

FLYING CADETS ADVANCE TO B STAGE

Bright and early on the morning of October 17, the present members of the class of July, 1932, started flying training on Basic Stage. 95 strong, less than half of the original class, found their respective flights, hangars, and instructors.

With a sigh of relief, these men realized that the first, elementary stage of Army flying training was behind them, and now they were entering the Basic Stage, not just as students, but as pilots. Much will be expected of them on Basic Stage. Dependence on one's own initiative and ability is encouraged and demanded to a far greater extent at this phase of flying training. The self-confidence and experience absorbed and built up on the Primary Stage will be invaluable to us as we learn to pilot larger and more powerful ships, and to pilot these ships in a far more precise and military manner than we have heretofore.

Formation flying of four phases of strange field landings, night flying and cross-country flights, will provide much interest and experience, in supplementing the regular routine airwork. Basic Stage flying, although requiring a great deal of real ability and head-work, really should prove enjoyable to those lucky participants. This stage is really the transition of a student's interest from the stereotyped work-outs of Primary training to a type of flying intrinsically fascinating. We will only have twenty hours of dual instruction; the rest of the time we will spend learning how to fly solo along advanced as well as interesting lines. All of us are eagerly looking forward to soloing our "B-Ts", and then progressing into the more intricate realms of Basic Stage.

We will not forget, however, while absorbed in new roles as Basic Stage students, our debt to the A Stage instructors, whose unusual ability and patience put us this far along the road of Army Flying Training.

The following Flying checked off A Stage: Pocock, Wynne, Pope, Youngerman, Allen, R. H., Aigeltinger, Portman, Allen, C. L. Allee,
(Continued on Page 6. Col. 4)

Honor Awards Made

Two trophies are awarded upon graduation to those two Flying Cadets who have been outstanding during their eight months at Randolph Field. One is for the highest degree of soldierly efficiency attained in the several departments of the Flying School. The other is given to the Cadet who has been responsible for the greatest development of athletics in the Cadet Battalion.

These, in the order mentioned, are known as the Catlett and Williams trophies. They are named for these two men because Lieutenants Catlett and Williams, graduates of the Air Corps Flying School, left reputations which credit them with possessing to the degree those characteristics essential to success as an officer: a spirit of Loyalty; a conscientious performance of Duty; and a Consideration of the rights of others.

Flying Cadets Quinn M. Corley and Donald N. Wackwitz were the
(Cont'd. on Page 6, Col. 2.)

Cadets Go To Kelly

Eighty-seven Flying Cadets, members of the Class of March, 1932, were graduated from Randolph Field on October 16. These men, having successfully completed the Primary and Basic Stages at "The West Point of the Air", have been variously assigned to pursuit, attack, bombardment, and observation sections at Kelly Field, for intensive training in their respective sections.

"The Tee" offers its congratulations to the following Flying Cadets, who are more than half way to the goal of every Army flying student: WINGS. Algert, Allen, Allison, Ambrose, Arnold, Arrington, Backus, Barkley, Barry, Bissell, Borden, Brewster, Brown, Bush, Byerly, Cannon, Coln, Cook, Diggs, Dilley, Diltz, Dittman, Dunlap, Erickson, Fly, Foster, Frutchey, Gardner, George, Glasser, Goodbar, Gorman, Grabill, Gray, Hood, Hooten, Hopwood, Houston, Huffman, Kennedy, Kiehle, Kitchens,
(Cont'd. on Page 4, Col. 3.)

OCTOBER CLASS ENCOUNTERS DILEMMA

To the candidate for appointment, Randolph Field appears as a certain type of seventh heaven. Soon after he arrives he discovers it to be an eight variety of the opposite. It is a place where demons shout in the dodo's ear using all manner of strange and unusual vernacular. There is no recourse to reason, no choice of the better of two alternatives. He has no conception of the end in view, nor any understanding of what its all about.

He must shine his brass, but he doesn't seem to be given time to do so. He must clean his room, but again he is forstalled on the score of time. He must arrange his clothing, but he doesn't know how. He does what he considers to be his best to strike a happy medium. Then he is inspected.

The inspector does series of contortions which would put an acrobat to shame, finds plenty of dust and goes up like a kite.

The dodo is unable to discover any elements common sense in all this. He says so to his room-mate. His room-mate says so in return. Then they go to bed. Later on side glances into the rooms of upper-classmen convince the Dodo that there is something rotten in Denmark. Remembering the parting remarks of the inspecting officer, he recalls "Filthy rooms, werst I ever saw".

He wonders where this person, who has seen only one change of rooms, became such a connoisseur of the same. Philosophically, he concludes it is all for the best, and goes to bed, realizing that though all be chaos in the day, it is a blessing to sleep at night.

The Dodo is ready for bed at night. He is accustomed to soft, downy mattresses and springs that hold up in the middle. I ask you to behold his consternation when he discovers how down-in-the-middle, how full of lumps, how replete with sharp, abrasive surfaces his bed is. Despite these bitter hardships he is able to sleep, and quickly he drops into the slumber of those who have marched far.

(Cont'd. on Page 6, Col. 3.)

WELCOME TO OCTOBER CLASS

By J. BRITT LEAGUE, JR., Cadet Captain

You of the class of October 10th, 1932, will not easily forget the morning when you lined up together for the first time in the area at the West Point of the Air. Beneath floppy fatigue hats, you bowed your heads to weather that must have struck you as a Texas hurricane. To the onlooker too, it was apparent that a storm was raging in the vicinity of the coverall-clad ranks of the newcomers.

The storm has blown over somewhat, and in a more peaceful retrospect, you can look back on your debut at Randolph Field, and glean a worthwhile impression or two. The common uniform put you on common ground, and it will be necessary in the future for you to look on yourselves as a group with a common objective, which must be reached by individual and group coordination of effort. Following the same thought further, fatigue clothes suggest work, and there is work to be done. The Flying Cadet's sixteen hour day calls for just about all a man can put out. It is hardly too much to say that a Flying Cadet must be willing to forget every other interest for the time being, and devote all of his time and energy to each new day's work, if he expects to meet the exacting requirements of the Air Corps Training Center.

On behalf of the class of July, 1932, I congratulate all of you on having qualified for a training to which "many are called but few are chosen." As you progress in the course, you will realize more fully that the Commandant, the Tactical Officers, the instructors, even the Upper Class, are anxious to help every man possible to successfully carry through the job which he has been qualified to do here. Bear in mind, when the going becomes rough, and it occasionally will, that it is the purpose of the organization to make, not break you. I wish every man the best of luck. Go to it.

THE TEE



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Edwin D. Avary Editor
 R. C. W. Booker Feature Editor
 E. H. Gibbon Sport Editor
 E. S. Allee - Contributing Editor
 Underclass Reporters

Published monthly by and for the
 Cadets of Randolph Field, Texas,
 "The West Point of the Air."

THE TEE'S PLATFORM

1. Inaugurate the Randolph Field Memorial.
2. Adopt an official graduation ring.
3. Institute a class yearbook.

The Torch Burns!

This issue of The Tee is the brain-child of a new staff of scribes, who came into their own as editors of the Cadet paper when the former editors left for Kelly Field. All of us have high hopes for our issues of this periodical.

However, our bated breath won't cease bating until The Tee, under the new staff, has been perused and accepted by its readers. So, dear reader, please realize that this is your paper. It represents your life here at Randolph Field. We on the staff, merely attempt to recount as accurately and as amusingly as possible, what actually takes place in our Flying Cadet world. It is a very difficult affair, striving to depict Cadet life in a manner that pleases everyone. But, what we are continually hoping to accomplish is this: to have printed upon these hallowed columns, every bit of worthwhile news that can be discovered pertaining to Cadets in general, and Randolph Field in particular. And we intend to do this. But not without the cooperation of the staff members and the entire Cadet Battalion.

As to the personnel of the new staff. The names of the editors may be found on the top of this column. But, this old scribe is mighty happy and proud to say, that for the first time in The Tee history, the Dodos have turned out en masse to lend their invaluable aid as reporters for this exclusive sheet. If one perused the copy turned in for this current edition, the names of the following Dodo Reporters would be found: Griffin, R. E.; Cotton, C. A.; Miller, F. H.; Richards, R. L;

Dodo Ramblings

Wonder if an upper-classman with his neck out would be called a Crane?

Wonder why the new G. I. shoes had to be dyed when they had already been walked to death?

Wonder if we will be allowed to hang our flying suits on the Flying line?

Wonder if Fatigue hats were so named because they droop around as if greatly tired?

At the end of the drill periods, we would gladly present arms to anyone.

The suspense of a life-time: Waiting for that fatal click on the fourth count of "Inspection Arms".

"Be Prepared" — the motto of the Dodo who slept in his coveralls.

With four windows, two doors, and two transoms in each room, we conclude that the Air Corps was properly named.

Maybe Mr. Gibbon should be called "Pony", because after Dodo drill period his voice was a little hoarse.

Seems that it would have been much more appropriate for the Upper-class detail in charge of N. F. C. to have worn black arm bands instead of white ones.

We sure are glad that we looked over San Antonio before reporting for duty.

We have figured out why the chickens at Randolph don't lay eggs; its due to loss of sleep. The Dodos wake them up taking setting up exercises every morning.

"Gunners" must have been so named because they formerly had to shoot the waiters in order to attract their attention.

"Take a brace" yelled the upper-classman and the Dodo tightened his suspenders.

Powers, D. J.; Cain, F. A.; Ordorff, A. F.; Raynor, S. W.; Hikle, M. G.; Williams, H. G.; Harrel, R. F.; Wear, W. F.; and Milligan. To these journalistically eager misters, The Tee editor sends his appreciation, and sincerest hopes for their cooperation in putting out editions of unprecedented excellence.

Reader, the Torch burns!

POETS SAY.

Triumph

*Good is the sound of the engine
 The sight of the fleeing ground.
 He smiles as the sun strikes his wing tips
 Glints on the blades flashing 'round.
 Away from his fellow flyers
 Away from the life below
 He feels a sudden tingling thrill
 A thrill he's come to know.
 Is it the sight of a silver cloud
 Or the bite of the crisp cold air?
 Does it come from the sense of power he feels
 Or the fact that he's lost all care?
 Why does he gloat as he swoops and climbs
 What is his joy in these things?
 Exhuberance known by his kind alone—
 The fledgling finding his wings!*

E. S. ALLEE.

A Dodo's If

*If you can roll out of bed at Reveille
 And exercise neath Texan stars,
 In cadence with the upperclassmans count,
 Yet smile within yourself and keep on smiling;
 If you can drill in sultry sullen heat
 Till feet and legs feel weighted to the ground
 Yet all the while maintain a grim visage
 Although somewhere defeat is not far off
 If you can pack a nine pound piece
 In syncopation with a detail's taunts
 Yet strive to put out something good
 While deep within your heart is far from light
 If you can eat and keep a eating
 With lowered eyes and head erect
 Yet still enjoy your meal but not position
 Despite the lowly ease of those above you
 If you can do all these and hide a smile
 And realize that you're but in the game
 And keep a laugh in store for some one else
 Then you cannot help but make the grade
 For yours is the Spirit of Randolph Field.*

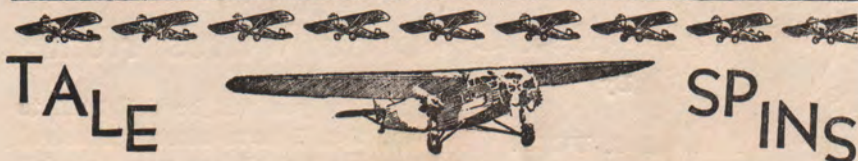
W. H. (Dodo) WEAR.

With Apologies to Mr. Kipling.

Ode To A Dodo

*If I go out for a walk
 I'm giggerd
 And if I dare to try to talk
 I'm giggerd
 If I'm awake at nine-thirty
 I'm giggerd
 And if my finger-nails are dirty
 I'm giggerd
 And when I see the Pearly Gate,
 I think St. Peter will say, "Too late"
 You're giggerd".*

H. S. Williams Jr.



❖ CROSS TEE ❖

"It is the anecdote that best defines the personality."—Emil Ludwig.

There is one mister in the Upperclass who is really one Hot Pilot. And if you don't believe it, just ask him. The pilot in question is none other than "Thrilling Tail-Spin" Treher. Boy, can that man fly... in the barracks! Just drop in his room sometime, and he'll take you on one of the duckiest little aeroplane rides you've ever seen. He'll also bum a smoke or two off of you, and maybe want a standing date with your girl. But the pleasure, and educational advantages derived from your seance with Treher will more than compensate for any favors you have to bestow upon him. This writer promises you, that if you barracks-fly just once with "Hancock School of Aviation" Treher, you'll never forget till your dying day all the misinformation he threw your way.

"A" company is still accepting nominations for the dodo who is to fill the boots of Doll-Brain Donlin. But it is doubtful that there ever can be another mister so eager, so dignified, so restrained, and so sophisticated as our California Sun-beam, John Patrick Donlin (sir).

Oh! Those magnificent military misters from the CITADEL! (the West Point of the South-east). It wasn't enough to have about fifty of them come down here in the July class, oh no. Hundreds more have arrived in the new class of dodos. And what I mean, enough is too much on this big house party of ours. Fill the barracks with Citadel graduates,— go ahead, — but when the quarters are full of these tin soldiers, you'll still have empty barracks. Ask the man who owns one, who lives next to one, or who has ever seen one. "I'm wondering", remarked the lispng dodo, "who put the Cit in Citadel!"

As further proof of the unusual qualities and abilities of the lower class; we call attention to the Mister who did a facing of two hundred and seventy degrees. Try that in your spare time. With practice we're sure he can develop a three-sixty.

Folks, our Hero had about decided life was a tinsel sham. He was in a swidget to go by-by in the new BT2 he was to get to fly. The first day on the line was devoted to an explanation of the many gadgets and blodgets in the cockpits. The next day-fog. (Thick fog, too.) Fiddlesticks!

The name of Hot Pilot Holland still rings loud, but not so true on Primary Stage. Holland, you know, is the man who did a little free-wheeling chandelle on his hangar roof, panicking all onlookers. His instructor, however, was not very impressed, and informed Holland that his air-work should be confined to higher and safer altitudes. So, by sheer dint of inherent flying ability, Holland managed to do some mighty tricky climbing turns up to 2000 feet, and from there manhandled his PT in the proper fashion. The result of Holland's hangar line hedgehopping has lived after him, in the form of an admonition, given by his A stage instructor to the new dodo students: "Now, do anything you want, but don't do like Mr. Holland did..."

Glide-stretcher Connally, renown for his PT annihilating ability, recently figured in the wind-up of the Articles of War reading. Connally blushed coyly, but really relished the free publicity, when the officer mentioned the 'certain dodo' who explained his undershooting by remarking; "Sir, I ran out of altitude and knowledge at the same time!"

Having heard from an authoritative source that Wednesday afternoon was to be one of freedom, the lower class was looking foward to it, with what cagerness can easily be imagined by those familiar with its pitiable plight during the first week or so.

What was their consternation, after a somewhat warm session in Military Courtesy which lasted until nearly three o'clock, to be immediately called on a so called "baggage formation". After some ten minutes of such questions as "Is a suitcase baggagge?" and "Are pants civilian clothes?", the formation got under way to a fine scrimmage in the cellar, from which the Dodos emerged, perspiring but happy, only to be told of the impending Saturday inspections, and the dire perils which, on that occasion, would attend those whose rifles were anything but spotless, or whose hair was uncut.

Why prolong this pathetic account? Those who found it utterly impossible to squeeze into the barber shop, remained in their rooms and engaged themselves in feverishly polishing their equipment. A few hardy souls ventured to the football game, and shook in their new G. I. shoes throughout the entire contest at the thought of their neglected duties.

Now, about those G. I. Haircuts. If they may be called that, which we doubt. For, they really are nothing more than an outrageous convict clip. Why on earth can't a Cadet receive a bit more return on his 35 kopeks than one of these current tonsorial terrors? We wonder just how many of those barber school lessons were lost in the mail?

Now this drinking water problem. In the past, ranks have been decimated, women have fainted, and strong men have paled, in the wild rush for the first floor ice water fountain. Such performances are undoubtedly excellent for football scrimmage, but are very subversive to physical well-being. And where's the first place it's going to show up? Curvature of the spine! No less. This can't go on. What we thirsty misters would like to see, is a cold water plant on each floor. It is a foregone conclusion that proper drinking water facilities are beneficial to all, and harmful to none. So let's see some action on this agua fria proposition.

With paranoical pleasure, the movie program arranger for the Post Theater, invariably throws a Western thriller at us on Friday nights. If this is a game, we Cadets are certainly holding the burlap a little too regularly. After all, Mr. Manager, it's an insult to our meager intellects for you to constantly presuppose that Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, and the like, are the only movie folk who can hold our interest. Why not try, just once to put before our worthy orbs, a picture with some Cadet appeal. Garbo or Dietrich would approve, I'm sure. And so would we.

It's a pretty tough job getting your room in Police Inspection order the week that your room-mate is Mail Orderly, for getting the papers delivered takes from Reveille dismissal till breakfast. It would help a lot if he were excused from Reveille during that week.

Why not let's organize a Battalion Cross Country team? It could practice while going between the flying line, the engine test stands, and the Cadet Area. A complete circuit of the Post— believe it or not.

A week's leave. A tooth extraction. Confined in the hospital— for a week! Now I ask you? What's this I hear that the hospital mess hall gets a dollar a day for Cadets confined in the hospital?

- Slips and Skids -

By E. S. ALLEE.

*I'll grant you I haven't a line done as yet;
Though I've stewed and fumed for a good half hour
And furthermore I'll lay you a bet
These "SLIPS AND SKIDS" will tax my power.*

*So our upper class has gone its way!
Gosh, lads, aint that tough?
And yet I heard somebody say—
"Without them we'll do well enough!"*

*Each one of us now in the upper class
Owes a lot to the old PT- I suppose,
But the Dodos can have that square inch of glass
That stands between them and a frozen nose.*

*When the days were so hot it made us drip,
And we longed for a chance to get cool,
We were mighty thankful to take a dip
In the now forsaken swimming pool.*

*You've no doubt heard of that grand institution
Known to us all by the term "Blind Date"?
Well, Old Sam Dunlap was sure in confusion
As he matched up eleven couples, of late.*

*The daring Cadets will stop at nought.
Their fame is cried both near and far.
And yet we'd really never thought
That Gaughen could loop-the-loop in his car.*

KELLY FIELD

By

Edmund C. WOLF.

MARCH CLASS STORMS INTO KELLY FIELD

In a storm of dust, but no splinters (as yet), the Class of March, 1932 arrived at Kelly Field via early morning cavalcade of army trucks and twenty-eight private motor cars, Sunday, October 16. After seven and one-half months at the Primary Training School they arrived at the coveted goal of all in the ranks of the Cadet Battalion. Kelly Field with its traditions and legends of famous squadrons and pilots, heroes living and dead. A school with roots reaching back into the rich soil of the beginnings of army aviation.

Short after their arrival the merger of the former "A" and "B" Companies into one, captained by D. K. Smith was accomplished. The orders were published, assigning J. M. Goodbar to be lieutenant of the first platoon, W. B. Hooton, lieutenant of the second platoon, and Edmund C. Wolf, first sergeant. Bay sergeants appointed were: Bissell, Haid, Allen, Rainey, Hopwood, Richmond, George, Messer, and Diggs, alternate.

Before noon mess a supply formation was started to draw bedding, foot lockers, text books and winter flying equipment. It will be problematical how some of the sandblowers will be able to walk in those heavy flying suits plus the fur gloves and sheep lined boots, all of which must weigh nearly twenty pounds. Then noon mess and the uninitiated were dumbfounded at the sight of halves of fried chicken, five different vegetables, salads, and other trimmings which make the Kelly Cadet mess famous.

At a formation in the ground school building Lieutenant Joseph Smith, Commandant of Cadets, gave preliminary instructions to the new class, including a definite standard by which each cadet will be expected to govern his actions.

The auxiliary cadet barracks, known as "Vassar Hall", drew twenty Blowers by assignment, thereby voiding the desperate efforts of the first arrivals to secure bunks in the steam heated quarters. Sheet iron stoves will furnish the heat in the main barracks, the fires being kindled each morning by fire orderlies.

The following morning a formation to draw parachutes progressed down the hangar line to the parachute department. Upon the wall of the office were seen the pictures of the members of the

Caterpillar Club of Kelly Field; Lieutenant Joseph J. Kelly (who will always be just Jo-jo to the cadets who knew him) along with Col. Lindbergh, whose picture obviously was taken in his cadet days.

Metal name tags were speedily replaced with the white cloth name tapes which were issued shortly after arrival. They may fade but then they will not have to be shined.

KELLY PROP WASH

There is a faint hope that the rivalry between "A" and "B" companies that has traveled here with us will be shoved into the background with the assuredly forthcoming arguments about the relative merits of the four groups. Having to listen to Bombardment and Pursuit students at least won't be any worse than a bickering Blower.

The problem of airing the bedding here is neatly solved by having two bays each day use the racks. So that those in bays 1 and 2 air on Monday and escape the heavy dust accruing from sweeping out the weekend's accumulation.

The attack students get the break. Their squadron is immediately across the street from the barracks. Only the bombers are permitted to ride to their hangar in cars. Pity the observers who have to go almost as far on foot.

Ground school started bright and early Monday afternoon. The instructor's first words were that any student proving his ability to receive twenty words in buzzer would be excused. He then sent a series of tests and even the hot buzzer artists of Randolph felt lucky to get twelve. Yeah, who said Kelly was just a country club?

It's sort of tough to hit the Kelly barracks after living in those at Randolph, but we feel sorry for the first class to be graduated after the advanced school is moved to Randolph. The big pansies! Seriously, though, we will be more proud to say (if and when) that we were graduated from Kelly Field, because it is a name that means more every year through memories and traditions.

Bush, Haid Stevens and Miller, charter members of the foot-locker club, are all living in the same bay. Could it have been previously arranged as a matter of gang self defense? If they ever fell out in a body, what a body it would be.

Anyone with his neck out here simultaneously imperils his physiognomy; what with the A-3s just a few inches above as they whisper to a landing just over the hangars.

Blankface O'Connell, being the only blower in Hopwood's bay of skyscrapers, is reputed to be strangely silent; the reason being he might be made permanent bay orderly.

Some of the sweet that goes with the bitter came Tuesday morning when we went to our respective squadron headquarters on the hangar line to meet our instructors. Not only were we issued log books but were told to keep them ourselves, checking each month with the operations office. And there's room for ten thousand hours... well, roughly speaking.

The chaps in Observation are resigned to their fate of not being able to see Kelly from the air for the first seven hours flying time. After a four-months layoff they were bundled into PT-3s and told to take off—under the blind flying hood.

The generally accredited belief that only hot pilots get attack must be true. Wilcox Wild now has his own private A-3. Was that a snicker I heard?

The skipper, at calisthenics period, started out briskly to go through the movements with his command, and then stopped halfway through the first set. Confessed Smitty that night: "If I'd done another full knee bend, I'd have had fallen arches."

CADETS GO TO KELLY

(Continued from Page 1)

Kriloff, Langben, Logan, McAlister, McGray, McDonald, McHenry, Messer, Miller, Moomaw, Neal, Neely, Newland, O'Connell, Payne, Price, Rainey, Reid, Richmond, Ritland, Robert, Rohl, Rot, Sanders, Schaerdel, Schmidt, Sherman, Shields, Simons, Smith, Speaker, Springer, Stevens, Stewart, J. O., Stewart, M. F., Strickland, Thompson, Tindall, Viar, Way, White, Wild, Williams, Wolf, Wood.

Dodo Writes Home

Dear Mother,

I know you will be delighted to hear that I have already received a promotion. I am now a full fledged "underclassman", and as a result, I have much more time to myself, and can write a long letter to answer your many questions.

Yes, we "dodos" have lots of entertainment, but we are a serious lot and don't laugh much. However, the upperclassmen laugh uproariously whenever they are around us. Aside from being entertained by the upperclass, we go to the post theater. We always go on Saturday nights. They always seem to have the best pictures then. For some reason the theater seems unable to draw the "dodos" on Sunday or week nights. It is a very fine theater, and we "dodos" all rush for the side seats and those in the very back. It always makes the picture look funnier.

I have met several of my old friends from school. Every time they see me they have me take a "big brace", and tell me just how or how not to do things. They are such a help down here. One of them is sure to get me introduced to the flight commander or Commandant, sooner or later.

I keep my clothes neat and fingernails cleaned, brass shined, hair combed, and clothes and shoes brushed at all times, just like you said I should. It makes me feel so much better. I should feel quite nervous if I thought anything was the least bit dirty or tarnished.

I keep "up on my toes" all the time. In fact I am so eager to learn that I run to all formations, always walk at attention, salute all officers, and am very courteous and respectful to all the upper class. They seem to like you so much more for it.

I also pay strict attention to my table manners and have a wonderful appetite. When I sit down to eat, I never look up until I have finished a heaping plate of food, and get the order to leave the table. I always eat with just one hand, sit up straight and use nice manners, just like you said I should.

I also go to bed at nine o'clock, so as to get lots of sleep. Sometimes an upperclassman comes around looking for a bridge game or something after I have turned in, but I always pretend that I am asleep and he moves on to the next room.

Well that is about all for this week, mother. Saturday and Sunday I expect to be allowed to play on the front lawn with some other "dodos". The upperclassmen get their exercise there by playing football and baseball, but we "dodos" are much more serious, and shall probably get ours pulling weeds and pushing a mower.

Love and best wishes from,

Your son, A. "DODO".

SPORT - SHOTS

Randolph Beats Kelly Team 6-0

Lieut. Pat Booker's Randolph Field football team opened the Fall football season successfully, on October 19, by defeating the Kelly Field Flyers in a hard fought 6-to-0 game. The Kelly Field men are the defending champions of the Army League. A large crowd witnessed this opening game.

Randolph's team made their touchdown early in the first period, when a kick was blocked, and a Randolph man fell on the free ball for the score. But an attempt at conversion failed.

With this early score in favor of Lieut. Pat Booker's men, the rest of the game was more or less of an even battle, with Mlynczak of Kelly Field, and Landon, Morgan, and Crostwaite of Randolph Field starring for their respective teams

LINE UP

Randolph Field	Kelly Field
White -----L.E	Detlefs
Van Deventer L.T	Thompson
Dowdy -----L.G	Casper
Giles -----C.	Page
Dykes -----R.G	Hansen
Villers -----R.T	Wallace
Gillanders ---R.E	McLaughlin
Morgan -----Q.B	Posniak
Landon -----L.H	Crane
Simmons ----R.H	Mlynczak
Crostwaite ---F.B	Estes

Substitutes: Randolph Field. Loomis, Temple, Mathews, Garvin, Porter, Seeley, Veach, McKenney. However, Lewis, Zych, Choat, Mosher.

Kelly Field, Son, Hallowell, Bennett, Kauffman, Halcomb, Carter, Parker, Towle, Barrow, Moore, Cea, Gipson.

Officials: Captain Fortier, referee; Lieutenant Humber, umpire; Lieutenant Murell, field judge; Captain Dixon, head linesman.

Touchdown, Crostwaite; first downs, Randolph Field 5, Kelly Field 7; passes attempted, Randolph Field 4, completed none, intercepted 1; Kelly Field 14, completed three, net gain 14 yards, interference 3; penalties, Randolph Field 20 yards, Kelly Field 50 yards.

It is our firm opinion that the lower class is in a great, big storm. As tangible evidence we submit the stentorian announcement made by one of the gunners at mess. "Sir, the milk is drink."

BASEBALL

Fall is here, and baseball days are over which, incidentally, leaves the Battalion out in the storm as far as competitive sports are concerned. At present, the upperclass is busily engaged in making use of their new privilege, The Rec Hall, by brushing up on their ping pong and checkers. A couple of great sports there. We would like to see more men out for them, as we might have a few tournaments, if you get what I mean.

FOOTBALL

The football fever, in the air and on the sport sheets, has gotten the best of B. Co. and you can see the "Blowers" out in their area with a football whenever they have a free moment. From some of the exhibitions, such a noted authority as the author of this article, wishes to go on record to state that, had we the time to practice, we could turn out a Battalion football team that would be hard to beat.

HANDBALL

Now that we are able to get in the handball courts, we can get back into shape, and run off a tournament some time in the near future. At present, Noland of B Co., will take on all comers, and, if you've got a doubles team, he and Gibbon will pair against you.

BASKETBALL

With baseball over, and no football for us, we are now looking forward towards colder weather with its resulting Basketball. An un-official check of the Battalion shows plenty of talent in that line. Everyone who has any experience should be on their toes to get out for it when we start, since this is one sport where we will have an opportunity to show others just what a "hot" bunch of misters we are. So far, there have been no arrangements started on it, but if those who are interested will talk it over among themselves, and then take it up with those who guide us, somethings might be stirred up in the near future.

JULY CLASS RECOGNIZED

"Whopee! Where's those New Dodos?" With this and similar war cries, the class of July, 1932 officially became the Upperclass at 10:30 P. M., Saturday, October 8th.

The Recognition exercise, held during the Recognition Dance in the Battalion Mess Hall, was an inspiring sight, emblematic of youth accepting the duties and responsibilities of manhood. At one end of the hall stood the lowerclassmen in two ranks in the form of a half-moon. In a similar formation at the other end of the hall were the upperclassmen. With streamers of the Battalion Colors massed overhead, and backed and flanked with an assemblage of beautiful dates, it is no wonder that the hearts of the lowerclassmen beat faster as all attention was directed to Flying Cadet Adjutant Richmond while the orders giving the New Upperclass their respective ranks were read. At the conclusion of the orders, Battalion Captain D. K. Smith officially announced the New Upperclass and the Old Upperclass rushed forward to congratulate and recognize their successors. It was then, as we smiled and beamed, that we realized our reward for the long hard hours we had put in at drill, at formations, at Ground School, and last but not least, at the flying line.

The Old Upperclass spent about twenty minutes among their proteges and then, with the dismissal of the formation, the new class gathered to congratulate each other and to receive the best wishes of their ladies fair. Somewhat handicapped by too may observers, many of these fair ones took their happy "squires" outside for a real congratulation. (Nice, Huh?).

The following men were the flying cadets appointed to guide the footsteps of the Battalion through the next four months: Battalion Captain, League, B. Co.; Battalion Adjutant, Wickland, A Co.; Battalion Sergeant-Major, Gibbon, B Co.; Captain of A Company, Alterburg; Lieutenants of A Company; Rogers, Holland, Eskridge, and Wells; Captain of B Company, Hamilton Smith; Lieutenants of B Company, Davidson, W. E. Davis, Strickler, and W. V. D. Brown. THE TEE wishes to extend their heartiest support and best wishes to these men.

Visitors during evening were: General and Mrs. Charles H. Danforth, Commanding General of the Air Corps Training Center, and Colonel A. P. Clark, Post Surgeon

The dance, which started at 9:30, now took on a livelier air and proceeded to the enjoyment of all.

FLYING CADETS STAGE G. I. CHURCH

The G. I. church put on by the members of the class of July, 1932 for their upperclass on Thursday, October 6, turned out to be a regular "Lulu". In the memory of the then present Battalion there has never been a Church that put out anywhere near the entertainment and enjoyment that this one did.

The impersonation of Groucho Marx (all rights reserved), by Bernie Lay, kept the gathering in a continuous state of uproar. With Lay was our esteemed knight of the poker face, Mr. H. King Mc Cain.

The supporting members of this cast were the glee club. Inserted between the cracks of the two comedians were several songs and without a doubt our Glee Club can sing. (More power to them). With Groucho leading, the whole assemblage of actors took the opportunity afforded them to get in a few digs at our upperclass. The men who were the object of these remarks laughed long and hard; their own classmates laughed longer and harder; but it was the Dodos who really appreciated the cracks, and they fairly keeled over with mirth. (Front and Center Methusala). Our one regret is that we are unable to secure the copyrights to prints some of these choice tidbits.

At the conclusion of this snappy program copies of a song written by W. D. Brown of B Co. were distributed and, with the Glee Club leading, the entire Battalion rose to join the singing. This song, to the tune of "The March of the Vagabonds", has met with the approval of all, and it is hoped that it may be adopted as a Battalion Song. It is printed below and we ask all the new lowerclass to keep this clipping and learn the song, as they may be called on to join in singing it at some future assembly.

SONG OF THE FLYING CADETS

(Tune:: March of the Vagabonds)

Sons of Randolph soaring,
With your motors roaring,
Challenge Fate with mockery.
Through the heavens hurling,
Streaking comets swirling,
Starward fling your courses free.
Upward! Upward! Rout the mighty Thor
Onward! Onward! You power birds of War!
Down the winds blaspheming,
Dive! Your engines screaming,
Ride the wings of destiny!

Talent Found In Lowerclass

The widespread interest in aviation is evidenced by the fact that the new Dodo class has representatives from a great many different professions and walks of life. The new class includes aviators and athletes, pistol experts and rifle experts, chess players and debaters, editors and newspaper correspondents.

The athletes have the greatest number of representatives. For football players, we can boast of such men as Mr. L. M. Pincura, of Western Maryland College. Mr. Pincura played for four years on the varsity football squad and was chosen as captain of the team in his senior year. He made all-state three years and all-eastern in 1931. He was also heavyweight boxing champion of his school for three years and runner-up for two years in the eastern inter-collegiate conference. At the recent Olympic tryouts he placed third in the heavyweight boxing division.

Mr. C. E. Kenner should have little trouble in becoming used to the high altitudes encountered by aviators. While attending the University of Georgia, he broke the state record for pole vaulting—a record which still stands.

Are any Texans listening? Mr. W. B. Hovey is a man who can snap his fingers at even a five inch rain. He rowed for three years on the junior varsity crew for the University of Wisconsin.

The hearts of the upperclassmen have warmed at the alacrity of Mr. C. W. Miller, who ran on the cross country team for the University of Oklahoma.

As a tennis player we submit Mr. J. W. Dennison — a man who has conquered Vines, national singles champion.

Mr. Dennison was on the tennis team of the University of California, as well as on their rifle team for four years. He admits that his victory over Vines was with a rifle rather than a racket.

There are many rifle and pistol experts. Last year Mr. Ivan Miller of the University of Oklahoma, won the national R. O. T. C. inter-collegiate championship with a 45 caliber pistol. He also won the pistol rapid firing championship of the southwest open and holds the Okla. state individual championship. Mr. F. J. Smith, of Purdue, was the Indiana state open champion in 1928 and 1929 with a 45 caliber pistol.

Space does not permit the publishing of the records of other outstanding men. Nearly every member of the class has achievements worthy of note, and is really entitled to mention even in an all-star cast such as this.

Introducing Aero Club

As the time approaches for the Lower Class to receive its first Open Post, a few facts concerning the Aero-Club should be set forth.

The Aero-Club is an organization in San Antonio, run for the Cadets exclusively, and, in large measure, by the Cadets themselves. It offers you a comfortable place to wait on your ever-tardy friends. A place where you may read any of a large assortment of magazines, play pool, play checkers, play cards, or play 'possum' in one of the comfortable chairs or sofas—and all gratis to members. A free phone is maintained, and a good place to go wash up is provided. It's a good place to meet your boy friend's girl friend, and a wonderful place to get lifts out to the field.

If you happen to care to spend the night in town, or get stranded, you'll find the fifty cent bedding charge at the Aero-Club much more pleasing than a hotel bill.

In short, the Aero-Club will probably be the hub of your weekend activities, Lower Class, and is well worth your consideration. Its central location, and reasonable rates, go far to make it an attractive proposition.

HONOR AWARDS MADE

(Continued from Page 1)

trophy winners of the November, 1931 Class. From the March Class, Flying Cadets James M. Goodbar and William B. Hooton were chosen as Medallists. Those who knew them will readily agree that these four men were outstanding representatives of their classes, under whose leadership it was an honor to serve.

It is to be sincerely hoped that when it completes its tour of duty at Randolph Field, the July Class will be able to point with pride to two men, Catlett and Williams Medallists, who possess the required qualifications to an even higher degree. In the same way it is hoped that the New Class, the Class of November, 1932, will produce still better men. The spirit of the Air Corps Primary Flying School is one of development, and continued improvement. It recognizes nothing as being "just as good."

This ideal of "Ever Onward" is not to be considered as something entrusted to a few of us, but rather as the common heritage of every member of every Class that enters the Primary Flying School. We are officially designated as Flying Cadets. By raising that title to new heights in the minds of others, we but give ourselves greater cause to be proud of it!

THE SCORE

(October 21, 1932.)

Class of March, 1932

		%
Original Total Enrollment	193	100
Eliminated on Primary Stage	90	47
Eliminated on Basic Stage	9	4
Eliminated on Advanced Stage	0	0
Total Eliminations	99	51
Present Total Enrollment	95	49

Class of July, 1932

Original Total Enrollment	196	100
Eliminated on Primary Stage	98	50
Eliminated on Basic Stage	0	0

Class of October, 1932

Original Total Enrollment	193	100
Eliminated on Primary Stage	3	1.5
(on 609)		

Present Total Enrollment 190 98.5

(Note: Total enrollments include: Flying Cadets, Students, Officers, Foreign Students, and N. C. O. 's in grade.)

The milk, lemonade, and what not, that we are served at mess are really very good — the first time. However, when they keep coming back in sticky form on the glasses— Oh shaw, why, why, why don't they wash them?

OCTOBER CLASS IN DILEMMA

(Continued from Page 1)

The Dodo eats, and his lord and master watches. The upperclassman watches the Dodo, and the Dodo watches his plate. What the plate thinks, I ask you not to consider. The food is excellent, but, for the Dodo it is served with elaborate formulae. Every move of the fork, every turn of the head has an ulterior significance. There are postures to be assumed, phrases to be spoken, peculiar mutterings to be made. All this is strange to the Dodo. Above all, he is unable to understand why Balonga is served with every meal.

He marches. He walks up and down, in step and out, in Dutch and out, until he begins to learn the primary directions in which a soldier, under normal conditions, is supposed to march. Then he is set to marching with eight other men who do not know much about it either. Presently he learns the manual of arms, and the post is defended.

Soon the Dodo will study and fly. Soon he will free himself from his dilemma. Soon the Board will free him from the Post. Soon, perhaps he will become an upperclassman. Perhaps he will graduate, marry, settle down, and then it will start all over again.

Nomination for the Hall of Shame hereby goes to "Small-but-Oh-My" Pocock. It seems that this blower attempted to wolf away an A Co. mister's young lady friend from Westmoorland College, (The Southland's Select School for Fastidious Females.) In fact, blower Pocock went for her in a Big Way. But alas and alack! Now he realizes that he wasn't big enough and he chose the wrong way!

The best result of a successful conference at Geneva (or where ever else they go to make peace) would be an end to the quarterly readings of the Articles of War.

CADETS ADVANCE TO BASIC STAGE

(Continued from Page 1.)

Bidwell, Schriever, E. F. de Lara, Bateman, Arthur, Ricks, Brandenburger, Booker, Stroud, Brown, Boushey, Wells, Barton, Crumley, Goyette, Altenburg, McDermott, Hale, Avary, Schwarz, Jones, Baker, Davis, H. S., Smith, Keienburg, Bear, Diehl, Eskridge, Klein, Connally, Donlin, Gibbon, Rogers, Davidson, Gibson, Harcos, Heacock, Holland, Gregory, Darrow, Manhart, Flaherty, Edgar, Ellis, Dietz, Cheney, Dorsey, Davis, W. E., Gaughen, Grenier, Gunn, Noland, Hamilton, Hoyt, Kruse, Estham, Dunlap, Endress, Crouch, Gentry, Evans, Fulwider, Strickler, Hooks, MacIntyre, Hudnell, Mock, Treher, Lay, Paul, Tyler, Williams, J. W., Lambie, Hollstein, Wickland, League, Pippinger, Warren, Holterman, Love, Schofield, Wittan, Moore, Senter, Young.