

# Rankin'File

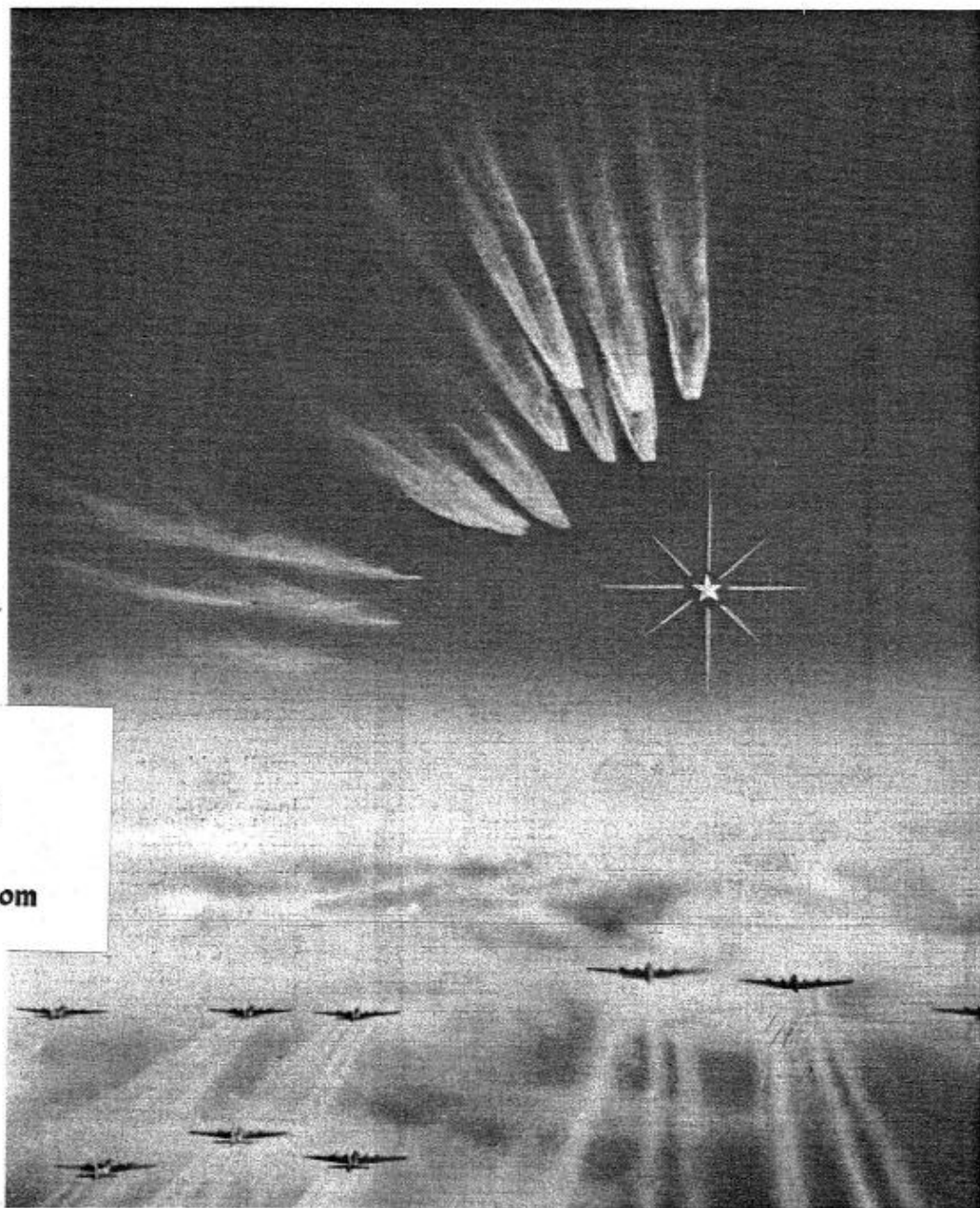
Published in the interest of the employees of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California

Howard  
Peace

Calif. Collection - V. 2

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room



Happy New Year!

# Rank'n'File

VOL. I

NO. 2

JANUARY, 1945



A high-lift, double-exhaust, 1,000  
hoss-pressure magazine published  
in the interest of the employees  
of the Rankin Aeronautical Acad-  
emy, Tulare, California.

## What's Up This Issue

★

### HONOR ROLL

★

### 25 YEARS OF RANKIN

★

### "200,000 FLYERS"

★

### MAJOR FERNALD

★

### DEPARTMENT CHATTER AND OTHER STUFF

★

### STAFF:

Editor . . . . WALT BOHRER  
Asc. Editor - CARL FORSSTROM  
Asc. Editor . . JOHN T. AFRICA  
Staff Pho. - CLAUDE E. HOWELL

★

### STAFF SCRIBES:

Bill Farrell, Ben Jacobsen, John T.  
Africa, Dorcas Willhide, J. D. Mor-  
rison.

## Aerotorially Speaking

With this issue of Rank'n'File, the Rankin Aeronautical Aca-  
demy literally bursts with pride!

### Why?

Well, not only is it the 25th anniversary of Tex Rankin's ca-  
reer as a flying school operator, but there is another reason as  
well.

Turn to the opposite end of this issue, tear out the special  
supplement, and feast your eyes upon the imposing record of  
over one thousand sky-fighters who received their primary train-  
ing at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

It doesn't seem any time at all since we used to see those  
same lads—Bong, Furey, Ethel, Patterson—seated, as cadets, at  
the PX counter yelling for cokes, squated on the flight line filling  
out Form I's, or walking off PT's on the parade ground. Look at  
them now: Bong, America's top ace with a score of 40 Nip  
planes at this writing, plus the Congressional Medal of Honor and  
just about every other decoration you can shake a stick at; Ethel,  
who became an ace in his first 15 minutes of combat work, with  
3 DFC's and other awards; Furey, Congressional Medal holder and  
leader of the great attack on Toulon harbor that sent the big  
French battleship, Strousberg, to Davy Jones locker; Patter-  
son with DFC's and things plus a great record in three theaters  
of action—African, European and Asiatic!

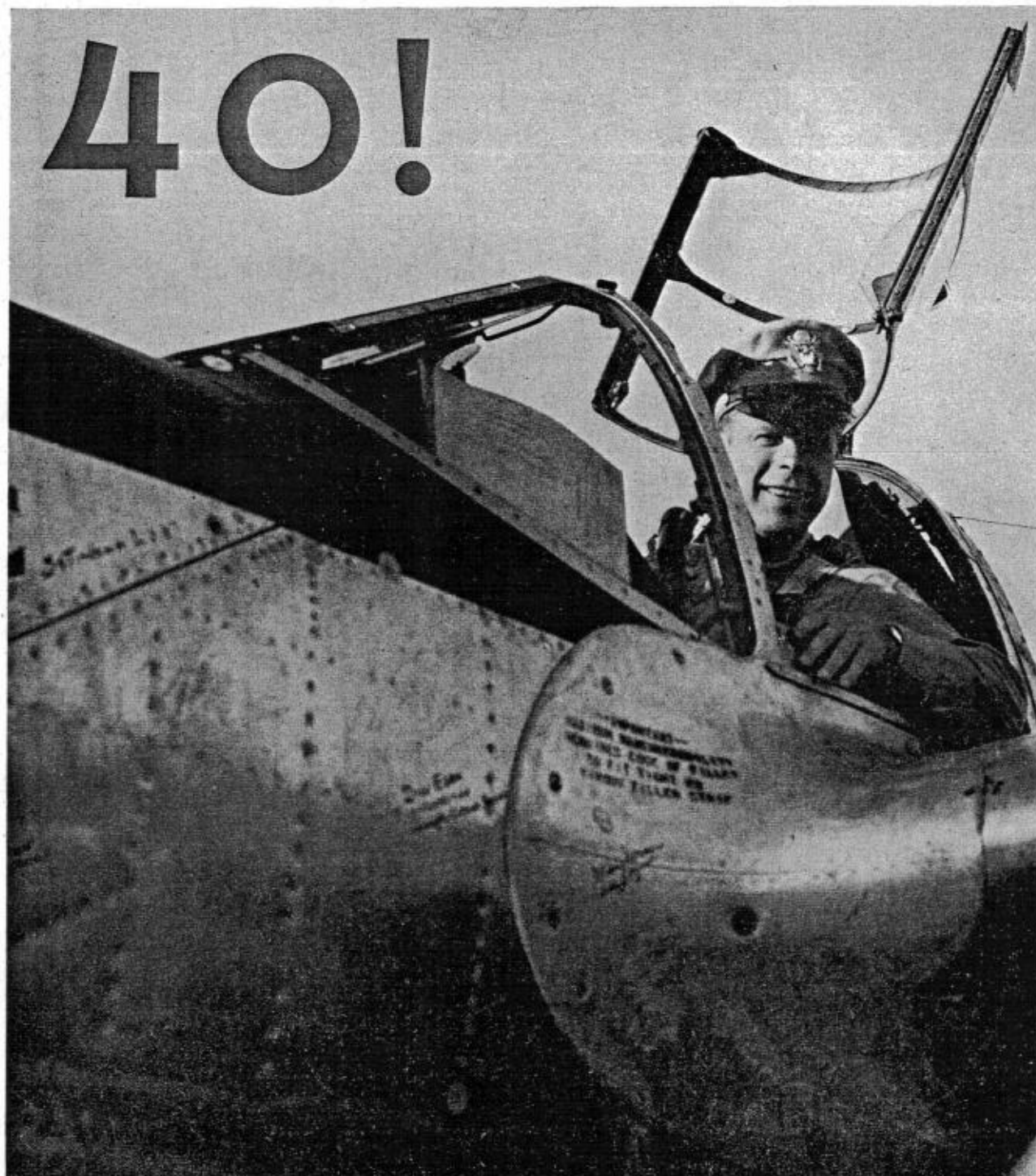
And then there are those beside whose name you will find a  
small gold star. Proud as we are of those on our Roll of Honor  
who have already done big things "over there", and who are still  
in there "pitching", we are prouder still of those gallant lads who,  
to their last breath, never for one moment let the enemy forget  
that they were up against the toughest foe in the world! To those  
men we say, "Your death will not have been in vain". We know  
they are saying "Carry On!"

We have done all in our power to make this list complete.  
Every name listing an award or decoration received up to Decem-  
ber 26th has been included. For the reason that it would require  
a separate book entirely to list all of the 5200 graduates heard  
from to date, we have listed only those actually reported as hav-  
ing received an award or decoration and with said awards or  
decorations named.

For your convenience, the Honor Roll has been made up as a  
map-fold supplement perforated so that it may easily be torn  
from the magazine and either framed or pasted in a scrap book.  
Photographs of most of the listed medals may be seen on the back  
cover. The reason for which each of these medals is given will  
be found on the inside back cover.

It may be interesting to note that in the almost four years of  
its operation as a civilian contract school the Rankin Academy,  
an Aeronautical Training Solcety member, has graduated well  
over 7000 Army Air Forces Aviation Cadets. From this it  
may be seen that only a small percentage of the graduated total  
is included on our Roll of Honor. Doubtlessly the names of most  
of this imposing alumni will eventually be added to the list!

—WALT BOHRER, Editor.



*Major Dick Bong  
Bags Forty Nips!*

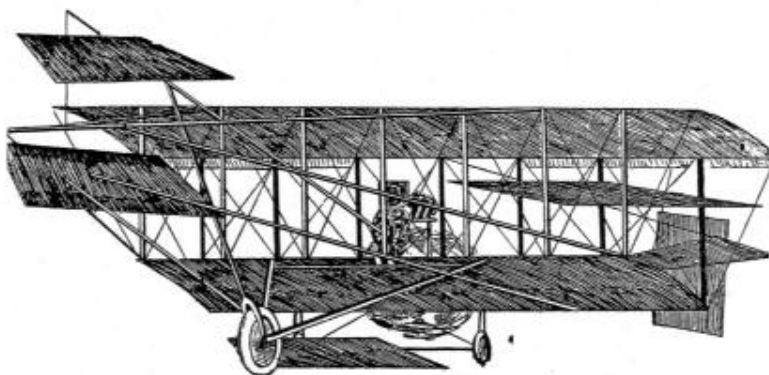
Rankin trained flyer is top  
Anglo-American ace

WITH FORTY NIP SCALPS tucked under his belt and the Congressional Medal of Honor adorning his tunic, Major "Dick" Bong, top Anglo-American ace and stellar Rankin grad, has returned from the wars.

It is rumored that the Army plans to retire the famous flier from combat duty—that is, at least AERIAL combat. He is to remain in the United States and will marry Miss Marge Vattendahl, his hometown sweetheart, at Poplar, Wisconsin, February 10th. CONGRATULATIONS, DICK AND MARGE!



# The Editor's Hangar



As we head pell-mell into this resume of a quarter century of Rankin, a lot of things come to our mind—or the place our mind ought to be.

We begin to realize just how far aviation has progressed since the days when Tex first gave his "Jenny" a coat of bright red paint, and gloatingly watched the Sunday crowds pass several much later models to say, "Oh, we want to ride in that big new red plane over there!"

We realize it's a far-cry from the time when on foggy days they used to load air mail on a motorcycle and head down the road with it to the next air mail stop—generally a 300 mile stretch. There the next pilot would pick it up and continue on his way—IF it wasn't still foggy, in which case the cyclist would fall heir to another several hundred miles of "air mail ground miles".

It's a distant sob from the days (a) when a very dim view was taken of trans-ocean flying; (b) when no view at all was taken of it; (c) when seven or eight eager pilots-in-the-larvae (original eager beavers) would gather on a sand lot masquerading as an airport (Rankin Field was one of them) and keep tab of their flying time on the side of the hangar wall; (d) when on stormy days we used to watch that pilot "stagger" over the field and remark among ourselves that the Lord was certainly riding along with him holding up his wings—probably now amended to "God is his co-pilot!" (apologies to Colonel Scott); (e) when there wasn't a CAA to walk up and tap you on the shoulder and say, "Your license, bub—where is it?" for some minor infraction of the rules such as flying through the main intersection of town under the telephone lines; (f) when the only compass used was an iron one (R. R. trax); (g) when navigating consisted of flying down over the local depot and reading the town's name on

the side; (h) when you flew "by the seat of your pants" and (i) when you were a big sissy if you wore a parachute; (j) when county fairs and like affairs meant good barnstorming.

Oh, we could go on endlessly, but—thank the Lord for all small favors—we won't!

Anyway, it's just things like the above that make you realize where this business we are in has advanced to.

It also makes you realize why the hell your hair is getting thin, making you look like a bald eagle, and why your waistline, formerly a model of streamlining, is beginning to resemble a rain barrel.

In glancing through an issue of the old "RANKIN AIR SPEED INDICATOR", dated November, 1929—that's fifteen years ago!—we rip along to an article entitled "Art Walters Back Again". It goes on to say:

"After a summer spent barnstorming in a tri-motored Ford, Art Walters has returned to Rankin Airport as flight instructor. Art has been flying for so many years that his friends expect wings to sprout from behind his shoulder blades most any day."

Well, this is 1945—and Art Walters is STILL flying for Rankin, being a Squadron Commander here at Tulare. Wonder what his friends expect him to sprout now—a collapsible landing gear?

Back in the lean Jenny days there were times when flying promised little more than a hand-to-mouth existence.

We recall an instance that occurred one afternoon in a leading

southland hotel where Tex had the pleasure of meeting a dear old lady who regarded fliers in the same light as daredevil circus performers.

Her first words of greeting were "My, my, young man, isn't flying a rather dangerous profession for you to be following?"

"Sure is, Ma'm", replied Tex. "I don't think there's another line I could follow where I'd come as near starving to death as I have in aviation!"

★

All of which reminds us of another instance brought on by lean years in flying. This supposedly happened to a pilot who was forced out of business by the depression. Jobs were scarce as hen's teeth, but in order to keep food heading for his stomach, this pilot, in sheer desperation, inquired for work at a circus that had arrived in town.

"Well, we've only got one job open", replied the circus foreman. "Our gorilla died yesterday and we are badly in need of someone like you to hop into a gorilla hide and act like a gorilla".

Accepting the job, the pilot donned the gorilla outfit and was hopping about the cage when a group of men pushed another full grown gorilla into the cage.

"Help! Help!" yelled the pilot, jumping to the top bars of the cage. "Get this gorilla outa here!"

"Shut up, you horse's neck", replied gorilla No. 2. "Do you think you're the ONLY pilot out of a job?"

★

In our estimation one of the best houseorgans from the standpoint of newsmanship, nosiness, sparkle, wit (whole wit) and format, is the sheet known as BULAERO published down at Glendale for the Cal-Aero Academy and associated industries.

Cleverly edited by a gent whose initials are Harry Donoho, and who lurks under the title of EDITORIAL DIRECTOR of Aircraft Industries, as the Moseley enterprises are known, BULAERO sails (or slinks) out of the presses once each month as a slang-bang testimonial that Americans most of a certainty haven't lost their sense of humor in spite of all the hulla-balloo of war and rationing and politics.

Yes, BULLY BULAERO it is knowned as—bales of babbling banter and baffling bagatelles bubbling without basis from the breezy pages of a banner publication known from the grassy grades and glades of Glendale to the tin-topped teepees of Timbuctoo

★

SNAPPY NEW YEAR!



# Twenty-five Years of Rankin

A "Blow-By-Blow" Description  
By  
WALT BOHRER

1919—World War the First is over. Kaiser Bill hightails it to Holland from Germany to chop wood. "Tex" Rankin hightails it to Spokane from France to work for Symons & Russell Aviation Company as instructor.

1920—Buys own ship, moves to Walla Walla, Washington. Hangs shingle on cow runway. Proves mettle as instructor by teaching to fly A. L. "Art" Walters and John G. Langdon. Both now instructing at Tulare.

1921—Whir of Rankin prop induces 40 or 50 local lads to learn piloting during year. Walla Walla now air-minded. Barnstormed southern Idaho in fall. Returned to Walla Walla in December and married Shirley Wadsworth.

1922—Practically everyone in Walla Walla now a pilot. Only ones left are those who say would fly if could keep one foot on ground. Time for move. Barnstormed through Montana. Joined air show where Charles A. Lindbergh was parachute jumper and Vance Breese was pilot and wing walker. Returned to Walla Walla in November. Bought the equipment (3 Jennies and 2 Curtiss Orioles) of Oregon, Washington, Idaho Airplane Co.; took over their field and hangars at Guilds Lake, Portland, Oregon.

1923—January 4th—Stork lands on Rankin home mat, leaves Dale



Starting with the New York-Spokane transcontinental air race (National Air Races) back in 1927, Tex won widespread fame with his No. 13 series of racing planes and his black cat mascot. Tex, 13 and "Alba Barba", as the ebony feline was dubbed because of one white whisker, were familiar figures at all National Air Races for several years after the 1927 event.

W. Rankin. Name "Rankin" in hefty letters across wings of Rankin ships becomes synonymous with aviation in Portland. Student classes, week-end crowds increase. Barnstormed during summer on beach at Seaside, Oregon.

1924—Army flies around world to give Douglas slogan, "First Around the World." Rankin on southland jaunt is first pilot ever

to land and take off from Death Valley. Port of Portland dredges pump over 6 feet of sand over Guilds Lake Airport, forcing Rankin to move to Vancouver, Washington, across Columbia River from Portland. Latter city now without landing facilities.

1925—Returns to Portland. Leases sand strip on banks of Willamette River across from late Swan Island Airport, then



yet to be thought of. Builds hangar and is ready for business. Business comes—so does a pair of twins, Wilma and Willard. Becomes too busy to do any more barnstorming but puts on occasional acrobatic exhibitions at County Fairs and Air Shows.

1926—New production aircraft appearing on scene—Swallows, Wacos, Travel Airs, Eaglerocks, etc. Old-type aircraft, in comparison, look like long-whiskered barber shop quartet would in modern day church choir. After trip east, Rankin takes northwest distributorship for Waco 9.

1927—Banner year for aviation—Lindbergh flies to Gay Paree; Byrd, Balchen, Acosta, Noville fly Atlantic; Chamberlin and Levine fly N. Y. to Germany in Bellanca "Columbia." Pacific conquered in Dole Race by Art Goebel in Travel Air "Woolaroc" and by Martin Jensen in Breese "Aloha." Rankin classes increase to 250 students. New Waco 10 planes arrive. Rankin enters first national cross-country Air Derby in his first number "13" Waco, from New York to Spokane, Wash. Whirlwind engine became hungry and swallowed an exhaust valve over Montana while Rankin was in third place.

1928—Rankin classes increase to alltime high of 610 students at one time. Rankin adds agency for Ryan "Brougham" B-1 Whirlwind-powered cabin plane and Velie - powered Monocoupe. Moves to Swan Island airport (still under construction) temporarily while new private field picked. Tex flies second Waco number "13" to 5th place in National Cross Country Air Derby from New York to Los Angeles.

1929—Moves from Swan Island to new Rankin airport on Union

This neat building comprised Rankin School headquarters in Portland from 1929 to 1932. Located a mile from the field itself, this building also housed the aircraft repair section of the school plus the ground school department which then, as now, was directed by Major H. W. Smith.

Avenue. Waco "F" planes arrive. Company obtains agency for Great Lakes trainer. On August 12, Rankin flies 85 h. p. trainer on first non-stop, non-refueling flight across United States between Canada and Mexico. Stork



Ryan Brougham planes used by Rankin in 1928 for passenger hops and for scheduled Portland-Yakima Air Service.

makes non-refueling flight to deliver daughter, Carolyn. Rankin wins 2nd place in third National Cross Country Air Derby, Portland to Cleveland, with his third number "13" Waco. In October Rankin establishes record of 19 consecutive outside loops at Portland.

1930—Hundreds of students learn flying at Rankin School. Rankin performs at many prominent air shows throughout United States.

1931—Rankin established new record of 78 consecutive outside loops at Glendale, California, in March. In October breaks this record with 131 consecutive outside loops at Charlotte, N. C.

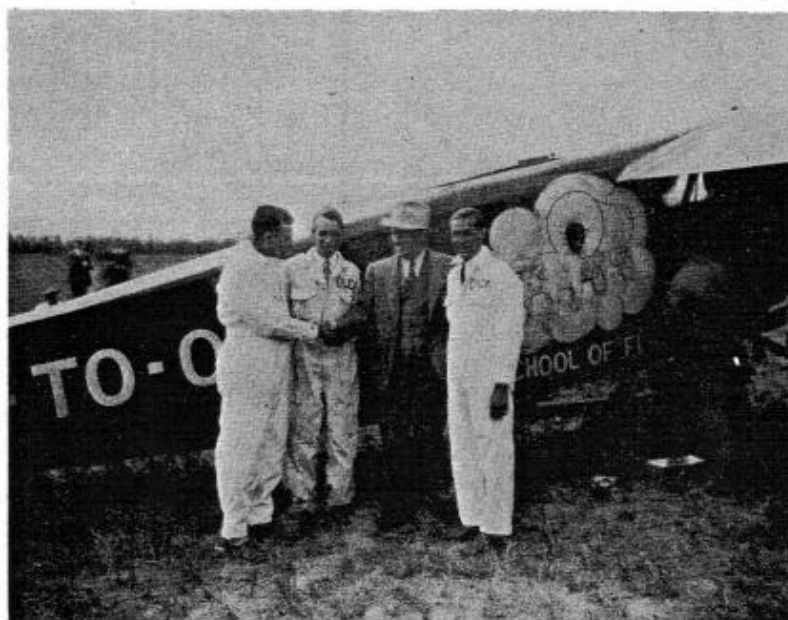
1932—Attempts refueling endurance record from Rankin Field using Stinson, "On-To-Oregon." Engine difficulty balks 3 attempts, longest time in air being 72 hours. Last attempt foiled when hole burned in piston. Tours U. S. in aerial acrobatic exhibitions.

1933—Student operations greatly curtailed by depression. Rankin writes "Rankin Text," series of textbooks covering flying, navigation, theory of flight, meteorology and aircraft engines. Books widely used. Rankin again tours U. S. in aerial acrobatic exhibitions.

1934—Revises "Rankin Text," bringing same up to date. Carries on acrobatic exhibitions in western states.

1935—Enters National Air Races at Cleveland, achieves fame as top U. S. acrobatic pilot. Accompanied by Walt Bohrer, Rankin tours Great Lakes area, New York and New England states in acrobatic exhibitions with special Ryan sport-trainer.

1936—Continues tour of eastern



Just before endurance record try. Tex shakes hands with Lt. (now Col.) Oakley G. Kelly, who with Lt. John McCready was first to fly non-stop across U. S. With Tex are brothers, the late "Dud" Rankin and Dick Rankin who accompanied Tex on attempt.

seaboard states. Enters major southern air events, including All-American Air Races at Miami, Florida. Later in year, purchases home in Hollywood and becomes member Hollywood Motion Picture Pilots Association and Screen Actors' Guild.

1937—Rankin officially becomes World Champion Acrobatic Pilot by winning first place in the International Acrobatic Competitions. Tours 32 states and British Columbia fulfilling acrobatic exhibition engagements. Continues motion picture flying and flight instruction.

1938—Rankin operates specialized flying school in Los Angeles, giving private lessons in primary and acrobatic flying to limited number of students. Teaches, among others, Errol Flynn, Edgar Bergen and Bryan Aherne. Continues motion picture flying.

1939—Organizes Rankin School of Flying at Metropolitan Air-

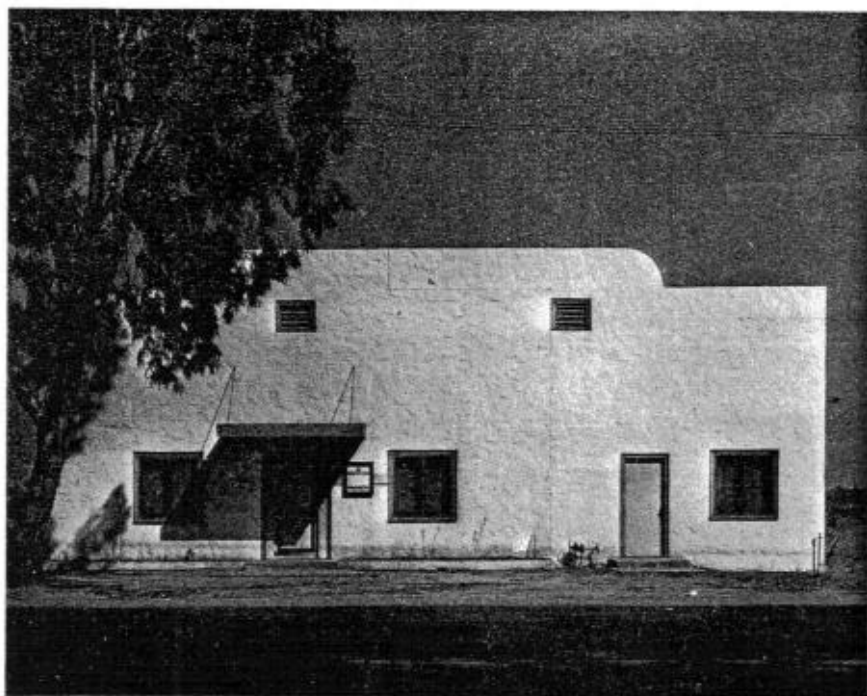
port, Van Nuys, California. Featured in Acrobatic Flying at San Francisco World Fair, Treasure Island, for ten weeks. Toured with air show through western states. Continued motion picture flying.

1940—Rankin School issued Approved School Certificate by CAA. CPT contract for advanced flying instructor refresher course obtained. Brochure filed with Air Corps by Rankin requesting contract to train Aviation Cadets. Continued motion picture flying. Too busy to tour with air show, however fulfilled many week-end air show engagements.

1941—Opens Rankin Aeronautical Academy, civilian contract primary training school for U. S. Army Aviation Cadets at Tulare. The first army flight training base in Central California, the Rankin Academy is a member of the Aeronautical Training Society. Rankin has graduated more than 10,000 flying students in the past 25 years!



# Rankin Pilots' Club Popular



While not exactly the Stork Club or the Cocacabana, the "Pilots' Club" on Highway U.S. 99 a mile and a half from Tulare is a swell place for Rankin instructors to relax now and then, dance, or even go so far as to rest their elbows on the bar—purely for the rest, you understand!

Well equipped with lounging furniture purchased by the pilot-instructors themselves, and with a ping-pong and a pool table, plus a piano, furnished by the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, the Pilot's Club, a private club for use of the instructors of the Rankin Academy and their wives only, has been the scene of many happy shindigs and parties since its formal debut three years ago.

The idea first cropped up in an instructor's "bull session" when Squadron Commander Craig Coleman suggested the need for a place where instructors, their wives and friends could get together once or twice a week to play cards, dance, gab or even "pin one on", the latter "relaxation", of course, to be confined to week-ends or vacation periods.

With the backing of all concerned, the old Coconut Grove was leased for a period of five years, and the "Pilot's Club" was born. Original members were Barney Fritz, Lou Tyler, Craig Coleman, John Africa, Rudy Zeimer, Carl Berg, Tom Derby, Frank Ralston and Howard Scheurer.

Everyone pitched in on a program of remodeling. A new bar

was built and the place fixed up by pilots' to suit pilots. Murals were painted on the walls by instructor-artist Lou Tyler, an attendant hired. During past year, until recently, Tulare's singing bartender, Jimmie Donohue, was employed as attendant—and when Jimmy warbled "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", one could just see those Irish eyes doing just that.

Now open three times each week, the "Pilot's Club" is the scene of many swellegant dances and other affairs, including the get-togethers of that fine group of ladies known as Alpha Mu Rho—the wives of the instructors of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy.

Who's president this year?—Instructor R. B. Williams is, that's who!

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As the portly line supervisor, VINCE BROGAN, passes through the hangar from time to time, LYLE De ARMOND, late of Hangar 2, was wont to barge the good natured lad a bit. It seems that Lyle had just experienced a "brush" with that pathology known as the mumps. Brogan, this time, figuring to get off the first barrage, remarked that if De Armond had anything to say to please do so at a distance where he could also keep his mumps. Lyle very caustically remarked that Brogan need not

fear as the germs upon contacting him would die anyhow. With the suddenness possible only to a guy with a name like Brogan, Vince was heard to reply that even germs believe it preferable to die in a castle than to live in a dump.

★

Jones: "Besides piloting one of them big Boeing forts, my son is specializing in languages."

Smith: "Zasso?"

Jones: "Yes, he enclosed a bill which says \$20 for French, \$50 for Spanish and \$200 for Scotch."

They were driving along a country road.

He: "You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

She: "Sure. You're about to run out of gas".

There was a drunk who stared at a homely passenger in the elevator. He finally blurted out, "My God, you're ugly!" The homely one, in an effort to control himself, replied, "I can't help the way I look." This answer did not seem to satisfy the drunk for he fairly screamed, "Well, you could stay at home!"



FROM "WHEW!"  
TO "BRRR!"

Hey! You guys who are in such awful predicaments by being cold and not being able to shiver fast enough these nippy ayems—REMEMBER LAST AUGUST?

# They're Cleaning Up!



geous incorrigables" risked their all to make a reality of General Arnold's unprecedented proposal for Army and civilian co-operation in the training of cadets.

Three hundred eighty-one prominent persons in American aviation figure and are named in the stories told in "200,000 Flyers", and reference is made to 194 towns and cities from coast to coast whose people helped to create the mass air force. It is about typical aviation cadets and "eager beavers", bronzed veteran flying school operators, Army officers, civilian instructors and even mess-hall attendants. Add to this many hitherto untold stories about some of our aces, mix well, and you have a book EVERY ONE

In photo to left are shown Presser C. R. Miller, Catherine Davis, J. M. Davis, Owners Mildred and John Davis and Seamstress Lou Freeman.

OF YOU will want to read. (The writer personally is going to learn to read especially in order to read this book!).

The appendix of "200,000 Flyers" tells in detail about the top work being done by the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, and some 60 other schools where civilians, under Army supervision, did similar training assignments.

"200,000 Flyers" is a "must", so watch for it!

Tokyo radio report: We are pleased to announce the destruction of an American torpedo by one of our largest cruisers.

One crew who cleans up at Rankin Field is the Rankin Cleaners! Headman Johnny Davis tells us that if he had all of the buttons he has sewed on cadet uniforms during 1944, sewed on him, he'd be all buttoned up for the rest of 1945 and half of 1946.

Have you taken a peak in the Rankin Cleaners lately? We did the other day and it took us 35 minutes to locate the cleaning personnel under what looked like thousands of Air Forces uniforms and another half hour to uncover them after they were located!

These folks deserve a lot of credit for the spick-and-span look of the Rankin Field kaydets. Elmer Coday says he gets his clothes cleaned there, too, but try as they might, he always ends up with more span than spic!

## We're Mentioned In New Book

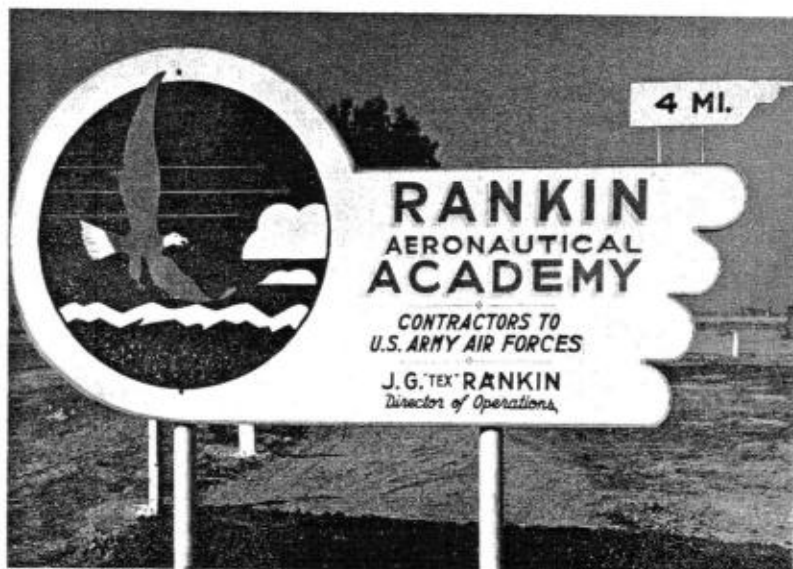
The Rankin Aeronautical Academy is again in the limelight!

This time it receives prominent mention in a new book, "200,000 Flyers" written by a well-known New York author, Willard Weiner, and ready now for distribution by its publisher, Infantry Journal.

"200,000 Flyers" tells in detail the little-known story of the miracle of the creation of America's mass

air force. It is a story of the red-tape slashing, the obstacle surmounting that enabled the Army Air Forces to expand itself more than 200-fold in less than five years. It records what happened from the day General H. H. "Hap" Arnold saw war clouds gathering over Europe down to the recent map-changing raids of our airmen.

It tells how a tiny band "coura-



**NEW SIGN.** Here is the new 6 by 12 foot sign placed on Highway 99, just 4 miles west of Rankin Field. In full color the sign attracts no little attention. Neat, huh?



# New Commanding Officer



**MAJOR WILLIAM I. FERNALD**

We always knew the Army could do the impossible, but making a Floridan live in California is the pay-off!

We refer to the Commanding Officer of the 3050th Army Air Forces Base Unit, stationed at the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, Calif.

The name is Major Wm. I. Fernald, native of Tarpon Springs, Fla. where he was born, raised and schooled. We haven't checked the map as yet to see which side of

Florida Tarpon Springs is on, but it really doesn't make a lot of difference—neither side likes California!

A graduate of the University of Florida, Major Fernald's occupation, prior to joining the Army Air Forces in February, 1934, was that of civil engineer.

His flight training was received at Randolph and Kelly Fields in Texas. Them wuz the days when a graduate from advanced training remained in cadet (then known as

"Flying Cadet") status for an additional year.

Commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant March 1, 1936, Major Fernald remained a "shavetail" for exactly three years, being upped in rank to 1st Lieutenant March 1, 1939. Somewhat over a year later, he requested relief from active duty to become a primary school instructor at Oxnard, California, where for two years he turned out Aviation Cadets in some of Mira Loma's first classes.

June, 1942, found Fernald recalled to active duty as a 1st Lieutenant. He was promoted to Captain in August and, in September, 1942, was made Commanding Officer at Hemet (Ryan School of Aeronautics), holding this post until coming to Rankin in December, 1944, where he replaced Major Craig P. Bade, transferred to Luke Field, Ariz. Meanwhile, in January, 1943, Fernald had been raised to rank of Major.

Since first being commissioned as an officer in the Army Air Forces, Major Fernald has spent two years at Brooks Field, Texas; two years at Luke Field, Honolulu, T. H., and two years at Kelly Field as pursuit instructor. He married Miss Louise Bannister of San Antonio in Honolulu in 1938; has two sons, Robert 5, and Billy, 1.

Quiet, unassuming, yet a man who possesses an uncanny capacity for getting things done, Major Fernald is a very welcome addition to the Rankin Field military staff.

## Bird With Big Bill Lands at Rankin

We are going stork mad! First Instructor Jack Martin reports a brand spanking new juvenile baby female daughter for spanking purposes, namely Nancy Lynn Martin, born November 15 and weighing in at 6 lbs., 11 ounces, and then ups Instructor Chet Moulton and says the Moulton family has been blessed with a baby male son whose initials are J. P. which, no doubt, really means "Jet Propulsion" but who is called James Patrick. Jet—we mean Pat—checked in at 7 lbs., 9½ ounces on December 13th. Right here we might say that we don't recall any seegars being passed around up here which automatically removes this item from record as a SOCIAL note. On the other hand, had the sort of seegars that one is only able to purchase nowadays, been passed around, this STILL wouldn't have been a social note. They're without doubt the lous—but to get back to the babies—CONGRATULATIONS to the new pappies and mammies!

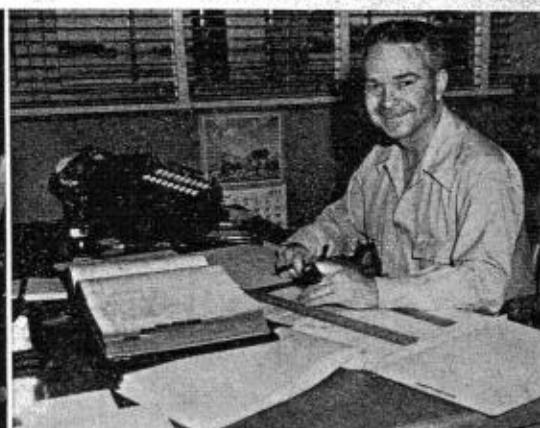




JORDAN



JEANS



BURTON

## Main Office Chit Chat

By DORCAS WILLHIDE

Not a dern thing has happened in the main office since the last issue, except: The place has been turned end-for-end to make room for Annabelle Brown and her Flight Office crew who have moved up from their former quarters on the flight line. . . . Mary Carlson and Grace Fenton of the Public Relations department—the gals responsible for this issue's Honor Roll supplement getting into print via the typewriter route—have accompanied their student officer husbands to Minter Field and will reside at Bakersfield. . . . We miss 'em and wish 'em lotsa good luck! . . . Dottie Jordan of Public Relations ups and gets betrothed to Instructor Jack Walsh inasmuch as they are "thata-way" about each other! Wedding bells? Uh, huh! February 1st at the Wee Kirk O' The Heather in Glendale. . . . our VERY BEST CONGRATULATIONS, Dottie 'n' Jack! . . . Janet Jessup came back to Rankin after a sojourn at Cal-Aero, Ontario. . . . Janet used to be on

the Army side of things, but is now secretary to Misters Norswing and Burton. . . . welcome back where you belong, JJ! . . . Frank Paris of "Payroll" and Office Manager Hugh Burton, the man with the pipe, have teamed up on outgoing income tax work. . . . their slogan: "What taxes don't get—we do!" . . . Annabelle Shaw, cute as a bug's ear, shows up as new switchboard "op," assisting Dorcas Willhide. . . . also assists in payroll dept. . . . What with so many calls to Africa and Paris, Rankin long-distance bill must be lopsided!—Ed. . . . Ruth Jeans, Mr. Paris' able assistant and payroll wrestler, still greets us on payday with the cheery smile (dern her!) that makes you forget all the "deducts"! . . . Walt Bohrer, Director of Public Relations, on the recent main office outing to Sequoia, got himself smacked plub in the kisser with a snowball tossed by a strong-armed Amazon whose initials are Ruth Jeans. . . . (the resulting half-shiner and



JESSUP

barked schnozzle may be why the Bohrer likeness does not appear on this page—Hummm! We wonder!) . . . Dorcas Willhide, also hit by snowballs on the same expedition, sports no shiner as each time the WILLHIDE was bombarded, she was stooping over! . . . Outside of that nothing has happened around here.—D. W.



CARLSON



PARIS



FENTON



WILLHIDE



## Tex Honored by Employees on Birthday

TEX at "mike" voices appreciation for swell birthday party.



ABOVE: WITH MRS. RANKIN and daughter, Wilma Jean, looking on, Tex cuts first piece of huge birthday cake baked and presented him by L. F. Dickeson, commissary manager at Rankin Field. Cadet is H. L. Kochwelt, MAAF, Merced.

The element of surprise has always been an element of surprise, and Dec. 28th's birthday hangar-party for Tex Rankin at the Academy of the same name was no deception—or exception! Rankin was one surprised individual — even more than was Napoleon when General Grant snuck up on his forces along the west coast of Arkansas during the Spanish-American war.

The birthday party, we might explain for those who were unable to attend and for those who attended and were unable to see because they were standing behind W. D. Cook, was a party given by the several hundred employees of the Academy for their popular boss—Tex—whose

birthday, coincidentally, happened to fall on the same day that he became a year older, and who was kept in the dark as to the details of the affair and also by the lights going out once or twice.

The affair started at eight P. M., with a rainstorm accompanied by dancing to the syncopation of the Lemoore Army Base band winding up at 11 P. M. with dancing to the syncopation of the Lemoore Army Air Base band without the rainstorm. Interspersed betwixt the two, however, was the grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Rankin and Major and Mrs. Frenald, Rankin Field C. O. Walt Bohrer also was

in the grand march, thinking everyone was going to the punch bowl. The grand march ended in a huge V between which Photographer Claude Howell dashed madly to and fro with his camera. Many guests thinking the camera flashes were lightning left for home early.

Presentation of gifts followed, with its attendant speeches over the microscope by Master of Ceremonies John Africa, City Manager Gail Bash, and others. We can't say how many gifts Rankin received, but he is said to be dickering with the S. P. Railroad to build a spur line to the field so he can haul them home.

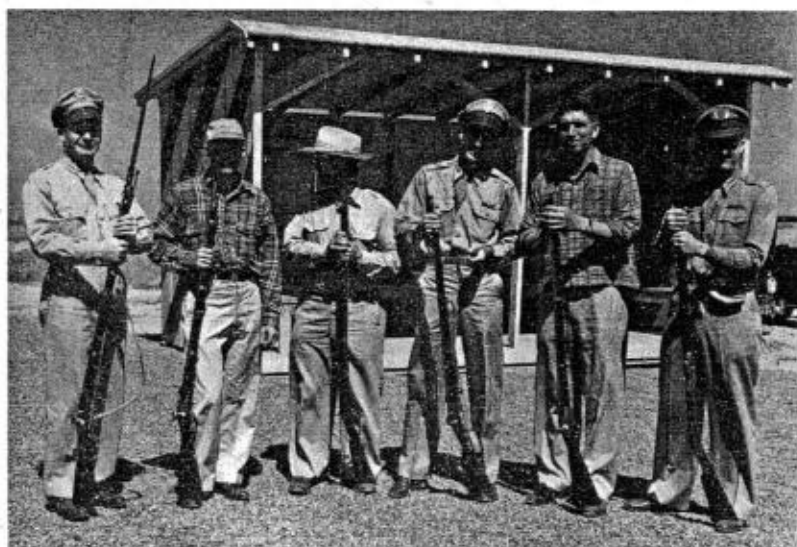
It is estimated that 500 employees and guests were present. This count was arrived at by George Kurtz, airport superintendent, who counted the legs and divided by two.

BELOW: HUGH BURTON, Rankin office manager, puts his "J.H." down on huge birthday card, signed by over 500 persons during evening.



ABOVE: GRAND MARCH, led by Tex and Mrs. Rankin and Major and Mrs. William Frenald gets under way; ends in huge "V" before bandstand.





is now **Capt. Vic Torres**. Here at Rankin we are all proud of Vic. Few mortals take as much interest in doing a good job as **Capt. Vic Torres**.

**Miss Lorena Daly**, WASP was a recent visitor at the old stamping ground. Lorena, a Bakersfield girl is an ex-Rankin Filer, having been secretary in Rankin Operations. WASP Daly is presently stationed at Minter Field. Come in again, Lorena.



**Miss Patricia Dorey** (ex-dispatcher Sqd. A) is taking a sick leave vacation-rest and it is feared "Trish" will not return to her beloved "boys". Good luck Pat and don't forget to write.

## Africa Speaks!

By JOHN T. AFRICA

**Dick Lyndon**, Asst. Sqd. Comm. of C is still muzzle loading. This hobby is really gaining momentum and Rankin Academy has a team which "so far" is undefeated in team matches in the Valley. **Leach**, **Richardson**, **Coleman**, **Africa** and **Capt. Jack Brandon** are the main muzzlers and are advised and assisted in gun matters by master gunsmith "**Uncle Les**" **Lackey**. Shooting starts around 1000 on Saturday and Sundays and usually winds up in Doughertys or the 202—(who said that?)

Here's the Rankin "musketters." From left they are, **Col. Tom Cunningham** (A A F W F T C), honorary member; **P. H. Leach**, **Dick Lyndon**, **Capt. Jack Brandon**, **John T. Africa** and **Bill Richardson**.

claims "no doings". Well, **Linda** ranches, **Lehmann** bowls, **Richardson** guns, **Johnson** cycles, **Steve** and **Mason** chess, **J. Norsigian** collects best on elections, **Lt. Boysen** "works", **Jessup** teaches card games and **Scamahorn**, **Ball**, **Zinkham** and **Garriott** are the ballast. There! **Walsh**, is a news item or a flight in a flash.

(Editor's note: Due to circumstances beyond our control, **J. J. Walsh** is no longer an eligible batchelor. The reason is shown second from the left in the photo below. Date: Feb. 1.)

**Lt. Ben Cochran**, former Rankin Instructor, paid a visit to the Flight Department recently. Ben is now stationed at Enid, Oklahoma in the Central Training Command with the standardization board. Ben reports that our old friend **Vic Torres**

**Miss Helen Beck** of the Tactical Office, (Buick—Sturgeon & Beck—Becks) is one of our share the ride members and reports, that on the days that "Ike", her pa, lets her drive the big black job, he admonishes her "Drive slow; parts are hard to get".

For as long as he's been here (over two years) **Bill Young** has "reported in" every day at Rankin Operations to see if "everything's OK?"

"A Big Shot is Nothing But a Loud Report".

Well, bowl me over, Rankin Academy furnishes three-fourths of the pulchritude deluxe of the Elks bowling team (girls), ahem—period. **D. Jordan** of the front office, **L. Banks** of Sqd. G and **H. Lehmann** of Sqd. C. They not only ease the



**Lynne Saunders**, dean of control tower operators let his hobby run away with him to the tune of a broken ankle. While boarding his horse at Saundersville (Porterville) both horse and rider spun in—score one fall out of one in favor **Dobbin**.

**J. J. Walsh**, Rankin's most eligible bachelor is supposed to do the news scenting for G Squadron but



Bowling Belles with Bowling Balls: L to R—**Claudia Thomas**, **Dottie Jordan**, **Lorraine Banks**, **Helen Lehmann**.



orbits but roll that ball and well, this is for you to see some Tuesday p. m.

Hey, that faraway look in Lillian Massey's eye (dispatcher Sqd. F) for the past two years came into focus during October and it is now "Mrs." Lillian Barnes, please, of the Bakersfield and Corona Barnes. Si Barnes, U. S. Army recently returned from scenic travels in hard fighting Southwest Pacific is the lucky guy and Massey is "really" starry-eyed. Well we always says that's how families get started.



LeGault of Squadron A thinks there will be a lot more dual, now?

Freddy Welch, Squadron A, the cleanest man in town (Military Laundry—H & H Laundry) is making happy people here and there with that suit Club. Gene Smith, ex-Rankin, M. Garcia, Lucky John Watts. A very liberal education is offered at Squadron A meeting each day.

Pappy Emmet Fall, Sqd. Commander of D, looked back on another year, Nov. 15, and decided to celebrate his birth anniversary in the usual best Fall family tradition! Happy Birthday, Pappy, with your new helmet and scarf.

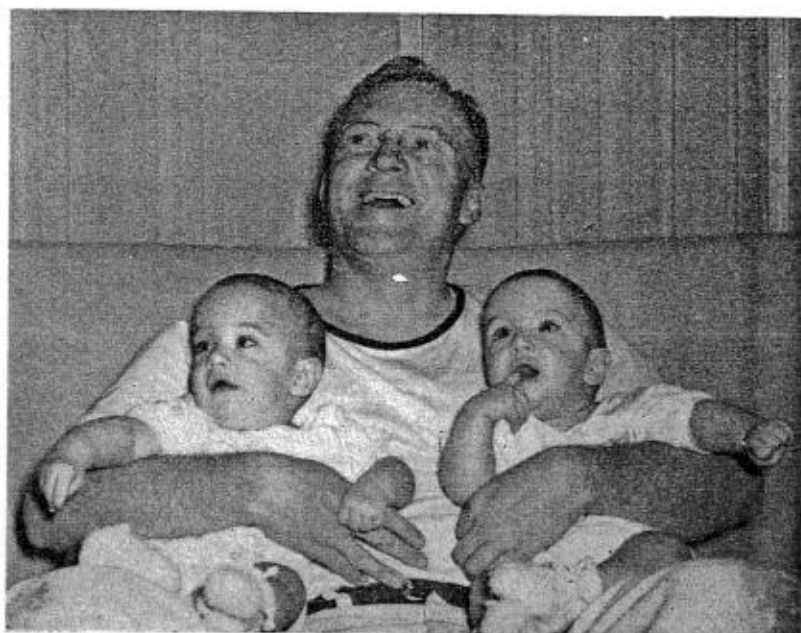


Nancy Lynn Martin is the very latest addition to the Jack C. Martin, Sqd. D, family, having arrived Nov. 15. Papa Jack was off to an auxiliary field and made a "flying trip to the 'stork club'" on East Tulare St., just in time. Happy days to all you Martins.

Burton, Paris and Bohrer have shown up with a set of AFRICAN JUMPING BEANS! This is the end!

It was their first date.  
"Cigarette?"  
"No, thank you. I don't smoke."  
"Let's go down and sip a few."  
"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."  
"Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."  
"No, please don't. I'd rather go out and do something exciting, something new."  
"O. K. Let's go down to the cow barn and milk hell out of a couple of cows."

## Ground School Gist



By J. D. MORRISON

After much twisting of the arm and such kindred tortures by the editor, your correspondent agreed to mention the Morrison twins in a few thousand well chosen words. As illustrated in this issue of the Rank'n' File, any fool can plainly see that they are a couple of fine-looking boys. No, we're not prejudiced—not much! Anyway they're now right at eight months old, are getting ready to sit up, and are lively enough to give Mrs. Morrison quite a daily workout. Her experience to the present should make her qualified to operate a laundry to meet the daily needs of a town of at least 5000 population. No exaggeration intended, but did you ever do the daily laundry for a pair of healthy twin infants? By the time this reaches print the boys should have their first teeth and be kicking the scales around close to the twenty pound mark.

Did you hear about TONK carving the turkey last Thanksgiving?



A HAPPY PAPPY! J. D. Morrison and his "double exhaust" family—Don, left; Bob, right!

He wrestled a twenty-five pound bird and did a bang-up job of slicing the noble fowl into the right-sized pieces right at the table without once having both feet off the floor—we mean Tonk's feet, not the turkey's.

MAJOR SMITH, director of ground training, has re-scheduled ground school for 45-D so that the boys have been getting drilled on navigation and aero-equipment every day, including Saturday and Sunday, and twice a day at that. The doubling up has been accomplished with a minimum of disturbance and furore, thanks to the Major's effective handling of the situation.

And speaking of guys leaving for new jobs—MEL MAXWELL just up and moved clear out of the northern hemisphere. After a brief training period in Miami, he is going to Sao Paulo, Brazil, to work as ground instructor in the Embury-Riddle School at that location. Pete and the Mrs. are going along to see that he behaves.

Fred Schmutz has practiced the Old Sow Song so assiduously in the office that he not only has perfected his own rendition of this masterpiece but has also taught the words and music to the rest of us. And so well has he taught that

we can join in on the chorus at a moment's notice!

Recent changes in intra-school responsibilities should be reported. R. E. TONKIN is moving over to head the aircraft and principles of flight department. Tonk formerly had the responsibility of the weather department, a subject dropped under the recently adopted course of study for primary schools. BILL VAN DUSEN has taken over the code department in addition to his war room duties. HENRY KEHLER moves into the job of handling the recognition department. FRED SCHMUTZ takes over the responsibility of the aero-equipment set-up, while DICK ECKELS remains as head of the navigation department.

WANTED: One guaranteed automatic footwarmer for use in ground school office. Will pay any price for a model that will really get hot. Call or see Velma Tyler, sec., immediately.



STAN MANRO has moved to the Tulare High school to teach—of all things for an engines instructor!—Business English! Could it be that he felt that he had to move on account of the new schedule which changes from morning to afternoon classes every day? Stan had mentioned that whenever he had night study hall he didn't intend to interrupt his train of thought by going home, but was going to sleep on the post. Several of the fellows have done that very thing but Stan just moved to a job at the high school, which is directly across the street from his home.

Two men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly and creep up to your room".

The next day they met at lunch. "How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rotten," replied the other. I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the 'L' station".

Flattery is 90 per cent soap. Soap is 90 per cent lye.

## Hangar Two Twerps

By BILL FARRELL



Did you ever see a practical joke back-fire? Well, as the song writer said, we did. The way it was, the traditional and, may we say, somewhat frayed at the seams stunt of bewildering an apprentice by dispatching him here, there and contrariwise around the plant in search of illusory equipment or material was exercised on newcomer ROY FLEMING recently. His orders were to go forth and procure a small supply of "air speed fluid." However, when the hubble beginner returned to his post with some compass fluid, it was a chastened group he encountered indeed. For, through lack of instrument experience on their own part, they were themselves unable to correctly identify Roy's find. Guess maybe after all it takes a wise man to know of his own dumbness, or something.



Having suffered the latest and, perhaps, the most violent attack of "Rankinitis," LLOYD DALRYMPLE, brand new engine inspector's condition is now satisfactory. "Rankinitis" is a condition displayed from time to time in Rankin

mechs, entirely non malignant as far as maintenance efficiency is concerned; a patient, however, such as a wheel packer or a prop checker, suffering from this ailment will begin to wheel the packs and prop the checks instead of reading from left to right as it were. Lloyd is given to very precisely checking fuel lines for possible leaks by spotting the area in question with his flash light, thence applying his sense of smell to the fingers of the other hand which have been carefully caressing the aforementioned fuel line. He was observed recently—yes, you guessed it—sniffing at his flash light.

"TINY" HOUGHTON, "The Earl of Porterville," has noted that the latest reports from the Rankin hangars seem to be concerned principally with Pole Cats and tech orders. Montgomery has assured the observant metal-smith that any literary association of the two is purely coincidental.

CLARENCE WILSON, crew chief and mater of ceremonies down on station No. 4 with an all feminine cast is one of the few mechs on the production line who still holds forth on the same spot to which he was appointed over a year ago.

Conversation overhead between "Lyco" Lycoming and "Connie" Continental. "Connie" led off thus: "Hi, Drizzle Puss, why don't you wipe some of that oil off your chin?" "Lyco" retorted, "OK, Thunder Nose, I might have that done if you promise to have that rattling bridge work of yours checked. Yeh, I've got a thrust bearing too, but it doesn't rattle every time I talk." "Connie:" "A wise guy, huh? They tell me you're troubled with asthma; breather's all fouled up." "Lyco:" "Could be, Flat Face, but let's keep this clean, not foul. It's quite noticeable that when you get dirty it's always right between the ears—yeh, ears mags, you know, or do you?" "Connie" banked his tail post viciously on the floor to clear his oleo strut. "Look here, Drool Face, don't get rugged." "Lyco:" "Sure, Rattle Skull, take it easy. Any lug that gets as dirty between the ears as you do has loose fittings there anyhow." "Connie:" "Aw, nuts, here comes Dewey with his tug. Gotta go to work." Then as "Connie" swung around heading for East Mat with Dewey, he flung back the last word proving that he was no gentleman. "And by the way, "Lyco," as I come over the hangar, notice my tail section but first wipe your chin, please."

While on the subject so vital to the little Dutch girl who wields her club so menacingly in the picture on the container, recall the very rigid and orthodox ideas your mother used to have concerning the cleanliness of your nose and the trailing edge of your ears. If you will observe, please, our big Mr. JEFF DAVIS displays the same sentiments in regard to Uncle's P T's.



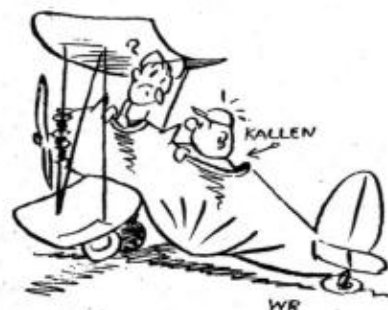
# Line Squalls!

By CARL FORSSTROM

PAUL MANKINS has moved in to P.L.M. hangar from SANDY SHIELDS. . . . Last month ELDON NAGEL drove his car upside down on the way to a Woodville tavern . . . drinkin' your own stuff, eh? . . .



Newcomer RAY ENGLAND thinks 100 hours is too long to spend inspecting an airplane! . . . JOHN FINDLEY found a ship with 2121 hours and 19 minutes on the engine . . . we suspect the girls have been flying it around the book room! . . . POP DENNING almost got a ship started by pumping the altitude control. . . . RED WELTON split the prize money with the world champion St. Louis Cards. . . CHAS. KALLEN pre-flighted a Stearman with the controls locked . . . no matter—you couldn't get the tail off the ground with a derrick



with him in the rear seat! . . . It is reported that HOWARD HISKEY nearly went a couple of fast rounds with the "Pride of Station I" over the tie-down tees south of PLM. . . . WAYNE DENNING has

found a short-cut to Hunter Field: he goes over to Strathmore and waits for SAMMY CLAYTON to fly over and tell him where the flight is. . . . They say BOB NAGEL is slowly going stork mad. . . . This month's candidate for the best-natured line man is "Happy Boy" MEL ROGERS. . . . Visalia sends us VERNON CARRIS who is also expecting a visit from that long-legged bird (Editor's note: Yeah, but he still LOOKS all right!) . . . FRANK LARGE, new man on WILSON'S line, has been working on big stuff . . . the first A. M. on daily inspections he was stopped just before he had all the cowlings off.

Everyone was amazed to see a couple of cadets start walking to the east mat via the landing tee on a busy day. There was so much noise they couldn't hear the Line Crew yelling at them. They stopped to let a couple of ships go by about half way to the tee. About that time the Army jeep arrived with a load of Brass and hauled them the heck out of there. We understand the Army had a few terse comments to make. . . . Chief gripe on the flying line now is "throat mikes". Ed Moore says he'd rather fly in a straight jacket with a bird cage over his head. Seems he can't turn his head without dislocating his Adam's Apple. Affable Mr. Wilson tied his "mike" over his mouth and in an exciting moment almost swallowed it. "Good thing it had a string on it!" he says—don't ask me; it's his story! . . . The boys are still crying about that red job that turned in the buzz-job over the field early in December . . . everyone but the . . . my wants to know what it was—they want to know WHO it was! . . . The sparrows that usually infest the hangar at Tulare Field have disappeared. They didn't go farther south for the winter, they're just staying out of the pattern—the dodos have started soloing! . . . We sign off with the Line Crew Prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
If we MUST have fog,  
Please make it deep!

## Hangar One "Propwash"

By BEN JACOBSEN

Anyone wishing to learn to fly using feet only, apply to Lou Chalcker, our C of M. He recently exhibited this feat while flying a crate of ancient vintage from the east coast. It seems both hands were used to keep the wings from flapping off.

"Eager Beaver" Hausken has a new little "Beaverlet" added to the family. His wife presented him with a boy during November. This

makes two BOYS for the Hausken's. Anyone want the recipe?

★

George Munro dropped in on us the other day. Everyone was sure glad to see George again and hoped he makes his visits more often.

★

It looks like our usual unusual weather is a bit more unusual than usual this year. One of the line crew members grabbed a handful of air the other day, squeezed a glass of water out of it and took a drink!

★

Poor ol' Mose Ametjian has been so mixed up since they started alternating A. M. and P. M. shifts that the other day as he was going home he met himself coming to work!

★

"Steamboat 'Round the Bend?" Nope, it's just Hangar 1's new whistle. The last act of our dear "Baldy" Robeson before leaving Rankin High was to modify the shrill whistle and now it is a perfect imitation of a steamboat. (Editor's note: Must be a "ship of the desert"!).

★

We have a fairly new addition to this hangar in the person of "Dutch" Herr. He was shipped here from Hangar 2's engine change dept. What's the old saying? Somebody's loss is nobody's gain—or vice versa?

★

"Dutch" tried to make a U-turn on Highway 99, trying to boost a 25-ton truck off the road in the attempt. His Ford will testify "Dutch" came out worst in the deal with six dislocated vertebrae from leaping from the wreck without a parachute.

★

Seen at recent "blow-out" in honor of Tex—"Pop" Hopper was doing alright, a luscious blonde under each arm . . . where was the misses Pop? . . . Noticed all the big shots around didn't look any better than us mechs with our shiny, scrubbed ears and "Sunday" suits, did they? . . . James F. Wilson was sure steering some beautiful barges around the floor—you're going to have to practice that Paul Jones some more, though, Jim! . . . "Southern Comfort" sure gives a person that southern charm and coziness—ask Mose Ametjian . . . it don't set so well on the tummy, though—ask me! . . . What certain mech had what certain gal at what certain place at what certain time that nite—nope, 'twarn't me—the wife had me fenced in too close. . . . We like George Kurtz—he's always so modest and belittling. . . . All in all, a swell time was had by everyone and shindigs like that should more often happen!



# Ten Muscle Bound Lessons

Lesson No. IV.

## Finding the Ins and Outs of Inspection Out!

Every pilot should know how to inspect the airplane he is going to fly. The procedure takes about an hour. If he is inspecting one someone else is going to fly, this time can be shortened to three minutes.

It is recommended that the inspections be completed before the take-off. There are some parts of the airplane you can't see from the rear cockpit while 3000 feet in the air.

Start with the engine. Pull the prop through several times. Now get in an look at the switch. It says "Off"? Good! If it had said "Right", "Left" or "Both", you would probably have a dent in your skull by now. If the engine should start while you are pulling it through, there's no point in looking at the switch. In fact there's no point in looking at anything.

Next look at the landing gear.



By CARL FORSSTROM

Tires up? Struts undamaged? Pants on?—not yours, the airplane's. I should explain that the landing strut fairings are referred to as "pants". If they are loose you could get caught with your pants down—both yours and the airplane's.

Open the engine cowl. Anything fall out? If not, close the cowl. If something does fall out, put it back in and close the cowl. Don't worry—even the guy who made the engine doesn't know what all those gadgets are.

We will assume the airplane you are inspecting is a 2POLBPT13D.

Don't try to pronounce it. It means a two place open land biplane Primary Trainer. The 13D means that every time you pile one up it costs 1300 taxpayers 13 dollars each. This two-place airplane has two cockpits and is sometimes known as a "two-holer".

Now, take hold of the lower right wing and shake it vigorously. OK, now walk around to the left side and see if the left wings are still on. Now repeat the performance by shaking the left wing, and checking the right wings. If one or more of the wings fall off during this performance, pick a new airplane.

Walk around to the tail and pick it up by the tail wheel. Lift it up over your head and then let go and step back. If the tail stays up there, the ship is nose heavy. If it falls back down, you need a new tail wheel. But if you can pick it up at all in the first place, you are stronger than you look!

Now open your inspection plate in the fuselage and look in. Dark isn't it? Push your head clear in. You will notice that your ears operate like a night latch and you can't get your head out. Also, you look pretty silly. Next issue I will tell you how to extricate yourself. Meanwhile you can memorize the structure of the fuselage.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

## Coat Mural a la Mode

This is about a Mountain coat. No, we didn't say goat—we said coat!

We refer to the jacket you see on the gent in reverse in the photo to the right.

What's his name? Why Mountain, of course. We told you this was about a Mountain coat!

Yes, it's our old friend and graduate of Class 43-H, Lt. James G. Mountain, artist-editor of his class-book the 2nd Anniversary edition of Rank'n' File.

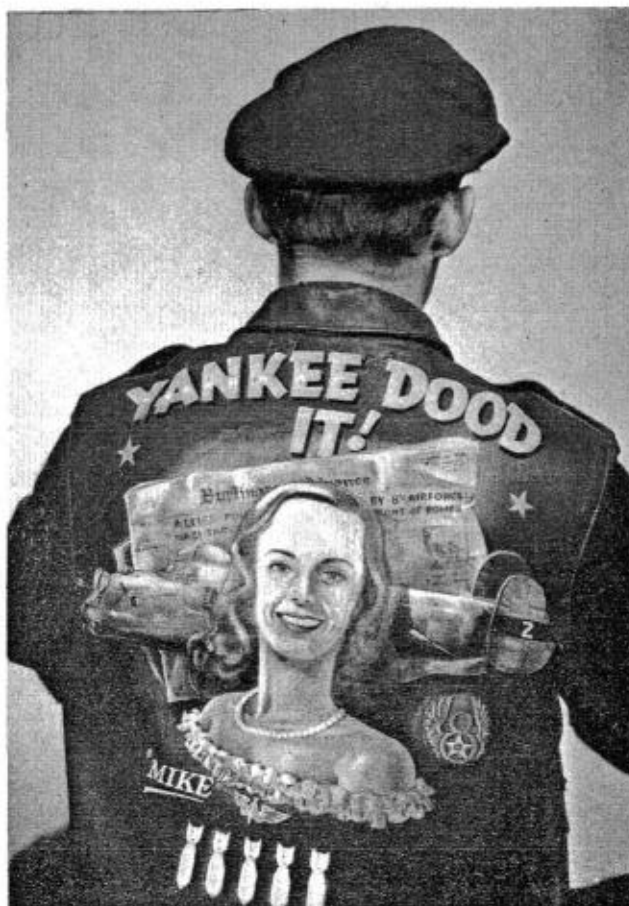
The artist in Jim, always to the fore, just naturally

cropped out "over there," where he is dropping his "calling cards" right in Der Fuehrer's face, resulting in the jacket-back mural of his girl friend, "Mike"; his ship; his hometown paper—the Burlingame (Cal.) Advance; his bombing missions; his ship's monicker, and what have you!

And Jim is doing just as bang-up a job on the Jerries as he does as an artist. That's why he wears the Air Medal and several Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart!

Good goin', Jim!

Wow! Wotta coat!  
Artist - Sky Fighter  
Jim Mountain does  
himself proud on this  
one!



# They Dropped In!



Lt. James C. Whitaker, the man who with Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker and several others spent 21 long days and nights in a rubber life raft out on the bleak Pacific, was a December visitor to Rankin Field.

Taking off from Hickam Field, Honolulu, South Pacific bound, last October 21, the Rickenbacker party with Lt. Whitaker second in command, was forced down when their fuel supply ran out. Taking to rafts they spent 21 perilous days adrift with scanty food and water supplies. Despite their ingenuity several of the party died prior to their rescue.

Before the eventful trip, Lt. Whitaker was a ferry pilot between Hawali and the South Pacific.



With a staggering array of decorations including two DFC's, the Silver Star, the Air Medal and 20 Oak Leaf Clusters, the Presidential Citation and a recommendation for the DSC, buzz-bomb buster, Capt. Edwin O. "Bill" Fisher, with 103 missions in his battle log, was a recent Rankin Field visitor.

Squadron leader of one of the top fighter outfits in the ETO—the P-47 Thunderbolt group known as "Mogin's Maulers," Captain Fisher, a Thunderbird School graduate, has 15 enemy planes, 5 buzz bombs, several flak towers and several locomotives on his victory string!

He has been recently assigned to fighter pilot instruction work at Harding Field, La.



(The following names of Rankin graduates eligible for inclusion on our Honor Roll were received after Honor Roll supplement had gone to press. However we are happy to be able to present them herewith.)

## Honor Roll Augmented

ANDERSON, JOHN P., 1st Lt. (43-B) Air Medal	★GRIFFITH, GEORGE P., 2nd Lt. (42-E) Purple Heart
BEAUDRO, BOB O., 1st Lt. (43-B) Air Medal, 5 OLC; French Cit.; Pres. Cit.	HALL, JAMES S., Capt. (42-K) Pres. Cit.
★BELOBRAIDICH, HARRY F., 1st Lt. (42-C) Pres. Cit.; Purple Heart	HILL, MELVIN R., Capt. (43-J) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 6 OLC
BRIDGEMAN, THOMAS J., 1st Lt. (43-F) Air Medal	JOHNSTON, CHARLES K., 1st Lt. (43-D) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 6 OLC
BOSCHMA, BYRON B., 1st Lt., (42-G) DFC; Purple Heart	KETTERER, ROBERT K., Major (43-C) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 7 OLC; Pres. Cit., OLC; French Croix de Guerre Aves Palme
CADWALLADER, JOHN S., Capt. (43-D) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 6 OLC	MOULE, ROBERT F., 1st Lt. (43-I) Air Medal, 9 OLC
COBOURN, C. R., 1st Lt. (42-J) Air Medal; Pres. Cit., Bronze Cluster	OSTLIND, BENJAMIN R., Capt. (42-B) D.F.C.; Air Medal, OLC; Pres. Cit.
CRANE, JACKSON E., 1st Lt. (43-I) Air Medal; Purple Heart	PERBETSKY, GEORGE, Capt. (43-G) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 4 OLC
DAVIDSON, WM. G., Capt. (43-J) DFC; Air Medal, 7 OLC	PHIPPS, ROBERT R., Capt. (44-A) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 4 OLC
DAWSON, THOMAS J., 1st Lt. (43-A) D.F.C.; Air Medal; Purple Heart	★RANKIN, DALE W., 2nd Lt. (43-J) Air Medal; Purple Heart
FETTY, RANDALL L., 1st Lt. (43-K) D.F.C.; Air Medal, 4 OLC	TISTHAMMER, MERLIN A., 1st Lt. (42-K) Pres. Cit.
GEIGER, TRACY E., Jr., 1st Lt. (43-E) DFC; Air Medal, 3 OLC	TUZ, JOHN, 1st Lt. (43-I) DFC; Air Medal, 3 OLC; Pres. Cit.
GIVENS, DONALD R., 1st Lt. (42-K) DFC; Air Medal, 4 OLC	WHITNEY, DUDLEY R., Jr., Capt. (42-G) Air Medal, 7 OLC
	★ Killed in action.

## Our Back Cover

Pictured on our back cover are six medals most commonly presented our Army sky-fighters for daring deeds in action. They are the Congressional Medal of Honor, held by very few airmen, but by two graduates of the Rankin Academy; the Distinguished Service Cross, also a rarely awarded medal; the Silver Star, a hard-to-win award held by 47 Rankin alumni; the Distinguished Flying Cross held by 800 Rankin-trained cloud busters; the Air Medal worn by 1753 Rankin graduates and the Purple Heart, which, as is generally known, is given for wounds received in action.

Following and corresponding with the numbers next to each pictured medal, is the reason for which each of these medals is awarded:

**THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS**—The Distinguished Service Cross is awarded by the President or in the name of the President for extraordinary heroism in battle. The outstanding heroism it recognizes is that which under the circumstances does not justify the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

**CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR**—The Army Medal of Honor is America's highest award for valor. Its citation usually contains the words "for valor above and beyond the call of duty." It was established 12 April 1862, by an Act of Congress and since on the reverse side of the medal are engraved the words "The Congress To" preceding the name of the recipient. The medal is known as the Congressional Medal of Honor.

**THE SILVER STAR**—The Silver Star is awarded for gallantry in battle. This decoration was created to replace the tiny Silver Citation Star which was worn on the Army Service ribbon of the World War (1917-1918) Medal. Many of America's present fighting heroes are winning it. This decoration has recently been officially adopted by the Navy.

**DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**—The Distinguished Flying Cross is awarded for heroism in the air and

is identical for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard.

**AIR MEDAL**—This is the Air Medal, which may be awarded to any person, who while serving in any capacity with the Army or Navy of the United States, subsequent to 8 September 1939, distinguished himself by meritorious achievement while participating in an aerial flight. Pendant from a ribbon striped with the Air Corps colors of blue and gold, is a fleur-de-lis which surmounts a compass rose. In relief on the rose is a swooping American Eagle with lightning bolts clutched in his talons. The decoration is awarded in those cases where the act of meritorious service does not warrant the award of the distinguished Flying Cross. The medal was designed, before his induction by Pvt. Walter Hancock, who subsequently received a \$1,500 reward for the sketch he submitted in competition.

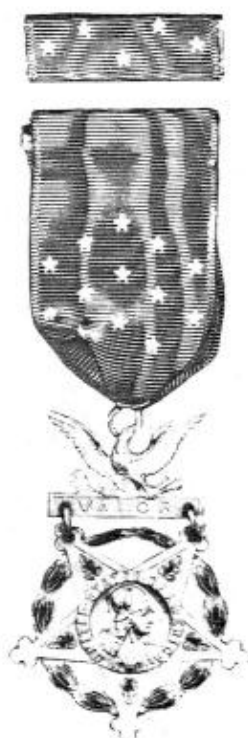
**ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART**—The Order of the Purple Heart, re-established in 1932, is actually America's oldest decoration. It was originally established in 1732 by General George Washington and awarded his Revolutionary War heroes. It is now awarded men who have been wounded or posthumously to those who died in battle.



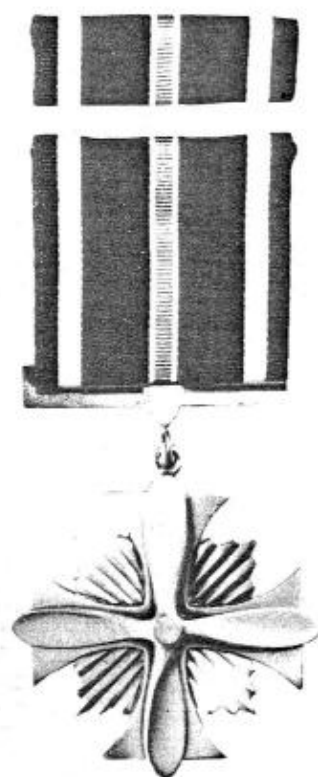
# *For Meritorious Action "Over There"*



1



2



3



4



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