

BASIC TRAINING DRAWING TO A CLOSE

With just three more weeks of Basic Training in store for us, 93 members of the Class of July, 1932, are counting the hours until we bid farewell to Randolph, and proceed to Kelly Field for the Advanced Training. Seven months of strenuous work are behind us, and as the termination of our stay at Randolph approaches, a brief review of our training, thus far, flashes through our minds.

From all parts of the country, 196 Flying Cadets reported for Flying Training on July 1st. Soling, and the early phases of flying went by very quickly, and, as the class went on to acrobatics, hurdles, and strange field landings, only half of the original number of men remained. Finally, the big day arrived, and 98 Flying Cadets realized that they had touched their PT's whels for the last time on Primary Stage. Although the biggest cut to be made in the class had taken place, we realized that there still remained eight months of training more strenuous and more trying than that of the preceding period. For, as we marched over to Basic Stage for the first time, we realized that we would now be regarded not just as students, but also as capable pilots.

After four hours of dual instruction on these larger ships, practically everyone had managed to take one up and land it without undue activity on the part of the G. I. ambulance. The thrill of soloing a ship so much larger and more powerful than the Pt's, was short-lived, for there was much to be done in the way of maneuvering these planes along certain well laid out lines.

Pylon, pair, and lazy eights. 360's 180's and hurdles. Chandelles and forced landings,-- all had to be performed well in a very short time, and we realized that the BT's response to controls was something utterly different than that of the ships we had flown for the previous four months. Soon, however these maneuvers were mastered to some extent or another, and then the really interesting part of Basic Training began. Formation Flying! How many times had we, as Dodos,

(Cont. on page 6, Col. 1.)

OCTOBER 12TH. DESIGNATED CLASS DAY

October the twelfth has been officially designated as the Organization Day of the Flying Cadet Battalion at Randolph Field.

In order to renew old friendships, to keep alive the spirit of the Flying Cadet and student days and to develop class tradition, it is the wish of the Flying Cadets of the classes of July and October 1932, that members of all classes who have received training at the Air Corps Primary Schools at Brooks Field, March Field, and Randolph Field, hold their class reunions on October the twelfth of each year.

The personnel included will be the members of any class, whether or not members graduated. The

(Cont. on page 6, Col. 2)

NEW LOWERCLASS WILL ARRIVE MARCH 1

A new group of Dodos will arrive at the spacious Air Corps Campus on March 1, according to information received through the office of Captain James D. Givens, secretary. To all concerned they will be known as March class.

The new aggregate will number 165. Perhaps they will refer to themselves as 165 strong, when each is notified by the Chief of Air Corps that he has been selected to fill the role of Flying Cadet; but to the October 1932 class, they will be just more Dodos.

Although the present lower class will be greatly outnumbered by their subordinates, the minority will rule as best they know how by this time. Those who will be

(Cont. on page 6, Col. 2)

OCTOBER CLASS AWAITS MOVE TO B STAGE

With each day bringing Dodo Days nearer and nearer to a close, the Flying Cadets of A Stage find themselves fully occupied by the somewhat exacting requirements of the Chandelle and Lazy Eight, not to mention a score of other maneuvers equally difficult.

At the time of writing the average of the Stage for hours in the air is well above Forty, but it is very possible that by the time the February Tee is in the hands of its large following enthusiastic readers, those who are left of the late lamented class of October 1932 will either have dwindled to the infinite or amassed the stupendous total of fifty hours or more.

With only a few exceptions, each man on A Stage has undergone two check rides, while at the present moment each hangar is undergoing a visit from check pilots for the purpose of judging progress and making corrections. Each Dodo is expected to have a working understanding of the Chandelle and Lazy eight in addition to the ordinary banks, glides and landing patterns, or else.

Added to the work which the Dodo may perform during his solo time are the breath taking roll, half roll, vertical reverse and Immelman; maneuvers which the Dodo never, never tries by himself. In the time to come, however, these will be the criteria of excellence on A Stage, and much woe will be to him who cannot roll out on a point.

Fear is an attitude of mind, but be it said at this point that on A Stage it is very often an attitude of airplane, for many's the Dodo, who has found himself in a region of exceedingly low barometric reading due to the utterly fantastic attitudes assumed by the P. T. in flight.

One by one and two by four the Dodos have departed for home and fireside until half, yea, less than half remain. These who are yet among those present hope with a mighty hope so to remain. One ray of brightness shines through the storm clouds and this is the all inspiring truism that "It can't go on forever." An so it goes with the Dodo's who infest A Stage who are casting glances at B. Stage.

Statistical Study Reveals Class 'Esprit'

The Flying Cadet Battalion is firmly behind the movement for developing Class 'Esprit' and Air Corps tradition. In order to more securely bind together the members of each Flying Class, the Flying Cadets of the Classes of July and October, 1932, have made a compilation of Primary Flying Classes covering the period September 1922 to October 1932, inclusive. This booklet will comprise a Roster by Class Section and a General Alphabetical Section showing the name, rank, field and disposition of each student. The booklet will also include a Statistical Section which will be of special interest to the present and past instructors of the Schools.

This publication will be distributed throughout the Air Corps with the compliments of the Flying Cadets. Besides being valuable in the development of Class 'Esprit' and tradition, this booklet will further serve its purpose for the Class Reunions on October the twelfth of each year.

From the Statistical Section we find there have been 5573 students passed through the Primary Schools by the graduation route or otherwise. From the Statistics of Brooks, March, and Randolph Fields, for the Classes of September 1922 to March 1932, inclusive, there have been at:

	Reported	Graduated	Relieved	Holdovers	Percentage
Brooks Field	3693	1469	2078	146	39.78%
March Field	1461	571	858	32	39.08%
Randolph Field	419	197	212	10	47.02%
Grand Totals	5573	2237	3148	188	40.14%

Including the Classes of July and October 1932, the number of Students reporting for Flying Training from September 1922 to October 1932, inclusive, is as follows:

Regular Officers	1275
Reserve Officers	137
National Guard Officers	89
Flying Cadets	4336
Training in Grade	84
Foreign Students	46
TOTAL STUDENTS	5967

This is summation of Roster we worked on

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

I. Inaugurate the Randolph
 Field Memorial.

AIR DISCIPLINE

It was brought home to the Flying Cadet Battalion, not so long ago, that strict discipline on the ground is not all that is expected of us during our period of flying training. An adherence to the rules for discipline in the air is equally vital a factor to the excellence of the Flying Cadets, as is military order while not engaged in flying.

About this time in each class, every student feels that he has become just about the hottest pilot possible, and there is no reason why he shouldn't just let everyone know how he can steer that plane around the sky. The desire to 'cut loose' is certainly present in all of us. But, if we stop and consider the price to be paid, it hardly justifies the few moments of glee as we buzz the local farm house. In the first place, we are here to learn. We are all students, and with that status, we are not entitled to the performance of unusual air feats for our own or other people's amusement (or terror). Violation of air discipline not only is dangerous and unnecessary, but it is likely to give the student the wrong outlook on the type of flying best for him and the school. Air discipline is not only maintained for the good of the student, but for the building up and furtherance of morale and esprit de corps, and without these, the Army Air Corps would not be in the position it is today. Aside from the personal and general effects of violation of air discipline, there is another factor that enters very strongly into the subject. We are brought down here to learn how to be the world's best pilots and officers. Everything is put at our disposal in order to bring about these ends. The whole training system, staff,

Dodo Ramblings

By H. S. Williams.

The Flying Cadet Battalion has recently adopted, or rather been adopted by a cat of most unusual qualities. Not only has this cat won its way into the hearts of the whole Battalion by its wiles and cunning but it has served to somewhat reconcile Mr. Hudnell by taking the place of his dearly beloved cat of former days, which was so brutally disposed of by some fiendish murderer who could not understand what nature meant to a cat.

It might be added that Mr. League, Mr. Hudnell's roommate, also has a present interest in this bit of feline felon, as was witnessed by the Flying Cadets in Mess the other night when, after feeding his pet, Mr. League (under the watchful eyes of Mr. Hudnell) tenderly escorted Kitty to the door so she could play in the Area.

And while we're speaking of the intelligence of the above mentioned act--- It actually knows the Mess formation bells and can recognize them from other bells.

In the event that a Mess formation bell rings our pet will be found on the grass about ten paces before Mr. League, where it will stand properly (more or less) "At Ease" while reports are being made and when the order "March your Companies to Mess" is given Kitty beats even the fastest Dodo to the doors of the Mess Hall.

There has ben a bit of complaint recently among the ranks of the fast dwindling Lower-Classmen to the effect that the Stage Commanders of A Stage are working too hard. It certainly seems that they have ben working overtime since the Oct. 10th Class arrived .

While on their vacation tour a bunch of Lower-Classmen ran afoul of a motor cop who insisted that 52 miles per hour was slightly in excess of the prescribed limits for the Main-drag of New Orleans. The cop discovered, after expounding his vocabulary in the usual reduction of his victims to a minimum that his prey was only a bunch of financially embarrassed Flying Cadets so he said "Well boys you're in enough trouble that you can't get out of so go ahead-- I feel sorry for you." Wonder if he was an ex-Cadet.

and equipment, are offered to us with one end in mind;-to make us the type of man Uncle Sam wants in his Air Corps. Needless to say, with all this being done for us, it is not playing the game when we forget all this and willfully violate the regulations that are formulated for our own betterment.

POETS SAY.

JUST

*Just a-sitting in the Rec Hall,
 Watching the night draw close.
 Seeing that Texas twilight,
 Settle over the Post.*

*Just a-looking at the Hangars
 Against the setting sun.
 Planning for the morrow,
 Since today is done.*

*Just a-thinking of old Randolph
 And the work and play and cheer.
 We had to offer silent thanks,
 Because, "By Gosh!", We're here.*

Smith and Gibbon.

LAZY

*Strange that I didn't
 Think of this before!
 Blank verse! Now that's a
 Really fine idea. Eliminates the curse
 Of trying to rhyme things.
 This is a snap. It's easy as pie.
 You could do this well yourself.
 Maybe this isn't blank verse, but
 It sure is les trouble than
 The other kind.
 Queer about the fascination
 Of idle prattle. You just keep
 Reading it. You, yourself, have read
 Clear to here. You fish!
thirteen, fourteen, FIFTEEN lines.
 I can stop now.*

A PILOT'S CREED

*A roaring dive, the pulling out, a blackening before the eyes—
 The weight of quickened body pressed to the cockpit seat—
 A soaring climb in which all feelings and emotions
 Are suppressed excepting those of exhilaration and joy.*

*A chance to forget the tumbled cares of a lesser life
 To revel in the fury of the airship's dashing twists;
 A momentary relaxation of ethereal bliss crowded
 Into a lifetime of continued wanderings of Bewilderment.*

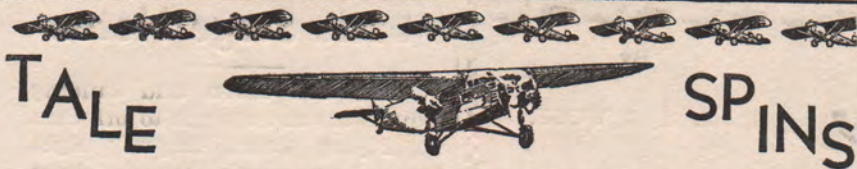
*A thing all but endowed with Life, the airplane whirls
 In giddy patterns as the pilot masters it to his Will—
 A Will as dominant in its strength as the thundering
 Javelin spreading itself through the heavens in whistling arcs.*

*Two things alive, aglow with shooting meteoric suddenness—
 The one a senseless bit, the other the residue of all things
 God-like.*

*The God is he who presses his Life and Soul into the
 Vacuous distances of space and wonders at the theatre of living.*

*To one weary of the continued placidness of aching life
 The Pilot's Way becomes the retreat for inward contemplation;
 The surge of awakened flight blurs the senses into latticed
 puzzles.*

William H. Wear.



CROSS TEE

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

Now Meteorology is lots of fun. It tells you where the winds are from.

You guess, by looking at the sky. That tomorrow will be high. But comes the dawn, a lousy low, Has drifted up from Mexico.

The local fore-caster has a pretty tough time with Texas. Its a case of Weather it will or Whether it won't.

Blower Brown wants it to be known that, in the future, all his mail will be addressed to "Flying Cadet Lieutenant Willard V. D Brown." Brown says that there is no substitute for accuracy, and if he's a Loot, he'll be called a Loot, or know the reason why. Gee Whillikers! I wish I were a Loot, too, and have my address fill two sides of a large envelope!

Now that the Dodos are approaching their hurdle off "A" Stage, there is marked activity among them relating to the many and numerous tortures with which the incoming class is to be burdened. That the blood-thirsty Dodos are in earnest about this little matter is evinced by their determination to sweat many an errant new-comer's shadow on the wall. If only the incoming Dodo could see what this type of "handwriting" means!

The Gulf is really a swell place. Ask Mr. Eastham. The love of the sea overcame this young man on his flight to Corpus. So he just allowed himself to plot a course that would land him on the Gulf, 75 miles East of Corpus. And with the coast line as a landmark, he just cruised along the colorful shores of Texas, and after awhile touched his wheels on the field at Corpus. However, Flight Commanders do not seem to appreciate any love for the deep, especially when it's expressed on an avigation flight.

Flying Cadet Gibson is really nonchalant. So he can smoke the proverbial herring. Spectators were amazed at this pilot's lack of something or another, when he landed at Randolph with smoke pouring out of the front cockpit. But did Gibson give way under the fumes? He carefully taxied the plane up to the apron, scientifically parked it, lifted his goggles, cut the switches, made out his form 1. Then, in a casual manner that made the stands go wild, he called to the dispatcher: "Will you please send a mechanic out here. My ship is on fire!"

Goyette goes on a cross country to Brady. Passes Kerrville on his left, and thinks it's Fredericksburg. Passes Junction on his left, and takes it for Mason. Comes into land at what he thinks is Brady, and imagine his consternation on reading "San Angelo Airport" written on one of the hangars! However, this was no time to let the reception committee know he was lost. When asked where he came from, Goyette answered, "Oh, down by San Antonio". And then added, "Well, I guess I'll take off, and drop in at Brady on my way back!" And with the cordial San Angelans waving goodbye, he took off, and once in the air, wondered just what he'd do to find Brady. After a while he did.

It may be a lot of fun, this thing called blindflying, but there is one brother Dodo who can tell a different story. Five thousand feet above the ground and not a hole in the billowy clouds screening the earth is a disturbing situation to one with newly-sprouted wings. The farcial element about the experience was that the chap in question was directly above the field—so near but yet so far away. *Washed out later*

What esteemed member of the Tee staff went into a complete "Storm" when Lt. Griffiss, on his morning inspection, caught said editor doing a second story act out of the window between the Rec Hall and Editorial Room. Mr. Gibbon, strange to relate, now knows the hiding place of the key to the door.

Mutual joy was felt in the first platoon of A Company, when Lieutenant Bear gave "At Ease", just as one of the gentlemen from the Academy was about to inspect them!

Many a Dodo has been heard to declare in favor of less stringent personal inspections for those days when he gets back from Hanger V with all of three or four minutes to get ready for noon mess.

If someday a book of the most humorous incidents that occur to Flying Cadets should be printed, we firmly believe that Dodo Barnes' episode with the Chick Sale special on Davenport field should be recorded therein.

Does the term "Cross country" describe that particular type of flight or does it portray the frame of mind of the countryside inhabitants roundabout? We'd be cross, too, if a flock of BT's were daily swooping around our village railroad hut taking squints at the town title!

I sweat, I strain, I concentrate. But I'll be darned if I can do a Pylon 8!

Texas hash houses are pushing a new edible called "California Fog Soup". Chef just reaches out the window and grabs himself a ladlefull of early morning mist and there you have it!

And then Wickland (Danny Boy to you) mutilated the King's English again with his: "Put all the re-foose in the recipticals!"

When a charming young San Antonio girl quite seriously asked me if I'd ever been to the Cave, I climbed into my pet hollow tree and went quietly nerts!

Someone should tell Van Brown certain things that a young man of his age should know. For instance, he might be informed that RAIN means RAIN, and not SNOW!

It must be consoling to the members of the upperclass that nobody is well enough acquainted with the mysteries of cloud formations to contradict their rapt conjectures as to just what kind of a cloud "That" one is.

It probably came as a revelation to a majority of Flying Cadets that a cat's skin is black where the fur is black. This discovery came as a result of the shaving the local feline received over a short stretch of her rear control surface. It is awaited with some interest to see if anyone will have the scientific spirit to execute a hair-cut over some white portion to verify the theory completely.

Virtue may be its own reward, but forty Flying Cadets have reason to think otherwise after receiving a special pass as a result of their work on the Primary Flying School Roster. It is hoped that those who had the misfortune not to have engaged in this interesting work will be more forward the next time a similar occasion arises.

"One take-off, no landings" might be an apt "Form One" notation for McIntyre's non-stop flight to the tree tops. It is wondered, and not without reason, just what the mister's reactions are to that one about "poems as lovely as trees".

We wonder where the girl in town, that goes with a certain Dodo, got that lovely gift of fruit—oranges, apples, and tangerines? And if that accounts for that self-same Dodo leaving the mess hall laden with fruit?

Einstein wins! Euclidian geometry is thrown into the discard! Even now practical application is being made of the fourth dimension by our more progressive flyers—else why does Eskridge think the shortest route to Ft. Clark lies thru Carrizo Springs?

Britt got the break with the Outdoor Magazine proposition. However, he is very silent about the whole afternoon spent amusing the young lady. Which brings up the idea (and what an idea), why not make Randolph Field coeducational!!!

- Slips and Skids -

By E. S. ALLEE.

*At Randolph we often seem to recall
O poem we learned while very small.
"Rain, rain go away.*

Come again some other day".

*Yet every cloud has a silver lining,
And when it rains and the sun's not shining
There's really no need to be so sad.*

We got new galoshes to make us feel glad!

*Then, too, as we once heard a dodo say,
When clouds were low and the sky was gray,
"I'm sorta glad this has come about*

If you don't get to fly you can't wash out".

*If the summer is spending the winter here
The evidence seems to make it clear*

That we can truthfully declare—

"It's a mighty rainy summer this winter".

KELLY FIELD

By
Edmund C. WOLF.

The Flying Cadet movement homeward on Christmas furlough started from a compact nucleus comparable to a hand closed into a fist. Twenty-four hours after the initial starting time which was shortly after breakfast, Thursday, December 22, the hand had opened and speeding cars bore witness to the fan-like spread of the movement, most of which was in a northerly direction. From California to Georgia doors were opened to sons absented the last ten months. Mothers' eyes glistened with liquid happiness. Fathers expanded with pride. Old pals covertly paid their admiring tribute. Some went so far as to inquire if one had soloed yet. But that had been anticipated and no one felt the least bit squelched.

"The Girl" at home! Had she changed? Well, frankly, some of them had. So much, in fact, as to be married to some one else; but not all of them—the real ones were waiting. Their emotions were the combination of all. They listened to the plans about active duty with enduring patience. They'll probably be waiting when the day of which they have been dreaming for years arrives. For some of them it will come on the day the Class of March, 1932, graduates.

Coincidental, nothing less when Messer and Cook snap rolled their Buick enroute to Oklahoma during the holidays. Messer suffered at least twenty broken bones according to his version. Fanny was knocked out, or should it be outer.

In Dahl's car sped northward Kriloff, Haid, O'Connell and McHenry. They made all of 600 miles in the first twenty-four hours by intermittent high bursts of speed sandwiched between long stops for food. They were passed and repassed four times between San Antonio and Joplin, Mo., by Borden, Stevens and Kennedy in a car that could not be driven more than thirty-five miles an hour. The ancient parable of the tortoise and the hare, don't you know.

Woodward went to several small towns near here to visit friends. He expected to be gone only a few days but the girls were cute and he just managed to get back by the end of his furlough.

It seems verbose to continually harp on Texas weather, but it certainly is prolific in its oddities—fog, rain, frost and a temperature of 58 all within forty-eight hours.

The Air Corps in fortunate indeed. Whereas most organizations have but one basic unit, we have been told by our ground school instructors to date that both Bombardment and Attack are basic units. Perhaps when we take up Pursuit Aviation we will learn that it too is the most important section.

We take pride in announcing that the Battalion dog, Squawgirl, has had a lovely litter of pups, which, in their nest under the barracks, are doing nicely. The exact number is doubtful but from the sounds there must be at least eight. If they all bark as much at night at their mother there is every reason to believe that some practice bombing will be tried, using the pups for missiles. Nothing gets in your hair quite as much as a dog barking at 4 A. M.

The Vanities would have to come on a Thursday night. San Antonio would be a one-night stand for the only good show that has been through in ten months.

We all sympathize with Tindall who was unable to return from his home at Maryville, Mo., owing to his having contracted scarlet fever. Maybe he shouldn't have gone home by way of Ft. Leavenworth. It's tough break to be held over. (He returned January 23.)

The coup d'etat is the large picture of Millie, abducted at her open house held recently and placed above the fire place in the rec hall.

Quotation from a ground school text book: "The employment of observation aviation as attack aviation against ground targets violates the primary function of observation.... It is not economy of force to send out a highly trained team of specialists to do work which belongs to the more easily trained attack pilot and gunner."

Recommended: "Wings Over Poland" as an entertaining tale, not too full of hokey, of Americans who fought for Poland against the Soviet forces in 1920. The book was written by a chap on the muster of the Kosciuszko Squadron which partly repaid our national debt incurred when Pulaski and Kosciuszko bared their swords in the cause of American independence.

And what is Kennedy going to do about the girl in Kansas City when he leaves for Panama?

When Captain Monahan made his famous declaration about the Bombardment student who looped an A-3, was there a one of them who wasn't listening with knock-in knees?

The bombers finally got off the ground at night after waiting for over a month for the weather man to chase away the raindrops. The instrument flying that they got at the same time during the morning should help keep the growlers wheels down instead of tails up when the tricky landings are negotiated.

Springer got in the bite again when he landed on another tree in strange field landings. How that boy can pick them out. If he were in Death Valley and there was only one tree in a billion square miles he would find it.

"Wild Bill" Hooton had the dubious distinction of being the first attack pilot to chew a tail off in formation. Lt. Truly took to his chute and maneuvered to a safe landing. What was once his A-3 can be seen down on the on the rubbish heap at the west end of the field.

After every crackup there is a rush of students to the reclamation hangar to cut the Air Corps insignia off the wings where they are sufficiently damaged as to be unsalvageable. Then you get all your classmates to sign their names, cover the affair with varnish and behold! a handy souvenir of your student days at Kelly.

Hot radio operators Dahl, Moomaw and Glaser were selected (?) as observers in a patrol of four observation planes which assisted in the search for the missing mail plane which was found near Boerne. But it cost them one whole Saturday afternoon to be heroes.

Treher has gone earthworm on us. Landing on the G. I. sod of a very strange field was not enough. So he just points his nose down, and really digs into that terra firma with the prop. Treher is now accepting bids for special excavation work to be done in no mean fashion, right in his own little BT. You buy the props.

Imagine the Upperclassman's embarrassment who misunderstood the surgeon, and jumped instead of coughed!

Basic Stage Notes

The full moon and landing lights were not enough to brighten up Flying Cadet Rogers' night flying. So, when coming down from his zone to land, the country for miles around was illuminated by a flare that, just of its own accord, dropped out of Rogers' plane. And with the field shining like a newly polished apple, Rogers was able to negotiate a fair landing. His highest ambition right now is to take a bomber up, loaded with flares, and really celebrate. The Fourth of July might be an appropriate time for that, but hardly now. After all, flares do cost the government a bob or two.

Dodos and the inhabitants for miles around had to put up with night-flying. Especially after taps, the roar of those Wasps as they amble by your window is not very conducive to deep slumber. We wonder just who all those young night flyers were thinking of as they winged their way heavenward, with a nice shiny moon for local color.

Esckridge didn't see enough of this great state by taking a little over two hours to find Gonzalez. But, the cross-country to Fort Clark was his big chance. So, he takes off, and hours later arrives at his proper objective, with wild tales of South Texas and Old Mexico. In fact, had this young man used the old think-tank, he could have done about three of the scheduled cross-countries at once. But Carissa Springs, for some strange reason held a far greater attraction for him, than just prosaically following the beaten path. Any messages for Chicago and points north, will gladly be delivered by Esckridge, if informed of the same before his take-off for Brady.

Ape-Man MacIntyre justly deserves this title. In a nut-shell, the story goes that he took off in a plane, but landed afoot. On the take-off, (from a strange field), a tree just moved over and got in this birdman's way. The plane lovingly wrapped its wings about the trunk, and Mac, like Tarzan, grabbed the nearest limb, swung out of the cockpit, and slid down the bark, for a nice three point landing. You guessed the three points the first time.

Warren, the friend of all mankind, was taught a grim lesson by Mother Nature on his recent aviation flight to Corpus Christi. While scanning the countryside for available land-marks, he espied a farmer. Not being able to audibly converse with the man, Warren just waved. And SWOOSH! A little precious white object took off down wind. And Warren found Corpus in spite of his air-minded map!

SPORT-SHOTS

Gym Equipment

The prospective gym equipment mentioned in the last issue of the "Tee" has materialized in a big way. Stiff shoulders and sore backs throughout the Battalion will testify to the extensive use of the equipment. In conjunction with the handball courts we now have material to accomodate at least a third of the Battalion at one time and from casual observation, no time is being wasted. A glance in there on a calisthenics afternoon disclosed the following: Donlin and Dorsey keeping the punching bag going... Darrow swinging a mean oar on the rowing machine... Crouch and Peeler trying to teach tumbling to Smith, while Davidson looks on offering sarcastic criticism... Noland, Bohl, Freman, and Longden throwing a heavy medicine ball with much gusto and loud grunts... Kruse and Arthur taking exercise from the prone position on a mat... Pincura tossing the weights up and down with comparative ease, accompanied by the struggling efforts of Schreiber... Holladay, Barton, and Fulwider wandering about waiting their turn at anything.

When you consider the fact that these men are replaced by others as they finish their individual workouts, then the true value and appreciation of our gym is partially realized. The Battalion is behind any movement to the equipment to full strength.

PING-PONG

We certainly have some real Ping-Pong artists who can be found working out in the Rec Hall any rainy afternoon. Among those who we have observed to be particularly adept at this national pastime are Flying Cadets Wickland, Aigeltinger, and Schreiber. 'Our Danny' seems to be the best of the trio and so far he has been a consistent winner. An interview, really personal, revealed that he took up this sport many years ago while visiting California. As the story goes on it turns out that it was a pretty long visit. But even after the interview and after he depicted the long hours of practice and the rigid training that was necessary before he became a star-- Still we can't see why anyone in California should want to play ping-pong when he could be out playing tennis or in swimming. Maybe... Just maybe... it rains out there too.

CHESS

Checkers and chess seem to be forming a more and more important item in the life of an increasing number of our more "Brainy" members. Not being a player of either game, your scribe finds it hard to observe these nip and tuck affairs intelligently. It seems to be anybody's game when all of a sudden one player reaches out and knocks all the opponents men for a row of marbles and the game is over. At any rate, every man to his pursuits, and I don't mean P-12's.

EYE EXERCISE

The stock of magazines to which we used to be permanent subscribers seems to have been the victim of a "bearish" splurge. What has become of the weekly and monthly short story magazines that used to be so plentiful. We all appreciate such magazines as "Outdoor Life" (Hello Britt) but it does seem a little ironical to read of sunny California (Hi Danny) when its raining cats and dogs in Texas.

CAGE BALL

This new game of "cage ball" seems to meet with lots of favor. In the contests against the student Officers of the Flying Cadets came out a close loser. Since it was the first attempt at the game for the majority of us we have no regrets. When we've had a chance to discover just how you manage team work with a team of fifty or so we'll be able to make a better showing. For out and out exercise it beats anything we've tried yet. You run faster and farther, to do less than any other athletic game invented, however as long as the result is enjoyed by all the price is not to great.

We do not think that the area of the Student Officers is as good as ours for baseball and volley ball so it is suggested that the next time they wish to play us that a team be picked from here of volunteers and sent up while the remainder of the men take their exercise and play their games at home.

"604's" Undergone

The second physical examination for the upper and lower classes has come and gone without leaving any casualties. Altho the examination itself isn't so formidable and few are eliminated on it, never the less there is a feeling of apprehension before it is taken and one of relief after it is over.

Dodo Writes Home

Dear Moms;

I was so glad to get your letter. No, it would be impossible to carry a hot water bottle under my winter flying suit. Thanks for sending it, though, maybe one of the upper classmen could use it when he goes for a cross-country flight. It would be awfully cold if he were forced down in the mountains. Something is always happening on those long trips, you know. For instance that Mr. Klein I told you about in my last letter had something wrong someplace and ran out of gas, while that nice looking Mr. Warren, you remember, the one I told you had such a sweet smile, why, he was working on his map and it blew out of the cockpit.

The funniest thing happened the other day. I was flying along when suddenly I felt the ship lurch. Then it started to spin, but it seemed to be in what is known as a "Flat Spin". Well, sir! that airplane spun so fast it started to gain altitude. Up and up it went. Finally, in desperation, I turned the motor on and forced the ship back to land. I can't imagine what could have happened to make it behave so queerly.

I am building up more and more hours on "Fatigue" down here. This is a form of physical activity for each hours work in which, one receives a certain amount of credit. I have almost as many hours on "Fatigue" as I have on Flying. It's great sport to be with the boys for a jolly romp about the barracks.

I have to study "Engines" now, it is becoming very difficult. We are also studying Machine Guns, but don't worry about me, they aren't loaded.

Your son,

A. Dodo

Class Dance Feb. 3

The Class of July, 1932 will have its Formal Dance on Friday February 3, in the Recreation Hall. For the first time since that memorable night when Dodos became Upperclassmen, with the fair companions admiring the ceremony, will the July Class meet and dance at the same place.

The Recreation Hall was selected as the scene for the fray, because of its suitable size for a dance of this sort, and because the actual decoration will be far less trouble than if the dance were to be in the Mess Hall. Good music is promised by a San Antonio aggregation of musicians, so all Upperclass Flying Cadets are urged to sign up the local partner, and prepare themselves for a night of revelry at the Class Dance.

RACHMANINOFF ENTERTAINS IN CONCERT

Cultural life in the Flying Cadet Detachment took a decided turn for the better upon the occasion of the concert given by Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist-composer of note, at the San Antonio Municipal Auditorium on the evening of January 23. Prominent and numerous were the Flying Cadets among an audience made up of interested visitors from surrounding communities, as well as music lovers of the city.

The elderly pianist, showing only slightly the effects of a recent illness, made very good music indeed, playing, with nice regard for technique, and reading the score with a definite regard for all that is highest in music.

Schubert's immortal Serenade, as arranged by Franz Litz, and Weber's Invitation to the Dance, according to the piano score as conceived by Tausig, were easily the highlights of the program from the lay point of view. Rachmaninoff's easy swing and perfect touch in the playing of the less popular numbers, could not fail to delight musicians and close followers of the art.

Prominent among those in attendance were Flying Cadets Hamilton and Booker, who arrived together in the company of two charming but unnamed ladies. Both were obviously bored by the proceedings, but Hamilton at one point in the program was seen to be tapping his foot, which should indicate something. Flying Cadet Aigeltinger arrived alone and appeared either to be utterly swept away by the music, or completely confounded by the structure of the vaulted dome, at which he gazed almost without interruption. Flying Cadets Rogers and Treher were heard to express favorable opinions of the evening's entertainment, while Flying Cadet Cheney seemed to be touched to the core by the utter beauty of it all. Dodo Bohl, in company with a very attractive young lady, showed definite indications of knowing what it was all about, and Dodos Baldwin and Fisher sat in rapt silence after spending ten excited minutes finding their seats, and the seats of their lady friends.

Flying Cadet Bear's remark concerning the evening, best expresses the thought of all who had the fortune to attend. He said, with evident feeling, "Ain't music grand?"

What two ex-Flying Cadet officers believe this is still the age of miracles--Happy? And How.

What causes Bracketville to be such an obscure place that it can't even be recognized from 1,000 feet?

BASIC TRAINING NEARS END

(Cont. from page 1.)

cast a long glance at that echelon of BT's sailing along the sky, mocking us with its dignity and beauty. Could it ever be possible to really fly so close in to so many ships? Well, we soon found out that it not only could be, but had to be done. No one in the Upperclass will ever forget their first day on formation work, and the continual storm they were in trying to correlate their flying with the signals of the instructor. Time passed, and hours were spent in formation practice, and now it isn't quite so hard to stay in there, and keep your head when you're diving in formation at disconcerting velocities.

Strange field landings, four phases of them, were soon encountered, but to discuss this phase of training would start a relate of amusing occurrences that would fill the paper. Enough to say that the four phases are over.

Night flying and cross-countries were next on the menu. Night flying needless to say, was heartily enjoyed by all those lucky enough to receive an invitation, but cross-countries were even more delightful. For here was a chance to see this big glorious state, and have no one tell you just how to see it. Of course, the Flight Commander might say, "Well, this morning we go to Fort Clark," or something like that. But no need to let that spoil the fun. Especially when you have a huge gas supply, loads of requisition blanks, and a map of Texas Strange to say, not many took advantage of this astounding sight-seeing offer that was just thrown their way. These people had seen enough of Texas, anyhow, without a little extra for good measure. But, there were several Misterys, one in particular, that just was wild about Texas, and whenever he got up in his BT on a cross-country, he was just so overwhelmed by its vastness and beauty, that he never arrived at his destination until he had put in at least three hours of "seeing Texas first."

Enough of the story. The fact remains that we are on the verge of advanced Training, and Wings do not seem so remote now as they once did. The 93 of us that are left, sincerely hope that we can wind up our Basic Stage in a fashion that will justify the training we have undergone thus far, and, with our eyes toward our potential Wings, we intend to succeed at Kelly. May those with whom we have been associated so far, point with pride to us, in June, as the Class of July, 1932!

Ask Altenburg about his sensational jump from the plane, using only a pilot chute to support him during the descent to Mother Earth. First time it's ever been done, isn't it Bill?

OCTOBER 12th CLASS DAY

(Cont. from page 1.)

date of the class is that of the date of entrance to the school. Students who trained at the Primary Flying Schools comprise the following:

1. Regular Officers
2. Reserve Officers.
3. National Guard Officers.
4. Flying Cadets.
5. Training in grade.
6. Foreign Students.

It is hoped that on October twelfth, throughout the world, all members of each class who possibly can get together, will hold their class reunions and will send a word of greeting to the Flying Cadet Battalion at Randolph Field.

In order to start the ball rolling for the five thousand nine hundred and sixty seven students who have started training at the Primary Flying Schools since September 1922, there will be held a Class Reunion at Randolph Field the early part of February sponsored by the Flying Cadet classes of July and October 1932. Due to the number of officers in the 8th Corps Area who received training as Flying Cadets the attendance will be limited to the guests of honor, officers who received training as Flying Cadets and who are now in this vicinity and the March, July and October classes of Flying Cadets that are still undergoing training.

October 12th, 1933 will be the first official Class Reunion Day. Get in touch with your former classmates and plan a get-together party.

NEW CLASS ARRIVES MARCH 1

(Cont. from page 1.)

upperclassmen to the men who arrive in March originally numbered 120, but less than half that number have survived.

Fatigue caps and coveralls do not make the most flashy drill uniforms in the world, but Dodos do get used to them. The new class will don the usual clothing, which might not appear particularly collegiate to some of the men just out of institutions of higher learning. Yet the days will be warmer and the sun will be brighter than when the October class became acclimated, in which case, the Dodos may appreciate having their eyes well shaded while learning the school of the soldier and the manual arms.

It is believed that very few Student Officers will be included in this class since the large majority of West Point graduates who have Air Corps ambitions entered in October.

Doubtless there will be many new Dodos with visions of crawling into an airplane cockpit the day after their arrival at the Air Corps Training Center, but as their predecessors found out, they will be fortunate if they get within a thousand yards of a 'plane until they have learned a great deal "The West Point of the Air" offers as a preliminary education.

CLASS STATISTICS

CLASS OF JULY 1931

(Basic Only)

Total Reporting	113	%
Eliminated Basic Stage	12	10.62
Holdovers	1	0.88
To Advanced Stage	100	88.50

CLASS OF NOVEMBER 1931

Total Reporting	219	%
Disqualified Physically	10	4.57
Eliminated Primary Stage	93	44.50
Eliminated Basic Stage	5	4.31
Own Request	0	
Holdovers	7	3.35
Transferred	1	0.48
Killed in Training	1	0.48
To Advanced Stage	102	48.80

CLASS OF MARCH 1932

Total Reporting	200	%
Disqualified Physically	4	2.00
Eliminated Primary Stage	87	44.39
Eliminated Basic Stage	9	8.26
Own Request	2	1.02
Holdovers	3	1.53
To Advanced Stage	95	48.47

CLASS OF JULY 1932

Total Reporting	199	%
Disqualified Physically	9	4.52
Eliminated Primary Stage	88	46.32
Eliminated Basic Stage	5	4.90
Own Request	1	0.53
Holdovers	3	1.58
On Basic Stage	93	48.95

CLASS OF OCTOBER 1932

Total Reporting	195	%
Disqualified Physically	6	3.08
Eliminated Primary Stage	71	37.57
Eliminated Basic Stage	0	
Own Request	1	0.53
Holdovers	0	
On Primary Stage	117	61.90

JANUARY 23, 1933.

(Note 1.—Percentages for Flying Department are based upon total number of students who actually started Flying Training on Primary and Basic Stages.)

(Note 2.—Total enrollments include: Officers, Flying Cadets, Training in Grade and Foreign Students.)

Recognition Dance

There's a door that opens in the not too distant future and its opening marked by a ringing of the welkin and a tripping of the light fantastic. It is the door that leads from the oblivion of "dodism" to the exalted status of "able-togig-'em" upper class.

The official observance of the ceremony comes in the form of a Recognition Hop and if we have to hop to gain official recognition then don't be surprised at the kangaroo strain that will manifest its leaping proclivities among Ye Dodos! It will mark the culmination of a strenuous trial period filled with tears and tribulations. Those of us who are fortunate enough to be among the participants when said dance is danced, may well breathe a sigh of relief and satisfaction - relief that we no longer labor under the stigma of "dodo", satisfaction in that we have proved to the world about us that we could "take it" and thrive thereon.

Randolph Field Insignia

The Coat-of-Arms of the Air Corps Primary School is to be re-submitted to the War Department for approval. Captain C. V. Finter and Lieutenant R. P. Swofford (ex-tactical officer of Company "B"), after a great deal of time and effort, have the design and necessary accompanying data nearing completion. It is their desire to incorporate in the insignia the three departments of the Primary Flying School, namely: the Flying Department, Academic Department, and the Military Department. A book surely signifies the student; a sword the soldiers; but what for the flyer? Flying Cadet A. Boushey and Willard V. D. Brown are co-operating with Captain Finter on this last phase, and it is hoped that before long the Flying Cadets will have a snappy flight cap and lapel ornament, and the Battalion an embroidered Coat-of-Arms.

This includes the student officers too of which they haven't washed out so many.