
Ilex Rankin . . .

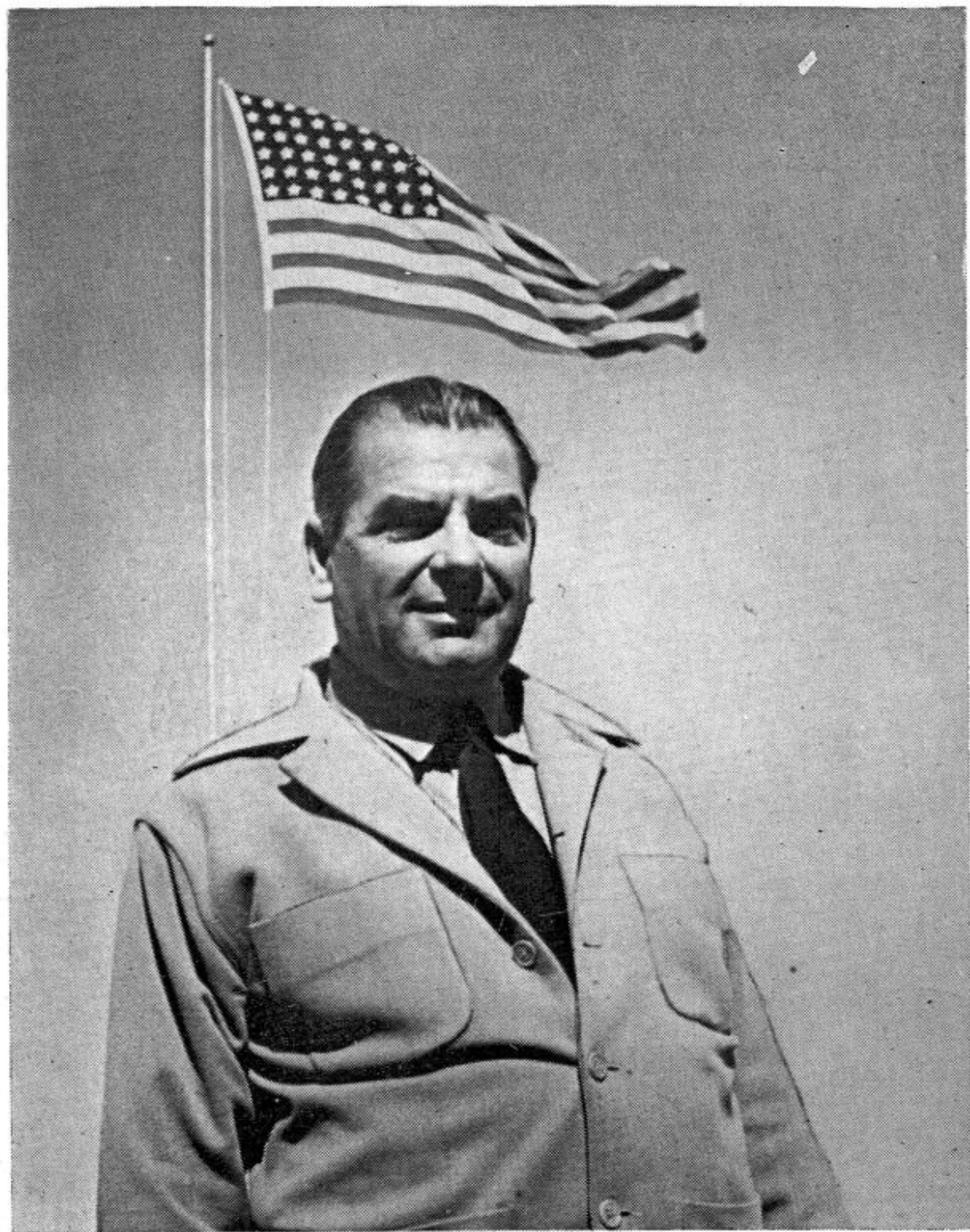


Photo by Robt. L. Heitzeg

President Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, California



(Excerpts from a recent speech
by Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor.)

"... In the interests of national defense of the United States government, the Army is to be congratulated on securing the services of John Gilbert Rankin, better known in the aviation world as "Tex" Rankin. Few have ever heard his real name—John Gilbert Rankin. Two years in France and England with the United States Signal Corps, Aviation Section, during the first World War: barn-storming in the State of Washington with a Curtis JN 4D twenty-two years ago and, about the same time, he established the Rankin School of Flying at Walla Walla, Washington, which school was later removed to Portland, Oregon, where it became recognized as one of the world's largest civilian flying schools with an enrollment of 610 resident students. And of the more than 3,000 flight students who had graduated by June 1935, not a single fatality nor even a serious injury had happened to any of the students. That is, in part, the story of Tex Rankin. His books on aeronautics have become standard. Thirteen years ago "Tex" Rankin made the first non-stop, non-refueling flight between Cana-



JUDGE O'CONNOR

da and Mexico and four years ago he won first place in the International Acrobatic Competition in St. Louis, Missouri.

"To have secured this outstanding and experienced air pilot and to have acquired for this beautiful City of Tulare this great Academy is a splendid tribute to the business men and to the Chamber of Commerce, and I offer my congratulations to Mayor Gail Bash, City Manager W. D. Cook, Mr. Percy

Whiteside, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and to Mr. Stover who was responsible for the construction job — overcoming great difficulties in order to finish it on time. Mr. Rankin has surrounded himself with able assistants in Mr. Robert Norswing and Mr. James Lund, with three flight commanders and twenty-three instructors, and as business associates Reed Williams and William V. O'Connor."

Rank'n'File

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

Editor—WALT BOHRER
Associate Editor—HAL PEARCY

Staff Cartoonist, WALT BOHRER

Staff Writers (?):

Dean Spencer, Gene Tigar
Chas. Gartner Karl Hughes
Staff Photog: THOS A. WHITE

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RANKIN ACADEMY MILITARY PERSONNEL:

CAPT. C. J. DALY—Air Corps Supervisor and Commanding Officer
LT. NEYWOOD H. ROBERDEAU, Adjutant
LT. JOHN E. GILMORE, Flight Surgeon
LT. THEO. D. BRADLEY, Commandant of Cadets
LT. ROGER W. PAGE, Engineering Officer
LT. GALE S. GLENNY, Operations Officer

FOUR score and seven years ago—whoa Bettsy! We are off on the wrong speech!

Five short weeks ago the first issue of "Rank'n'File" zoomed off a slightly overheated press and aided in no small way the send-off of Class 41-H, the very first group of Cadets to go forth, or even fifth, into basic training from the ozone over and about the Rankin Aeronautical Academy at Tulare, where C. O.'s are C. O.'s and Flying Cadets wear goggles to eat grapefruit!

That five weeks has power-dived and all but crashed into an explosion of glory for you misters of Class 41-I who become the second group to depart from the alma-malta—you who five short weeks back were taking it on the chin from the upper-classmen of 41-H but who now, as upper classmen in your own right, are "dishing it out" to the dodos of 42-A; you who have all done such a swell job of uphold-

RANKIN ACADEMY EXECUTIVE PERSONNEL (civilian):

J. G. "Tex" RANKIN, President
WM. V. O'CONNOR, Vice President and Council
ROBERT NORSWING, Secretary and General Manager
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CHESTER CHENOWETH, Flight Commanders

FLYING CADET OFFICERS OF CLASS 41-I CAPTAIN

Flying Cadet John L. Crouch
LIEUTENANTS
Flying Cadets Samuel J. Brown, Elmer G. List, Vern E. Brewer.
FIRST SERGEANT
Flying Cadet Marklin S. Cluck
SUPPLY SERGEANT
Flying Cadet Charles W. Craven
PLATOON SERGEANTS
Flying Cadets Franklin H. McColgin, Paul E. Gardiner, Loyd K. Cox.
SERGEANTS
Flying Cadets Clifton W. Cole, Myron C. Paul, Harry D. Lewis, Milton C. Butler, James O. Foster, Jr., Alfred G. Damron, Woodrow L. Dick, Granville E. Greene.

ing the fine standards set by your predecessors.

And now as you leave our midst for the "heavier stuff" at Moffett, you go with the blessings of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, the good wishes of its personnel and last but not least of your own edition of "Rank'n'File"!

Au rev—au re—aw nuts! Happy landings to you all!

★ ★ ★

A NOTE TO THE INSTRUCTORS

We are extremely unhappy and likewise apologetic of the fact that acute lack of space prevents us from running your pictures in this issue of "Rank'n'File".

However, we are preparing a hunkey-dorey feature on you teachers of ozone-prowling for our next issue.

Will you not bear with us?

Farewell, 41-I!

The Officers and personnel of the Rankin Academy reluctantly bid you Mist'ers of Class 41-I farewell.

We all deeply appreciate the excellent cooperation you have extended to us at all times and we hold the greatest admiration and respect for each and every one of you because of the splendid sportsmanship you have displayed during the ten weeks you have been at Rankin Field.

We feel confident that you will carry that fine spirit of enthusiasm, cooperation and fair play with you always.

Wherever you go you may be sure that we here at Rankin Field will always be interested in your welfare and we want to hear from you as often as possible.

You will always have the sincere good wishes of us all.

J.G. "Tex" RANKIN

★ ★ ★

The Goal Is Worth the Effort!

Editorial by

Lt. Theo. Drake Bradley
Commandant of Cadets

Having had so many words to say to you during our ten weeks of duty here, not much remains to be said that is not a repetition of statements already made. However, I do want to commend you on the attitude with which you have performed the various tasks, pleasant and unpleasant, that have been required of you. It is not easy to maintain the schedule which has regulated your life here, and there are jobs that must be done, which are not always to everyone's liking. You have shown the attitude of a good soldier, in carrying out your duties without question, and in addition to that, you have acted with a good spirit and cheerfulness, and have maintained a high state of morale, which sets a fine example for the underclassmen, as well as being beneficial to each man, himself.

I know of nothing so important to a man as the development of re-

(Hop to Page Thirteen)

As We Take Our Leave

Editorial by F/C John L. Crouch
Cadet Captain



Ten short weeks ago the Class of 41-I started training at this school. It seems only yesterday that we arrived, but the time has passed and now it is time for us to bid farewell to the Rankin Aeronautical Academy. It has been a real pleasure to have been associated with such an outstanding group of individuals. It has been your combined efforts of cooperation and eagerness to help us learn, that has given us such an excellent start on our way to accomplish the task that we have undertaken.

Ever since boyhood it has been my ambition and life's dream to become an Army pilot. Many of our childhood dreams never become a reality. For a long time I thought that my dream had perished as most childish dreams do, then the Air Corps expansion program was begun and I felt that the long awaited opportunity had at last arrived. I immediately started to prepare myself to take advantage of the opportunity. After several months of preparation and work I received my appointment as a Flying Cadet. Mine is no isolated case, for many of my classmates are in the same category and, they too, are fulfilling a life long dream. It has

taken several months of hard work and self denial to progress as far as we have, and to make ourselves worthy of the organization of which we are now a part. We realize also that we have just begun and there is still much to be done before we have achieved our goal; but the reward is great and is the envy of every American youth—a pair of Army wings.

The time spent here has been a time that all of us will remember always. The discipline and Military fundamentals that we have learned from our Commanding Officer and his very adept staff, through association and by taking them as examples will always be remembered. If we, the class of 41-I, can become the men that our superior officers are, then our job will have been done well.

Before leaving, I would like to take this opportunity to express the sincere appreciation of this class to the people of the surrounding towns for their genuine hospitality.

★ ★ ★

Echoes of 41-H!



F/C "ANDY" BOWMAN

Somewhere in the vicinity of Memorial Day the first class of thirty-five cadets known as Class 41-H, left the Rankin Aeronautical Academy for the lush pastures of Moffett. They had zoomed out of their primary training only to suddenly find themselves up to their very necks in Basic—and they love it!



F/C FRANCIS B. BODINE

Now, it is our aim and object, through the pages of "Rank'n' File" to keep track of as many of the members of this first batch of Rankin alumni as is possible.

Not being crystal gazers we can only depend on these cadets themselves to keep us posted on their progress and whereabouts. We sincerely hope they will from time to time drop us a line, beat messages out on tom-toms, send up smoke signals or in any other way, shape or form let us know what's up—or down!

In this issue we are happy to report that word has arrived by fast kiddie car from Flying Cadets Francis Bodine and "Andy" Bowman, the latter seemingly concerned chiefly with "what's doing at Mooney Grove?" Hmmm!

At any rate, 41-H is getting on in fine shape. There was the little matter, of course, of drilling seven hours per day while "lugging" rifles during the first week, but that has been boiled down to but one hour per day before breakfast which "really works up an appetite!" Mr. Bowman is happy over the fact that, though the ground school there is tougher, he has received an 89 average in tests to date. He states they have three tests per week per course. Their proboscises must really be kept to the grindstone and just which will wear out first still remains to be seen!

(Land on Page Seventeen)

The Rankin Eagle Spreads Its Wings!

The eagle is spreading its wings!

A 300 per cent expansion of the Rankin Academy will take place by gradual increases, and by December of this year the Rankin school will take its place as one of the largest primary training schools in the nation.

The plans, as announced by Tex Rankin upon his recent return from Washington, D. C., call for a growth to a 400 cadet basis, with a corresponding increase in buildings to house the additional cadets and equipment.

At the present time the Academy is receiving classes of 66 cadets each five weeks, with approximately 130 cadets in training at all times for the ten weeks period. In addition, there are 32 ground and flight instructors, 53 mechanics, 12 army officers and enlisted men and 22 civilian employees. The number of planes used at the field at the present time total 33.

Under the new program the instructors will be increased to 100, the mechanics to 112, the army personnel to 30 and the civilian employees to 75. The number of planes to be used in the future will increase to perhaps more than 100.

The expansion also will bring with it a new building program which will probably include three new hangars and several additional dormitories. Construction on these is expected to start in a few weeks in order that they will be completed and ready for use prior to the arrival of the first increased class of cadets on October 4th.

Total investment in buildings, grounds and improvements at the Academy will approach the \$500,000 mark, while the value of the U. S. Army equipment, including planes, will reach above \$2,000,000.

Raincoats vs. National Defense!

By F/C E. G. LIST

Most residents of the San Joaquin Valley will be amazed to learn that the piece of equipment most valued by the Cadets of the Rankin Aeronautical Academy is not a chronometer, radio, cigarette lighter or a pair of sun glasses, but a raincoat—just a plain everyday raincoat, despite the fact that it has sprinkled but once since the arrival of Class 41-I two months ago!

To explain this, however, it will be necessary to become familiar with part of the Cadet routine.

Upon arrival, the Flying Cadets first realize they are definitely in the Army when they learn their quarters must be kept immaculate. And according to Army interpretation, the word "immaculate" means not only clean, but that each and every article of clothing, etc., must

be kept neatly folded and in the place assigned it.

However—and this is where the raincoat comes in—if regulations do not provide a place for an article, it cannot be kept in the room—that is UNLESS the Cadet "rat-holes" it. Now a raincoat provides an excellent "rat hole" for love letters (of which there are not a few!), candy bars, unfoldable articles of clothing and many other items of like calibre, in that the room inspector in making his rounds is usually considerate enough to overlook the raincoat and its contents, thus lessening the burden of many weary Cadets.

Of course there are other hiding places such as the laundry bag and under the mattress. However most Cadets agree that none will equal that of the lowly—and practically

useless (the California C of C will thank us for this!)—raincoat in either convenience or security.

Thus, the Flying Cadets of the U. S. Army Air Corps give three rousing cheers to the manufacturers of raincoats as being a definite "aid" to national defense!

★ ★ ★

The Instructor's Farewell

By GENE TIGAR

I suppose you Cadets get sick of us
Instructors old and gray,
But don't forget 't'was you cadets
Who made us guys this way!

You make us draw crude pictures
With chalk upon the ground
And describe a lot of flying stuff
In scratches square and round.

And after a half hour
Of effort Herculean,
You say "I just don't get it, sir—
I don't know what you mean!"

We describe climbs and glides and
turns and banks
And show you how they're done;
But you don't want climbs and
glides and turns and banks
You want power stalls into the sun.

You want to spin without clearing
the sky—
Who cares how close to the ground?
Capt. Daly can't see us out here;
There's no other ships around.

That's something else I should
mention, sirs,
You'd better use your head
And look around a bit, Dodos—
It's no dern fun being dead.

You're so sick of hearing us scream
And beg and plead and moan
That you feel no other Dodo
Has troubles as bad as your own.

"Watch your altitude," "Look at
your tach,"
"Look around some more!"
"You're in the pattern, watch traf-
fic now!"—
Boy! Does it make you sore!

(Soar to Page Twelve)

THEIR KINFOLK WERE FAMOUS!

— AND THESE FLYING CADETS OF CLASS 41-I, RANKIN AERONAUTICAL ACADEMY AT TULARE, CAL., ARE MIGHTY DERN PROUD OF 'EM!



FLYING CADET
BILLY EDWARD CARSON

IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF KIT CARSON, SCOUT, INDIAN FIGHTER AND FRONTIERSMAN!



FLYING CADET

RICHARD MOOR

— HIS FAVORITE COUSIN WAS WELL KNOWN AS THE LATE CALVIN COOLIDGE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!



FLYING CADET

ROY CROTHERS

IS FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS FAMOUS COUSINS, THE WRIGHT BROS., WILBUR AND ORVILLE! — *Wright*

Form 1 Gigs---How Not to Get 'Em

By HAL PEARCY

The one thing in the world that gives the poor dodo ice cream and pickle nightmares without benefit of the ice cream and pickles, is the ever-present "Form 1", nemesis of his life, haunter of his soul!

Now there are forms (have you seen the new Coca Cola signs?) and there are—sigh!—Form Ones, and as the monkey said as he swung from the rafter, thereby hangs a tale.

Actually these harmless looking pads on the other end of those indelible pencils in the front pitcocks of PT's, BT's, AT's or what have you, are very potent gig-getters from way back. They are—please take heed, sir dodo—the all important records of flying hours, the basis of Cadet instruction.

Upon approaching said PT et al take a bold gander in the front cockpit and check this all-important pad. Has it red-crosses on it? No—not the all-out variety, but just the simple X like I sign my name, done in red pencil. If there is a red cross, report to the dispatcher for another ship as that red X means that yours no doubt has logoes-on-the bogoes or a bad case of the willy-waws and who wants to proceed sans prop, aileron, or landing gear? It's a rare occasion that a red X'd ship is

parked on the line, but it has been done so use your peepers to your own advantage—or else!

Should you note a red diagonal on "Form 1", see that it is properly signed off by one of the maintenance crew.

Now that you are briefly acquainted with "Form 1" you hop aboard and take off. This procedure is out of our department, but if your instructor hasn't taught you how yet, climb back out. The idea is to fly awhile and land again (we hope you didn't ground loop!) so we can get you back at the task of making out our post-flight report on "Form 1". First grab the indelible pencil. If your flight was dual, your instructor will hand you the pencil and Form 1. If you were lucky enough to return from a solo period, look for it yourself. It's in the front cockpit—remember?

First comes your classification number, No. 37 for Cadet and (if dual) No. 41 for instructor. On dual rides the name of your instructor should be included, spelled properly and with last name preceding the initials. Your name should appear in the same fashion with F/C and Air Corps number. Yea, verily! you must remember that, as long as it usually is!

Show your Class, whether 41-I or 42-A. Many of you, we know, are

in a class by yourselves. However, regardless of the dubious head-shakings of your instructor, you are classified as a pilot so the letter P should be shown.

Concerning flight time, you must show the actual time of the duration of your flight. Also you are required to show from which airport to which ditto said flight took place. This can be shown as "local", we hope. The exact time of take-off and landing must be ACCURATELY recorded. Show mission symbol (S for primary) and the number of landings—bounces omitted.

Show the time of the exact duration of your flight in the certificate. You'd be amazed at the many instances where, according to "Form One", you misters are still in the air after mess call!

Then, for the love of Allah, sign the darned thing just as you would a check—rubber or otherwise. Now comes the important part—DOUBLE CHECK each item CAREFULLY! Sign the flight on the engineering sheet "O. K." or, in other words, did the wings stay with you?

Have you absorbed all this like a blotter? If not you'd better corner the Chief Dispatcher and get the dope! Failure to complete any item ACCURATELY makes "heap howling dogs" and many lonely hours for the gals in the village!

"Buck" Buffington Rides Again!

By F/C H. W. BUFFINGTON

On the P. M. of June (censored), the air around Rankin was dotted with aircraft. From the ground these planes looked as if they were taking a terrible beating as they zigged and zagged about the sky, some of them zigging when they should have been zagging and others zagging when they should have been zigging. In each plane sat an instructor and a Cadet, the instructor talking his head off and the Cadet wondering what in the world he was talking about.

In plane number (censored) sat

two such individuals greatly enjoying the "upstairs" breeze. Suddenly the instructor held up his mouthpiece and calmly said, "Let me show you something." The student at once turned loose the controls and sat waiting, having nothing else to sit for at the moment. Then just a split second before the maneuver, said Cadet glanced down at his safety belt. With the speed of a gazelle (we will have to warn Mr. Buffington about "plugging" automobiles in his stories—besides a Chrysler is much faster than a

Gazelle.—Ed.) the Cadet grabbed both sides of the plane and squeezed for dear life while the instructor put the ship through a slow roll.

When they were again right side up, the Cadet nonchalantly reached down, fastened the leg straps of his parachute and then slid the ends of his safety belt over his lap and clicked them together.

On the sides of plane number (censored) are hand prints that, could they talk, would tell of a hair-raising incident and of a Cadet who will never again forget to fasten things so long as he lives!!

Rigger's Ramblings

By DEAN SPENCER

NIGHTMARE!

Of all the "Milkman's she horses" a Cadet can experience in his slumbers on a warm Tulare night, I think I had the worst. I have a sneaking suspicion it was caused from a combination of overeating Paylor's mess hall and a gullyty conscience.

I was stunting the old PT in the exact fashion I have been taught not to, over the vicinity of HAZEL-HURST when I heard a BONG in the motor. I felt SHIVERS go through the old Stearman and to my sorrow some CLUCK had apparently neglected to bolt the motor in tight. The last I saw of the old Continental, she was headin' for a mountain CRAIG, sans prop.

Being a good CHRISTIAN and not CRAVEN to go over the HILL unprepared, I unbuckled my safety-belt to CROUCH down on my knees and whisper a prayer just in CASE the parachute Spencer packed wasn't in the mood to HATCH out when I pulled the joker. Lucky I did, for I just missed a passing motor mount with my head.

Peculiar thing about a man in a tough spot—incidents of the past, both good and bad, sure unreel through his mind in a flash.

I thought of my FOSTER mother and the PATER and how I beat the GARDINER'S time with ETHELL. The boat MOOR where I kissed her for the first time. The shady LANE we strolled along eating SPIEGELBERGS and LOCAS-CIO nuts. (Gosh, how we liked Spiegelbergs—especially with mustard on 'em). I also thought of how close I'd come to being in Fort LEWIS in the infantry instead of here in this precarious position, and why I wasn't there now.

Mr. Lund says I ain't no CHAMPION flyer as yet so I didn't feel I should let my superiority complex get the best of me, especially after taking cognizance of the tail-heavy attitude of the ship. So rather than pay the PRICE of waiting too LONG I figured I had better trust to FATE and JUMP.

Well, I decamped with a startling suddenness and old terra firma insisted on getting intimate with me,

so after turning GREEN with fear I pulled the ripcord.

Did I have a joke played on me? Guess what? Instead of the parachute, out of the pack came a BROWN pair of DENMAN coveralls. Even though the guy that owned them was a big MOOSE the coveralls didn't possess enough area to break my fall so I was killed, naturally.

Spencer must have had me on his nasty LIST for placing parachutes in the ready-room canopy down, and ripcord housing out. Clever kid, who else would have thought of a trick as practical as that one to get even with a guy?

To be FRANK with you the fall didn't kill me it was the sudden stop. Just as well though, for had I lived I would have had to call on a dentist. The fall broke one of my best MOHLERS.

The next thing I knew I was an Angel. The only clothes I had on was helmet, goggles and sox. I must have lost my moccasins. The goggles, however, made a lasting impression upon me. They were countersunk in my forehead.

I stood before the pearly gates and one of the turn-KEYS said, "You must be in the wrong jernt, bub." So to check on me he took me to the KING of Heaven. En route, we passed Kit CARSON, Gilda GRAY, Mobey DICK, and other Angelic celebrities. When we arrived the Commandant of Cadets, with a celestial expression likt Lt. Bradley, gazed on his reports, confined me to a dainty little spot where the suns RAYBURN the sinful gigs from the very marrow of your bones. That beats walking a punishment ramp at that, says I. So I goes without hesitation.

A medical CORMAN stood at the door and administered anti-whiskey shots in my arm when I entered. An officer resembling Lt. Gilmore with a LANTZ in his hand inoculated me against blondes.

I then went before the Chief Pilot, who announced he was going to take me up and WRING OUT MY SOX. Whereupon he immediately loaded me in an AT-6, reached over into my cockpit, yanked off my sox, dipped 'em into a pail of

water tied to the instrument board, and gently but firmly wrung 'em out.

After landing, with my damp sox on, I was lead before the Captain who told me he was going to give me a wash-tub ride. He made a pass at me with a rubber tube, which I mistook for a gossport. Maybe it was but it didn't connect on to my helmet. Needless to say, boys, I was washed-out. And how!

"You were washed-out," he announced gruffly "for three offenses. First, you did not observe 'air discipline'. Second, for not looking around. Third, for stuffing yourself on too much of Paylor's food." "Now," says he, "I took it upon myself to wash you out to save you from going before the board. You wouldn't like the board anyhow, it's got long slivers in it."

Suddenly I was awakened by the sounding of Reveille at the Rankin Academy. I arose with the old adage on my lips, "There are old flyers and bold flyers, but there are no old, bold flyers." Whereupon I catch on quick. I want to become an officer gentleman and gracefully grow into an "old flyer". So I hit the mess hall for a light-snack of ham, eggs, cereal, toast and coffee, determined to observe air-discipline and eat less.

(Bail Out to Page Nine)

★ ★ ★

GIG YOURSELF, SIR!

There's a ripple in my blanket
No dogears neath my cot
I've rounded up the rattails
Till my nerves are all but shot.

My window's dressed four inches
I've measured all my bunk
I guess without my ruler
I surely would be sunk.

My locker's neat and spotless
Each little strap's in place
I've polished, scrubbed and dusted
I'm blue in my dern face.

I proudly stand at attention
Then in march the feared Gig men
I didn't get a single gig
No, Sir! Not one—but ten!

SILLY SCENES SEEN SANE SENSE



Rigger's Ramblings

(Bailed From Page Seven)

OUR MASTER-TECH

There are times a man gropes
blindly

For the proper word to say
To express appreciation
In a modest sort of way
For the helping hand extended
To extract you from the "rough."
If you suffered lack of knowledge
Or perhaps the job was tough
And the only thing you needed
Was this fellow to come by
When the job stalemated awkward
Calibrate you on the sly
Put you straight for in your
quandary

You were needing him to show
You the tricks of old experience
As he's always "in the know."
He's a bible to the Air Corps
And a backbone vertebrae
For he glorifies the Service
With his work and speech each
day.

All the personnel at Rankin's
From the C.O. to the Mech
Know the man of whom I'm
speaking,
Robinson, our Master Tech.

★

For many types of sabotage
There's one that's rather rough
Upon anatomies of men
Unless they're really tough.

Subversive movements going on
At this academy—
Some Nazi placed Sand-paper
Where Scot Tissue used to be.

★ ★ ★

Gnat's to You!

We couldn't help snickering up
the well-known sleeve of our vest
the day (at the height of the
GNATzy invasion of Rankin Field
—thank Heaven they're gone now!)
that we discovered the following
letter from an instructor to the
buffalo gnats, and the answer there-
to, on the bulletin board in the in-
structor's room:

Instructors
Rankin Academy
Tulare, California

Buffalo Gnats
Rankin Academy
Tulare, California

Dear Pests:

The Instructors of the Rankin
Academy send you their most

grateful greetings and hope that
you are enjoying good health as
we know you are after feeding on
us for the last month.

This is what we would like to
call to your attention: that for the
last month you have mistaken us
for "Buffalos".

Now listen Mr. Gnats, the "Dedi-
cation of the Academy" is over, so
please have it understood that you
are not welcomed any more. Fail-
ure to heed this notice will call for
drastic action.

Truly yours,
The Victims (Instructors)
P. S.

All Gnats Please Initial

★

Buffalo Gnats Union
Tulare Swamp
Rankin Field Project
Tulare, California

Flying Instructors

Rankin Academy
Tulare, California

Dear Instructors:

In reply to your letter of warn-
ing to us buffalo gnats, we wish to
state that we ain't a damn bit par-
ticular who we bite on. Ain't you
figured that out by now?

You call us pests. What in the
h— do you instructors think you
are? You also warn us along with
your compliments. That don't both-
er us any, but it seems we bother
you a helluva lot. Ain't you boys
twisted around a little? To watch
you guys scratch, it looks like you
not only get twisted around, but
form other various and sundry con-
tortions known to man.

Unfortunately the buffalo went
out with the "old west". You in-
structors took their place—what
can you expect. Now suffer the
consequences. (To see you guys in
a pilot meeting you mill around
a table like a bunch of buffalo at a
water hole.)

We didn't mistake you instruc-
tors for buffalo like you figured we
did. As we said before you're the
next best thing to 'em. You smell
just like a buffalo only a little
stronger. Incidentally did you boys
ever smell a ripe old buff? As for
your ornery hides you are tougher
to bite on, but we got good teeth—
ain't we boys?

We are sorry we cannot heed
your warning. We know you guys
ain't so brave. The only harm we
ever heard of an instructor doing
is to go home, beat the stuffing out
of his wife, and break up the kitch-

en stove. Therefore, until an over-
production of polecats occurs in
this neck of the woods we are very
much afraid that you guys are "it."

Yours for bigger and better bites,
The Buffalo Gnats, Inc.

P. S.—Just call us "buffs" for
short—sort of informal for old
friends who are so closely asso-
ciated—you know.

—Instructors please initial

★ ★ ★

Gig Blues!

Have you heard this ditty?
"I have to walk the ramp.
What do these guys think?
Am I pilot, or a tramp?
'Course I failed to check my
Form I,
Forgot the doggone thing,
Could I help it if it fell out
While I slow rolled with my wing?
My girl is mighty lovely
As she waits for me in town,
Just take it from me, mister,
These Form I gigs get you down.
Next time I'll be certain that
It flies with me all through
And will I ever check it—even
double check it, too!

K/P

★ ★

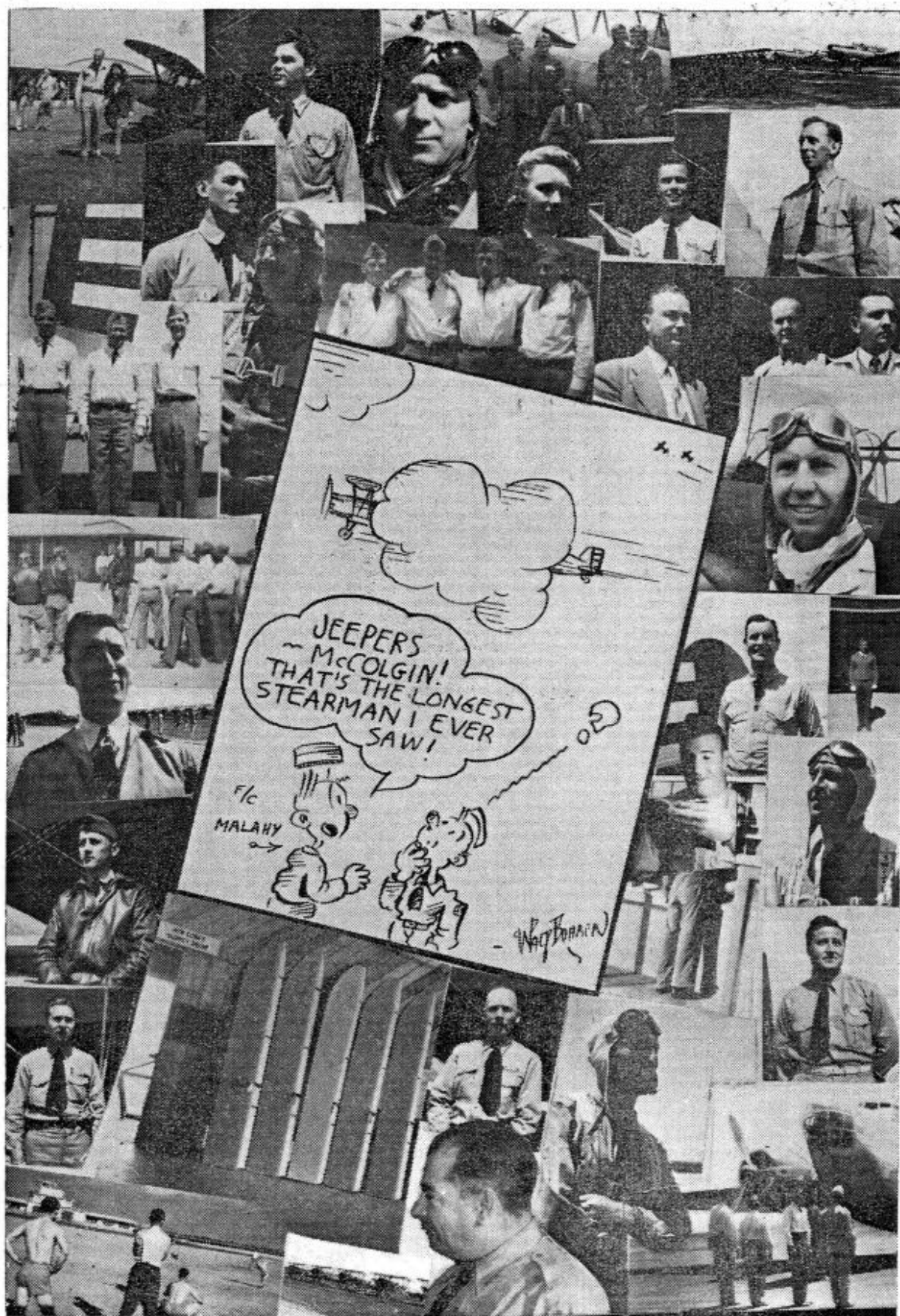
One by Air -Two by Four

(Dedicated to J. T. Africa)

Now there is an operator
In the tower, I mean,
He regulates the take-offs
Of those flyin' machines.
He gives you color signals
That you're supposed to see
And when you are not looking,
He will even change the Tee
So keep your glimmers on him
Else you may be in the blue
Riding someone else's aileron—
Double-buggy will not do!
When you see that bright red
signal
That says no, no, no, don't land
Just fly around and cool your heels,
He'll give you the old "glad
hand",
Then fly in here a-whooping,
But be sure to keep her sound
Or you will find yourself a loopin'
Like a whirl wind on the ground.

K/P





"Switch On"

By WALT BOHRER

How do you do, I'm sure! Have you heard about the three slightly befuddled pilots who mistook a parachute for a community handkerchief and blew their brains out?

★

There was a young feller named Hall

Who fell in the spring in the fall.
Now 'twould be a sad thing
If he'd died in the spring,
But he didn't—he died in the fall!

★

We have just heard that one of our embryo young pilots plays one of those big horns that wraps around your neck and the "oomps" come out behind your neck just above the hairline. Well, the other day he was sitting out in the drill area practicing when along comes one of these junior cyclones and screwed him eight feet into the ground before he could let go!

★

One of the kay-dets has just dispatched to yours truly a request. He wants to know the correct method of getting into an airplane. It seems no matter how hard he tries he generally ends up sitting backwards in the cockpit.

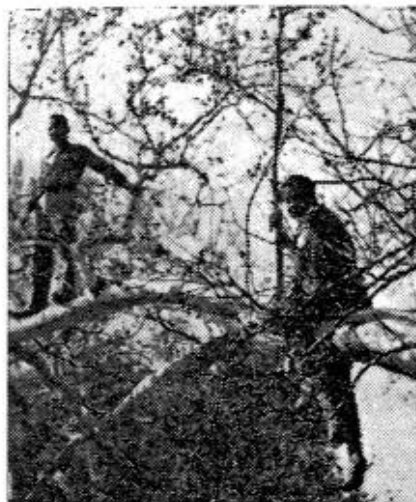
Well, I am like the old lady who got on the hoss backwards. I've got to do this my own way, so I will answer him without first insulting the "Rank'n'File" research department who has just read the plans wrong and installed a wind funnel instead of a tunnel.

To begin with you approach the aircraft from the off side. The idea is that you must always get on on the off side and off on the on side. If you make a practice of getting on on the on side, people will think you are a little off. This rule may be broken on and off but don't do it too often.

Next put your foot through the middle of the lower wing and jump with both hands. Completion of this maneuver should find you in the immediate vicinity of the rear cockpit. If it doesn't, you probably jumped in the wrong direction. Extract your foot from the wing, being careful not to damage the ribs. Damage to the 'floating ribs' especially will seriously impair the gliding qualities of the ship.

Try out the controls. Pull back on the stick. If it hits you on the bridge of the nose, you need cushions. Kick right rudder; if your left foot doesn't come back, look under the seat for it. It may be caught in the carburetor float. Next look for your instructor. He should be in the front cockpit at the other end of your gosport tube. If not, look in the "PX"—he is probably buying a box of aspirin.

★



The proof, say they, is in the pudding and somebody has just nudged a pudding under our doorstep. We know now how Instructors Carl Berg and Willie "Huckleberry Finn" Morrison keep in practice on weekends so that altitude flying won't make their ears pop during the week. They go out and climb trees. That at the top, which up to this point you have no doubt mistaken for a pair of chimpanzees romping about the Bronx Zoo, is no less than Carl and Willie doing their stuff up in the "sticks behind the sticks"!

★

THIS SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN

The appearance of a skunk is most always an unwelcome surprise, but when one invites himself on an airplane ride, near calamity can be the result. At least that is the experience of a Randolph Field cadet who recently took off for a practice flight.

When the training ship was soaring along at 1500 feet, the polecat announced his presence in no mistakable terms. The cadet's frantic

inspection revealed the "kitty" was concealed between the pilot's seat and the side of the plane; but, dissatisfied with his berth, he was ambling toward the controls—and the pilot.

When the cadet was ordered back to the field, he radioed in return that he preferred to maintain straight flight in order to waft away the paralyzing odor and to save risk of antagonizing his passenger any more than necessary.

Back came the order to get rid of the skunk, so back went the cockpit enclosure and a quick inversion of the plane dumped the air-minded intruder toward the ground.

★

It is said that before Hitler makes a decision he always consults the stars. He's got something there—we wouldn't mind consulting Hedy Lamarr or Alice Faye ourselves!

★ ★ ★

The Instructor's Farewell

(Soared from Page Four)

And then after ten weeks of awful hard work
You're ready to graduate!
The suspense of awaiting that final—
—whew!—
I hope I didn't start trying too late.

Then all of a oneness some Cadet runs up
And yells, "Tigar, your cadets all passed!"
And we ups and does an Irish jig
Cause we all know you're pilots at last!

Then comes the day when we say good-bye
And your instructor doesn't seem so bad;
You've been anxious to leave because of those scoldings,
But you understand why he looks sad.

But you belong to us, Dodos
We're responsible for the way you fly
And 'tis that we're proud of you pilots, sirs,
That makes that tear in our eye.

You leave now for Basic training,
You'll be commissioned in the fall,
So I salute a group of gentlemen with
Good-bye, good luck, God bless you all!

Hanger Rounders

By KARL HUGHES

I am wondering if the boys on the night maintenance crew are figuring on doing their night work at home?—they are all getting married!

★ ★

The Rankin Academy has two brand new gasoline trucks especially built for their particular needs by the Standard Oil Company. No finer equipment can be boasted of by any other school.

★ ★

Will someone invent a device to tell what airplane is in which end of the hangar when they are all in the hangar?

★ ★

Chief Pilot Lund still hasn't explained why No. 29 flew only 27% of the time last month. This information is vital to the statistical (don't stutter!) department.

★ ★

Fritz Ringer and Jerry (De Boid man) Fiore are learning to fly the hard way. They bought a ship and Don Cornell is reaping the rewards. Both have soloed—in Don's ship! Why don't you bozos fly your own crate?

★ ★

Master Sgt. Robinson, who is technical inspector for the Air Corps here at Tulare deserves a hearty round of applause for the assistance he gives the hangar force in meeting the many problems involved in keeping 32 airplanes "on the fly".

★ ★

Sgt. (Hey You!) Evans, Air Corps supply dept., refuses to loan out electric fans to civilian personnel (also leather coats — unwanted now)! We suggest the gals try to borrow powder puffs of which he has a large stock—we'd like to see his resistance broken! How about a fan, sarge?

★ ★

An airplane is like a Brahma bull—it will run everything else out of the pasture!

★ ★ ★

THE LINEMAN'S LAMENT

Upon this crank, the gol durned thing,
The might of muscle now I bring.

RANK'N' FILE

My joyous strength I do impose;
But will it start? Nobody knows!

The throttle cracked I do insist—
Now, pilot, please unclax your wrist;
There in your hand, you may not know,

Lies the answer—will it go?

I sweat and strive to wind it tight
With brutal force of nature's might;
"Cas on, switch off!" my throaty cry—

"Let's not have another try!"

The handle flashes thru its arc,
My hands are calloused from its mark;

For this I know, from lesson past,
To get results, you wind 'em fast!

I spend my wad (the term we use),
And back off clear to save abuse.
It's breathless work I do admit—
The pilot now must do his bit.

"Contact!" I call, and grab the thing
That to my ears will noises bring.
The bull-like roar I love to hear—
The sound I hate's the stripping gear!

★ ★ ★

By THOS. A. WHITE

BOB PHILLIPS went into a flat spin on the 14th of June and landed in the deep sea of matrimony—Miss FLOY DARE, of Tulare, was the lucky gal. . . PHIL REARDON slipped on a curve and was married in Las Vegas to Miss MARGARET GANSE . . . ELMER RINGER and GERARD FIORE were very much relieved to have their 2-cylinder Aeronca relicensed by the CAA. . . JAY TAYLOR may be seen about town with a very good looking (hold your breath) convertible coupe. . . JOHN LUNDY had the misfortune to break his nose while playing ping-pong. While at the hospital he "met the girl." A few weeks later he drove a nail through his finger. This time he became engaged. What will he do next? . . . EARL MONK seems to be having carburetor trouble, or maybe it's ignition trouble—or maybe it's lack of gasoline in the tank! . . . TATSUMI SUEHIRO will make his first solo flight with the aid of a gentle head wind and ten hours of instruction. . . BOB MATLOCK spends most of his time looking around for a good-looking blonde — how about this, Mrs. Matlock? . . . ELMER

"FLYING FORTRESS" CODAY requests that the company install PT wings on the school bus . . . GEORGE NELSON has left Rankin Academy for Lake Charles, Louisiana, where he is employed by the Superior Oil Corp. . . DALE RANKIN and DEAN STEWART spend most of the early hours fishing . . . TOM WHITE wants a substantial raise (go sit on a giant firecracker. —Ed.) . . . And so it goes!

★ ★ ★

The Goal Is Worth the Effort

(Hopped from Page Two)

sponsibility. As Flying Cadets, you were shown to be gentlemen, before your application for enlistment was accepted. Your Primary training as Officers and pilots has just been completed. The capacity for taking responsibility and carrying through with a given job is so important as to defy description. Without it, the most brilliant, and potentially most capable men are worthless. Wherever you may be, in military or civil life, you will always have duties for which you are responsible. Those of you who can accept these responsibilities and carry them out quickly and accurately, will succeed. Those who cannot will fail. Only one thing makes a better impression on a superior than the complete, prompt correct execution of his orders. That is having a subordinate who does not have to be told. You make decisions every day, and you will make more and more the higher you rise. Use your heads, think, and be dependable! Your records here convince me that we can expect all of this from you.

You are faced with the greatest challenge any group of young men has ever seen. The training program will do all it can, but what you absorb is essentially up to you. You are required to pass a certain minimum proficiency in flying and military knowledge. Beyond that the efficiency you reach is unlimited and is whatever you make it. It demands hard work and intense concentration, but the goal is worth the effort—the finest officer personnel and the best disciplined Air Corps in the world!

★ ★ ★

China won't be able to toss off the yoke of oppression till they find a leader named Wa-Shing-Ton.

PAGE THIRTEEN



Class 41-7 Exposed!

Charles Carroll Ball

Hails from Nellie, Oklahoma, attended Cameron Jr. College at Lawton (2 years) and Oklahoma A & M. College at Stillwater where he received a B.S. degree. Before enlistment as Cadet was an oil field worker. Hobbies: shooting and swimming.

★

Vern E. Brewer

Home town, Fairview, Oklahoma. Also attended Oklahoma A & M College at Stillwater. Was student before enlistment. Has "slug" of hobbies, namely, radio, motors, football and baseball.

★

Sam J. Brown

Is from Bartlesville, Okla., spent 3½ years and several bucks at Tulsa University. Hobby is sports.

★

Orville Buchanan

Was born at Rust Springs, Oklahoma. Attended—you've guessed it—Cameron Jr. College at Lawton and Oklahoma A & M at Stillwater where he plucked an A. S. degree in agriculture. Was student before enlistment as a Cadet. Hobby is sports.

★

Milton C. Butler

Comes from Enid, Oklahoma. He attended A & M College of Texas and, prior to his signing as a Flying Cadet, was a construction worker. Hunting and fishing are his hobbies.

★

Billy E. Carson

Is from Jet, Oklahoma (hope that doesn't "black" him out!—ed.). Attended Baylor U. at Waco, Texas. Hobbies: hunting, fishing, swimming. Is descendant of "Kit" Carson.

★

Woodrow W. Christian

Born at Carnegie, Oklahoma and attended Southwestern Institute of Technology. Holds A. B. degree. Taught commercial art before enlistment. Hobby is swimming.

★

William A. Clair

Bill was born at Crawford, Nebraska. He attended the Colorado School of Mines and holds a P. E. degree. Before becoming a Cadet

he was engineer trainee for the Carter Oil Co. Hobbies are photography and correspondence.

★

Martin Stone Cluck

Hails from Erick, Oklahoma and attended Oklahoma Tech. Before becoming a Flying Cadet, Cluck was a wheat farmer. Hobbies? All he can handle without hiring help!—swimming, dancing, collecting pictures and good music!

★

Clifton W. Cole

Is a Texan, having been born at Post, Texas. Attended Texas Tech and was R. R. supervisor for the Farm Security Administration of the U. S. D. A. before enlisting in the Air Corps. Hobbies, fishing and hunting.

★

Lionel D. Colley

Another Texan. Born at Hewitt, but claims Waco as present home town. Attended Baylor University, three years. Summer occupation before enlistment as Cadet—truck driver. Hunting and athletics are hobbies.

★

Lloyd K. Cox

First saw the light of day at Clinton, Oklahoma. Attended the University of Oklahoma and Southwestern Tech. Has unusual hobbies—newspaper clippings and archery.

★

Charles W. Craven

Made first landing at Wawrika, Oklahoma, put in four years at Okla. A & M College emerging with no degrees. Hobbies: reading and photography.

★

Roy M. Crothers

Birthplace—Geary, Oklahoma, home town—Weatherford. College attended—Southwestern Tech. Was farmer before enlisting in Air Corps. Has two interesting hobbies—collecting arrowheads and dating girls—and two interesting relatives—Orville and (the late) Wilbur Wright!

★

John L. Crouch

Was born at El Campo, Texas. Attended Texas A & M College and

Lamar Jr. College at Beaumont. Hobby—sports.

★

Alfred G. Damron

Born at Alma, Oklahoma, but claims Okmulgee as his home. Is U of Okla. alumnus, collects guns and builds model airplanes as hobby.

★

Woodrow L. Dick

Was born at Stoutland in the "show me!" state of Missouri. However he attended the Oklahoma Military Academy, Oklahoma A & M and Northeastern State. He was a construction worker before becoming a Cadet. Hobbies are swimming and golf.

★

Erwin C. Ethell

Was born at Lawton, Oklahoma, we suspect, so that he wouldn't have to leave town to attend Cameron Jr. College! However, inasmuch as he came out with a Jr. College degree in Arts and Science, we don't say we blame his choice! Before enlistment, Ethell was a furniture salesman. Hobbies are golf, sports, music.

★

Paul E. Gardiner

Cherokee, Oklahoma was Paul's place of birth. He attended Southwestern Tech at Weatherford and Oklahoma U at Norman. His occupations previous to enlistment were various and sundry—student, book-keeper and gas meter reader being a few. His hobbies include sports, fishing and hunting.

★

Marvin R. Gordon

Is a Burneyvillian, having been born at Burneyville, Okla. His education was obtained at Murray State School of Agriculture at Tishomingo, East Central State College at Ada and Oklahoma U (one semester) at Norman. Prior to becoming a Flying Cadet he was a "plow pilot"—farmer to you! Hobbies? Radio and raising livestock. (How about a radio-equipped bossy, Marvin? A farmer'd appreciate a cow that would stay on the beam or be milked by remote control—ed)

★

Clyde T. Gray

Gray is from Quay and Quay is
(Continued on Page Seventeen)



Class 41-7. Exposed!

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

in Oklahoma. He attended Tulsa U and holds all sports his hobbies.

★

Granville E. Greene

Was born at Soyre, Oklahoma, but that doesn't make him a Soyrepuss! Spent two years in Oklahoma Jr. Western College and one semester in Southwestern State Teachers College. Hobby, sports.

★

William F. Hatch

First popped up at Salisbury, Missouri. Later sold tires for Firestone. Didn't tell us what college he used to get excused from to go fishin', but did mention he dabbled in hunting and such as a hobby.

★

Norman L. Hill

The stork dropped Norman off at Miami (Oklahoma, not Florida). Education was soaked up at Northeastern State College.

★

Ray L. Hilliard

Was born on Armistice Day, 1918, at Kiefer, Oklahoma. Attended Oklahoma U. Hobby is photography.

★

Thomas W. Lane

Lane City, Texas, which seems to have to do with a long line of Lanes, was the town in which Tom was born and raised. He attended Oklahoma A & M exit-ing with a B.S. degree in General Business. Entered Air Corps after having been house manager in a theater. Had never been up in a plane before.

★

Harry D. Lewis

Is loyal to Poteau, Oklahoma, his birthplace. Attended Oklahoma U.

★

Elmer G. List

Is from Missouri, having been born at Harrisonville. He attended the Kansas City Conservatory of Music and the Oklahoma A & M College, majoring in music and graduating with Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. Previous to becoming a Cadet, he was Service Manager for the Bristow Motor Co., Bristow. Hobbies: music composition, conducting and small bore target practice. (We once shot a small boar, too, Elmer!—ed.)

Robert C. Malahy

Shawnee, Oklahoma, claims the extinction of being Bob's birthplace. Several years later he attended Oklahoma U (one semester) and Oklahoma A & M College (six semesters). Hobby is picture-clicking.

★

Franklin H. McColgin

Unusually enough, McColgin was born at Rankin, Oklahoma! He attended Oklahoma Aggie and Mech College, majoring in Aeronautical Engineering. Hobbies, tennis, model airplane building and Boy Scout diary work.

★

Connor O. Montgomery

Was born at Wapanucka, Oklahoma, but finally had to attend Murray State College to learn to pronounce it. Hobby is collecting pipes.

★

Richard D. Moor

Was born at Plattsburgh, N. Y., a cousin of the late President Calvin Coolidge. Attended Oklahoma City University, was stenog before enlisting in Air Corps. Hobby: fishing.

★

Earl C. Morris, Jr.

Place of birth: Ardmore, Okla. Schools attended: Oklahoma U and N. M. Institute of Mines. Occupation was furniture salesman, ambulance cauffeur. Hobbies are unusual, include polo, deep sea fishing and motor boating.

★

Merton L. Orick

Comes from Phoenix, Arizona, but was born at Dustin, Oklahoma. Attended Phoenix Union High and Phoenix Jr. College. Hobbies are swimming, driving, radio-phonograph. Has been civilian office clerk, U.S. Army Induction Station, Phoenix, past year.

★

Myron C. Paul

Born at Edna, Kansas. Home town, Beaumont, Texas. Attended Lamar Jr. College and Texas A & M. No degree, no hobbies.

★

Julius D. Shivers

Is a deep-souther from Bogalusa, Louisiana. Attended Mississippi U. emerging with B.S.C. degree in Accounting. Prior to his enlistment, Julius was salesman for Burroughs Adding Machine Co. Hobbies, hunting and fishing.

Echoes of 41-H!

(Landed from Page Three)

Most of 41-H have soloed, Mr. Bodine having done his "ghost walk" on Friday the 13th after 1 hour and 56 minutes in the air. Mr. Bowman soloed in three hours, 50 minutes. Misterns Benell, McClure, Sampeck, and Raap are among others who have "done their stuff" alone. What with stalls, turning stalls, power spins, spins, forced landings, gliding and climbing turns and elementary eights, they've really been churning up the ozone!

The boys claim the BT-13's are plenty swell to fly. Though they glide at 90 with flaps and land at 70, they are easier to "set down" than the Stearmans.

We are glad to get "the dope," fellows, and hope you continue to let us hear from you. More (horse) power to you!

★ ★ ★

Pew!

Instructor George Barnes is keeping all too silent the fact that he went to church the other night when he mistook it for the Elks Club. However, once inside he decided to stay and hear the sermon. All went well until the preacher said, "I can see good in all things," and Barnes, in the rear pew, pipes up, "Have you ever tried flying in the fog?"

We'll Always Remember--

The following men who started out with our class in May, but who for some reason found it was necessary to transfer to some other branch of the Army, or in other ways decide not to continue the flight instruction, can rest assured that they will always be our classmates wherever they may be. They are a swell bunch of fellows!

J. E. Britain	L. M. Clifton
R. G. Craig	
B. E. Darnell	J. K. Denman
J. O. Foster	
R. W. Frayser	H. A. French
C. M. King	
M. W. King	L. W. McAnallen
W. A. Smith	

Wing Dings by 41-7!

Just Imagine!

Shivers Hilliard and Murphy in step. . . Dick without a convertible. . . Ball without a chaw. . . Frayser without a seegar. . . Lane without a protruding mid-section. . . Morris without a song. . . Murphy and Hill giving drill commands on the right foot. . . Leonard on time for formations. . . Cluck without his daily feminine fan mail. . . Cox without some hair. . . Brown working up a sweat. . . Crouch with a loud voice. . . Moore talking like a man. . . Butler and Malahy playing anything but ping-pong. . . Clair: tall, dark and handsome. . . Greene: short, blonde and cute. . . Buchanan, fat. . . Denman pronouncing bird. . . Cluck leaving out the punctuation when telling an officer his name—"Cluck sir!" . . . Lewis playing piano from music. . . List with a smile. . . Brewer not scratching. . . Colley not having a snap of the gal back home. . . Christian without Colley. . . Paul with that lovesick look in his eye. . . Carson without a big deal. . . Orick not singing. . . Erwin with straight hair. . . McColgin not wanting to mail a letter after C to Q. . . Gardiner sans grin. . . Geary without Frayser. . . Buffington without a salute and Montgomery without the "Dawn Patrol!"

★

PROCLAMATION OF THE YAWN-ER-DAWN PATROL!

We the members of the "Dawn Patrol," the most famous mess organization that has ever messed around at dear old Rankin's, do hereby proclaim that we have enjoyed every minute of our stay here—up to and practically including listening to Frayser gargling off-key coffee.

It is our hope that the idea of the "Dawn Patrol" doesn't die, expire, perish or what have you, with our departure. We're sure that it shall not, for, after carefully selecting each member, we feel they will carry on to make said patrol an even more famous unit.

In saying farewell we propose a toast to dear old Rankin:

"Here's to Rankin, the 'Randolph of the West,'

Let's not strive to make it good—
Let's strive to make it best!"

F/C "Monty" Montgomery

★

F/C Captain Crouch: "Mister Keys, why didn't you salute me?"

Dodo Keys: "I didn't see you, sir."

F/C Capt. Crouch: "Oh, that's all right then—I thought maybe you were mad at me."

★

TOO TRUE!

" . . . If they have Form One's in heaven, I think I can stand heat."

F/C R. D. Moor

★ ★ ★

MEBBE HE NO KETCH!

"Sir, my cranium, consisting of Vermont marble, volcanic lava and African ivory covered with a thick layer of case-hardened steel, forms an impenetrable barrier to all that seeks to ingress upon the ashen tissues of my brain. Hence the effulgent and ostentatiously effervescent phrases just now directed for my comprehension have failed to penetrate and permeate the soniferous forces of my atrocious intelligence!"

F/C Loyd K. Cox

★

"Rank'n'File" wouldn't be complete without at least one of the well known "Ace" Ball's exploits!

His best (?) deal was when he attempted to slicker the inspecting officer by jamming everything possible into his laundry bag—including a pair of his most favorite trousers. After inspection "Ace" lapsed back to normal and forgot about the trousers. Comes laundry day and out go the aforementioned pantaloons to the washery. On receiving his laundry, "Ace" was one mighty unhappy kay-det on account of his trousers resembled a cross between a pair of short pants and a trapper's shirt after a fight with a wildcat!

F/C "MOBY" DICK.

What! No Dates!

The most unhappy man alive on one Saturday June 14, 1941 was the famous Company Sgt. Martin Stone Cluck. The reason for his great dilemma was, after phoning for two days to the surrounding towns for 100 dates for the cadets, both upper and lower classes, he was informed that the dance would be canceled. Previous plans had been made for the entire Cadet Corps to appear in Porterville for a flag raising ceremony and a dance given by the Elks club.

What was Martin to do with 100 dates? After spending a few more hours cancelling dates, with sweat running from his brow and voice quavering with soothing embarrassment for his misgivings, he tried to leave the fair sex in a gay mood for future engagements, one of which will be the farewell dance when class 41-I graduates. Lieutenant Bradley and Martin wish to make amends to the fair young women of this community, by giving a dance which will be remembered as the gayest affair of the year—he hopes!

F/C Erwin C. Ethell

★

NUTS!

F/C Colley (a country boy from Texas) journeyed to Woodville one Saturday night to watch the moths flutter around the street lamps and take in the sights. A street vendor attracted F/C Colley by wailing "Peanuts, Peanuts, Hot Roasted Peanuts—5c a bag—". Colley, thinking he must get in on this California goody in the tempting red and white bag, purchased five sacks and hied himself to a secluded corner, opened one, looked at the contents and said, disgustedly "Goobers! Hell, pappy's got a whole barn full!"

★

STAGE GRADE

I think that I shall never see
A "D" as lovely as a "B"
A "B" whose sacred form is pressed
Upon the stage slip of the blessed.
"Ds" are made by fools like me
But only God can make a "B".

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN ROOM 17?

"Pity Pat" Orick must have gone off his beam again. No, someone said he aroused Mr. Cluck's temper. What are those inhuman sounds? Those terrible shrieks! "Pity Pat" just can't stand cold water, but there he stands, underwear and all, in the shower with cold water streaming down his howling lips. What does it sound like and what is he saying? "Help! Help! Oh, hectorsmith! Martin, let me out of this nasty cold water before I get fretted!" Mr. Erwin laughs until his side and cheeks hurt, adding more horribly to the ever mounting din. "OWWW, help! This is terrible! Someone take him away! That mean old man makes me feel oh so naughty!"

Those shrieks and terrible noises have ceased in room 17. "Pity Pat" became Cadet Lieutenant Brown's old lady June 15. Mr. Brown says "Pity Pat" is a swell housekeeper. The newlywed's new home is room 26. They welcome all visitors except Mr. Cluck, whom "Pity Pat" fears may again throw him in the shower just for fun!

F/C Martin Stone Cluck

Cadet Metamorphosis

There once was a brilliant and healthy young man
Who wanted to fly for his Uncle Sam
So he passed all his tests and he started to go
And he soon found himself a wingless dodo.

There was plenty to learn, but he learned it all.
As a matter of fact he was right 'on the ball.'
His instructor soon told him,
"You're ready to fly
And pilot this PT alone through the sky."

Those first tough five weeks soon passed quickly away
It looked like our hero was in here to stay.
They made him a member of the upper class
And now it was his turn to haze and harass.

After five more weeks of struggle and strain
They told him to board the Moffett train.

"Well at last I'm a pilot," he thought—But then
At Basic they made him start over again.

★ ★ ★

F/C Carson: "Here comes the 4th of July parade. Where's your sister?"

F/C Shivers: "Upstairs waving her hair."

F/C Carson: "What's the matter? Can't you afford a flag?"

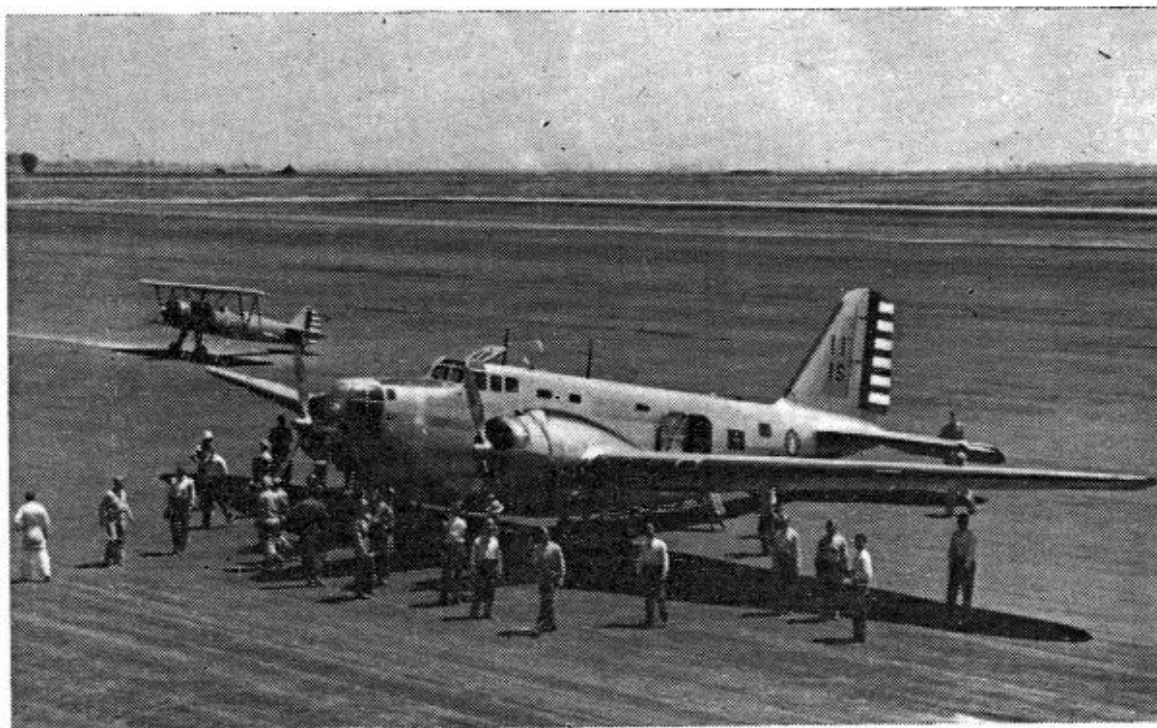
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Our Front Cover

Although it is with regret that we learn of the transfer of Brigadier General Henry W. Harms, commandant of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center to Newfoundland where he will become the Commanding General of United States defenses at that point, we are happy to see a man of his calibre placed in so important a position.

Our front cover shows General Harms on the wing of his ship during a recent visit to the Rankin Aeronautical Academy here at Tulare.

Au Revoir, General Harms! The West Coast's loss is Newfoundland's gain.

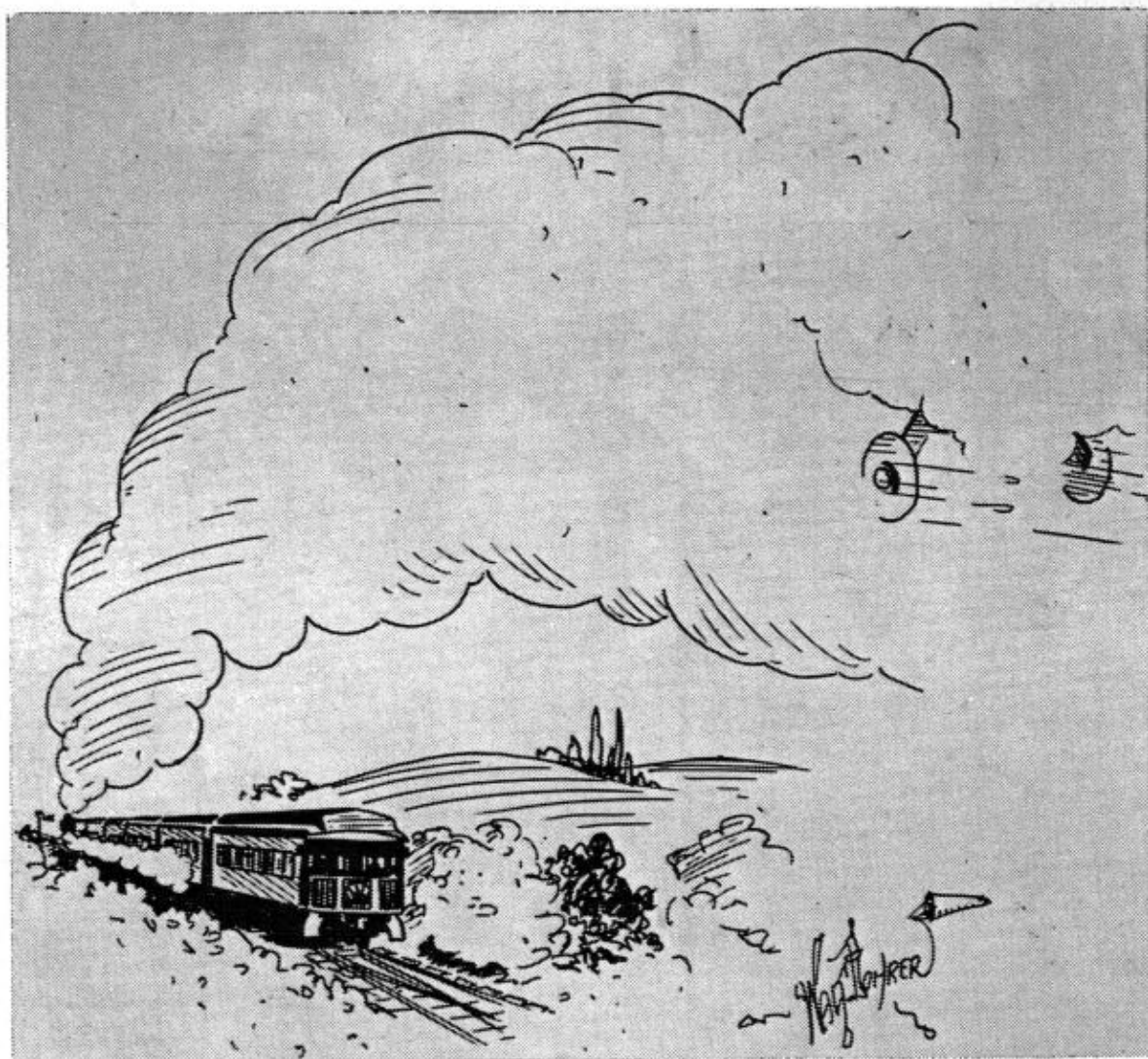


The biggest ship so far to "set down" at Rankin Field is the bi-motored Douglas shown above. It carried General Davenport Johnson, in charge of the plans and operations office of the chief of the Air Corps at Washington; Group Captain D. V. Carnegie of the British Embassy, and Colonel Edward Lyons, new commanding officer of Moffett Field.

This Space Reserved for the

"John Henry's"

of Your Rankin Academy Friends



“Well it just goes to show how much you can depend on weather reports—we’ve been flying blind for the last half an hour!”

Well, Here's Looking At You - -



J. T. AFRICA, RANKIN CONTROL TOWER

- - Until Next Issue!
