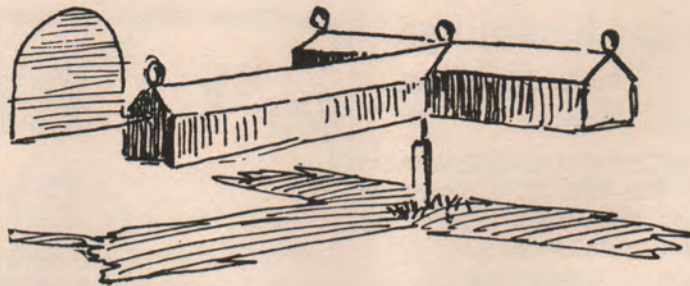
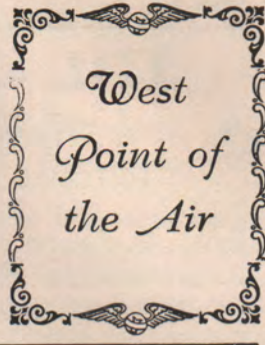




THE



TEE



DODOS ELECT OFFICERS

After spending a month on the post, the Lower Class was called together by Flying Cadets League and Wickland for the purpose of electing class officers. The two upper-classmen explained the customary procedure, supervised in the election of a president, and directed the new leader to carry on.

Flying Cadet Joseph P. Bohl, who hails from the West Coast and gave promises of being a leader from the start, was the choice of the class for president. His home is Selma, Calif., and he was graduated from the University of California with the A. B. degree, as well as being commissioned in the R.O.T.C. Air Corps unit there. He is a member of Scabbard and Blade, Sigma Phi Epsilon, and played varsity football two years.

There were no special nominations for vice-president, but James Anderson, who received the second highest number of votes for the previous office, automatically filled that position. Flying Cadet Anderson lives in New York City, but graduated from the University of Michigan in the department of Aeronautical Engineering. He was a high ranking student in that field,

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

OCTOBER CLASS BECOME SOLO EXPERTS

For over seventy men of the lower class the fearful moment when the motor roars and the P. T. goes up in the air with one man where there had been two, has become a cherished memory. To some of them it came as a shock. Others expected it, but did not know exactly when it was coming. Many gave exhibitions of extraordinary flight tactics, but all of them came safely back to land, and not once was it necessary to resort to the comforting solaces of the Biscuit Gun.

Three men of the lower class who had previous experience in the Hawaiian Islands, Fisher, a California mister, and Schuster who had entered training at Brooks Field and was forced to drop out.

Of the others, Dunahoo qualifies as the hottest of them all, soloing in approximately five hours. Dunahoo had been an enlisted man in the army some time previous to his appointment, attended school in San Antonio, and appears to be making himself right at home in the air. Next in line is Longden, who, shortly after his arrival on the post found himself in the hospital. Leaving confinement, he entered his flight training late, but came through in fine style to solo in a little over five hours.

Thirteen men made their first lonely hop within the sixth hour, they are; Flying Cadets Riordan, Read, Kinkel, Mulberger, Baldwin, Nelson, Harrel B. S., Hoxie, Hand, Rivard, Mitchell, Inman and Griffin.

The seventeen who first arranged a casual meeting between airplane and ground in their seventh hour are; Flying Cadets Kindig, Dennison, Hitchman, Moore, Barry, Hardin, Raynor, Griggs, Coddington, Gaster, Williams, Roberts, Denham, Cotton, Bohl, Fahey, and Elliot.

During the course of the eighth hour there were fifteen who managed the difficult feat of taking an airplane up and bringing it down without resorting to the angle of zero lift. They are; Flying Cadets Bain, Webb, Groome, Cattermole,

(Continued on Page 6, Col 3)

GENERAL FOULOIS ASKS FOR CADET COMMISSIONS

The Air Corps of the United States Army is now 396 officers under strength, and will not reach its authorized strength for many years, unless provision is made for accepting candidates from civil life, Major General Benjamin D. Foulois, chief of Air Corps, stated in his annual report for the past fiscal year.

In this report, which was presented at the Eighth Corps Area headquarters, General Foulois expressed the opinion that the only method available to the Air Corps by which the strength of the commissioned personnel can be increased, is by the present system of voluntary transfer from other branches of service. This method has proved impracticable.

According to the report, this condition could be remedied easily by commissioning pilots who graduate from the Air Corps Training Center, as Flying Cadets. Practically all of these pilots have graduated from recognized colleges and would make excellent officers for the regular Army, he stated.

The report goes on to point out various pertinent facts concerning the Flying Cadet training. During the year marked by the beginning of training at Randolph Field, an average of 302 Flying Cadets was maintained at the Air Corps Training Center. A total of 247 Flying Cadets graduated and were commissioned as second lieutenants in the Air Corps Reserve. During the year a detailed study of eliminations from Flying Cadet Training was also made, with a view to determining the cause of the failures.

This comprehensive survey revealed that a continuing state of tenseness and apprehensiveness is the common cause of failure to progress normally in the course of the flying training. The information gained and proven from the above study resulted in consideration of plans to include a flight as passenger as part of the original examination of applicants, and the adoption of a composite test to include neuropsychic elements disclosed by examinations. In con-

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)



FOX TO FILM RANDOLPH

Randolph Field and the Flying Cadet battalion will be the scene of a \$250,000 screen story to be filmed by the Fox Film Company if the present plans of that organization materialize.

Tentative plans call for production to begin about the middle of February. The picture, to be called "Fledglings" is based on the life of the Flying Cadets, according to the two Fox representatives, Dudley Nichols and W. F. Fitzgerald, who arrived here early in November.

Nichols is a film writer and author of "Men Without Women" and "Deep Seas Under". Fitzgerald is a business representative of the Fox company.

Nichols is gathering material for a story for the film and Fitzgerald is conducting negotiations with the war department for the use of the field and pilots in the picture.

The two representatives conferred recently with Brig. Gen. C. H. Danforth, commanding general of Randolph field.

Definite announcements of the cast, director and date of filming will be made about the first of December. It is planned to use the cadet battalion as a background for the picture.

THE TEE



EDITORIAL STAFF

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.

IN MEMORIAM

We wish to extend the deepest sympathy of the entire Cadet Battalion to Flying Cadet H. C. Mulberger in his recent bereavement.

Randolph Field In Official Eye

We came two thousand miles to Randolph Field. We came one thousand miles to Randolph Field. We came one hundred and fifty miles to Randolph Field. We are away down in Texas living in a military community practically sufficient unto itself, a miniature city of its own. Nobody knows what we are doing in our isolated workshop. It's all true, Flying Cadets, all but the last statement.

The progress of the Flying Cadet Battalion is followed and scrutinized carefully by the eyes of the officials other than those of our immediate commanding personnel. What do we do and how do we do it is an open book to the "higher ups" despite our apparent "marooned on a desert" status. On October 30, 1932 we were honored by the presence of Brigadier-General Oscar Westover, Air Corps, who dropped into our midst from Washington, D. C. On November 1, 1932 Major A. N. Krogstad, Air Corps, was welcomed to Randolph Field. Such official interest in the Flying Cadet Detachment surely is an indication to us of what we are expected to accomplish. It behooves us to accomplish it!

Dodo Ramblings

By H. S. Williams.

Personally we're glad that those tags on the new G. I. overcoats were not price tags. Ours had only twenty-three on it.

This first Post-Dodo-Solo-Week has certainly convinced us that this bunk flying is all the bunk.

And there's the Dodo who wouldn't Solo just to spite his instructor. A lot more bunk.

After all isn't it just a little unfair to call Lower-classmen "Dodos" after they have soloed? Oh well, someone is always taking the joy out of life.

We understand that one Dodo, after spending the week overcoming a certain tendency, would not drive his car this week-end for fear of skidding on his turns.

Wonder why Mr. (Dodo) Rugh rather spend his week-end in Barracks? Just ask him.

We're burnt completely up. One day it's so cold that the powers that be get kind-hearted and have issued nice over-coats fit to wear when visiting Adm. Byrd in his summer abode and the next we can't even wear our sweat-shirts while being exposed to calisthenics.

Cadet widows are certainly more congenial to Dodos after pay-day. Wonder if upper classmen with the same interests would be called a Cadet bachelor?

The height of meanness: An upper-classman who helps a Dodo spend his hard earned Shekels over the week-end and then Gigs said Dodo on Monday morning for appearing sleepy in ranks.

We've discovered a unique, though probably not novel way of getting even with those hard-boiled Upper-classmen. Date their girl friend.

Now that Armistice Day is past we can look forward and be thankful for the Pilgrim Fathers. Wouldn't it be awful if Herbert decided to spite the people and not declare a Holiday on Thanksgiving?

Then there's the G. I. Dodo who told his sweet young thing that G. I. meant "Generally Intelligent."

It has been estimated that if all the Solo cigars distributed by generous Dodos were layed end-to-end and ignited that there would be one whale of a stench.

POETS SAY.

GIVE THANKS

*Give thanks for our prospering nation
 (My, but this turkey is good)
 Give thanks for its high traditions
 (Oh, when have I had such food?)
 Give thanks to the Pilgrim Fathers
 (Some cranberries if you please)
 Give thanks for their strength of purpose
 (My belt seems to groan for release)
 Give thanks that their courage preserved them
 (Indeed, but the cider is fine)
 Give thanks for their farsighted planning
 (Beg pardon, but that slice is mine!)
 Give thanks for the things that they taught us
 (Great guns! We have plum pudding, too)
 Give thanks on our knees for our blessings
 (Can't eat it— I'll pop if I do)
 Give thanks for whatever you care to
 Let your praises ring peal after peal
 But I think I shall lie on that sofa
 And give thanks for this wonderful meal.*

by E. S. Allee.

ODE TO A WASHOUT

*It's nighttime here at the front, Ma,
 In the light of an eerie Moon.
 And the wind howls with heathen madness
 With a slurring, chilling tune.*

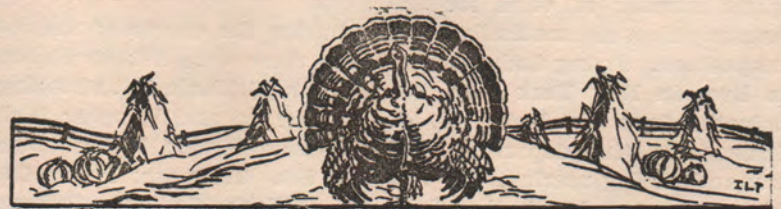
*Life is Hell at the front, Ma,
 And the deadly incessant moan
 Of the swarming in air of the battling planes,
 As they swoop and screech and groan.*

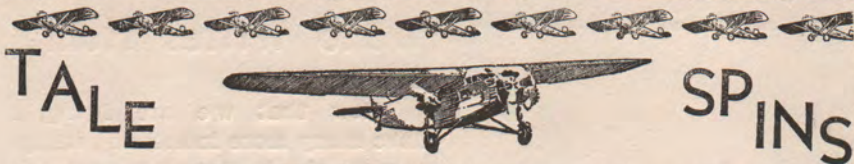
*And the combatant fighters above us,
 I can hear them diving now,
 As they crossover at the towers,
 And chatter machine guns below.*

*There's one that's rolling and falling
 Shot down from miles in the air,
 And he's headed straight for the barracks
 Good God, it's all I can bear.*

*Good-bye Ma, I'll see you in Heaven
 He's diving to hit in the room,
 He'll deal us death in a second
 I'm a goner and Hell is my doom.*

*Gee, I came out alive, Ma,
 You know that terrible roar
 Was just a barrack's-room airship,
 Flown by the guy right next door.*





❖ CROSS TEE ❖

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

"I'm a fugitive from a Daisy Chain!" shouted High-Powered Packard Gaughen, as he broke away from the Westmoorland Armistice Day Picnic. Roasting wienies and munching on potato salad under the eyes of a Battalion of chaperons held little interest for Gaughen. Other parts of San Antonio, and a late date were far more attractive, so he broke away from the crowd, folded his tent like an Arab in the night, and crept away.
MORAL: Go West young man, but don't go Westmoorland!

xxx

Now that an air epic is to be filmed at Randolph Field, every one's wondering which four Flying Cadets will be called upon to play certain minor roles in the cast. Four handsome men will be chosen from the Cadet Battalion, and Altenburg modestly says, "I wonder who the other three will be!" Come, Come Billy, don't be a little shrinking violet on us!

xxx

Flash! Flash! Flash! The hangars flew by, and Harassed Hale wondered who on earth designed a BT to land at 120 miles per hour! Not until he overshot our little postage stamp of a Randolph Field a couple of times, did he come out of his storm, and realize that the T had been changed during his absence, and he had been trying to land down-wind! Cheer up; Hale, Time and Tees wait for no man!"

xxx

"Pratt and Whitney" Pocock recently decided that although these Wasps were mighty fine li' ole engines, there were far too many of them around for public safety. In fact, he thought that someone might get dizzy watching those big props whirling around, and just go beserk, and of course that'd show up on the line. Accordingly, this friend of mankind, with a fiendish gleam in his eye, just ran smack into a parked BT with his own plane. Nerts and bolts flew, the band played, and the G. I. men played the hose. And Pocock now realizes that he'd better curb his finer impulses, because these Wasps cost Uncle Sam a tidy sum.

xxx

"The Boy that I Loved Stole the Girl that I Loved," and so goes the current theme song for Flying Cadet Captain J. Britt League Jr. (Period.) Nevertheless, this stalwart son of Citadel still continues to yowl for reports, and to march our companies to mess. Even though your heart is breaking. Laugh! Britt Laugh!

A group of horribly hungry Upperclassmen just couldn't wait for the dinner formation, so they calmly ambled into the Mess Hall and started in to inhale the noon repast. Result: Eight demerits, and a pleasant four hours confinement, spent regretting their gastronomical eagerness!

xxx

"The Big Broadcast," replete with crooning troubadors, proved disastrous to the Cadet Battalion. "Bing Crosby" Barton led the way with his heart-rendering "Oh please, bee bah bah bee bee bo boing," and immediately pandemonium reigned. From reveille till midnight, oil-voiced tenors demoralized the pent-up dodos with their passionate "Pleases"; while their room-mates screeched 'please' in a far from loving tone. But like all good songs, this tune has died a death, not natural, but as the result of a wholesale vocal slaughter. Thank Allah.

xxx

Military Science was greatly benefitted by the development of a new Lethal Smoke Screen, which emanated from the general direction of Mr. League's room the night that seven Dodos passed the Solo cigars in Mess.

Upperclass Flying Cadets all are going nerts over the tango Damsant (Spik Hop to you Mister), recently inaugurated at the Gunter. Of a Saturday afternoon, fleetfooted Altenburg and others can be seen swaying in rythm to the maddening strains of the Argentine Tango. Note: Stag it to the place; never bring your date there for these Flying Cadet Tango Idols to practice on!

xxx

The Cadet Battalion will be pleased to hear that "Dodo Disturber" Dunlap's class in primary flying is progressing very nicely. So far, Dunlap has washed out six wash-basins, two G. I. lawn mowers, and one mud scow. But he flatly refuses to eliminate any of his ardent students. And why should he? They're the only ones who'll listen to him. But, cheer up Dunlap, someday you'll learn how to fly yourself, and then you can take these doomed dodos on some real G. I. barracks flying,----if any of them live that long under your torturous tutelage!

xxx

Upperclassmen: "What's the distance between a private and the battalion commander?"
Dodo: "One League, sir!"

Heacock and Lay have always regretted the termination of that lovely course in Aerodynamics. But their longing for that lift-over-drag mix-up proved too much for them; so they decided to test the strength of their respective airfoils on the good old G. I. sod. But something went wrong, and the wings for some strange reason, just crumpled all to match-wood when they smacked terra firma at a terrific speed. And these laboratory experts are still wondering why they got too much drag and so little lift out of the experiment. Tsk, tsk, boys, next time try your tricky tests on a model, and please leave these BT's for us birdmen to handle!

xxx

Frog Grenier and his Wang-Wang boys will now render us a little selection, which, by popular request we will skip. But Horn Swallower Grenier continues to exhale on his trombone, with Eastham and a brilliant array of Dodos accompanying on sobbing saxophones. We've heard better music, Maestro Grenier, but I swear we've never heard worse!

xxx

Taxi Driver Evans got disgusted because of the lack of passengers on his Popular Price Taxi Tours. So one morning, with his instructor as passenger, he decided to attract a little attention to his bankrupt cab company. All he had to do was push the stick forward on his landing, and what a three-pointer he made! Two prop tips and the ship's nose! But Taxi Evans is satisfied because he ketchum publicity plenty, huh?

xxx

Might we suggest to those corporals who insist on making funny remarks when reporting absentees that they acquire some slightly fresher crack. "Post and Gatty late", and "In your hat" are becoming quite stale.

xxx

Two of the three blower upperclassmen who sit at the staff table remind us quite a lot of mosquitoes. They aren't really dangerous, but they are terribly annoying. Did someone mention the names of Gibbons and Manhardt?

xxx

One cannot help wondering what strange combination of incidents caused Flying Cadet Holstein to return to the post minus his socks at the close of one of the more prominent recent week ends.

xxx

Donlin's precipitate journey toward the scene of a noseover was halted by none other than the Officer in Charge. Mr. Donlin did not go to San Antonio Armistice day.

- Slips and Skids -

By E. S. ALLEE.

*There's no doubt about it— none at all,
One's faith in mankind doth heal and mend
When the Powers-that-be heed the wailing wall,
And let Armistice Day last the whole week-end.*

*Am I wrong, or is it true
That the Dodos are mending their erring ways
Since the naughty things they used to do
Have begun to confine them on Saturdays?*

*They say the male loves to puff and preen
That given a chance he always will,
Yet let a girl appear on the scene,
And it just busts up some darn good drill.*

*What is that? A "dog fight" we see?
Has war come again to this peaceful nation?
Of course not! I knew it couldn't be!
Just some of the boys out flying formation.*

*So now again it's the time of year
To think of turkey and hot mince pie
Rejoin old friends from far and near,
And eat until you nearly die!*

KELLY FIELD

By

Edmund C. WOLF.

According to expectations the Pursuit section hurdled the first barrier in the 'unfortunate occurrence' sweepstakes when Gabriel nosed over a peashooter in a landing. The first acceptable crack-up of the Observations. The course, being triangular with wing light landings scheduled at both Fredericksburg and San Marcos, was easily under the general heading of a push-over. But as the proverb is quoted: "Easy come, easy go." MacDonald kept the faith and a true course which brought him out at Mason; to say nothing about the anxiety of the instructors, Captain Moore and Lieutenant McHenry, who were in charge of the night's operations.

The arrivals at Fredericksburg were so close together that before the first had taken off, there were six ships in the little field. Cannon took a flat tire and while the other students were grouped around him in conversation, came the hors d'oeuvre of the evening. Logan essayed a take-off with Woodward in the observer's cockpit. Watchers suddenly shouted. Every one looked up in time to see Logan's capricious O2-H careen through a fence hurdle a road with deep drainage ditches on either side, take out a second fence and healthy telephone pole, and wind up in a mass of wreckage that made the most calloused gasp. The tail surfaces were bent around to a point where they could almost be touched by the observer. Although the switches were cut, wiring under the hood began smoking. The fire extinguisher was immediately brought into action and possibility of further misfortune defeated. The highway was soon blocked with cars which seemingly ferried half of the natives of Fredericksburg to the scene of the now spheroidal prop and scattered wood and fabric. But every body walked away from the affair and the sterling qualities of the transports of the "eyes of the army" again made history.

Laurels for the night go to D. K. Smith who flew over a night football game at San Marcos and also over the Cadet barracks at Randolph Field without zooming either. What temptations they were. We know. We were with him.

"Kewple" Goodbar came so close to an Attack Section hangar on a night landing that he had to ascend to the hangar roof where he perched like a hoot owl and estimated the height of the rest of the ships coming in. Coln was topside the following night. Kafferty suggests building a hut on top of the hangar to keep the chaps warm.

Backus was the first in the Attack Section to win his "ears. Since he took off with the gas shut off in his A-3 he has been wearing the silver emblem around his waist on the flying line.

xxx

Viar, still a Bombardment pilot at heart, landed so close to the apron that he spent Saturday afternoon measuring the length of Kelly field with a small ruler.

xxx

Way's pea-shooter was the third to root its nose into the ground. Once those contrivances get a head start the only thing to be done is fold up and let'er rip...and they do.

xxx

It has been estimated that about fifteen extra hours of ground school can be attributed to Wild, J. O. Stuart and Dilley. At least one of them never fails to ask a question about thirty seconds before a class is dismissed.

xxx

Kennedy, before attending the first session of artillery fire observation on the miniature range, was heard to ask where he could get cotton for his ears.

xxx

Indications are that "Shumalack in" Gardner will be the first holdover since he recently underwent a major operation at the Base Hospital.

xxx

On a recent foggy morning all the pea-shooters but Cook landed upon the smoke signal. Lieutenant Gaffney made three passes at the fog-flaunting Cook and finally chased him down out of the soup.

xxx

The most resounding cheer to date was accorded Kennedy and Neely when they arrived at the barracks shortly after ground school November 10. Kennedy who acted as safety pilot for Neely on a blind cross country, admitted he hadn't seen a check-pilot for hours. Finally the PT-3 ran out of gas, as airplanes will do, and the chaps landed to purchase some. The achievement of the day came when Neely had the gas charged to the United States Government.

xxx

The unescapable Wild was given a week's confinement for careless flying but would make no comment on the matter. He's probably been reading books again. He'll probably think this mention, when he sees it, is hot stuff and makes him rate.

xxx

Viar has it in for the pea-shooters. He wrapped knots on one the same day Barry took out five fence posts an strange land-

ings. Incidentally, Barry flew his ship back to the field and that's more than some of the lads are able to do.

xxx

They put the bird on Neal for his set-to with a bomber but we heard Neal's instructor absolve him of fault and commend him on the landing. So whatever it proves else, it routs the pea-shooters charges.

xxx

It's been so long since Bissel has flown a PT that he put two shock cords in need of replacement immediately after a landing while acting as safety pilot on a blind cross country. It's remarkable how many different ways one can get his neck in the proverbial wringer at Kelly.

xxx

Then there is the astute McDonald who, seeing a small cross on his map of Leon Springs Reservation and being unable to find anything on the ground at that point while on a visual reconnaissance mission, calmly writes the object into this observer's report as a lighthouse. Wonder if there were ships in the harbor.

xxx

Dust is a horrid word but it is even worse to have it on your bed-rails and windowsills. Because of same, a quite weekend on the Post was enjoyed by Kelly Cadets.

xxx

"Trouble Twins" Kennedy and Langben entertained Cadet Cleo Messer on a recent weekend trip to the Field. Some pestiferous insect was loose in the car and their wholehearted efforts to swat their little companion resulted in considerable damage to the optics of the twins and to the fashionable raiment of their guest. Anyway that's the story that they're stuck with.

xxx

A happy smile lights up the handsome countenance of our harassed Mess Sergeant now that all of the charter members of the Footlocker Club are aspiring to slimmer silhouettes. Whether it be the approaching Christmas holidays, with its accompanying memories of fair ones at home, or whether it be the horrid specter of closely clamping Sam Brownes cramping excessive weight we cannot say; but even the most doubtful Thomas has been forced to admire the fortitude with which they are habitually foregoing the delicacies of our mess. Miller, Haid Stevens and Glaser will no longer be known as the "little round men" when the result of this Spartan regime are shown by looser belts, and "slack in pants".

Dodo Writes Home

Dear Mother:

Now that we are flying, I have many more interesting things to write about. Something exciting happens every day like skidding or slipping in a turn, dragging a wing, or breaking a shockcord. We have to be very careful careful with these airplanes. There are so many things that can happen and if you make one little mistake while flying the inspector gives you a bawling out.

They say that when a man solos, he gets one of the greatest thrills of his life. Last week, I underwent that thrill and believe me it was sure a great feeling to take that ship up and skid and slip around turns without getting a bawling out thru the earphones.

Speaking of earphones, our instructors are pretty smart. They have them hooked up so that they can talk to us but we can't talk back. It puts a stop to all arguing and saves the instructor from hearing some of the things we say in answering what he says to us.

I sure had a joke on my inspector the other day. When we came down, he thought I was landing the ship. But I wasn't. I thought he was landing it and just "followed thru" on the controls. The ship landed beautifully and I got the credit for it. He said it was the best landing I had made.

I am getting along so well in my flying that Friday the Stage Commander had me take him up for a ride. When we got down, he said he would like to go up for a ride with me again Monday and told me to relax and have a swell time in San Antonio over the week-end. Wasn't that nice of him?

I stayed at the barracks Saturday morning as I had a lot of outside work to do with a broom and a shovel but I went in to the Aero Club in the afternoon and got my crash tag. I can't quite understand why we should have to get crash tags because none of us ever intend to crash. I secretly suspect, however, that they have us wear them so that the women can see at a glance that we are Flying Cadets. Forewarned is forearmed you know.

You can also get dates at the club. My room-mate got one and says they are very liberal about it. In fact he says they gave him six feet of it.

Well I must stop now and think up some new stunts to pull off for the Stage Commander tomorrow.

Your Son,
A DODO.

Dodo Hurst became very tired shortly after his arrival in San Antonio on Armistice Day. He was so tired that he spent most of the day in bed, asleep, or something.

SPORT SHOTS

Randolph Second In Army League

The Randolph Cadets, the football team composed of enlisted men stationed at Randolph Field was forced into a second place in the Army football league by a 26 to 7 defeat at the hands of the 9th Infantry, Nov. 5th. The previous week the Cadets had made a very good showing against Brooks Field, defeating their rivals 16 to 0. With two more games left to complete the Army series, Randolph has a very fine chance of winding the league up pre-game in a tie with the 23rd Infantry at Fort Sam Houston for the first place. Should some of the other teams upset the dope there is also a possibility of a clean win for Randolph. Saturday, Nov. 19th, they play the powerful 23rd Infantry. The "Doughboys" have quite a power-house, and can cut loose with a neat aerial attack but such a thing should be easy pickings for the boys who spend so much of their time in the air anyway. To date, the 23rd has not met with defeat and they are raring and tearing to win the pennant without loss. However with Crostwaite, Landon and Choat at their best there will be plenty of action.

Following the game with the 23rd, Randolph still has a game with the 2nd Field Artillery Brigade, which will in any event be well worth attending. The 2nd Field is now in third place having won one, lost one, and tied one. Following the 2nd comes the 9th Infantry with 500 per cent; won one and lost one. In fifth place is Kelly Field with two lost against one win and down in the cellar is Brooks Field, who have lost two and tied one.

A non-league game between Randolph and Fort Crockett, Saturday November 12th, proved to be probably the best game seen at Randolph this season. Before the largest crowd ever assembled at the Randolph gridiron, the local boys charged off with a 12 to nothing victory. It turned out to be a real battle and the showing made by the local team is certainly a credit to them and their coaches. While on the subject of coaches it might be well to introduce the several men who are responsible for our team. Head Coach is 1st Lt. F. R. Booker. Lt. Booker has coached a number of Army teams throughout the service for a number of years and his qualifications are exemplified by the team he has turned out at Randolph this season. Backfield

coach and also one of the star halfbacks is 2nd Lt. T. H. Landon, permanently assigned here as an Instructor. Line coaches are 2nd Lts. B. L. Hillsinger and E. W. Suarez, both students in the October class. End coach is 2nd Lt. S. R. Brentnall, also permanently assigned to the Field. Just what official title is to be given to 2nd Lts. R. F. Moore and J. E. Golden, is rather doubtful, however the services rendered by these two as general handy men and assistants to what have you, has gone a long way to perfecting harmony with which the team is being managed.

Without attempting to show any partiality the following team is listed as being one of the usual opening line-ups.

LE	Gillanders
LT	Porter
LG	Temple
C	Giles
RG	Dawdy
RT	Van Deventer
RE	Flannigan
RH	Landon
LH	Choat
QB	Morgan
F	Hower

BASKETBALL

Ah! Our long--looked-for basketball days have at last arrived and the turnout Nov. 6th was extremely pleasing to Captain Goldsborough, who will lead the destinies of the Team. Due to the fact that there is some exceptionally good material both among the Student Officers and the Flying Cadets, it was decided that a combined team would beat practically every college and school in the United States; and many of them stars at that the least we can complain of his material. We can, however raise up on our back legs and howl to the sky at our lack of suitable floor on which to practice, (Not that it will do us any good as the contemplated gymnasium could not be completed before spring). In any event, Captain Goldsborough is doing his best to acquire the use of floors in town for practice at least once or twice a week and with all the Field we have in which to run we at least will have plenty of wind when the time comes for action.

The games that are hoped to be scheduled will include such formidable opponents as Texas University, Southern Methodist, Texas A & M, Baylor, Oklahoma University, Louisiana State and many other colleges worthy of our mettle and within flying distance of Randolph.

With so many games contemplated away from home, the Bat-

talion will have little chance to attend, the same of which goes for the many supporters residing on the Post. Perhaps that can be rectified to a certain extent.

GYM EQUIPMENT

The Battalion is watching with great interest the progress being made on the gymnasium in the basement of the Administration building. With weights, pulleys a rowing machine, mats, four handball courts and maybe some more to come, we will be able to outlive the "Texas weather" that the old timers tell us is long overdue. This chance at physical exercise is to enliven the previous pastimes of bridge, bunk fatigue and barracks-flying during the bad weather, is being looked forward to with much joy on the part of all.

HANDBALL

The athletic trend of the Battalion has taken a sharp turn upwards since the new class has arrived to give us some competitors. In an effort to ascertain just where the greatest athletic prowess lies, elimination tournaments in several sports are under way in both companies. In handball each company is running off a tournament including Dodos, with the winners of the respective meets playing for the Battalion championship. The best final winner will be sent over to Kelly Field to take on their best and uphold the honor of Randolph. The March class had some pretty good handball players as they took the then Kelly class into the camp without a defeat but with such men as Harcos, Nolan, Warren, Mitchell and Moore to pick from there is still a good chance for us to come out on the top.

VOLLEY BALL

The other sports are indoor baseball and volley ball. A good turnout from each company insures a team that we would be proud to send into competition. If sufficient interest is shown in these sports, an attempt will be made to secure the winning team some outside games. For instance, the writer has notice the student officers playing a pretty fast game of volley ball on the court near their quarters and perhaps they could be induced to form a team. Also our ancient rivals, our upperclass at Kelly, are always willing to play us any thing at any time and since we can no longer turn to swimming in which we took their number we'll have to see what we can do along the line of these other sports.

OCTOBER CLASS INVADES SAN ANTONIO

"Hark, hark,

"The dogs do bark,

"The Dodos are coming to town!"

Der Tag! At last, the day was at hand! what a furnishing of equipment quite other than of a military nature, what a discussing of plans which had absolutely nothing to do with the Manual of Arms, what ecstasies at the thought of pleasures bearing no resemblance whatsoever to daily calisthenics! And why not? The entire Lower Class, regardless of previous threats and insinuations were going to town, leaving the Post, for the first time in ___ years? No, but anyone not familiar with the state of affairs would have thought so.

The anticipations of Ulysses as he gazed with hungry eyes upon the shores of his native Ithaca after twenty years of wandering, the expectations of Juliet as she waited for Romeo, the hopes ___ but why go on? They were all as nothing compared to the feelings of the Dodos going to town.

There were no brass bands, the streets were not lined with beautiful, cheering damsels, but what of that? There was "The Cave", and the damsels were there, some beautiful, some not so beautiful, but all apparently willing enough to meet the Dodos, which they in turn, found quite sufficient. Introductions were made, (where necessary), then "on with the dance". Pleasing sounds of revelry arose, increased, and reached a fine crescendo before the orchestra finally left, followed by Dodos and their new loves, off to new fields in the pursuit of pleasure.

Then, for those with a more quiet and serious turn of mind, there was the Gunter Hotel, with its "luxurious rooms, hot and cold, running elevators" etc. etc. In any case, the surroundings must have been more than satisfactory, for many who took advantage of them never appeared again until late Sunday afternoon, looking tired, but happy.

Fairchild, who awoke on Sunday to find himself the proud possessor of a not-quite-so-new car. When Mr. Fairchild had recovered from his initial surprise, a bystander overheard him remark that he was glad it was a Nash, because he had always thought they were pretty good cars anyhow.

At any rate it was a grand and glorious occasion, and that a giddy time was had by all may safely be taken for a fact. There may be many festive occasions between now and graduation, but this Dodo class feels that there will never be quite such another as the first week-end in town.

Aero Club Holds Open House

On Saturday, November 12, the Aero Club held its first open house since the new Dodo class arrived. Most of the Dodos were on hand and many of the upperclassmen and Kelly Field men dropped in during the afternoon.

The club hostess, Miss Edith White, was present with a bevy of San Antonio girls and proceeded to break the ice in her inimitable manner. Personally we think she deserves a niche in the hall of fame for the way she remembered scores of names that were new to her and gracefully made countless introductions.

The guests enjoyed the dancing, ping pong, billiards and refreshments. Gettings dates was a cinch. Here's the formula that was successfully followed by many of the Dodos. After being introduced to the young lady, she was asked to dance. Then during the dance, and while her mind was busily occupied in keeping from being poked in the ribs with a pool cue, hit over the head with a ping pong racket, or twisting her ankle by stepping in one of the cracks in the cement floor, it was found that she could be talked into anything—almost.

The eagerness of the Club personnel to help the Dodos get acquainted and enjoy themselves and to make the sojourn of all the Cadets more enjoyable and less expensive contributes a great deal to its popularity. Nice going Bob,

DODOS ELECT OFFICERS

(Continued from Page 1)

and has already proven himself an outstanding Flying Cadet in every phase of the work.

Flying Cadet Francis L. Rivard, of Detroit, Mich., was the choice of his class for secretary-treasurer. He attended the University of Detroit where he specialized in Aeronautical Engineering. His interest in aeronautics has always been keen, and he gained some valuable preliminary experience as a member of the University of Detroit Glider Club.

Then came the need for a class historian, and no better prepared a person than Robert L. Richards, of Greenwich, Conn., who graduated from Harvard as an English literature major, could have been pointed to for this job. He makes his debut with the prestige of having been an editor of "Harvard Crimson"

All the new officers of the Dodo class have made a good impression during their first two weeks at Randolph, and there is little doubt that they will continue to possess these merits that caused them to be chosen.

Flying Cadets Stalk Turkeys

Inspection Arms, Dismissed.

It is Thanksgiving Time even in Texas, and the cadets are recipients of the most valued of all presents, a week-end pass, for an extended turkey hunt.

Owing to the impending collapse of numerous individual credit structures, activities will probably be confined to San Antonio and the vicinity. Indictments would be epidemic were Bradstreet to operate seriously in the Cadet Barracks. However, this will not greatly curtail the functions of this gala festival.

Procedure on this great escapade is not well defined as yet, but it is generally conceded that each upperclassman will attempt to thicken and complicate his acquaintance with his liveliest, by sipping and dining with all the indulgence her hospitality will permit.

The course of the Dodo will be relatively directionless. He will garb himself nattily, with a clean celluloid collar, and strut swankily forth to San Antonio, where he will capably phone the gorgeous creatures upon whom he has squandered his annuity, and hint strongly about a date, hoping that an invitation for dinner may be forthcoming. Upon being turned down, he will trudge, with heavy heart to the nearest "Greasy Vest" and there attempt to quell his insatiable craving for turkey with a dozen hamburgers. Then to Randolph to cry himself to sleep, whilst coveting tender memories of Mother, home, and well-basted turkey. Of course, he will enjoy all excruciating pains and sleepless hours he would have had from eating a large Thanksgiving dinner.

But for that, everyone will be thankful for something. Perhaps it will be that there are no more rules, confinements, or governing bodies than there are, or that snow hasn't fallen where it can be seen as yet, or possibly that there are beautiful cloud formations and moonlight for reveille, or finally that he has not been caressed by the Maytag Vendor, as yet.

On one very eventful evening it was learned that several Upperclassmen left Barracks by the rear doors when they got lost in the cloud forms and 'inadvertently' lost their sense of direction. This substantiates the theory that blind flying cannot be done without adequate instruments.

It must be terrible — according to their own tales — for the girls of San Antonio during the week, with no nice Dodos to take them places. Tru—p-p-p-p. (Bronx Cheer).

THE SCORE

(November 16, 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	3	2
Total Eliminations	101	52
Present Total Enrollment	95	48

CLASS OF OCTOBER, 1932

Original total enrollment	193	100
Eliminated on Primary Stage	33	17
Total Eliminations	33	17
Present Total Enrollment	160	83

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

Dodo Miller seems to have a few other pet diversions besides flying. On his first day on pass in San Antonio, this gay young Lothario purchased, and mailed to his girl, a dandy little hope-chest. Well, well, I 'hope chest' satisfied with it, Dodo Miller because it'll probably be a cold winter back in Podunk and there's nothing like a good wooden box to keep the home fires burning!

DODO SOLO EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 1)

faus, Hurst, Miller, F. Powers, Ray, Irvine, Swain and Miller I.

Six men turned the trick during the ninth hour. They are; Flying Cadets McDonald, Clark, Mac Kinley, Smith, H. B. Wellman, and Shannon.

Flying Cadets Hovey, Eschelman, Woodruff, Holmes, and Walls, are the five who gave themselves an airplane ride during the eleventh hour, while during the twelfth hour Orndorff and Snavelly did the same.

The average time per man for the entire Flying Cadet Battalion was eight hours and fifteen minutes. Taken by Company, the gentlemen who find distinction in their height achieved an average of eight hours and three minutes, while those who are not so tall averaged eight hours and twenty seven minutes, which proves that, other things being equal, two and two equal four.

Eschelman made himself outstanding by riding with Capt. Williams in the Maytag, and soloing

the same day in that much feared vehicle, while Orndorff proved his mettle by riding with Lieut. Ferguson for the same sinister purpose and soloing in the face of an unkind fate.

Although many have left the lower class due to their inability to master old man "Slow gentle pressure", and many more may follow, those who have flown alone, and know the joy of it, will always remember the day when they, for the first time gave her the gun and soared into the blue sky. In the future they will never fail to regard this day as one in which they felt the full power of a man, and the full excitement of life.

GEN. FOULLOIS REPORT

(Continued from Page 1)

nection with the flight, General Foulois expressed his belief that more than five per cent of the eliminations result from apprehension felt by Flying Cadets immediately or soon after their first flights in a plane.

The report also stated that training at Randolph Field was progressing very satisfactorily, with only minor difficulties due to reorganization, incomplete construction, roads, and concrete aprons in front of the hangars. Gratification was also expressed over the fact that there has been a material increase in the percentage of students successfully completing the course in flying training. The three classes during the year graduated 41, 39, and 30.4 per cent, respectively, of the original enrollment of the Flying Cadets reporting for training.