

44-H

Third Anniversary Edition



In Memoriam



Arnold A. Cooper

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling
mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have never dreamed of—wheeled and soared
and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

—Pilot Officer J. G. Magee.

7/83

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dedication

There are so many things and people that this Third Anniversary Edition of Rank'n' File could appropriately—and justifiably—be dedicated to, that this business of dedicating becomes somewhat of a quandary.

It is no secret that during the course of compiling the material for this issue—the largest yet to be published—the dedication has been reluctantly changed three times.

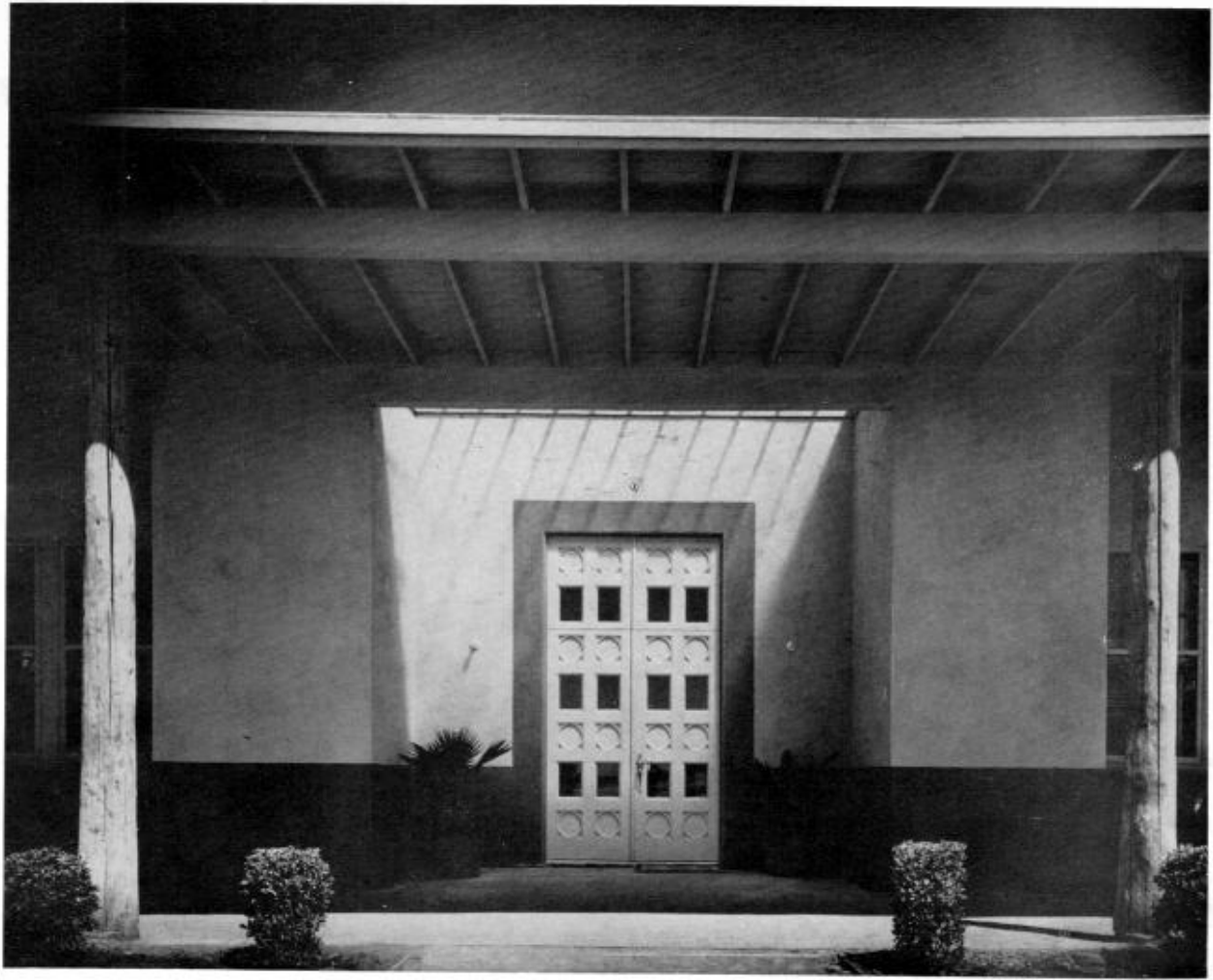
At the crucial moment, however, we received the happy news of the achievement of Major Richard Ira Bong, a graduate of Rankin Academy Class 42-H, who by scoring his 27th verified Japanese victory, became Uncle Sam's all-time "Ace of Aces".

Therefore—and literally bursting its buttons—the Rankin Academy, in behalf of its entire personnel, feels the least it can do to honor so distinguished an alumnus would be to dedicate this Third Anniversary Issue to him.

This we proudly do!



("Dough Dough")



Through these portals pass
some of the best Cadets
in the world



J. G. "Tex" Rankin
Director of Operations

Carry On 44-H

It has been three years since we graduated our first "H" Class. Several members of that Class saw action in the Philippines during those dark days in December of '41. Others were in Hawaii when the contemptible Jap struck his first cowardly blow.

The members of Class 41-H, 42-H and 43-H, together with thousands of other Rankin graduates, are fighting today on every battle front throughout the world and they are indeed giving a splendid account of themselves.

The glorious achievements of those gallant men who have preceded you at this Academy should be an everlasting inspiration to each and every member of Class 44-H.

Major Bong, Major Westbrook, Capt. Ethel, Lt. Cluck and dozens of other heroic pilots were taught to fly by the same instructors that taught you to fly. The airplane that carried them on that first thrilling solo flight was the same good ship in which you made that first trip around the traffic pattern alone. The Academic Instructors that taught them Meteorology, Navigation, etc., are the identical teachers you had while at this school. Therefore, we have supreme confidence in your ability to emulate those heroes whom we have proudly placed on the Roll of Honor.

You have proved to be real gentlemen, excellent pilots, splendid academic scholars and really fine soldiers. You have made many friends at the Academy and in Tulare. We are all proud of you and we wish you always happy landings and a safe journey.

CHEERIO!

J. G. "TEX" RANKIN.

RANK'N'FILE

A monthly, high-lift, double-exhaust, hair-trigger, 1000-horsepower magazine published in the interest of the Aviation Cadets of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California.

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EDITOR'S EDITORIAL

By Cadet Editor, A/C EBBERT T. WEBBER

So, gents, it looks like our Primary training is over. Basic, here we come. Sure, we'll be a little scattered since we're being split up and sent to various schools, but the experiences we've had together here at Rankin Academy will never be forgotten. . . . Remember the day we arrived? Yes, a little California sunshine was gently falling on the soil of the beautiful San Joaquin Valley, and the sight of Lt. Conrad's pet sign, "Sweat now, may save blood later" really made us wonder what all we were about to get into. We soon found out. . . . Tough, thorough training. We learned how to take PT the "Conrad" way, the difference between a piston pin and a cotter key—what Dynamic reaction has to do with an airplane wing, and how to enjoy a GI movie on Thursday nights . . . (when the film doesn't break). We saw the insides of an airplane too and after some hours listening to the rattling from the front cockpit via the gosport, solo'd. . . .

That cross country trip was a pip too—Yeah, a couple of the boys got a little mixed up and followed the "iron-beam" (railroad track), 2500 feet below them, a few miles too far, but we learned plenty just the same. . . .

This primary training was no easy task. It took a few pretty hard knocks to pull some of us through, but now . . . at least we know a little about an airplane. Yes, we can fly it. . . . Now lead us to those Vultee Vibrators, and the AT's to follow. From there, we split our trails again and perhaps some will go into the ATC, to pilot those huge C-54's. Bomber Command will take a few of the gang—ah, just to sit in the pit of a B-29! Fighter outfits will get their share of the boys too . . . P-70's, 61's, 38's, etc. . . .

The Lord is with each one of us. . . . He is our co-pilot, and He will bring us all through to the day when we'll be home with our loved ones again. . . .



A/S E. T. WEBBER

EDITORIAL By A/C Wing Commander, J. J. MARVEL

We, the Cadets of Class 44-H acknowledge our deep appreciation of the fine mental and physical training that we have received during our short stay here at Rankin Academy.

We have found that all our hopes and dreams of flying have finally been unfurled here at this School. The beauty and feeling of flying—that wonderful hour when we first went up "solo," and the realization that we are now much stronger in mind and body than most of us have ever been before in our lives.

Every class goes on from here with the same feeling. Men who were later to become martyrs and heroes in the eyes of the nation they love.

It is with great appreciation that we wish to thank every one of the Officers, Instructors, and members of the permanently assigned enlisted men for helping us through this most important phase of our training.

MILITARY PERSONNEL

Major Craig P. Bade.....Commanding Officer, Director of Training
Capt. Adrian W. Acebedo.....Training Inspector
Capt. Leland B. Blanchard.....Aviation Medical Examiner
Capt. Jack J. Brandon.....Director of Flying
Capt. Horace E. Tilden.....Commandant of Cadets
Lieut. Howard A. Bennett.....Adjutant
Lieut. Ronald K. Davis.....Intelligence Officer
Lieut. John V. Freestone.....Medical Officer
Lieut. Thurman C. Gardner, Jr.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Roy L. Jones, Jr.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. William T. McArthur.....Asst. Commandant of Cadets
Lieut. John Q. Nichols.....Tactical Officer
Lt. John W. Richmond, Engineering Officer

Lieut. Harry C. Phillips.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Robert S. Faulkner.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Kenneth P. Avery.....Link Training Officer
Lieut. Thomas A. Bartoszek.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Charles W. Conrad.....Athletic Director
Lieut. Leonard J. Grantham.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Robert C. Grimm.....Supply Officer
Lieut. John V. Hunter, III.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. William T. Langley.....Tactical Officer
Lieut. Ramon H. Mason.....Finance Officer
Lieut. Walter C. Stansbury.....Tactical Officer
Lieut. Leon E. Torrey, Jr.....Asst. Adjutant
Lieut. Robert M. Williams.....Tactical Officer

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J. G. "Tex" Rankin.....Director of Operations
Robt. S. Norswing.....Gen. Mgr. and general partner
John T. Africa.....Co-ordinator of Training
Hugh Burton.....Office Manager

Chester Chenoweth.....Wing Commander
Herbert W. Smith.....Director, Academic Training
Lou Chalker.....Chief of Maintenance
George Kurtz.....Airport Superintendent

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sey. Back row (from left): A/C N. J. Slemenda; A/C N. H. Ess; A/C W. R. Kennedy; A/C A. J. Westbrook,
Assistant Editor; A/C Lee Wehtera.

The members of the Cadet staff had a lot of pleasure working on this issue of the "FILE". Yes, this is the largest issue ever published, and we hope that all the readers will get as much fun out of reading it as we had in working it up and presenting it to you. We wanted to give you a lot more humor than we have, but the OPA was a little tight with us on the ration of exclamation marks, comas, semi-colons and hyphens, so, after getting together with photographer Claude Howell, we thought you guys would like more pictures and less gab anyway.

... E. T. W.

The Story of "Tex"

By WALT BOHRER



J. G. "Tex" Rankin, age fifty years, born in Brenham, Texas, December 27, 1893. Served in Aviation Section Signal Corps during World War One, twenty months over seas, mustered out August 1919 Mitchel Field, New York. Worked as Flight Instructor for Symons and Russell Aviation School at Spokane, Washington, from September 1919 to April 1920.

Purchased Curtiss JN4D and Standard JI and opened Rankin School of Flying at Walla Walla, Washington, May 4th, 1920. Moved to Portland, Oregon, in the spring of 1922 where an airport and hangar was leased and several new airplanes were purchased; this School was closed in 1933 due to the depression. Approximately 3500 students had been trained by Mr. Rankin, or under his personal supervision from 1919 to 1933 without any student being seriously injured. The peak enrollment at any given time was six hundred ten (610) students in July 1928.

Mr. Rankin had always participated in the country's foremost airshows as an acrobatic pilot and race pilot. On August 12, 1929, he made the first non-stop, non-refueling flight between Canada and Mexico, flying a small 85-h.p. training plane. The trip from Vancouver, British Columbia to Agua Caliente, Mexico, required thirteen hours and seven minutes. In October of 1929, he established a world record of nineteen continuous outside loops. In March of 1931, at Los Angeles, California, he established a new world record of seventy-eight continuous outside loops and in October of the same year at Charlotte, North Carolina he made 131 continuous outside loops. This still remains unbeaten. In 1937 Mr. Rankin won the International Acrobatic Competition at Saint Louis, Missouri, nosing out Captain Papana of the Royal Rumanian Air Force.

From 1933 until 1935 Rankin wrote a series of text books known as "Rankin Text" covering flying, navigation, meteorology, aircraft engines, theory of flight, etc. These books were used as a standard text by many Civilian Schools throughout the world.

From June 1935 until May 1936, Mr. Rankin toured the entire Eastern part of the United States, participating in prominent airshows from Portland, Maine to Miami, Florida.

In 1936 Mr. Rankin purchased a home in Hollywood, California and became a member of the Hollywood Motion Picture Pilots' Association and Screen Actors Guild. During the next five years he worked with Paul Mantz (now Lt. Col., AAF) and Frank Clarke (now Major AAF) as a Motion Picture stunt pilot.

In 1936, 1937, and 1938, Mr. Rankin gave private lessons in primary and acrobatic flying to a limited number of students at Los Angeles; among these students were several movie stars including Errol Flynn, Bryan Aherne, and Edgar Bergen.

In 1939 Mr. Rankin organized the Rankin School of Flying at Metropolitan Airport, Van Nuys, California, where he acted as Chief Instructor. In the spring of 1940 this School was issued an approved School Certificate by CAA. A CPT contract for Advanced flying Instructor Refresher Course was obtained.

During the summer of 1940, Rankin filed a brochure with the Army Air Corps requesting a contract to train Aviation Cadets in Primary flying. At that time he had an option to lease the Bakersfield Municipal Airport and hangar.

Later in the summer, he was advised by the Army that his application for a contract had been investigated and had received a favorable recommendation. It was further stated that a contract would likely be awarded if, and when, the Air Corps made a further expansion.

Rankin believed that further expansion of the Air Corps was inevitable and he immediately began a tour of the entire United States by



THE FIRST MAN ever to land an airplane in Death Valley, Tex Rankin is shown here with the foreman of the Pacific Coast Borax Company who accompanied Rankin to Furnace Creek ranch which since has become the site of the elaborate Furnace Creek Inn. The year is 1924.

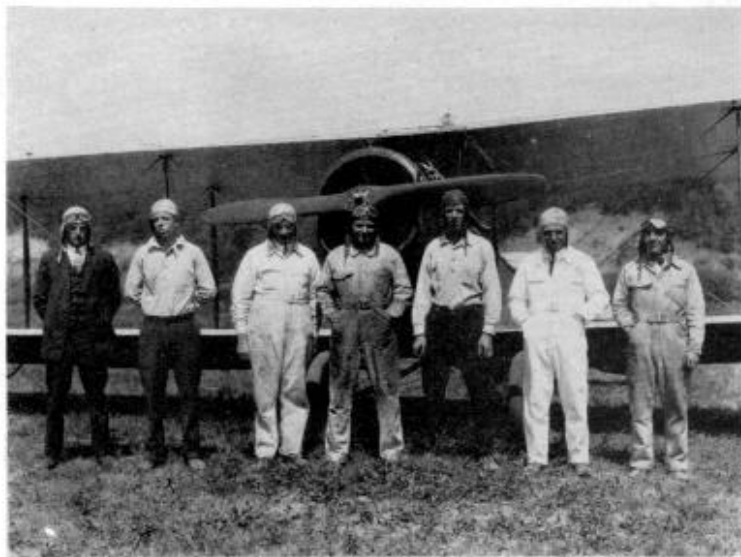
air, contacting and obtaining commitments from friends to become associated with him when he started his Academy in California.

After the contract was finally signed in December, 1940, Rankin made another trip around the United States by air lines and train to again contact these friends and sign them up as Flight Instructors, Ground School Instructors, Mechanics and men to serve as Supervisors in other departments of the organization. Only the "cream of the crop" was hired. Practically every instructor was the type of man that could have easily served as Chief Pilot.

In December 1940, Rankin was notified by the War Department that the Bakersfield Municipal Airport was not acceptable to the Air Corps for school operation because it was an air line stop.

After a conference with the Kern County authorities Rankin requested permission to use the Delano Airport. However, this site was also disapproved by the Air Corps due to the fact that it was located directly on the radio beam between Fresno and Bakersfield.

Rankin then looked at sites located at Arvin and Taft, both in Kern County, California, these sites were not advisable due to the lack of housing facilities for employees.



AN EARLY RANKIN CLASS—vintage of 1926—proudly standing in front an OX5-powered Curtiss "Jennie", World War I training plane. Tex is in the center, while Instructor Johnny Langdon (now instructing cadets at the present Rankin Academy) stands at the extreme right.

Having spent several months in making a study of the weather conditions in the San Joaquin Valley based upon voluminous data and statistics made available to him through the courtesy of the United States Weather Bureau at Bakersfield and San Francisco, Rankin was firmly convinced that the San Joaquin Valley was the ideal spot to establish his Academy. Moreover, the above fact was prominently stressed in his original brochure to the Air Corps as one of the prime reasons for requesting an Army contract.

Rankin turned north in his search for a suitable location and made a survey of the housing situation, all year weather conditions, and available airport sites at Tulare, California. After a thorough investigation, it was found that the weather in this locality provided the best all year flying conditions in the entire United States (this fact is substantiated by the daily weather charts kept at Rankin Field). A splendid airport site was located on a prairie six and one-half miles southeast of the City of Tulare. The only obstructions within a mile of the boundaries of the Field are the buildings erected to house the Academy. The Field is twelve miles east of the center of the Bakersfield-Fresno radio beam



Tex and son, Lt. Dale Rankin, now flying P-38's in European War Theatre

and twenty miles west of the High Sierras. The elevation is two hundred eighty-three feet above sea level.

Rankin pioneered Army Flight Training in the San Joaquin Valley. His was the first Field built in the entire valley for the training of Army Cadets. Later, Primary Schools were built at Visalia and Dos Palos by Civilian contractors, while Basic Schools were built at Bakersfield, Taft, Lemoore and Merced to be operated by the Army Air Corps.

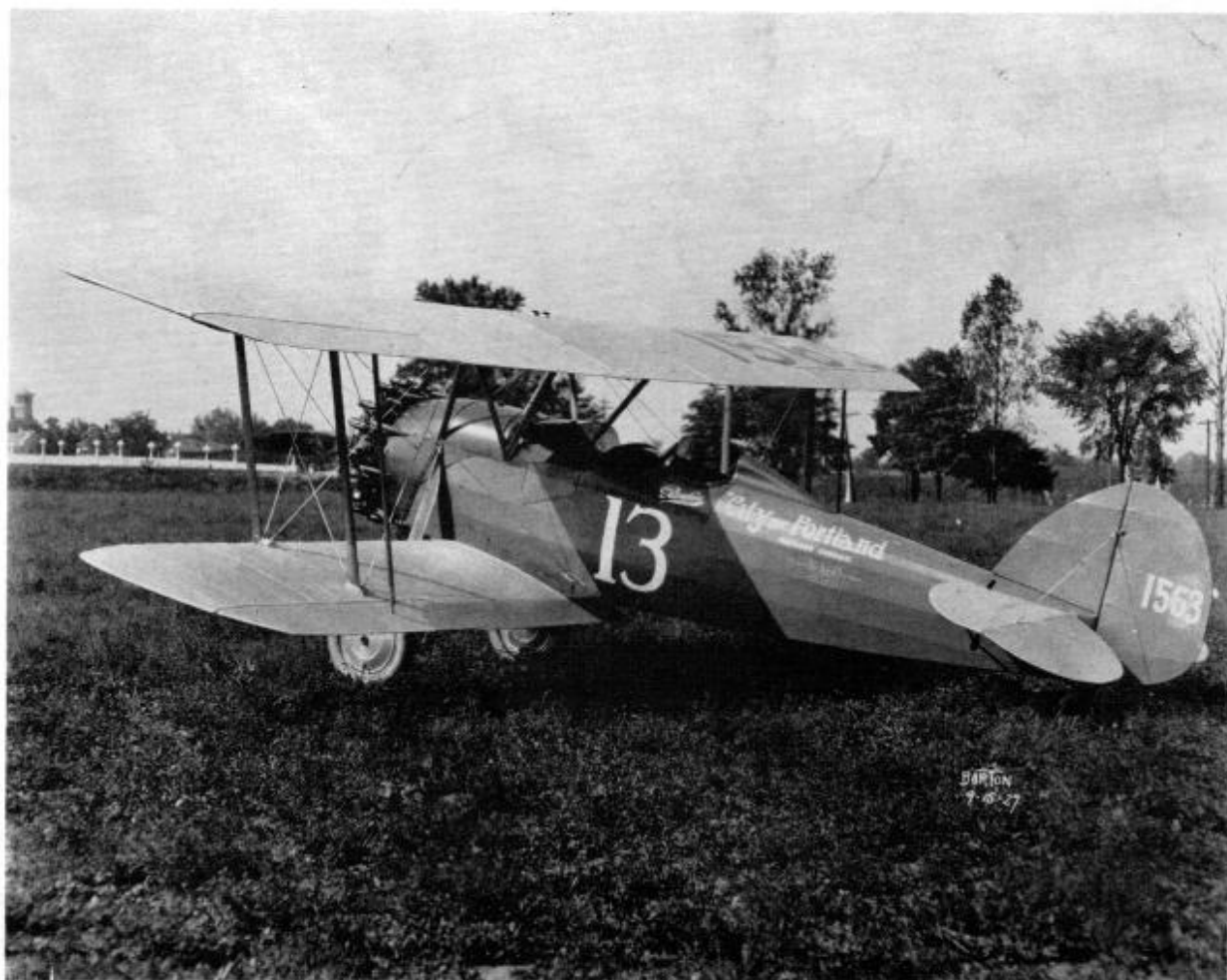
For almost twenty-five years Rankin has been giving acrobatic flying demonstrations at fairs, rodeos and airshows from Miami, Florida to Vancouver, British Columbia; from Toronto, Canada to Corpus Christi, Texas; from Augusta, Maine to the World's Fair at San Francisco.

Although these trips usually resulted in a financial loss they enabled Rankin to make a host of friends among pilots and mechanics throughout the Aviation Industry. This fact made it possible for Rankin to recruit scores of friends from almost every State in the Union to join him in building an outstanding organization

in Tulare. He has been able to maintain a high standard of proficiency among his Ground School Instructors, Flight Instructors, and Mechanics. With but few exceptions Rankin would not consider hiring a Flight Instructor unless he had more than 1000 hours flying experience. Ground School Instructors have all been required to have Secondary Teachers Certificates in addition to CAA Licenses.

In addition to serving as President of the Corporation, Rankin has also served as Chief Pilot and Director of Operations for the past two years. He maintains a close personal touch with all of his employees and is entirely familiar with the detailed operation of each department.

Rankin's family live in Tulare and is composed of Mrs. Rankin, Carolyn, age fourteen, Wilma, age eighteen, Willard, age eighteen, and Lt. Dale Rankin age twenty-one, a pilot with the Army Air Forces now on overseas duty. Willard has passed his Cadet Examination and has been called to active duty.



The "City of Portland", the first of Tex's famous "13" series of racing planes, flown by Tex in the New York to Spokane National Air Race in 1927.

Our "C. O."



MAJOR CRAIG P. BADE

TO CLASS 44-H:

This month, Rankin Academy is celebrating its third birthday and you men of Class 44-H are on hand to watch our institution begin its fourth year of training pilots for the United States Army.

When our school was born, we were not at war. Since those first exciting days when it was being transformed from a pile of sand and bricks into barracks, hangars, and office buildings, our very existence has changed to a faster tempo, and there is time neither for dreams nor speculations.

Our country is at war. For three long years our boys—fellows who have graduated from Rankin Academy—have been flying over enemy soil. Many have written their names across the skies in a blaze of glory. Some will not be flying home again when we are victorious.

Before many days have passed, you men of 44-H will fly the sky trails across the waters into battle for those principles which we all hold so dear.

Where you go, our prayers go with you. Good flying, and good hunting to everyone.

—CRAIG P. BADE, Major, Air Corps, Commanding.



ROBERT S. NORSWING

R. S. N.

*(General Manager and
general partner)*

With a cousin in the Royal Norwegian Air Force in England, and the rest of his relatives in Norway, Robert "Bob" Norswing, general manager and general partner of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy at Tulare, Calif., has a very personal interest in the "Big Show" in Europe. His extensive travels also have made him familiar with almost every foot of ground being laid to waste by the war.

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

After graduation from U. S. C., Bob went to Manila as assistant manager of the Marsman Mining Co., but after a short time there

his father died and he returned to the United States, making his home in Fullerton, California.

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

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

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

Reminiscing

As another Rankin Aeronautical Academy anniversary rolls around—this time the third—we cannot refrain from looking back over those thirty-six progress-packed months and doing a bit of reminiscing. And we hardly think anyone will blame us if our reminiscing seems slightly on the gloating side!

From that red-letter day of December 20, 1940, when the contract between the Rankin Academy and the U. S. Government to train Army Air Forces cadets was signed, big things have been doing at Rankin. Pointing with pride has ever been our forte; viewing with alarm an unknown factor.

As a starter we may well point with pride to the speed in which the Academy rose from a flat expanse of coyote-infested acreage eight miles southeast of Tulare, to a well laid out city of hangars, barracks, mess halls, academic, administrative and various other buildings.

Within 90 days of the time signatures were inscribed upon the aforementioned contract, the first class of cadets (41-H) to undergo primary flight training at Rankin, was housed in barracks at the new field!

All this was accomplished in what has



Yes, 'twas a bit damp during those days of construction!

been branded—and still holds—as the second wettest winter in the history of the usually sun-bathed San Joaquin Valley. We do not have the exact figures in feet and inches as to the depth of the muck the construction crews were forced to wade in, but we'll wager that if any of those boys have since been drafted and are seeing service in the quagmire of the Italian front, they will from force of habit take to it as naturally as a penguin does to an ice floe.

Meanwhile, during this period of construction, operations were carried on in more

or less of a sardine-can fashion at the smaller Tulare Municipal Airport, four miles west of the main field. This field is still under lease to the Academy as one of five auxiliary practice fields.

Here were "broken in," in the first Rankin pilot refresher school, our 12 original instructors, most of whom are still with us. Here the first PT-17's were delivered and the first cadets trained. Here were born some of our first worries. It is then small wonder that we think sentimentally of the scene of our initial operations.



THE FIRST CADET to arrive at Rankin was William Hovey, a University of Idaho man. Cadet Hovey is shown here on his arrival being greeted by Lt. (now Major) Theo Drake Bradley, then Commandant of Cadets.



THE FIRST RANKIN DIPLOMA goes to Aviation Cadet (now Captain) Grant D. Caywood of Class 41-H, the Aviation Cadet Captain at Rankin. With it goes the congratulations of Tex, while Commanding Officer Capt. (now Col.) Charles J. Daly looks on approvingly.

Indelibly branded in the memories of those of us who were fortunate enough to be "on deck" at the outset, are many faces and scenes of those first few hectic weeks.

We vividly recall the administration office consisting of four large desks—one each for President Tex Rankin, Vice President Bob Norswing, Auditor Hugh Burton and Commanding Officer, Capt. (now Col.) Charles J. Daly—plus an extra chair for the secretary.

We vividly recall the Army office in which, buried in a maze of papers and reports,

struggled Lt. (now Major) John Gilmore, the post's first flight surgeon; Lt. (now Col.) Neywood H. Roberdeau, adjutant; Lt. (now Major) T. D. Bradley, Commandant of Cadets; Lt. (now Col.) John Kilgore, Engineering Officer; Lt. (now Major) Roger W. Page; M/Sgt. (now Major) Bill Robinson, and others.

Not easily forgotten is the first Flight Office presided over by Chief Dispatcher Hal Percy and Miss Anna Belle Brown (present Flight Office manager), with equipment con-

sisting of one table, one shelf, a progress chart and a mimeograph, nor dispatchers Walt Bohrer and John Africa with their red hats.

There was parachute rigger Dean Spencer who also acted as a part-time dispatcher, and his parachute room which, somehow, reminded one of "Fibber" McGee's closet.

Other scenes outstanding in our album of memories include the one and only Ford pickup and crew, comprised of Lt. Kilgore and a mechanic armed with a shovel, rambling about

the field on gopher-hole filling expeditions.

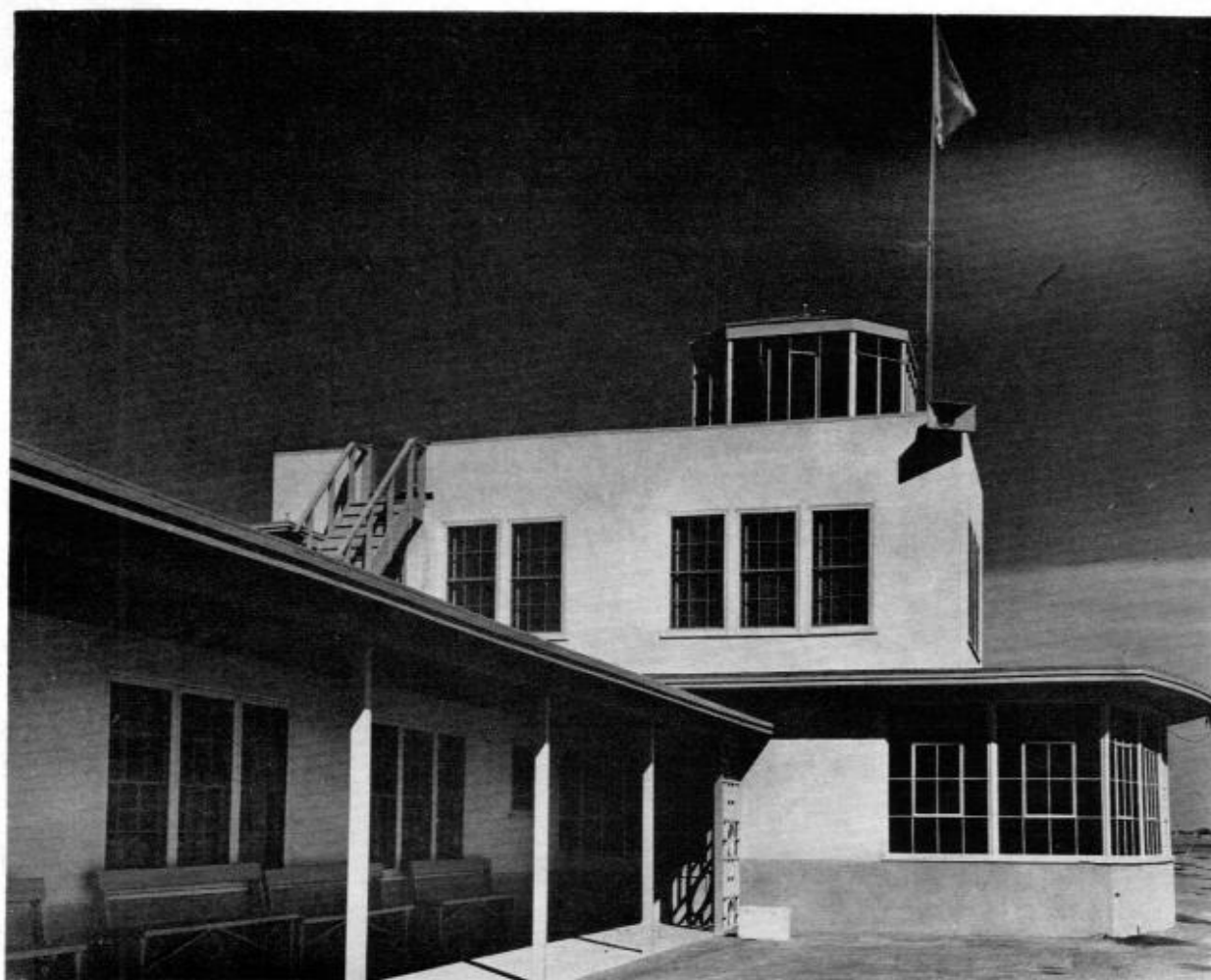
And, of course, we'll ne'er forget the first cadet William Hovey and his look of sheer bewilderment, or the first ground-loop, the first solo—and so on ad infinitum.

The bulk of Class 41-H, 46 strong, arrived March 21, attired in their "civies," and were greeted at the train by Lt. Bradley. For the first few days this class was quartered in the downtown Hotel Tulare and transported to the flight line daily by special bus facilities.

"May Day" meant moving day for Ran-



HERE are a few of the notables who attended the Academy dedication, May 16th, 17th, 18th, 1941! Shown from left are: Brigadier General Henry Harms; Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor; Screen Star Jean Parker, and at the MBS "mike", Academy President, J. G. "Tex" Rankin.



Scene of present Flight Office and Rankin tower looking north

kin. The temporary quarters just described were happily vacated by an eager personnel anxious to "get into the swing of things" on the new field—a field whose quarters seemed immense in comparison with those just vacated!

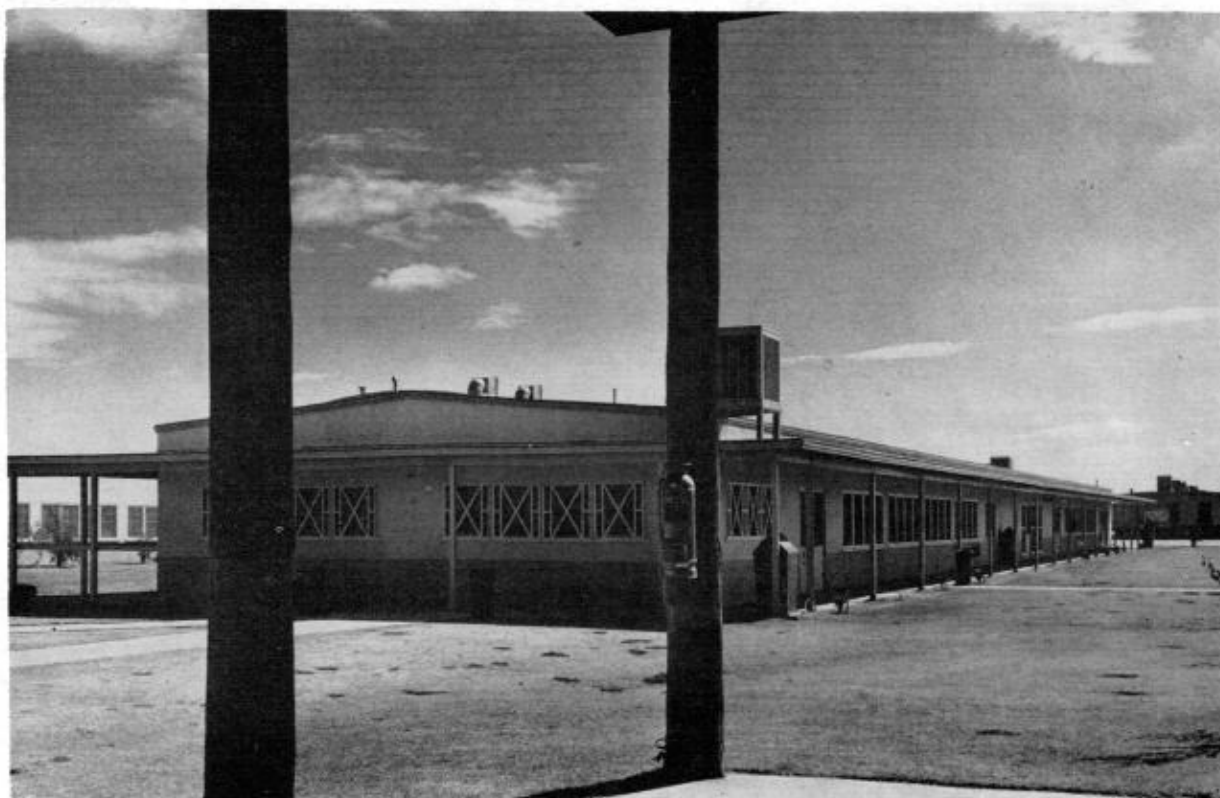
Extensive dedication ceremonies were set for May 16, 17, and 18, during which time such notables as Jean Parker and Billy Gilbert of the movies, Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor of Los Angeles, Brigadier General Henry Harms were in attendance to help the celebration along.

May 18th was proclaimed "Rankin Day" and "open house" for public inspection was declared. It is estimated that more than 50,000 people attended the ceremonies that afternoon.

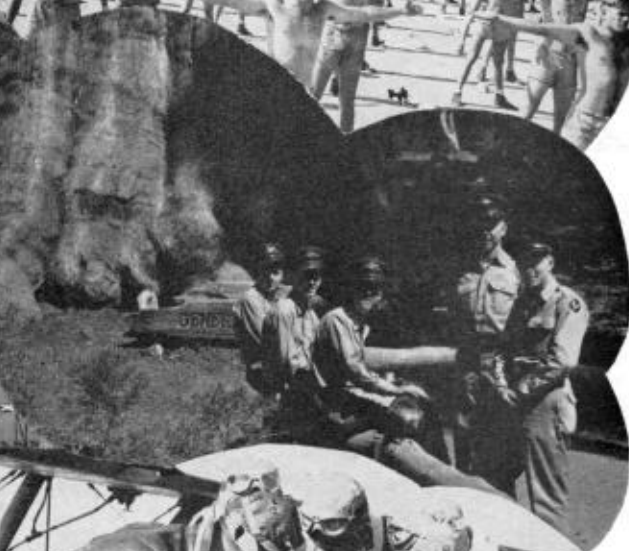
As each incoming class grew in size, new barracks, new hangars, new auxiliary fields, new personnel and more planes were added, until today—three years later—the Rankin Aeronautical Academy represents cadet training facilities of which the Army Air Forces Training Command can well be proud!



Looking toward the Ground School buildings from the Rankin Administration Building



View of building housing the "Palm Room," recreation hall and the Post Exchange





The snowcapped Sierra Nevadas form a backdrop for Tulare

Tulare Wonderland

By WALT BOHRER

Aviation Cadet Jones has written his folks back in Bear Wallow, Kentucky, or Kokomo, Indiana, that he has completed his pre-flight training and has been assigned to the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California for his primary flight training.

"Tulare? Tulare?" dib the Joneses. "Where on earth is Tulare?" (They are pro-

nouncing it "Tool-AIR", the correct pronunciation being "Too LAIR-y").

"Oh, probably some little old jerkwater berg out in the desert," chimes in sis. "That's where all of them flying schools are built. California is mostly all desert, anyway."

The above conversation is not far-fetched. Parents of cadets visiting Rankin have actual-



Immense Redwood Trees, Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park

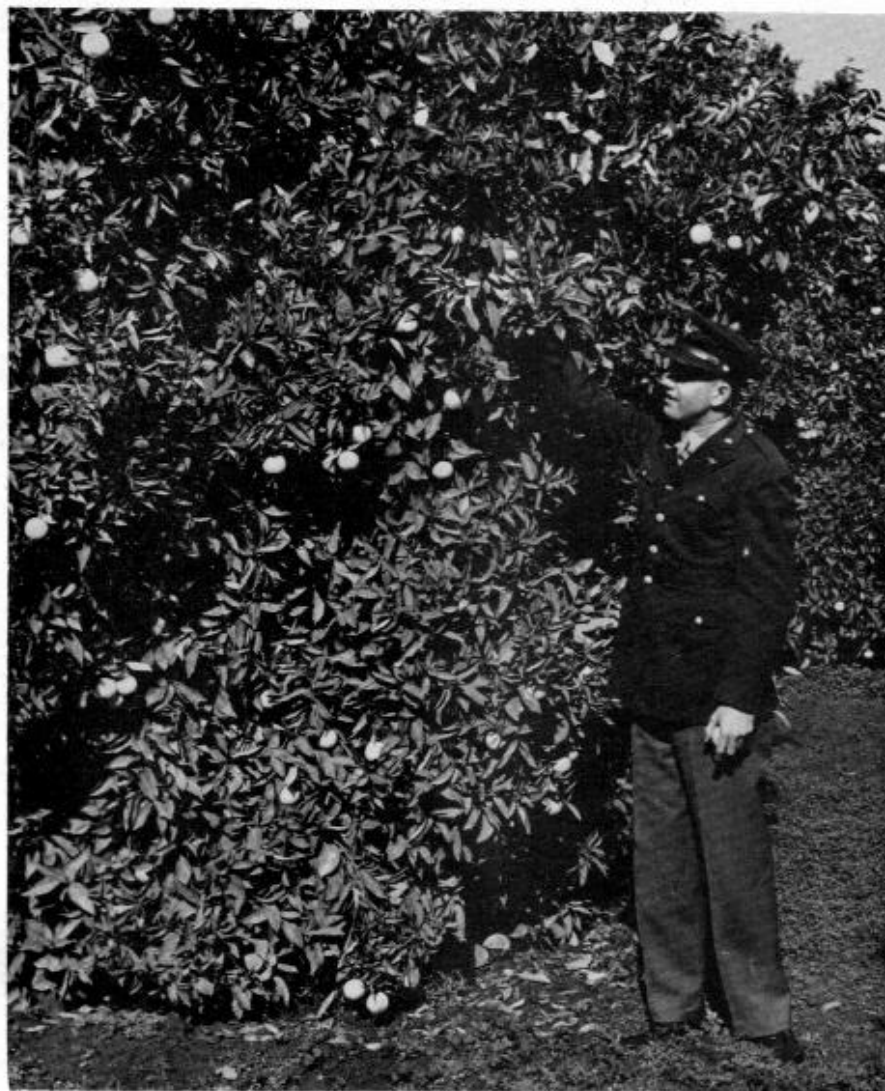
ly told us they had no idea Tulare was anything more than a railroad siding somewhere on the outdresses of Death Valley or the Mojave Desert, and are astounded upon their arrival to find Tulare anything but a so-called "jerkwater jernt"!

It takes very little checking up for them to discover that Tulare is a thriving city of 11,000-plus population, that its parks, its palms, its sycamores, its lovely residences surrounded by flowers, green lawns and shrubbery, make it a city as beautiful as it is thriving.

It takes little checking up to find that, instead of being surrounded by sandy desert wasteland, Tulare is located in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, one of the largest, most fertile and productive valleys in the world; that it is located on the Golden State Highway (U. S. 99) approximately half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, 45 miles south of Fresno, 63 miles north of Bakersfield, and on the mainline of the Southern Pacific and a spur of the Santa Fe Railroads.

Other facts pertinent to Tulare are its fine schools—there being five elementary schools and a large union high school; its municipal buildings, rating among the state's finest; its outdoor swimming pool—the second largest outdoor plunge in the Valley, and its huge winery, the nation's seventh largest.

Relative to its productivity, Tulare County is rated as the fourth richest county in the United States. Its dairy payroll alone in 1943 totaled \$8,872,151, and that of Tulare city itself totaled \$7,497,340. In addition there are thousands upon thousands of acres of truck crops, cotton, citrus fruits, grapes, olives and



A Cadet picks oranges in a nearby grove

other fruits. Tagus Ranch, five miles north of Tulare is the world's largest peach and nectarine orchard, consisting of over 7000 acres of solid orchard.

As one may note by the accompanying photographs, one of the unique features of which Tulareans may boast is the fact that, in one and a half hours of easy driving over well-kept paved highways, one may go from the palm trees, cotton fields and orange groves of the valley floor, to the cool air, snow sports and the giant redwoods of famous Sequoia National Park.

These giant redwoods, biologically known as *Sequoia Gigantea*, are the largest trees in the world. Outstanding among them is "General Sherman", oldest and largest of the earth's living things. The "General" stands some 400



A snow scene in Sequoia—Tulare's winter wonderland



Picking peaches on 7000-acre Tagus Ranch, Tulare
—world's largest peach orchard

feet in height, is 101 feet in circumference at the base, and is computed to be over 4000 years old.

From Sequoia one may continue for 25 miles over a wide, paved highway at an average elevation of 6000 feet, through unsurpassed mountain grandeur, to General Grant Grove and Kings River Canyon National Park, also in Tulare County. Much wildlife, notably deer and bear, abound throughout this area.

Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States (14,501 feet), shoulders the eastern boundary of Tulare County, and is another attraction of which Tulareans may well be proud.

Due to the proximity of these snow-capped Sierras, Tulareans vie with citizens of Portland, Oregon, for having the purest water in the United States — 99.75 per cent pure — piped into their homes!

As one person has aptly put it: "That's .31 per cent purer than Ivory Soap! Soft, too! I've never seen such suds since prohibition! All I need now is for someone to tell me how to get the lather off after I bathe!"

We certainly hope this straightens the Joneses out on the matter of Tulare!



CAPTAIN HORACE E. TILDEN
Commandant of Cadets



LIEUTENANT WM. T. MCARTHUR
Assistant Commandant of Cadets

Aviation Student Officers



A/C JAMES J. MARVEL
Wing Commander



A/S EBBERT T. WEBBER
Wing Executive Officer



A/C JOHN W. DRURY
Wing Supply Officer



A/C FREDERICK L. HALSEY
Wing Adjutant

of Class 4-H



A/C RUTHERFORD M. HARRIS
Group Commander, Group I



A/C GAIL E. TRACY
Group Commander, Group II



A/C ROBERT L. MOELLER
Adjutant, Group II

A/C W. W. AILSHOUSE
Adjutant, Group I
(not present for picture)

HONOR COUNCIL



First row (from left): A/C's R. C. Lyon; E. T. Webber, secretary; E. P. Davis; J. J. Marvel, president; C. R. Chastain; G. J. Forsyth. Second row (from left): A/C's W. H. Roberts; B. F. Williamson; W. J. Lake; J. A. Benson.

STUDENT OFFICERS OF 44-II



WE ARE HAPPY TO INTRODUCE the Student Officers who have undergone primary flight training at Rankin. Shown are (Front row from left): 1st Lt. Immel, H. D.; CWO Reda, L.; 2nd Lt. Young, S. R.; 2nd Lt. Easton, R. C.; 2nd Lt. Ross, C. A.; 2nd Lt. Wallace, R. A.; 2nd Lt. Sikora, W. L.; 2nd Lt. Isbell, R. P. (Second row from left): 2nd Lt. Jones, E. L.; WOJG Hildreth, D. C.; 2nd Lt. Neel, A. W.; 2nd Lt. Wilson, R. E.; 2nd Lt. Fulker, L. R.; 2nd Lt. Ketchum, C. W.; 1st Lt. Hind, W. C.; 2nd Lt. Daily, C. W.; 1st Lt. Maughan, W. F. (Back row from left): 1st Lt. Francis, C. L.; 2nd Lt. Watson, M. T.; 2nd Lt. Lindsey, J. J.; 2nd Lt. Bennett, P.; 1st Lt. Trunk, J. E.

On the Line

Each voice is hushed, the noise is stilled
The calm of anticipation.
Each face is taut, its nerves betray;
The fledglings expectations.
Self-conscious laughs at ageless jokes,
Stories oft' told before,
Fall unheard upon the ears,
Of young eagles by the door.

The quickened pulse, the sharpened step,
A light in eager eyes,
As motors sing awakening hymns,
Afar from distant skies.
The hastened check of gear and chutes,
A prayer is voiced aloud.
Then welcomed words that proclaim
It's their turn in the clouds.



Good Power to You

*By Frederick H. Schmutz
Ground School Dept.*

The time has come (to repeat the words of the well-known Walrus) for another class to leave Rankin and to go to Basic for further training. This time 44-H. The time has come to observe the passing of another year in the history of the Academy and to mark the beginning of a new one. The time has come to look back for a moment at what has been achieved, to look forward to what shall be achieved.

You Aviation Cadets attend Pre-Flight, Primary, Basic, Advanced Schools. And for what reason? To acquire knowledge. To absorb knowledge that is fed to you in concentrated form much in the manner of vitamin capsules. To acquire new skills. Skills that demand flexibility, adaptability, concentration, coordination—and integration.

Right now we are concerned with who is going to win this conflict. Being so concerned, and being at the same time realistic, we know that he who has the best personnel, the best equipment, the best organization—all the result of the use of integrated facts or knowledge—he is the one who will win.

Now, science has produced many wonderful machines to use in winning this war, not the least of which, and certainly the one in which you are most interested, is the airplane. In other words, knowledge has produced the airplane.

The airplane is a wonderful, complicated device. It has been designed to function effectively, to do its job well. But for all its wonderfulness, the airplane is just a machine. For all its complications, it is still inanimate. In order for it to do the job for which it was intended, it must be integrated with something else into an efficient, smooth-running partnership.

That "something else" is you, the Aviation Cadet, the Pilot, the Officer. The two of you must be integrated, unified, made one.

And that, we may say, is the reason for all this training. You must know about the airplane; you must know about the powerplant; you must know how to get that plane about from place to place; you must know about the elements with which you will have to deal. But most important of all, you must fuse all these facts into one larger sphere of knowledge. You must be able to use that knowledge quickly, correctly, at the proper time,—efficiently.

That is what we have been trying to do here at Rankin. That is what we shall continue to try to do; to help you Aviation Cadets gather facts and integrate those facts into a useful whole. Integrate. That word has been rearing its pompous head frequently during the past few hundred words. But that is the idea.

We want you to acquire this knowledge and use it to operate that product of knowledge, the airplane, so well and so powerfully that we can extricate from our world's social structure those parts that seem bent on its decay.

Good power to you!



MAJ. (Ret.) H. W. SMITH
Ground School Director



Instructors, Academic Dept.



Dr. R. P. Eckels



S. H. Manro



W. E. Cunningham



R. E. Tonkin



M. Maxwell



J. D. Morrison



S. H. Schmutz



A. F. Silkett



W. R. Van Dusen



H. E. Goodenow



LT. KENNETH C. AVERY
Link Training Officer

It's Dark In Here



Yes Fellas, this is one place where you "CAN" keep your heads in the cockpit, so go ahead, crawl into that embryonic looking airplane, parked on top of that packing case. Close the hood. Dark isn't it? It may seem a little silly having this thing attached to the ground, but soon, you'll be extremely grateful. Go ahead, try a climbing turn, simple maneuver, you've done them many a time. Watch that rate of climb, your bank and turn, and mostly, the airspeed, —too late, here we go. One turn—two turns. Then over the earphones comes that slurring remark, "Don't you think it's about time to pull out?" What in the H—l does he think I'm trying to do. Ah, there, I knew I could do it, and only a thousand feet below the ground too.

This sort of thing continues for the first few hours, until Joe (Dial Eyes) Doakes finally masters the first phase of this thing called, "Blind Flying."

The Link Trainer Department of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, is the last Department to get underway and now is the largest and most popular. Launching it's career with the class of 43-H away back in March of 1943. This is also an anniversary for this department. The last year it has enlarged from three trainers to start with to several times that many today. It had only six instructors to start with and they have increased accordingly with the number of trainers.

The instructors have all spena many weeks, in Army Technical Schools all over the country, studying and flying many hours in order that they might have the opportunity to give the Cadts of the Army Air Corps the best if instruction in Instrument Flying. The Department as a whole feels that it is giving the Cadets the most important part of their flight training, because from here to wherever they may go they have the best fundamentals and will always have them in their mind whenever they may need them.

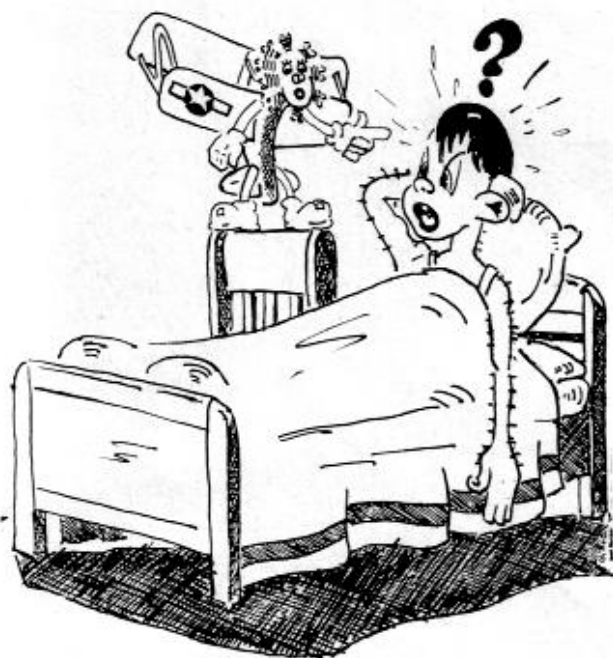
Lt. Roy L. Jones and all the men of the Link Trainer Department want to wish to this class of 44-H and to the classes before and for those to come, that they have the right at any time to come down and cuss or discuss any instrument flying problem that might come up.



"Mr. Chastain, you seem to be in a dive!"

"Sack Time" or "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep"

by A/C A. J. Westbrook



The soothing notes of the long awaited taps fill the room and send refreshing thoughts of "sack time" into the fatigued and sleepy mind of Aviation Cadet Land, Witha T.

"Lights out," he says, and piles into the most beautiful little piece of furniture in the world—his bed.

"I need rest—no end, and I'll be glad to . . ." but his sentence isn't finished and he's sawing logs at such a rapid pace it would make a northwoods lumberjack blush with envy.

But suddenly into his subconscious mind there rushes a saucy little animal—very much alive, and very sensitive. It flaps its two wings, laps the cadets face with its prop—He's Sammie Stearman! He'll have you know and he's come to haunt the mister . . . "Listen bub," he purrs at about fourteen hundred revolutions per minute, "I'm a pretty important element in this mad world and I don't like to be kicked around like I was this morning, see? I'm strictly business, see, and that "conga" routine you put me through on that take off was enough to put Arthur Murray out of business. I thought for a minute we were going to indulge in a game of leapfrog with the other Stearmans on the line. And then you thought you'd put me through some acrobatics and you didn't handle me right. I fell out of that snap roll . . . I thought I'd lose my best silver suit . . . My mags stuck in my throat and my oil pressure went down . . . You know the doc said I was suffering from low oil pres-

sure. And when we came in for a landing I was so nervous I was vibrating all over and then you caused me to have a band aid put on my left wing tip . . . by the way, I'm thirsty—do you know where I can get some gas coupons?"

"Gentlemen," another voice speaks up calmly, "We'll base at an auxiliary today . . . It may remind you of the Sahara desert, but if you can see your hand in front of you, take off. Be sure that you get in on time and get your time written up. Oh, yes, notice the Link schedule—allow yourself a good twenty seconds to meet your schedule after you land. Watch the tee...."

"Mister," Another voice speaks up, "You are going to write three thousand times, 'I will not take off unless my plane has an engine . . .' Also, how many times do I have to tell you that in order to do a perfect ground loop you have to be more violent on the controls! You're too easy . . . In fact your ground loops stink, and you never get more than one wing. Tsk, tsk . . ."

"Mister," still another voice pipes, "When I gave you a forced landing, why did you pick that cabbage patch . . . You know I detest cabbage."

Then in this mad whirlwind of a dream of the flight line comes a group of bewildered looking Primary h. p.'s with their goggles dangling from their foreheads and overnight bags under their eyes.

"Oh, I did pretty well, I guess . . . Is bombardier school still open?"

"Say, did you know that Mister Mason Warren of squadron 'D' (as in dog) swears that while flying at six hundred feet today he encountered a skunk . . . Yessir the 'Flying Skunk' . . . We admit service records can be mixed up . . . but since when did the AAF begin enlisting the services of THESE undesirable critters?"

"Too bad the 'wingding' executive officer, Bert Webber wasn't there to catch it with his special Alaskan Super "XXX" chloroform, double ray, ultra blue, six triple operating, knock down, drag out lens camera."

"Let's ask A/C "Tex" Wingo what his latest experiment has been. What about it, 'Tex'." He smiles, then straightens his face. A sober, sincere look creeps upon him and his eyes suddenly become intense with concentration as he musters all of his efforts in what he is about to say. He looks at the men, opens his mouth abruptly—but with poise, and says, "Uhhhhhhhh!"

"No, no, no," Aviation Cadet Land, Witha T. is saying, "Isn't it enough that I put up with this stuff all day . . . ?"

"O. K. bright eyes," his roommates are saying, "Wake up, it's reveille."

"Huh? Oh, yeh—I have yet to understand the significance of reveille"



Physical Training

On the Double --- Dodos!

(As Conglomerated by J. J. Marvel & Co.)



how long could you dodge extra duty without being caught.

Naturally, the first questions were of the officers, in general. The white-glove men quickly told about Major Bade, Captain Tilden and the Tactical officers. Then he sat back smiling demurely, looking at the skinny, bony frames that we called strong he-man bodies. After a little coaxing he told us all about the PT schedule at this Post. His finishing phrase was that Santa Ana was a snap to what we were about to get here, IF we could stand it!

Everyone laughed and tried to explain that they had the roughest PT possible back at SAAAB, and that nothing could be as bad as it was there when they left. The white-gloved man just sat smiling, with a look on his face as if to say, "Just wait and see!"

CAME THE DAWN

Ah, the rain! Yes—our first day was a beautiful rainy day here at Rankin. Oh joy, no PT today. Just loads of sack-time. Suddenly the loud speaker blurted forth—"Squadrons A, B, C, and D—fall out for PT. On the double, DODO'S!" No, this **could not be**. It had been raining. We

were liable to catch pneumonia. Alas, the whistle blew with three minutes to make it in.

After a terrific struggle we pulled ourselves from the sack, and headed for the PT field. In our own slow way, each man mentally picturing how he was going to take it easy. Arriving on the field, the first thing that greeted us was a huge sign—"SWEAT NOW — MAY SAVE BLOOD LATER!" Our blood froze! BUT, those instructors **were** very young and boyish looking and you began to wonder what you were in for.

Suddenly all of our dreams were blasted. The little short runt bellered out, "FALL IN, DODO'S, or maybe you'd like to run an EXTRA MILE today?"

About this time, the other torturer came rushing through the ranks with blood in his eye taking names for something to do with an exercise called Wind-sprints. Ah, woe and alas—little did we know then what that meant!

We were introduced to what we know now as calisthenics. After 15 minutes of "now-you-see-it, now-you-dont" — technically, legsplits and various other queer positions all thunk up by that Lieutenant. Oh Joy!—"And may heaven cast thy pitying glances down" . . . we were finally al-

This is to the demons of Rankin Academy. Guess who?—Yes, Lieutenant Conrad and his right and left hand men, Sergeant "Dynamite" Madison, and HIS underhanded crony Sergeant "Neddy" Sheehan.

We'd all like to say more about the first "gent" mentioned, but since as how he's one of those there Commissioned Officers, 'nough said!

Anyway—here we are going to try and explain the TORTURE and AGONY these "demons" cause the poor lonely "gadget." (Cadet—to you, brother!)

Upon arriving at Rankin Academy, a very tired and nervous bunch of "Dodods" immediately endeavored to see the lay of the land, and how much easier things were supposed to be here than at Santa Ana. Most of all,



lowed to rest! The Lieutenant came over to the group after a mere moment of rest and announced that since the weather was as it was, our gym period would have to be cut short. . . . There was a dead silence—each man looked at his neighbor with the facial expression as if to say, "What have we gotten into? Are these maniacs trying to kill us, or just ruin us for life?"

Just a few minutes later we learned the famous Conrad windsprints. The little short instructor grinned with fiendish delight as he produced a whistle and tenderly caressed it in his hard calloused paws. Ooops—excuse me sergeant—I mean "hams!" This, we were told, would build up our wind and our legs.

He never told us it would wreck our very souls and tear our tendons loose strand by strand.

The whistle blew and we all took off like scared deer. After an eternity, the whistle blew again and the windsprints were

over. Wait a minute—the whistle has blown again—have to keep running—up and down, back and forth with that mean little devil blowing the whistle so frequently we all hoped he'd die—and quick! We couldn't stop the other ghoul from taking names of those who lagged behind, "for future reference," as he put it. By now we all knew what he meant, and the only thing to do was to keep running, even though we were ready to drop. With a final blast the wind sprints were over for that day. (Praise the Lord!) and we were told to fall in to a column of fours. (That is—those still able to stand up and walk!) "What next?" was the question of everyone with bleak despair written on his face. Would there **never** be an end to this. Surely someone would die any minute now.

The order of "double time" came to our ears. Plod, plod, plod—left, right, left, right—finally to a place called "hell's last mile." Foot sore and weary, we



started through this maze of torture chambers. Up and down, back and forth, and finally back to the starting place. Every man was now walking automatically. Numb from fatigue and despair, sick at heart and ready to go back to SAAAB. We had a little grass drill next. No one knows what all we went through those next ten minutes. People with weak hearts would faint if it were told, so I won't go into it. FINALLY with a flourish of his hand, the Lieutenant bawled, "Once again I'll say that I'm sorry that I couldn't give you all you had coming. You are now dismissed. BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS ON THE DOUBLE—DODO'S!"

Note: YOUNG MEN OF 17—YOU TOO CAN FLY THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIRPLANES. JOIN THE AVIATION CADETS . . . ! Ah yes, if we'd only known!

Sky Hook

Whether it takes one silkworm 20,000 years to make one parachute or if it takes 20,000 silkworms one year to make one, or if one out of every five worms is a glowworm acting as a tracer, has slipped the place where our mind ought to be! But one fact is certain—after the silkworms make the silk and the parachute company takes it away from them and makes the parachute, the Rankin parachute department can sure do a fine job of up-keep on 'em, and after all, it's the upkeep that keeps you up!



A LOOK-SEE IN THE 'CHUTE ROOM!—Mrs. Irene McCannon, chief rigger, left; Mrs. Lupe Garcia, right. (Walter Preston and Frank Pursell not shown.)



"I Just Wanted To Make Sure It Would Work!"

Under the direction of ace rigger, Mrs. Irene McCannon, and with the very able assistance of riggers, Mrs. Lupe Garcia, Walter Preston and Frank Purcell, this important department has done, and is doing a top-notch job of 'chute maintenance. Why, actually, they are doing such a good job that it's almost a shame to go up and not forget to fasten your safety belt!

But don't do it!

One Dull Thud to Another

A/S "Bert" Webber

The definition of a Dull-thud, coming from Captain Carl Nabb, of sAAAAb, is when something doesn't happen what's expected.....! BUT—when something DOES happen that WasN'T expected, is like the H. P. who yelled AT his instructor, "HELL—The red flags up,...."—lets land anyway" (so he does) Right down on the take-off strip where he stalls out and lands with a DULL-THUD, and down wind of the tee at that!... This B.T.O. wasn't out from behind the empenage of his airYplane long enough to shake a sheeps tail before an army check pilot had chewed up one side of him and back DOWN the other—

Jimmie Marvel, THE cadet "wing-ding" of the place sure has a sweet looking little wife, (and blonde too) AND a good looking daughter also. (OK, wolves, wait 20 years or so!) But, WHY doesn't she fEEd him better? Thats the \$64.00 query, cause Jim has been known to come in from a week-end of open post with a bottle of cow juice and a sack of donuts UNDER his aRm—which he and HIS roommaTe usually put a pretty quick CINCH on....

"GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE COCK-PIT," was the startling yell one instructor recently blew into the gosport on the badly battered head of a so called HP cadet . . . So, Joe Doaks GETS HIS HEAD OUT—and feels like yellin' right back. KWITCHERDAMNBELLYACHIN WHOTHEHELLDOYOU THINK IS FLYING THIS CRATE, ANYWAY??? But, occasionally one hears of the other extreme too—maybe it sounds something like, "Please, don't LOOK around quite so much—get your head down behind that nice glass windshield and look at your INSTURMENTS for a change....

Lieutenant W L Sikora, is one of the Student O's assigned to the H(ell) class who just loves to eat. He's ALWAYS one of the first to the mess hall, and ALWAYS bows his head before



The Chief Dull Thud

eating and says something like, "Mumble, mumble, mumble, gravy, gravy, gravy . . . Whats the deal Lieuteny? Gravy in the whiskers?

Squadron D, boasts some very fine men, the two dull thumps, thuds, or whatNOTS, namely, Webber, and shorty Curtis Thompson, the lad from Mississippi, (or somewhere down below the line anyhowoo) But when naming personalities, Oh no! One can **never** forget Group commander Gail E. "Column-left-I-mean-RIGHT, Oh-hell,—HALT" Tracy. Or, what's the dope on a rumor'd change in the IDR when one stands at Parade Rest and Hand Salute at the same time during Retreat Parade?? YEAH, and just as one guy to another, what about getting the phonograph records mixed up over in the Cadet OD room and sounding "To the Colors" at 9 PM, instead of TATTOO??

Vecchione, a true spagettie BENDER loves a **mustasche**, why? Wye to dust the tomato sauce off the spagett, naturally ZUMBAUGH, yas, the LAST name on the H class roster alright, but certainly NOT the last when it comes to PT. He was the last one started on the dry-run PFR test the other afternoon, but the first one finished.... He did his required amount of good old Santa Ana SIT-UPS in a "hup, tuop, threep foor" cadence from start to finish. (Didn't miss a beat, either...)

Newspaper columns like this has been, one of pied TYPE and kinda screwy spelling and punctuation seem to relax the mind of some, and take them back to the days of their own high school journalistic accomplishments—Captain Roy D. Craft, who was a well known INS man prior to his entry into the AUS and who was in the Intelligence Department of the Alaska Defense Command didn't take to this sort of thing though so yours truly had to kinda take a break on such slashing of journalistic ethics when working on the KODIAK BEAR newsheet. Hope you guys got a few pleasant mins of hacked up reading out of it anyhowoo. So, lets call it "30" for this time...

"30"





CAPT. LELAND BLANCHARD

Aviation Cadet Bonehead, W. H., class 44-H, walked past the "Star" on a typical chilly Rankin Field morning. His teeth were chattering and his coat collar was turned up so far that from a rear view he closely resembled an animated pup tent.

"Oh," he uttered under his breath, "woe is Bonehead. I'm a sick man. I woke up this morning completely fatigued. Very unusual for a Rankin cadet. Very unusual. I feel like I'm going to die. I can't fly but two hours without getting fagged out. I can't run the mile in less than four minutes to save my life. What a wreck I am."

He trudges wearily into Cadet Headquarters building and approaches Sergeant A. D. McConnell's desk. The sergeant greets him with a smile. There was one Mister ahead of Mister Bonehead.

The two gadgets manage to open their mouths and give the sergeant the limited vital

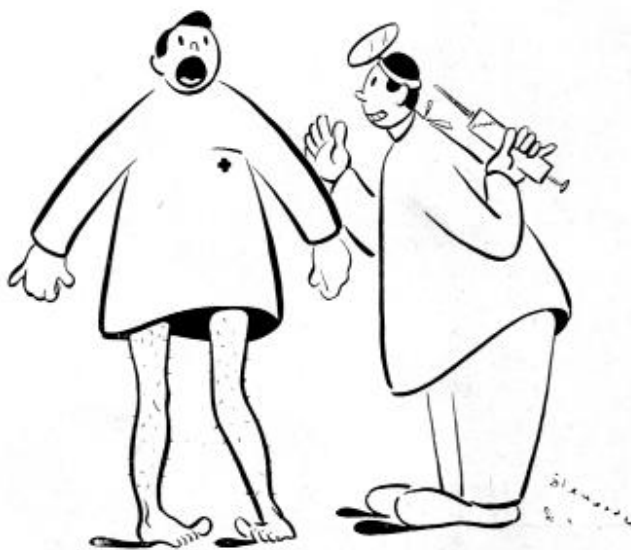
The Inevitable Sick Call

By A/C WESTBROOK, A. J.

statistics necessary and take their leave with a few more of the men going on SICK CALL. They fall into a column of twos and slowly begin to drag their weary bodies over to the hospital.

They enter the hospital and after securing their cards, wait in line to see Captain Leland B. Blanchard. One fellow after a consultation walks pass Mister Bonehead and growls, "Can you beat that? I stubbed my toe and still have to take physical training."

"Sir," says the cadet in front of Bonehead, "I think I have a high fever . . . I take two steps in the mile run and fall flat on my



"That's right! Now close your eyes!"

face. . . On top of that I blacked out today while checking the "mags."

"Mmmmm, class 44-I," says the captain. Yessir."

"Well,—you haven't been here long enough to get into the swing of things. I think these little pills will fix you up, mister."

"Yessir."

"Take twelve every ten minutes and drink thirty glasses of water today. Eat lightly . . . not over two pounds of steak for lunch."

The dodo walks out in a daze.

"What seems to be your trouble, Mister Bonehead?" asks Captain Blanchard.

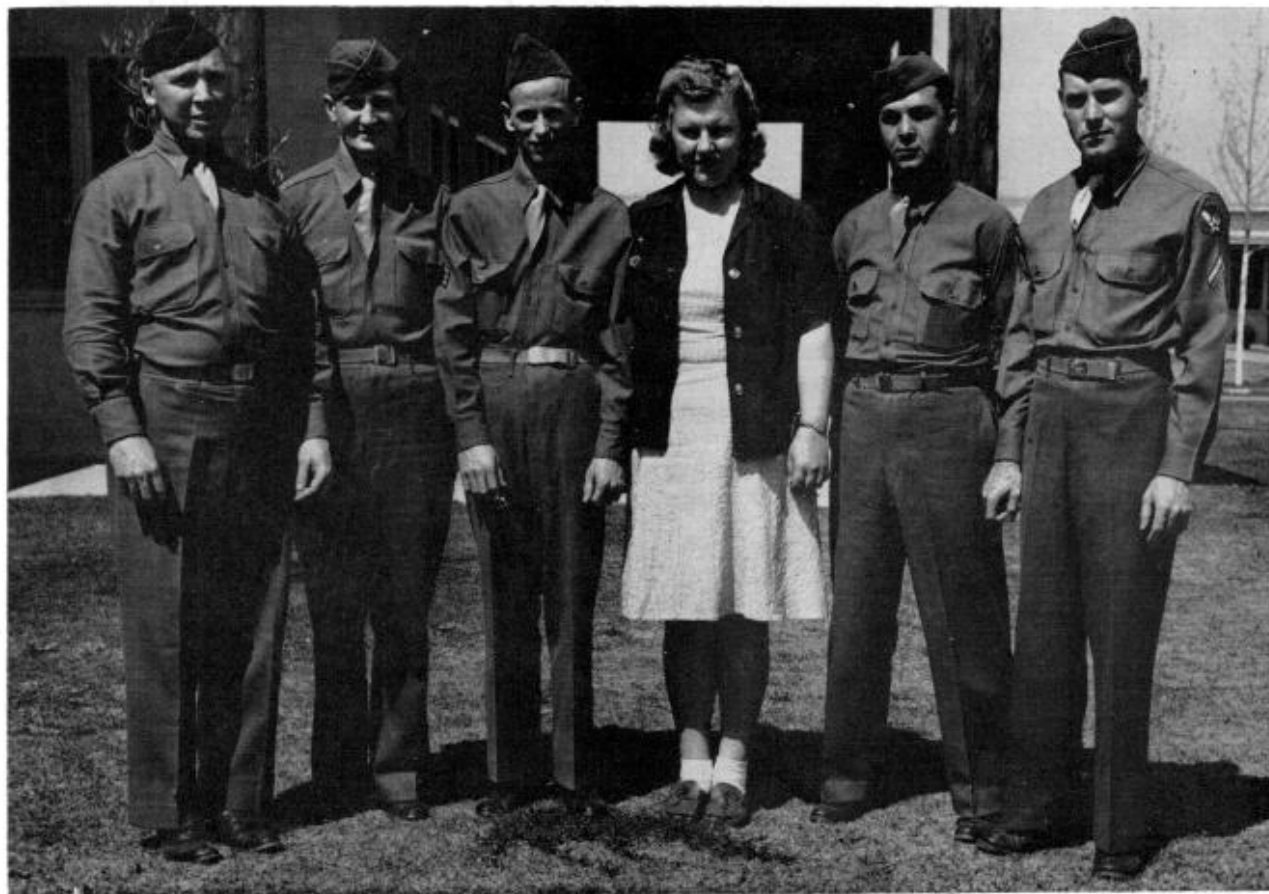
"Oh, I, er," stammers Bonehead, reluctantly. "I guess I made a mistake, sir. I thought this was where you signed up for the weight lifting contest."

And with that, Mister Bonehead made a hasty retreat.

HOSPITAL STAFF—(From left): Pfc. Russell Cannon; Pfc. O. H. Ritchie; Sgt. M. L. Henry; Secretary Emilie Starr; Cpl. George L. Domme; Pfc. Joseph Graham.



LT. JOHN B. FREESTONE



The Sweethearts



*Frye Hunsucker,
Charlotte, N. C.,
A/C Moss, John P.*



*Evelyn Youngstrom,
San Francisco, Calif.,
A/C Johnson, Alexis T.*



*Nola Auld,
Ada, Okla.,
A/C Cass L. M.*



*Alma Lee Graves,
Dayton, Tex.,
A/C Holbrook, A. C.*



*Anna Startzel,
Bear Gap, Penn.,
A/C George, Billy*

of Class 44-H



Dottie Marvel,
Indianapolis, Ind.,
A/C Marvel, James J.



Mary Ellen Bergel,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.,
A/C Bergel, Robert F.



Marilyn Witt,
Chicago, Ill.,
A/C Witt, J. B.



Ann Corcan,
Wichita, Kans.,
A/C O'Hara, M. C.



Rosemary Hassman,
Sterling, Colo.,
A/C Hecker, Robert

The Sweethearts



Shirley Miller,
Cleveland, O.,
A/C Kluve, C. W.



Ardy Ostby,
St. Paul, Minn.,
A/C Garcia, William



Diane Lunham,
Glendale, Calif.,
A/C Lunham, R. H.



Imogene Martin,
Goodwin, Ark.
A/C Martin, Harley



Virginia Weilitz,
Chicago, Ill.,
A/C Warnimont, Roger

of Class 44-H



Evelyn Kincaid,
Beckley, W. Va.,
A/C Wade, Ernest



Shirley Bedard,
Missoula, Mont.,
A/C Hunsaker, Harris



Jane Brusch,
West Reading, Penn.,
A/C Lehman, Ray



Annette Hanson,
Hollywood, Calif.,
A/C Hanson, Warren L.



Dorothy Silvers,
St. Joseph, Mo.,
A/C Geis, George

Among Those of Whom



MAJOR RICHARD
IRA BONG
(42-A)

(U. S. Army Air Forces Photo)

Although the Rankin Aeronautical Academy can boast of score upon score of its graduates who, since leaving our gates, have been lauded and decorated for their prowess in aerial combat, there are three men in particular who are absolute "tops" as bad-luck-on-wings for Adolf and his big-toothed sidekick, Tojo.

These men, Rankinites all, are:

Ace of aces, Major Richard Ira (Bing Bang) Bong, genial citizen of Poplar, Wisconsin, graduate of Rankin Class 42-A, shooter-downer of 27 verified Nipponese aircraft plus 6 probables (as of April 15, 1944), holder of the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star and 1 Oak Leaf Cluster, the Distinguished Flying Cross and 4 Oak Leaf Clusters and the Air Medal with 11 Oak Leaf Clusters.

We Are Proud



CAPTAIN ERVIN C. ETHEL
(41-I)

Major R. B. (High Altitude Foxhole) Westbrook, graduate of Rankin Class 42-G, a Hollywood lad with a box score of 15 Jap planes shot down and seven probables, wearer of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Silver Star, and the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

Captain Ervin C. Ethel, graduate of Rankin Class 41-I, the Lawton, Oklahoma, lad who made it tough on the Jerries by shooting down 5 of the Nazi Krauteaters in 15 minutes



MAJOR R. B. WESTBROOK
(42-G)

in the North African campaign. Captain Ethel wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with three Oak Leaf Clusters, the Air Medal with five Oak Leaf Clusters and has campaign citations for defense of North America and heroism in Africa.

The Rankin Academy is mighty proud of these sky fighters who first sprouted wings right here on our home mat! We salute them and wish them.:

"Good hunting, fellas!"

Rankin Aeronautics

Roll

ADAMS, RICHARD, Capt. (43-A),
Air Medal; England.
ALLDER, JOHN L., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Pacific.
ANGEL, FRANK, Jr., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
ASPER, ORLANDO C., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal; England.
AUDETT, JOSEPH A., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; Pacific and Caribbean Area.

BROWN, MASON O., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air medal; India.
BONG, RICHARD I., Major (42-A),
D. S. C., Silver Star, 1 Oak Leaf Cluster;
D. F. C., 4 Oak Leaf Clusters; Air Medal,
11 Oak Leaf Clusters; 27 Jap planes;
South Pacific.
BARBER, REX T., 1st Lt. (41-H),
Solomon Islands.
BALLERT, GEORGE E., Lt. (42-G),
D. F. C.; Aleutians.
BENDER, CAROL J., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; England.
BELL, JAMES L., 2nd Lt. (43-E),
Air Medal; India.
BRONDBURG, JOE E., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D. F. C.; England.
BARFOOT, THOMAS W., Jr., Capt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.
BAWYER, ROBERT H., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C.; Rumania.
BITNEY, ROBERT V., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; China, Burma.
BUXTON, GROVER H., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D. F. C.; Rumania.
BANKS, WARREN B., 2nd Lt. (43-A),
D. F. C., Oak Leaf Cluster; Kiska.
BETTS, EDWARD G., Jr., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.
BERGE, OLAF A., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
BARBER, REX T., 1st Lt. (41-H),
Silver Star, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.
BENDER, CARROLL J., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; England.

COCHRAN, PAUL R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Tunisia.
CLOYER, RAYMOND D., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Hawaii.
CLUTTER, KENSEL E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
CLOUGH, RAY E., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; England.
CAMPBELL, CLAUDE W., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
CARSON, BILLY E., 1st Lt. (41-I),
Air Medal; India.
COLLISON, JAMES M., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D. F. C.; Rumania.
CILLI, NICHOLAS G., 2nd Lt. (43-D),
D. F. C.; Rumania.
CONKLE, LEONARD L., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D. F. C.; North Africa.
COCHRAN, PAUL R., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.
COOK, NORMAN R., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; Patrol Flights.

DUNCAN, CHARLES VAN S., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C.; Air Medal; India.
DYKEHOUSE, SYBRANT, Capt. (42-C),
D. F. C., Air Medal; North Africa.

DOLAN, ALTO F., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.
DOLLY, WILLIAM T., 2nd Lt. (43-C),
D. F. C., Air Medal; Kiska.
DENTON, RICHARD J., 1st Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, 8 Oak Leaf Clusters; North Africa.

ESMAY, CARLE H., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.
ENGLISH, ALBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; India, Burma.
ECKELS, REX A., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; South Pacific.
ELIEL, WILLIAM S., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; India.

FITZPATRICK, THOMAS J., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; Patrol Flights.
FISCHER, CLARENCE E., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; German occupied territory.
FIELDS, VIRGIL C., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
D. F. C.; Africa.
FINAN, GEORGE K., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
FASULES, POMAS B., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal; Kiska.
FORD, RICHARD E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal, 7 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.
FRICK, JOHN H., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.
FLANAGAN, TERRENCE J., Capt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
FAULKNER, JAMES H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; European.

GUENTHER, WALTER E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
GANT, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Oak Leaf Cluster.
GAUNT, FRANK L., Capt. (42-E),
D. F. C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster;
South Pacific.
GRAVES, BEN L., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; China, Indo-China and Burma.
GOAD, ARNOLD N., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
GARDNER, ROBERT E., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; North Africa.

HARMAN, RICHARD P., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.
HOWELL, MALCOLM C., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Germanp.
HARDING, JOHN B., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.
HOPKINS, CHARLES E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
HERRING, HENRY H., 1st Lt. (42-J),
D. F. C.; England.
HART, WILLIAM A., 2nd Lt. (43-C),
Air Medal; Northwest Africa.

utical Academy



Honor

HANNLEY, THOMAS K., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; India, China, Burma area.

HILL, NORMAN L., 1st Lt. (41-I),
Air Medal; North Africa.

HALDERSON, OLIVER K., Capt. (42-A),
Air Medal; North Africa.

HOLDEN, WARREN A., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Northwest Africa.

HANSEN, ROBIN, 2nd Lt. (43-F),
D.F.C.; Northwest Africa.

HODGES, PHILLIP, 1st Lt. (43-F),
D.F.C.; Tunisia.

HERBERG, CASPER J., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

HOKE, WALTER L., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Oak Leaf Cluster to Air Medal;
Northwest Africa.

HAMMOND, THOMAS G., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Silver Star; Northwest Africa.

HOLLINGSWORTH, JAMES M. Jr., 1st Lt. (42-I)
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.

HAMMIL, ROBERT H., Capt. (42-G),
D. F. C., 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Air Medal; 7 Oak
Leaf Clusters.

HARGLAND, RALPH Jr., (42-K),
D.F.C.; North Africa.

HARELIK, MILTON J., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.

IRBY, JAMES R., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Hawaii.

ISLEY, THOMAS H., Capt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.

INMAN, CHESTER, 1st Lt. (42-G),
D. F. C.; England (over France.)

JOHNSON, LE ROY J., 1st Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.

JACKSON, WILLIAM R., 1st Lt. (43-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.

JONES, BASIL M., Jr., 2nd Lt. (43-A),
Air Medal; England.

JOHNSON, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
D. F. C.; Rumania.

JOHNSON, THOMAS C., 1st Lt. (42-A),
D. F. C., Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

KEMIST, TERRY L., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C., Northwest Africa.

KIMBELL, EARL S., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; Northwest Africa.

KUEHNOST, IRVIN L., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; India.

KUENTZEL, WARD A., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; Africa.

KRAYBILL, JOHN E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.

LEWIS, ARTHUR C., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.

LOVITT, SIDNEY D., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.

LUNDY, HARVY I., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Hawaii, Gilbert
Islands.

LEWIS, ARTHUR C., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Oak Leaf Cluster; England.

LOVITT, SIDNEY D., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Oak Leaf Cluster; 5 combat bomber missions.

LEWIS, HARRY D., Capt. (41-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.

LAUPPE, ROBERT C., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; France.

MEAD, BENJAMIN A., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal; Atlantic.

MAXWELL, ARTHUR L., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.

MELROY, CHARLES D., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, 5 combat missions; England.

McCOLGIN, FRANK H., Capt. (41-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.

MOOSE, ROBERT A., 1st Lt. (42-A),
D. F. C., Oak Leaf Cluster. (Posthumously.)

McEWAN, JACK B., 1st Lt., (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

MILSAP, SALEN MAURICE, 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; South Pacific.

MURRAY, ROBERT C., 2nd Lt. (43-C),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

MOORE, HAROLD B., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
(elim.) D.F.C.; Rumania.

MILLER, CLYDE E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

MICHAELS, Willard L., 1st Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

MOONEY, ROBERT C., Capt. (42-D),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

MOORE, WILLIAM J., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

MOORE, ALLAN, Capt.; (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

MILNE, WILLIAM Jr., 1st Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster;
South Pacific.

McINTYRE, FRED L., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Germany.

MYERS, CHARLES F., Capt. (43-B),
Air Medal; Pacific and Carribean Area.

NELSON, WILLIAM H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; Tunisia.

NALL, DERWOOD D., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; Northwest Africa.

NELSON, GEORGE H., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; South Pacific.

PETERSON, DAVID R., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.

PRICE, SAFFORD G., 2nd Lt. (42-A),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

PANZIERA, ARTHUR G., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.

PETERSON, ROBERT A., 2nd Lt. (43-A),
Air Medal; Gilbert Islands.

PICKENS, ROBERT L., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; North Africa.

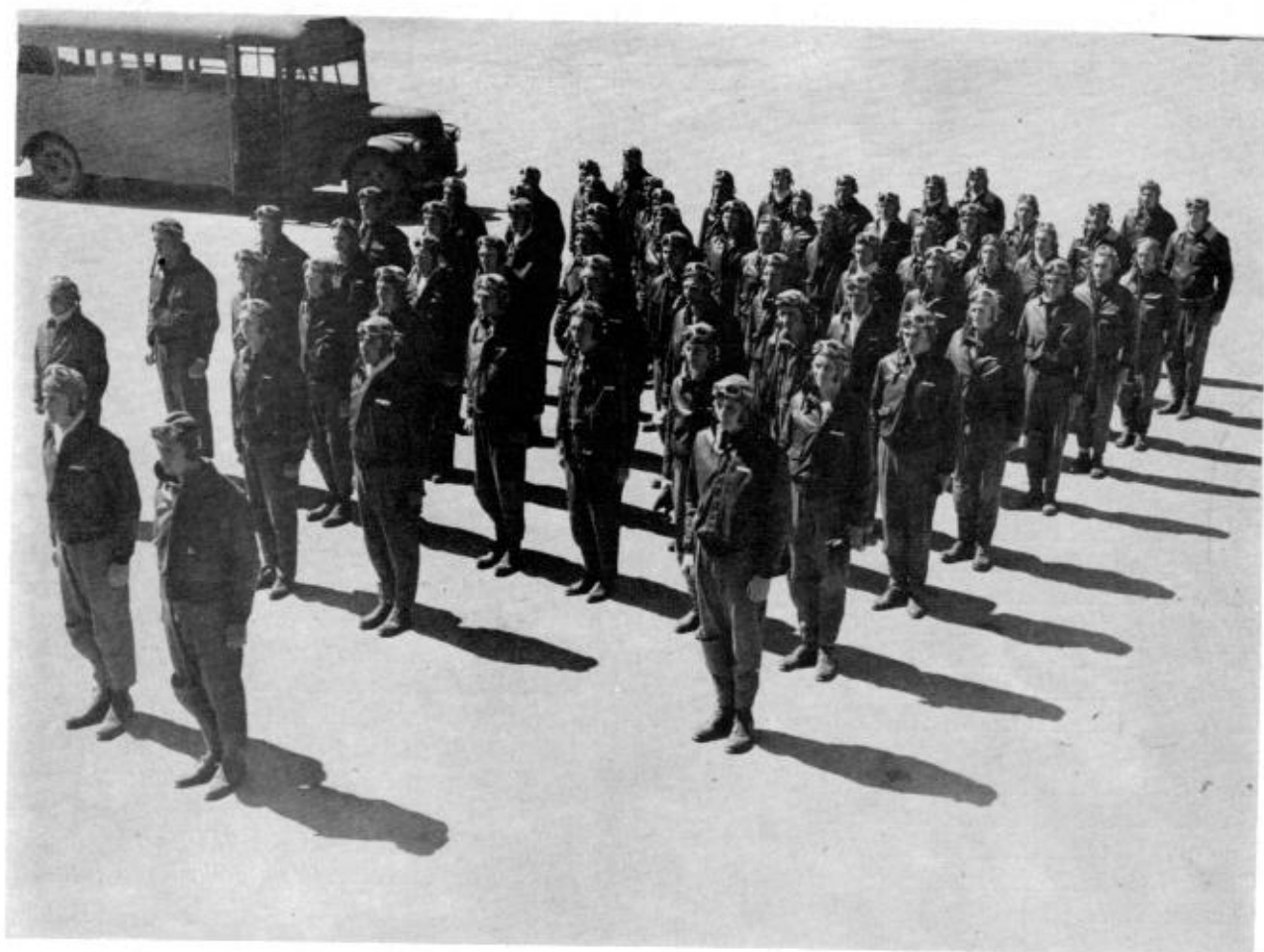
PIPER, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; France.

PRESSON, JOHN E., 2nd Lt.; (42-I),
(elim.) Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.

Roll of Honor

- REINERTH, GEORGE A., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster;
North Africa, Tunisia.
- REARDEN, HARRY F., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
- ROUCH, MELVIN R., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; Tunisia.
- REDBURN, LEONARD, Lt. (42-C),
German prisoner.
- RONSBURG, LESTER H., 1st Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
- RUTTENCUTTER, ROBERT W., 1st Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
- RAMSEY, THOMAS U., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
- REESE, GEORGE, Capt. (42-C),
D. F. C., Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
- SMITH, Eugene E., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.
- SOWS, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.
- SCHWAB, ALFRED C., Jr., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; Northwest Africa.
- SCHULLINGER, JAMES K., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C., Air Medal; Northwest Africa.
- SHIMANEK, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-A),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; India.
- STOCKTON, DONALD E., Capt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster;
German Occupied Territory.
- SHUBIN, MURRY J., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster;
South Pacific.
- STEPHON, LEONARD P., 1st Lt. (42-D),
D.F.C.; Northwest African air force.
- SNODDY, RICHARD A., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C.
- SHERK, JAMES C., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C.
- SMITH, MERTON V., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.
- SELLERS, VIRGIL E., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
- SHERMAN, JOHN N. Jr., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
- SCHAPANSKY, CLIFFORD Q., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
- STUMM, JOHN B., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, 8 Oak Leaf Clusters; France.
- SPEER, BEN C., Jr., 2nd Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal; South Pacific.
- SANDUE, ROBERT, 2nd Lt. (43-C),
Air Medal; Kiska.
- SMITH, ROBERT E., Capt. (42-K),
D. F. C.; China.
- SOTAL, NICKOLAS, 1st Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
- SILVAS, FREDERICK P., 1st Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C., Air Medal; Asiatic Pacific.
- SMITH, GEORGE R., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
- STORCEY, RAYMOND W., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.
- STEWART, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-C),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
- THRASHER, WILLIAM A., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.
- TODD, ROBERT E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C., Rumania.
- TRAVIS, LEO G., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
- TOWNSEND, ROGER O., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Northwest Africa.
- TRESEY, JOSEPH W., 2nd Lt. (43-H),
Air Medal; Patrol Flights.
- VOAHES, ROY D., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
- WAGNER, ROBERT H., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters;
Northwest Africa.
- WALKER, WILLIE G., Capt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; Northwest Africa.
- WILLIAMS, CHESTER R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, India, 1st Lt. D.F.C.,
50 combat missions.
- WILSON, JOHN W., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
- WINTERS, DONALD R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
- WHITE, HERBERT C., 1st Lt. (42-D),
D. F. C.; Oak Leaf Cluster; Aleutians, Alaska.
- WEFFNER, JOHN J., 1st Lt. (41-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.
- WESTBROOK, ROBERT B., Major (42-G),
D. F. C., Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters;
South Pacific.
- WEATHERFORD, SYDNEY W., Capt. (42-D),
D. F. C., Air Medal, 11 Oak Leaf Clusters;
Northwest Africa.
- WEBB, BERT H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
- WOOD, JOHN E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; South Pacific.
- WAYMAN, EUGENE C., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
- WILSON, ROBERT H., Capt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
- WILSON, JOHN W., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; Germany.
- WINTERS, DONALD R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; Germany.
- WHITE, HERBERT C., JR., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Aleutians.
- WILLIAMS, CHESTER R., 1st Lt. (42-F),
D. F. C., Air Medal; India.
- WILSON, HAROLD L., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; Pacific and Caribbean Area.
- ZOET, CHARLES J., 2nd Lt. (43-C),
Air Medal, Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster;
Northwest Africa.
- YANNELLO, PAUL M., 1st Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal. Killed in action, European Theater.
- YOUNG, ROBERT E., 1st Lt. (42-I),
D. F. C.; Rumanian. (Missing in action.)
- CLUCK, MARTIN STONE, 1st Lt. (41-I),
Five Jap planes shot down and four probables;
China.*
- ETHEL, ERVIN C., Capt. (42-G),
D. F. C., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; Air Medal, 3 Oak
Leaf Clusters; Campaign citation for heroism
in Africa, Tunisian campaign.*

*Omitted from first page through oversight.



Squadron A

Aase, J. H.	Jim	Virginia, Minn.	What the heck!
Amundsen, E. M.	Ammy	Chicago, Ill.	No excuse, sir!
Arnold, F. L., Jr.	Arny	Salt Lake City, Utah	Good gravy!
Asteriou, H. N.	Eskimo	Detroit, Mich.	Beats me!
Bachmeier, R. D.	Dick	St. Paul, Minn.	Close that *-!?! door, Eskimo!
Bakke, O. W.	John	St. Paul, Minn.	"Honestly!"
Ballard, J. E.	"Little" John	Arlington, Va.	Well, I tell you Doc, it was this way!
Ballard, R. L.	Big John	Wadesboro, N. C.	When did you first notice your trouble?
Barber, O. J.	"Johnny"	Columbia, S. C.	"Say you've got troubles"
Barksdale, R. L.	Rebel	Jacksonville, Fla.	Don'tcha know?
Bartsch, W. D.		New York City, N. Y.	
Bastien, C. J.	Frenchy	Minneapolis, Minn.	"I just can't get it out!"
Beamer, L. R.	Bud (Groundloop)	Flint, Mich.	I've seen better heads on cylinders!
Belgarde, C. P.	Cherokee	Dunseith, N. D.	"Sack time!!!!"
Bennett, J. D.	"Carolina"	Wilmington, N. C.	You too can be an Aviation Cadet!

Benson, J. L.	Jack	Syracuse, N. Y.	'Strang you lying *x?!!
Bergel, R. F.	Bob	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
Bertke, R. B.	Dick	Cincinnati, Ohio	
Bilquist, W. P.			
Blue, C. W.	Sweet	Vicksburg, Miss.	
Blue, D. E.	Dan	Timberland, N. C.	"Still living!"
Bouck, R. C.	Bob	Flint, Mich.	Huba, huba!
Bowman, N. L. Jr.	"Buddy"	High Point, N. C.	Anything but that!
Brink, D. W.	"Fast Bird"	Sacramento, Calif.	Yeah 40 commissioned officers —he just forgets!
Britton, E. R.	Britt	Torrington, Wyoming	Oh, my aching back!
Brownlie, J. R.	Pop	Jackson, Calif.	Let's go!
Bruce, D. H.	Rebel	St. Petersburg, Fla.	Bud-dee!
Carr, T. S.	T. S.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Got a match?
Carter, H.	"Hal"	Gadsden, Ala.	
Carter, H. E.	Bud	Conway, Ark.	What's that about Ark?
Cascone, S. M.	Sal	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Yeah, me too!
Cass, L. M.	Chief	Stonewall, Okla.	I hope I pass the checks
Cole, P.	"Culp"	Northboro, Mass.	Collins, are you in there again?
Collins, J.	"Yank"	Dayton, Ohio	What the heck do you call that?
Cook, L. E.	Cookie	Eureka, Calif.	Rough all over!
Cooke, J. B.	Bunny	Dallas, Texas	Boy, what a wonderful weekend that was!
Cox, S. E.	"Shap"	Quincy, Fla.	What! No mail!
Crews, L. L.	"Cruiser"	Dallas, Texas	That isn't how you do it!
Curson, J. D.	"Mort"	Sacramento, Calif.	"My aching back!"
Culbert, C. L.	"Chuck"	Oxnard, Calif.	"You talked me into it!"
Carson, N. W.			
Daniels, L. D.	"Cannon Ball"	Spokane, Wash.	The sky's the limit!
Davis, L. C.	"The Redhead"	Monmouth, Maine	Drifting and dreaming!
Davis, M. K.	Pete	Akron, Ohio	You are no crop duster, just land on that field!
De Illy, J. B.	Joe	Bloomington, N. Y.	Okay! Okay!!
De Steuben, E. R.	"Stenby"	Saugus, Mass.	Catchit and we'll see what feeds it!
Dillion, J. B.		Indianapolis, Ind.	I answer only to the C. O. and I'm running this show!
Dochterman, W. E.	"Doc"	Delaware, O.	"Have you heard about furloughs?"
Dorsette, G.	"Mike"	Taccapala, Miss.	"Easy does it"
Draczka, G. R.	"Polock"	Milwaukee, Wis.	"Who's the sharp chic?"
Drawe, B. H.	"Tex"	Mercedes, Tex.	"San Antonio!"
Druary, J. W.		Childersburg, Ala.	"Slick Chick"
Duke, G. F.	"Jersey"	Blum, Ala.	"Sack Time"
England, W. T. Jr.		Bowling Green, Mo.	"Show me!"



BUSH, N. W., Inst.—Bruce, D. H.; Alfano, L. P.; Arnold, F. L.; Beamer, L. R.; Bennett, J. D.



CLARK, R. V., Inst.—Cooper, A. A.; Cooke, J. B.; Dorsette, G. M.; Chapman, W. N.; Druary, J. W.



COLEMAN, E., Inst.—Carter, H. E.; Duke, G. F.; Ragsdale, W. J., 1st Lt.; Mihalik, J. C., 1st Lt.



CORDELL, J. F., Inst.—Curson, J. D.; Chews, L. L.; Cascone, S. M.; Cass, L. M.



DERRY, C. E., Inst.—*Collins, J.; Davis, L. C.; Cook, L. E.; Davis, M. K.*



GARCIA, M. E., Inst.—*Melendez, S.; Bastien, C. S.; Aase, J. H.; Blue, C. W.*



LARKIN, J. C., Inst.—*Amundsen, E. M.; Bergel, R. F.; Bilquist, W. P.; Dralzka, G. R.; Partsch, W. D.*
(not in picture)



MEFFORD, O. F., Inst.—*Dochterman, W. E.; Carr, T. S.; Culbert, C. L.; Dillon, J. B.*



REINHART, W. R., Inst.—Barber, O. J.; Ballard, J. E.; Bertke, R. B.; Asteriou, H. N. (not shown)



SALYER, C. F., Inst.—Immel, H. D., 1st Lt.; Hurd, W. C., 1st Lt.; Maughan, W. F., 1st Lt.; Diamond, M., 1st Lt.; Francis, C. L., 1st Lt. (not shown)



TROH, H. P., Inst.—Bachmeier, R. D.; Ballard, R. L.; Button, E. R.; Benson, J. L.



WATTS, J. R., Inst.—England, W. T.; Ailshouse, W. W.; Barksdale, R. L.; Blue, D. E.; Brozenlie, J.



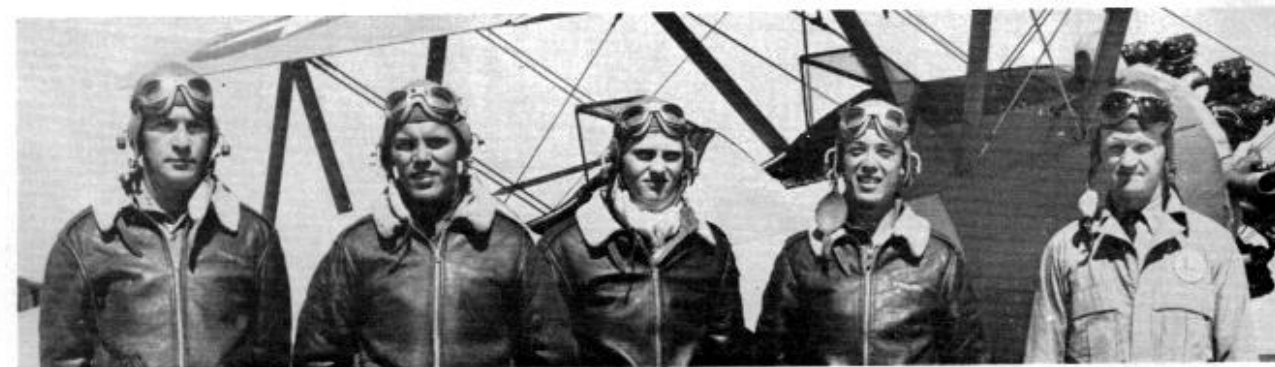
WELCH, F. W., Inst.—Carter, H.; De Illy, J. B.; Daniels, L. D.; Cox, S. E.; Denard, E. D.



HODGES, B. F., Inst.—Kerrissey, T. J.; MacIlroy, R. M.; Lunham, R. H.; Lyon, S. M.; Lynch, J. F.



McGLOTHLEN, G. V., Inst.—Jackson, J. R.; Howlett, D. E.; Hanson, W. L.; Jefferson, M. W.;
Harris, R. C.



MASTOLIER, L. G., Inst.—Brink, D. W.; Bouck, R. C.; Bowman, N. L.; Anhalt, K. J.; Bakke, O. W.



Squadron B

Entres, P. J.	Shorty	Lakewood, Ohio	Don't stand there, do push-ups!
Ess, N. H.	Ess	St. Louis, Mo.	Born 30 years too late!
Essaf, L.	Lou "Sparks"	Lennimillis, Pa.	Beats the heck out of me!
Essler, W. H.	Willie	Denver, Colo.	What I need is beer!
Fager, H. L.	How	Pasadena, Calif.	My crimson donkey!
Fain, T. L.	Old Man	Port Arthur, Texas	Straight, with water chaser
Farrar, W. A.	Bill	Tulare, Calif.	Not for my money!
Fearn, F. J.	Bud	Detroit, Mich.	It is up to you!
Finewood, R. F.	Dick	Cliffon Springs, N. Y.	Let's get on the ball!
Finke, W. H.	Red	East St. Louis, Ill.	This don't taste like my wife's cooking
Fischer, C. K.	Shorty	St. Louis, Mo.	Look out Jack!
Fitzgerald, E. N.	Fitz	Port Angeles, Wash.	Some days you don't make a nickle!
Flanagan, W. V.	Wes	Cliffside Pk., N. J.	On the double!
Forsyth, G. J.	John Q.	Alberta, Canada	Put your feet at a 45!
Fowler, W. M.	Barney	Bartlesville, Okla.	Tough stuff!

Gandy, C. W.	<i>Chess</i>	Houston, Texas	<i>Texas was never like this!</i>
Geis, G. A.	<i>Goose</i>	St. Joseph, Mo.	<i>How much?</i>
George, B. E.	<i>Georgie</i>	Elysburg, Penn.	<i>Could be</i>
Giarraputo, C. P.	<i>Garry</i>	Dension, Texas	<i>How about that?</i>
Ginsburg, J.	<i>Kosher</i>	Atlantic City, N. J.	<i>Things are tough all over</i>
Godfrey, J. E.	<i>China Boy</i>	Rosemead, Calif.	<i>Boy oh boy!</i>
Gorin, S.	<i>Saul</i>	Norwalk, Conn.	<i>Just o-o-o-oh!</i>
Graff, C. L.	<i>Clam</i>	Clifftonville, Wis.	<i>Too bad!—You loose.</i>
Graybill, G. D.	<i>Bill</i>	Portland, Ore.	<i>It's all right with me</i>
Greener, R. A.	<i>Dick</i>	Washington, D. C.	<i>Is that so?</i>
Griggs, C. J.	<i>Jimmie</i>	Westchester, Iowa	<i>Pass time isn't soon enough!</i>
Gulas, M. S.	<i>Marc</i>	Baltimore, Mo.	<i>Gad!</i>
Gordon, H. W.	<i>Hospital</i>		
Garcia, W. J.	<i>Gar</i>	Los Angeles, Calif.	<i>Meet me at the coke machine</i>

Hall, J. T.	<i>Snow Bird</i>	Rochelle, Ill.	<i>What's your answer, Harris?</i>
Halsey, F. L.	<i>Hal</i>	Seattle, Wash.	<i>Beats the hell out of me!</i>
Hammond, W. D.	<i>Ham</i>	Ames, Iowa	<i>Sack time!</i>
Hanna, D. C.	<i>Bang</i>	San Diego, Calif.	<i>If it's dirty I've heard it.</i>
Hansen, L. R.	<i>Hans</i>	Milwaukee, Wis.	<i>They can't do this to me!</i>
Hanson, W. L.	<i>Honey</i>	Los Angeles, Calif.	<i>How about that?</i>
Harris, R. C.	<i>Dick</i>	Atlanta, Ga.	<i>Sound off, Mullet!</i>
Harris, R. M.	<i>Speed</i>	Elkin, N. C.	<i>She's hot!</i>
Harris, R. W.	<i>Bob</i>	New Milford, Ohio	<i>It's a long war</i>
Hart, J. W.	<i>Jack</i>	Kokomo, Ind.	<i>On the beam!</i>
Hecker, R. L.	<i>Pecker</i>	Mt. Dora, Fla.	<i>Don't tell me your troubles</i>
Heidt, W. W. Jr.	<i>Shorty</i>	Rochester, N. Y.	<i>Theda and Rochester!</i>
Hines, R. H.	<i>Pop</i>	Richmond, Ind.	<i>Beats me!</i>
Hodges, J. C.	<i>Jimmie</i>	Charleston, Mo.	<i>What's the story?</i>
Hoganson, A. C.	<i>Hogie</i>	Chicago, Ill.	<i>How about that?</i>
Holbrook, A. C.	<i>Ace</i>	Dayton, Texas	<i>Howdy pardner!</i>
Holtz, J. W.	<i>Jack</i>	Fredonia, N. Y.	<i>Anything but Cal.</i>
Hooker, D. R.	<i>Hook</i>	Denver, Colo.	<i>Most mainest!</i>
Howat, A. D. Jr.	<i>Don</i>	Chicago, Ill.	<i>When do we eat?</i>
Howlett, D. E.	<i>Rip</i>	Warehouse Point, Conn.	<i>What's up, Doc?</i>
Huges, R. B.	<i>Bobbie</i>	Santa Monica, Calif.	<i>Hubba-Hubba!</i>
Hunsaker, H. E.	<i>Hennie</i>	Mesa, Ariz.	<i>My aching back!</i>
Hogan, W. B.	<i>Bill</i>	St. Louis, Mo.	<i>What a life!</i>

Irvin, F. J.	<i>Frankie</i>	Hollis, N. C.	<i>If I were a civilian!</i>
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Jackson, J. J.	<i>Boilerroom</i>	Los Angeles, Calif.	<i>Blow it!</i>
Jackson, J. R.	<i>Bob</i>	Marcus Hook, Pa.	<i>Rough all over!</i>
Jefferson, M. W.	<i>Jeff</i>	Red House, Va.	<i>Take me back to Virginia</i>
Jessop, A. D.	<i>Jess</i>	Millville, Utah	<i>Isn't it the beautiful truth?</i>
Johnson, A. T.	<i>Ted</i>	Tacoma, Wash.	<i>"When did you first start noticing your trouble?"</i>

Stiles, L. J.	<i>Les</i>	Suffield, Conn.	<i>Anything but Arizona!</i>
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Wendt, E. W.	<i>Bill</i>	Lincoln, Nebr.	<i>Double shot—Tequilla for a chaser</i>
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BOGGS, J. L., Inst.—Hodges, J. C.; Hammond, W. D.; Irvin, F. J.; Hooker, D. R.; Harris, R. M.



BOWMAN, E. P., Inst.—Heidt, W. W.; Holbrook, A. C.; Hecker, R. L.; Hines, R. H.; Howat, A. D.



CALLAHAN, F. E., Inst.—Daily, C. W., 2nd Lt.; Trunk, J., 1st Lt.; Holtz, J. W.; Johnson, A. T.; Bennett, P., 2nd Lt.



FINK, W. S., Inst.—Spetner, N., 1st Lt.; Finke, W. H.; Snyder, C. L., 1st Lt.; Woltt, R. P., 1st Lt.; Ess, N. H.



GROTH, S. J., Inst.—Greener, R. A.; Geis, G. A.; Fager, H. L.; Gimer, C. W.; Essler, W. H.



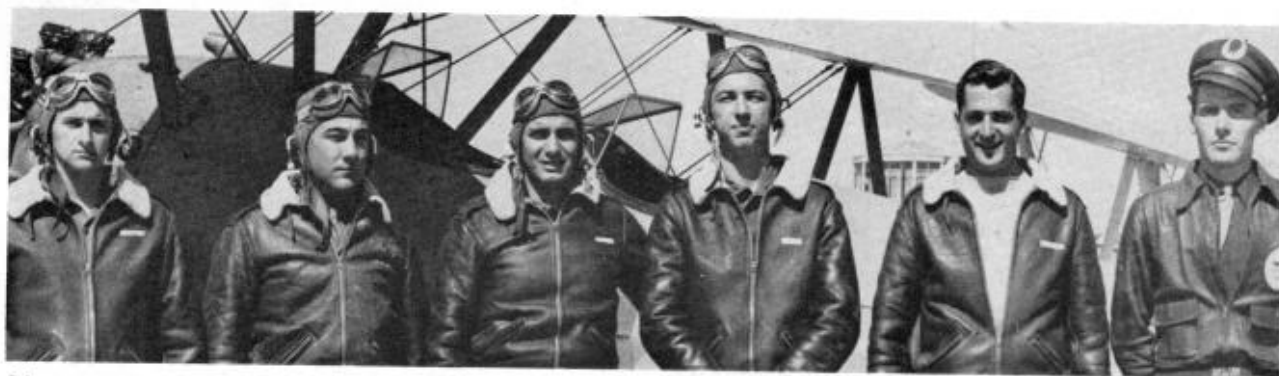
HILL, W. J., Inst.—Easton, R. C., 2nd Lt.; Farrar, W. A.; Gorin, S.; Fearn, F. J.; Foxler, W. M.



HOISINGTON, H. H., Inst.—Jessop, A. D.; Hathaway, L. J.; Hoganson, A. C.; Hanna, D. C.



LEE, F. R., Inst.—Graybill, G. D.; Griggs, C. J.; Ginsburg, J.; Forsyth, G. J.; Gratt, C. L.



MORRISON, J. L., Inst.—George, B. E.; Gandy, C. W.; Essaf, L.; Fischer, C. K.; Gulas, M. S.



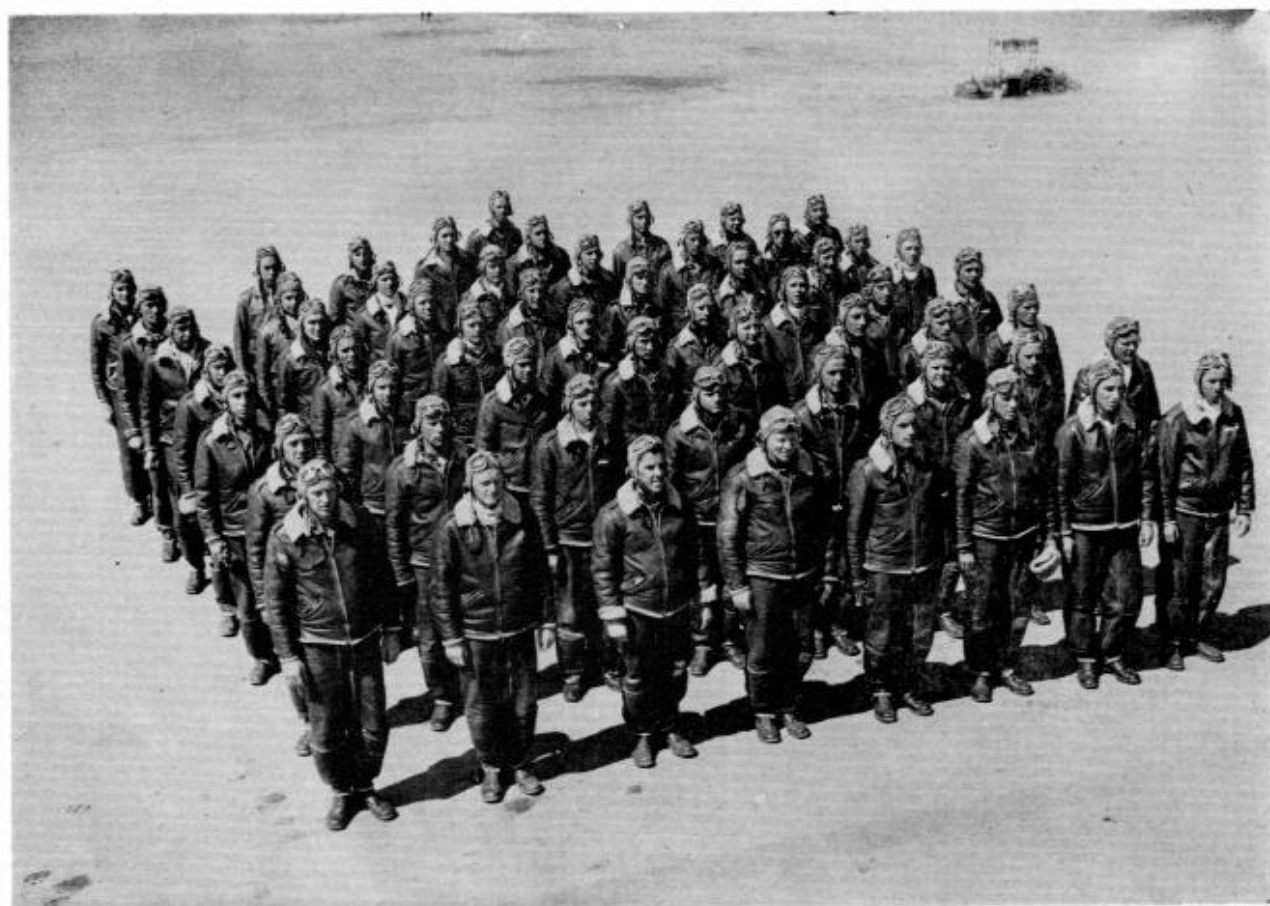
PRECISSI, J., Inst.—Feyereisen, J. B.; Fitzgerald, E. N.; Giarraputo, C. P.; Finewood, R. F.; Flanagan, W. V.



RATTRAY, D. F., Inst.—Entres, F. J.; Fendel, J. A.; Godfrey, J. E.; Jackson, J. J.; Fain, T. L.



SPECHT, F. O., Inst.—Hughes, R. B.; Johnson, R. T.; Henderson, W. G.; Hart, J. W.; Hogan, W. B.



Squadron C

Jones, W. W.	Muleskinner Jones	Maryville, Mo.	Do I really have to get up, fellozes?
Kemmerer, C. R.	Klondike	Nome, Alaska	All screwed up like fire call!
Kennedy, W. R.	Wing Tip	Cleveland, Ohio	Check on that!
Kerrissey, T. P.	"T"	Roslindale, Mass.	"Keep the faith!"
Kincaid, K. B.	Kenny	Richmond, Va.	Sho nuff!
Klemann, H. F.	P-38	Cincinnati, Ohio	Aw, nuts!
Kluve, C. W.	Chuck	Cleveland, Ohio	I dood it again!
Knauf, R. J.	"R. J."	Albany, N. Y.	Don't tell me your troubles!
Kratt, J. Jr.	"Junior"	South Milwaukee, Wisc.	That's a genuine "Pjorkle Bird!"
Krieger, J. G.	Big John	Fort Madison, Iowa	I want a furlough!
Kub, E. A.	"Two-Fisted Edward"	Henryetta, Okla.	Over yonder
Lake, W. J.	Big Bill	Marion, Ala.	Now look here, fella!
Liazier, G. J.	Tony	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Guess I'll hit the sack
Leeper, E. E.	"Arkansas"	De Queen, Ark.	Think I'll take my shoes off —can feel the rudders better!
Legg, W. A.	Billy, Dear	Athens, Ala.	Was that the whistle?
Lehman, R. H. Jr.	Woodie	Wyomissing, Pa.	I have some new private stock!

Lewis, W. A.	<i>Burr Head</i>	Philadelphia, Pa.	<i>Let's go shoot ground loops</i>
Lowry, D. F.	<i>"Oakie"</i>	Troy, Okla.	<i>What, Saturday night already?</i>
Ludwig, W. E.	<i>"Lud"</i>	Detroit, Mich.	<i>Let's get goin'!</i>
Lukas, E. W.	<i>Powerhouse</i>	Holden, Mass.	<i>Who says this thing flys by itself?</i>
Lunham, R. H.	<i>"Lum"</i>	Glendale, Calif.	<i>Whassa matter with California?</i>
Lynch, J. F.	<i>Muscles</i>	Chicago, Ill.	<i>You guys just don't like me?</i>
Lyon, S. M.	<i>Sammy Boy</i>	Kearney, N. J.	<i>But, sir!</i>
McGill, A. C.	<i>"Stretch"</i>	Pittsfield, Mass.	<i>What the hell!</i>
MacIlroy, R. W.	<i>Scotty</i>	Ferndale, Mich.	<i>Whaddya mean, Reveille?</i>
McCarthy, F. J.	<i>"Mousie"</i>	Brooklyn, N. Y.	<i>Let's go to bed?</i>
McCluskey, T. E.	<i>"Tailspin"</i>	Phoenix City, Ala.	<i>"Oh, me widdle foot!"</i>
McKinney, W. A.	<i>"Big Mac"</i>	Powell, Texas	<i>"Wonder who's kissin' her now?"</i>
Machuzak, I.	<i>"Joisey"</i>	Elizabeth, N. J.	<i>"Tro de bum out!"</i>
Marchi, L. H.	<i>"Frog"</i>	Seattle, Wash.	<i>"Is this Rankin Field?"</i>
Marchum, F. J. Jr.	<i>"Hunk"</i>	Grand Junction, Colo.	<i>"Soap, what's that?"</i>
Marler, B. C.	<i>"Hap (Hazard)"</i>	Lincoln, Nebr.	<i>"Ya lookin' for rabbits?"</i>
Martin, H. Z.	<i>"Shoulders"</i>	Minden, La.	<i>"What's dem shoes fur?"</i>
Marvel, J. J.	<i>"Pappy"</i>	Indianapolis, Ind.	<i>"Oh! My achin' back!"</i>
Mason, S. J.	<i>"Harpo"</i>	LeGrand, Calif.	<i>Sack time!</i>
Mays, C. C.	<i>Click</i>	Wendell, Idaho	<i>Dear John</i>
Melendez, J.			
Michael, D. W.	<i>Mike</i>	Detroit, Mich.	<i>Get my head out!</i>
Milenbach, S. R.	<i>Shelley</i>	Oakland, Calif.	<i>I get it for you "holsale."</i>
Moeller, R. L.	<i>"Hardrock"</i>	Omaha, Nebr.	<i>Where's the tee?</i>
Moeny, E. E.	<i>Fleet-foot</i>	Alamosa, Colo.	<i>"Beetle Brains"</i>
Moore, D. G.	<i>Rozdy</i>	St. Louis, Mo.	<i>Hey hey, it's chow down at the "Y!"</i>
Morris, R. E.	<i>"Rowllie"</i>	Toledo, Ohio	<i>Beats me, Jack</i>
Moss, J. P.	<i>Mose</i>	Charlotte, N. C.	<i>I'll get the mail</i>
Mullan, J. W.	<i>Moon</i>	Hollywood, Calif.	<i>"Take it easy!"</i>
Murphy, J. F.	<i>Junior</i>	Cincinnati, Ohio	<i>Turn off the heat!</i>
Myers, E. L.	<i>Flebner</i>	Vancouver, Wash.	<i>Can you loop with the Fletner?</i>
Nelms, G. L.	<i>Beaver</i>	Colombia, S. C.	<i>Give me a broom!</i>
Nelson, W. N.	<i>Nelly</i>	Mankato, Minn.	<i>Well there I was!</i>
O'Hara, M. C.	<i>Mike</i>	Sioux City, Iowa	<i>Same old stuff!</i>
Oldershaw, E. C.	<i>Bunny</i>	Bakersfield, Calif.	<i>Follow me through on this ground loop!</i>
Overholt, C. F.	<i>Cotton</i>	Minneapolis, Minn.	<i>32 acres with a pitch fork!</i>
Patrick, M.	<i>Pat</i>	St. John's, Mich.	<i>What's brewing, kid?</i>
Payne, J. D.	<i>Jack the Snapper</i>	Detroit, Mich.	<i>Check the kid.</i>
Pelynio, S.	<i>"The Kid"</i>	Cleveland, Ohio	<i>Grab his ears!</i>
Perkins, J. W.	<i>The Alamo</i>	Dallas, Texas	<i>PX Commando</i>
Pontious, F. L. Jr.	<i>Big Chief</i>	Oklahoma City, Okla.	<i>Let's go to L. A.</i>
Powell, O. M. Jr.	<i>Lover</i>	Lincoln, Nebr.	<i>Ground loop!</i>
Pugh, J. G.	<i>Pug</i>	Woodlake, Calif.	<i>Watch this!</i>



BERTRAM, D. C., Inst.—Klemann, H. F.; Sustarsic, F. W.; Kincaid, K. B.; Kluge, C. W.



BROOKS, T. S., Inst.—Krieger, J. G.; Kub, E. A.; Knauf, R. J.; Kratt, J.; Lake, W. J.



DERBY, T. R., Inst.—Myers, E. L.; Martin, H. Z.; Michael, D. W.; Loeper, E. E.



EARL, N. L., Inst.—Marvel, J. J.; Mason, S. J.; Perkins, J. W.; Mays, C. C.; Murphy, J. F.



ECKERT, W. C., Inst.—Morris, R. E.; Pontious, F. L.; Pelynio, S.; McGill, A. C.



GLASSEL, O. G., Inst.—Moss, J. P.; Mullan, J. W.; Lindsey, J. J., 2nd Lt.; Nelson, W. N.



HANDLEY, H. E., Inst.—Moeller, R. L.; Money, E. E.; Moore, D. G.; Milenbach, S. R.



LANGDON, J. G., Inst.—Harris, R. W.; Hansen, L. R.; Hunsaker, H. E.; Halsey, F. L.; Hall, J. T.



MILNES, E., Inst.—Lewis, W. A.; Ludwig, W. E.; Leazier, G. J.; Lukas, E. W.; Lowry, D. F.



PARKINSON, N. W., Inst.—Marler, B. C.; Wallace, R. A., 2nd Lt.; Marchon, F. J.; Marchi, L. H.



PETERSON, K. B., Inst.—McCluskey, T. E.; Machuzak, J. N.; McCarthy, F. J.; McKinney, W. A.



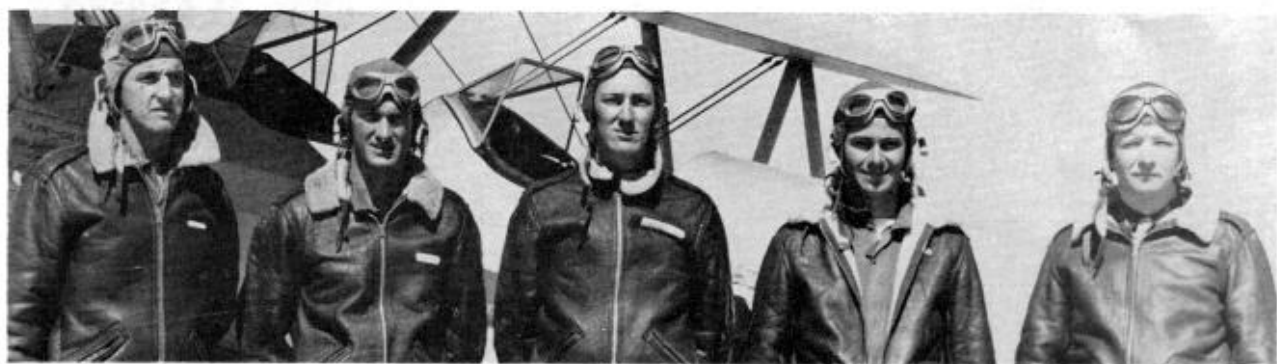
PETERSON, H. J., Inst.—Neel, A. W., 2nd Lt.; Powecl, O. M.; Overholt, C. F.; Pugh, J. G.



SAFFORD, D., Inst.—Isbell, R. P., 2nd Lt.; Fulker, L. R., 2nd Lt.; Jones, E. L., 2nd Lt.; Ketcham, C. W., 2nd Lt.; Legg, W. A.



SILVA, J., Inst.—Neims, G. L.; Payne, J. D.; O'Hara, M. C.; Patrick, M.; Oldershaw, E. C.



BARRY, B., Inst.—Jones, W. W.; Kammerer, C. R.; Kennedy, W. D.; Lehman, R. H., Jr.;
McKluskey, T. E.



Squadron D

Queen, J. B.	"Queenbee"	Greensboro, N. C.	Can't go that route!
Raczynski, S.	"Roach"	Revere, Mass.	Here I come!
Rankin, R. A.	"Feet"	Portland, Ore.	Who's got a quirly?
Rege, J. A.	"Squeegy"	Westville, Ill.	Which way ded he go?
Rhodes, N. Y.	Piper, H. P.	Amarillo, Texas	I can walk a tour!
Rhodes, R. L.	"Crash"	Chicago, Ill.	Hope they got something good to eat
Richardson, W. H.	"Raw"	Daytona Beach, Fla.	How you baby?
Roof, W. Y.	"Yank"	Columbia, S. C.	Look out—it's choke!
Rous, J. L.	"Cherry"	Los Angeles, Calif.	Who's going to Bakersfield with me?
Rowell, W. N.	"Mr. Ro-ell"	Montgomery, Ala.	"Hit the brakes!"
Rutherford, A. L.	"Archie"	Spokane, Wash.	"Has she got a car?"
Sanchez, D. R. Jr.	"Sanch"	Los Angeles, Calif.	"Oh my achin' back!"
Sayles, R. N.	"Jeep"	Indianapolis, Ind.	"That done 'er!"
Sheppard, K. W.	"Shep"	Des Moines, Iowa	"What a beautiful sack!"
Short, V.	"Bud"	Long Beach, Calif.	"Is Gangbusters on tonight?"

Slemenda, N. J.	"Slem"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	"Lost my head"
Smith, D. A. Jr.	"Snuffy"	Seattle, Wash.	"Sar, what's your name?"
Sondeno, J. O.	Herbert	Turlock, Calif.	Oh say, kids!
Sorenson, T. A.		Villard, Minn.	
Spence, E. R.	"Spence"	Chillicothe, Ohio	"More sack time!"
Stewart, C. E.	"Stew"	Racine, Wisc.	Well, here we go again
Stewart, D. V.			
Stock, J. Jr.	"Joe"	Philadelphia, Pa.	I don't get it!
Suits, R. M.	"Robin"	Indianapolis, Ind.	Whata you care? You ain't no cop!
Swart, R. N.	Rapid Robert	New York, N. Y.	"Hell's bells!"
Sustarsic, F. W.	Bill	Cleveland, Ohio	"I quit drinking"
Staley, K. E.			
Tarro, J. P.	"Johnnie"	Los Angeles, Calif.	How late's open post?
Taylor, N. B.	"Jack"	Dallas, Texas	Wait till I get my spurs and we'll go to Tagus Ranch
Thompson, C.	"Bud"	Byhalia, Miss.	"These damn yankees!"
Thompson, R. M.	"Horizontal Kid"	Guthrie, Okla.	"Boy am I sleepy!"
Thoren, J. B.	"Cotton"	Seattle, Wash.	"Hey, Hey!"
Tomblin, G. N.	"Lindy"	Richmond, Va.	"I ain't talkin'!"
Tracy, G. E.	Dick	Ontario, Calif.	"What's 'Webber' doing?"
Van Buren, D. W.	Don	Milwaukee, Wisc.	When do we eat?
Wade, E. L. Jr.	Jerk	Orlando, Fla.	Roll up your flaps
Wahtera, L. E.	Lee	Cloquet, Minn.	"How 'bout that?"
Walker, A. I. Jr.	Wing Tip	_____, Texas	"It's only scratched"
Walker, D. B.	"Red"	Amherst, Mass.	"Runaway slave"
Walker, H. B.	"Punk"	Lakeland, Fla.	"It's ruff all over!"
Walters, H. F.	"Bucky"	Phoenixville, Pa.	"Whooo! the little girlies!"
Warnimont, R. L.	"di dah dit"	Chicago, Ill.	"I hear ya knockin'!"
Warren, M. M.	"Arkie"	Phoenix, Ariz.	"Webb! Get out of that sack!"
Webb, J. P.	"Sad sack"	Indianapolis, Ind.	"Let me in that sack"
Webber, E. T.	"Flashbulb"	San Francisco, Calif.	Who's the dull-thud?
Welch, K. L.	"Ken"	Greensburg, Pa.	"Guess I'd better blow a warning whistle"
Westbook, A. J.	Westley	Pinebluff, Ark.	"What's the rush?"
Wheattall, C. E. Jr.	Wheat	Ashtabula, Ohio	"Let's get the mail"
Williams, J. L.	Jim	Danville, Va.	How much time we got?
Williams, R. W.	Big Boy	Glendale, Calif.	You're neat!
Williamson, B. F.	Ben	Gilbertown, Ala.	It's rough all over!
Wilmeth, A.	"Roger"	Tokio, Texas	Lots of time, what's the rush
Wingo, L. B.	Tex	Eastland, Texas	"Honest fellas, I corrected for drift"
Witt, J. B.	Jackson	Chicago, Ill.	When's open post??
Zumbaugh, L. C.	Zummy	Gary, Ind.	Let's hit it, men!
Reid, F. J.	"Swisher"	Sabetha, Kans.	"Bartender"
Peterson, W. L.	"Pete"	Fresno, Calif.	



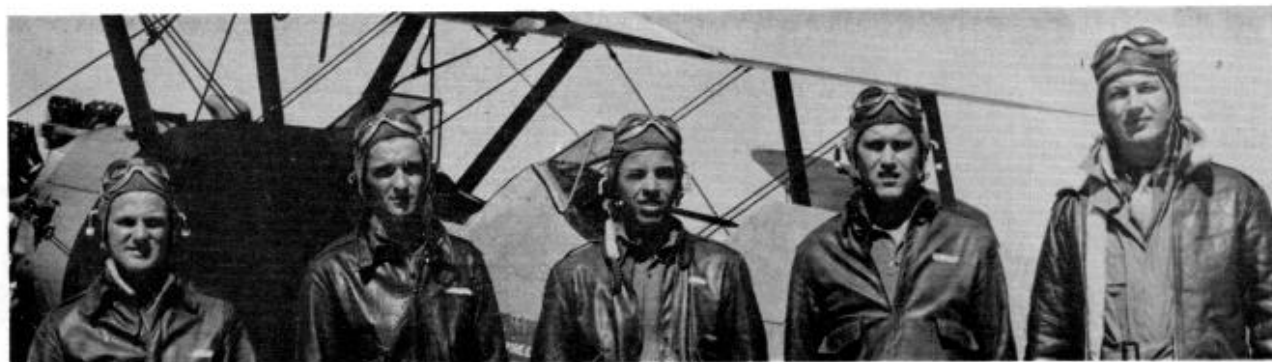
CLARK, R. S., Inst.—Walters, H. F.; Slemenda, N. J.; Short, V.; Sheppard, K. W.; Smith, D. A.



HENSHAW, H. L., Inst.—Walker, D. B.; Tomblin, G. N.; Peterson, W. L.; Wahtera, L. E.; Williams, H. R. (not shown)



HUGHES, R. M., Inst.—Ross, C. A., 2nd Lt.; Sikara, W. L., 2nd Lt.; Wilson, R. E., 2nd Lt.; Watson, M. T., 2nd Lt.; Welch, K. L.



JACKSON, E. G., Inst.—Stock, J.; Rhodes, R. L.; Suits, R. M.; Taylor, N. B.



LATIMER, R. N., Inst.—Walker, H. B.; Young, S. R., 2nd Lt.; Williamson, B. F.; Watson, B. R.; Webber, E. T.



LOWERY, W. G., Inst.—Westbrook, A. J.; Tracy, G. E.; Williams, R. W.; Triay, F. H.



MARTIN, J. C., Inst.—Rhodes, H. Y.; Rege, J. A.; Richardson, W. H.; Tarro, J. P.; Swart, R. N.



MARTIN, M. B., Inst.—Queen, J. B.; Stewart, D. V.; Raczynski, S.; Rankin, R. A.



RAINBOLT, W. S., Inst.—*Stiles, L. J.; Wendt, E. W.; de Steuben, E. R.; Cole, P.; Drazee, B. H.*



ROGERS, H. W., Inst.—*Thompson, C.; Williams, J. L.; Walker, A. I. Jr.; Wheattall, C. E. Jr.; Thoren, J. B.*



THOMPSON, N. C., Inst.—*Spence, E. R.; Sandeno, J. O.; Stewart, C. E.; Wade, E. L.; Sorenson, T.*



WICKSTROM, K. E., Inst.—*Sayles, R. N.; Sanchez, D. R.; Schmitz, H. C.; Reid, F. J.*



WILLIAMS, R. B., Inst.—Rous, J. L.; Rutherford, A. L.; Warren, M. M.; Rowell, W. N.; Roof, W. Y.



WILLOUGHBY, J. R., Inst.—Warnimont, R. L.; Hildreth, D. C.; Thompson, R. M.; Wingo, L. B.; Van Buren, D. W.



Wood, C. D., Inst.—Witt, J. B.; Zumbaugh, L. C.; Wilmeth, A.; Webb, J. P.



CLARK, R. S., Inst.—Shippard, K. W.; Short, V.; Slemenda, N. J.; Smith, D. A.; Walters, H. F.

They Trimmed Us!

By A/C LEE WAHTERA

As time usually slips by quite fast during their freely allotted time (a-hem!) local cadets may be seen during all hours of the day wending their way to the barber shop, from the flight line. Before leaving the flight line approximately fifteen to twenty minutes phases must be seen to, such as signing your name on all available space in the Ready Room, filling all pockets with passes, and the usual "going through channels."

Upon arrival at the barber shop you are now able to recline in one of the softest chairs on the field. Namely, the conventional barber chair. You are cordially invited to go through the "works." This includes haircut, shampoo, massage, and what have you. After consenting to go through with one of these operations—the haircut—you are practically finished. From then on it's but a few minutes, or three revolutions of the chair.



"How would you like it parted, sir?"

Lay your cash on the line and get clipped, gents (your head of course.)

This weekly visit has another advantage other than keeping neat. Yessir, it also keeps your name off of the bulletin board followed by that large number five.

Roy Abbott and his two able assistant "ear nickers" are really doing a swell job operating the "clip joint."



Roy Abbott, Manager

J. R. Garrison

R. H. Schroeder

WING COMMANDER

The responsibility of C. A. "Chet" Chenoweth, as Wing Commander, is to act as Chief Pilot.

Recently advanced to this position, which for the past two years has been held by J. G. "Tex" Rankin, Academy head, Mr. Chenoweth holds No. 1 seniority over all pilots.

Having been connected with Rankin flying operations since the Academy's debut, Mr. Chenoweth has served successfully as instructor flight, squadron and group commander.



CHESTER CHENOWETH
Wing Commander



JOHN T. AFRICA
Co-ordinator of Training Operations

CO-ORDINATOR

John T. Africa, Co-ordinator of Training Operations, i. e.: Academic, Link and Flight training, is an old standby at Rankin, having been with the Academy since March, 1941.

Mr. Africa's duties are to co-ordinate the Academic, Link and Flight Training operations, to arrange schedules and take care of all transfers.

All of which is no small job!

Squadron Commanders and Assistants



H. C. SCHEURER, Sq. Commander (right)
E. TEPPER, Assistant
A Squadron



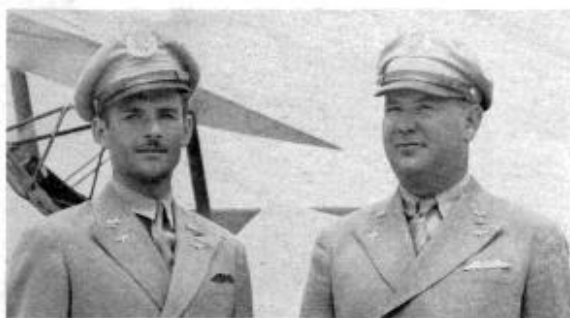
A. L. WALTERS, Sq. Commander (right)
H. BURLESON, Assistant
B Squadron



F. M. MAZZIE, Sq. Commander (left)
JACK DE YOUNG, Assistant
C Squadron



E. E. FALL, Sq. Commander (right)
M. L. AUSTIN, Assistant
D Squadron



O. C. COLEMAN, Sq. Commander (right)
K. SELLS, Assistant
E Squadron



F. M. RALSTON, Sq. Commander (right)
P. W. LYNDON, Assistant
F Squadron



LUTHER LINDA, Sq. Commander (left)
R. J. LEHMAN, Assistant
G Squadron



A. K. PLATT, Sq. Commander (right)
E. MOORE, Assistant
H Squadron



MRS. MABEL DEVINNEY
Chief of Central Dispatching Bureau

Like Mrs. Devinney, Airport Superintendent George Kurtz also hasn't anything to do.

In addition to seeing that the main field and five auxiliary fields are kept in good, safe condition at all times, Mr. Kurtz's duties are to maintain all buildings and furniture; keep in excellent working order all gas (cooking and heating), electrical, water and plumbing equipment; maintain the sewage disposal system and all lawns and shrubbery.

Other than that Mr. Kurtz is in charge of the fire department and the Academy guard system.

Here is a young lady whom we are quite sure doesn't know what "time on her hands" means!

She is Mrs. Mabel Devinney, Chief of the Central Dispatching Bureau.

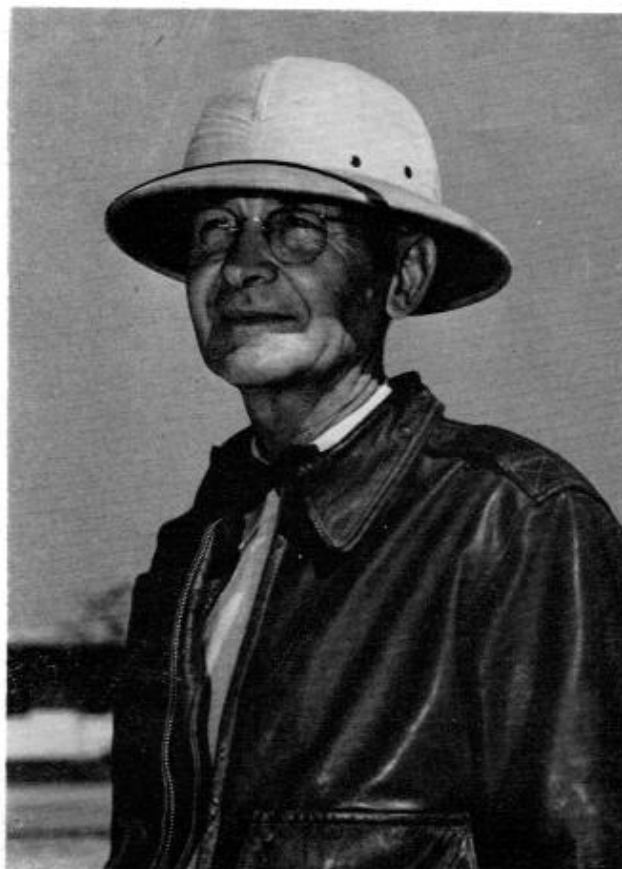
All that Mrs. Devinney's duties consist of are:

To know the status of all airplanes assigned to this post; to keep these airplanes properly located on the dispatching board; to make all assignments of aircraft to the training squadrons; to see that the planes are sent to the maintenance department for inspections when due; to see that the engines are changed when due; to determine the exact flying time for each airplane each day; to transpose that time in each aircraft's logbook; to determine errors made by cadets in writing up their flight time in Form I; to transpose into the Form 41-B of each aircraft all information regarding the condition of the aircraft and the amount of gas and oil it has used that day; to advise the repair hangar and line chiefs of any necessary repairs prior to flying the ship the following day.

Outside of that Mrs. Devinney hasn't a single, solitary thing to do!

In addition to Mrs. Devinney, a crew of five work from 7 a.m. 'til midnight each day in this department on staggered shifts.

Who wouldn't stagger?



GEORGE KURTZ
Airport Superintendent

Story of Flightline Dispatchers



SID SAMPLES
Chief Dispatchers

This mess of facts and blunderdash which we have gathered together for this issue of the "RANK'N' FILE" just wouldn't be complete without a word of praise and admiration for our local girl friends, the belles of the flight line. Our dispatchers. . . .

Though strictly business-like AND aloof, they're really darn cute! (As any Cadet will admit without twisting his arm too hard!) They're helpful too. More than one of us has been spared the horrors of receiving three of the jumbo size gigs for "form 1" errors, by checking up on our take off time which so many of us let slip by our minds when we first started to fly.

When the fellows of Class 44-H first view'd these damsels, they weren't exactly impressed by these definitely unfeminine looking creatures clothed in bulky outfits as a protection against the "unusual" California weather.

When the "puddles" of California sunshine finally cleared away, and clothes became somewhat more form fitting, it came to our attention that the little ladies with their eyes on our numbers were, in themselves, "some" numbers. While we have been here, probably none of us have noticed that there are TEN of these creatures

roaming around the premises. Not all at once though, but in small groups of "one!"

Soooo now, as we, the boys of 44-H bid farewell to the little gals, we kinda have a few tears in our eyes and maybe a catch in our voices. . . .

They've listened to our "lines," laughed at our crazy jokes and have been the reason for some of the more glamorous cadets even going so far as to carry a comb down to the flight line!

When, in Basic, we'll be calling to a gruff faced non-com in a radio tower to tell him that ship so-and-so is about to take off. We'll be thinking of those "pert" creatures in slacks and sweaters who would mark down our numbers as we sped down the runway, then wait for us to return.





Pat Dorey



Charlotte McMillan



Betty Garriott



Queenie Kahian



Lynn Saunders . . . familiar sight in the tower!



Charlotte Zundel



Lillian Massey



Lorraine Banks



Sue McMillan



LOU CHALKER
Chief of Maintenance

Rankin Wrench Wrestlers!

These are the men who operate the Maintenance Department of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy. They are the men behind the men who give our pilots wings. Under their watchful supervision the wheels are kept rolling and the props are kept turning.

In the following pages the personnel of the maintenance department are introduced. Step up and meet the people who help the Army Air Forces "Keep 'em Flying".



HERE are the men who, under the supervision of Chief of Maintenance Lou Chalker (shown at top of page) oversee the Rankin Academy Maintenance Department. Shown from left are Vincent Brogan, maintenance supervisor, flight lines; Foster White, hangar chief, repair hangar; James Wilson, in charge of Rankin Engineering and Supplies; Travis Montgomery, hangar chief, production line maintenance; Howard Hiskey, maintenance supervisor, flight lines.

PRODUCTION LINE MAINTENANCE



The Lads and Lassies of PLM

In the beginning, the operation was small enough so that each airplane was considered as a special unit and was treated as such. A system was evolved whereby one Crew Chief and his assistant became responsible for the maintenance and care of some five particular airplanes, and no others.

This system worked satisfactorily as long as the operation remained on a comparatively modest basis. The operation, however, refused to cooperate and the school experienced a series of sharp growing pains. This necessitated an overhaul of operations to facilitate the maintenance work and to keep the maintenance department from growing top heavy with personnel.

Thus was instituted "Production Line Maintenance." Patterned after manufacturing programs, wherein a great many separate operations are performed endlessly on a succession of units, PLM has proven to be the answer of how to service the greatest number of airplanes in the shortest time with the fewest people.

Each airplane is thoroughly checked and inspected every 25 hours. Needed adjustments

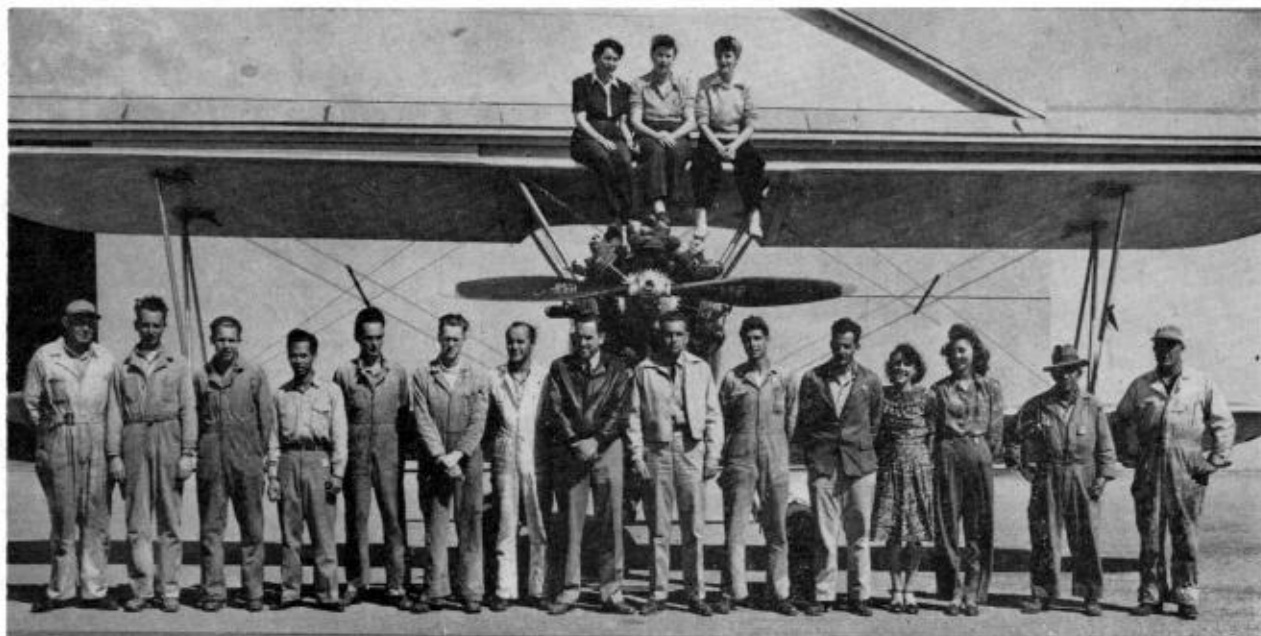
and small repairs are made at this time. Production Line Maintenance allows two and one-half hours for this complete operation on each airplane.

There are nine stations on the Production Line and an average of five workers at each station. Each station takes care of a specific operation and as a result becomes very adept in doing a good job in the shortest possible time. Special equipment to handle specific jobs was built up by the personnel doing the job. This has worked out so well that the line is able to grind out roughly 10 airplanes every three hours.

Wash Crew

At the beginning of the PLM line stands an array of colored gentlemen armed with brushes, soap, solvent and sprayers. They take an airplane off the flying line covered with oil spots, dust and grime and with a few deft touches give it a shower and rub down that transforms it into a thing of sparkling beauty. A strange thing about it is that not a man of them has "dishpan hands."

IN THE REPAIR HANGAR



REPAIR HANGAR PERSONNEL—(On center section—l. to r.): Vera Engle, Kessie Grove and Isabel Egoian. (Standing—l. to r.): Ivan Robinson, Jess Lancaster, Ben Jacobsen, Pedro Villalon, Leal Taggart, Norman Hoskins, Herbert Cook, Lou Chalker, James Wilson, John Patrick, Foster White, Ina Ramos, Marilyn Lyon, George Bardesis and Paul McCowan.

Repair Crew

The repair crew handles all repairs that are out of the jurisdiction of PLM. This includes all major repairs such as wing and landing gear changes and other repairs that cannot be considered as mere adjustments. In many cases when the airplane is not too badly damaged, the repair crew may institute a complete re-build.

They are also on call at all times to service forced landings wherever they may occur.

Dope and Fabric Shop

The dope and fabric shop takes care of all damage to fabric covered parts such as control surfaces, wings and fuselages. Since this about comprises the whole airplane and since they also inspect props and splice cables—we might say they take care of the external airplane. They are in effect airplane skin specialists.

Gas Truck Crew

Shown in the photo below is the crew—and equipment—that services the ships with the juice that makes 'em go. Petrol puteriners, they be, and "erlers", too! You can be sure that with this highly efficient crew cruising up and down the line no one in any aircraft is going to want for gas—A cards or not!

From the looks of those high-altitude platforms, it might be wise to furnish each gas crewman with a parachute!

Lester Jensen is in charge.

Engine Crews

The Engine Crew is responsible for all the engine changes. They receive and store the new engine and unpack and install them when needed. They also repack and ship the old engines out.



GAS TRUCK CREW—(l. to r.): A. Glad; J. Payne; Lester Jensen, in charge; W. Watkins; E. Epperson; J. Watkins; L. McKean



LINE CREW—Units 1 and 2 (West Mat). Front row (squatting): Vincent Brogan, maintenance supervisor; Carl Forsstrom, line chief; Ward Grove, assistant line chief. Back row (standing): L. McKeany; R. Perkins; G. Pifer; R. Easley; R. Nagel; E. Melton; E. Eddy.

LINE

The line crews take care of the airplanes on the flying line. They uncover and give them their daily inspections in the morning and, come flight time, help crank and pre-flight the ships scheduled for that day. They also have charge of servicing gas and oil four times a day. Minor repairs such as changing a bad spark plug or checking mag points, brakes or patch a small tear in the fabric



LINE CREW—Units 3 and 4 (East Mat). Front row (squatting): S. Shields, line chief; Eldon Nagel, assistant line chief. Back row: A. Shepherd; H. Schloh; L. Denning; W. Jonker; J. Findlay; J. Payne; H. Hood; B. Costeles; E. Easley; D. Winters.

CREWS

are done on the line by members of the line crew. At the end of each flying day they spot the ships on tie-down tees—tie them down; cover them up; chock them and oil the props.

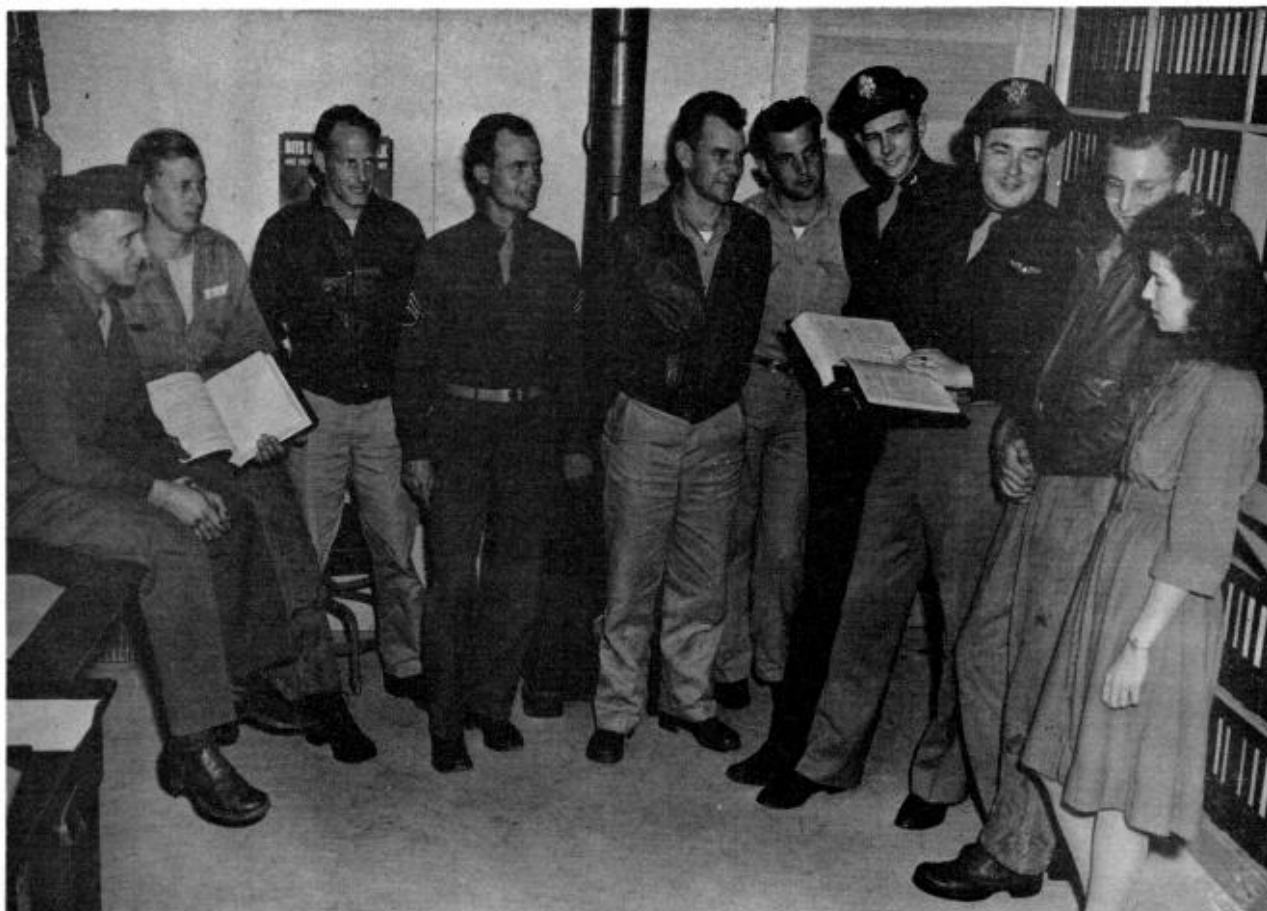
There are four separate crews. One for morning and one for evening on each mat. The East mat crew chiefs are Sandy Shield and Leonard Wilson; the West mat chiefs are Bud Goerlich and Carl Forsstrom.



LINE CREW—Units 1 and 2 (West Mat). Front row (squatting): Howard Hiskey, maintenance supervisor; George Goerlich. Back row (standing): R. Myers; J. Kratzer; R. Minyard; J. Lucas; K. Stubbs; M. Ametjian, assistant line chief; L. Johnson; K. Shackelford; L. Donald; N. Barber; I. Epperson; E. Gluck.



LINE CREW—Units 3 and 4 (East Mat). Front row (squatting): Wilson, line chief; J. Long, assistant line chief; C. Garrison. Back row (standing): R. Turner; R. Holland; H. Perry; M. Rogers; A. Carver; J. Tallbull; J. Norsigian.



THIS smiling group is the personnel of the Army Engineering Office. From left they are M/Sgt. Donald J. Evans; Sgt. M. B. Murphy; R. E. Ball, Civil Service Inspector; S/Sgt. W. R. Taylor; R. A. Neep and A. E. Woolman, Civil Service Inspectors; Lt. J. W. Richmond, Engineering Officer; Lt. Thurman C. Gardner (Engineering Officer at time this picture was taken); Sgt. H. T. Johnson, and Miss Patty McCutchen, secretary.

Army Engineering

It is the responsibility of this department to see that all maintenance operations are conducted as prescribed by the Army Air Corps. The officers attached to this department are in close contact with maintenance operations on the field and they supervise the compliance with such Technical Orders as are out, or are issued.

Working in conjunction with the department are two Civil Service Inspectors: R. E. Ball and A. E. Woolman. It is their duty to inspect each airplane on the post once every 30 days.

Book Crew

Tucked away in one corner of Hangar 2 is a little nook called the "Book Room." There are several lovely young ladies on duty there. There is also a sign on the door which states in a few terse words that unless you have business there you can stay outside.

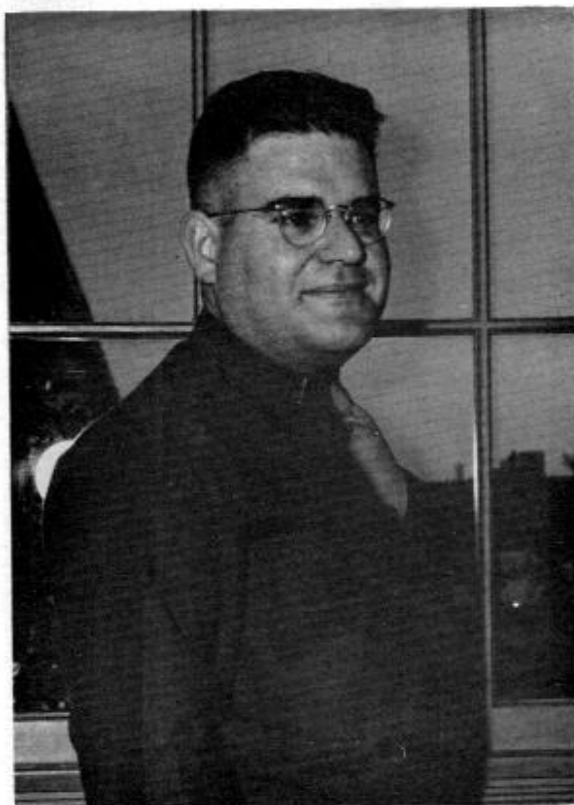
These young ladies are the custodians of the flight and maintenance records. They have to assign the proper ships to the proper flights and keep track of the time. Theirs is an important task—and they are plenty good at it.



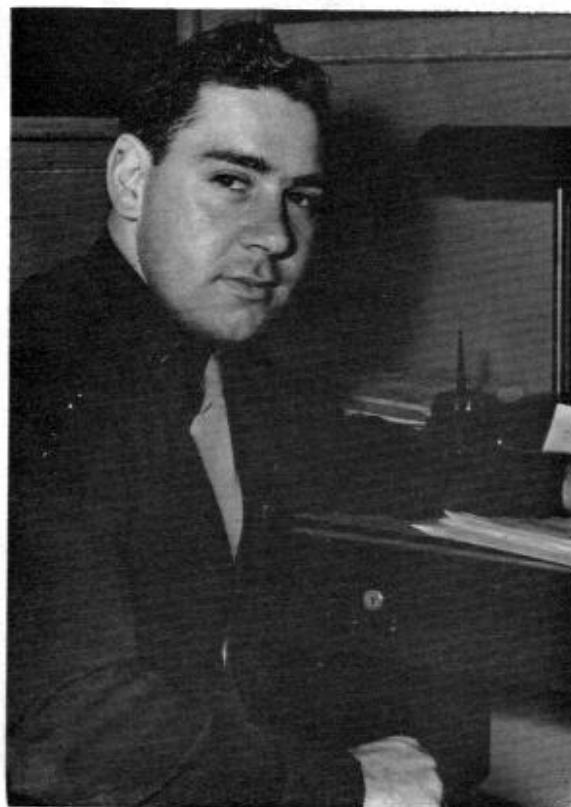
LT. HOWARD A. BENNETT
Adjutant



LT. RONALD K. DAVIS
Intelligence Officer



LT. LEON E. TORREY, JR.
Assistant Adjutant



LT. RAMON H. MASON
Finance Officer



Lt. W. L. Langley



Lt. John Q. Nichols



Lt. W. R. Stansbury



Lt. N. M. Williams

The Tactical Officers

They've got gigs that jingle, jangle, jingle!

Our Chaplain

Chaplain Mullett conducts services at Rankin on Monday and Tuesday of each week, dividing his time between three primary flying fields—Rankin, Dos Palos and Sequoia (Visalia-Dinuba.)



FIRST LT. OWEN L. MULLETT
CHAPLAIN

Check Pilots



Lt. Roy C. Jones, Jr.



Capt. Jack J. Brandon



Lt. John V. Hunter, III



Lt. Harry C. Phillips



Capt. Adrian C. Acebedo



Lt. Thurman C. Gardner



Lt. Thomas A. Bartoszek



Lt. Leonard J. Grantham



Lt. Kenneth C. Avery

Mess Call

By A. J. WESTBROOK, A/C

"Contact—contact, Mess call!" The local Public Address system blares forth with this announcement three times a day. This is the formation that the men really enjoy.

The procedure is well known. A single line is formed from a flight and cries of, "When does the right file eat—the left file always goes first—" Or, vice versa.

Inside the mess hall the "gadgets" file eagerly through, grabbing the "silver" G.I. trays as they pass; then start sweating the line.

The ladies who dish out the food smile and hold up huge spoons full of spinach and beans. Their arms grow weary as they look pleadingly at the men. Finally in a state of exhaustion they drop their wares on some poor unexpected fellow who has been walking along with his head



L. F. DICKESON, MANAGER



in the cockpit. "Ah, caught me that time, huh!" says the Mister as he wakes up as to what's just happened.

The Cadet in front of him accepts an abundant portion of beef and tries to invent a new way to wrangle an extra quart of milk from cute little Dona Plummer, the gal who works at that end of the counter.

They take their seats, upper classmen in the center section of the hall, and the "Dodos" on the sides. At this point some eager "Wingding" bawls out: "OK, Dodo's fill the north end of the hall first!"

If you don't care for milk, a short line is sweated out at the urns of coffee and hot chocolate.

If they were to place all the beans served in the mess hall in a single week, in a single file, it seems that there would be enough to encircle the globe three times! (more or less—no one's ever stopped to count them.)

"You know," says one cadet, "this hot chocolate tastes just like tea!"

Says another, "That's a fine thing to say about their coffee!"

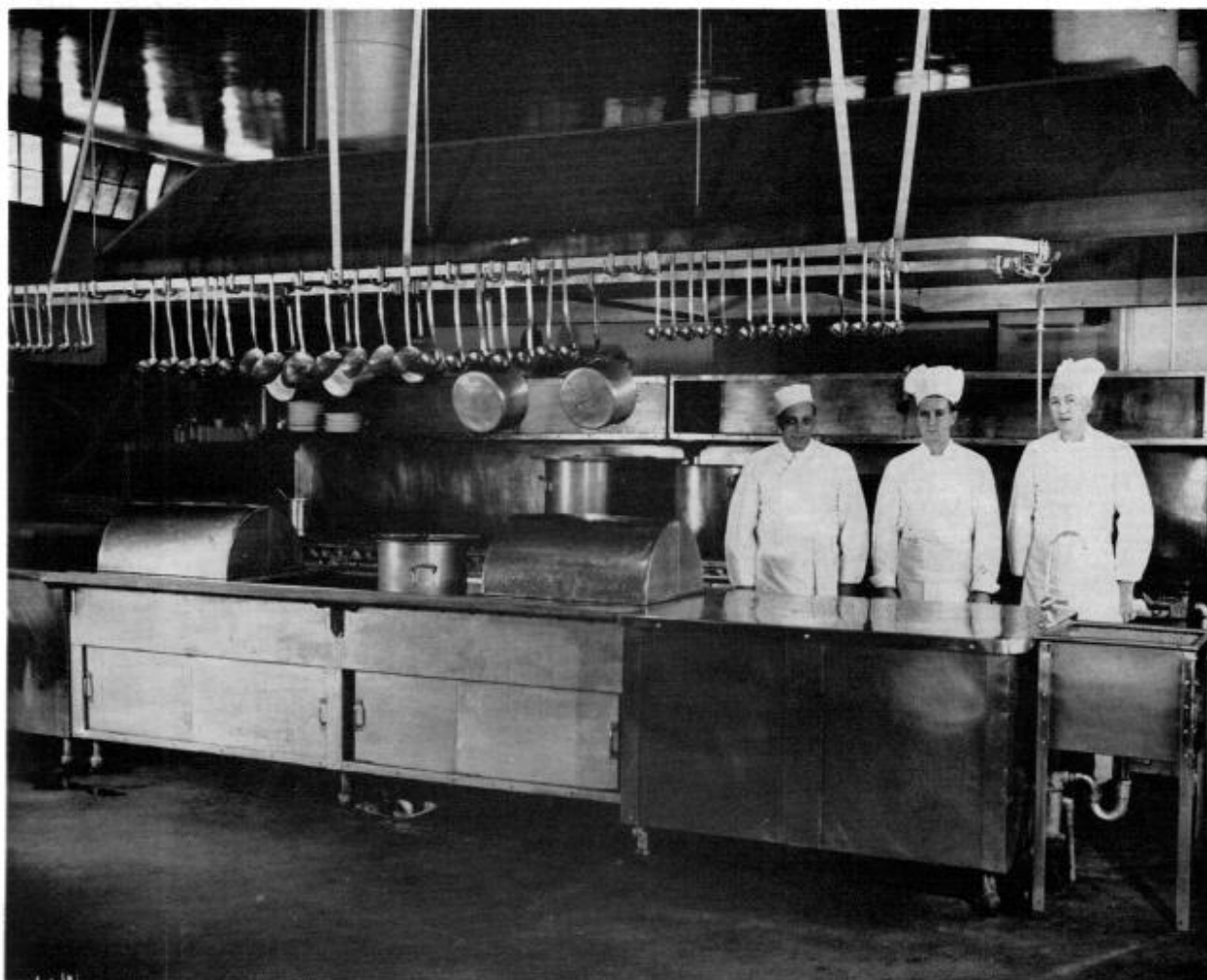
"Gad—we have to fall out in ten minutes for school call!"

"Aw, don't worry about it—the other guys will clean the room, take a break and have another cup of milk."

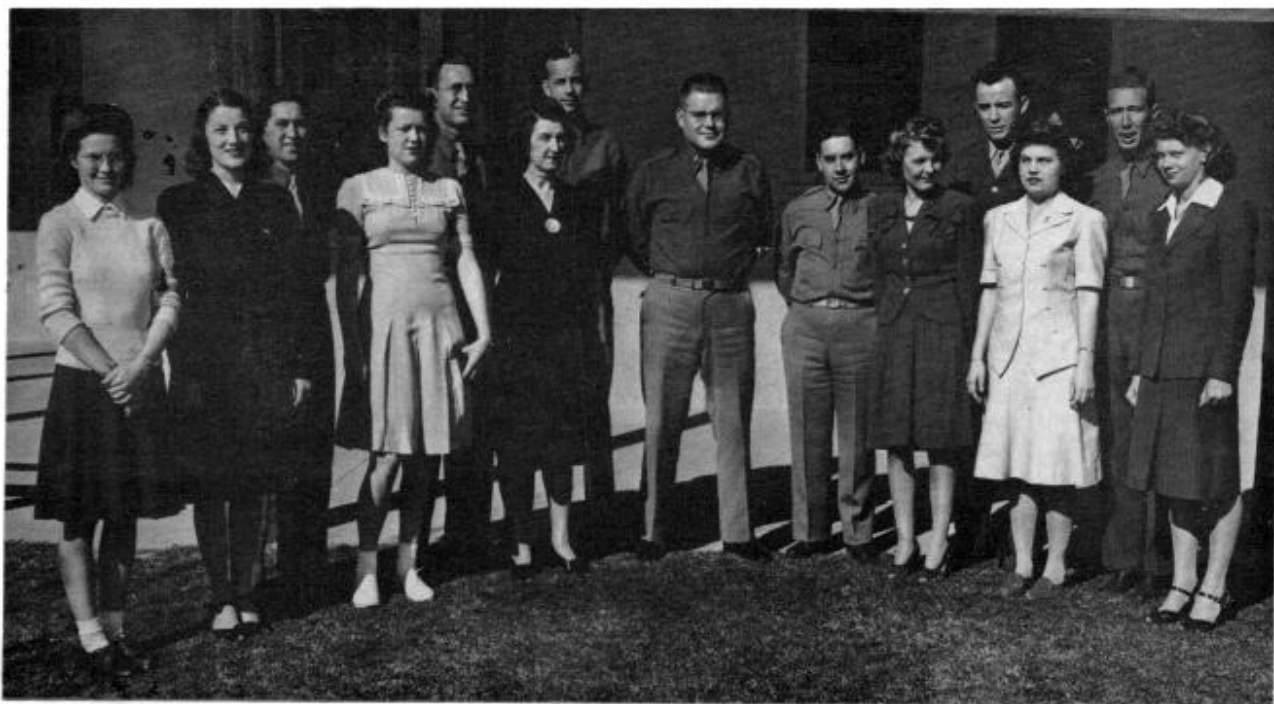
As they finish, another squadron starts filing in. This mess call is a never ending parade it seems.

L. F. Dickeson is the manager of the Rankin Mess, and does a swell job. He keeps the food rolling onto our shiny trays day in and day out, three times a day.

There is only one thing to be accomplished regarding the mess, lets have someone hide Mr. Dickeson's fishing cane on Thursdays.



View of the modern Rankin kitchen. Shown in photo are (from left): Jack Skouls, cook; Glenn James, first cook, P. M.; Wiley Gage, chef.



ARMY OPERATIONS OFFICE—(l to r): Anna Marie Jensen; Pat Hulse; Sgt. P. Goodman; Maxine Murdock; Cpt. R. Gay; Edna Smith; Sgt. L. H. Dreisbach; Lt. Leon E. Torrey, Jr., Asst. Adjutant; Lt. Ramon H. Mason, Finance Officer; Mary Sekler; Sgt. E. W. Kollender; Evelyn Hobbs; Cpl. H. N. Noble and Helen Akard.



TACTICAL OFFICE ENLISTED AND CIVILIAN PERSONNEL — (from left): Sgt. E. L. Kiker; Lucille Moore; Myrtle Jaynes; Sgt. A. D. McConnell.



FLIGHT OFFICE—(Front row): Eleanor Nelson; Margaret Busick; Marie Rose; Anna Belle Brown, Flight Office Manager; Bettye Rose Chambers, secretary to Mr. Africa. (Back row): Christine Andreas; Helen Halverson; Helen Clark; Mildred Anderson.



RANKIN ADMINISTRATION OFFICE—(l to r): Ruth Jeans; Office Manager Hugh Burton; Cleota Derry Frank Paris; Wilburta Whaley, secretary to Mr. Norswing; Robert S. Norswing, Vice President and General Manager; Dorcas Willhide; Robert Purtle; Frances Roth and R. E. "Gene" Smith.

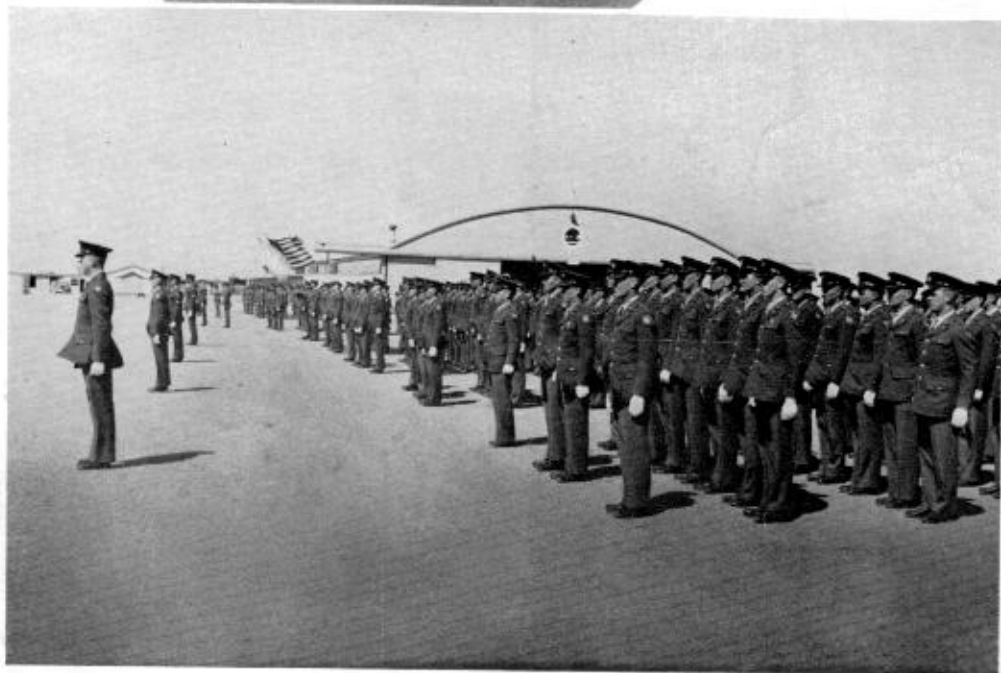
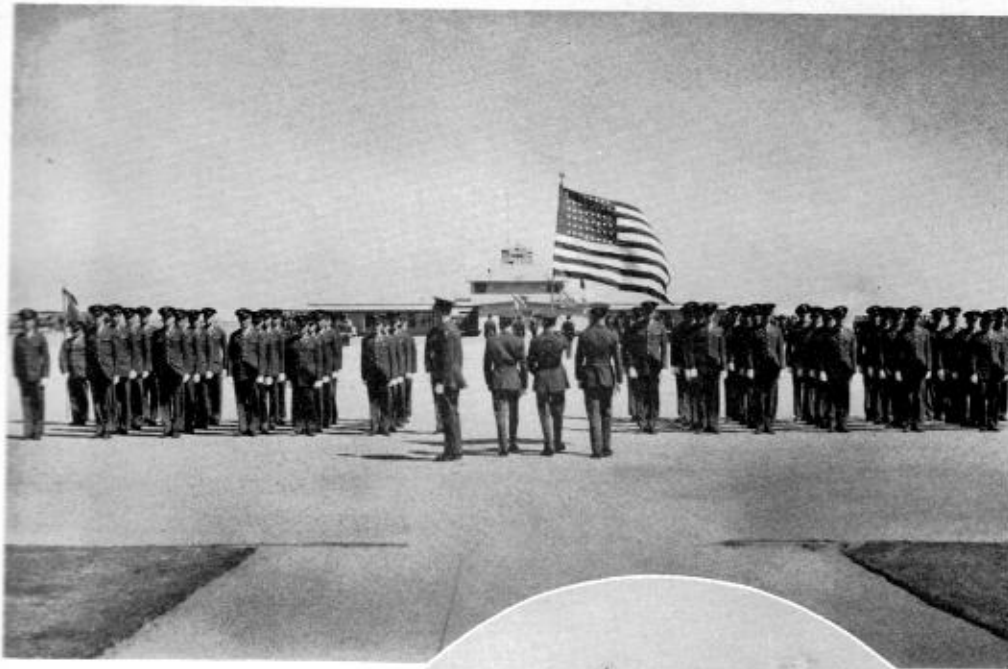
44-H Leaves for Basic!

. . . And now as our alma mater, good old Rankin, goes into its fourth year of turning out woe-on-wings for the Axis, Class 44-H bids it a very fond adieu and leaves for Basic.

Though we go to achieve higher goals in the world of flying, we shall never forget these past weeks at Rankin. The sincere hope of each and every one of us is that our future achievements will make you proud that we were Rankin-trained.



Review



Rank'n'File

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



Rankin General James H. ...
1942



Best of Luck--42-B

Rank'n'File

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



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by Three Pointers



to Class 43C

43-D Talk

Class 43-B



Number 4 2

1942

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Echoes of 43-K!



Rank'n'File

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

ing High....



Rank'n'File

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

44-C Zooms On

