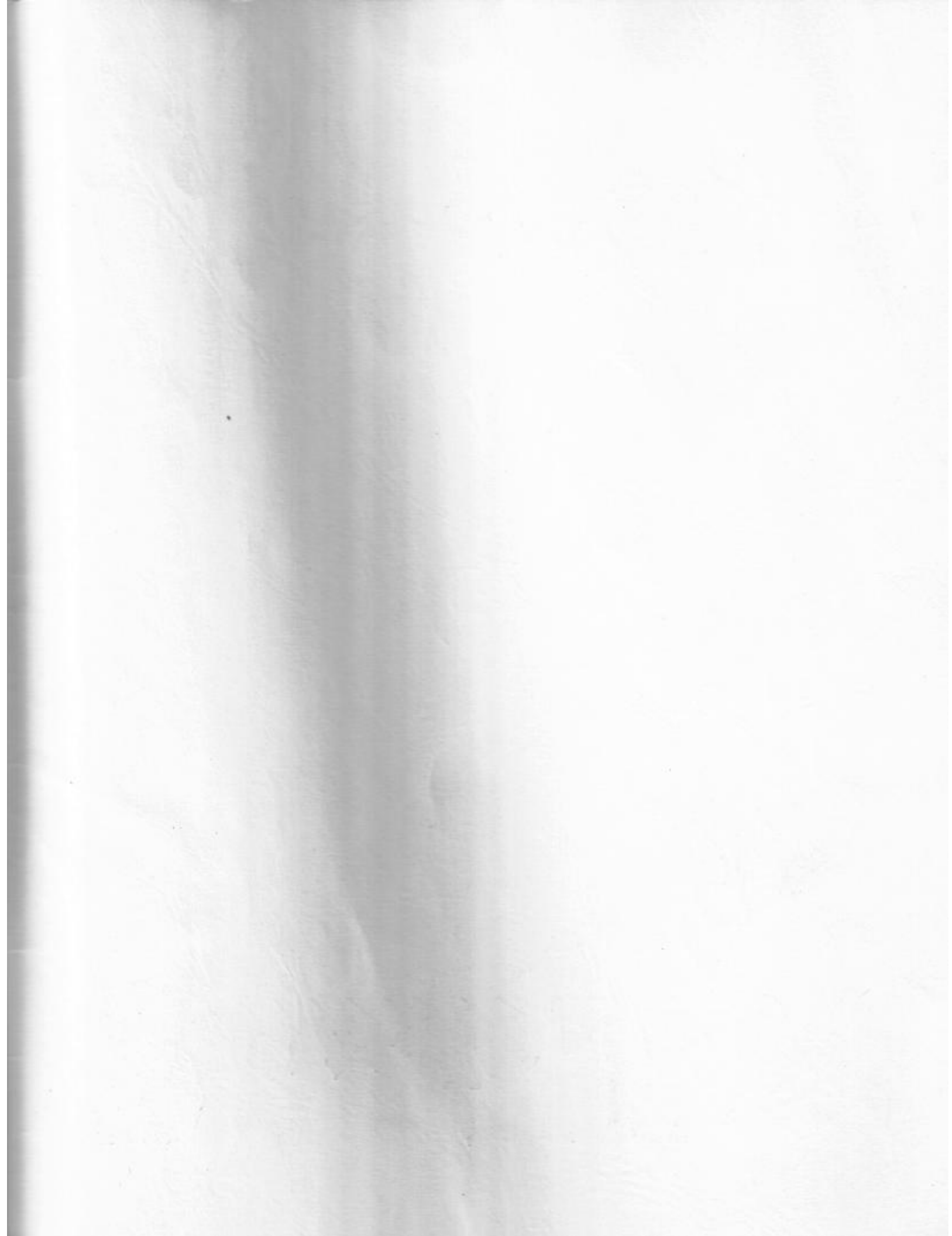


TULARE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rank'n'File



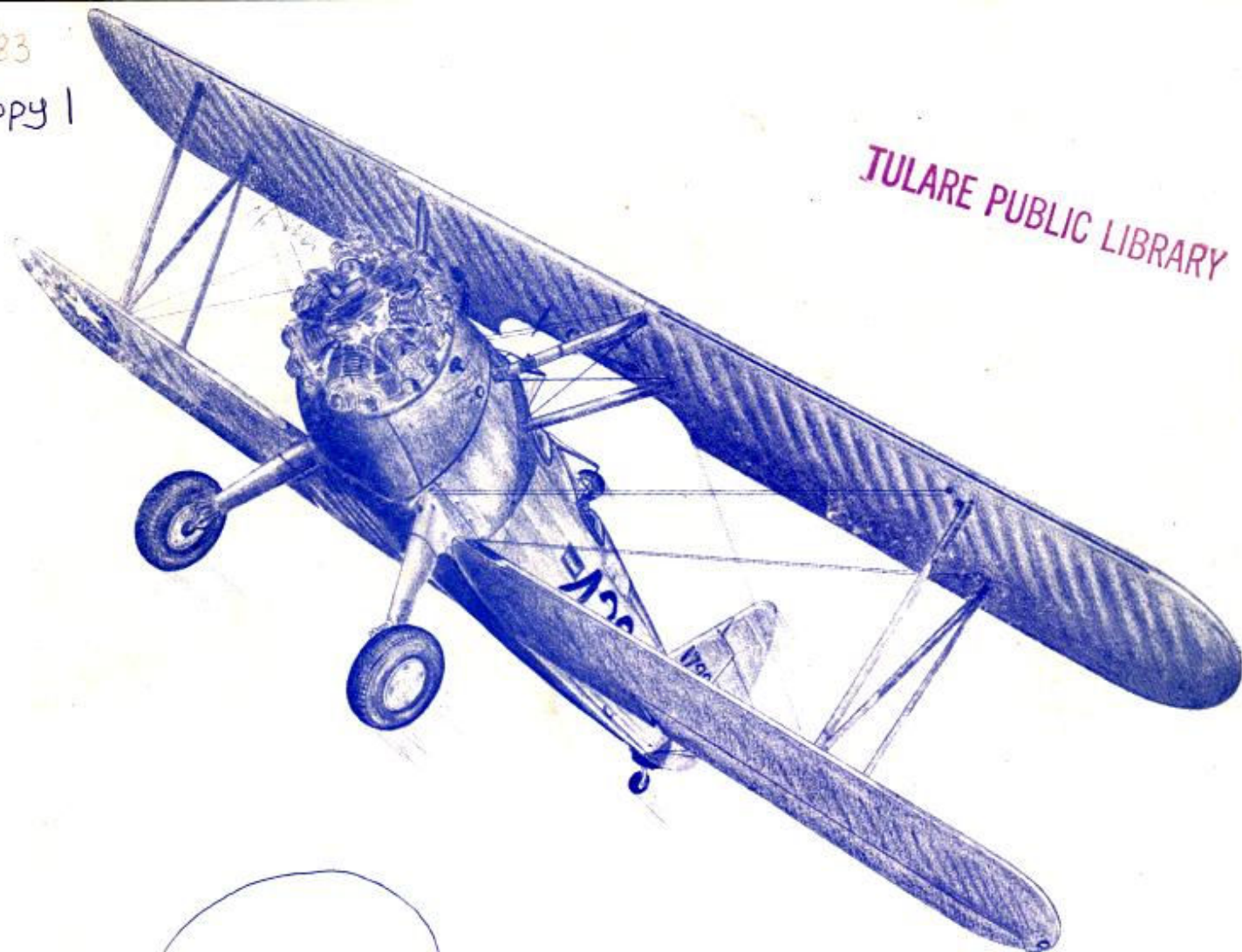
Class of 44-J



7/83

Copy 1

TULARE PUBLIC LIBRARY



Our Dedication

Our success whether as a class or as individuals here at Rankin can be attributed to no single group or person. Each of us has been abetted and guided through this academy by a host of people. Our class is fully conscious of every benefactory deed that has affected us in our training through Primary, no matter how questionable was our ostentatiousness. We as individuals are proud of our class, and with that thought in mind, we wish to extend our heartiest and most sincere thanks to all of you, who have so vividly portrayed to us the exemplary spirit of this country, which abstractly stands as the cornerstone of our "Men of Arms."

Calif. Collection - VF

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

Bishop
44

The Deadline Boys



Literary Staff, from Left: Leonard, L. W.; Rumsey, R. J.; Corliss, F. X.; Wall, D. E.



Cartoonist Staff, Left: Ramm, H. F.; Lemley, D. L.; Freeland, W. R.; Bishop, J. B.

My sincerest thanks to all you fellows who literally knocked yourselves out (as well as me) in producing the best yet of Ye Olde Rank'n File—I know you'll never forget the experience, and I'll venture to say that you won't volunteer for this work again.—D. B. H.



Rankin'File

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



Editor and Staff Cartoonist.....WALT BOHRER
Associate Editor.....CARL FORSSTROM
Staff Picture Snapper.....CLAUDE E. HOWELL

CADET STAFF

Editor A/C Donald B. Hyatt
Cartoonist Staff A/Cs H. F. Ramm; D. I. Lemley; W. R. Free-
land; J. B. Bishop.
Literary Staff A/Cs L. W. Leonard; F. X. Corliss; R. J. Rum-
sey; D. E. Wall.



MILITARY PERSONNEL

Major Craig P. Bade.....Commanding Officer,
Director of Training
Capt. Adrian C. Acebedo.....Air Inspector
Capt. Jack J. Brandon.....Director of Flying
Capt. Leland B. Blanchard.....Post Surgeon
Capt. John V. Freestone.....Medical Officer
Capt. Thurman C. Gardner, Jr.....
Asst. Air Inspector, Training
Lieut. Howard A. Bennett.....Adjutant
Lieut. Ronald K. Davis.....Intelligence Officer
Lieut. Roy L. Jones, Jr.....Operations Officer
Lieut. William T. McArthur.....Training Officer
Lieut. John Q. Nichols.....Commandant of Students
Lieut. Harry C. Phillips.....Deputy Director of Flying

Lieut. Kenneth C. Avery.....Link Trainer Officer
Lieut. Thomas A. Bartoszek.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Leonard J. Grantham.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. Robert L. Grimm.....Supply Officer
Lieut. John V. Hunter III.....Flying Supervisor
Lieut. William L. Langley.....Training Officer
Lieut. Ramon H. Mason.....Finance Officer
Lieut. Walter C. Stansbury.....Training Officer
Lieut. Leon E. Torrey, Jr.....Personnel Officer
Lieut. Robert M. Williams.....Training Officer
Lieut. John W. Richmond.....Engineering Officer
Lieut. Eugene O. Wineinger.....Physical Training Officer

CIVILIAN EXECUTIVE PERSONNEL

J. G. "Tex" Rankin.....Director of Operations
Robt. S. Norswing.....General Manager
John T. Africa.....Co-ordinator of Training
Herbert W. Smith.....Director, Academic Training

Chester Chenoweth.....Wing Commander
Lou Chalker.....Chief of Maintenance
George Kurtz.....Airport Superintendent
Hugh Burton.....Office Manager

Cadet Officers of 44-J

Wing Commander
SORNSEN, R. Q.



Wing Executive Officer
FRANCIS, S. V.



Wing Adjutant
CUMBERLEDGE, R. S.



Wing Supply Officer
WOTIPKA, F. J.



Group I Commander
DUKE, L. B.



Group II Commander
STEPHENS, E. E.



Group I Adjutant
LEE, E. O.



Group II Adjutant
TRIMBLE, J. W. JR.



Commanding---

MAJOR CRAIG P. BADE



Chaplain
LT. OWEN L. MULLET



Commandant of Cadets
CAPT. HORACE E. TILDEN



Concerning Us

EDITOR'S EDITORIAL by A/C DONALD B. HYATT



Herman Melville's quotation, "To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme for no great and enduring novel can be written on the flea," may well serve verbatim as our guiding beam and infinitesimal goal to the character that is demanded of us by the United States Army Air Force, that is expected of us in our normal civilian lives, and that we owe to ourselves as well as our associations. Character as a name may seemingly be of little consequence to the average individual in peace time, let alone in time of national emulation. Face the facts of this present crisis though, and individual character has stamped itself on the path to ultimate obliteration of the present evil forces acting upon the very course of our existence, which is repletely dependent on liberty and justice.

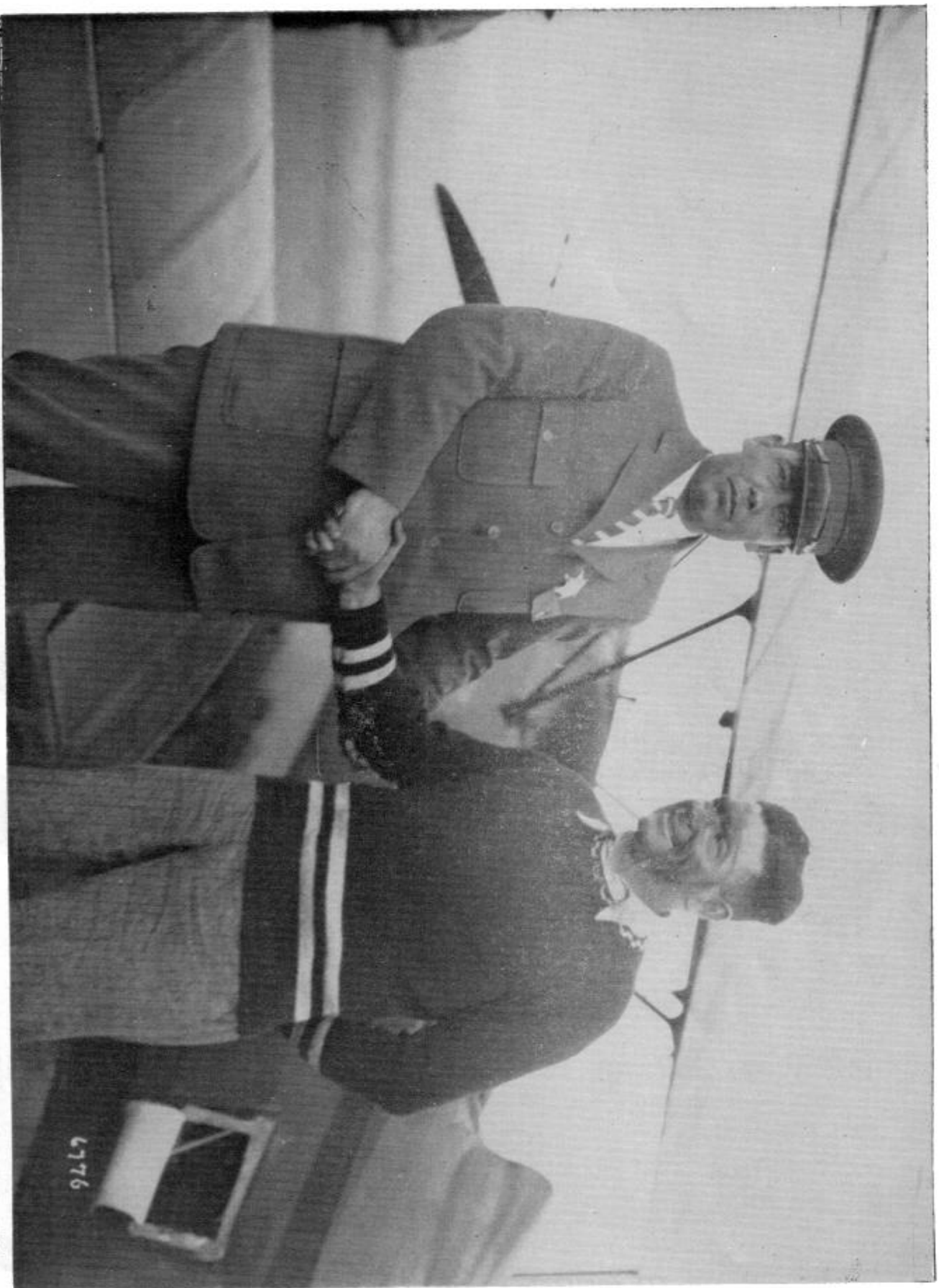
Character alone has successfully borne the brunt of Hitler's and Tojo's opprobrious screaming red tokens of war—red as the blood of murdered patriots; red as the guttered liquid life of the young and old of Holland, Greece, Belgium, and the numerous other ravaged homelands. Character is simply man himself; men fight and win battles—or lose them—dependent on the lack of degree of the pusillanimity of these very men. We are preparing ourselves to win these battles, and the peace; we are well aware of this fact and could not forget it if we so desired, BUT just how dominate in our minds is the basis of our principles for which we are fighting? Too often, we as humans are much too concerned with the small and daily contrivances that the appreciably of minute importance. Many people have not as yet resigned themselves to devotedness in defending our prevailing principals of democracy. Instead, they have dedicated their character to themselves from which they, as self-centered individuals can personally benefit—maybe not whole-heartily, or even consciously, but nevertheless, it is their character. The fact that we are in the service of our country does not exempt us from this attitude of indifference. We should strive for complete self-reservation to our ultimate goal; we should strive to overcome any blandishment that we may have witnessed of those who have gone before us and reached the immediate goal. In battle, the smallest and most insignificant traits become the most domineering. The process of mentally preparing oneself for combat is no more than evoking a strong character; oddly enough this transaction parallels that of an individual's effort to better himself within a community through closer social harmonization.

No matter how long or how short our lives, we shall never forget this, our primary training; we shall never forget the men who patiently imparted to us an everlasting skill, and let us remember that this academy through its flying training has illuminated to many blissful eyes the ever present importance of a fighting man's CHARACTER.

Honor Council



From Lower Left: Nash, J. S.; Williams, D. R.; Sornson, R. D.; Swift, M. E.; Sherman, J. F.
 From Middle Left: Hay, D. E.; Bush, K. A.; Ligon, G. W.; Cooper, H. M.; Hunter, C. G.;
 Lemley, D. I.
 From Upper Left: Hart, R. V.; Wotipka, F. J.; Buschman, L. J.; Owen, C. T.; Blankenship, J. F.



"Tex" Rankin, Director of Operations, Rankin Aeronautical Academy, shown being greeted by the Chief of Police of Agua Caliente, Mexico, after completing the first non-stop, non-refueling flight from Canada to Mexico, August 12, 1929. Using a Great Lakes plane, powered with a 90-h.p. engine, Tex made the flight from Vancouver, B. C., in 13 hours, 7 minutes.



*Egor Beavor,
The Russian Cadet*

My Day at Rankin

or

HOW TO EARN \$2.50 THE
HARD WAY

By BUS HYATT

Illustrated by FREELAND



*Blue Looie,
The Brooklyn Kid*

Revielle

or

BACK THE ATTACK
IN YOUR SACK



"I Forgot My Pants"



*Blue Looie Enjoys
Breakfast*

I, Egor Beavor, The Russian Cadet, and my roomie, Blue Looie, the original "Brooklyn Sack Time Kid" are nearing the final stages of slumber, when I notice that there is only an hour before Revielle. This is disastrous to I, Egor Beavor, for there are many several things to be done. I quickly assemble myself and race out to the flag pole. I notice one hour later that this is one hour too soon as the O. D. comes by to gig me for sleeping at half mast. Instan-

Out of the Sack—

taneously, I pop to a fourth wing brace. The Flight Sergeant laughs. The Flight Lieutenant gasps. The Squadron Captain faints. The O. D. gigs me—NO PANTS. I race back to the room and leap into my pants which are standing at a perpetual position of attention (This is because I wear only one pair and save the other three for inspection). Again I propell myself forth at a better than average speed in order to meet chow call. Too late. The O. D. punches my T. S. card with the new Holly Shaped Xmas Punch and allows me to be the recipient of one free Training Tour. As I appear on the threshold of my little room, I begin to wish that I were back in Russia where the Germans are the only thing we have to worry about, for there in his sack is Blue Looie, peaceful and gigless. I then proceed to beat my head on the cement wall.





CAPT. L. B. BLANCHARD

Sick Call

or

EAGOR BEAVOR; HE EVEN
CRAMS FOR HEALTH
EXAMS



CAPT. J. B. FREESTONE

The doctor says, "Glad to see you this morning E. B. That last blood test of yours came out negative—NO BLOOD." I raise my arms in disgust, but before I can bring them down again a grinning PFC has jumped to his post and is furiously pumping blood with a huge vacuum tube from my limp limb. I turn to object, but I am stabbed in the back—of the other arm into which a forlorn PVT. is desperately pumping anti-toxin. What a combination. However, the doctor consoles me by saying that it is just a personal race to the finish. Personally, I can see whose finish it will be, and I plead with the doctor that it is a vicious cycle of events that leads to permanent detonation of the heart—my heart. I am not bothered long as the privates soon collapse from exhaustion. I then explain further to the doctor that while I was on Open Post I slept in someone's backyard and forgot to close the gate. Naturally, I caught cold. "Just a moment E. B., and I'll fix you up,"—he says. A moment later I hear my name called in another room. I race around the corner and stop short—too late. "Have a chair," the dentist says as he straps me in. Suddenly I recognize the dentist as the O.D. of this morning. I cry for mercy, but the dentist thought I said "nursie" and is insulted. At this particular time I deemed it advisable to leave my teeth on the table and call for them at a later date. However, the dentist beat me to it—



*"Blue Looie Back
From An Exciting
Ride"*

Something's Wrong, Somewhere!



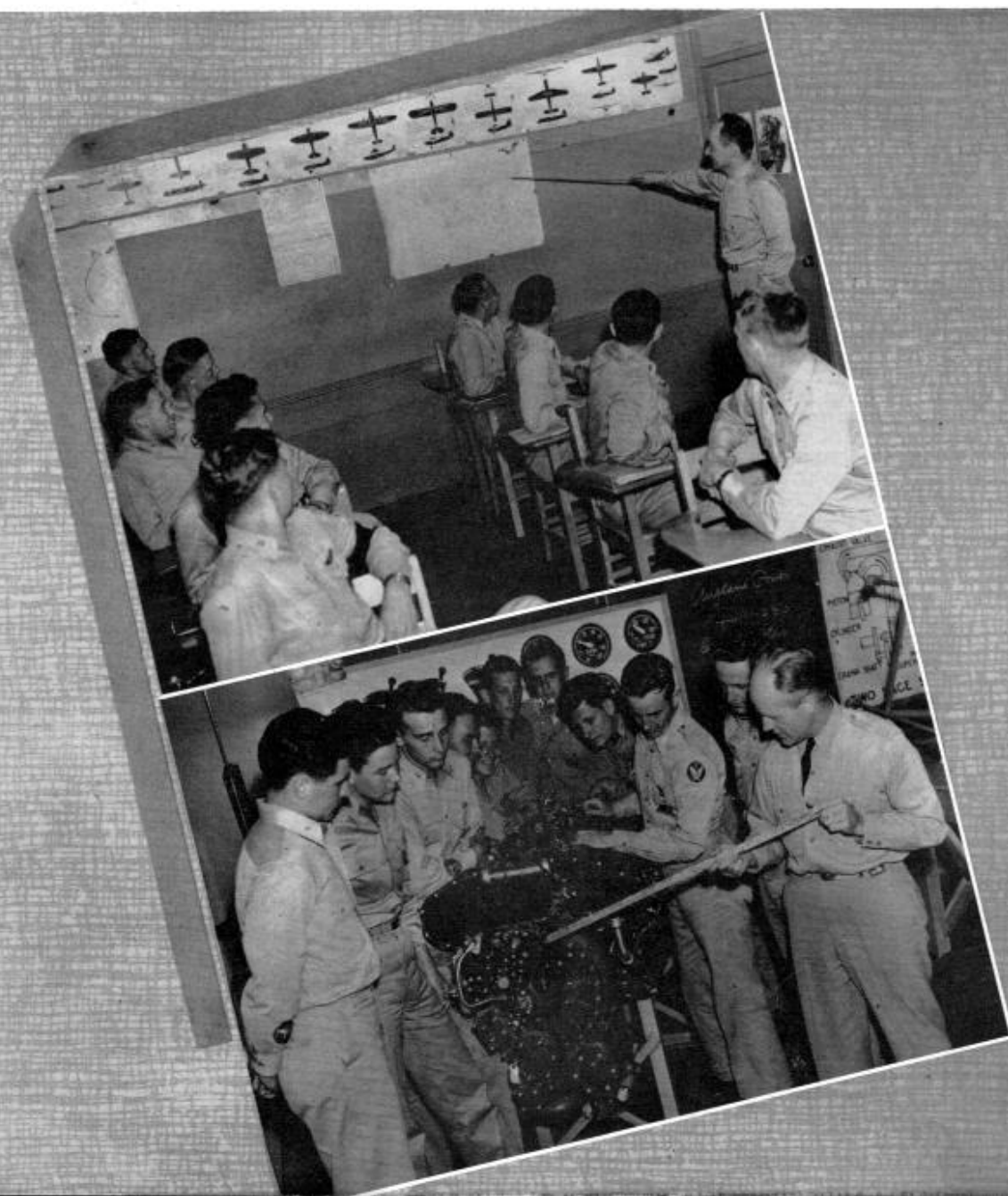


*Eagor Beavor Improves
His Mind*

The Hour of Charm



*Blue Looie Improves
His Health*





M. MAXWELL
"I Apologize for That Navigation Test"



S. H. MANRO



H. E. GOODENOW



R. E. TONKIN

They Showed us the Light



MAJOR (Ret.) H. W. SMITH
Director, Academic Department

CONCERNING THE ALTIMETER

I, Eagor Beavor, say, "Blue Looie, there's no reason on earth why you should not understand the simple operation and construction of the altimeter. My instructor says that it is essentially a fine instrument with the exception of a few misleading conceptions of exceptions. That is to say—when you are flying higher than you think you are, it is because you are lower than you think you are; therefore, your altimeter is reading higher than it should be, even though you think you are high. Now I'll give you an elementary explanation that is so basic than any fool can see it, (I can see it). When riding in cold weather, the altimeter will deliberately and virtually try to screw you up, as you will be flying as high as you are—you think—BUT in all actuality you will be as low as you think you are high—which is plenty high—I mean low. This might develop into a bum reading if you did not remember THAT when flying in hot weather it is best to fly low as you will be higher than you want to be as the altimeter is becoming disgusted and confused with itself and is BEGINNING to give dishonorable figures—far from accurate, but two may play this game if you will just remember to compensate for the fact that in summer you will be high when you think you are low as the altimeter is now reading lower than you are high. Now in checking the altimeter merely land your plane in an open field (you may land in a closed field and end all this if you wish). If when you think you are on the ground the altimeter attempts to read 280 feet you know it is a damn liar and you tell it so straight to its face. If you still trust the altimeter you will not dare get out of your plane without pulling the rip cord, for remember, you still have 280 feet to go. For safety's sake then, it is best to always emerge from the cockpit headfirst and dive towards the ground—just in case. In conclusion, my advice to you, Blue Looie, is to let all hell break loose in the cockpit and hope that in the bedlam the altimeter may be dealt a defeating blow and smashed into a million atomic pieces."



W. E. CUNNINGHAM
"I Dare Say You Haven't Read the Assignment"



J. D. MORRISON

"It All Comes To Me Now"





Stand By, Ready for Action—



*Eagor Does Himself
Justice*

The Corn is Green

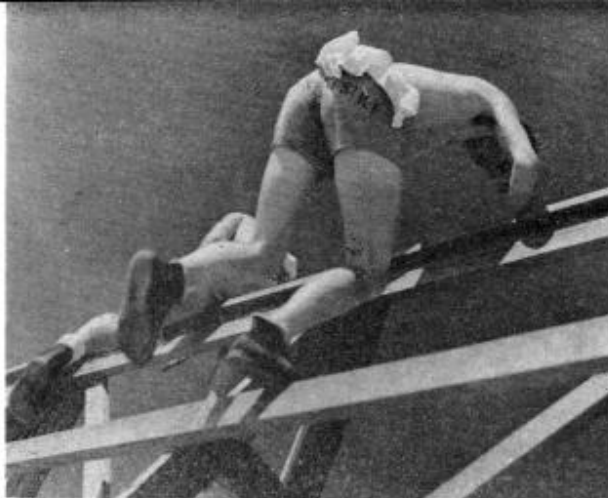
I, Eagor Beavor, the Russian Cadet makes a bee line for the P. T. field. This is indeed a wonderful period. Why even before starting P. T. back in Basic Training the sgt. says to me, "E. B., this Physical Torture program will do untold things for you; why in no time at all you'll be able to lick anyone hands down." (The only trouble is that no one will keep their hands

down). Truthfully though, P. T. has me drinking my cokes straight. When I smuggled my way into 1A the doctor says, "E. B., you are the most perfect human wreck I have ever seen. Congratulations! Even your shoulders look like you've slept in a hammock all your life." He then hung a sign on me—The Flying Corpse. You ought to see my build now—just like a milk bottle

—a big bottom. There's nothing wrong with the obstacle course though, except those ravens that hover above and sing, "Go Back, Jack, You'll Never Make It" should go back to Edgar Allen Poe. Probably the one reason why I like P. T. is because what civilian home gets steak three times a day? As for that matter we don't either but it's a nice thought—for P. T.



*Blue Looie Really Puts
Out—His Fingers*



This fellow is all up in the air over something and it's a long way to the ground—



This is how we look before it all starts—

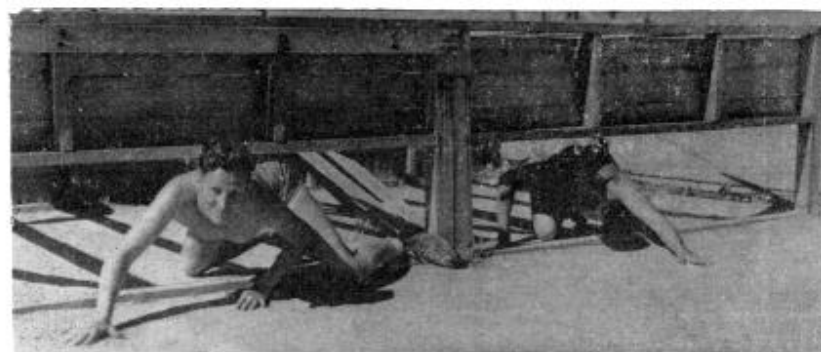


Exemplatory of the Cadet's spirit, keeping your "chinup"—

Barracks bound with light hearts and heavy feet—the course is finished and so are we—



It's off to the obstacle course (Hell's Last Mile)—and over the top—too late to stop now—



Coming through the—tunnel—

Misters! You use your feet to climb a ladder—





S/Sgt. J. O. WIBORG

I, Eagor Beavor, am very sentimental about mail call. Blue Looie too, is sentimental about hearing from his "Semper Fidelis" in Flatbush, N. Y. I guess we are all fools (that is, sentimentally) when it comes to hearing from the folks back home who are the real backbone of our fighting forces. We, Blue Looie and Eagor Beavor, would be indeed joyful upon hearing from any sentimental fans.



Blue Looie Enjoys Goodies From Home,
as He Invites Chums in for a Snack—



Eagor Gets Eager



Blue Looie Gets Eager to Solo—



Blue Looie Completes His First Successful Mission—Around the Traffic Pattern

We Fly

or

WING A TIP A DAY

"Nice going," my instructor says as I finish cranking the plane. "I only wish you could fly as well." Well now, imagine that; my instructor telling I, Eagor Beavor, the Russian Cadet, that I do not even literally approach the lukewarm qualities of a potential H. P. I then make up my mind that I will be ever so aggressive and eager on my next trip. While waiting for the return of my instructor, I remember when the war first started, and how I was bubbling over with patriotism, and how I fought and fought—but I had to go anyway—they drafted me—

Finally, my instructor arrives, and I race to climb in the ship. "Gas on—switch off—throttle set—Hubba, Hubba, let's go—controls free—fletner o. k.—wings level and true—what are we waiting for? Safety belt fastened—oil pressure and temperature o. k. Hubba, Hubba, let's fly this piece of equipment—altimeter set at 280—Form 1 o. k.—left and right magnetos checked—gas gauge o. k.—"

I can't wait much longer, I think as I jump up and down in the seat. "O K", my instructor yawns, "Go out and show me what you know, and be aggressive." I pick the first crossroad and start to whip off a few crossroad eights. Oddly enough, my instructor says nothing, and my natural reaction to this is that I'm boring him to tears, so why not be a little more aggressive? Snap rolls at 800 feet? Mmmmmmmmm NO—but on the other hand I couldn't get into much trouble with my alert instructor. Boy! this is fun, but I'll bet that last acorn tree even scared my instructor. No sense in hugging the ground, though, so I'll just stall up to a 1000 feet. Now to show that guy in the front seat just what real aggressiveness is (Hubba, Hubba), I'll just work over a few snappy acrobatics that I haven't had a chance to practice as yet. It'll make it more interesting at a 1000 feet and will keep my instructor strictly on the ball. How in the hell do you get out of this Immelman? No sense in just hanging here on my side for minutes on end and especially when the ground is beginning to get nosey and interfere. I heard that these planes can fly better by themselves. I'll just let it take over as I'm not getting anywhere (that is, in the right direction) in this inverted spin. Wheeeeeeee—lookit those cows run—and the farmer too! My instructor certainly has a lot of confidence in me, as even I, Eagor Beavor, could visualize Satan saying, "I hear you knockin', but you can't come in." No interference on those controls at all. Well, times up—better take her in. What a beautiful three point landing—one tire and two "you know what." I quickly park the plane and jump up to my instructor for a serious series of compliments. However, I fall off the wing from shock. There were no compliments!

As they carry me away, I begin to wonder just how hot a pilot you've got to be before you sizzle—



Blue Looie Finally Gets the "Feel" of the Stearman

"Being Pre-Flighted"







Eagor Gets Eager

Lost Horizon!



*Blue Looie Does Some
Real Blind Flying*

I, Eagor Beavor, am standing at a modified position of attention with my bare face protruding from my collar and my ruby lips a flapping in the breeze when the Link sergeant comes up to me and beckons me into his flying darkroom. At least, he called the trainer a flying darkroom, but I guess he didn't know that I wasn't going to develop much. He told me to keep the artificial

horizon lined up with the miniature plane. That I did, but I had to turn that little knob pretty darn fast at times to keep up with the ever trans-mogrifications of my bewildering Link.

Blue Looie fell asleep during the first part of his level flight period and got an AA for the lesson. I was too eager and got BA. I tell you those Links are really educated.

Looks Like Someone's Literally "Off the Beam"





*What is so Rare as a Day in June and a Drink
on The House in a Scotch Saloon?*



*Blue Looie Working
Up Ambition*

Dis is everybody's pal, Blue Looie talkin'. Dey call me da Sack Time Kid on account of because I like da sack so much, but dat is just durin da week for on da weekends I become very eager as is my roommate, Eagor. On da weekends I am filled wid joyous thoughts and ambition, and also at dis time, me cup runneth over (in more ways dan one). So it is dis very weekend dat I am talkin about now here on dis page, dat I arrive in da metropolis of Tulare. Now da foist ting dat meets me eye is a very nice blonde dame, who keeps flirtin wid me as I chase her around da block. However, me P. T. at Rankin come in handy and on da seventh lap she collapses on da side walk. I give her a Rankin salt pill, so she soon rivives at which time I condescend to invite her to da ice cream booth for a "Tete A Tete"—At dis particular time, I notice what passionate eyes she has. Dey keep staring at each other. Suddenly I feel bold, and I ask her where she is from. "Warm Mattress, Arkansas", she says. "Just a little above Hot Springs." She den trys to make a hit wid me by saying dat she has been asked to get married several times—always by her fadder and mudder. However, it is gettin late. In fact, it is so dark outside dat da Scotchmen are runnin around da streets developin film. So I politely tell her dat I must leave as I have just had a rush call from da field to go back and change da wind sock.

Dis is indeed a very crafty move as I am soon lookin for a favorable spot at not more than 50 cents per pite at which I can log sack time. Many hours pass, but I finally stay at La Lavitoire, La Lavitoire (dat's French for Latrine). Whadda swell place. Only 25 or 50 cents. (For fifty cents you get a bed). As I enter da hotel, everyone gets on

The Cry of Open Post: Hubba, Hubba! *Saturday Night*



Eat'n Up At Mother's Day Picnic in Mooney's Grove

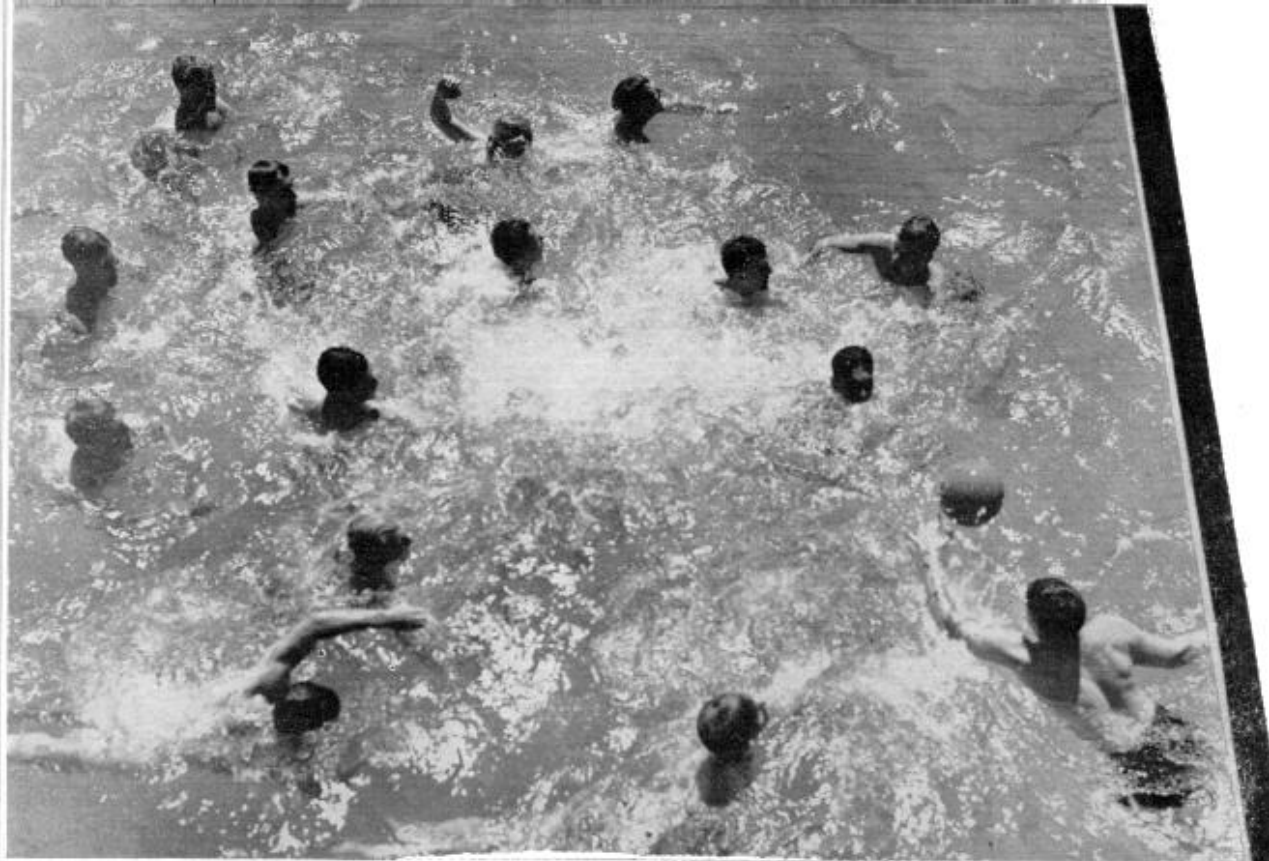


Whoooooo-are-youoooo?

dere hands and knees. Whadda tribute; whadda spectical—whadda crap game! Finally I persuade da manager to give me some service. While I am figurin out how I can sign da registrar so dat no one will ever know dat I stopped at dis place, I notice somethin crawlin on da page. "What's dat? What's dat?," I ask the manager, as I am now becomin very excited. "What's the matter," he says; haven't you ever seen a bedbug before?" "Ciotainly," I say, "but dat's da foist time I ever seen one come down and look up your room number in advance." At is, the manager becomes excessively angry wid da bedbug and throws him outside. Den he shows me to da room. Whadda room. Everytime I close da door, da doorknob gets in bed wid me. It does have a nice view though—overlookin da waste-paper basket. On a clear day wid no wind you can almost see da dresser—it's an original Mahatma Gandhi (Two legs and no drawers). I

should not complain as dere was indirect lightin—you can pull your chair up to where da window used to be and read by da light of da neon sign across da street. When I try to get some sleep, I can't, as da moths are talkin too loud in da closet. I don't know what dey are sayin—just chewin da rag, I suppose—.

On Sunday, I am very religious; the Lord decreed dat dis day be a day of rest,—so I remain in da sack. However, before long, it is time to go back to da academy, so I grab myself a sandwich and jump on da bus. It is really as crowded as da Brooklyn Local on Bargain Day at Woolworth's, and it is not long before I notice dat someone is chewin on da otter end of me sandwich. We stop every five minutes to change da air so it is really not so bad, but as I arrive at da academy, I feel just like da fire-fly dat backed into da electric fan—de-lighted—no end.



Free Time

Remember Those Saturday Morning Water Polo Games?

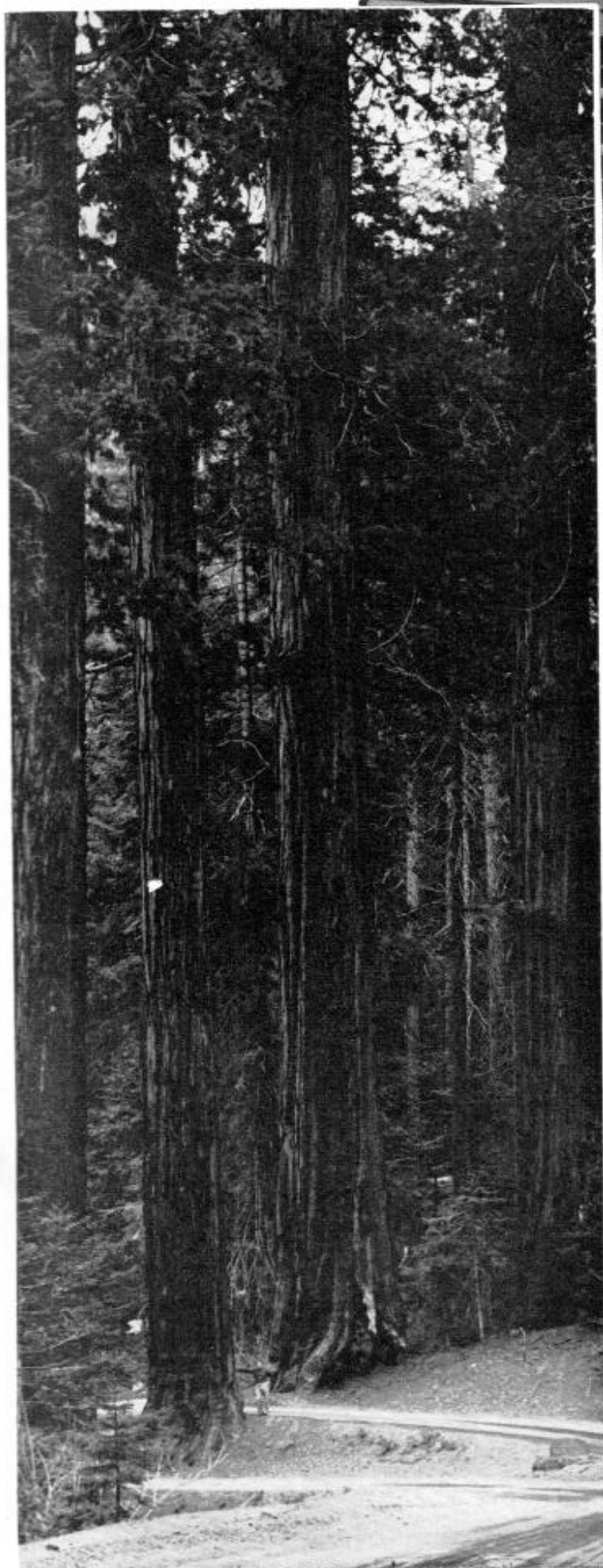
Off It Comes



Behind That Philosophical 8 Ball

The "Chocolate Malted Boys" and Their Favorite "Dishes"





Top: Cadets enjoy Sunday on U. S. O. porch.
 Center: When a guy gets hungry, he'll do anything.
 Bottom: Mrs. John Callister proudly displays her
 50,000th U. S. O. donut! Big'n', huh?
 Right: Week-end paradise! Nearby Sequoia.



"How YA GONNA
KEEP 'EM DOWN
ON THE FARM,
AFTER THEY'VE
SEEN TAE
U.S.O.?"



Dear Maw Paw & Uncle Fud -
You should see me at the USO. (I was in these
pictures, only the man says I was standing too close to the camera
and on the wrong side) - It is just like home, back on the farm &
in the barnyard except they have wooden boards all over the floor
& many chairs to sit in. The fool don't eat nothing, only you gotta be
polite & not blow crumbs around like Cousin Zeke does whenever he
eats them hard biscuits of yours - You will think I am a dapper Dan,
when I tell you that I talked to one of these here purty girls, only I
got red

in the face,
but my
Tongue &
almost lost
those new
teeth you
sent me -
They say I'm
cute but I
am not one of
them human
walrus -
- Ebenezer



Daily Log

Sunday, April 16—The brand new dodo's gape at the wonders of Rankin Academy. "When do we fly?"

Monday, 17—Orientation lectures—Mess—more lectures—more mess—more mess, no, I mean more lectures.

Tuesday, 18—We wade into navigation, weather, code, identification, engines, props, theory of flight, and—mess.

Wednesday, 19—The flying instructors look us over. We look them over, well, anyway, we fly at last. When do we solo?

Thursday, 20—We've logged about an hour's flying time. Several cases of pilot's fatigue reported.

Friday, 21—We are introduced to Lt. Conrad's infamous "conditioning day." It wouldn't be so bad if Sgts. Miore and Madison didn't gloat so.

Week End Pass—The citizens of Tulare are treated to a glimpse of the new "wild blue yonder boys." They don't seem very impressed.

Monday, 24—Alka-Seltzer and Bromos hit a new high in PX sales.

Tuesday, 25—Cumberledge in his capacity as squadron commander sternly orders his men out to the drill field. "Come on, fellas, we gotta drill once in a while."

Wednesday, 26—Baldy Zamzow just grew hair (in the palm of his hand).

Thursday, 27—Zamzow combs his hair for mess, with a shoe shine rag.

Friday, 28—In the middle of a "spin" which wasn't acting according to the rules, Betz's instructor yelled, "Do something." Betz complied by giving full throttle.

Weekend Pass—"Strongarm" Watkins gets thrown out of local pub.

Monday, May 1—There is a shortage of instructors today. Someone mentioned that the trout season opened. Could be!

Tuesday, 2—All instructors present and accounted for. No severe cases of snakebite. Just a few sunburnt eyes.

Wednesday, 3—Joiner got a pink slip today. Says our progeny, "He's just trying to get me mad enough to solo."

Thursday, 4—Joiner gets another pink slip.

Friday 5—"Sleepy" Zeller extracts tonsils at breakfast table by mistake.

Week End Pass—Porterville locks all doors and daughters in as Sorey, Stephens, Rumsey, Sornson and Spicher come to town.

Monday, 8—We are nearing ten hours flying time. Now, we'll have to solo—ready or not.

Tuesday, 9—Silvis flies Stearman in first spin.

Wednesday, 10—Stearman flies Silvis in spin. Very monotonous.

Thursday, 11—Pemberton soloed today. If he can do it, so can we . . . What am I saying?

Friday, 12—Davidenko solos, gets thrown in creek. Now, if there had only been water in it . . . !

Week End Pass—"Tobasco" Viverette had a nervous breakdown, caused by a local dog.

Monday, 14—The group of instructors "sweating out" the solos is increasing. They seem to huddle together for mutual sympathy.

Tuesday, 15—More and more solos. The instructors are chewing their elbows up to the elbows.

Wednesday, 16—"Ace" McFarlane tore around the traffic pattern today in his "Yellow Peril." All planes were almost grounded because of "Ace's" antics.

Thursday, 17—Blauer solos. "Tell da Bloom not to worry" were his last words to his instructor.

Friday, 18—Hankins does a let-down from 800 ft. "Hell," remarks Mr. Burleson, "those are rose bushes, not trees, that we're brushing."

Week End Pass—We depart for the pleasures of civilian life.

Monday, 21—"Chief" Hardman gave us a raindance today. Gosh, how these "gadgets" love to fly. P. S.: It didn't rain.

Tuesday, 22—Corliss spins from 2000 ft.

Wednesday, 23—Corliss writes 200 words—on "what not to do in a plane."

Thursday, 24—Even the most stubborn cases have

managed to take off, stagger around the sky and bounce in, alone.

Friday, 25—Leaverton asked his instructor, as his plane bounced four times upon landing, "Sir, do I count that as five landings?" Instructor: "No just one, I'll give you the others free."

Week End—All good cadets stop haunting Tulare bars as 20-hour checks haunt their minds.

Monday, 28—We quake at the sight of an Army check pilot, but manage to get through somehow—most of us.

Tuesday, 29—Gibbons lands against the tee. Instructor very unhappy.

Wednesday, 30—Gibbons spends two hours touring around the tee for his misdemeanor. Instructor still unhappy.

Thursday, 31—Mr. Walters spent Decoration Day at Mooney's Grove—writing down the numbers of the hedgehopping cadets.

Friday, June 1—"Chicken Little" Trimble receives new 1944 "G" string for Yo Yo.

Week End—Business in Tulare bars picks up. R. N. Smith and Sloan seen staggering from USO. Liquor? No. Just Shirley and Jean.

Monday, 4—Quinlisk discovers there is no glass in his goggles after two days of flying.

Tuesday, 5—Walker captures one week's light duty because of a sprained ankle (the goldbrick).

Wednesday, 6—Sipes goes into spin in Link Trainer. Takes all Link instructors and two check pilots to pull it out.

Thursday, 7—Cross wind blamed as G. E. Thomas and instructor groundloop—"Now, now, Porky."

Friday, 8—Ramm's instructor was slightly disturbed when he didn't know the direction of the wind while flying. Our hero wet his finger and stuck it up in the slipstream to check. Oh yes, he almost got back a bloody stump.

Week End Pass—Tour ramp more populated than the flight line as Captain Tilden cracks down.

Monday, 11—Strucel and Eckert land with weeds attached to landing struts—"Now, boys, where could you have been?"

Tuesday, 12—Our new dodoes like their instructors. One said, "He's a good Joe, he only chews us when we do something wrong. To which we reply, "So, there."

Wednesday, 13—Dillingham is slowly getting used to the idea that when he takes off on the East mat, he's supposed to land on the East mat.

Thursday, 14—Dillingham lands on west mat.

Friday, 15—Dillingham lands on east mat—at last.

Week End Pass—Apparently the "Bugle Boy" likes the "South of the border" type.

Monday, 18—"Little Joe" Williams demonstrates "S" turns after being bitten by local bar flies.

Tuesday, 19—How do you do a "snap roll?" I tried a loop today on the sly.

Wednesday, 20—We are in the acrobatic stage now. If the Japs could see what we are doing with a plane, they'd quit nøy. Anyway, the instructors want to give up—the sissies.

Thursday, 21—Slow rolls are easy. All you do is go in a steep turn and wait for things to come right side up again. Of course we lose about a 1000 feet, but you can't expect too much.

Friday, 22—"Duffy" Wolanski leans over the side of the plane with a second-hand "coke."

Week End Pass—Ears are deserted. Forty-hour checks coming up.

Monday, 25—The forty-hour checks start. Everybody worries as Mr. Muzzle falls five in a row.

Tuesday, 26—More and more checks. Some pass and some don't. It's a tough war.

Wednesday, 27—Ten Eyck taxis into a parked plane—Muzzle and De Young are soon revived by respirator squad.

Thursday, 28—We breathe easy again. The checks are over for the time being.

Friday, 29—All accomplished flyers (?) now, we await graduation.

Saturday, 30—"Sneezy" Wahl finally solos—(Graduation Day).

Sunday, 31—Arrive at Basic. Find that we really aren't hot pilots.

Plane Torque---

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon the drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair.

An old man at the movie theater
was groping for something on the
floor, and a woman in the next seat
solicitously asked what he had lost.
"A caramel," he told her.
"You're going to all this bother
for a caramel?"
"Yes," he replied, "my teeth are
in it."

Her lips quivered as they ap-
proached mine. My whole frame
trembled as I looked into her eyes.
Her body shook with intensity as
our lips met, and my chin vibrated
and my body shuddered as I held
her to me.
Moral: Never kiss them in a fliv-
ver with the engine running.

Wise guy boarding the street car
—"Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"
Conductor—"Nope, we need one
more jackass, come on in!"

By the way, we wonder if you
have heard the latest true story
concerning the Navy. It should raise
the army's ego.

It seems that a ship's gunner who
was home on leave was told by his
wife to watch the oven fire and her
pet cat while she did some shopping.
She warned him to stay awake, but
the powers of sleep soon enveloped
him. Two hours passed. The gunner
slept; the cat slept; the fire burned,
but furiously. Finally the wife re-
turned and seeing her snoring hus-
band before the roaring blaze in the
oven she yelled, "Fire."

The gunner jumped to his feet,
rammed the cat into the oven and
shut the door, popped to attention,
and cried, "Number one gun ready to
fire, Sir."

Well, you will find those things
you know.

To you my sweet, my steady dove,
Goes every bit of all my love.
And just for you I will be true,
Though, damn, it will be hard to do.
Against you I will ne'er conspire—
(Oh gawd! But I'm an awful Liar).

Not to change the subject, but in
order to bring to mind a topic that
is sorely neglected whenever kay-
dets get together, we submit the
following item concerning . . .
WOMEN!!

My sweetie, for grammar, will
never be noted;
When she went to school she was
never promoted.
She gives the King's English a
terrible shot
When she whispers, "I seen it,"
or says "I hain't got."

She always say "was" when she
ought to say "were."
And she says "saw" for "seen"
and pronounces far "fur."
She always says "done" if the
word is "did",
And she blows her infinitives
clear off their lid.

Oh, she doesn't care a hoot about
gender or tense,
And most of her talk is plumb
lacking in sense,
But I'll never stop loving my
sweetie, I won't—
For she's never been known to
say "STOP IT" or "DON'T."

Ten Muscle Bound Lessons in Flying

No. 1 Theory of Fright

By Carl Forsstrom

The first step in
learning to fly is to be-
come acquainted with
an airplane. Overlook-
ing this important
point set the Wright
brothers back 10 years.

We always start at
the tail of the airplane
and work forward.
This allows the stu-
dent to see how much
he is getting ahead.
Now those droopy look-
ing things on the very
back are the flippers.
When you pull the
stick back, they go up
and when you push
the stick forward,
they go down. What's
that, Mac? What's the
stick? Don't butt in
—you're just trying to
get two lessons for the
price of one!

That flat looking thing in the middle is the
rudder. Very handy for doing ground loops—
you just push it the wrong way.

These members comprise the empennage
which is stuck on the fuselage with mucilage.
The fuselage is the rest of the airplane except the
landing gear, engine, center-section and wings.

Those two holes in the fuselage are the
cockpits. They are full of controls, dials, thing-



CARL FORSSTROM

umbobs and stuff like that there. The seat raises
up and you can get yourself another 14 inches
of altitude with it to clear the fence. By the
way, Bub, what are you doing so close to a fence?

That wooden business is the stick. It is used
to flap the flippers (see above). Also moving it
from side to side activates the ailerons. Theore-
tically, if you hold the stick over in one position
you will continue to roll on that side like a big
wheel with you as the hub, Bub. Actually what
happens to you is much funnier than that. You'll
split!

The Wright brothers originally built bicycles
and they have incorporated some of the best fea-
tures in airplanes. That's where the pedals you
see come from. You don't pump the pedals to
move the airplane around, however—you pump
them to keep the airplane from taking you
around.

Pushing the top of the pedals puts on the
brakes. A good way to clear out your engine is
to taxi rapidly and suddenly apply both brakes.
The engine will then be clear out. So will you.

Last, but not least, we take up the safety
belt—careful! not too tight! This little hurdle
girdle is designed to keep your pants in the seat
while stalling out of a loop, or landing upside
down. In case you fall out of the airplane and
discover your safety belt is still fastened, the
joke is on you; you're still in the driver's seat
with nothing to drive!

The suggested remedy is for you to wire
your congressman to repeal the law of gravity.

In our next lesson we will take up—the air-
plane!



OH COME NOW,
WILLOUGHBY—
GET YOUR HEAD
OUT!

WILLOUGHBY,
ARE YOU AWARE
THAT YOU ARE
DIVING THIS
PLANE?



THAT'S THE LAST
TIME I DOGFIGHT
WITH WILLOUGHBY
OVER MOONEY'S
GROVE!

WILLOUGHBY,
ANOTHER
STALL LIKE
THAT AND
YOU HAD JUST
AS WELL
GET OUT!

Keeping Up With

By WALT BOHRER

Here at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy it isn't so much the SOCIAL problem of "Keeping Up With The Joneses" as the PATRIOTIC problem of "Keeping Up With The Smiths"!

And we have a few Smiths out here that are mighty hard to compete with when it comes to puttin' out for Uncle Sam—namely, the DAN Smiths!

Commencing with Dan (top left), who is "Pop" and who, with his ever-present hammer, pliers and screwdriver, is one of the most familiar faces on the academy grounds, we'll barge right on down through the Smith roster introducing each to you individually:

Now "Pop" Smith, whose greatest claim to fame—shared equally, of course, with "Mom" Smith—are his children, felt he hadn't done enough to help win the war by furnishing three fine boys—Tom, Dick'n' Harry—to the Armed Forces, so he keeps the home front gears grinding as maintenance electrician, plumber and handy man at the Rankin Academy. Always "on deck" with plenty of moral support for the gadgets, "Pop" is a great guy with the cadets—and they'll swear by him!

Then there is "Mom", or Martha. "Mom" (top right) is known to everyone who eats at the Rankin Academy (and everybody eats!) for she is doing her part as cash-register pilot in the Canteen and the Officer's Mess. Like "Pop",

"Mom" is always on the beam with a cheery word for everyone!

Daughter Flora—or "Flo" (right center)—probably knows more about errors than a Brooklyn Dodger, for she is right in there pitchin' as a Form 1 clerk—and she can tell you there's many a slip 'twixt a kaydet's pencil and the Form 1 pad!

Daughter Jean (bottom left), not to be outdone when it comes to helpin' feed the boys and gals who "Keep 'em Flyin'", is spending her school vacation serving appetizing vittles, cokes, coffee and whatnot, over the canteen counter.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry in Tulare has heard of Tom, Dick and Harry, the Smith brothers.

Yes, they were raised together, schooled together, fought together—and now they are fighting together! Chips off the old block, are Tom, Dick'n' Harry—boys ANY family would be bustin' their buttons over!

Tom (far left) and Dick are in the Air Forces, a 2nd and

"POP" DAN SMITH



TOM, DICK'N' HARRY

the Smith's

1st Lieutenant respectively. After receiving his wings, Tom (43-B, Hemet-Minter-Luke) was assigned to a P-38 fighter group, seeing plenty of action in the South Pacific. Dick (43-B, Thunderbird-Mirana-Marfa), upon graduation, was held as an advanced instructor at Marfa, Texas, for 14 months, recently being assigned to B-29 training elsewhere. Harry, Yeoman 3rd Class, entered the Navy two days before Christmas in 1941, going overseas the following May. He was on the first ship into Guadalcanal, saw plenty of action at Midway, Wake and in the Aleutians.

Cecil is a son-in-law, husband of Hazel, the eldest Smith daughter (not shown). But Cecil, although his name is Kenoyer, is a true Smith at heart! He helped build the Rankin Academy, having been employed on the construction crew. Upon completion of this work he became a Rankin mechanic, remaining as such until entering the Air Forces as a mechanic. He is stationed at Mather Field, Calif.

Yes, the social problem of "Keeping Up With The Joneses" will just have to wait until the Smiths have buried Herr Hitler and kicked Tojo into the nearest volcano!



"Mom" MARTHA SMITH



JEAN



FLORA



CECIL

Rankin Aeronautics

Roll

A

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.
AULTMAN, RONALD W., Capt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; 9th Air Force.

B

BACKES, GEORGE E., 1st Lt. (42-J),
D.F.C.; 9th Air Force.
BALLERT, GEORGE E., 1st Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; Aleutians.
BANKS, WARREN B., 2nd Lt. (43-A),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster; Kiska.
BARBER, REX T., 1st Lt. (41-H),
Silver Star, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
BARFOOT, THOMAS W., JR., Capt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; South Pacific.
BELL, JAMES L., 2nd Lt. (43-E),
Air Medal; India.
BENDER, CAROL J., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; England.
BERGE, OLAF A., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
BETTS, EDWARD G. JR., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.
BITNEY, ROBERT V., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; China, Burma.
BOGUE, JOHN C., Capt. (42-J),
D.F.C.; 12th Air Force.
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.
BOWYER, ROBERT H., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
BRONDBURG, JOE E., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; England.
BROWN, MASON O., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal; India.
BUXTON, GROVER H., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.

C

CAMPBELL, CLAUDE W., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
CARSON, BILLY E., 1st Lt. (41-I),
Air Medal; India.
CILLI, NICHOLAS G., 2nd Lt. (43-D),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
CLOUGH, RAY E., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; England.
CLOYER, RAYMOND D., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Hawaii.
CLUCK, MARTIN S., 1st Lt. (41-I),
5 Jap planes, 4 probables; China.
CLUTTER, KENSEL E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
COCHRAN, PAUL R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.

COGSWELL, EMORY L., 1st Lt. (42-J),
D.F.C.; 12th Air Force.
COLLISON, JAMES M., 1st Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
CONKLE, LEONARD L., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C.; North Africa.
COOK, NORMAN R., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; Patrol Flights.

D

DENTON, RICHARD J., 1st Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, 8 Oak Leaf Clusters; Africa.
DOLAN, ALTO F., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
DOLLY, WILLIAM T., 2nd Lt. (43-C),
D.F.C., Air Medal; Kiska.
DRAKE, CORWIN D., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; S. Pacific.
DRUHL, MAURICE E., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; 9th Air Force.
DUNCAN, CHARLES VAN S., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; Air Medal; India.
DYKEHOUSE, SYBRANT, Capt. (42-C),
D.F.C., Air Medal; N. Africa.

E

ECKLES, REX A., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; S. Pacific.
ELIEL, WILLIAM S., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; India.
EMERSON, WARREN S., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Silver Star; European.
ENGLISH, ALBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; India, Burma.
ESMAY, CARLE H., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
ETHEL, ERVIN C., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf
Clusters; Campaign Citations for heroism in Tu-
nisian campaign.

F

FASULES, POMAS E., (42-J),
Air Medal; Kiska.
FAULKNER, JAMES H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; European.
FIELDS, VIRGIL C., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; Africa.
FINAN, GEORGE K., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
FISCHER, CLARENCE E., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
FITZPATRICK, THOMAS J., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal; Patrol Flights.
FLANAGAN, TERRENCE J., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
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.

utical Academy

Honor

G

GANT, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
GARDNER, ROBERT E., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
GAUNT, FRANK L., Capt. (42-E),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
GIBBONS, JOHN M., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; European.
GOOD, ARNOLD N., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
GRAVES, BEN L., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; China, Indo-China, Burma.
GUENTHER, WALTER E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal; Hawaii.

H

HALDERSON, OLIVER K., Capt. (42-A),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
HAMILL, ROBERT H., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C., 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Air Medal, 7 Oak Leaf
Clusters.
HAMMOND, THOMAS G., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Silver Star; N. Africa.
HANNEY, THOMAS K., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; India, Burma.
HANSEN, ROY B., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
HARDING, JOHN B., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
HARELIK, MILTON J., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
HARMAN, RICHARD P., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
HART, WILLIAM A., 2nd Lt. (42-C),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
HERRING, HENRY H., 1st Lt. (42-J),
D.F.C.; England.
HENBERG, CASPER J., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
HILL, NORMAN L., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
HOAGLAND, RALPH JR., (42-K),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
HODGES, PAUL W., 1st Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
HOKE, WALTER L., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
HOLDEN, WARREN A., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
HOLLINGSWORTH, JAMES M. JR., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
HOPKINS, CHARLES E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; Hawaii.
HOWELL, MALCOLM C., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.

I

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

J

JACKSON, WILLIAM R., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
JOHNSON, LE ROY J., 1st Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
JOHNSON, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
JOHNSON, THOMAS C., 1st Lt. (42-A),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
JONES, BASIL M. JR., 2nd Lt. (42-A),
Air Medal; England.

K

KEMIST, TERRY L., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
KERSHAW, NEWTON H., 1st Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C.
KIMBELL, EARL S., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
KRAYBILL, JOHN E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
KUEHNOST, IRVIN L., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; India.
KUENTZEL, WARD A., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; Africa.

L

LAUPPE, ROBERT C., Capt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; France.
LEWIS, ARTHUR C., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
LEWIS, HARRY D., Capt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
LOVITT, SIDNEY D., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster.
LUNDY, HARVEY L., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Hawaii, Gilbert Islands.

M

McCOLGIN, FRANKLIN H., Major (41-I),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Africa.
McEWAN, JACK B., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
McINTYRE, FRED L., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; European.
MADDEN, VICTOR L., Major (42-K),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster; India.
MAXWELL, ARTHUR L., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; Tunisia.
MEAD, BENJAMIN A., 1st Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal; Atlantic.
MELROY, CHARLES D., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, England.
MICHAELS, WILLARD L., 1st Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C., Rumania.
MILLER, CLYDE E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
MILNE, WILLIAM JR., 1st Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
MILSAP, GALEN M., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; S. Pacific.
MOONEY, ROBERT C., Capt. (42-D),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
MOORE, ALLAN, Capt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
MOORE, HAROLD B., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
MOORE, WILLIAM J., 1st Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
MOOSE, ROBERT A., 1st Lt. (42-A),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster (Posthumously).
MURRAY, ROBERT C., 2nd Lt. (42-C),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
MYERS, CHARLES F., Capt. (42-B),
Air Medal; Pacific and Caribbean.

Roll of Honor

N

NALL, DERWOOD D., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
NEESEN, WILLIAM H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; Tunisia.
NELSON, GEORGE H., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; S. Pacific.

P

PANZIERA, ARTHUR G., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
PATTERSON, RALPH O. (42-C),
Air Medal, 7 Oak Leaf Clusters; Purple Heart;
Mediterranean.
PETERSON, DAVID R., 1st Lt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
PETERSON, ROBERT A., 2nd Lt. (43-A),
Air Medal; Gilbert Islands.
PICKENS, ROBERT L., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
PIPER, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; France.
PRESSON, JOHN E., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
PRICE, SAFFORD G., 2nd Lt. (42-A),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.

R

RAMSEY, THOMAS V., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
REARDEN, HARRY F., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
REESE, GEORGE, Capt. (42-C),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster; England.
REINERTH, GEORGE A., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
RONSBURG, LESTER H., 1st Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
ROUCH, MELVIN R., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
RUTTENCUTTER, ROBERT W., 1st Lt. (42-G),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.

S

SANDELL, ROBERT, 2nd Lt. (43-C),
Air Medal; Kiska.
SELLERS, VIRGIL E., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
SCHAPANSKY, CLIFFORD Q., 2nd Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
SCHULLINGER, JAMES K., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
D.F.C., Air Medal; N. Africa.
SCHWAB, ALFRED C. JR., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; N. Africa.
SHERK, JAMES C., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C.
SHERMAN, JOHN N. JR., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
SHIMANEK, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-A),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; India.
SHUBIN, MURRAY J., 2nd Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C., Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
SILVAS, FREDERICK P., 1st Lt. (42-E),
D.F.C., Air Medal; Asiatic Pacific.
SMITH, EUGENE E., 2nd Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
SMITH, GEORGE R., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
SMITH, GERALD T., Capt. (42-I),
D.F.C., Air Medal; China.
SMITH, MERTON V., 1st Lt. (42-E),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; S. Pacific.
SMITH, ROBERT E., Capt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; China.

SOKOL, NICKOLAS, 1st Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
SOURS, ROBERT J., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
SPEER, BEN C. JR., 2nd Lt. (42-D),
Air Medal; S. Pacific.
STEPHON, LEONARD P., 1st Lt. (42-D),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
STEWART, WILLIAM R., 2nd Lt. (42-C),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.
STOCKTON, DONALD E., Capt. (42-B),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; European.
STOREY, RAYMOND W., 2nd Lt. (42-J),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
STUMM, JOHN B., 1st Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, 8 Oak Leaf Clusters; France.

T

THRASHER, WILLIAM A., 2nd Lt. (42-G),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
TODD, ROBERT E., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
TOWNSEND, ROGER O., 2nd Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
TRAVIS, LEO G., 2nd Lt. (42-K),
D.F.C.; Rumania.
TRESEY, JOSEPH W., 2nd Lt. (43-H),
Air Medal.

V

VOORHEES, ROY D., 1st Lt. (42-I),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; France.

W

WAGNER, ROBERT H., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; N. Africa.
WALKER, WILLIE G., Capt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; N. Africa.
WAYMAN, EUGENE C., 1st Lt. (42-H),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
WEATHERFORD, SYDNEY W., Capt. (42-D),
D.F.C., Air Medal, 11 Oak Leaf Clusters; N. Africa.
WEBB, BERT H., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; China, Burma.
WEPPNER, JOHN L., 1st Lt. (41-H),
Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster; N. Africa.
WESTBROOK, ROBERT B., Major (42-G),
D.S.C.; D.F.C.; Air Medal, 3 Oak Leaf Clusters; S. Pacific.
WHITE, HERBERT C., 1st Lt. (42-D),
D.F.C., Oak Leaf Cluster; 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, Caribbean Area.
WILSON, JOHN W., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
WILSON, ROBERT H., Capt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; N. Africa.
WINTERS, DONALD R., 2nd Lt. (42-H),
Air Medal; German Occupied Territory.
WOOD, JOHN E., 1st Lt. (42-F),
Air Medal, 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; S. Pacific.

Y

YANNELLO, PAUL M., 1st Lt. (42-K),
Air Medal; European theater. (Killed in action).
YOUNG, ROBERT E., 1st Lt. (42-I),
D.F.C.; Rumania. (Missing in action).

Z

ZOET, CHARLES J., 2nd Lt. (43-C),



H. C. SCHENER, *Sq. Commander* (right)
E. TEPPER, *Assistant*



PAT DOREY
Dispatcher

These Fellows Kept Us In the Air



Inspirations . . .



*Miss Marilyn Baldwin,
Kansas City, Mo.
A/C Jack B. Bishop*



*Miss Jeane Fogarty,
New York City, N. Y.
A/C James Fogarty*



*Mrs. Pauline Cooper,
Southwest City, Mo.
A/C Howard M. Cooper*



*Mrs. Juna Belle Chase,
Beaumont, Texas
A/C Norman L. Chase, Jr.*



*Miss Ann Keyser,
Cranford, N. J.
A/C R. S. Cumberledge*



*Miss Gail Le Flies,
New Orleans, La.
A/C A. F. Chenault*



LeGault



"Son"



"Boots"



"Murder"



"Stats"



"Red"

BRAINERD, FREDERICK D., Lowell, Mass. "I'll never make it." Massachusetts is stuck with Fred, who dreams of nothing but those silver wings. Keeps pestering LeGault with, "How do you keep that!" : @ plane straight and level?"

CHASE, NORMAN L., Beaumont, Texas. "Chisholm, I can beat you!" One of THE Texans in the squadron. They should have put him and Chisholm at opposite corners of the field. Where DID you get those boots!

DANCIK, WALLACE J., Cleveland, Ohio. "Listens

you!" Get a load of those love letters the half-pint gets. "Evening in Paris" he says. "Summertime in a barnyard" it smells like to us.

EMRIE, ARESS, Arcadia, California. "Get your head out!" An old infantry man, pretty handy with that sleight-of-hand manual. Do a complicated "port" again, I just broke my arm!

ERENBERG, RICHARD A., Benson, Minnesota. "Sack time, men, sack time!" Damn, he's so quiet! What's this we hear about him when he gets a little altitude under him?



Mefford



"Beeb"



"Pip"



"Sacktime"



"Tom"



"Tex"

BULLOCK, JOHN R., Worcester, Massachusetts. "How goes it?" Another home grown Massachusetts lad. Go ahead, tell 'em about New England! (plug). Isn't Scollay Square lovely by moonlight!

CUMBERLEDGE, ROBERT S., Cranford, New Jersey "As of now you're giggled." Wasn't satisfied with letters a day from Cum Keyser so he's going to up and marry the sweet young thing. Come on, Fella, make with that Farragut strut!

CONNOLLY, PAUL M., St. Paul, Minnesota. "Is that

right?" Handsome young sprite of the basketball court. Handy with the women too! Sequoia?—he and his bunk are REALLY buddies! Perfect couple —Sacktime and Annabella!

CARMODY, THOMAS, Linden, New Jersey. "It ain't he comes back, "safe sound and single." Worry about the last, Mrs. Carmody!

BAXTER, DOY, Rockport, Texas. "I'm plum awake." Don't mind you kiddin' him about Texas. Go ahead, Tex, show them your address book.



Derby



"Chis"



"Don"



"Andy"



"Ceace"



"The Kid"

CHISHOLM, WILLIAM S., Brady, Texas. "Texas will win the war." Another Texan with shoes (boots). Does every guy from Texas go to A. & M.? Tell them all about the Chisholm trail. Did you "really" rustle those cows?

BERRY, DONALD W., Loveland, Colorado. "Let's go on the double." Our big hunk of first sergeant, now—a most aspiring young gentleman is he. Our biggest reason why the Dodos hesitate about playing football. Food and he seem to be ideal companions.

ESHMAN, ANDREW N., Washington, D. C. "Where's the women?" For with Andy it's wine, women and

the stuff that goes with them—a lad with a hunka poisonality. With his line he could get Eleanor from Frankie. Being from D. C. he's naturally O.T.B.

EMHOFF, CECIL J., Yakima, Washington. "What'll you have?" Ceace is the Joy-Boy from Yakima. (Got it) Washington. Funny thing, P. T. never seems to bother him—could do it for hours. PAP and Ceace, What a combine!

ARTZ, RICHARD L., Los Angeles, California. "Section fall in." This is the little guy with the airplane—quite a hot pilot from what we hear around here. Can't you see him wrestling with a fortress?



Troh



"Hank"



"Dinko"



"Dill"



"Bob"



"Corkie"

DAVIDENKO, BENJAMIN H., Brooklyn, New York. "You tryin' to hustle me?" Dinko is the boy with the portable dive brakes. Vice president of Ground-loopers. We decided we had better give him the log-book. Have you ever seen this boy hustle a cue stick around? Some day he'll write a love letter of his own.

DILLINGHAM, JOHN Q., Berkley, Mass. "What! No mail from Phil?" Kansas and Massachusetts seem to be running close. Kansas CAN'T win! Ah Massachusetts (sigh.) What have you got against the

East mat, Dill?

EVANS, ROBERT H., St. Louis, Mo. "Show me!" Seems his two difficulties in life are the traffic pattern and women—shouldn't have any trouble with the latter. Do you think the airplane is here to stay, Bob?

CAUDELL, WILLIAM C., Salt Lake City, Utah. "You Texans—shup up!" Made quite a name for himself at the pool. Rumor has it that he's an ardent sack man—a mean polo player, too!



Garcia



"The Duck"



"Da Bloom"



"Hoiman"



"F. E."



"The Torpedo"

BRESSLER, GORDON R., Pender, Nebraska. "I was really hot today." The duck hails from a small mid-western town. It may be small but it will someday be the home of a very famous pilot—says he.

BLOOM, LOUIS, New York, N. Y. "Ya know something?" Strictly a Bronx boy from way back. A peaceful, argumentative sort of guy. Pick your subject! He'll argue it out with you. Bloom plus Betz! Yipe!

COHEN, HERMAN, Long Island, New York. "I was so confused." His idea of a wild time is a USO

dance. One of these days Brooklyn is going to be treated to the sight of Hoiman buzzing Ebbets Field.

BROWN, F. E., Minneapolis, Minn. "Wish I could get a tube for my radio." Fred is a dit happy radio man from Minysoda. Loves to convoy his civilian friends around Rankin Academy.

BLAUER, MARTIN, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Don't worry about me; just tell the Bloom not to worry." Mr. Garcia! This boy really sizzles. "Joe of Joe's." Go back you fool; you forgot your pillows!



"Midget"



"The Hun"



"The Deacon"



"Eep"



"Chubby"



"Ted"

BETZ, ROBERT GEORGE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "Milwaukee was never like this." The Hun (alias the Sad Sack) is a past proficient expert at pin ball machines. Somewhat of a music critic. Him and Dat guy, de Bloom.

COY, ROBERT L., Detroit, Michigan. Here's a cadet who is not bashful about admitting that he's been to see the hairdresser. How's Vangle going to do without you, Son?

BROWN, E. P., Denver, Colorado. "Blowches." Eep has a poor record. Only ope scraped wing. A very

sad sack. Aspires to be ambitious—very futile.

BERRY, BURTON, San Francisco, California. "Got some gas?" A Stanford graduate whose favorite pastime was the Tuesday steeplechase. Well known at Rankin here by the three words in that beseeching phrase.

EY, THEODORE F., Rochester, New York. A happy daddy with a cute baby daughter all his own. A BIG boy with a heart to match. Wants (appropriately) a B-29.



Watts



"Coop"



"Pappy"



"Boner"



"Brownie"

COOPER, HOWARD M., Southwest City, Missouri. "My aching back." A familiar phrase when the whistle blows. A Missouri boy from down on the farm. Does any one get on that bus before Coop? If you've seen Polly you know why!

ELLIS, ROBERT F., Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc. "Gee, I don't know." His only complaint is that the tower at the pool isn't high enough. On payday, Pap seems to be the banker of the squadron. "Do I owe you two bucks, Pappy? I can't remember!"

BOWEN, ROBERT W., Council Bluffs, Iowa. "It's a

rough war" Pappy was broken hearted because he didn't equal his Dad's or his brother's record of soloing in a little over two hours. Wait till we get to basic. One half of the inseparable team of Pappy and Pudgy Francis.

BROWN, JOHN L., Two Harbors, Minnesota. "The last of the Browns." Quite an athlete, our boy Brown. What! Only eighteen pullups? What's the trouble, kid? A deep thinker and heavy reader is the way we hear it around here.



Clark



"Junior"



"Tom"



"Corn"



"Cagen"

BEDFORD, EDWARD J., Joliet, Illinois. "What woman?" The wonder boy from Joliet, Illinois. How that man gets the women. Tell us the truth, what's the story on that blouse?

CAREY, THOMAS J., San Francisco, California. "What's the story?" A letter writing genius from Frisco. He's actually got a formula for writing to women. It works, so he says. Unfortunately, the Military doesn't appreciate the literary.

COBE, ROBERT E., Bridgeton, New Jersey. "You know what?" Some day he's going to fall asleep while he's talking to you. I think LaVerne's got him buffaloed. One trouble, he starts and finishes too early in the evening.

CHENAULT, Alanson T. III, New Orleans, La. "It beats the h - l out of me." From a long line of Chenaults out of Louisiana. A yachtman from the Bayous. Where did he pick up that "Lannie Boy?"



"Mastolier"



"Baby Face"



"The Blank"



"Big Duke"



"Xavier"

DOHAN, EDWARD, Paterson, N. J. "Guess what!" The kid really gets hepped up about this flying business. The wolf of the USO. It must be his innocent face!

BLANKENSHIP, JACK, Elwood, Indiana. "Back the attack by time in the sack." A squadron captain has many cares of state. Maybe that explains the long puss. Cheer up, boy, Elwood, Indiana still thinks you're tops—why?

DUKE, LAURENCE B., South Charleston, West Virginia. "Gimme a divebomber." Big Duke, deadeye with a basketball. Grouppppppp, Tens-hut! From

first sergeant to Group Commander. WELL!!! who else!

CORLISS, FRANCIS X., Malden, Mass. "I'm not going out this week end. President of Groundloopers Inc. Mr. Mastolier's problem child. 6 word code expert with "Sorry, a mistake."

ATOR, HOMER, Rockspert, Ill. "I'm going AWOL." Homer really takes his flying the serious way—get on those rudders. He's going to knock himself out laughing one of these days. A sure sign everything's going O. K. (Not pictured).



Salyer



"Big Dave"



"Fog"



"Fearless Fosdick"

DOTTLE, DAVID J., Carbondale, Pennsylvania. "That's very good!" Dottle at the throttle—two more Zeros today, while flying link. Another B-29'er. Give us Ronald Colman again!

FOGARTY, JAMES, New York, New York. "I'll take charge." Fog is the ladies man in the squadron.

His pet expression usually works out, especially with the gals. Dog, Easy, Easy—Ah—from L. A.?

VOSSELMAN, JAMES L., Pasadena, California. "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet." Result of too many hours in the family ice cream establishment. Rather quiet, except for nightly round with the "Body."

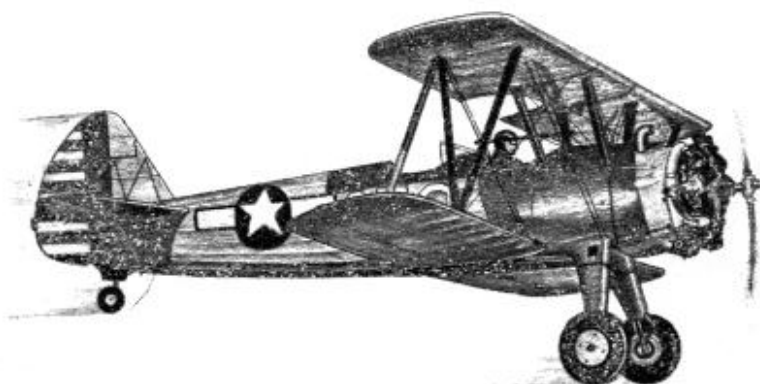


Scheurer



"Limey"

BISHOP, JACK B., Kansas City, Mo. "I'm not ready yet." The symmetrical artist of Squadron A. Mr. Scheurer's special ward. I wish someone would tell him to slow down a little.





A Big Thanks To Our Mechanics



L.T. W. C. STANSBURY
Tactical Officer



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



CHARLOTTE McMILLAN
Dispatcher



*Mrs. Alicia Ann Hayes,
Los Angeles, Calif.
A/C Warwick Hayes, Jr.*



*Mrs. Elizabeth Paulson,
St. Joseph, Mo.
A/C John Paulson*

Day Dreams



*Virginia Lee Isern,
Great Bend, Kas.
A/C John Isern*



*Miss Alice Wagner
Southington, Conn.
A/C Ted Grohoski*



*Miss Lorena King,
Jacksonville, Fla.
A/C M. V. Joiner*

*Miss Emily L. Mayhew,
Sioux City, Iowa
A/C Howard Parks*



*Miss Phil Spurrier,
Davenport, Ia.
A/C G. J. Redelman*



*Miss Ginny Wagner,
Wilmette, Ill.
A/C Eugene Gibbons*



Precissi

"Beaver"

"TM-107"

"Hal"

"Crosscountry"

"Lightning"

MACKKEY, CRANDALL, 3RD, 2nd Lt., F. A., Santa Barbara, Calif. "Hubba, Hubba!" Air Corps dogface, who won the battle of O. C. S., April, '43, maneuvered with Field Artillery until able to return to his first love—flying. He removed his grommet and settled down to win his wings, a 100 P. F. R., and a football victory over the dodos.

REDELMAN, G. J., Davenport, Iowa. "That's not what the rule book says." His friends swear that he can quote verbatim from any tech manual you can name. We won't vouch for that, but he can give you a good story about it anyway.

HALVERSON, D. A., Denison, Iowa. "Do I have to be

flight sergeant?" One of those strong silent men who's always on the go. Very eager and conscientious—that's why we elected him flight sergeant.

HILLBURN, C. A., Shreveport, Louisiana. "Oh, for goodness sakes." This homing pigeon gained his fame by leaving his instructor at Tulare Auxiliary and flying home on his first solo. What Squadron Commander Walters said to him—Oh, my!

BATTENFIELD, D. E., Denison, Texas. "I don't think I'll ever solo." Held over from I Class because of hospitalization, Battenfield has worked pretty hard and is now up with the rest of us in classes and flying. Good work.



Bowman

"Tex"

"Meatball"

"Ground-loop Kid"

"Speedball"

"Old Abe"

ISERN, J. W., Great Bend, Kansas. "Now back on the farm." We can't make up our minds whether Isern would rather fly or reminisce about his wild times "down on the farm."

out of the Texas wilderness four years ago to join the Army. There's an ugly rumor making the rounds that he wasn't born; he was issued. He has seen service in Panama as a radio-gunner.

OWEN, C. T., Dallas, Texas. "Hey, Lee, what'll we all do Saturday night?" Our present cadet captain came

HELMER, CHESTER, 1st Lt., San Antonio, Texas. "I kain't miss." Helmer hails from "deep in the heart of Texas" and is a graduate of Texas A. & M. He is

noted for his infectious smile and his being nervous in the service. His coolness and precise coordination in the confusing maneuver of a ground loop is known to all, but is not endorsed by the Army Air Forces.

RIGGINS, A. L., Greenville, S. Carolina. "Aw, I didn't see any drift." This laconic character's idea of a long conversation is "Yes," "No," and "Maybe."

PIEFER, E. L., Pittsburgh, Penna. "Awright, fall in, you guys." Has unique method of landing a Stearman at ninety per. Maybe the plane can stand it, but his instructor is cracking up under the strain.



Boggs

"Handsome Eddy"

"The Leader"

"Suede"

"Blauchas"

"Happy"

QUIGLEY, E. J., Panama City, Florida. "It ain't wuff a dam." Back home in Florida, Eddy was either sleeping on the beach or playing football. We suspect Mr. Maxwell of asking Quigley questions just to hear him say "Yazzuh."

TEAGUE, VANCE L., 1st Lt. A. C., Los Angeles, Calif. "I just originated a new maneuver." California '40. Navigation Class 42-16, New Guinea '43. holder of D.F.C. and other decorations. . . Wants to be the driver instead of being in the back seat.

HANSON, C. F., Cohasset, Minn. "When I was in the G. I. army, things were different." A former A. M., who has a great time chasing around after shoes to

be repaired while the rest of us are "sweating out" the Engines and Props class.

FREIDMAN, S., Brooklyn, N. Y. "But, Francis, I meant to clean the brass." Brooklyn College's candidate for baseball stardom. Here at Rankin he worries more about his hot softball club than the Brooklyn Dodgers. His favorite recreation is piling up "gigs" for his roommate, Francis.

HINDT, H. W., Rock Rapids, Iowa. "My Dad says—" This youngster is suffering from a bad case of growing pains ever since he soloed. He and his roommate are keen competitors for the honor of being the last one in formation every day.



Norsigian

"Junior"

"Cheese Head"

"Pudgy"

"Rhythm"

"Strongarm"

REIF, W. R., Tulsa, Okla. "I'll slap a hare-lip on you." Here's another adolescent who's too big for his breeches. You know, "full of sound and fury, etc."

REIFSNYDER, C. C., Akron, Ohio. "Say, boy, this is going to be rare." Flying does funny things to some people. For instance, when Reifsnyder volunteered for his twenty-hour check (practically on his hands and knees) everyone thought he was bucking for a Section No. 8.

FRANCIS, S. V., Freeport, Long Island, N. Y. "Set up another round, Joe." Formerly a Master Sergeant in the Signal Corps—Decided the Air Corps could produce better means of transportation. Can't de-

cide whether he likes P. T. or not, but loves elbow-bending with "Pappy" and not the least in his affections is "Butch," his gal in Wisconsin.

REAUGH, H. B., Topeka, Kansas. "Hell, I don't know." He likes to play the piano for the boys, who greatly appreciate his boogie-woogie, and he looks forward to the day when the Army will give back the tooth they took away from him.

POULSON, J. S., St. Joseph, Missouri. "Let's you get this room cleaned." Just a plain, neutral soul, who is so mild that even his two year old son can push him around, but his instructor says that he is a rough man with a plane.



McGlothen

"Ace"

"Junior"

"Greek"

"Mumps"

"Miller"

MacFARLANE, H. T., Staten Island, New York. "Kill 'em dead." Our sardonic cadet first sergeant, only smiles when he's hanging a P. T. 17 by the prop. Compared to "Ace," Ned Sparks is a laughing hyena.

HAYNES, H. M. JR., Knoxville, Tenn. "Wake me up for the next formation." He claims that his heart is in Tennessee, but you should see him operate on open post.

GAVALLAS, G. J., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Say there, young fella!" The "Greek" loves to sing but he has a hard

time doing it while flying because he has a great habit of "tossing his cookies" in gliding turns.

GARDNER, T., Peoria, Ill. "Will I ever get rid of these mumps." Started in Illinois, partly polished by Stanford, and almost finished by the Army. It was a tough fight but he licked those 'x' mumps.

JOINER, M. V., Jacksonville, Florida. "I'd love to get my instructor up and wring him out." Miller likes California well enough, but you can't expect too much from a native of Florida.



Langdon

"Junior"

"Hank"

"Robin"

"Hoppy"

"Jack"

L'AMOREAUX, RAYMOND, 1st. Lt., A. C., Ypsilanti, Mich. "Hey, Teague, push me up on the chinning bar." Also affectionately known as "Ace" and "Comedian" by his brother officers. Began his career at Baldwin-Wallace, Ohio and ended up as an Air Corps bombardier. Wears European campaign ribbons (North Africa and Sicily)—but most particularly, Air Medals. He has a great yen for collecting pictures and has a ready comeback for all remarks.

HANKINS, L. A. JR., Goose Creek, Texas. "You don't expect me to run for the ball, do you?" Two years in a military academy and a year and a half in the Army have been practically wasted but the Air

Corps is still trying. We wish them luck.

LAGOMARSINO, C. A., Sacramento, Calif. "I can't get that P. T. No. 17 over 10,000." Besides being a hot pilot, he's also a killer with the babes... he says.

HARRINGTON, B. E., Los Angeles, Calif. "My back is killing me." "Hoppy" is a quiet lad and doesn't have much to say. Very serious about his football when he uses very involved strategy.

HART, J. A., Lincoln, Nebraska. "Wait 'til I tell ya what I did today." Always late... Always in the sack... Always drinking cokes—That sums up our buzzboy. Ever since he was the third cadet to solo he has been giving his instructor flying lessons.



Kunz



"Hollywood"



"Sacktime"



"Parson"



"Dilbert"



"Bugs Bunny"

HYATT, D. B., New Britain, Conn. "Lookit the snow on the mountains." Our serious class-book editor has several loves: New England, skiing and movie autographs. He'll trade you a Shirley Temple for two Rin-Tin-Tin's any day.

NICHOLS, JACK E., Wichita, Kansas. "EEEEEEEE, where's that sack?" "Sacktime" is a natural in the air, if he can only stay awake, but that's expecting too much from someone from Wichita.

HODGES, J. H., El Reno, Okla. "I'm glad I'm eager." A former medical-student, who must have contracted

sleeping sickness during laboratory experiments, or maybe he became lethargic in his travels through the Ozarks. He can't even beat Hindt to formations. HOSACK, E. J., St. Louis, Missouri. "You'd look better with a clean flight-cap." This self-appointed critic spends his time making caustic comments. It's a shame that nobody appreciates them.

QUINLISK, W. W., Wichita, Kansas. "Ya got me." No one can act more bewildered than "Bugs Bunny" We all like him in spite of himself.



Morrison



"Hank"



"Reb"



"Sambo"



"Peefist"



"Tiny"

RAMM, H. E., Bronx, New York. "Hey, you!" Formerly in an anti-aircraft battery, the Army decided that he would be more of a menace to aircraft as a flyer than behind an ack-ack gun. The Army should have specified enemy aircraft to "Hank".

LEE, E. O., Georgia. "Hubba, Hubba, Sat. night." Played center for the Univ. of Florida. Was drafted by the Bklyn Dodgers football team but Uncle Sam had an A-1 priority. Thinks "dam' Yankee" is one word.

PRYOR, S., Baytown, Texas. "Ah can't hep' it."

For a product of Texas, Sam is unusually taciturn. Big and easygoing, he should do well in flying. He likes Spike Jones and his City Slickers. PFISTER, R. F., North Bergen, New Jersey. "Now back in New Jersey." Can't decide whether he likes chow or sacktime the better, but tries to get a lot of both.

HAYES, WARWICK T., Los Angeles, Calif. "Fall in, B-1, please." Tiny has two loves in life: his attractive wife and this rugged P. T. Aspires to be a check pilot some day—the dog.



Rainbolt



"T. S."



"Sacktime Kid"



"Joe"



"Chubby"



"Chief"

GROHOSKI, T. S., Thomaston, Conn. "I've-got-troubles, Grohoski." Besides increasing the dihedral in two wings in one landing (no mean feat), he is also the idol of the hometown belles.

PEMBERTON, ROBERT W., Grand Rapids, Mich. "Would you mind repeating that again, Mr. Cunningham?" He's doing well in his flying; that's why we can't understand where he got that somber, undertaker's voice.

GAYNOR, J. R., Boston, Mass. "Why do we have to get up so early." Here is a direct refutation of his claim that Boston is the center of American civilization. Before he received his greetings from the President,

he did his bit in New England shipyards. Dreams of being an Army pilot after the war.

HUNTER, C. G., Cleveland, Ohio. "I love my wife, but, Oh, you ramp." His big moment in life is when he can see his attractive wife and cute baby daughter between training tours.

HARDMAN, C. B. JR., Ponca City, Okla. "Ugh, Ugh, Hubba, Hubba!" The "Chief" is a full-blooded Indian of the Ponca tribe. He's used to rough training because he spent some time with the paratroopers. The boys have a great time teasing him, but he's a good sport.



Brooks



"V-Boy"



"Ish"



"Superflight"



"Bourbon"

PARKS, H. J., Sioux City, Iowa. "I guess you know." "Parky" is real eager about everything, even drilling. Apparently lack of years has nothing to do with flying ability, for this adolescent is burning up the sky.

ISHMAEL, E. G., Madison, Wisconsin. "Do we have weiners again tonight, Hooray!" To "Ish" time is an obstacle which stands between open posts, when he can see Mrs. "Ish." How he'd love to be back in Madison.

HENNING, J. P., Baltimore, Md. "Honest, that BT was

a mile away." Besides making us miserable by walling current hit tunes, he helps to make Mr. Maxwell's class more mysterious. That casualty band he wears was awarded for the dogfight he gave a BT in the traffic pattern.

HENRY, A. L., Leavenworth, Kansas. "We'll flip for it." This former tech. sergeant is from the town, not the prison. Besides tossing a coin for the drinks, he yearns to go back to Balboa Island where the better half is patiently waiting.



Hill



"Carnival Kid"



"The young 'un"



"Lardy"



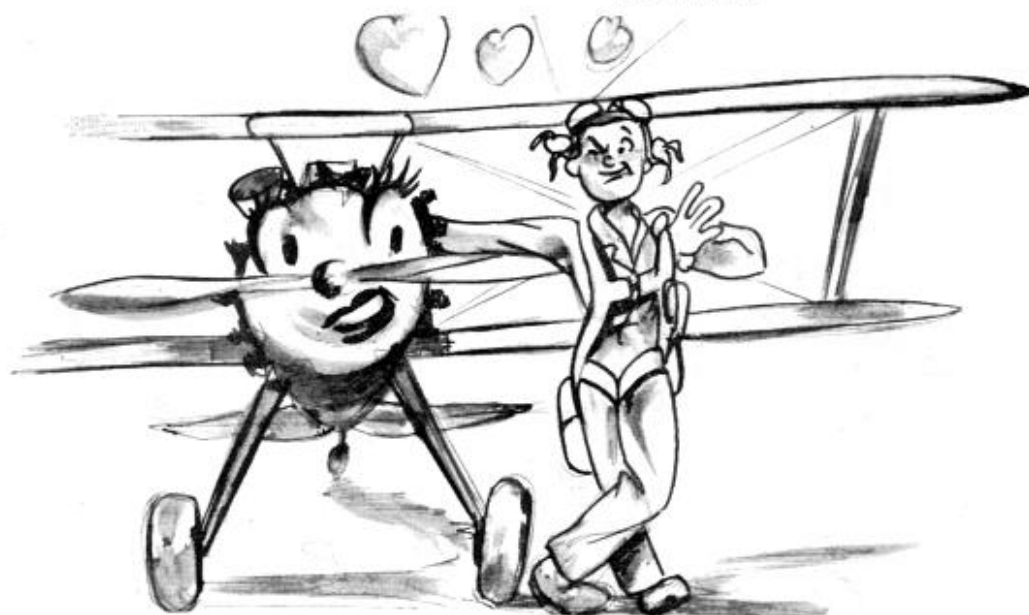
"Gonzo"

LEONARD, L. W., Springfield, Mass. Can invariably be found at the USO food counter between the hours of eight and twelve. (It opens at eight and closes at twelve). Food is of secondary importance as choice tidbits and morsels of gossip can be obtained from the women behind the counter.

LEAVERTON, D. D., Humboldt, Iowa. "Wait 'til I catch my breath." This corn-husker is quite a track man. Gives himself such a breathtaking flight that he's speechless when he comes down, which is all right by us.

GIBBONS, E., Buffalo, New York. "You should have seen the landing I gave Willy today." Put in time making Curtiss-Wright engines. Decided he could do less harm to the war effort in the Air Corps. Has an amazing capacity for show and stories of his aerial prowess. He's his instructor's fair-haired boy. He goes on and on.

ROCCANOVA, V. J., Brooklyn, N. Y. "That's all, folks." Enjoys telling the yokels hair-raising tales of murders in Brooklyn. Just an overgrown "Dead End Kid" at heart.



Me and My Gal!

SQ C...




FRED M. MAZZEI, Sq. Commander (left)
JACK DEYOUNG, Assistant



Dispatcher
BETTY GARRIOTT



FRED M. MAZZEI, Sq. Commander (left)



Lt. WILLIAM T. LANGLEY
Tactical Officer

Our Sweethearts . . .



*Miss Mary Ainsworth,
Wichita, Kas.
A/C Robert J. Rumsey*



*Miss Patricia McBarron,
New Albany, Ind.
A/C James W. Smith*



*Miss Winnie Patch
San Francisco, Calif.
A/C Frank Stewart*



*Miss Betty M. Allen,
Williamsville, N. Y.
A/C Eugene F. Shener*



*A/C Leo E. Waggoner
Miss Norma Jean Doerfner,
Saginaw, Mich.*



Milnes

"Slow Roll"

"Frankie"

"Filbert"

"Mart"

"Penn"

THEURER, DONALD E., St. Louis, Missouri. Say, is some one kidding me? We don't have PT in primary!

THOMAS, DONALD F., St. Petersburg, Florida. "Now before the soldiers came to my home town . . . I'll take over where Sutton leaves off, if he leaves off."

SUNDERLAND, J. C., Gresham, Oregon. Comes from a rough and tough family of basketball players—

now he takes out his excess of energy on the Stearman's. "Dad rat it."

SWIFT, M. E., Moline, Illinois. His only ambition is to be a "Little Kernal" in Illinois. "I love my wife, but oh you kid."

STARK, M. W., Latitz, Pennsylvania. Silent, but wolfish type.



Glassel

"Playboy"

"Muscles"

"Jimmy the Kid"

"Seets"

"Oklahoma"

SCHROEDER, R. G., Detroit, Mich. Not much as a civilian but went in for barbering as a G. I. He gives instructors haircuts with the prop. "Where do you go after being tossed out of the Hi-De-Ho?"

SIAS, R. M., San Pedro, California. "I eat that right up."

SMITH, J. W., New Albany, Ind. "I eat that right up." You can say that again.

SEITZ, D. L., Winston-Salem, N. C. The cavalry's gift to the Air Corps. Of course everyone knows tanks are rougher than Stearman's—or are they. "It's a tough war."

SHINGLETON, K. E., McCloud, Oklahoma. You mean I was supposed to have some brains? Slip-up somewhere. "Hi Stupid. Did you see that 'Chick' that got away?"



Bertram

"Speedy"

"God's Country"

"Snuffy"

"Buck"

"Arky"

SAMWAYS, FLOYD R., Duluth, Minn. "Sharp" character. Got a fag or anything free? "Hubba, hubba, Dodos."

SCHUSTER, W. E., Minneapolis, Minn. After spending two years as a sergeant in the ground crews, he loves tours—especially when his wife is in town. "Over the hill and far away."

SMITH, R. N., Saginaw, Michigan. When it comes to "tracking" with rod and reel this kid is strictly on the ball, but when it comes to tracking girls in

Tulare—he's even better — hello-o-o-o-o Shirley. "The Dooze you say."

SLOAN, W. E., Birmingham, Alabama. "Shape up kid." He's even got the personnel of "Switzerland" saying it.

SUMMERS, J. M., Lincoln, Arkansas. When he was a small boy he wanted to grow up and be just like Charlie Chaplin. "Are you kidding?"



Eckert



"Louisiana"



"Dusty"



"Nightowl"



"Washington"



"Flush"

SOREY, G. C., Rayville, Louisiana. Right guide. Talks fast, says nothing.

STEWART, F. E., San Francisco, Calif. Man about the world. Has bulldozed on every island between San Francisco and Wake. Dodged Jap bullets while still a civilian at Pearl Harbor. "You know."

SIPES, K. J., Kansas City, Missouri. "How do you do a spin?"

SNYDER, R. D., Ferndale, Washington. "Ha ha ha! Tour? Not me?"

SCHMIDT, A. R., Marion, Wisconsin. Used to play radio poker in the 16 months he spent with the engineers as radio operator. Likes the A.A.F.—they promoted him to color guard.



Peterson



"Blondie"



"They Call Me Everything"



"Character"



"Flash"



"Gigs"

SUTTON, L. R. Only specialty he ever had was learning the let down pattern after 20 hour checks. Emerton Club's best customer and a blonde's greatest menace. "Look at that blonde."

TEN EYCK, GEORGE T. "They call me everything." Brooklyn, N. Y. But I didn't see that parked plane. Are the Indians really wild out here?

SWINNEY, A. M., Draper, N. C. He rivals Don Eudge on the tennis court—he puts up the nets. "I couldn't hep' it."

RUMSEY, ROBERT J., Wichita, Kansas. Runs a good four-forty even in his sleep. Writes and talks "Kansas." Walked away from his first one. "Jealousy will get you nowhere." Drill, eveille, what is that? Would try anything once.

SORNSON, ROBERT O., Washington, D. C. "Gig em"—He has those "bedroom eyes." The fire escape man who will wrestle ANYTHING.



Hodges



"Jess"



"Toughy"



"P. A."



"Jarbits"



"Geep"

SPHICHER, J. E., Stuttgart, Arkansas. If talk were action, what a man!

SHERMAN, J. F. JR., Washington, D. C. Pop Hodges' original flying hot rock. Even the birds pop-to as the "Capital Kid" wings by—so do the gals in Porterville. "I don't have to get up, I'm the squadron captain."

STOLLER, P. A., Walla Walla, Washington. The "202" Club kid left Washington State College to give the A.A.F. a break. Engineering clerk at Hobbs Army Air Field, New Mexico. "Ya—you don't say."

SHUBAT, K. J., Chicago, Ill.

SHERRER, E. F., Eggertsville, N. Y. After spending five months in an infantry replacement group. "Cadets is the screwiest people what is!" "Oh, don't!"



Parkinson



"The Bird"



"Crip"



"Speed"



"Unk"



"Wing Tip"

SUPPO, H. B., Brockton, N. Y. Henry just doesn't fall in gutters, he creates 'em. "Puzz this, will ya?"

SEARCY, F. G., Detroit, Mich. Tried his hobby, photography, on Tulare but couldn't find any models. This Kemper Cadet has turned into a "Singing Birdman."

"Let's eat."

TALBOT, DONALD E., Pocatello, Idaho. The silent, thoughtful? type women go for. Definitely an HP,

did you see his 180 degree stages?"

STOUT, F. L., Atlanta, Kansas. The only Kansas farmer in the Army who hates to get up at reveille.

"Pass the pipe tobacco."

THOMAS, GEORGE E., Meridian, Idaho. Wine, food, beer, women, and more of them all. "Let's get up a little game tonight boys."



"Knocked Out"



"Honest John"



"Lucky"



"Big Man"



"Hollywood Kid"

SARBEK, LAWRENCE E., Newport, Kentucky. June 3 —G. I. marriage, Visalia—what a night—what a party—gee, look at the head on that one(s). "How do you land a Stearman?"

SILVIS, R., Chicago, Illinois. Brother navigates on the Berlin route. Ralph makes a good supply sergeant. "Whatta you want me to do, bleed?"

STRUCEL, EDWARD C., Detroit, Mich. Said he to the bartender at the Emerton Club, "Let's set up an-

other one, son." Said the bartender at the Emerton Club to him, "get out from under the table and we will. "Hey, pipe the broad."

STEPHANS, E. E., Hammond, Illinois. Big man, good line, likes school teachers.

ROSE, HERB, Hollywood, California. "Where's the sack?" This up and coming youngster is single and happy. Former "Hollywood and Vine Character," and first Hollywood member of the "Groundloopers."



Howard



"Pomona Kid"



"Arky"



"Pappy"



"Iowa"

SCHREPEL, J. B., Lincoln, Nebraska. Fellow cadets hate him, he learned to play the bugle. "Oh sack, I do now take thee as my eternal mate."

ROSSI, JOHN JR., North Little Rock, Ark. Quite a ball player as far as ping pong goes. "Yaugh? So that's a Chandelle? I thought I got those at the Emerton Club." Impossible for him to taxi with his

mouth closed.

SANDBERG, AL D., Nashwauk, Minnesota. Iron miner, school teacher, captain football team, hockey, single, blond, very heavy and what a man. "Just call me eager, anything for a laugh."

STEPANEK, M. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "My head is caught."



Rose



"Saki"



"Speed"



"Punchy"



"Grumpy"

SWING, C. E., San Bernardino, California. The Army put a stop to his professional ball career. Now he has a wife to do his thinking. "Check that."
SULHOFF, D. L., Council Bluffs, Iowa. Iowa's greatest gift to Journalism and Sinatra's greatest worry. "Lead me to the sack."
STILLWELL, J. E., Lakeland, Florida. Comes from

an old Army family. Father a Major in A.A.F. as a holdover pilot from War I. Second cousin to famous C. B. I. General Stillwell. "Women—I love 'em all."
ST. VINCENT, C. E., Soudan, Minnesota. Chuck's year-old son got his first licking when he took his first step with his left foot. "You never heard of Soudan—well."



"LOOK! NO HANDS."



QUEENIE KAHAIAN
Dispatcher



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

They Kept Our Motors Hummin'



Lt. J. Q. NICHOLS



We All Love



*Mrs. Shirlye Jeannete Valente,
Hartford, Conn.*

A/C F. J. Valente

*Miss Betty Reagin,
Tupelo, Miss.*

A/C William W. Webb

*Miss Patty White,
El Paso, Texas*

A/C F. J. Wotipka

*Miss Sarah Gordon,
Hattiesburg, Miss.*

A/C John A. Warren

*Miss Mary Lee Miller,
Glendale, Calif.*

A/C Ray N. Smith

*Miss Opal Crane,
Beaumont, Texas*
A/S William T. White

*Miss Margaret Eberhardt,
Salina, Kas.*

A/C Don L. Williams



Oliver

"Cisco"

"Hop Harrigan"

"Hammer Head"

"Jerry"

"Little Joe"

WELLS, JOHN E., Cisco, Texas. "Where's my boss?" This little man from Texas makes a lie out of those tales about Texas being the big man's state. After seeing his wife we're convinced that there is beauty there though.

WYATT, LESTER R., Galesburg, Illinois. "Beats me." A married man of the older set, who loves golf and sack time. Though things looked dark at first he finally conquered his bucking Stearman. He still has that bachelor gleam in his eye though.

WALL, DOUGLAS E., Garfield, Utah. "Tuesday? When's sick call?" He's the E. T. O. from Utah's Utopia, and a future postwar airplane designer.

We envy his imagination, what there is of it. Watch closely men, another "Bong," "Foss," "Corrigan." SEIFERT, BEN J., Sherburn, Minn. "Please don't drink those awful cokes." This fine lad will take C. Q. for you any week end, for a small fee of 10 bucks. Why did he stand with a case of "cokes" on his shoulder during drill period though? WILLIAMS, DONALD L., Salina, Kansas. "Beat the Dodos." He's an eager beaver, but a darn good kid. Any dark night you can find his room by the red glow. He's one of the few with a nose like a flashing beacon.



Martin

"Montana Slim"

"Johnny Bananas"

"Wicky"

"Leo the Lion Tamer"

"Sneezzy"

VEHRS, ROBERT H., Albany, Oregon. "Damn those Rebels." A cadet nurse from Montana has his number, but he still gives the "Local Belles" a few thrills on week end. His one worry is his hair. It just won't grow.

WHITAKER, ANDREW K., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Aw dis flyin' ain't nutten." Being one of the hottest of the hotter set he has set up headquarters in the 202 Club. He says he owes his success to the "brew" he downs on week-ends.

WARDEN, WILLIAM K., Las Vegas, Nevada. "Please Kiss Me Again." With hair of straw, and eyes of mud this mighty man fights on. Lift high your heads

and bellies too, for he's another "Bong," a good kid too.

WAGGONER, LEO E., Anamosa, Iowa. "More and faster." He can tame anything and everything, but there's a certain blonde in Glendale who can tame even him. I'll bet he'll miss the good old times, because rumors have come in that she has put the damper on him.

WAHL, RICHARD G., Long Beach, Calif. "I'll solo yet." He's the number one H. P. of Squadron "D," and the one guy that used his head about women. No certain one, cause he loves them all.



"Buck"

"Dilbert"

"Val"

"Noisy"

"Lazy"

"Pep"

VACIK, LADDIE F., Cleveland, Ohio. "I hate this place!" Strictly high speed on the leg, and on the flight line. Tell us Laddie—why did Trimble hit you with his Yo-Yo?

VALENTE, FRANK J., Hartford, Conn. "I'll take spaghetti." Frank gave all the girls a break—optically, I mean. He seems a little prejudiced toward blondes—but who can blame him! Ooooh, Frankie!

WOLTERS, LYLE A., El Cajon, Calif. "Snap it—Yost." Among the first to solo, and yet without a ground loop. We don't mean he's loud, but it's

amazing how he talks with the tower on the downwind leg.

WERTZ, CHARLES H., Jamaica, New York. "Bull cow, Jack!" There's no place like lil ole New York, says he, the shows in Jamaica, the lights in Times Square, and the Yanks in the Polo grounds. It's livin', man—livin'!

VAN DYKE, KENNETH C., Los Angeles, Calif. "I wouldn't say that." An up and coming Hollywood Commando who likes blondes instead of olives in his martinis. He is the only man alive that can get dressed in bed without rolling over.



Wickstrom

"Duffy"

"Heinie"

"Strong Arm"

"Casanova"

"Baldy"

WOLANSKI, HENRY J., Gardner, Mass. "What say little fellow?" He is a very funny guy, and a clean cut Boston gentleman. Whether it's bath or both, we generally understand what he is talking about.

SCHLEGEL, L. L., Albany, Oregon. "No! She can't come here." A handsome gadget with a double jointed heart. His love is spread from points far and near, but he has kept within the limits of the U. S. so far.

WATKINS, J. B., Portales, New Mexico. "What a lovely way to spend a fortune." He used to be a bouncer at Red Gulch Bar. He'll fly the mail to Red

Gulch and why not. With all the hot air he blows, he could do it jet propulsion style.

TORRES, TIBURCIO, Oxnard, Calif. "You look like Fifteen." If you want a laugh ask him how to do a stall; and then untie him. He's quite a character, and goes for women in a big way.

ZAMZOW, ELDENE E., Grand Island, Nebraska. "That lucky Stakowsky." With two hairs in one hand and a cuss word in his heart, he plasters his deserted head with hair tonic. He was formerly a cue ball at "Red Gulch Bar."



Latimer

"Dry Run"

"Wolfen"

"Hank"

"Cam"

"Curly"

WILLEY, ROY E., St. Louis, Missouri. I'll buy a round. The only bugler with a friend—that's Roy. We are told he is plenty eager on barracks detail. Could it be because of super instruction from the Mrs.?

WILFON, VIRGIL E., Des Moines, Iowa. "Whether it's 'Petunia' from Laguna, or 'Dirty Girty' from Albuquerque, they all love 'Wolfen'." He's a grand guy and swell room mate.

WILEY, CAMERON P., Duquesne, Illinois. "Little Joe's drunk." Better known as the "Don Juan" of the San Walkin' Valley. He simply adores displaying

his talents in engines class. The dispatchers will miss you "Cam."

WINN, HENRY V., Richmond, Virginia. "Where's that letter?" Pahdon me Jack—but Grant never took Richmond—Oh yeah! On the quiet side but never too busy for a pleasant word or a quick smile. P. S. She's in Ellensburg, Wash.

HIMMELWRIGHT, 2nd Lt. VICTOR E., New Haven, Conn. "What ho." Solo—oh yes! And let me tell you: That Stearman blew dust like a B-17 and landed like a P-38. Hmm, she's cute, but convoyed. Have you seen the latest New Yorker, etc.



Hyde

"Smudge Pot"

"Chicken Little"

"Wynotra"

"Moonshine"

"Flat Top"

WALKER, RICHARD R., Somerset, Pa. "Who's a yardbird?" This fine lad hails from deep in the coal pits. He really knows his engines. In fact he uses crankcase oil on his hair. We'll never forget old "Smudge Pot." (The Bum.)

TRIMBLE, JOHN W., San Antonio, Texas. "To the cave." He's a born leader and an inertia technician on the Yo-Yo. Before the tragedy, his mother was frightened by a Yo-Yo and it must have accounted for his interest in them.

WYNN, JAMES W., Petersburg, Virginia. "Oh (sigh) Frankie." He is constantly singing from reveille

till taps and sometimes in his sleep. Won't he ever get that frog out of his throat! If he doesn't, we'll drown the frog and him too.

WEDDING, PAUL L., Louisville, Kentucky. "Raise the lid, so's I kin wash my hair." With an axe for a musket, he's out to get the revenuer who drained his gin out of the washbowl during S. M. I. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

WHEELER, LEON W., Houston, Texas. "As I was saying." Though Dick Tracy made one Flat Top a dead goose he hasn't got far to go on the other one. What a lack of ambition.



Lowery

"Tabasco"

"Do Vane"

"Senhore"

"Promoter"

"Skinny"

VIVERETTE, C. RAYMOND, Union, Miss. "Kiss me honey, I'm still conscious." Out of the dream sack, into a jump sack and our sad sack is off to fight the Civil War again. Wait until he gets back to Ruby. She'll tame him.

WILLIAMS, DE VANE R., Birmingham, Alabama. "As you were, Yankee, don't hit me again." He is indeed a sharp character, and his versatility amazes his roommates. He can partake in any activity, including dog fights over Mooney's Grove with army check pilots.

TRIPP, REX L., San Diego, Calif. "Hubba-Hubba P.

T." There's an old saying that an old pilot is a good one. Tripp must be darn good then, because his hair is as grey as his socks.

WILSON, HARRY V., Kennett, Missouri. "Roughest war I've been in." One of the most interesting things about him is his ability to plan new angles to keep from going broke. He also holds the record for low turns.

VANDENDRIESSE, RENE V., Fair Lawn, New Jersey. "Da-Di-Da-Da." Whether its code or mail, he can really send it. He's really behind the 8 ball with everything he's got, and he's got a lack of that.



Martin

"Ferg"

"Snooks"

"W6PHU"

"Fearless"

WEST, ROBERT C., Plant City, Florida. A "P. T." practitioner who throws a medicine ball as if it were a D— Yankee. A nice kid with good ideas, but no place to use them.

WHITE, ALVIN M., Durante, Okla. "Get offin' my mattress." Flies like he means it, but he thinks both wings are heavy. The army kept "Al" from the invasion of Calif., and he is still looking for his relatives.

HAVEN, ROBERT V., 2nd Lt., Santa Ana, Calif. "Calling C. Q." Wait till they get closer and we will whistle together—says Bob. Lt. H. was a weather watcher deluxe, but he'd rather fly in the stuff than predict it.

WEBB, WILLIAM W., Tupelo, Miss. "Where's um squaw?" Who but "Fearless" could buzz a row of planes cross-tee and then turn into landing traffic? Anyway we admire his originality.



Petersen

"Jack"

"G. I. John"

"Swede"

"Breezy"

WOTIPKA, FRANK J., El Paso, Texas. "Go back Jack, or we'll all be killed." He's a natural born leader with teeth that can be picked with a pitch fork. He says he'll challenge Tojo to a calcium fang fight any day.

WARREN, JOHN A., Hattiesburg, Miss. "You kidding —P. T. in Primary?" This handsome lad was recently voted as Cadet Comedian in the Rebel Poll. What with all the trouble in the world, somebody has to keep this place clean.

VANDENBOSH, HENRY, Fair Lawn, New Jersey. "I love to ride the Ferry." Here's a man who can

dream up anything, but of course, when one never opens one's eyes, how can one help but dream. He does okay on Saturday nights though.

VEAZEY, MACK L. JR., Sylacauga, Alabama. "Do you like it out cheer?" "Breezy" still thinks a P-38 is a panacea for every fighter pilot's dream. Why does this boy cry for Trimble's Yo-Yo? Could it be he's another born leader?

YOUNGREN, DAVID O., Sheridan, Wyo. "Lend me ten." Though he is handicapped with those bronc-bustin legs, Swede can still head the list as an after P. T. wind sprinter. Just ask Sgt. Miori how good he is.



Williams



"L. P."



"Bev"



"Sleepy"



"Toughy"

WHITAKER, LOU P., Glendale, California. "Where'll I hide my car?" His greatest pastime is swatting flies, and figuring ways and means to get home on week ends. You can't blame him with all of the gals down there.

THORNE, BEVERLEY D., Piedmont, California. "Yea Diesel." We wish to thank "Bev" for the oral course we took on Diesel engines. We are thoroughly convinced that it will work on trucks, but he'll have

to leave it out of his P-38.

ZELLER, EDWARD V., Rapid City, South Dakota. "Jeeps." The only man in captivity that sleeps in the day and day dreams at night. He's really a card and has thoroughly solved the mystery of sack time. YOST, NORMAN M., Forest Glen, Chicago, Ill. "Where's my gat?" He's the only person that longs for K. P. He used to wash gaboons at the mob's hangout on the south side, and K. P. brings back old memories.



Clark



"Little Beaver"



"Dilbert the Dodo"



"Chief Kumfoot"



"Frenchy"

WOLF, PAUL A., Greenwood, Wisconsin. "I'm worried." He excels in dancing and beautiful women. If you need any help on anything just call on "Little Beaver," he'll help you to the best of his ability.

ZACHER, RICHARD F., Chicago, Ill. "Hail the sack time." His hobby is sack time. Favorite sport is sack time; and most enjoyed pastime is sack time. Oh: How he loves the sack. He's an H. P. too.

WHITE, WILLIAM T., High Island, Texas. He is known for his proficiency in flying and osculation. If he doesn't send them sky high on Saturday nights, then the poor gal just can't be helped.

WALKER, JOHN J., Kane, Pa. "Kiss me honey, nothing makes me sick." Why did this daring cadet visit the dispensary one Saturday night? He'll outfly anyone.



Fall

"Junior"

KELLER, GEORGE E. JR., Missoula, Montana. "Prayer meeting tonight—check ride tomorrow." He's the only Kaydet who can brag about being here for a year. He has our deepest sympathy or has he? Living in town just couldn't have been a good deal.

TARNAS, HAROLD G., Detroit, Mich. Due to flying with another squadron his picture has been omitted but he is definitely a part of Squadron C with his queries as to "where do they sell something to drink." "Now did you see that one at the USO dance?" He holds the greatest love for the infantry.

Retreat

DAY DREAMING

By A/C D. E. WALL.

The skies are filled with wispy
cirrus;
The Golden Dawn flares forth its
beauty.
And within our souls of love un-
biased,
We maintain our faith and duty.

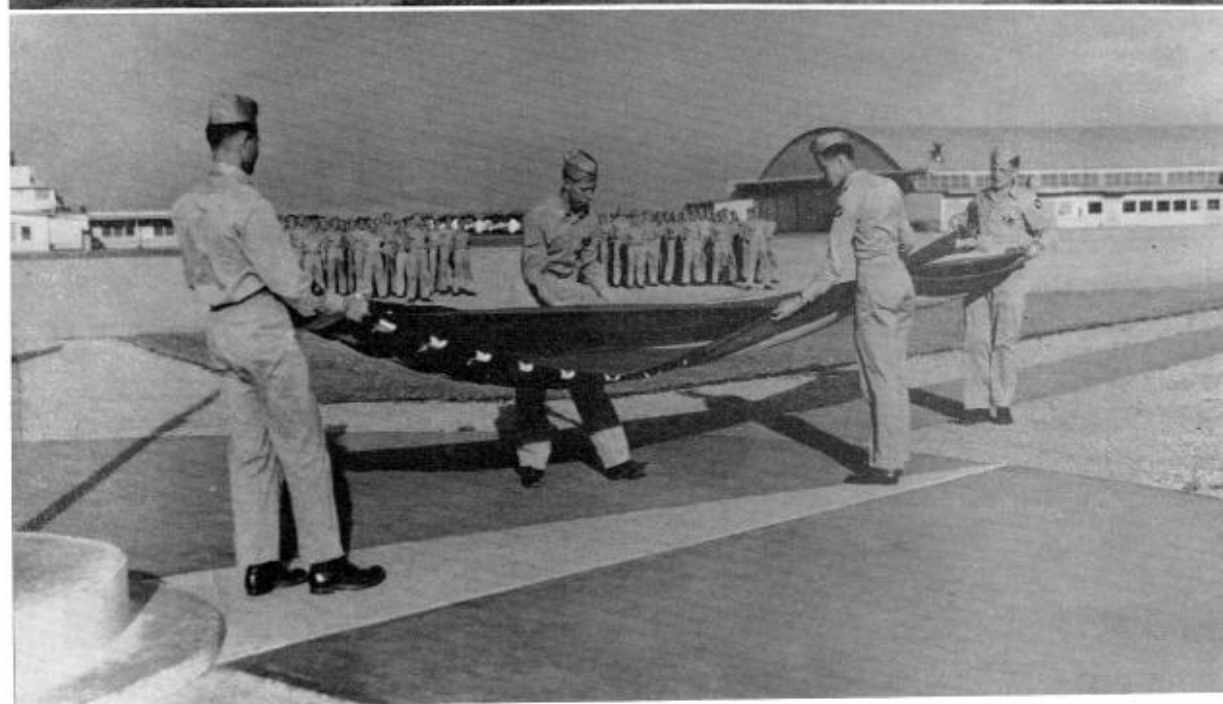
Engines roaring, propellers whining
into the blue we soar.
Diving, climbing, rolling, gliding.
Heavens beckon their glorious lure.

We are preparing to fight our prey,
Studying "Metro" and navigation
To fight who turned our blue Skies
grey.
And preserve the rights of our great
nation.

Whether it be blood or glory,
Tangled Steel or deprivation.
We will fight with untold fury
And free the world of domination.

When Hitler made his cruel
conquest
His mind roamed very far away.
He never planned a defeating
contest
Such as he'll get from 44-J.

Let's learn, then Fight for Victory.
And never take a rest.
God's with us and our country.
Forward men; Destroy the
Axis nest.





Rankin Academy Visitors

Shown (from left) grouped about J. G. "Tex" Rankin during a recent visit to the Rankin Academy are Captain Harold Comstock, the lad who not long ago made headlines—and ultra-speed—by diving a P-47 Thunderbolt fighter at the amazing speed of 747 mph over Farmingdale, L. I.; Lt. Albert G. Irish, Rankin graduate of Class 42-G, who has had the unenviable experience of being a German prisoner of war and who was repatriated on the last voyage of the liner "Gripsholm" to the U. S., and Lt. Gene Parrish, veteran of overseas combat, now a B-29 pilot. We might add that Capt. Comstock now has 85 combat missions and five Nazi fighters to his credit!



Upon the occasion of a recent meeting of the Western Information Council, Aeronautical Training Society, held at the Rankin Academy, a dinner was given the WIC boys at the Tulare Hotel. Shown (from left) around table are Frank Gianelli, Associate Public Relations Director, Southwest Airways, Phoenix, Arizona; Keith Monroe, Public Relations Director, Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego, Hemet and Tucson; Harry Donoho, Associate Public Relations Director, Cal-Aero and Mira Loma Flight Academies; Mrs. Walt Bohrer; Mrs. Chester Chenoweth; Mrs. Logan Powell. Back row (from left): Walt Bohrer, Public Relations Director, Rankin Academy; J. G. "Tex" Rankin, Director of Operations, Rankin Academy; Robert S. Norswing, General Manager, Rankin Academy; Chester Chenoweth, Wing Commander, Rankin Academy; Logan Powell; Mrs. John Africa; John Africa, Co-ordinator of Training, Rankin Academy; Mrs. J. G. "Tex" Rankin (in front of Mrs. Africa); Percy Whiteside, publisher, Tulare Times and Advance-Register, and John Long, General Manager, California Newspaper Publishers Association.

TULARE PUBLIC LIBRARY

