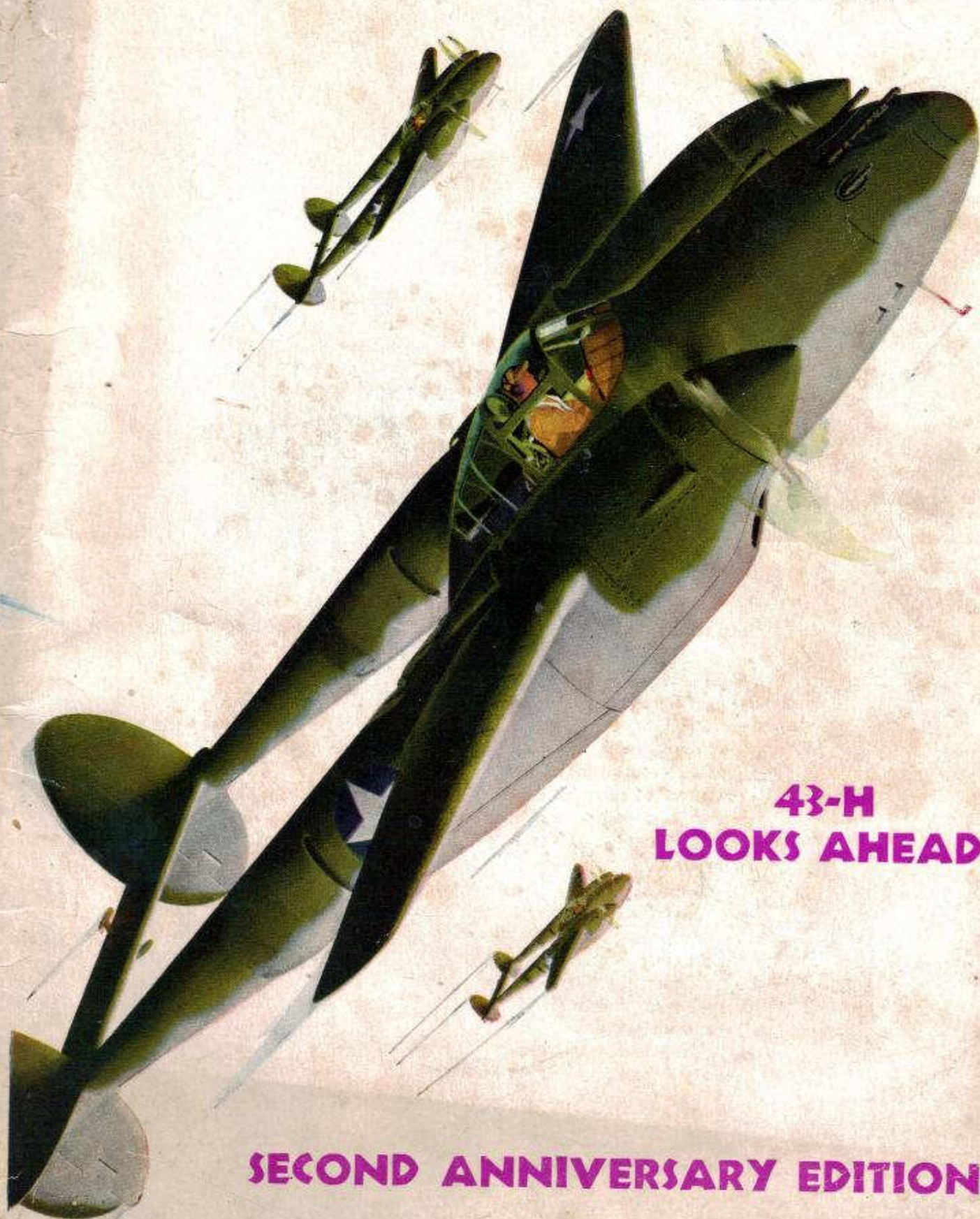


Rankin' File

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



**43-H
LOOKS AHEAD!**

SECOND ANNIVERSARY EDITION



You men of Class 43-H have the privilege of seeing your primary school complete its second year and begin its third year of service to our nation.

During these past two years many Cadets have come and gone, some into training centers and others into combat duty. You will join them before many months have passed, and the ease with which you get through your other courses depends much on what you have accomplished at your primary school. Regardless of whether you have been an exceptionally good student or "just made it", not one of you can afford to relax his efforts in even the smallest way until this war is won and peace is ours again. The battle is not yours alone, but a fight for all humanity. Never forget your part in it. No other man can do your share.

Some of you may become famous before this war is over; others we may lose track of entirely. But remember this—every man who does his best, who gives all that he has to give to this fight, is in some measure a hero.

We are fighting a war and we shall lose planes and we shall lose men, but never lose sight of the good and the true. What is in a man's heart can never die.

Good luck, gentlemen! We at Rankin hope that in the years to come you may be as proud of us as we shall be of you.

CRAIG P. BADE, Captain, Air Corps, Commanding Officer.

We Dedicate!

Two years ago a class of Aviation Cadets, designated as 41-H, graduated as the first class from Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

Those Cadets of 41-H were average American youth. They liked to take their best girl out on Saturday night. They liked everything that the average American youth likes, but there was one difference, they had a dream—a dream of flying.

Now that dream was realized—at least partially realized. Class 41-H had completed their first step toward the Silver Wings. Now they were going forward another step . . . Basic. The Cadets of 41-H knew that they had a long way to go but they were American boys never afraid.

In a few short months they knew that they would receive their "Wings" and that dream would finally be real. That was their wish, their shining desire. Nothing was going to stop them. . . .

. . . . Two years have passed. Other classes have graduated from Rankin Academy. Others have gone on and won their Wings and now Class 43-H is ready for its next big step . . . Basic.

But many things have happened since April 1941. The youth of two years ago became a man. They became men while flying the battle-torn skies of the world . . . and they have not been found wanting. They were over the Coral Sea and Midway. . . The Bismarck Sea and the Aleutians. Over France, Germany, Tunisia, China, Burma. They guard the West Coast of the United States. . . They fly the gray Atlantic . . . the Caribbean . . . They are in the Canal Zone. . . . They are in every part of the world, these flying Americans of 41-H.

Many of them have paid the supreme sacrifice. Many have been decorated with the highest honors a grateful country can bestow upon them. The Distinguished Flying Cross and other honors have been awarded its brave. But their biggest honor and to those that followed Class 41-H and will continue to follow them on from Rankin, is knowing that theirs has been simply a job well done!

It is to Class 41-H that the staff of the Rank'n' File . . . the corps of Cadets and the entire personnel of Rankin humbly dedicate this issue of Rank'n' File.

Class 4I-H . . .



R. M. ANDREWS



R. N. ARMSTRONG



R. T. BARBER



F. S. BODINE



R. D. BENELL



J. H. BROWN



J. W. EGAN



L. J. FASSMAN



D. E. FREEMAN



J. E. GAFFNEY



J. A. HOWARD



E. C. IMBLER



K. KEHRER



H. L. KING



W. B. MANSFIELD



T. R. McCLURE



J. R. PETROVICH



D. T. PERKINS



J. M. PALMER



A. J. SAMPECK



J. D. WHALEN



J. K. SCRIVNER



A. D. STRUNK



G. D. CAYWOOD
First Cadet Editor

No pictures of these Graduates

WM. P. ACKERMAN, JR.

A. E. BOWMAN

R. T. CROSBY

C. L. DRISCOLL

J. S. FENNELL

W. W. HOVEY

J. S. LOISEL

W. R. RAAP

The Cadet Staff



Left to Right

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A/C Oliver E. Wright (Staff Writer)

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A/C Joseph Sarmuksnis (Staff Writer)

A/C James G. Mountain (Editor)

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A/C S. A. Maddalena (Photo Editor)



TEX RANKIN,
President.

Carry On 43-H!

With the graduation of 43-H we close our second year of Army Contract Cadet flight training.

During this period our P. T. 17s have flown more than 20,000,000 miles in routine training operations, and thousands of Army Air Force Flying Cadets have received their Primary training at this Academy. There have been heartaches and headaches for us all, cadets included. But everyone has cooperated so splendidly we can look to the future with confidence and pride.

What a difference two years can make in our lives. Today Spring has come again to the San Joaquin Valley, just as it did two years ago. Cattle roam the peaceful green pastures adjoining the Academy and colorful wild flowers bloom everywhere.

East of the Academy toward the foothills the air is filled with the fragrant aroma of orange blossoms and the balmy winds rolling eastward out of the troubled Pacific are causing old man Winter to remove his snowy blanket from the dark green branches of the stately Redwoods in the High Sierras.

Old Mother Nature remains the same, regardless of the turmoil in our hearts and minds. But we know that the thrill of a California Spring can never be fully appreciated again until you have returned to share it with us and we know that you will return when the Victory is won.

Somehow, this Spring, we haven't felt like getting out the old golf clubs and trying a few practice swings on the front lawn. Nor have we even opened the tackle box in the attic to inspect the assortment of wood minnows, trout flies and silver spinners so dear to the heart of a fisherman.

As more and more information reaches us about the glorious deeds of our graduates we become grimly determined to dedicate our every effort to decrease eliminations and accidents; and to increase the efficiency and safety of our Cadets.

From Kiska to Chungking; from Manila to Rangoon and southward to Singapore the enemy has met flaming death at the hands of Rankin graduates. Eastward over the Java Sea, across the rich islands of the East Indies to New Guinea and the Solomons they also have helped to stem the mad sweep of the fanatic Jap. From Cairo across the desert sands of North Africa to Tripoli, Gabes, Bizerte and Casablanca, Tulare trained pilots have covered themselves with glory. As this is being written members of some former class at this Academy are undoubtedly flying the "shuttle run" between England and Berlin, carrying Easter eggs to "Der Fuehrer." Many of our graduates have already been decorated for heroism and devotion to duty.

The deeds of these courageous American pilots make us proud of the part we played in helping to mold their flying careers. Letters from them telling of their exploits and hardships make us feel that no sacrifice here on the home front can compare with their unselfish contribution toward Victory.

So we send you gentlemen of 43-H on to Basic with a feeling of pride in your outstanding achievements here at Rankin.

When Springtime comes again to the San Joaquin and the aroma of orange blossoms fills the air many of you will have tasted the thrill of air battle and we have every confidence in your superior ability to out-fly, and out-think and out-shoot the enemy wherever he is encountered.

Good luck and Godspeed!

---J. G. "Tex" Rankin

JUST PLANE NUTS

By Jack



The Rankin Rat Race Fifth Period





ROBERT S. NORSWING

Due to the closing of all Auxiliary Fields in February and March by abnormal rain fall, the traffic patterns at Rankin Field have had to carry an enormous overload, sometimes amounting to several thousand landings per day.

In spite of the difficult operating conditions encountered during this period, we have established a new safety record. In fact, we were at the top of the list in February for the entire Training Center. We flew more than one million miles during the month with but two minor accidents, a nose-up and a broken spar from a ground loop.

As this is written, we have but two days left in March. We have already flown more than a million miles this month and we have had only three minor accidents, a broken spar from a ground loop and two taxi accidents. Therefore, we have an excellent opportunity to again be in that most enviable position, the top of the safety record for March for the entire Training Center.

This splendid safety record has been made possible through the excellent cooperation you have extended to us at all times. This is your record, 43-H, and you can well be proud of it.

I sincerely believe that you will carry with you through Basic and Advanced Training, the will and determination you have displayed here to "Keep 'Em Flying" with safety.

Cheerio, and happy landings.

ROBERT S. NORSWING,
Vice President and General Manager.

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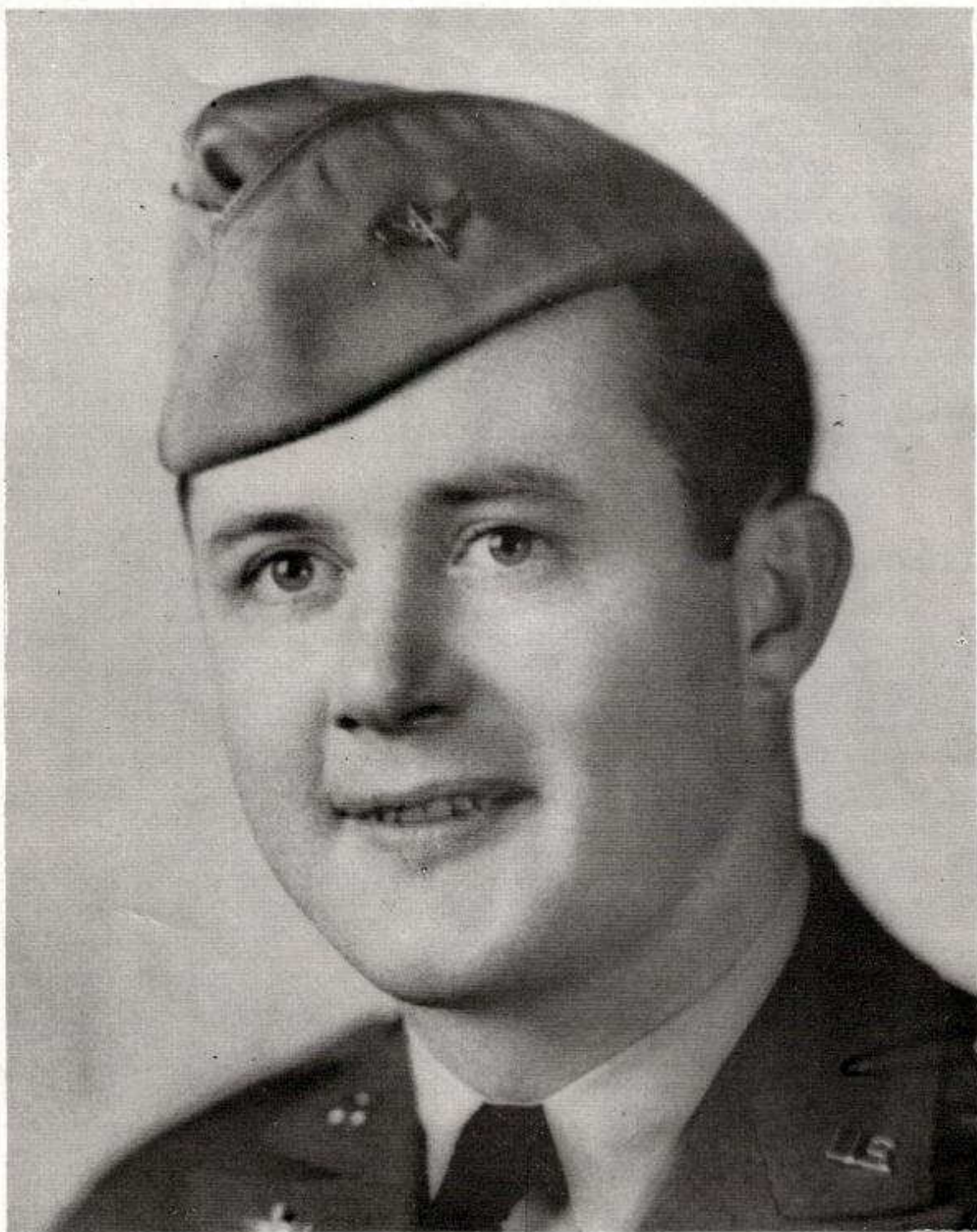
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TEX RANKIN =

THE PAST TWO YEARS BY THE RECORDS OF YOUR GRADUATES IS EVIDENCE THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUR TRAINING. THE COMBAT RECORDS WHICH WE HAVE ACHIEVED ARE A SOURCE OF PRIDE TO ALL OF US. KEEP ON WITH THE GOOD WORK AND WE WILL SOON KILL ALL THE HUNS AND THE JAPS NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE THE VICTORY WHICH WE MUST GAIN. THERE IS NO COMPROMISE=

CHARLES J DALY LT COL AIR CORPS


THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



CHARLES J. DALY, LIEUTENANT COLONEL, AIR CORPS

RANK 'N' FILE

A monthly, high-lift, double-exhaust, 1,000-hosspressure magazine published in the interest of the Aviation Cadets of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California.

Printed at Tulare Times  Tulare, California

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A GREETING FROM NEW GUINEA

As we go to press there arrives from the wilds of tropical New Guinea a letter from a former cadet, 1st Lt. James W. Egan of the Class of 41-H, to whose gallant misters this issue of Rank 'n' File is dedicated.

The letter tells of other 41-H men who are now doing their duty, and more, while based at this faraway equatorial outpost where the going doubtlessly, is a little tougher, the heat a little hotter, the mosquitos bite a little harder and the snakes (including Japs) are a little more poisonous than any tough-going, hot heat, biting mosquitos and poisonous snakes we have encountered hereabouts.

We are passing this letter on for your edification. Doubtless many will remember these misters as they trod the streets of Tulare in their snappy blue uniforms two years ago. Many probably have wondered where they are, what awards or citations they have received, if any. Lt. Egan's letter is probably typical of any letter we would receive from any member of Class 41-H:

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA

Dear Mr. Rankin:

Just a line of greeting to you and to your staff, from some of the boys that went to your school.

There are several of us here together, John Loisel, LeRoy Fassmann, and myself from the class of 41-H, and E. J. Kurt from 42-A.

We enjoy talking over the old times when we were there in flying school, and remembering all of our good friends there in Tulare. We wish to be remembered to all those who were there in your staff while we were there, especially Lt. Bradley, Lt. Roberdeau, and the others.

I was very fortunate to be awarded the Silver Star some time ago, and am now sweating out a citation for the Air Medal and the DFC. They have been submitted but as yet I haven't heard from them.

We would enjoy very much a letter from you all, so until that time Best of Luck and Keep 'em Flying.

Yours Truly,

JAMES W. EGAN,
1st Lt., AC.

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Asst. Com. of Cadets
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FRONT COVER

The color plates used in the printing of the beautiful natural color Lockheed P-38 Interceptor on our front cover were loaned us by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation of Burbank, California.

We deeply appreciate this fine gesture of courtesy and generosity and thank the Lockheed Company most sincerely for their use.

"Aut Vincere, Aut Mori!"

Just a little bigger, just a little better, just a little prouder, just a little surer, just two years old this month. Happy Birthday!

The Cadets here now, and those who have gone before, unite in extending the best of wishes to their flying god-father, Tex Rankin, and to all of the Rankin personnel. Their efforts and understanding will ever be appreciated and remembered.

Class after class has come through these gates full of hopes and dreams and determination. Many have left with their hopes and dreams realized. Others have left in disappointment. But ALL have left with head held high and with a singleness of purpose—ultimate victory in this war—"Aut vincere aut mori!" To conquer or to die! This is true. The records of our cadets bear witness.

The men yet to pass through these gates will keep alive and foster the tradition—aut vincere aut mori, so that next year we will still say:

Just a little bigger, just a little better, just a little prouder, just a little surer.

CAPTAIN TILDEN.



CAPTAIN TILDEN

From Muddy Bogs to Pilot Logs!

By WALT BOHRER

Ten score and one hundred sixty-five days ago, on Lincoln's Birthday, construction was started on the Rankin Aeronautical Academy under conditions that would have made Noah feel that he had made his famous cruise on the Sahara Desert. In the face of the worst rainfall the San Joaquin Valley has ever experienced, workers toiled in mud and muck over their boot-tops and the fact that old Jupe Pluvius continued his rampage for 45 out of the following 60 working days did nothing at all, if not even less, to improve matters. It was simply a battle of men and machines against the elements. Even the frogs had drowned—that is, ninety-percent of them had, the other ten percent having gone stark mad from water on the brain.

All workers were obliged to wear hip boots—an obligation whose popularity rapidly added up to a very high negative total. The average depth of mud on the field was infinitesimally short of one yard, which is three feet anyway you look at it. Had anyone written a story of the work at the time, a suitable title would have been "Twenty-thousand Legs Under the Mud!" Planking was as useless as wings on a penguin, the boards doing a disappearing act into the quagmire as fast as they were laid. Some of the 2x4's used as planking were later "mined" from a depth of six feet.

It is our supposition that the lads who poured the concrete became the world's fastest cement workers. They had to be fast with the necessity of getting the concrete poured between rainfalls. On several buildings the cement dried

with but minutes to spare before old Jupe cut loose again with both rain barrels. In spots two horses had to be used to haul an ordinary hand truck through the muck, while night work was frequent in order to take advantage of lulls in the rain.

Meanwhile flying operations were getting under way at Cornell Field where the water was draining very nicely down gofer holes much to the disgust of the gofers. Evidently no one had thought of transferring a few of the gofers to the main field. The first half dozen ships arrived from Wichita February 4th and, after a complete once-over by mechanics who groomed the fleas from the flippers, the first ship was test-hopped by C. O., Capt. Charles Daly (see page 11) on the 6th. From that day on Stearmans zooming through Tulare ozone were as familiar a sight as airplane pilots walking in and out of local restaurants—and that was quite familiar.

On February 7th the first instructors were checked by Captain Daly and Lieutenant (now Major) Kilgore. Among these were Instructors J. A. "Al" De Ruiter, Dale Fry and Chet Chenoweth. Fry and Chenoweth, now stage commanders, completed their refresher course and were the first instructors to be formally qualified, on February 25th. By the 27th nine instructors were undergoing the refresher course.

The first dodos, thirty-six strong and looking just as dazed as one would expect a dodo to look, arrived March the 19th. This was Class 41-H and they were augmented a few days later by 10 more

misters making a grand total of 46 cadets all set to commence the business of sprouting wings for flying purposes. They were quartered at the Tulare Hotel where they soon learned to do lobby sachets and other forms of indoor aviation. However, despite the mud on the main field, the barracks had been rushed to completion and the cadets were transferred from downtown to the main field on the 27th.

The first cadet to solo was A/C C. L. Driscoll in ship 19 under the tutelage of Instructor Carl Berg on April 3rd. The following day saw the first cadet eliminated. On April 30th 41 cadets of Class 41-I arrived on the scene and were "taken over" in a big way by Class 41-H who were now upper-classmen, make no bones about it.

This in brief is the story of the start of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, the school that since has seen many hundreds of future Air Corps officers go through its portals, that has grown in leaps and bounds and that, in the months that have followed, has enjoyed one of the highest safety records of any school of its type in the nation, thanks to the ability of its president, Tex Rankin, himself America's No. 1 acrobatic flier, in selecting a pilot and maintenance personnel far above the average, and to a highly efficient Commanding Officer with a highly efficient military personnel.

The Rankin Academy today stands as an enduring landmark to the strength, ingenuity and courage of those who so valiantly battled the elements just two short years ago.



Congratulations, men of 43-H. You are rapidly progressing toward your coveted goal—that of winning wings in the world's finest Air Force. Your graduation from this splendid Primary School certifies that you are developing into capable, efficient, highly trained and disciplined soldiers of the air. Keep up your splendid spirit and fine work and I know you will be worthy of the great honor your country will soon bestow upon you—that of the opportunity to defend your nation in its time of greatest stress.

WILLIAM T. McARTHUR,
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Ass't. Comandant of Cadets.

You Are a Privileged Group!

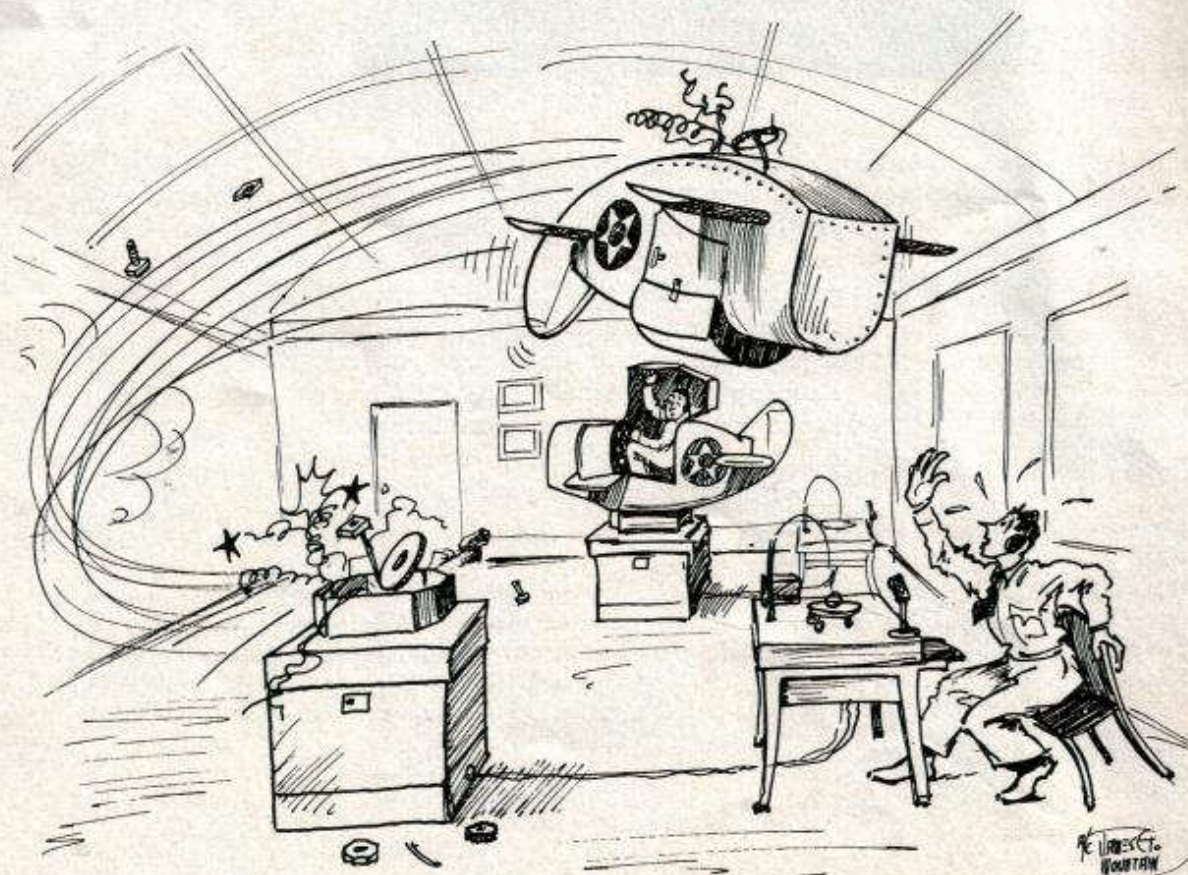
By LT. KELLOGG
Special Service Officer

Rankin Cadets are a privileged group. The Class of 43-H and the other classes here at Rankin have the benefit of an unequalled group of instructors that only Tex Rankin himself could have collected at the school. The average flying time of these men averages over two thousand hours per man. As a result of their experience and maturity of judgment, a cadet at Rankin is well able to feel that he has had the benefit of the best training there is.

But this is not all. Chef Dickeson has cooked for movie stars at "La Quinta" at Palm Springs, and for bankers at New York's Commodore Hotel. He has done well considering the scarcity and priorities with which he has has to contend with daily. The generous hospitality of the towns of Tulare and Lindsay has been well represented by Mrs. Whaley and Mrs. Longacre and the many other ladies, who have left no stone unturned to give the Cadets of Rankin the benefit of everything the countryside can offer. The people of Tulare County really like the cadets and they want to do all they can for them.

43-H has deserved these "breaks". It is beginning a career in the most crucial of all the armed forces at the most crucial moment of a most crucial war. It will be the men of 43-H from the schools all over the country that will help turn the Mediterranean Sea and the China Sea into more Bismarck Seas. It is probably not unfair to say that the pilots of the Army Air Force carry more responsibility man for man than any other equally large group in the armed forces.

43-H has had good "breaks" so far. Things look bright for the future. The Officers at Rankin have enjoyed knowing 43-H and wish them all the luck in the world.



"No, no, Mr. Rankin! You're not supposed to loop a Link!"

43-H Looks Ahead!

A/C MOUNTAIN, J. G.
Aviation Cadet Editor



A/C MOUNTAIN

Pilots have come and gone in the last 30 years and flying has developed from a hare-brained idea of two young men to a world-wide science which has benefitted nations in peace and electrified their hearts and souls in war.

Since war is a game that nobody really wins, this nation is endeavoring to come out on top quickly so as to lose the least in the winning. To analyze a group of young men that comprise the A. A. F., and the American spirit, one has but to look at a typical class of aviation cadets . . . all banded together for one great purpose and numerous intermediate and contributing purposes. Their eyes are first and foremost on the finish of their training and the beginning of their essential usefulness to a waiting nation. Naturally their attention is drawn to primary milestones of adventure and experience such as "passing the next check" and making a friend of Joe Doaks who hails from Brooklyn or Birmingham—or perhaps a little town in Iowa or Maine that was probably left obscure and unmentioned in the history of a nation. Friendships are valuable things—although friends are invariably scattered thither and yon before it becomes really painful for them to separate.

As a whole, this class of 43-H feels that they are not doing the government as great a favor in flying and fighting in its defense as the latter is doing in offering such an opportunity to young fellows, sometimes not even of age with thinly planned careers, who probably never dreamed of being given the chance to fly, and, as the young Canadian flyer said, "touch the face of God".

We're out to give our utmost to achieve our goal and the minority that fall short will undoubtedly expend their energy in unparalleled proportions to some other essential outfit.

In 150 years America has not relinquished her hold on the torch that eternally does, and forever will, light up the spirits of men and their children's children. America is going to stay American—that's a promise . . . from the class of 43-H.

The Men Behind the Men in Front!

The men behind the men in front . . . that, in a nutshell, describes the members of the Advisory Board who plot the destinies of the Rankin Academy. These are the men who have been faced with the no small problem of keeping the construction of the Academy in step with the increased enroll-

ment of Aviation Cadets. As a silent compliment to the manner in which these men have met this problem and solved it, is the present high scholastic standing of the Academy. Despite the fact that most of them do not have the pleasure of active participation in the Academy affairs, it's problems



President Tex and Director Paul Kelly talk it over



LT. (j.g.) WM. V. O'CONNOR

are their problems and they have taken them to heart.

Not by any means the least known of the aforementioned group is William V. O'Connor, now Lt. (j.g.) Wm. V. O'Connor of the U.S. Navy, official counsel of Rankin Academy.

Nephew of Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor of Los Angeles, Lt. O'Connor, former Associate Counsel on the legal staff of the Comptroller of the Currency's Office, is author of two nationally known books on banking laws, "National Bank Decisions" and "The Law of National Banking", the foreword of the latter book having been written by the ex-Attorney General of the United States Robert H. Jackson, who is now Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. O'Connor was born in Grand Forks, North Dakota, and graduated from the University of North Dakota in 1933, and graduated from Georgetown University Law School in 1937 as valedictorian of his class. He was also one of the editors of the Georgetown Law Journal and wrote several articles on various phases of banking law. He is a member of the Bar of the District of Columbia, State of North Dakota and State of California, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

In 1933, Lt. O'Connor went to
(Lazy Eight to Page 67)

Food for Thought!

By MAJOR (Ret.) H. W. SMITH
Academic Director

As Class 43-H is about to graduate and approaches the threshold of departure, I am inspired with the very apparent spirit of Comradeship, Friendliness and Loyalty which seems to permeate the very souls of the individuals. That is as it should be, for such is the basis upon which our victorious armies of the past have been founded; it accounts for much of their phenomenal success. Of course there are other factors also, such as Leadership, Discipline and Character, but I believe the greatest of these is Loyalty, loyalty to one's self, his job, his superiors, his country and his fellow men.

Army traditions set high standards for officers, both as to character and as to professional ability. Great attention has been paid in the past to this subject in professional journals and books. Particular concern is shown for officers of junior ranks, partly because in a rapidly expanding army it is necessary to absorb and integrate a large number of new officers at the lower grades; but it is also due to a conviction that the efficiency and leadership standards of these officers are of crucial importance for the combat success of the army, since these officers actually lead the units in front-line combat.

In the German Army, leadership is emphasized more than generalship. The old proverb "Knowledge is power" is not entirely accurate. Knowledge becomes power only when it is being successfully applied in the gaining of one's objective. Good leaders can be developed by careful training, for leadership is not confined to a few individuals gifted with superior qualities.

Character of course is very important for isn't it true that we lead largely by example and self-discipline? An officer is or should be a living example to every man in his organization. To be an officer means to set an example for the men; he should be his soldier's embodiment of soldiery, his model. If the officer is inspired by this mission, the best qualities of his soul will be awakened; his life's aim will be fulfilled if he succeeds, through knowledge, demeanor, and conviction, in inspiring his men to follow him.

The real authority of an officer is reestablished daily by his entire attitude. The more his men are convinced that the authority of his rank is deserved through moral worth, the stronger will be the influence of the officer's personality. Real authority is not dependent upon shoulder straps, badges, or insignia of rank; it depends only on efficiency and worth. War is the

severest test of spiritual and physical strength. In war character outweighs intellect.

Discipline is the basic doctrine of the army, it is the unshakeable principle of every individual. If the officer personifies physical and moral discipline, he sets the example for conduct. His authority will be unquestioned even in difficult situations if he has convinced his men of his sincerity and leadership. He need not be the most clever and most learned man but he must be the most faultless in his unit. Even the simplest man has an instinctive understanding of the moral qualities of his superior.

But all of these fail unless we possess Kindness, Justice, and above all Loyalty. To rule by brute force has never been permanently effective. As the soldier cheerfully follows a leader whom he respects and can admire, so the real leader finds the way to the hearts of his subordinates and gains their trust and confidence through an under-

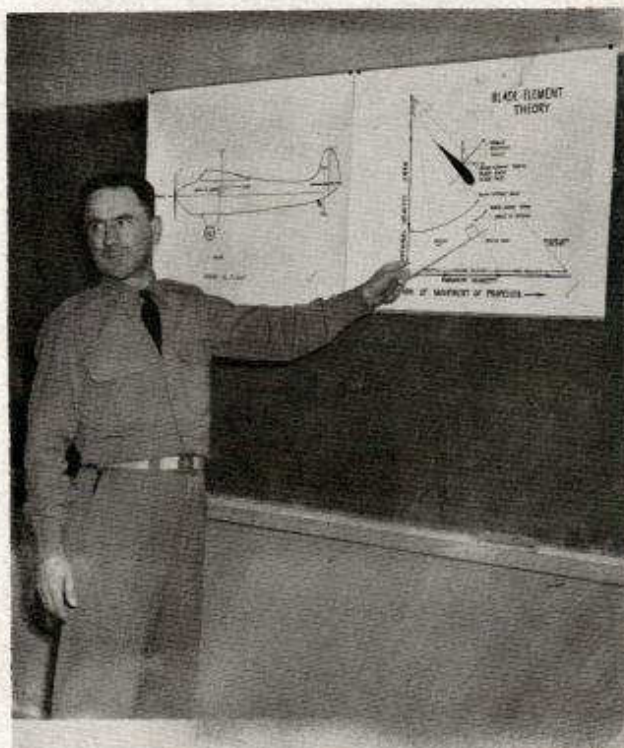
standing of their feelings and thoughts and through an ever-increasing care of their needs. This is Loyalty and it must work both ways.

Mutual trust and confidence is the surest basis of discipline in time of necessity and danger. When the soldier learns by experience that he is being taken care of and it is the officer, as his best comrade, who sees to this care, he will follow that superior through thick and thin and will cheerfully perform the most difficult duties.

The officer must never think of himself until his men have been cared for. Only such an example can convince others that he has a moral right to demand services from them.

Comradely association in time of war places an officer in a situation different from that in times of peace. He must never represent a contrast to the privations and re-

(A Spin to Page 67)



MAJOR SMITH,



A/C HUNT, W. D., Wing Commander

Squadron

A/C LEMON, R. H. Wing Supply Officer

SQUADRON CAPTAINS

A/C BURK, E. R. Squadron A
 A/C McDONALD, W. M. Squadron B
 A/C PARKER, L. L. Squadron C
 A/C WANDERSEE, P. C. Squadron D

CORPORALS—SQUADRON A

A/C Foster, E. L.
 A/C Bailey, C. M.
 A/C Baker, J. B.
 A/C Barnby, J. E.
 A/C Berger, K. H.
 A/C Black, R. H.
 A/C Bliley, W. A.
 A/C Bobo, J. E.
 A/C Bristow, J. M.
 A/C Burch, N. E.
 A/C Byrne, R. F.
 A/C Foster, J. I.
 A/C Fundingsland, D. C.

CORPORALS—SQUADRON B

A/C Hatfield, H. R.
 A/C Griffiths, W. R.
 A/C Haals, E. L.
 A/C Jones, C. L.
 A/C Jones, H. I.
 A/C Kelly, M. M.
 A/C Learned, E. S.
 A/C Maddalena, S. A.
 A/C Maurer, E. L.
 A/C Moser, J. H.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANTS

A/C BUSWELL, J. P. Squadron A
 A/C COLLINS, A. B. Squadron A
 A/C DRAKE, H. B. Squadron A
 A/C GILMORE, R. C. Squadron A
 A/C HAINES, N. E. Squadron B
 A/C HALE, W. L. Squadron B
 A/C KLEIN, O. B. Squadron B
 A/C KOONTZ, J. C. Squadron B
 A/C MONROE, P. B. Squadron C
 A/C NEWTON, S. Squadron C
 A/C O'GRADY, T. W. Squadron C
 A/C SMITH, R. H. Squadron D
 A/C SNYDER, H. Squadron D
 A/C STANDAGE, F. E. Squadron D
 A/C TISSING, R. Squadron D

Officers

A/C PAULSEN, A. R. Wing Sgt. Major

SECOND IN COMMAND OF SQUADRON ASSIGNED

A/C BIEHM, M. W. Squadron A
A/C McCLATCHEY, P. W. Squadron B
A/C PENINGTON, H. H. Squadron C
A/C WHITELAM, H. J. Squadron D



A/C ERTLEY, R. E., Wing Adjutant

FLIGHT SERGEANTS

A/C BANGS, R. B. Squadron A
A/C GILL, R. E. Squadron A
A/C BOUCHNECHT, R. W. Squadron A
A/C ARAHELIAN, C. H. Squadron A
A/C BUTTORFF, R. D. Squadron A
A/C CARTER, C. A. Squadron A
A/C HILL, H. W. Squadron B
A/C HAYES, G. Squadron B
A/C JANKOWSKI, J. T. Squadron B
A/C McWHITE, R. B. Squadron B
A/C MERRILL, J. O. Squadron B
A/C MURPHY, J. L. Squadron B
A/C REID, J. W. Squadron C
A/C QUINLAN, J. N. Squadron C
A/C MIERZYKOWSKI, K. J. Squadron C
A/C WENGER, A. Squadron C
A/C VUKOVICH, M. Squadron D
A/C SPRINGER, E. W. Squadron D
A/C STEUSEY, G. H. Squadron D
A/C WEAVER, H. T. Squadron D

CORPORALS—SQUADRON C

A/C Mountain, J. G.
A/C Patterson, J. M.
A/C Petrik, R. A.
A/C Pye, D. G.
A/C Pyke, W. R.
A/C Remer, R. H.
A/C Remington, H. S.
A/C Ruby, R. C.
A/C Rustand, R. L.

CORPORALS—SQUADRON D

A/C Schell, A. R.
A/C Tschernoscha, E.
A/C Shaffer, L. F.
A/C Sill, R. L.
A/C Simpson, L.
A/C Smith, L. M.
A/C Snogles, W. G.
A/C Sponhoitz, N. O.
A/C Steinberg, W. H.
A/C Stillman, F.
A/C Weisz, G. V.
A/C Wilson, L. V.
A/C Wright, O. E.

Meet Mr. Africa!



If John T. Africa, assistant director of operations, isn't seated behind his Flight Office desk pouring over some complicated looking chart that means something or other, he is ripping from one section of the field to another on something that resembles a cross between a bazooka with wheels and an eggbeater with an outboard engine, on a co-ordination detail.

Africa is an Ohioan, having first glimpsed the light of day at Newark. He attended Ohio Wesleyan University, some years later, and eventually became laboratory technician for the Puroil Corporation.

JT, however, soon tired of the same climate and moved to California's "eternal" sunshine—or should we have said "infernal"? After a "hitch" with the Standard Oil Co., Africa moved to Huntington Beach and for the next 13 years, until coming to Rankin Academy in 1941, he owned and operated a golf course and, on the side, worked for another oil outfit.

His first stint at Rankin was dispatching from which job he worked up to his present position the hard way.

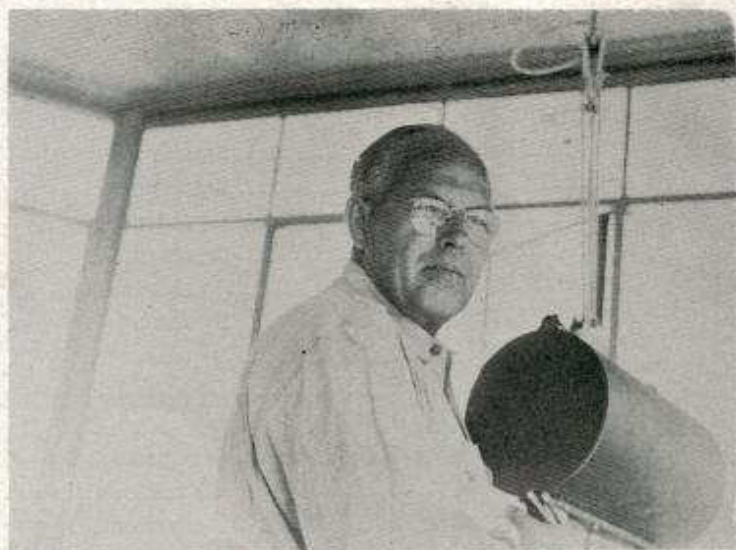
Pull Over to That Cloud

Traffic cops of the air—

That, in the proverbial nutshell, is what Lynn Saunders, John Gayner and Doris Grady are none other than!

Their duties are manning the control tower and their control tower manners are *nom de eclat* (we will look that up later, thank you!). Now manning the control tower means, primarily, directing air traffic to, from and on the field. This is done via the light gun which generally is loaded with red, green and white lights and cocked at all times. Incoming traffic thus is regulated from the pattern to the field, while outgoing traffic is handled vice versa. Taxiing across runways is also governed from the tower and, with the Saunders, Grady, Gayner trio "behind the gun", it is always wise for those operating an aircraft to look well before they leap.

Ha, but blinking blinkers at your blinkers is not all they do! They are the "weather-eye" for the Academy. Should the elements plan a party, these "tower tots", uncannily, are in on the plot, and, like spies, they warn the powers-that-be in charge of flying to keep 'em on the ground. Warning those in the air is done by flags of various hues and as hue know there



LYNN SAUNDERS

is a hue for every purpose! In the weather division we might include "Traber's Troublesome Tee"—the animated, power-controlled wind tee that has proven such a successful innovation (more about this tee next issue).

So a salute to the "air cops"—their huddles prevent your muddles!



A Squadron

"A" FLIGHT DISPATCHER, C. S. SAMPLES



H. SCHEURER, Flight Commander
E. TEPPER, Assistant Flight Commander
THOS. BOWLES, Assistant Flight Commander



FRANK RALSTON
Stage Commander

"E" FLIGHT DISPATCHER, DORIS ELLENA



CRAIG COLEMAN, Flight Commander
RUDY ZEIMER, Assistant Flight Commander
KIRBY SELLS, Assistant Flight Commander



BARROW, O. S.
Eoyd, T. B. Black, R. H.



CARTER, J. D.
Atkinson, R. C.



BILLINGSLEY, KENNETH
Bullard, J. H.; Burch, N. E. Bristow, J. M.



CHRISTIANSON, K. V.
Enner, J. T.; Craig, T. A.; Augustynovich, P. S.



BURLSON, H.
Becker, L.; Brewer, M. G.; Burke, E. R.



COLLIER, C. E.
Barnes, G. M.; Ford, E. L.; Gallagher, F. E.



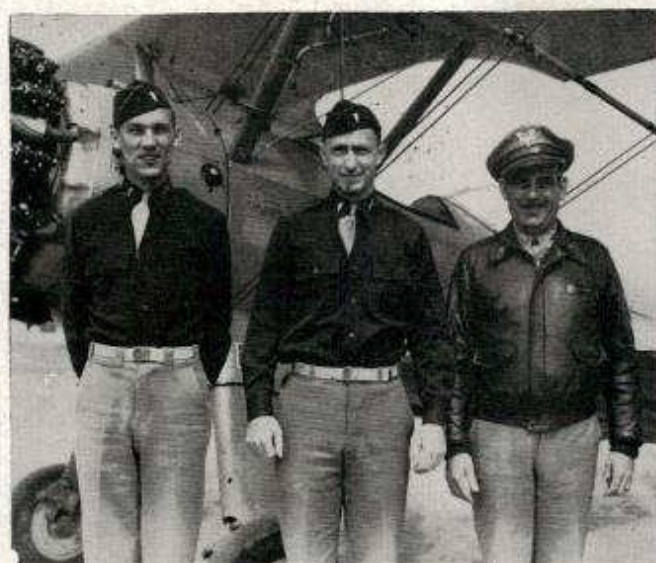
Fassler, R. J.; EDWARDS, R. C.
Friebaum, J. M.; Favata, N.



LACKEY, L. V.
Lt. Scheu, C. W.; Capt. Lund, J. R.



HEFLINGER, M. E.
Bliley, W. A.; 2nd Lieut. Schleicher, F. K.



LEGAULT, F. A.
Lieut. Jacobsen, O. F.; Lieut. Morley, A. K., Jr.



Ertley, R. C.; HULTINE, L. V.
Collins, A. E.; Green, P. H.



LEWIS, A. C.
Barnby, J. E.; Baker, J. B.



MEFFORD, O. F.
Gleeson, J. P.; Drake, H. B.; Foster, E. L.



RAINBOLT, W. S.
Berry, L. J.; Alhadeff, I. N.; Bangs, R. B.



MONROE, S. L.
Golenia, T. P.



REED, D. C.
Baughn, R. L.; Buttorff, R. D.; Carter, C. A.;
Boucknecht, R. W.



MOORE, G. W.
Brander, E. J., Jr.; Buswell, J. P.; Biehn, M. W.;
Elbe, D. A.



REED, E. P.
DeWitt, D. L.; Gilmore, D. D.



Erickson, J. W.; STRATTON, F. L.
Gonzales, M. A.; Byrne, R. F.



Evers, C. F.; TROH, H. P.
Crocker, V. L.; Fuller, J. T.



Gilmore, R. C.; YOUNG, W. C.
Gill, R. E.; Lt. Boyer, R. G.;
Gibson, C. L.



Arakelian, C. H.; BORING, E. C.
Blasecki, S. F.; Cast, J. T.;
Berger, K. H.



Bailey, C. M.; HANNA, C. R.
Bowen, J. H.; Collova, W. S., Jr.;
Bobo, J. F.

so



the

b...

B Squadron



DALE FRY
Stage Commander

"B" FLIGHT DISPATCHER, FRANK MacNAMARA



C. M. THARP, Assistant Flight Commander
J. A. DE RUITER, Assistant Flight Commander
ART WALTERS, Flight Commander

"F" FLIGHT DISPATCHER, WARREN O. LANGDON



VICTOR KUNZ, Flight Commander
CHAS. HAHN, Assistant Flight Commander



ANDERSON, R. J.
Hale, W. L.; Horak, J. E.



CARTER, G. W.
Hunt, W. D., Jr.; Hoffman, L. G.



BLAIR, K.
Koontz, J. C.



CLAYTON, S. D.
Guyton, I. R.; Hufstedler, G. M.



BROWN, J. G.
Hathaway, R. H.



HAHN, C. E.
Klertianis, R.; Leitman, S. L.



HALGRIMSON, J.
McClatchey, P. W.; Lindbloom, E. M.



HORNER, W. Y.
Kurtz, M.; Lown, H. D.



HALL, W. W.
Heathcock, J. W.; Hayes, G.



LEECH, P. H.
Lowry, K. W.



HILL, W. J.
Hatfield, H. R.; Haals, E. L.



MARTIN, L.
Lyon, G. H.; McWhite, R. B.



MORRISON, J. L.
Hansen, P. R.



SEVERSON, A.
Learned, A. S.



ROBINSON, C. C.
Lewis, V. H.; Lemon, R. H.



SWENSON, R. A.
Haines, N. E.; Johnson, J. V.



SAWYERS, J. C.
Jones, C. L.; Harken, R. W.; Zeman, H. J.



VANDER NOOR, R. D.
McGovern, J. B.



Jankowski, J. T.; J. L. BOGGS
Humphreys, J. N.; Griffiths, W. R.



GANONG, JERRY
Klein, O. B.; Kelly, M. M.



NORSIGIAN, N.
Leatherman, J. K.; LaBerge, E. J.



LYNDON, P. W.
Gunn, D. J.; Harner, R. J.



CARTER, G. W.
Jones, H. I.; Hunt, W. D., Jr.



A SMILING C. O.!



THE MAN IN FRONT OF THE
MAN BEHIND THE GIGS!



WELL, I'LL BET THEY CAN WHISTLE
ANWAY!

Honorary Officers of 43-H



HONORARY WING COMMANDER,
LIEUTENANT MIRIAM REED,
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.
A/C JOHN W. REED



Honorary Squadron Captain,
GLORIA WANDERSEE,
Chicago, Ill.
A/C PAUL WANDERSEE



Honorary Wing Adjutant
CONSTANCE ERTLEY,
Detroit, Mich.
A/C ROBERT ERTLEY



Honorary Squadron Captain,
LOUISE ROSENBACH,
San Antonio, Texas.
A/C PAUL B. MONROE



Honorary Squadron Captain,
ANNABELLE WILSON,
Brookfield, Mo.
A/C JOHN BUSWELL



Honorary Squadron Captain,
JOANNE SNYDER,
Tulare, Calif.
A/C HOWARD SNYDER



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
ANTOINETTE RAVISH,
Albany, N. Y.
A/C K. P. SLEDJESKI



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
ANN LOUISE HALE,
St. Louis, Mo.
A/C WILBER L. HALE,



Honorary Color Sergeant,
BEVERLY DeWITT,
Des Moines, Iowa.
A/C DEAN DeWITT



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
MARY JO KOONTZ,
Wichita, Kansas.
A/C JOHN C. KOONTZ



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
ETHEL LEWIS,
Columbus, Ohio.
A/C ROBERT L. BAUGHN



Honorary Second in Command
DOROTHY FORD,
Boise, Idaho.
A/C ERLE FORD



Honorary Second in Command,
RITA PICHE,
Taunton, Mass.
A/C LEO MURPHY



Honorary Color Sergeant,
VIRGINIA OWENS,
Tulare, Calif.
A/C BILL COLLOVA, Jr.



Honorary Second in Command,
WILMA RIIBE,
Sioux City, Iowa.
A/C MAX KURTZ,



Honorary Second in Command,
ANNETTE LUNDGREN,
Dallas, Texas.
A/C JACK BOBO



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
GEORGIA SUDOARTH,
 Nashville, Tenn.
 A/C FRED STILLMAN



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
GRACE FOSTER,
 Tulare, Calif.
 A/C E. L. FOSTER



Honorary Color Sergeant,
JEANNE BUTTNER,
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 A/C THOMAS P. GOLENIA



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
THELMA SMITH,
 Kansas City, Mo.
 A/ C RALPH H. SMITH



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
JULIA HUNT,
 Maxwellborn, Alabama.
 A/C WILLIAM D. HUNT, Jr.



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
NADINE JAYMES,
St. Joseph, Mo.
A/C H. R. HATFIELD



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
RUTH JOYCE STEVENS,
Tristin, Calif.
A/C J. A. NEILSON



Honorary Color Sergeant,
BETTY OLSON,
Herington, Kans.
A/C D. E. SAVIDGE



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
FLORENCE OSTASZEWSKI,
Ambridge, Penn.
A/C MICHAEL KRASULAK



Honorary Flight Lieutenant,
BETTY TEDLOCK,
Pawhuska, Okla.
A/C CHAS. A. CARTER, Jr.



Lt. Adrian Acebedo

You Fly, Sir, While I Shiver!



Lt. Thurman Gardner



Capt. CHESTER
M. CAMPBELL
(transferred)

Next to pneumonia, spinal meningitis, and Hitler's ambitions, the army check pilot is probably the most feared of all things on God's earth. To a young cadet, whose whole life seems to depend on "making good," the gosport tube from the check pilot to the rear cockpit is a small, rubberized unit specially constructed to deliver only one word—"unsatisfactory". The army check pilot is nevertheless a rugged sort of an individual; he walks tall and straight, not seeming to notice the looks of awe, reproach and fear in the faces of his prospective victims.

Probably the most surprising feeling that sweeps over the average cadet who is taking his check is the realization that, although he has waited endlessly for the crack of the whip and the stream of fiery invectives to smash against his eardrums, they never come. Before he realizes that both the ride, and his troubles, are over—he is down. That so called "rugged individual" in the front cockpit turns out to be quite a nice guy who is rooting for YOU as much, if not more, than anybody.

I think I speak for all cadets when I say, "Hats off to the check pilot, man of the hour."



Lt. Robert Faulkner



Lt. C. E. Hall



Lt. John H. Crawford



C Squadron

"C" FLIGHT DISPATCHER, LOIS LUKER



C. A. CHENOWETH
Stage Commander



FRED MAZZEI, Flight Commander
LARRY ATWOOD, Assistant Flight Commander
JACK DE YOUNG, Assistant Flight Commander

"G" FLIGHT DISPATCHERS, LORRAINE BANKS, LEROY BAIRD



WM. DUNLOP, Flight Commander
LUTHER LINDA, Assistant Flight Commander
RICHARD LEHMANN, Assistant Flight Commander



ATWOOD, L.
Murphy, J. A.



EARL, N. L.
Mangum, W. A.; O'Neill, T. F.



BERTRAM, D. C.
Mountain, J. G.; O'Grady, T. W.; Ryan, J. L.



ECKERT, W. C.
Monroe, P. B., Jr.; Nelson, L. B.



ERINK, A. W.
Otto, G. E.; Mayfield, L. G.



EDGEWORTH, J.
Martin, J. R.; Miller, S. L.



GLASSEL, O. G.
Roseberry, R. H.; Rippstein, P. P.; Pyle, W. R.



JOHNSON, P. B.
Osterman, E. J.; Murphy, J. L.



HODGES, B. F.
Pye, D. G.; Rosenberg, R. C.



JORGENSEN, D. B.
Rygh, M. S.; Sanden, H. T.; Shear, R. L.



HOWARD, R. B.
Pennington, H. H.; Ringgenberg, E.



MARROW, O. A.
Newton, S.; Merrill, J. D.



MILNES, W. E.
Reid, J. W.; Petrik, R. A.



RAYMER, J. R.
Mierzykowski, K. J.; Parker, L. L.; Moser, J. H.;
Nelson, L. R.



PARKINSON, H. W.
Lt. Spietstoesser, G. W.; Quinian, J. A.; Prallow, L. M.



RICHARDSON, W.
Mish, C. C.; Murphy, L. F.; Martyniak, J. A.



PETERSON, H. J.
Remer, R. H.; Pierce, R. L.



ROSE, ELWIN
Carey, D. J.; Remington, H. C.; Pendleton, J. D.



Savidge, D. E.; SANDELL, J. A.
Sarmuksnis, J.; Rabenold, J. E.



Rustland, R. L.; TOTSIS, J. G.
Krasulak, M.; Ruby, R. C.



SHOOK, F. R.
Molitor, R. J.; Nelison, J. A.



ZUNDEL, W. R.
Lieut. Brassfield, W. H.; Lieut. Buth, W. H.

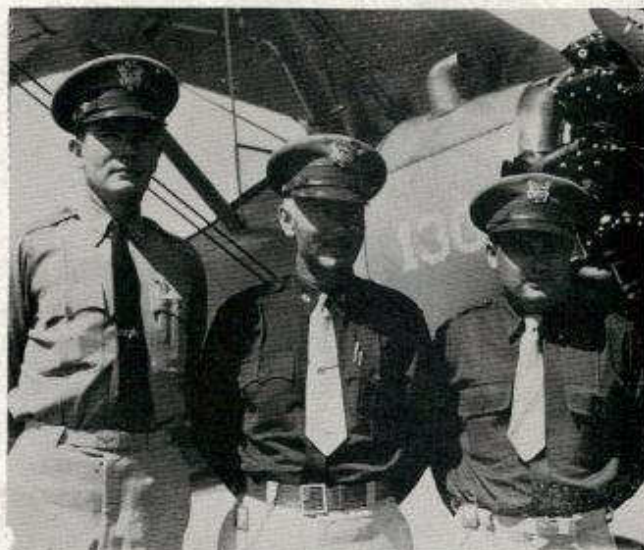


D Squadron

"D" FLIGHT
DISPATCHER, LILLIAN MASSEY



R. BORING
Stage Commander



EMMET FALL, Flight Commander
M. L. AUSTIN, Assistant Flight Commander
ROBT. CENICEROS, Assistant Flight Commander

"H" FLIGHT
DISPATCHER, VIRGINA SUE McMILLAN



ALLEN PLATT, Flight Commander
W. L. REEDER, Assistant Flight Commander
SAM MASON Assistant Flight Commander (not shown)



AARSLEFF, C.
Standage, F. E.; Ward, C. H.



BERRY, BEN.
Tschernoscha, E. T.



ANDERSON, G. B.
Watson, A.



BURTON, R. B.
Wright, C. A.; Vander Moalen, C. E.



BABER, R. S.
White, J. A.; Tissing, R. W.



COOKE, R.
Yohe, W. H.



FORQUER, O. E.
Schultz, E. H.; Sponholtz, M. O.



LUCIE, F. G.
Wilson, L. V.; Wright, O. E.



HAEN, ALFRED
Smith, N. F.; Sherren, A. W.



McKEE, G.
Snogles, W. G.; Townley, M. S.



HYDE, C. B.
Swanson, E. A.; Wenger, D. E.



MEEK, J. A.
Smith, R. H.; Wandersee, R. C.



MOORE, E.
Stein, W. A.; Simpson, L.



REGAN, L. M.
Shaffer, L. F.



ROGERS, H. W.
Stafford, L. W.; Vukovich, M.; Whittem, H. T.



POWELL, L. R.
Steussy, G. H.; Springer, E. W.



RALSTON, N. W.
Clark, V. J.



STEEN, W. C.
Sledziwisk, K. P.; Schell, A. R.



CHAPMAN, D. L.
Smith, L. M.; Stillman, F.; Snyder, H.



VASEY, J. R.
Sprague, R. L.; Sill, R. L.



MARTIN, M. B.
Totushek, B. J.; Seely, R. S.



CARNEY, S. M.
Sheridan, C.; Stewart, H. D.

That Buck Ride!

By A/C BOWEN, J. H.

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder" Some 40 more or less steady voices blended into the Air Corps song. And it was not without a great deal of prodding from the Cadet Flight Lieutenant that the 40 "Dodos" raised their collective voices in hearty song.

Yes, for months we dreamed of this day . . . through the many gruelling days as a G. I. we dreamed of the day when we would take our first ride as an Aviation Cadet. And now that the great day was here we were about as eager as a maiden going to her best friend's wedding and that best friend was marryin' up with her ex-boy friend.

"Whut . . . two . . . three . . . foah . . ." The Cadet Flight had to count the cadence for us . . . we just couldn't quite make it loud enough to suit him. He was a very hard person, if we remember correctly. Finally we arrive on the flight line and were introduced to our instructor. The great moment was at hand. . . .

Our instructor was a very patient sort of a person . . . had he not have had the patience of Job he would have just plain tossed us bodily out of the ready room. Our first mistake and by all means not our last was to ask him what the devil was the bundlesome pack he was carrying around with him.

"That, my unenlightened youth," he very graciously said, "is a parachute."

We decided to keep our ignorance to ourself from there on. Which must have been a good idea. Finally after explaining the use of the aforementioned instrument of safety he escorted us out to the Stearman.

We were told to advance toward the Stearman as if it were a horse . . . from the left side . . . which sounded kinda foolish to us . . . but being obedient people we did as we were told. Next we climbed upon the step and looked into the seat. Later we learned to call it the cockpit.

Never in all of our born days have we seen such a maze of stuff . . . later we learned to call them controls. The first thing we no-



ticed about the dashboard, no, the instrument panel . . . was the number of gadgets . . . which we thought we never would learn to see. Then the steering apparatus . . . a stick and a couple of pedals which guide the blamed thing . . . rather you hope they guide it.

After patiently explaining the use of each and every thing in the seat . . . no, the cockpit, we were

told to get in and lock that belt tightly around us.

We swallowed about three times and then gulped a very quiet, "Yes, Sir." At this point we were afraid to tell our instructor that that was about as close as we had ever been to an airplane, let alone, ride in one of the darn things.

Someone started cranking on the motor as though it was a Model

(Bounce to Page 68)

You Have Much to Live up to!

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE MABEE
Athletic Director



LIEUTENANT MABEE

For two years aviation cadets have plowed through the rain and the mud, have run in the dust and have sweated on the sands of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy grounds. And with each succeeding class conditions for the physical conditioning of cadets have improved. It is now a matter of record that upon graduation the physical condition of Rankin cadets is much better than that of the average primary school, and subsequently the chances of the Rankin cadet for graduation from advanced school is better. For it has been proven that the cadet who is not in good physical condition is unable to stand the strain, physical and mental, of flying the bigger ships and carrying the added responsibilities.

The class of 43-H has much to live up to. Each class of the past twenty has distinguished itself in various ways. Many awards of courage and valor have been won in the areas of battle by Rankin graduates.

In physical training here at the academy, the marks to shoot at for awards are much more definite than are the targets which bring the remote and greater awards to come.

BEST INDIVIDUAL

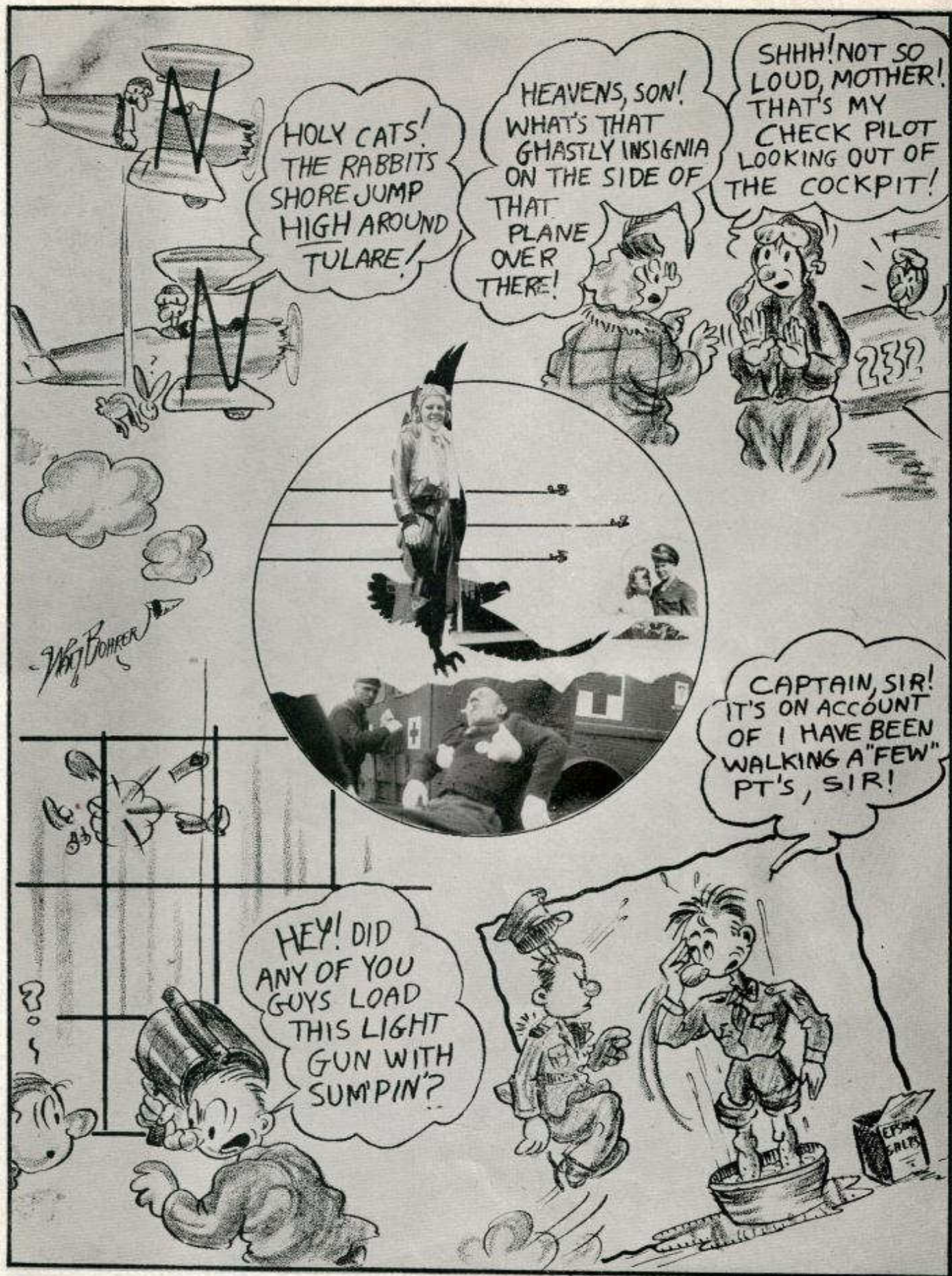
Tressler	43-C
Bird	43-G
Dunphy	43-E
Monrad	43-G
Peterson	43-C
Bennett	43-D
Skeens	43-C
Perbetsky	43-G
Skeens	43-C
Peterson	43-C

BEST WING AVERAGE

Chinning:	25	43-F	11.1
Broad Jump:	9' 11"	43-G	8' 1 1/4"
Leg Lift:	252	43-G	57.7
Push Up:	70	43-F	29.9
Burpee:	17 1/2	43-G	13.3
75 Yard Dash:	8.1 Sec.	43-G	9.25 Sec.
	8.1 Sec.		
150 Yard Dash:	16.2 Sec.	43-G	18.19 Sec.
	16.2 Sec.		







The Maintenance Department!

... The Men Who "Keep 'Em Flying" For The Men Who Fly 'Em!



OTTO TRABER
Chief of Maintenance

The big earthquake struck San Francisco in 1906 but that event held nary a candle to the event of 1907 in the "Bay City", for in that year Otto Traber was born! Of course Traber didn't do quite as much damage, but he lasted longer—in fact he lasted long enough to become Chief of Maintenance of the Rankin Academy.

The life of Traber is beset with pliers, wrenches and other puttering paraphernalia. After soaking up a high school education, his schedule in the years that followed included a course in electrical engineering at Heald Engineering School, a two-year spell as mechanic for the Studebaker Company from 1924 to 1926 a whirl in his own garage business in 1927 from which he emerged safely by selling out to his partner in 1928. Traber then went to work for a San Francisco machine shop from which he collected weekly checks until 1932.

In 1932 the flying bug bit Traber and he learned to pilot an aircraft at San Jose under the tutelage of Earl Bradford, former Rankin instructor. Since then he has accumulated some 400 hours of flying, holds Private license No. 37881 and is slated to take the Army refresher course in the near future in order to enable him to personally test hop the Rankin Stearmans.

In 1932 he spelled finis to his machine shop labors for the other fellow, and started his own shop, going into partnership with his old partner to whom he had sold his first business in 1928. After specializing in aircraft and auto engine machine work for four years, Traber again sold out to his partner in 1936.

After a short vacation and various and sundry jobs until 1938, Traber, in that year, became a part of one of the first CPT programs on the coast in San Jose with the title of wrench-wrestler. He remained on this job—having run out of partners—until he "signed on" at Rankin in February, 1941.



"LOU" CHALKER
Assistant Chief of Maintenance

"Lou" was born in Suffolk County, England, and came to America when but five years old. He received his schooling at Seattle, Warrington, and Fairbanks, Alaska, where his stepfather was a mining engineer. However Lou couldn't see any fun in whittling ore out of the tundras with an ice pick, so he returned to the "outside" and settled in Hollywood where he went into contract overhaul work on aircraft engines.

Meanwhile someone had taught Lou to aviate in various species of aircraft and, subsequently, our Mr. Chalker chalked a few fine ferry flights up for himself betwixt L. A. and the yeast and vice versa.

He further distinguished himself by arriving twice at Rankin. First in the early part of 1941 at Cornell Field and again in February 1942, having decided after his first arrival that maybe he ought to take one more whack at his business in Hollywood before it folded up like a campstool.

At any rate Chalker is back and assists Mr. Traber in no small way on a big job of "Keeping 'Em Flying"!

Maintenance Department



FLIGHT 1

Bottom row (left to right): Foster White, maintenance supervisor; Curtiss Henry; Clarence Wilson; "Fran" Jewett; Frank Posetpal; Orval Dulcich; Cecil Kenoyer; Ray Turner; Clarence Cullum.

Second row (left to right): Jack Corley; Thurman Johnson; Ivan Robison; Leonard Wilson, line chief; "Sandy" Shields; Bessie Collum; Bill Johnson; Bill Engle; Travis Montgomery; Clara Monger; Jess Lancaster; Arnold Simon; "Red" Welton; Ralph Foster, line chief.

Third row: James Reed; Al Shepherd; John Tallbull.

Top row: Roy Reed; Lloyd Dalrymple; James Gray.



FLIGHT 2

Bottom row (left to right): R. Lovell; J. Beatty; C. Olive; R. Coleman; D. Turner; J. Pugh; T. Brockman; J. Hopper; D. McQuisten.

Second row (left to right): D. Mayberry; H. Revels; M. Teuhitte; N. Stout; E. Nagel; S. Gonzales; W. Smith; J. Moore; E. Alarid; W. Jarrett; J. Smith; L. Gibson; N. Hausken; M. Perry; I. Egoian; L. Daniels; G. Jacobsen, flight chief.

Third row: M. Theissen; B. Jacobsen.

Top row: B. Jones; H. Williamson; I. Epperson.

Maintenance Department



FLIGHT 3

Bottom row (left to right): Howard Hickey; Midge Norick; Geo. Muno; Opal Williams; Chas. Scott.

Second row (left to right): Jimmy Lansdowne; Robt. Neep; Pedro Villalon; Jack Todd; Al Riley; Jim Ray; Eugene Swain; Steve Edwards; Jack Bettes; Leonard McKean.

Third row: Art Kramer; Will Conway; Tom Brady; Paul McCown; Leal Taggart; Anita Bustos; Oran Lansdell; Jim Hatter; Walter Smith; Ian Stubbs; Paul Patterson; Earl Houghton; Leonard Vincent; Orbie Conway.

Fourth row: Duane Tey; Teressa Alarid; Bill Jeung.

Top row: Ken Stubbs; Bud Doerlick; Al Diebert.



FLIGHT 4

Bottom row (left to right): Chas. Swartwood; Dean Stewart; Frank King; Roy Easley; Wayne Denning; Al Monhariz; Vincent Brogan; Robt. Kennedy; Jimmy Nolt.

Second row (left to right): Bill Farrell; Madeline Grove; L. W. Denning; Francis Watson; Don McClusky; Ray Minyard; Afton Cook; Alvin Rupe; Jack Long; Ray Price; J. C. Banks; Lyle DeArmond; Von Holland; Sam Roth; Ed Milton.

Third row: Pete Arkelian; Mose Ametjian; Herb Renstrom; Newton Hursh; Donald Sparks.

Top row: Jack Epperson; Gall Breed; Alvin Jones.



JIMMY

Inspector Jimmy!

The serious looking lad shown left looking as though he had just bitten into a green persimmon, is Jimmy Wilson, technical supervisor of the Rankin Academy engineering and supply department of which, incidentally, he is also the head man!

Jimmy is a local product—well, practically local, anyway—having been born in Exeter in 1916. He attended grade school in Visalia (the teachers could hit too hard in

Exeter!) and graduated from the Exeter High School.

He attended Visalia Junior College for one year and decided he had had enough "book l'arnin'" so went to work for Dodge, Visalia, a position he held for two years. Wilson left Dodge and, for the next four years, worked for the Studebaker company.

He came to Rankin as one of the "firsts" in March, 1941, has been here ever since.

Tie a Ribbon to the Pliers!

Most girls are fascinated by new coats, new shades of lipstick or by nice secretarial positions, but Charlotte Zundel of the Rankin maintenance department is fascinated by wrenches, pliers and bolts. She is holder of an Aircraft and Engines mechanics license and may daily be found hard at work swabbing carburetors, pumping up oleo struts or—perhaps—looking for lost lock-washers.

Mrs. Zundel became interested in aircraft mechanics while helping

to overhaul a J6-5 engine back at her home airport of Beaver, Pennsylvania. Since that time safety-wire and ballpeen hammers have meant more to her than compacts or mirrors. Frankly, we'll bet that Charlotte just loves coats, new shades of lipstick, compacts and mirrors—but her first love is the deep-throated, smooth purr of an aircraft engine, newly overhauled!

Charlotte learned to fly at Beaver, soloed in 1939 and has 35 solo hours to her credit.



CHARLOTTE ZUNDEL
A & E'er!



A/C PRIEST

From Merced—A Word from Mr. Priest!

Every cadet now in training knows in his heart that there are two kinds of courage. One he shows jauntily for all to see, the other he tries to hide for fear others will think him a coward.

Some think that courage is shown by showing off—taking unnecessary risks—in other words sticking their necks out. This can be called foolhardy courage and can be done without. Many a pilot would still be with us today if he hadn't just wanted to show the

boys. True and real courage can seldom be seen.

The cadet that is going to get his wings is the one who heeds all regulations; who flies with all the odds in his favor. Don't take unnecessary risks—Uncle Sam is giving us a chance to be a part of him—don't let him down and above all don't let yourself down. Good luck to you and "Keep 'Em Flying".

A/C GORDON S. PRIEST,
Aviation Cadet Editor, 43-G.

Air Depot Detachment!

Stationed at Rankin Academy is an important officer with several important jobs. He is 1st Lt. John B. Ewald, Jr., commanding officer of the Air Depot Detachment at Rankin Academy, Supply Officer and Engineering Officer of the 4th Army Air Force Flying Training Command. It is Lt. Ewald's job, as such, to act as liaison officer between the control depot and the flying training detachment to see that the functions of supply engineering, technical inspection, salvage and reclamation of military property on the post are performed.

Lt. Ewald was born at Charles-

ton, S. C., in 1918, just one day before the Armistice was signed. He graduated from high school in San Pedro, California, and, in 1942, received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Industrial Engineering at Georgia Tech.

Meanwhile he had taken four years of Coast Artillery R.O.T.C. at Georgia Tech, from which he is definitely no wreck, and entered active duty at San Bernardino Air Depot June 16, 1942, as Adjutant of the 47th Air Depot Group.

In March of 1943, Lt. Ewald was transferred to Tulare to take command of the Air Depot Detachment here.



LT. EWALD

Messrs. Ball and Woolman!



BALL and WOOLMAN

Aircraft Technical Inspector (C.S.), Roy E. Ball, is an Oregonian—in fact he just missed being an Idahoan by the Snake River which separates the town of Ontario, Oregon, from the "Potato State." However, he did attend school in Idaho, graduating from Payette High in 1934.

In 1935, Ball joined the Navy and served at the Naval Air Station, San Diego, and aboard the U.S.S. Saratoga. He was discharged in 1939.

In that year, Ball was employed

by the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego, remaining until 1941 when he was employed by the U. S. Civil Service Commission as Aircraft Technical Inspector stationed at Rankin Academy.

Mr. Woolman was born in Paso Robles, California, on September 23, 1914. He graduated from high school in 1933, and the following year his family moved to Dinuba, California. He attended Reedley Junior College at Reedley, California, from 1934 to 1935, and from

(Taxi to Page 68)

He's a Master Sergeant Now!

The second of the Army personnel to arrive at Rankin was Master Sergeant Donald J. Evans, who arrived in Tulare as Staff Sergeant in charge of Supplies on February 4, 1941, being superseded only by Capt. (now Lt. Col.) Charles J. Daly, first commanding officer at Rankin Academy.

Sergeant Evans held his position

as supply sergeant until September 1942, at which time he was made Army aircraft inspector, the rank he still holds.

Sergeant Evans was promoted to master sergeancy in February 1943, just two years after his arrival at Rankin Field.

He is a man who is truly a Rankin pioneer.



SGT. EVANS

Kurtz Goes to Blazes!



A most important piece of equipment at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy is the fire truck, shown above. Holding it down to keep it from leaping into space is George Kurtz, who is in charge of the fire-fighting crew at the Academy as well as being Chief of Guards and Plant Maintenance.

The truck, a proud red Chev, is

equipped with everything necessary for the extinguishing of conflagrations, either plain or fancy, hot or cold running. It was built from the ground up at the Academy and boasts a 500-gallon pump, a 300-gallon auxiliary tank (water), a 50-gallon tank of foamite, two foamite and two CO-2 extinguishers, 600 feet of 2½ inch hose, 300

feet of 3 inch hose, a 35-foot ladder, siren and emergency lighter and a "dern good fire chief"—he says!

Speaking of the fire chief, Kurtz is still trying to decide in which county he was born—Tulare or Kings. It seems the county line ran somewhere between the pantry and the Old Dutch Cleanser through the home in which he was born!

Anent An Old Friend

This second anniversary of ye alma mater—Rankin Academy—brings many a pleasant memory to most of us who have been here since the start of operations. Outstanding among these is the memory of Hal Percy, whom, even though he has been gone for several months, still seems a part of us.

To those who did not know Hal we say you have missed meeting a swell fellow. He came to Rankin as Chief Dispatcher in January, 1941, from Cal-Aero Academy at Ontario, where he had also been head dispatcher. Alone, Percy set up the dispatching system now in use at this primary school. It was a long, tough job in the midst of the hub-bub and furore of con-



HAL PERCY

struction et al, but Hal came through with flying colors. In over a year and a half, Hal's was one of the most familiar and oft-seen faces on the field as he scooted to and fro on his little scooter a la Africa. Percy, for several months, was Assistant Editor of "Rank'n' File," having aided immensely in getting "our baby" off on the right foot.

Several months ago, due to ill health, Hal was forced to leave us and return to Los Angeles. However, his many friends—and we assure you there are many—will be very happy to learn that Hal is recuperating in great shape and, before very long, will be on his feet again better'n' ever!

Here's to you, Hal!

A Salute to Captain Gilmore!



CAPTAIN GILMORE

On the occasion of our second anniversary the thoughts of many of us go back to those who were with us at the outset of the Academy but who are now in other climes.

We have, on another page of this issue, mentioned Hal Percy. However there is yet another whom we feel is well worthy of mention in these pages. He is none other than Captain John E. Gilmore who came to Rankin as the first flight surgeon, and who remained in that capacity until a year ago when he asked for active duty and was assigned to the Southwest Pacific war theatre.

Captain Gilmore came to Rankin as a First Lieutenant, February 20, 1941 after having spent a year in medical corps duty at March Field. Prior to that time, and since his graduation from a three year pre-med and a four year medical course at the University of Nebraska, he had interned at a Victoria, B. C., hospital for three months until war broke out, after which he went to Fresno to complete his internship. Captain Gilmore had held a reserve infantry commission since 1935 but transferred to the medical corps in 1940.

His many friends in Tulare, and those elsewhere, will be happy to know that Captain Gilmore is doing a fine job "down under" and that he has met many an old Rankin graduate out there beneath the "Southern Cross".

In behalf of the personnel of the Rankin Academy on the occasion of the start of our third year of operations, we heartily salute an old friend and an able officer!



Hedy La Stearman

By A/C J. G. MOUNTAIN

Compare a plane to a woman's
wiles—
You'll note a resemblance right
away
The woman's face is full of smiles,
While her glance is roving, as to
say,
"Just get TOO confident of who's
the boss
And things will pop, brother, . . .
plenty fast.
You'll end up being thrown for a
loss—

Or my feeling of love for you will
pass."
Though the airplane's built on a
more rugged scale
The element of surprise still lurks
in view.
It'll take you high with your head
in the clouds
Then drop you like a bolt from the
blue.
It goes where you go—as long as
you're gentle.
But when temper creeps into your

grip,
You're liable to wind up on the
mantle
With a one-way ticket on a one-
way trip.
It's not that it's fickle . . . it's far
from that
It's loving and gentle when the
occasion arises
But when you're upstairs and go
off on a bat
Just remember what a woman . . .
and a plane comprises!

The Parable of a Flyer

1. As a wet dog who shaketh himself beside thee is he who usurpeth the rightful place of another in formation.
2. Generations unto generations of men will curse him who landeth cross-tee, thereby causing anguish and suffering untold to his flight dispatcher.
3. Better is a dancing partner with two left feet than he who loopeth and rolleth, yea, greatly, yet cleareth himself not.
4. More to be feared than the lion which roareth in the wilderness is him that taxieth blithely up to the very rudder of his brother's ship, fearing not the wrath of man or demon.
5. Behold the hangar pilot—he cometh forth as a true flier; mighty are his utterances. He spinneth and stunteth with ease, yet climeth not into the airplane. Know ye that he exaggereth full twentyfold, and the truth is not in him.
6. Seeing these, then, the flight commander groweth exceedingly wroth, and trembleth violently, and instructors shaketh their heads sadly, for they see the element of the flier is not in him. Then falleth the axe violently among these, and there is great wailing and gnashing of teeth, but lo! there is none to hear. They are as souls crying in the wilderness.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN

(A Lazy Eight from Page 18)

Washington, D. C., where he enrolled as a law student at Georgetown University from which he was graduated in 1937 with the degree of L. L. B. During his studentship there, he served as President of his Class, President of the John Carroll Debating Society, which was the oldest debating club in school, and served as an editor of the Georgetown Law Journal. He was elected to membership in National Honorary Scholastic Fraternity at the end of his Junior year and graduated as valedictorian of his class. During his senior year, he was awarded the Dean Hamilton prize for submitting the best essay on legal ethics in competition with all of the students. He was also a member of Phi Alpha Delta, a legal fraternity. As editor of the Georgetown Law Journal, he wrote several leading articles which were widely distributed among lawyers and bankers. Two of the articles were cited in several case books. Lt. O'Connor was elected to Pi Gamma Mu, honorary scholastic fraternity at Georgetown which fraternity selects 10 men from the Junior and Senior classes each year. William O'Connor was elected to this scholastic fraternity his Junior year. While still a Junior in law school, William O'Connor was given permission to take the Bar examination in the District of Columbia and in his home State of North Dakota and was successful in both examinations—receiving the highest grade in the North Dakota examination.

From 1933 until 1936, while attending the Georgetown Law School in the afternoon, Lt. O'Connor was employed in the General Counsel's office in the Treasury Department as a law clerk. In 1936, after passing the Bar examination, he was made Assistant General Counsel in the Treasury Department and served in that capacity until his resignation, January 1, 1938. While Assistant Counsel in the Treasury Department, Lt. O'Connor was engaged in the preparation of trial cases and appeal cases.

Another prominent member of the Advisory Board is Paul Kelly, noted picture star, who has spent much time at Rankin Field.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(A Spin from Page 19)

strictions which the men must necessarily take upon themselves, and never does he forget that their need for relaxation is no less great or justified than his own. All burdens, privations and restrictions must be shared mutually and equally.

His men must feel that privation means nothing to him, that he rises above such problems, and that daily difficulties cannot break his spirit. He can and must be severe when necessary, administer punishment as rarely as possible and always in a manner that is clearly justified. The officer must be interested in the personal difficulties of his subordinates, maintain a cheerful atmosphere under all circumstances, visit and converse with them in quarters occasionally, give attention to their mental outlook.

In short, the real leader will participate in their dangers, their wants, their joys and their sorrows, never failing to commend work well performed. Man is not responsible for himself alone but also for his comrades. He who can do more, who has greater capacity of accomplishment, must instruct the inexperienced and weaker. From such conduct the feeling of real comradeship develops, which is just as important between leaders and subordinates as it is between men.

Finally let me add, this comradeship in later years will transcend any that will be found, fraternal or otherwise. We have only to look around us to see that bond of friendship which binds together all ex-service men. More specifically I might mention the American Legion and quote from the Preamble to the Legion Constitution:

"To preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the great war. . . . To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness". No power or combination of powers on earth can conquer that spirit. Cherish it carefully as you carry on and may the Almighty look over you and guide you in your endeavor. Bon Voyage!

SQUADRON SQUIBS

Since people have more fun than anybody it's a cinch that news and views of cadets and their every day life will bring smiles and groans from the flotsam and jetsam that read this column.

There's the little incident concerning an anonymous cadet, whose first initial is Quinlan—it seems that the aforementioned Mister was taxiing blissfully over solid ground when a dirty old Stearman jumped right out in front of him and before anybody could read him the Pilot's Psalm, eighth verse, he swung into it with gusto and walloped it with his prop—right up to the tachometer.

Oh, well, Mr. Quinlan—they say airplanes are expendable (or is it pilots?)

And, oh yes, Mr. Haines—the gas mask is designed to fit over the face; it is not necessary to fly the pattern with it before adjusting over one ear.

Did you hear that Cadet W. R. Griffiths had a major operation a while back? The local doctors, as the story goes, had to amputate a couple of Texas "long horns" that got in the way of his helmet. He's resting comfortably.

Lover-boy Snogles, the hot boy with the trumpet just can't seem to make that mile run under six minutes. Or do you like to run it TWICE Mr. Snogles?

And who was that soloist that got caught in the hail storm and had to put his feet on the instrument panel in order to clear the butane tanks—huh?

It's a funny feeling to put your plane into a dive and find yourself doing one armed handstands on the stick with the loose ends of your safety belt flapping in the breeze— isn't it, Mr. Hatfield?

And then there's Mr. Harner who nonchalantly stepped out of the back cockpit and practically hung himself on his gosport tube.

The girls of Tulare are going around with loaded shotguns since Tink (Lochinvar) Miller started patrolling the metropolis. And Mr. Mangum ain't no slouch!

Mr. Gallagher—empennages on aircraft are essential to good maneuverability; don't shear them off with propellor blades.

That Buck Ride

(Bounced from Page 55)

Ford. Right soon afterwards there was a whine, a cough and the propellor started whirling and with a roar the motor started. At this point we were ready to call it a day and go home.

Again our patient instructor told us to watch what was going on and to take the stick and to place our feet upon the pedals. Which we reluctantly did and as he accelerated we began moving. At this point I was really ready to go home.

Our instructor jockeyed into position with about 100 other planes . . . or it seemed as though there were 100. Later we found out that there were only two. A green light flashed from somewhere and we started down the road.

All of a sudden I looked down to see if we were still on the road and believe it or not . . . we were in the air. At that time my heart did a flip flop and I began to hang on for dear life.

Under ordinary conditions we are fairly brave but not leaving Mother Earth for the first time. Truly it is a sensation and not an unpleasant one. Across the gosport . . . say, we are getting right pert at the technical phrases . . . came the instructor's voice asking us if we were enjoying the ride. We put on our best grin and answered in the affirmative. He knew we were lying.

After climbing to a rather high altitude . . . 5000 feet to be exact . . . he asked us if we would like to take over this ship. We tried to tell him that this was our first trip in anything other than an auto . . . but weren't successful.

Oh, well, if he didn't value his life anymore than that . . . We would try anything once . . . so we took the controls.

As if that darn Stearman knew that a "Dodo" had the controls the blamed thing made a dive straight for home . . . we tried to bring in on an even keel . . . we kicked and pulled everything but that little handle on the parachute and we were quite ready for that at any moment . . . that blamed ship

just dived and darted and climbed and turned all over the sky.

Our instructor came to our rescue. . . . We suppose he became frightened and decided that life was good after all so he took over, and much to our delight. We were a bit pale at this point and a cold sweat was beginning to break out on our brow.

We thought it time to go home but our instructor had other ideas. It seems as if he were in a frisky mood that day. He asked if our safety belt was tight and we told him it was . . . for a few minutes later we were thankful. Had it not been we might have parted company with the Stearman then and there. All of a sudden we were looking at the world upside down and a more surprised "Dodo" there never was. We didn't even suspect that anything like that could ever happen to us. We darn near lost what little breakfast we had that morn. Upon righting us our patient instructor wasn't satisfied with trying to make us lose our breakfast and with fiendish glee he started diving the ship and all

of a sudden. . . . Well, we just hung our weary head out the side . . . it turned out to be the wrong side and proceeded to give our all . . .

We never have figured out whether our instructor became tired of this kind of play or whether he just felt sorry for us. Nevertheless, he turned the Stearman toward home and brought her in gentle as a bird. We climbed out with very wobbly legs and a very pale face and tried to look nonchalant as our classmates rushed up to us to find out how the ride turned out.

Our instructor called us over and pointed to a bucket filled with water and told us to fetch same along with some clothes. Again we were unsuspecting. We soon learned that our indiscreteness led to work and we spent the next part of the hour washing out and off the Stearman much to the delight of our classmates.

But little did they know that their time was to come and shortly . . . and that we would stand around and hoot. . . .

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder. . . ."

A DIFFERENT KIND OF "TAPS"



Our dancing star, A/C Bill Collova, Jr. whips out a hot hoof routine.

WOOLMAN AND BALL

(Taxied from Page 63)

1934 to 1936 he received flight training at the Visalia Municipal Airport. During that period he also had experience as an airplane and engine mechanic.

In November, 1941, he received employment at the Visalia-Dinuba School of Aeronautics as a mechanic, and in February, 1942, he became a hangar inspector. The following May he received his Civil Service appointment and has been stationed at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy since that time.

As a junior aircraft inspector his duties are the inspections of airplane engines, technical publications, safety equipment, parachutes, gas and oil servicing facilities, and hangars.

Right Around Rankin

By A/C J. R. HARNER

Well, here it is time for another Rank'n' File and time for more gossip. You know; little things that happen around here that shouldn't; but those are the things that add humor to this cadet life.

There's been some strange things happening here—such as the time Heathcock went up for his first solo. He's supposed to have good eyesight (he says). Well, his instructor climbed out of the plane and sent him on his lone way. He took off and climbed to six hundred feet, looked back at the stage-house and saw his patient instructor grinning at him. THIS he told very seriously that night. Then came the morn and we all very sleepily dragged ourselves out into the cold, rainy California dawn. The corporal checked the squad and reported Heathcock missing. Heathcock couldn't see where he was. He was in the wrong squadron. Then we all marched to mess. Heathcock again proved he had good eyesight. He set his tray on thin air and everything fell through. Down went good food, scattering to all corners of the mess hall. Embarrassed to the point of silence, he never again mentioned 20-20 vision.

And then there was the cadet who landed against the tee and had to stand at attention and salute it fifteen times—he never again landed in such an unorthodox position.

You should all remember the cadet—in name, Mr. Hunt—who left on a solo hop. He got lost over Tulare Lake. When he finally became accustomed to his surroundings and returned to home base he then put on a beautiful exhibition of how not to land an airplane.

Seeing some of the cadets here on the campus walking around with the Hangman's Noose decorating their manly red necks reminds us of a story about the Negro who,

as he walked the last few steps to the scaffold, was asked if he had anything to say; "Yassuh, Boss, this is gwine to be a lesson to me, yassuh!"

Probably we've all heard the saying: . . . "don't break my arm, I'll be a bombardier." Well, McKee certainly took it to heart, only he broke his playing basketball. He says that was one way to keep from washing out.

We dedicate the following to Mr. Manro, Instructor: "If this lecture has gone overtime, it's only because I haven't my watch and the hall clock has stopped." Voice from cadet in rear seat: "There's a calendar in back of you!"

Who are the cadets—namely Sarmuksnis and some other dodo, who ran out of their barracks and yelled, "Hey! youse guys, you can't take pictures of planes flying overhead." Then the Captain and Lieutenant turned around and grinned. We've been looking for those cadets for a week now.

Could that be Mr. Harner who

flies over his girls friend's house at Woodville every day? Not all cadets have girls waving at them as they practice.

Overhead in the ready room, was Hatfield's instructor saying, "No, there isn't too much wrong with your flying, it's just that you hold your rudders too long in banks . . . and, well, your spins are a little off timing and your stalls and chandelles don't even closely resemble what they're supposed to . . . and I think your landings ARE improving, you only bounce twice now, . . . but, outside of that, you fly pretty well, mister! "

And our editor; he doesn't believe in clearing his motor when making gliding turns. He was so close to those cows, he could tell whether they had been milked recently or not.

"Ah, well" as Oscar Wilde says, "it is perfectly monstrous the way people go about nowadays saying things against one behind one's back that are absolutely and entirely true."



PX Relaxation—A seven-cushion bank from behind the 8-ball!

Happy Landings to . . .

JOHN R. LUND	Captain
OTTO F. JACOBSEN	First Lieutenant
ALEXANDER K. MORLEY, Jr.	First Lieutenant
WILLIAM H. BRASSFIELD	Second Lieutenant
WILLIAM H. BUTH	Second Lieutenant
DOUGLAS M. CAMPBELL	Second Lieutenant
DENNIS J. CAREY	Second Lieutenant
FRED SCHLEICHER	Second Lieutenant
GEORGE W. SPLETSTOESER	Second Lieutenant

ALHADEFF, ISAAC N.	Seattle, Wash.
ARAKELIAN, CHARLES H.	Boston, Mass.
ATKINSON, RICHARD C.	Lake Forest, Ill.
AUGUSTYNOVICH, PETE S.	Barberton, Ohio

BAILEY, CHARLEY M.	Ferndale, Wash.
BAKER, JAMES B.	Houston, Texas
BANGS, ROBERT B.	Geneva, Ill.
BARNBY, JOHN E.	Little Rock, Ark.
BARNES, GEORGE M.	Cincinnati, Ohio
BAUGHN, ROBERT L.	Columbus, Ohio
BECKER, IRVING	Hazleton, Pa.
BERGER, KEITH H.	Bakersfield, Calif.
BIALECKI, STANLEY F., JR.	Racine, Wis.
BLACK, RICHARD H.	Centralia, Ill.
BLILEY, W. A.	Compton, Calif.
BOBO, JACK E.	Clifton, N. J.
BOUKNECHT, ROBERT W.	Troy, Ohio
BOWEN, JACK H.	Monett, Mo.
BOYD, THOMAS B.	Jersey City, N. J.
BRANDNER, EDWARD J., JR.	Kearny, N. J.
BREWER, MAURICE G.	Charleston, Ark.
BRISTOW, JOHN	Chicago, Ill.
BULLARD, JONATHAN H.	Fairfield, Conn.
BURCH, NOLAN E.	Paducah, Ky.
BURKE, EDWARD R.	Flushing, N. Y.
BUSWELL, JOHN P.	Brookfield, Mo.
BUTTORFF, RICHARD D.	York, Pa.
BYRNE, RICHARD F.	L. I., New York, N. Y.

CARTER, CHARLES A., JR.	Pawhuska, Okla.
CAST, JOHN T.	Springfield, Ohio
CLARKE, VINCENT J.	Bridgeton, N. J.
COLLINS, ARTHUR B.	Dundas, Ohio
COLLOVA, WILLIAM S., JR.	Cleveland, Ohio
CRAIG, THOMAS A.	Belvue, Kas.
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KURTZ, MAX	Sioux City, Iowa

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