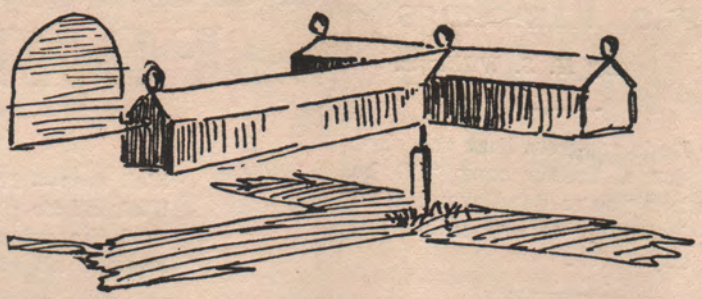


*men*

Randolph  
Field  
Texas

THE



TEE

West  
Point of  
the Air

VOL. 2

CHRISTMAS, 1932

NO. 1



## 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.

## The Tee Occupies New Home

The TEE has finally been given its just desserts. It has received an office, wherein, it can while away the happy hours, penning off new food for the ever-hungry presses. Away from all man-kind, the staff can now work in peace, without annoying the Flying Cadets, and without the Flying Cadets bothering them. Perched in their pent-house (adjoining the Recreation Hall), the scribes can be found at odd hours, beating on their nice shiny typewriters, and beating their nice shiny heads (oh these G. I. hair cuts!)—always endeavoring to put out a paper better than the last. So, we at last see an end to the days when the TEE, like Topsy, just grew out of nowhere; and we of the staff are heartily thankful for a fine office, and suitable equipment for the creation of the Flying Cadet paper. A year ago this month, the TEE was first inaugurated at Randolph Field, and what better Christmas present could the paper have, than a brand new home, completely furnished!

## Furloughs Granted

Eager eyed Dodos and suave Upper-classmen alike are awakened to the holiday spirit with the recently published list of 121 furloughs to be granted at various periods during the twelve days from December 21st. and the 2nd. of January, 1933.

Flying Cadets traveling in automobiles to their destination are limited to fifteen hundred miles. However, no mileage limit is placed upon how far they may travel by train or by air, as long as they re-

## Dodo Ramblings

By H. S. Williams.

One Dodo suggests that the class adopt for a theme song "I'll be glad when you're dead you Rascal you."—Referring, we suppose, to our Dodo days. (?)

We hereby suggest that a new lowerclass officer be installed, namely: Chief Gig Collector. This honor (?) unquestionably is to be bestowed upon "Sir, Flying Cadet Smith, H. B.", who claims the all-time All American Gig collecting record. The record as it now stands is a total of forty-seven (47) gigolos awarded between the end of drill Tuesday and Supper Formation.

Maybe you haven't noticed it but Drill certainly has improved lately. Twice in one week when 1st. Sgt. Manhart ordered "Port Arms" to dismiss B Co. no one came to "order arms."

Mr. McDermott surely must be envied by some of the braver Dodos. Everyday we hear some bright young Dodo who aspires to become an honorary member of the Silk Worm Society, say: "I didn't know until I got back down today that my safely-belt wasn't fastened, and my instructor didn't even give me a slow roll." Personally that's one organization that we don't want to join until it becomes absolutely necessary for the prolongation of life, liberty, and the pursuit of wings.

Mr. Endress told all the Dodos at his table to keep a joke on "the tip of their tongues" at all times. What does he want to do, poison them?

We can't decide whether we'd rather be confined or let that certain upperclassman date our big moment. In other words we're between the Devil and the deep blue eyes.

Wonder if certain upperclassmen have any better idea of the way they appear to the Dodos since the G. I. Church? HI-DEE-HI-DEE-HO.

There was a young Cadet named Bear  
 Who tried all there was in the air,  
 So he one day did stoop  
 To skim the Guadalupe.  
 But Captain Cannon saw all from his lair!

main within the continental limits of the United States. No passes or furloughs will be granted to Mexico.

Aside from the ten day furlough each Flying Cadet is to receive one two day pass, either before or after the expiration of his furlough.

## POETS SAY.

### Christmas

*Well men— It's Christmas time again  
 With all its pleasures and joys.  
 And the gripping Yuletide spirit  
 Engulfs all girls and boys.*

*We see colored lights and holly wreaths  
 In the homes that we pass by.  
 And the tables with a mighty load  
 Of tempting morsels to catch the eye.*

*Say men— Don't you still remember  
 When all that was home to you?  
 Remember how Mother worked all day  
 And Dad was helping too.*

*And Sis was dashing out and in  
 Trailed by admiring boys.  
 And brother crawled around the floor  
 Playing with brand new toys.*

*Gosh men— Let's just pause a moment  
 In our mighty rush towards fame.  
 And think of the days that used to be  
 And how we're playing the game.*

*For what is done is done forever  
 And what's to be will be.  
 And so today let's set aside  
 A thought for HIM across the sea.*

By E. H. Gibbon.

### A Christmas Thought

*C for the CADETS so good and so true,  
 H for the HANGARS so checkered to view.  
 R for the RATIONS including the pie,  
 I for the INSTRUCTORS who teach us to fly.  
 S for the SOLOS way up in the blue,  
 T for the TAIL-SPINS.—the first that we knew.  
 M for MECHANICS who tend all our planes,  
 A for the ACCURACY that gives us such pains.  
 S for SAN ANTONIO, the best of good friends,  
 May it ever amuse us, on our many week-ends!*

### The Night Before Pass

*T'was night in the barracks and just before pass  
 Not a pilot was stirring among either cadet class;  
 As they lay in their beds, not a sound broke the night  
 Dreaming dreams of fairer days, and they were "right."*

*T'was a glorious night for all things were at rest,  
 Eight days until Christmas as you surely have guessed,  
 For days at a stretch they had looked for this break,  
 When they'd put on their "civies" and be on the make.*

*Their clothes were all hung in proper array  
 For inspection continues at home or away.  
 Their bags all were packed with precision and care  
 As they made ready to leave on a great Christmas tear.*

*Out in the hallway there arose a great clatter  
 As the unfailing bell the peace did it shatter  
 And from their soft beds the Dodos bid roll  
 To don their fatigues and out into the cold*

*Ah! none can forget that crisp winter's morn  
 Nor the evening before not far from the dawn  
 When the upperclass came all fever and fire  
 To give the poor Dodos a gift full of ire.*

*A formal inspection was held on the spot  
 As the masters ringed round to make sure things were hot  
 While they chanted with glee and sang with delight  
 "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night"*

William H. Wear.

TALE

SPINS

## ❖ CROSS TEE ❖

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

The Flying Cadet Battalion is having a lot of good clean fun in the Mess Hall these days. They eat leisurely, and even with a touch of etiquette, and then spend an hour or two long after the meal is over, just propped on their stools, exchanging witticisms with the Dodos. This not only makes for a good restful digestion of the food consumed, but the mutual conversation builds up morale and esprit de corps. Did someone ask why all the post-meal post-mortems? Well, I'll tell you. You know those little boys who eat up at the staff table? They're the cause of these world's longest meal orgies. The staff makes it a point to average one mouthful of food per man per hour. In this way they prolong the pleasant Mess formations, and keep the Battalion guessing at just what hour of the day (or night) they'll be dismissed. But, hours later, Wickland surprises everyone by making a snails-pace table-tour "Just to see if everyone's finished eating!" (What a cruel hoax). Then Wickland and League stage a little Intercollegiate debate for the boys, and after awhile the Battalion is awakened and dismissed. Fun no end!

W. M. (Dearest Darling Denham) gig collector extraordinary, has received an extra special invitation for Christmas dinner in S. A. The Debs will be sorry to hear that he has decided to spend the holidays in Cleveland. (Ohio.)

After listening to a few lectures on mercator, polyconic, and gnome-like projections, together with great circles and rum lines we've about decided that the shortest distance between two points is a pretzel.

We realized we weren't such hot formation pilots, but we still don't think those ghastly looks of abject terror on the faces of the mechanics were justified.

This old scribe refused to let sleeping dogs lie, and hereby lets the cat out of the proverbial bag. The world is about to be enlightened as to what Honorable Flying Cadet Booker's initials stand for. "R. C. W." can be literally translated into the King's English as meaning "RICHARD CARR WOODFIN". Mr. Booker, just what did your parents have against you to prefix your surname with that abominable string of tongue-twisting monikers? Well, Woodfin, Cheerio, old toppy!

Donlin and a bevy bronzed Californians, are straining on their marks, for the signal from the higher-ups that will send them flying on the train to the Golden State. Three nights and days of hard traveling are ahead of this intrepid party, but the goal of their endeavors justifies the trouble spent. It's a shame that every Flying Cadet can't see just once the glories of California, and especially of San Francisco. Who was that famous person that once said, "I'd rather be a lamp-post on Divisadero Street in San Francisco, than own all East of the Mississippi"??? Anyhow it's true, Flying Cadets, and whatever you may do over the Christmas fur-lough, you're sure to regret, someday, that you didn't go West to the garden spot of the universe.

—Adv.—Greater California Club.

And now that Messers Allen, Eskridge, Baker and Diehl have demonstrated the potentialities of the short cross-country hops, we realize why the cross-country envelope contains a map of the whole United States.

Christmas comes but once a year  
Gigs come every day.  
Christmas joy is fleeting, brief—  
Confinements come to stay.

When the Flying Cadets start having their names announced over the radio, it is time for some drastic measure to be inaugurated. Witness the scene in the Recreation Hall of a peaceful Sunday afternoon: Everyone seated, enjoying their magazines, checkers, and whatnot. And Bing Crosby crooning softly over the radio. What more could anyone desire? But no, something had to spoil the restful atmosphere. Suddenly from over the ether, it was announced that the next song over radio KABC would be dedicated to Danny Wickland! And did he burn, and did we laugh, and did we do right by little Danny-Boy! After all, it is asking too much of us to have our dashing young Adjutant haunt us over the radio, when we have to put up with him fifteen hours a day. Rumor hath it that the young lady dedicated the song to the Flying Cadet whom she thought was just the cutest, most adorable little boy in the world! Have you a little Randolph Romeo in your home?

Bear has turned out to be the meanest man in the world. Lend an ear to what he writes home to his poor old mother: Dear Mother, I must tell you about formation flying. You see, we fly close in so that we can watch the other pilot fly his ship, and check him on all the mistakes he makes. I sup-

pose you wonder just how close to the other ships we fly? Well, I'll tell you. The exact distance is one and three-eighths inches from our wingtip to the other fellow's tail surface! Of course you've never heard of a slip-stream, so we just won't bring that up. Anyhow, we do all sorts of things close to each other. We wing-walk, and we play tag, and every once in a while we throw a dance up there above the clouds, and do we have fun! Now mother dear, you musn't worry about me, because one and three-eighths inches isn't very close after all, and besides I'm what they call a "hot pilot" down here, and I just stay right in there. Although sometimes, the instructor isn't so good, and he pulls ahead of me or slows down and I pass him up, but I let it pass, because we can't all be hot pilots. Well, Goodnight, mother, I must go next door now, and tell those boys just how they should do those dreadful climbing turns. Lovingly, Cubby Bear.

Sandblower Crain is hereby awarded the G. I. medal for gross stupidity, because of his terrific storm the afternoon he was F.C.O.D. Too lazy to bestir himself from the comforts of the O. D.'s office, this ambitious young man just flatly refused to go after the Battalion mail. His only excuse was that he "couldn't find a car!" What does he expect? A brand new Chrysler presented to him when he comes on the O. D. tour, just to get the mail in? To make things worse, he decided to get even with the Flying Cadets for their fervent griping owing to the lack of an afternoon mail delivery. Ten minutes before supper, when everyone was finally cooling off about Crain's negligence, this maniac started in ringing bells. Cries of "STORM" phased him not at all, as he fiendishly practiced his buzzer on the bells. Come around someday, Crain, and we'll give you some paper dolls to play with. Certainly the O. D.'s office is no place for mental midgets!

Gleaned from the "s'tough" table:

Manhart extending cordial invitations to osculate anatomical rotundities.

Warren enshrined 'neath a brilliant halo—pate shining from afar.

Hail King!

Gibbon gaily gulping groceries gibbering gruesome gab.

Wickland graciously going hungry endeavoring to serve the "fortunate".

Dodos who "loll" round about the festive board.

And the Dodos: "We love it!"

## - Slips and Skids -

By E. S. ALLEE.

*The plane is a mass of wreckage,  
But he smiles in fiendish glee.  
He looks at the circling ships and says,  
"Surely no one can land in this field but me."*

*Formation leader wears a frown—  
Wonders if he'll make it.  
Number three bobs up and down  
And mutters, "Aw, he just can't take it."*

*How griped he looks— and strangely behaves,  
The map affords no solace.  
Thinks he, "I'd like to catch the knaves  
Who've gone and moved Gonzales".*

*"I think night flying's quite a lark."  
We heard a fellow say,  
"The trouble is it gets quite dark,  
Which is never the case if you fly in the day."*

# KELLY FIELD

By

Edmund C. WOLF.

In a recent issue of the Popular Science Monthly magazine we read that there is practically no ground school at the A. C. A. F. S., Kelly Field. It is to be regretted that such charlatans as the author are permitted to feeze-fozzle the public. The article in an October number of *Colliers*, however, gives a fairly accurate lay interpretation of the theater of operations. And while we are on this subject, we hope without benefit of tongue in cheek that John Monk Saunders does not inject too much hokum in his scenario as is the accepted custom for authors seeking air tales to please the cinemagoers. There is enough grandeur and pathos, thrills and entertaining humour connected with every phase of the work of the Air Corps Training Center, so that it should not be necessary for any author to dish out bunk.

Rafferty remains the only chap who spares no words nor phrases in telling the great Wild to his face what the general concensus of opinion still is after ten months. There was quite much breath—holding done when Wilcox was grounded for a few days until he could satisfactorily perform the depth perception test at the recent "609".

It is said that the fascination of Skipper Donnie D. K.'s crash tag was so great that a maiden wore it although it was supposed to have been left with her for repairs.

Leave it to a Texan to commercialize on the weather of his native heath. Langben was right on the spot with the correct apparel sweat suits when the first "Norther" arrived at the north side of the barracks.

We stick to our story: the next time anything happens to a cadet at Club Forest, eighty-seven grim young "cream of the crop" will in a body pay the establishment a visit in spite of fear of confinement, washout or courts martial—and the night club will be a not especially orderly stack of tables, chairs, furnishings and what-can-you-jerk-loose.

The tradition of the Kelly Cadet mess was given death-defying strength at the groaning boards of the Thanksgiving dinner. No more money in the bank but every one is inches greater in girth.

Gray's record was broken when that taciturn individual left parts of wing and fence at the site of an attempted postage stamp field landing.

As expected, the Pursuiters made loop after loop on their night expeditions above Kelly. Ambrose tried three landings, each one more dogish-in-the-mangerish than the last, what with wings on the ground and gusty dust blowing. Tindall notched his first mistake when he landed on a wing. Gardner followed on one wheel, which folded under the strain. "Little Round Man" Haid took a rap of a weekend in chancery for being unable to think up an excuse for why he took off on the wrong signal light.

Speaker, the millionaire cadet, has a serious problem confronting him. No sooner did he purchase a new Ford recently than a message arrived from his home that an identical model was enroute for delivery to him here. Now he needs a boy to drive one of the cars. Why not a wife?

Ask any one and you will get the same answer: "The chaplain is one great guy." But it would be wise to take no further advantage of his generosity.

The first cadet hop, staged at the Officers' Club here Friday, December 2, blossomed with belles (and for once no balloons, thank heaven!) Mack Rogers and his Caveteria band evinced regrets at having to pack their instruments at midnight after playing a card of rhythmic patterings. Miss Anne Neely, petite torch singer, finally permitted her dainty reserve to be penetrated and did the chaps go gaga dancing and making dates with her!

Life is just a bunch of tough breaks. Just when our families have been beefing for us to come home for the holidays along comes the Commandant with the announcement that if we so desire we can be put on detached service, ferried to Matagorda Island and spend the time in the duck camp there, hunting, fishing and having a good time in general—the kind of a time we used to hear our instructors tell about.

"Why are you cadets permitted to have 'confidential codes?'" asked the instructor in Infantry Missions. "Because we are exceptional people," replied J. O. Stewart.

And now the list of available posts for active duty has been published. Whenever you see a chap looking over the list of those who have signed their preference, you know he either is wondering whether to take a chance on getting the same post with nitwit classmates or staying at home and

giving the little-woman-to-be a break.

From an area in Kansas and Missouri in a radius of 100 miles last March came six lads who still are in the ranks and who, unless they do something pretty terrible between now and February 24 will receive the sprinkling of gold bars and eagle feathers. They are Borden, Tindall, Dilley, Sanders, Kennedy and your scrivener. Now there is a batting average for you. And did Musch put up the howl when he didn't see anything about the California delegation, which, incidentally, has multiplied by several since we got to Kelly.

Bay 2 hereby extends heartiest congratulations to a sweet little child called Bea, who, many miles from home, has recovered from a recent flu attack.

Bombers will land on spots as Transportpilot Red Miller ably proved early this month when he achieved the feat twice out of seven tries, both arrivals being conducted from an altitude precipitately higher than that specified by makers of bomber landing gears. And Busch snortles to add that of his seven tries all hit the elusive circle.

Logan was heard to remark after having had to gun 'er and go around, "I may not be a hot pilot, but I am a safe pilot." After the affair that night at Fredericksburg and again at Club Forest safety seems to have become not only a slogan for action but also a menu.

"I'll bite," muttered Cannon to himself as he left the class in Bombs and Explosives, "what is a bomb, demolition Mk. 1 M1, 300 pound, AR IMI AS GI!"

"Wooden" Wood and Kriloff are copilots, allegedly co-operative in their efforts. Then what interpretation could be placed upon Wood's sleep talking when he was heard to plainly utter: "I wouldn't fly with you if they gave you golden wings. Climb up to 60,000 feet and bail out!"

## Dodo Decalogue

Thou shalt not talk, thou shalt not slouch.  
Thou shalt not bear or harbor a grouch.  
Thou shalt not gaze, thou shalt not eat,  
Till upperclass takes all the meat.  
Thou shalt not have one speck of dirt  
On shoes, on slacks, on brass or shirt.

## Dodo Writes Home

Dear Mother:

I'm sorry I am behind with my letters, but we have just finished that Aerodynamics course I told you about, and I was asked to take an examination in it all over again. It's called a re-examination. It's all right, however, because the more one gets one's name before the officers down here, the better he is known, thus making washout impossible, like that Mister Wild I told you about.

Lots of the boys have washed out so far, but my instructor just said today that he never saw anyone fly as I do. Now wasn't that nice of him? Most of the instructors do not joke like that with their students, but mine does—he turns around in his seat and laughs quite frequently. He has to hold his nose when he does it though. I believe he has a cold.

We are becoming more accomplished in our company drill. All the boys are so convivial, especially the upperclassmen. The Platoon leader gets tired giving orders and looks around sorta' helpless-like, and right away someone in the ranks yells out the order just to help him. They're all such nice boys, you'd love them I know.

It's really remarkable, the progress I have made down here. I know of the sweetest girls. I met them at the Cave, where we all eat. And to think a little while ago I didn't know a soul. The girls are a little odd I think. After I get a date and take her to a nice movie, I naturally ask her if she would care for some ice cream, and, will you believe it, they all get terrific headaches and decide to go home. It must be the weather.

Well, mums, I must study about engines now. It's very difficult. It seems they have pistons which go up and down and shafts which go around and around. The valves are also very interesting, but above all, I like the spark plugs it seems they have a way of shooting sparks at just the right time, but I really am unable to understand why they have named a purely mechanical contrivance like this after a horse. I think I shall ask the instructor tomorrow.

Your son,

A. DODO.

Thou shalt be calm when sore beset  
Just smile and say, "My time is yet!"  
If you refrain from all and grin,  
You're a better man, Oh, Gunga Din.

"Lying fine" on the "Flying line."  
"My instructor didn't mind when I Chandelled on the take-off but he did give me a sharp look when I did tailspin five hundred above the Main "Ad" building!"

# SPORT SHOTS

## Randolph Third In Army League

By holding the 2nd Field Artillery to a 0 to 0 score, the Randolph Field football team finished in third place in the local Army league. The game was as hard fought as any seen during the season, and much credit is due both teams. The winner was due for third place in the league standing, and in case of a tie, Randolph would have the edge since the Caisson riders were tied early in the season. This added incentive made the two teams step right up to a regular battle that was nip and tuck, and any scores would have the hand of old Dame Fortune.

With the 23rd Infantry, the 9th Infantry, Fort Sill, Okla., Fort Clark, and Fort Crockett, Randolph now starts out on the elimination tournament for the Corps Area Championship. In the opening game between Fort Clark and Fort Crockett, the airmen from Crockett took the honors home without much competition. Looking greatly improved since their appearance on the grid at Randolph, the Crockett team showed themselves to be a real threat to the remaining teams of the tournament.

The following day, Randolph spread her wings and out-flew the Fort Sill delegation in a series of end runs and long passes. It was the impressive airwork of the Fliers that showed where their real strength lay. After three quarters of struggling up and down the field in a rather drab fashion, both teams let loose their full power, and Randolph had a little more than their opponents as they finished the game on the long end of a 20 to 6 score.

With the Fort Sam Doughboys between them and the title, Randolph has got some real obstacles ahead of them especially as the Infantry men took their number early in the season but the much improved Fliers are far from beaten and they certainly have the moral support of the Field personnel behind them.

### BASKETBALL

The Randolph Students basketball team has started the season with a bang and a flock of baskets. The opening game, against the Kelly Field Cadets, was a WOW from start to finish. The final score didn't mean anything in particular to anybody but it did mean the end of one Grand FIGHT. Not that the game was rough—Oh! No!—Not at all—but to all you readers, just imagine

that winning Randolph spirit pitted against that fighting Kelly spirit and you can't help but think of that old saying we learned in High School—What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object. Kelly Field claims they haven't had any practice to speak of and Randolph says it was their first appearance on a wood floor, so it leaves everything all even except the score which was in the favor of the "A" and "B" Stage boys—25 to 15.

The Students next game was against the senior team at St. Anthony College in San Antonio. The cagey "cagers" from the Airport really clicked that night and the first string, composed of Lieutenants Stecker and Abel and Cadets Eskridge, Arthur, and Gibson, ran up a score in the first half that allowed the substitution of the second and third strings in the final period. The "sub" teams didn't quite hold their own but their opponents were far behind and there never was any need of calling on the first team again, and at the final whistle the score stood 35 to 15 in favor of the Fliers.

Cadet Treher, A Company, is offering his services for the season as a referee. He has officiated in both of the games played so far and although a bit out of practice has done a fairly creditable job which will become better as he goes along.

Arrangements have not been completed for all the games that Capt. Goldsborough intends to schedule, but if everything progresses as he hopes, and with the proper amount of support at home, he should get a very impressive schedule completed.

### HANDBALL

The Battalion handball tournament wound up in almost a clean sweep for the "Dodo's". A smiling, black-haired "Mister" from A Co. took all opposition there and then took the pride and joy of the "Blowers", Cadet Noland, to the tune of three out five games. This famous Dodo, hailing from Austin, is also quite a chess player so we see he has something in his head too—maybe. Just in case you haven't met this scourge of the Upperclass—Step up Mr. Moore—"O. K. Chicago."

In the doubles game those much heralded "Skycrapers" Warren and Harcos ran into a whole mess of trouble in the form of Crouch and Mitchell, C. C., another Dodo. The "B" Co. men, being "Blowers" in the last squad of the third platoon, were able to pick up the killing shots of their rivals with astonishing ease. Still and all, those Misters from "A" Co. are

real die hards and when the last game was over the victors admitted that they were exceedingly lucky to come out on top.

Now that the tournament is over, those of us who were unfortunately not born players can lean back with a sigh of relief for the barracks handball games were just about to nose Treher and his flying into a back seat.

### STUDENT OFFICERS WIN

"A" Company felt pretty hot after the impressive manner in which they beat B Company, so on Dec. 1, they marched gaily forth into a volley ball and indoor game against the student Officers.

The volley ball men got under way first, and the Cadets started with a 15 to 2 win over the West Pointers. Everything looked good for the Battalion so they took a little rest in the second game which was consequently won by their opponents, 15 to 5. Deciding that they were again ready to enter the fray, the third tilt went to the Cadets 15 to 9. In spite of the rather uneven scores during these first three games the playing was hard and strenuous, at least too much so for the Cadets, for the Officers cut loose with a rally and took the fourth game 15 to 2, and then as if not satisfied with that, they clinched the contest with the fifth game, 15 to 12. It was a nip and tuck affair from the first point with the day's games at stake and either team eligible to come out on top. The net work of Fairchild and Pippinger and the back court passing of Bateman and Barton was the outstanding playing on the Battalion team. The Student Officers showed best in their teamwork with Lieutenant Coughlin as the most outstanding player.

In the baseball game, the "Looseys" again proved too formidable for the "Kaydets" winning that with a 9 to 7 score. The first and second innings gave promise of a close game, but when Lieutenant Musset knocked out a "Homer" as lead off man in the third, the morale of the "Misters" dropped like the stock market. During the next three innings they brought their score to 8 against the Battalion goose egg. In the sixth inning the belated power of A Company showed its fangs and accounted for 5 runs. Two more in the last inning brought them within winning distance but they failed to come through. The officers added one more tally in the last inning just to show that they could when necessary and then sent the Battalion home to think it over.

## FLYING CADETS PLAN TRIPS

The imposing scene of a glowing fireplace slotted unevenly with odd size stocking silhouettes, with the shaded glimmer of the decorated pine, imbues the Cadet with a yearning such that he anticipates greeting Mother, Dad, and the gal he is still disillusioning, on Christmas Eve. A small corps of crippled and those that are financially incapacitated, will hold forth in San Antonio and vicinity and wish they were elsewhere, but the greater number will do the prodigal son act with all the sincerity in the world. And everyone appreciates how they feel about it.

The courses to be followed are many and as varied as the cloud-banked paths of Old Nick's sleigh. A caravan of emigrants is forming to enter sunny California, and enjoy a country that is both beautiful and has good weather. They will bask in eternal sunshine after an arduous trek, by auto, train and airplane. It is to be hoped that none make the trip on foot, particularly Mr. Avary, and Mr. Donlin. Mr. Heacock expects to fly, but the Texas weather may prevent his taking off. Another group will sally forth to good old Chicago, where they hope to munch on a Christmas fowl, beneath a hail of machine gun bullets. It is wondered as yet if Antone Cermack will declare a legal holiday for the festivities. Other vagrant travelers, will go to New York to visit the ruins of Wall Street and to get smothered in the traffic. Mr. Hayden will enjoy getting his tonsils sunburned gawking at the tall buildings. Mr. Harrel, of the G. I. Church fame, will dizzy himself following the crooked streets of Boston and vicinity.

Others will forge rivers and climb mountains to reach the vast wheat fields of the Middle West, where they will shock even the their wheat with stories of San Antonio. Then there is the movement to the South and Eastward, which will be quite general. No doubt a statue of a Confederate soldier will be unveiled in every small town below the Mason and Dixon Line. And not to forget the great surge of American Patriots to the home of Pennzoil. Pennsylvania will take her sons to her breast with Yuletide tenderness. And to mention the men who will celebrate at home, but still in Texas; they will be able to enjoy the same weather as those who will be incarcerated in San Antonio.

Merry Christmas!

Rain is a pain when the plane can't be flown,  
Rain is a pain after sunshine has shone,  
Rain is a pain when it spoils all our fun.  
But Rain, Blessed Rain, when the drill must be done!

## Randolph Enjoys Second Xmas

The editor said, "You write an article about the second Christmas in Randolph Field's history." My reaction was, "Well what th'----? Most of us will be somewhere else, and anyhow this thing goes to press before then." A lot of mental squirming in an effort to discover something that might be written on such a subject got me to wondering as to just what meaning there might be in that statement for us, we Flying Cadets of the Air Corps. In a sense, you know, we are among the charter members of a new chapter of a pretty famous organization.

Those who came before us, the men who were here a year ago, were a little less fortunate than ourselves. When the field officially opened in October, 1931, it was ahead of schedule. The Cadet mess wasn't ready, and consequently the Cadets had to eat at the various squadron messes on the post. They marched quite a distance to and from their meals, because our mess didn't start up until the second of December. Bad weather had robbed them of flying time, so their furlough started December the twenty-second, and they had to be back the first of January. Approximately forty of them, who for one reason or another didn't go on furlough, did get a good Christmas dinner in the Mess Hall, so here's hoping for those of you who stay around this year.

Being here at Randolph Field, with the right to return after our holiday, is probably one of the biggest things for which we can all be grateful. Another, is that this is a more pleasant place than it was a year ago, and we aren't getting the kinds of breaks that were in order last year. Whether or not we can do anything to ensure its being still better next year, I've a suggestion or two as to something we can do right now. What do you think of the following notions? Each of us "chip-in" a dime, and turn the money over to Lt. Griffiss with the request that it be used in some way for the Post Children's Xmas Party. (I understand there is to be one.) Also each of us "chip-in" another dime, and turn that money over to Lt. Fite with the request that it be used for our Mess Hall staff. It ought to at least buy them a couple of good cigars apiece; and they did put out a pretty fancy Thanksgiving Dinner, didn't they? Then just to make it an even quarter, why not set a nickel as the minimum limit for a donation to be collected in each company orderly room to let "Smitty", and "Dodo Tom" know that we know it's Christmas.

And before I try to spend any more of your money, I'll say to everyone who reads this, the TEE wishes You the Merriest of Christ-

## Flying Training To Be Cut

According to the report of Assistant Secretary of War, F. Trubee Davidson, the War Department is planning a reduction in the pilot output of the Air Corps Training Center at Randolph and Kelly Fields. This is being done to meet the immediate personnel requirements of the five-year program already inaugurated. As a measure to cut expenses where least needed, Secretary Davidson said that he has considered curtailment of "some of the less essential activities" of the Army Air Corps to provide means of organizing the remaining tactical units of the program.

Along with this plan, Secretary Davidson has proposed the extension of the terms of active duty for Reserve Officers from 18 months to three years. By this method, the personnel of the various units could be maintained at full strength, and fewer graduates of the training center would be needed. He went on to point out that the requirements for more planes for tactical units could be obtained.

As another feature of the report, Secretary Davidson voiced strong opposition to the proposal of reducing pilot's pay, as was suggested on the last War Department appropriations bill. He said:

"I know of no measure more certain to destroy the high morale existing in our flying services today than to tamper with the flight pay principle which in its present form has been existent since the amendment of the National Defense Act in 1920."

## G. I. Church Staged

The class of October, 1932 has at last received that final initiation into the ranks of the life of a Flying Cadet—that great display of hidden talents, the G. I. Church.

As noted by classes from the beginning of time, the first Dodo attempt at a G. I. Church is pretty much of a flop, and this was no exception. Not until an attempt has been made, are lowerclasses able to comprehend just what constitutes interesting skits to the upperclass. However it can be said that this class of October made a very noble attempt and had some very good jokes and cracks about their Lords and Masters. The most outstanding faults to be found were, stalling and drawing a skit out till it lost all humor, not enough songs, a lack of seriousness in their acting, and too narrow a scope of plots.

The class will be called on at least once and probably more times to give G. I. Churches dur-

mas, and the Happiest of New Years.

By Richard Carr Woodfin Booker

## THE SCORE

(December 7, 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	94	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	56	29
Total Eliminations	56	29
Present Total Enrollment	137	71

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

ing the remainder of their DODO Days, and it is hoped that such constructive criticism as we have been able to offer will help them in putting on bigger and better shows.

Considering the limited time for the preparation and their lack of knowledge concerning this affair, a good deal of credit is due the members of the cast. To Mr. Harrell, of B Company, goes all the flowers, congratulations, and contracts for future greatness. The imitations of upperclassmen by Fairchild and Dennison were realistic to the nth degree. (Pity the next class), Mr. Coddington showed he has some skill on the "Ivories" and in the future most of his playing would be appreciated. Taking the show as a whole, the upperclass gave them a nice little hand at the conclusion and now we offer them a 'Gracias, Señores!'

Blower McDermott hereby breaks into print for the first time since he pulled his rip cord on Primary Stage. This intrepid young airman was conscious of a very unusual tendency of his BT's nose to go skyward, even when he was doing his best to push the stick clear through the ship's nose. In fact, this strange performance of his plane didn't go so hot in formation work, so his instructor waved him back to the Field. Upon landing, McDermott sat and cogitated upon the strange phenomenon at hand. But the startling solution came when he cast a stray look into the after-cockpit and saw, to his horror, that the rear stick had been lashed the whole time he had been trying to fly the plane!

## Battalion Song Needed

To: The loyalty of the Flying Cadets.

1. Contributions are requested of songs suitable for a Battalion song.

2. Said contributions may be good, bad or indifferent. What we want is songs and plenty of them. The Battalion is badly in need of a stirring song set to the music of some good march. If enough contributions can be secured, there is no doubt but what a good song can be welded together from the various ideas.

3. Your loyalty to the Battalion obligates you to do whatever you can to help. If you can't rhyme, or don't understand meter, turn in your ideas and we'll whip them into shape ourselves. So let's go! Turn in your ideas, whether you think they are good or not, and we'll do the rest.

Why is it, that just because some of our beloved sergeants hail from Texas, they must insist that they know all there is about military? Not only what, but refuse to concede that they may be wrong—when they are. Now I ask you!

One bright and shining light failed to see Golla Field even when the instructor took him by the hand and led him to it. Not content with that, the student, when given a forced landing into it, landed in a cotton field alongside.