westfield, N. J., for his "How about them apples?" Before he joined up, he had two whole hours flying time, and American Airlines was already dickering for his service.

MARRINER, R. M.—The Philly-Baltimore kid was a junior sales executive in civilian life, once made the astounding statement that "What's right's right."

MARTZ, W. R.—Versatile Willy was brakeman in a coal mine, studied for a year at West Virginia University. Is often heard, talking in his sleep, to-wit, "Hit one, Mr. Martz."

MANDELBERG, R.—The University of Maryland carried on where Baltimore City College left off in a vain effort to teach Bob something he didn't already

MASON
McCLURE
McDOWELL
McGUFFEY
McSORLEY



MASON, B. A.—He don't take nothin' from nobody. Bert graduated

from La Salle Institute in 1934, was manager of a dairy. Home's in Cumberland, Maryland.

McCLURE, K. D.—"Donald Duck" Ken was on his way to pulling a Wes Fesler at Ohio State when this war business intervened. Comes from Columbus, O., has two years' R. O. T. C. experience.

McGUFFEY, E. D.—Mac left Ames, Iowa to attend St. Ambrose College bent on a liberal arts degree, ended up in the commercial world as a salesman in Joilet, Ill.

McSORLEY, E. C.—Mac has a relative who's a big shot in Democratic Philadelphia politics. Otherwise he's O. K. Comes from Atlantic City, father's an army man, has lots of flying experience, worked for Glenn Martin Co., in Baltimore.

McDOWELL, W. E.—Bill, otherwise known as "Brace," was born in Phillips, West Virginia, wherever that is. Learned basic R. O. T. C. at West Virginia University.





MILLER, C.
MILLER, F.
MILLER, L.
MILLER, J.
MORGAN

MILLER, C. E.—Clyde was a track star of almost national fame at Stivers High, Dayton, O.; he feels inhibited in a Stearman. Worked as assembler and inspector before toeing the mark in the air cadets.

MILLER, F. E.—Fred's from the Danish Community of Junction City, Oregon, spent two years at Oregon State College. There may be a connection in the facts that he was a market analyst and was once booked for a murder that

turned out to be a suicide. The dead man was probably a Wall street dabbler, which may account for the fine distinction.

MILLER, J. S.—"Red" was first in the flight to solo. Comes from Bellevue, Washington, attended the University of Washington, Worked as a bill clerk.

MILLER, LEROY J.—Caterpillar Roy was the obvious one to pull the trick—you know which one. Nevertheless, his flying's fine

only the airlines would never hire him because they have a schedule to keep. It is not known whether or not Roy was ever on time at a formation. Attended University of Maryland. Worked as auto road tester and clerk. Comes from Baltimore.

MORGAN, H. R.—The B & O railroad lost one of its best pipe fitters when "Morgue" joined up. "Let's go raid the icebox," is his cue for action.

MURRAY
NORRIS
PETERSON
PFEIFFER
POPMA



MURRAY, E. J.—Ed's from Buffalo, went to the university there, learned to be a chem lab assistant. Served in the medical corps before transferring to the air force. Needs a navigator to prevent getting lost in town. One B-24, coming up.

NORRIS, E. R.—That innocent hayseed expression has the wo-

men completely buffaloe'd. Ed's a Louisville product, likes to say: "It's the onlyest thing."

PETERSEN, W. E.—Pete took art and technical courses at Calumet High, Chicago, but he never did give us that cartoon of the hand reaching out of the P. A. system and dragging the cadet from bed at revellie.

PFEIFFER, R. L.—Bob's from French Lick, Indiana, home of Pluto water, if you like that sort of thing. Worked as front office chief clerk in a hotel.

POPMA, P.—Pop's from Cherokee, Iowa, got a degree from the state university. Can you imagine what a bend six feet two inches can get over an office clerk's desk?



RAUSCHENBERGER
RETALICK
RICHTER
ROBINS
RUTHER

RAUSCHENBERGER, A. F.—Art got the flying needle during active naval service on the Carriers Wasp and Ranger after four years in the naval reserve. So he buzzed back home to Cincinnati to join the Army Air Force.

RETALICK, J. A.—One of these days "Rhett" is going to figure out a pattern that doesn't resemble a crazy quilt. They must have

gone in for fancy dresses where he was employed as a textile worker. Comes from Lonaconing, Md.

RICHTER, G. F.—Jerry's from Nebraska, massaged his brain for a year at Kearny College, made his living as a clothier. Don't know which doesn't speak so good English, but Ricky has trouble getting rendezvous straight with

a certain red-headed doll.

ROBINS, A. G.—The little corporal hails from Rockville Center, L. I., was a full fledged engineer while working co-op at Georgia Tech

RUTHER, V. M.—Comes from Euclid, Minn., and geographers are still trying to figure out how come he has a wife in Alexandria, Va. Worked as tractor-trailer driver and as a plate printer.

Class 42-K

SAUM
SCHAAF
SCOTT
SELKREGG
SOUDERS



SAUM, J. E.—Johnny's an engineering draftsman from Hagerstown, Maryland. His caution to those in ranks: "Don't lock your knees because no one will steal them."

SCHAAF, P. H.—Phil's from Hicksville, N. Y., educated at New York

University, a small school of about a million students. Daily can be heard to monologue: "You mean! You mean! No Mail? Ah! I knew she'd write."

SCOTT, J. B.—Jack's from the home of the assembly line. Went from Detroit to the University of

Michigan, was teaching school before joining up.

SELKREGG, J. B.—Jim's a former football player from Massachusetts State College. Home town, East Side, Penn. "Gentlemen, I guess you know."

SOUDERS, S. L.—

D Company—

Life On Flight Line D

Flight A thought we looked like sick call, B figured we were glider pilots, C called us meatballs, but one indisputable advantage we had—we were nearest the PX.

"Mr. Coleman, may I leave the flight to get a haircut?" "Mr. Scheurer, may I make a telephone call?" One way or the other, it always meant a trip to the PX, even if there was a detour to the barber or phone booth on the way to make it look legitimate.

That's not all we did on the flight line. Some people brought training manuals—the first couple of weeks, anyway, and tried to knock off some study assignments. But the cramming usually degenerated into a session of hanger flying, on the whys and wherefores of that first scraped wing, the near outside loop

caused by holding too much forward stick coming out of a spin, and who just used the dodo bucket.

The West Point Glee Club provided another distraction. "Walking Down Broadway into Main, looking for a place to buy cocaine . . ." Hommel on those high notes, Whitlow and Wickham lower down. Then Kennedy—the dispatcher with the red pith helmet—would prevail on Grif to sing "Papaia" over the ready-room-to-tower-hook-up. It's a wonder planes didn't take off in the rhythm of a Hawaiian hula.

Time passed and people started to solo. "Cowboy" Wilson and Warren first, then more and more, and some washed out, and fellows began worrying about the 20 hour check.

"Poker Face" Yannello went for a solo joy ride one day, and did his imitation of Wrong Way Corrigan. He calmly set his Stearman down in a flock of Ryans at Sequoia and asked directions.

The Flight started alternating between the home base and oil-surfaced Strathmore. Shaughnessy's complicated T Formation has nothing on the let down pattern you had to follow across countless section lines over there. Telephone lines and large trees on the

edge of the field were taken down purposely, but they forgot a certain wooden fence. A couple of the boys took care of that the day of the 180 degree stage landings.

Through all these events, the instructors did their best to remain calm. Messrs. Derby and Whiteman sarcastically spurred on Wilson and Ed Smith as they did a perfect formation takeoff on their first solos. Mr. Edwards would often coach his man in on a landing, murmuring, "Pull that stick back" as someone galloped in like Whirlaway in the stretch. Then he'd pass around a letter from a former student now in Advanced, telling how the Rankin grads were complimented in their work.

Mr. Zotterelli seemed to be the prime extrovert; you expected him literally to start pulling out his hair when pupil pulled a knucklehead. Mr. Derby constantly threatened to use the field jack when Witkin or Van Nimwegen tried to land fifteen feet off the ground.

In all, there was never a dull moment, except perhaps in connection with paper work. Which brings us to one concluding suggestion for making Ready Room 3 just perfect. We're ready to admit that we can't quite cope with Form 1's, solo slips, dispatch slips, blackboard calculations and time cards. How about ringing in beautiful private secretaries to take care of that sort of thing? It would help morale no end.



Class 42-K



SMITH, E. J.
Co. "D" Capt.
COLE
CONWAY
DOYLE
GRIFFIN

SMITH, E. J.—Captain Ed was born in Liverpool, has a yen to fly dual with Witkin as the main act in Derby's flying circus—Ed on the stick, editor on the rudder. Was a glass worker by trade, had a lot of flying time, and dabbled in the airplane business before entering the medical corps.

COLE, H. C.—West Pointer. Pseudo pilot who can even make a grace-

ful maneuver out of a ground loop and pass all army checks.

CONWAY, L. E.—West Pointer. Casanova from way back. Great follower of the U. S. O. social life.

DOYLE, R. D.—West Pointer. Ole Pappy, the ordinary man, says "It don't hurt it none to fly it every which way."

GRIFFIN, D. E.—The Princess Papooley follower, a yodeler from

Hawaii. Track star for the Kay-dets.

SWIFT, A. B.—2nd Lt. Infantry. Served at Camp Wolters, Texas, before being assigned to the air force. Graduate of U. of Akron, 1939. Holds private pilots license from C. P. T. Home is in Akron, too.

MAUGHAN—West Pointer. Knight of the sky road. 11,000 ft. and still going up. Pool and card king.

HAGEN
HARTMAN
HOMMEL
MacDONNELL
NASH



HAGEN, A. D.—South 'Kota H. P. Went to South Dakota U. before entering West Point. Too bad brains won't fly a Stearman without physical exertion.

HARTMAN, J. W.—West Pointer. Known as "The Deac". Sixty hours in the air and 28 hours in cool, refreshing P. T.'s.

HOMMEL, J. M.—West Pointer.

and keep dispatchers from getting bored.

MacDONNELL, L. R.—West Pointer. Belated dodo, the solo king. A track star at the Point. Song master par excellence. Military authorities are seriously thinking of sending the West Point quartet on a tour of the nation's flight lines to boost morale

NASH—West Pointer. The Mississippi "Yankee". He's an ice cream sandwich hound.

NORTHROP, J. R.—West Pointer. Strictly G. I. "I love to be super military."

ORR, R. E.—Expert on the "dodo" bucket—has more tenacity than three average men.



PFAENDER
RANDALL
RICHES
ROGERS
SHAW

PFAENDER, M. G.—Max, a carry-over from 42-J, is from Oklahoma City, but looks like anything but an oil man. Went to South Dakota State College and the University of Oklahoma, but looks like anything but a student. Now he's flying—guess what he looks like. He's hot.

RANDALL, R. D. M.—West Pointer. Track star, football player supreme, master manipulator of the

lacrosse stick. Wanna mix it up?

RICHES, G. R.—"Dam that field, it was under me a minute ago." George is the man for whom they invented the field jack. You can see the hayseeds of Ohio on his head on a bright day.

ROGERS, R. D.—Dick looks as though he's sitting on someone's shoulders in the cockpit. Comes from Spokane, Wash., spent two

years at Spokane Junior College, one at Gonzaga. Entered the air force with CPT experience.

SHAW, A. W.—A refugee from the pari mutuel windows in Florida. Al hoboed from college to college, ran out of them and tried his hand at driving busses, motorcycles, and planes. He may soon get tired of planes and take up rockets, after which, there's no telling what he'll do.

Class 42-K

SHUCK
SMITH, G.
SOKEL
SPEAR
SPENCER



SHUCK, C. A.—Tobacco was his civilian game. Chief problem in flying school is getting up on time—causes him more worry than his Kentucky women, which is going some.

SMITH, G. R.—Coming from Spring Valley, O., George has ambitions of some day becoming Secretary of State. Got groundwork for a legal career at Ohio Northern U.

SOKOL, N.—Nick, the Mad Russian from New York, picked up a degree from C. C. N. Y., did a stretch at Camp Lee, Va., then took to the sky.

SPEAR, R. W.—Born down under in Maine, he moved to Maryland, and likes it up yonder. Graduate of Ohio Northern U., worked for Glenn Martin's in Baltimore and

is a 24 hour a day, walking advertisement of the B-26.

SPENCER, J. W.—Spence was an accountant in civilian life, finally succeeded in putting two and two together and decided he ought to be in the air force. That's one time his figures came out right; he belongs in a plane like fuzz on peaches.



STANGLE
STEVENS
STEWART
STORCK
STOVER

STANGLE, D. M.—West Pointer. Casey, the slave driver, says you may "Raise your hand."

STEVENS, J. D.—Steve's from Nebraska, would do well posing for toothpaste ads, got into the army and worked up to the rank of Staff Sergeant. Not content, he left the soft spot and here he is flying, smile and all.

STEWART, W. R.—West Pointer. Blond nemesis of the Sierra Club.

STORCK, E. T.—Gene's from West Virginia and attended the university there. He's out to show the world that coal miners can fly as well as play football for Fordham.

STOVER, W. T.—Smoky worked as a radio man at Langley Field, Va., and picked up a lot of odd information about planes in the bargain. At regular intervals, he spills data in class, often lapsing into language most often associated with an army barracks. Comes from Pennsylvania, attended Girard College in Philly.

SWICKARD
TISTHAMMER
TRUX
TUCKER
TURRELL



SWICKARD, S. K.

TISTHAMMER, M. A.—Tisty's another Nebraskan, and has a low opinion of his flying. Which conflicts somewhat with the theory of the instructors, because he's still around. Patient doing nicely.

TRUX, J. M.—Johnny's from Duluth, Minn., and when flying his helmet can barely be seen sticking over the edge of the cockpit.

TUCKER, A. S. J.—West Pointer. The master bugler that Rankin could not live without. A sucker for the power of suggestion. Got the idea for ground looping on following the editor in one day.

TURRELL, R. W.—The Redheaded Romeo of Company D. Native of Washington, attended the University of California, before coming into the air force. "Ride, Red, Ride."





VanNIMWEGAN
VINEY
VOGEL
VOTAW
WALTON

VAN NIMWEGAN, R. A.—A six foot two corn stalk from Iowa, and Iowa State College. Van kept shifting instructors until he finally found one who could squeeze his name into the one square on the schedule blackboard.

VINEY, W. H.—Bill "V for" Viney comes from Upper Darby, Penn., enlisted in the army in 1940, and when he talks about the weather, he's not just making conversation.

VOGEL, R. R.—Dick picked up some crumbs of knowledge at Penn State and Franklin and Marshall College, in the normal course of events got into this khaki business in the quartermaster corps before switching to the aviation cadets. Knows all the answer around a swimming pool.

VOTAW, V. L.—After kicking trucks all over this man's country, the flying business is a loaf—

or almost—for Buckeye Virgil. He moves around fast when he's in those contraptions, so guess it's all right if he does stand on a dime out in center field.

WALTON, R. M.—Ray's a little Oriole from Baltimore, one of those compact little gadgets they built fighter cockpits for. The wives' around to put her O. K. on everything, and that goes both ways.

WARFIELD
WARREN
WELLS
WICKHAM
WILKIN



WARFIELD, A., JR.—"So I took the forty thousand dollars, and I bought my honey a bracelet, see. Boy, was she sharp!" Which one, Jackson? Baltimore Jack is strictly in the groove, in the air, on the ground, and when he awakens the boys with Goodwin's "Jersey Bounce."

WARREN, J. A.—Iowa John is renowned for his thesis on winds. Came to the air force by way of the Signal Corps, which doesn't

prove that he can't get his signals or T's crossed. His unpredictability is calculated to worry hell out of the Japs.

WELLS, R. L.—"I guess you know" Bob's from Mt. Lebanon, Pa. One Friday night he was very ambitious about getting the room ready for S. M. I. to insure the weekend pass. Next Friday night, he didn't give a damn. What a week-end!

WICKHAM, F. O.—West Pointer.

Glee Club follower of the Persian Kitty. He's otherwise known as "The Brain".

WILKIN, R. F.—At the last census, Bob, by official count had a gal in every state in the Union. Comes from Quincy, Ill., was a salesman, before getting into air corps administrative work as an enlisted man. Got the urge to fly while at Hamilton Field. To him, S. M. doesn't mean Saturday morning.

WILSON, D. W.—"Cowboy" Dave was last seen hurrying the day they gave away free beer in the 1924 presidential campaign. Comes from Columbus, O., spent a couple of years at the state university. Had previous CPT time before joining the air force.

WITKIN, R.—"Bookroom" Wit is always seen with his chin in some kind of reading matter. A New Yorker from way back, he has degrees from Harvard and Columbia Journalism, worked as a newspaperman before getting drafted into the Coast Artillery on the way to the air force. Will nickname his first plane "Lemon."

WILSON
WITKIN
YANNELLO



YANNELLO, P. M.—If they ever put hub caps on these Stearmans, Old Pontiac will fill the bill. Ever see him peer out from the cockpit? Laughing Boy comes from Boonesboro, Pa., did a little of this and that before taking up flying.

WHITLOW, R. V.—West Pointer. A big hunk of football and base-

ball player from up the Hudson, once set down the Giants with two runs in five innings.

WILSON, W. B.—West Pointer. Another of Earl Blaik's tackles.

SMITH, R. E.—Warrant Officer. Six feet, four inches tall. Just got married. Served as staff sergeant in the air corps at Geiger Field, Wash.

West Point in the Air

By a West Pointer



Our coming here for the summer has been an experience which we consider valuable in many ways. We have learned that the air corps can't fail in its purpose to the army as a whole. The cooperation and the unselfish attitude of the cadets we have met will not be forgotten when we leave, and no matter where we may serve during the following months and years, we have a new confidence in you who will be working with us as officers.

We've had fun together too, which we never will forget. Those song sessions have been really rare, and we all will solemnly swear that nowhere could the willingness to make the noise if not the harmony be found. Keep 'em singing too, men, and everything will be all right, no matter what happens.

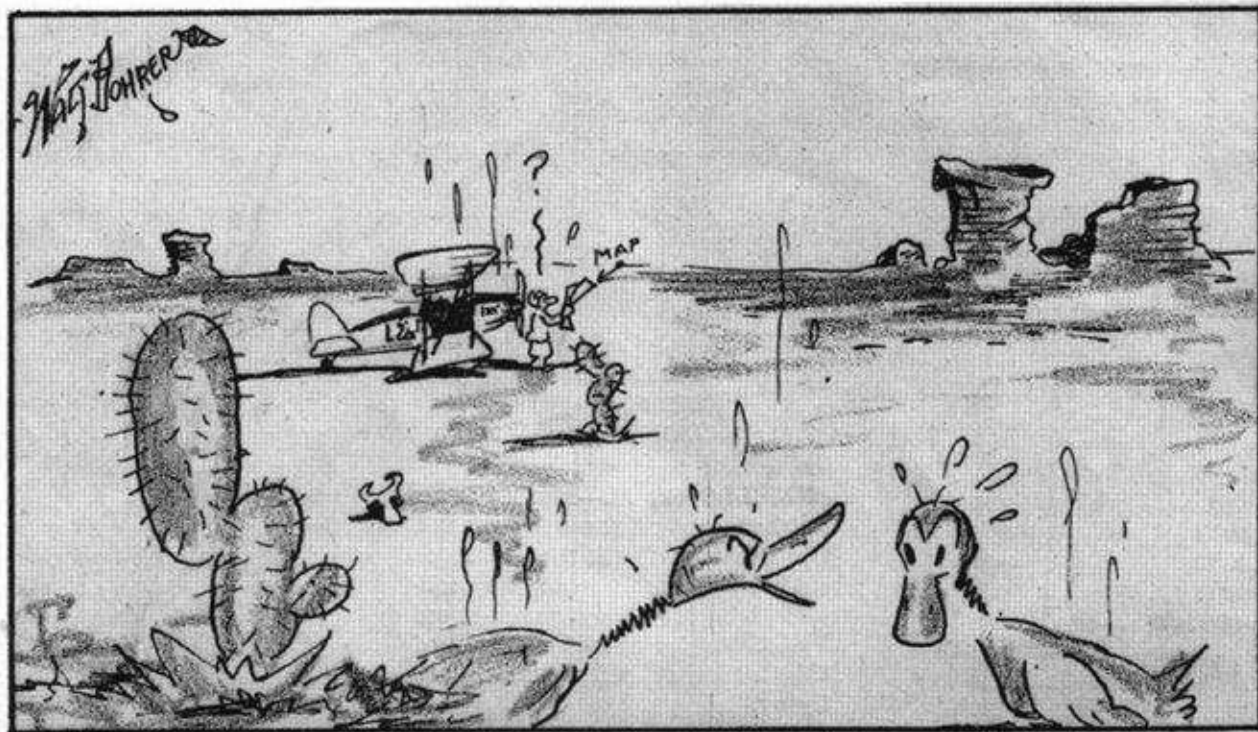
Seriously again, there is one thing that we as a group want to leave with you. We have tried our best to help in any way we could, without trying to force ourselves on you. We have made mistakes, we know. We have lots more to learn, but we all have a job to do, no matter who we are, where we come from, what we did before we got here, and where we go. Let's all

The first week in June the group of twenty-one West Pointers arrived at Tulare for summer flight training. Our plans had been so hastily made that, as a group, we hardly knew what to expect upon arrival.

However, when we came, we had two primary purposes. The first was to learn to fly, and the second was to do our best to make the aviation cadets realize that each

of us wanted to be considered as one of them, that each of us wanted to work with them, study with them, and above all, make friends among them. It was not hard.

We found here men of our own kind, the kind of men who were willing to meet us halfway and more in our efforts to make friends. There are those among you who have made us proud to be members of your group.



So he'd lead us to the Rankin Field, would he? Next time you follow someone, don't pick a cadet.

do that job, and do it well. If we can have fun, and still get it done, let's do it that way, but let's do it.

We go back to the Academy soon, but that will never end the contacts we've made here. All of us would like to hear from you again when we get back there. You all know where to reach us, and if any or all of you get back East, come up and see us, and give us the chance to extend the hospitality we have met from you.

Good luck to you all from all of us. We're proud of every man among you, and we feel lucky to have known you all. Keep 'em flying.

Cadet John M. Hommel.

★ ★ ★



By An Aviation Cadet

"Now the ordinary man woulda throwed up his hands long ago and snapped." The tone of informality struck about three days after the 42-K contingent of aviation cadets arrived at Rankin from Santa Ana. Coming as it did from the newly arrived West Pointers, it was totally unexpected—and welcome.

Goodness knows what it was that made the Santa Ana alumni figure that the newcomers would be a bunch of snobs dripping militarism, but that's just what most

of them expected. They were way off the beam.

They soon realized—it was al-



most a shock—that the West Pointers thought about other things than guns and discipline, that they could

gripe as loud as the next guy, most of all that they were a friendly bunch of good Joes, of all sizes, shapes and types, like the rest of the men bent on flying in their country's air force.

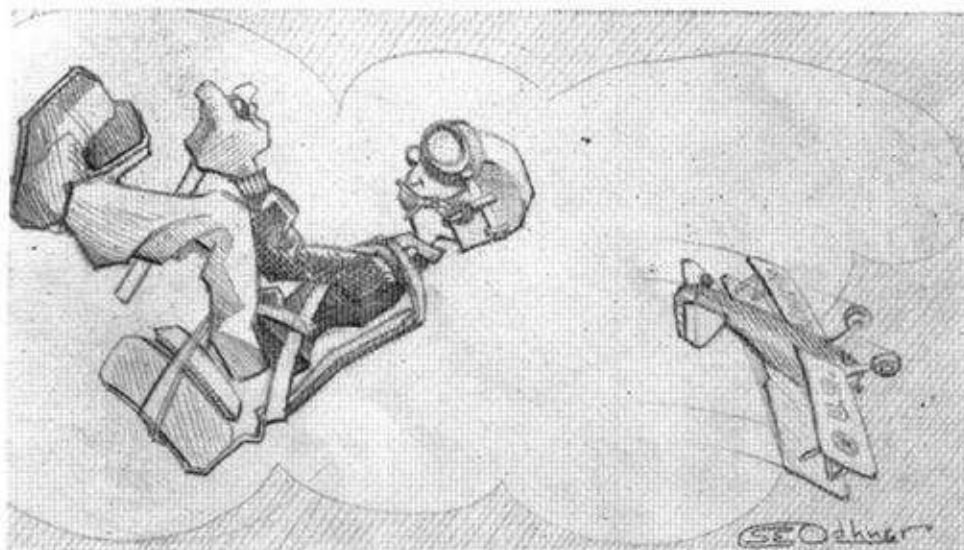
Both groups were, however, smart enough to realize that they could learn a lot and profit a lot from the few differences there were between them—differences in thinking, experience and points of view. The interchange of ideas was obvious in dozens of breezy bull sessions, more subtle in other contacts.

Life at "The Point" was picked apart, compared with the set up at Tulare, and the psychology motivating the professional soldier was dissected.

On the other hand, the Kaydets, so long cut off from civilian life, caught up with what was going on in that part of the world. It made for better understanding on both sides.

Whether or not the Tulare contingent from up the Hudson was typical or exceptional can't of course be decided. ("Pappy" Doyle always maintained that Ontario and Oxnard had received the slipstick boys, or those who would fly by the dictates of their slide rules

(Continued on Page 24)



(Continued from Page 23)

rather than by the seat of their pants.)

At any rate, the men of 42-K leave Tulare with the highest opinion of the country's military academy. They respect its purpose, traditions and especially the type of men it turns out.

Less generally, they leave remembering dozens of incidents that take the edge off the tough routine

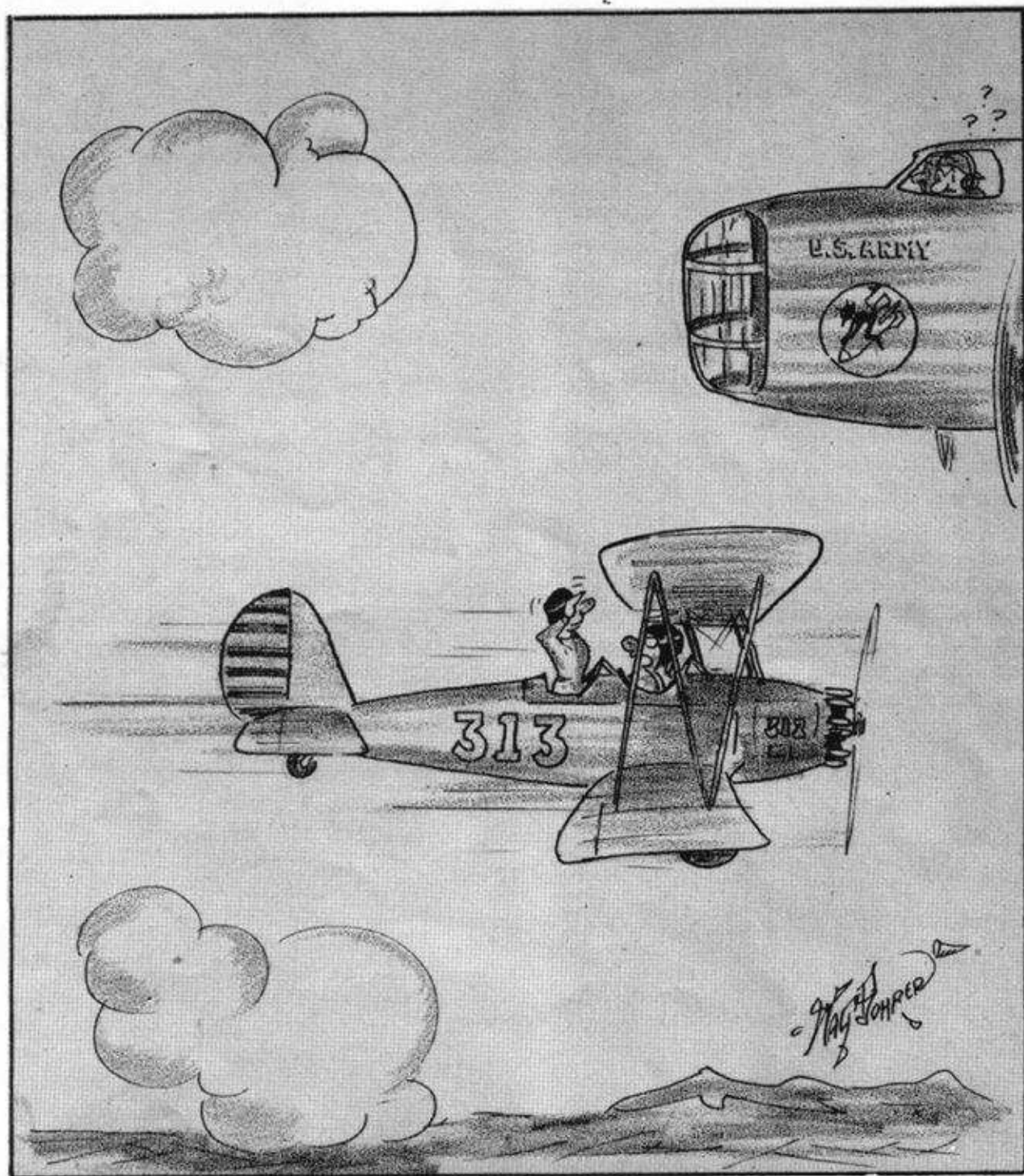
of flying school—Griff's precise, clipped version of "Papaia," the harmonies of "Farewell My Coney Island Baby," the primping of "My Own Brucie" Wilson for various kennel shows, Casey Stangle's twanging "Raise your hand," and the wail of the ordinary man.

The men of 42-K are sorry as hell most of the West Pointers are going back up the Hudson to finish their flight training. They feel lucky to have had them as friends and hope to meet them again.

"I know I'm old-fashioned mother, but I'd like to know where you go," said Mrs. Slowe to her daughter.

"Of course, darling!" replied the girl. "Last night I had dinner with a new boy friend—you don't know. We went to several places I don't suppose you've ever heard of and finished up at a funny little night club, but I can't remember its name. All right, Mummy?"

"Of course, dear. I just like to know."



Mr. Smith, there are times when it isn't necessary to salute a passing officer!

The Four Horsemen

The following list of men who started with the class of 42K have, in most cases, returned to Santa Ana for additional training and assignment in one of the other branches of the air force. Together with the pilots they will comprise the "Four Horsemen" of the Army Air Force, a team second to none in the world, the future success of which depends on the ability to co-operate and coordinate their efforts for the job at hand.

AHEARN, T. F.
ASHMAN, C. A.
BAIER, B. R.
BAKER, J. W.
BECHT, C. A.
BECKER, W. E.
BAXTER, M. V. JR.
BERGMAN, L.
BOOCK, A. W.
BORELLIS, W. F.
BULL, K. E.
BURNER, H. D.
BYRD, W. L.
CAILLEZ, C. C. V.
CARACOFÉ, L. R.
CARD, E. R., JR.
CARROLL, G. A.
COLUMBUS, J. M.
CRUM, L. A.
CUTTELL, J. A.
DANIEL, J. W.
DEARDORFF, K. E.

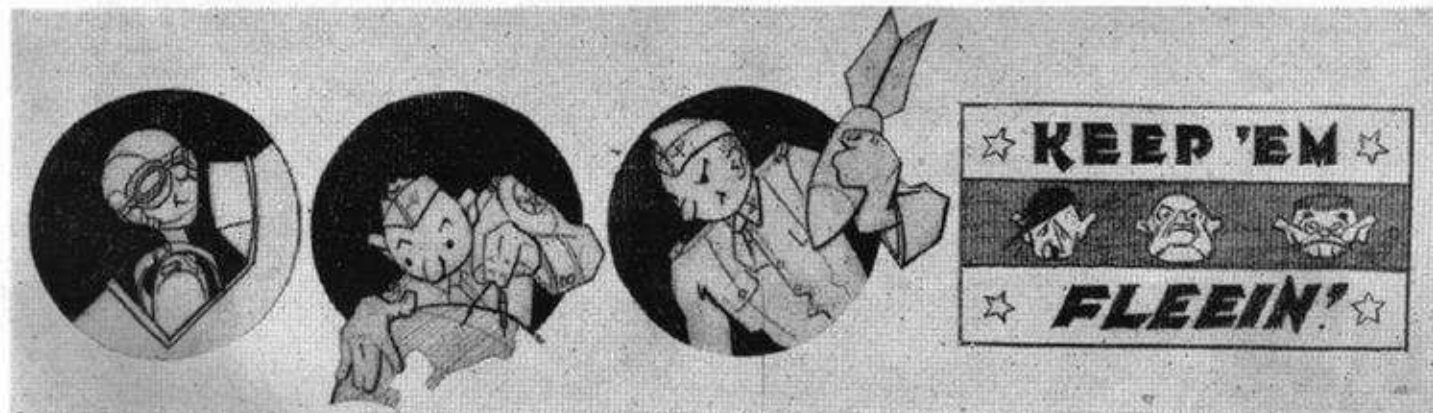
DEUTSCH, J. M.
DOMERGUE, R. E.
DO ZOIS, P. J.
DUREE, W. S.
EDE, H. J.
FAIRWEATHER, W. A.
FAUTH, J., JR.
FERRARI, M. F.
FRENCH, E. R.
GALANTE, J. R.
GALBRAITH, R. E.
GAYDOS, G.
GILL, L. H.
GRENWIS, F. A., JR.
HARMONOWSKI, J. J.
HARVEY, F. S.
HAUSER, J. E.
HAWKINS, F. R.
HENDERSON, J. M.
HILL, A. L., JR.
HOUCK, R. V.
IZAT, R. S.
JENNINGS, J. E.
JONES, L. V.
KAVANAGH, J. H.
KELLEY, E. G.
KENNEDY, J. D.
KNIGHT, E. W.
LA PENNA, T. G.
LAPPIN, L. M.
LARSON, H. R.
MALECHA, J. A.
McCONNELL, J. J.
McDONALD, F. R.
MELLINGER, E. L., JR.
MILLER, J. B.
MOORE, H. B.
MOORE, W. L. H.

MUTO, N. A.
NORTON, H. H., JR.
ODHNER, S. E.
OSS, L. H.
PACKARD, R. E.
POLAND, R. A.
RIGGS, E. W.
ROBINSON, S. J.
SCHIERING, R. D.
SCHNEIDER, L. W.
SCHNEIDER, R. L.
SINGER, H. H.
SLONAKER, K. I.
SPRINGER, E. W., JR.
TRAVIS, L. G.
TSCHUDY, E. E.
TULL, P. E.
WALMSLEY, J. C.
WINNER, R. O.
WOODALL, J. T.
YOUNG, L. J.
Lt. HEAD, C. W.
Lt. KOHOUT, J. C.
Lt. FORD, W. C.
Lt. YOUNG, S. H.
Lt. LUNDGREN, R. H.



The following men who started training with class 42-K have been held over to class 43-A and will finish with them.

DAVIS, D. F.
FRANKLIN, J. V.
OLSEN, J. C.
SMITH, G. L.
WEBSTER, G. E.



WE COME

WE SEEK

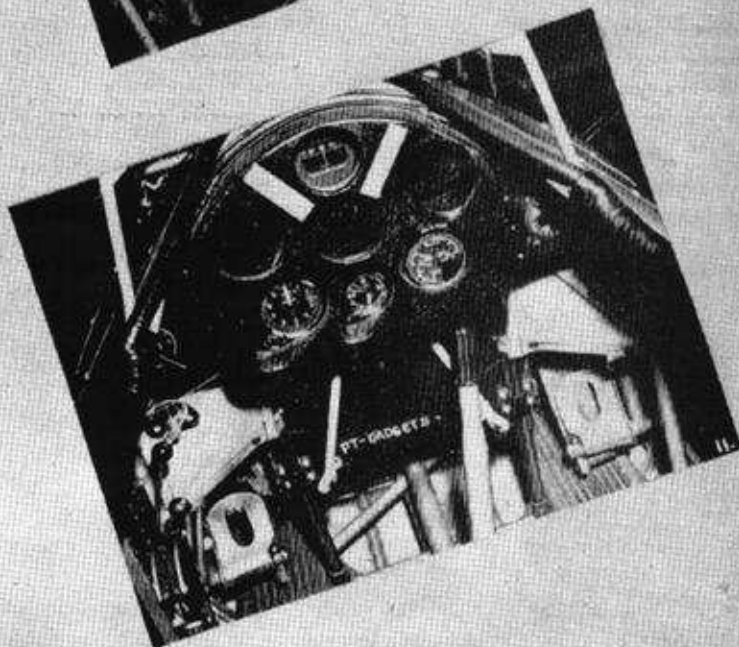
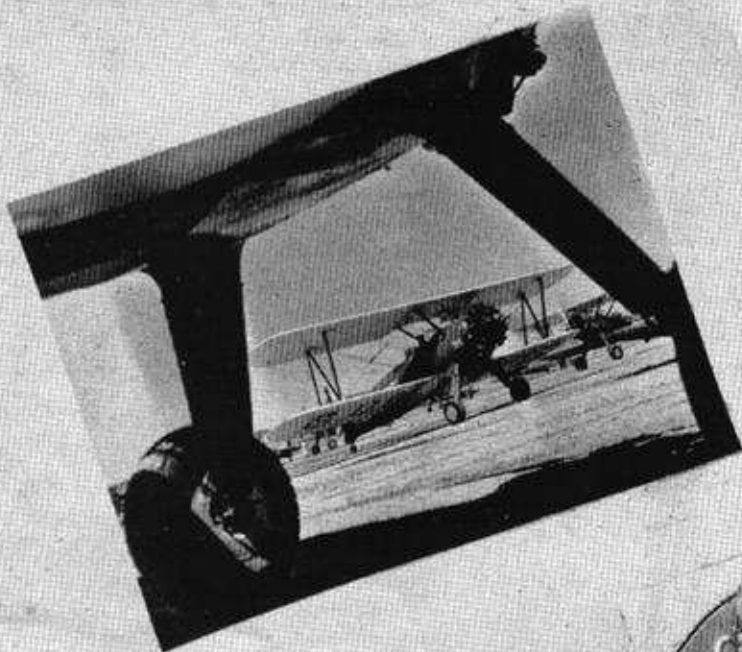
WE KONK 'ER

. . . FOR VICTORY!

To those still plying the stick and kicking the rudder—best of luck to you, lads! We'll meet again—the Four Horsemen, who will make Adolph wish he were

still paper-hanging, Benito long for the good old days behind the bars, and Hirohito hanker for harri-karri; a threat AND a promise!

STEARMAN & GADGETS



Switch On By Walt Bohrer

Contact!"—that's African for "Switch On"—A/C Dan Africa told us so!

★



Probably the most interesting personality in the class is A/C H. J. Nagorka of Elyria, Ohio, the H. J. standing for Henry Josef.

Mr. Nagorka was an announcer on a shortwave radio broadcasting station in Warsaw, Poland, when Adolph unleashed the full fury of his blitz on that country—the stroke that precipitated the present World War. And (as if one dose wasn't enuff) Nagorka was also announcing in Czechoslovakia when that country was invaded.

He has traveled extensively in Poland and Denmark (now also under the Nazi heel—said "heel" being Hitler) and collects rare books on Polish history as a hobby

★

Delving pell mell into the 42-K-det roster we see at a glance that there are things to see at a glance! Frinstance we see the cadets who will hog first place in this column. They are Mist'ers HAM and BACON. Robert D. and Paul H., respectively. Mr. Bacon hails from Weedsport, N. Y., where he was an artist—probably a GREASE-pencil artist! Mr. Ham, who is not an actor as you are probably thinking, but a cost engineer (Hm! we could USE him!) is of the "Hammus Virginius" species, the city of Richmond being his home burg—or should we say HAM-BURG?

★

Two other combinations worthy

of mention are Mist'ers FORD and NASH (Richard E. and R. E.) and Mist'ers FISHER and HUNTER (Warren H. and John E.). Now if there was only a SUMMER and a WINTER.

★

A feller with experience is A/C Arthur Rauschenberger (that's the longest monicker in 42-K), of North College Hill, Ohio. He spent 4 years with the U. S. N. R., 8 months of which was on active duty in the regular navy during the emergency. He was a member of the U. S. S. Hale crew when that destroyer was turned over to the British as one of the 50 given England by the U. S. A. Most of his 8 months in the regular navy was spent on the aircraft carrier, U. S. S. Ranger in and around the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

★

We've heard of Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman, noted stage and screen actress and actor, respectively—well they are none other than the aunt and uncle of A/C H. W. Barriscale of Class 42-K.

★

If anyone happens to see A/C Tommy Ahearn glaring at this column, it's just professional jealousy cropping up! He used to be a columnist on his college paper, "The Crown," at Queens College, N. Y.

★



The "Oscar" for the bravest cadet in the class goes to A/C Richard Hoyt, of Cincinnati, Ohio—he once tamed a skunk!



A/C Paul Popma, a Cherokee Iowan (not Indian), while a salesman for the International Harvester people, once traveled over his territory with a vaudeville troupe putting on shows for the company. Included in the troupe were girl singers and dancers, a ventriloquist and a magician. "They about drove me nuts," dibs Mr. Popma!

★

Note to Dean Spencer: Watch out for A/C Don Aulenbach—his dad is a SILK CUTTER back in Reading, Penn. There IS such a thing as heritage, you know!

★

Predicament department: A/C Herbert T. Goodrich of Fairmont, Nebraska, says he is a remote relative of B. F. Goodrich of Akron, Ohio, but his chances of getting tires are just as remote as he is a relative.

★

A/C Sidney Booth, a McKeesport, Pennsylvanian, has a well known name draped on his family tree—that of JOHN WILKES BOOTH!

★

We're going to have to have a little talk with A/C R. W. Spear, of Baltimore, Md. He claims to have had several "episodes" in blackouts while in foreign service in England last year. We would just like to have Mr. Spear explain a few of these episodes—they sound interesting.

★

Prior to the arrival of Class 42-K

at Rankin, John Africa, co-ordinator of dispatchers, has been going around in a daze, happy in the illusion that he was the only Africa this side of Bug Harbor, Mississippi. Well you can imagine his chagrin when up pops A/C Daniel Africa, fresh out of Harrisburg, Penn. Then, to top it all off, the two Africas, on comparing notes, discovered they are distant relatives!

How distant, J. T.?

★



A/C L. J. Miller, of Baltimore-or-less, Maryland, who has a Kentucky colonel uncle (mint julip and all!), extinguished himself at Rankin Academy after two hours of flying instruction by falling out of the airplane and landing by parachute! He'd forgotten to fasten his safety belt! If Mr. Miller persists in doing this sort of thing he will be lucky if he even gets to be a Kentucky PRIVATE, much less a colonel! And let that be a lesson to you!

★

Have you heard the one about the old Injun buck who had managed to save a tidy sum letting tourists—and aviation cadets—buy his squaws' beadwork, and who decided to buy an airplane.

A cabin plane dealer flew the old boy around a few days, his ample squaw occupying all of the rear seat.

"No like. Take um back," he finally grunted.

"Why, what's the matter?" the dealer asked.

The Injun pointed to the glass enclosed cabin. "No can spit!" he said.

★

Meet A/C Harry Copsey, better known as "Cowboy" hyar on the Rankin (Rudder Bar) range! Mr. Copsey, whose uncle is Lt. Col. R. L. Copsey, Army Air Force pilot, used

to bust bronses like nobody's biz! He's rid the range and has had quite a spell of rodeo experience. Now he's no doubt a-hankerin' to run down a few Japs in his sky-steed and brand 'em with hot lead!

★

And now, if we didn't get all youse cadet's names in this col-yum, let's have a little punfest and catch a few more in this letter to Aunt Susie by A/C Throckmorton J. Wafflefoot of Class 42-K.

Dear Aunt Susie:

I got your last letter and it beats the IRISH how you think I am liable to get HOYT while flying. IZAT any way to talk to your nephew who already flies like a BYRD? Me, I never take a chance even when I am flying on my own HOOK. I'm no silly OSS and I don't aim to go over the HILL yet! But WITKIN like I got, it seems like every letter I get I am as good as dead, or better—literally.

Now you MARK my word, I may be a YOUNG feller just graduating from Primary training, but it won't be long till I may be in a SWIFT pursuit CRAFT over in AFRICA or some other WAR-FIELD shooting down Japanazis thicker'n CRUMs in a BAKERY and then I will be a hero or a KNIGHT or something. And to think you and Uncle Bertram wanted me to herd TRUX on the Burma Road!

Well, aunty, no-one knows where all this LEEDS to but I'm here to do my part in Uncle Sam's Air Force. I may be a HAM at times, but I'm no CRUM and I intend to make HAY while the "Rising Sun" is still a good target!

TULL we meet again!

Your Nephew,

Throckmorton.

★

So TULL next month, s'long and a good luck to you who are leaving Rankin for Basic!

★ ★ ★

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a road house. As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said, "Er-er, how about a little demi-tasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."—Bee Hive.

Capt. Gilmore Transferred



Captain John Gilmore, flight surgeon, and one of the few commissioned officers who were on hand when the Rankin organization started nearly a year and a half ago, received his transfer orders just before this issue of the magazine went to press and has left the post.

Captain Gilmore has seen 12 classes go through training at Rankin, has taken care of their bunions, blisters, colds and what not. He has watched the academy grow from a mud puddle in the middle of a cow pasture to a training detachment of several hundred cadets.

Friendly, always smiling, Captain Gilmore has made a host of friends in Tulare as well as with the entire post personnel.

The Rank'n' File expresses the feelings of the entire academy when it wishes the best of luck to an excellent officer, a real gentleman and a good friend.







PHIL LIVINGSTON