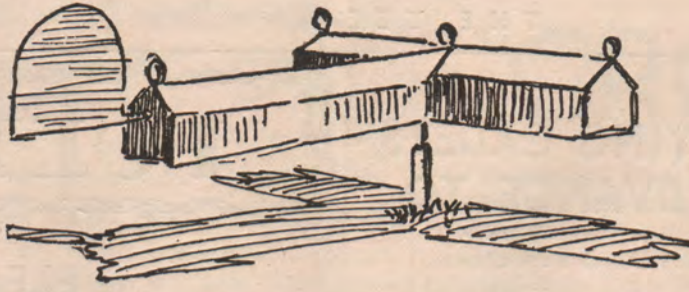




THE



TEE



# RANDOLPH HOLDS FIRST REUNION

## Honor Awards Won By League And Eskridge

At the rousingly successful reunion held in the Flying Cadet Battalion mess hall on the evening of February 21st. we witnessed during the program a brief ceremony that bears the connotation of everything for which the Flying Cadet Battalion stands. We refer to the physical and mental training through which each Flying Cadet has to maneuver in order to rightly attain all that the organization stands for. The ceremony was the awarding of the Catlett and Williams trophies to the Flying Cadets most deserving of the awards. The recipients in this particular event were Flying Cadets League and Eskridge.

Just a word as to the origin and meaning behind the awarding of these two trophies, Lieutenants Catlett and Williams, graduates of the Air Corps Flying School, have bequeathed to every Flying Cadet who follows the stern duty to live up to the high ideals and endeavors of their predecessors. The Catlett trophy is awarded to the Flying Cadet who attains the highest degree of soldierly efficiency during his eight months training at Randolph Field. The Williams trophy is awarded to the Flying Cadet who leads the list in furthering athletics in the Flying Cadet Battalion.

Flying Cadets League and Eskridge in carrying away the trophies also bear with them the sincere congratulations of the entire Flying Cadet Battalion. The awards are rightly theirs as was testified by the applause that rang out from their classmates and members of the lower class when the awards were announced. It is our fervent wish that they both carry on in like manner for the honor advancement of the Flying Cadet Battalion. And it is for us, the future standard bearers of Flying Cadet morale and spirit, to keep our attention centered on the tradition and sound principle underlying the presentation of these trophies so that we, too, may leave Randolph Field after eight months training and leave

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 4.)

## "Sons Of Randolph" Official Flying Cadet Song

The Flying Cadet Battalion, though an old part of the Air Corps, is new in the respect that it has just begun to operate at its new base, Randolph Field, during the last year. In its effort to create a more unified organization there has been a pronounced tendency toward the development of esprit de corps.

Recently an important contribution has been made to this movement by Flying Cadet Van Brown (July '32) who has written a song, which at the recent Annual Reunion of Flying Cadets was accepted officially as The Flying Cadet Battalion Song.

The song is a stirring production to the tune of "Song of The Vagabonds", the music for which was kindly granted for adoption by the Famous Music Corporation of New York City.

## FIRST OFFICIAL CLASS REUNION HELD FEBRUARY 21 IN FLYING CADET MESS HALL

In response to an invitation extended by the Flying Cadet Battalion, to all Officers who had received flying training since Sept. 1922, over four hundred airmen gathered in the spacious Flying Cadet Mess Hall on the evening of February 21 and pledged their enthusiastic support to the further crystallization of class esprit and Air Corps tradition.

Among the distinguished officers whose presence made this meeting of primary importance to the Air Corps were General Danforth, Commanding General of the Air Corps Training Center, Colonel Clagett, Commandant of the Air Corps Advanced Flying School; Major Martin, Commandant of the Air Corps Primary Flying School; Major Lackland; Major Miller; Colonel Harwood; and Colonel Clark.

After a short introductory address by Lieut. Griffiss in which he stated the purpose of the gathering and urged graduates and under graduates to "Keep alive the flying days of yesterday", pointing out that this could be done by "Giving our whole-hearted support to the Flying Cadets in their endeavor to develop Class Esprit and Air Corps Tradition," Major Martin spoke concerning the work of training fundamentally sound flyers at the post under his command. Colonel Clagett outlined the program carried on at Kelly Field during the advanced stage of training the military pilot; and Major Lackland, Commanding Officer of Brooks Field, gave an outline of the duties of a Tactical unit, thus summing up the three stages of advance from Dodo to Junior Officer.

General Danforth noted the inadequacy of the Mess Hall stools in beginning his speech, but quickly turned to the more serious question of air discipline, urging the large gathering of flyers, and the Flying Cadets in particular "Never take any foolish chances. No matter where you are, where you are assigned, or how "hot" you get, remember there are hazards enough incidental to flying... and that an accident can happen to you the same as to Tom, Dick or Harry.

Tables were arranged according to classes since the beginning of the present training system, and there were few classes which were not represented by men who had taken the course as Flying Cadets and graduated into the world of military flying.

The Cattlet and Williams trophies were awarded to Flying Cadets League and Eskridge for meritorious military and athletic service, respectively, and Flying Cadet Brown received thanks from Lieut. Griffiss, representing the graduate and undergraduate bodies, for conceiving the idea, and writing the words for the song "Sons of Randolph" which is henceforth to be the official

(Cont. on page 6, Col. 2)

## L'ENVOI

by J. Britt League, Battalion Captain.

Eight months have passed since we first entered Randolph Field. At last our dream has come true--- Kelly Field, which was hardly a reality eight months ago. Those months have wilted away and now we stand on the threshold of our last period of training before we realize our one ambition--- WINGS.

As we look back on our stay at Randolph Field we realize that it has been a short but very pleasant one. The petty grievances of our Dodo days have been entirely forgotten through our past four months in the Upperclass. We have all done the same work, made the same mistakes although our experiences have been somewhat varied. Through our daily contact we have created friendships that will last through the years to come.

We wish to extend to our instructors on A and B Stages our sincerest thanks for your undying efforts and constant teachings that have carried us this far in the course. To our ground school instructors, we wish to show our appreciation for the knowledge of aviation that you have so unceasingly pounded into our heads. To the Commandant, the Tactical Officers, and the Flight Surgeons, we wish to express our gratitude for the splendid cooperation that you have shown us in all our problems.

We wish to take this opportunity to tell our Lower-class that we have thoroughly enjoyed having you as our dodos and we sincerely hope you are very successful on B Stage and with the new dodos.

In parting, we say to everyone--- best o' luck.

# THE TEE



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Robert E. Griffin ..... Editor  
 D. J. Powers ..... Feature Editor  
 R. F. Harrell ..... Sports Editor  
 H. S. Williams .. Contributing Editor  
 M. G. Hikel .. Contributing Editor  
 Underclass ..... Reporters

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

## THE TEE'S PLATFORM

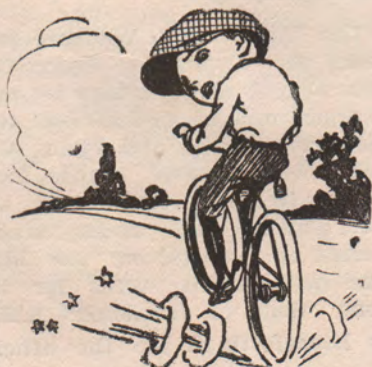
I. Inaugurate the Randolph  
 Field Memorial.

## TEAMWORK

Once again another class leaves Randolph for Kelly and with it comes many changes; the transferring of various responsibilities from the shoulders of the present holders to those of some as-yet-untried former dodo.

So it goes with the Battalion Commander's job, the Company captain's command, to say nothing of the lieutenantcies, and various non-commissioned officers duties. In practically every case they will be turned over to some Flying Cadet whose experience in the Flying Cadet Battalion has been that onlooker, and it will be up to him to read, practice, and otherwise perfect himself in the duties of his position.

While the choices may not be to everyone's liking let us remember that while we are down here that, next to flying, the most important thing to be developed is Army discipline. If for some reason things do not turn out right do not try and buck the game—carry on. The class is small and will need every man pulling together to make a go of the job of training the incoming class. There can be no petty differences to disrupt the morale of the Battalion for it is our example that we set that will make our dodo class a class deserving the name, Flying Cadet.



Picture of a Dodo entering  
 Randolph.

## FLYING CADETS ADVANCE TO B STAGE

Amid many sighs of relief and much fear of final check-rides the present class of Dodos, known officially as the Class of October 1932, turned in their parachutes to the A Stage Parachute Department for the last time and trekked Barrackward with a new joy in their hearts and a vow to never again fly a lowly PT. For in this last brief period of flying there had arisen within them some strange malady which, for no better name, we will call BTitis. The effects of this strange disease are quite alarming in that the victim is caused to forsake all past loves, especially his love for his dear old PT, which formerly filled his soul with pleasure, and to pursue a desire to become the sole master of one of "those aeroplanes that the upperclassmen fly". In fact, this affliction usually becomes so great before it runs its course that the victims actually simulate the actions of upperclassmen, and usually it soon becomes hard to distinguish these lowly — no, not Dodos any longer — let us say, fledglings, from the hardboiled "PILOTS" who have become seasoned on B stage and are ready to prove to the world and the instructors at Kelly that they are the best bunch of flyers that the world has yet produced.

Then there is the sad side of the picture. This budding young group of birdmen feel that after the long period of training on A stage that the instructors have become somewhat attached to them and will regret the fact that they must give up their young charges but it is hoped that the incoming lot of Dodos who are arriving soon will go a long way toward taking the place of the fifty who must move on to make room for their followers.

Here is the list of the Flying Cadets who have succumbed to that dread disease, BTitis, and are moving over to B stage where they will attempt to emulate the performance of their upperclass:

Anderson, Barnes, Baldwin, Bain, Berry, Bohl, Dennison, Fairchild, Fischer, Freeman, Gaster, Hand, Harrell, R. F., Hayden, Hikel, Hoxie, Laird, Mitchell, W. D. Nelson, Peeler, Reid, R. L., Read, R. N., Terry, Winstead, Wood Coddington, Denham, Dunahoo, Elliott, Fahey, Griffin, Griggs, Harrell, B. S., Hausafus, Hurst, Inman, Irvine, Kinkel, Miller, Mitchell, C. C., Powers, Rivard, Roberts, Schuster, Smith, F. J., Snavely, Warner, Williams, Woodruff.

# POETS SAY.

## FLEA CIRCUS

*I think that I shall never see  
 A creature clever as a flea.  
 A flea whose tiny mind's obsessed  
 With how to do his tricks the best.  
 A flea who works so hard all day,  
 And strives for art instead of pay.  
 A flea who might in winter share  
 The warmth of some kind canine's hair,  
 And yet this pleasure does disdain  
 That it may use its time to train.  
 Oh, poems are made by fools like me,  
 But it takes skill to train a flea.*

By E. S. Allee.



## GLAMOUR

(With apologies to Don Blanding)

*What pale and tepid blood must flow in veins of you who  
 say that glamour's gone from flying.*

*If you can feel no thrill as, with one forward sweep of  
 hand on throttle, which pulses into life that great glad motor  
 which hurles you thru the azure sky....*

*If you can not feel your pulses leaping as the grey ground  
 flashes by, fast and faster still, until at last you soar like a  
 prisoned soul released....*

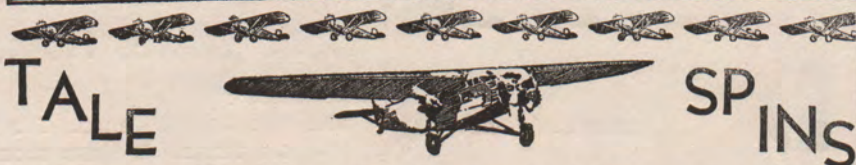
*If you can find no beauty in all that vast and checkered  
 view that's known to gods alone....*

*If, when soaring where the eagles may not go, you do not  
 feel a wild, fierce surge of joy....*

*If the clean, clear air rushing past and filling lungs with  
 a perfume sweet and cool cannot make you breathe deep and  
 feel new born....*

*If the faint screaming of taut wires singing in the wind  
 cannot strike a harmony in your insipid soul....*

*If all these things have no power to sway you.... for all  
 are here.... then music is a harsh, discordant noise; beauty is a  
 hag; man no kinship with the gods can know.... and glamour's  
 gone from flying.... and from all the world.... for you!*



# ❖ CROSS TEE ❖

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

All primitive societies have their creeds and their taboos. All primitive societies have funny ideas. Not least, among day groups, stands the impressionable Dodo, prey to every misgiving that besets the human soul. Below is listed the Credo of that simple group:

- The Dodo believes;
- That there is a regulation way to arrange a wall locker.
- That there are no good looking girls in San Antonio.
- That the Flying Cadets themselves run the Flying Cadet Detachment.
- That the Officers have only an advisory capacity.
- That Upper-Classmen boss the Dodo's only for the good of the Battalion.
- That P. T.'s are made of steel girders and rigged with steel hawsers.
- That Upper-Classmen know how to stand at attention.
- That dust on a bad spring means you will never be a good pilot.
- That no student ever scares his instructor while landing.
- That no Upper-Classman ever dropped a rifle.
- That P. T.'s will pancake from fifteen feet without harm.
- That no one can stay awake in Meteorology.
- That Upperclassmen are all hot pilots.
- That it show up on the line.
- That a P. T. is an airplane.
- That Upper-Classmen know all there is to know.
- That each succeeding Lower Class than an easier time than the one before.
- That the best way to keep from washing-out is not to give a darn.
- That Kelly Field life is a snap.
- That Mary had a little lamb.

To Top-Kick Dunahoo goes an orchid for uttering words of merit upon the recent occasion of a dodo formation. Concerning the shape of their line after an ineffective dress he remarked "Look at that rainbow line! If you were to fly a line like that to Seguin, you'd run out of gas before you got there."

It has been found agreeable to upper classmen that no one has used the word "Raunchy" with anything like the fluency which was a prominent characteristic of Mr. Altenburg's speech. It is a very good word, of course, but with "lousy", and so many other first rate adjectives to take its place, it is hardly necessary. Besides, it brings back painful memories to the present upper class.

Mr. Smith, the day before departure for Kelly was seen in bed reading with a cat seated upon his bed. Both wore a contented look. It is believed the animal is still at large in "B" company barracks undergoing training to take the place of the one noted elsewhere on this page.

Among the new dodos there is a man who possesses a charming faculty. It is an ability which should take him far, how far, we hesitate to say.

He can give a "Bronx Cheer" that is without peer in the annals of the Flying Cadet Battalion.

Among the famous athletes who have entered the portals with the new class is a former Big Ten pole-vault champ. Long may he wave! and may he come to discover how a P. T. is shall we say—flown?

If Booker and Bear fly the same bomber they are going to have to swap seats every time they go into, and come out of a bank. "Ready? One-two-three-hike! Shift!"

"P"—Shootectomy is what the surgical sharpies at the hospital are calling the operation they perform on men like Warren and Arthur, who get Pursuit at Kelly. It permits them to be folded up for packing in a "trouble-hunter."

One of the lads, after ignoring his zone landing-signal for about fifteen minutes the other night, while he eased over to Davenport Field for a look-see, had to creep in with repeated bursts of the gun. It got old rapidly, and finally, with a muttered, "Aw h---! The ground ought to be around in here somewhere.", he cut the gun, pulled gently back on the stick, and sat down----- at least two hangar lengths behind the back edge of the flood-light beam. Ho-hum! None other than J. S. (nonchalant) Stroud.

George, good old George Youngerman, upon arriving at Catarina, recognized something in the rocky soil that was vaguely reminiscent of his homeland in rugged, stony New England. Nostalgia overcame him, and he felt that he must get close; establish contact, and investigate the matter deeply, which he proceeded to do. Of course, his story is a little different. He says, "the smoke drifted that way, the sock was blown that way, the wind *must* be from that way, so I went that way too." Tsk, tsk! To take refuge in such a subterfuge!

Word has reached our chaste ears that the lady at the Saddle-Club who takes care of such things, called the lady who did the interior decorating at that hut, Sunday after the "B" Stage, "B" Flight brawl, and asked what it would cost to have three sofas recovered.

It isn't definitely known just what "A" Flight's Siebenaler was thinking about when he was cruising around the night he came back from Austin. Possibly he was getting even because he had to get his ship out again after landing 'cross tee, or maybe he was indulging a romantic mood; "flying with only the stars to light him." Anyway he gave a few folks the "Control-tower-willies" trying to land without turning on his navigation lights.

Our "Cubby" Bear ("Bombardment" Bear to you) swears by Allah, and other Pennsylvania deities, that he had that "Bt-7" doing a hundred and fifty on the ground when he came out from under the echelon formation of "2's" trying to land just there at that particular moment. Allah-me to say he looked like a teal-duck who has just discovered all those placid birds on the pond are decoys.

There are football stars in the new class, as in every class, and it is hoped they learn to treat our box kites with great tenderness. Also a San Antonio mister is among those present. We envy him his inexpensive week-ends at home.

Among the most amusing incidents of mess hall life was Mr. Bain's recent bolt for the rear door upon being dismissed and the wholesale half jerks of arms among the new upperclass as they reverted to type and almost raised their arms to prepare to rise.

## - Slips and Skids -

By E. S. ALLEE.

*We're the eyes of the Army my lad.  
We're the first defence of the nation.  
The other branches are just a fad  
For the mainstay in Observation.*

*Swift as a bullet we fly.  
Straight as an arrow we shoot  
We run the enemy out of the sky,  
And the world bows down to Pursuit.*

*Tree tops are scorched by our passage.  
Our withering fire spells the end.  
"Death" is the one word mesage  
As Attack's screaming wings descend.*

*When the drone of great engines is heard,  
And huge wings are obscuring the sky  
The enemy knows to resist is absurd  
For Bombardment has spoken— "Surrender or die".*

*Thus does each fellow expound,  
And make his arguments yield  
The merits of what he has found  
He'll be taking at Kelly Field.*

By E. S. Allee.

# KELLY FIELD

By

Edmund C. WOLF.

## IN MEMORIAM

The class of March, 1932, seemingly led charmed lives until the fatal crash of Cadet Paul Viar on February 14th near Marathon, Texas. Viar was on the final lap of the maintenance cross country when his motor was heard to be missing by persons living in the vicinity of the crash, shortly before his P-1 fell to the ground.

The deepest sympathy of the Cadet Battalion was extended to Paul's mother by each of his classmates, whenever they were alone with their thoughts— hundreds of miles away but none the less a contact— and material-ly by a blanket of roses.

Paul Viar was training with the pursuit section at Kelly Field, having been a member of "D" flight on the Basic Stage at Randolph. No other member of his class was held in higher respect or esteem by classmates. Au revoir to one of God's own gentlemen— Paul Viar.

Behold Ambie Ambrose who fired fifty rounds at the fleeting clay pigeons and broke nothing but the tissues of his shoulder muscles.

Ask any observer how much noise a French 75 makes even though he be a hilltop several hundred feet above the battery at Camp Stanley. When the first salvo came out Donnie Smith nearly dropped the binoculars.

Kriloff swears he is misquoted when confronted with the saying of an attractive slip of a thing in a green hostess frock: "Do you know that cute Leo Kriloff?"

Dilley found out all about the night parking law in town recently when with the girl he brought all the way from Kansas City. Murry had quite a bit of scurrying around to do before he got the ticket that the motorcycle officer gave him.

It has passed the rumour stage that the crew of LB-5 No. 191 will gladly pay fifteen dollars to the cadet who will spin it in. Shucks, we'll chip in after a dozen take-offs, any one of which would turn the hair gray on a veteran mail pilot's head.

Lieutenant Gaffney is credited with the saying that Bill Hooton will never come any closer to death than he did when he rolled his wheels on the ground in the practice review. But these Attack pilots must be lower than anyone else.

After all these seemingly interminable twelve months the proud parents have arrived to see their sons march up for diplomas from the Chief of Air Corps. It seems a shame that said parents cannot witness the capers at the graduation dance at the Plaza Hotel.

The wind-flung sands around El Paso have done nothing to increase our love, for Texas. Try shoving an airplane around for several hours some cold morning through choking, blinding clouds of stinging sand particles. Then take off, climb to 9,000 feet and sit there and wonder whether the oil is going to warm up before you have to bail out over some of those playful looking mountain ranges. It's called on the map, "Hell's Half Acre", but there is an awful lot more than a half acre.

Good Logan, the "safe" pilot, came through for dear old Observation in a manner wholly befitting such an extraordinary pilot. Although lost a hundred miles between Kelly and Ft. Sill, Arthur knew all the time where he was and caught up with his section two days later at Ft. Bliss.

Borden now can tell you all about Foundador... he learned all about the secret of Ernest Hemingway's success in writing while seeing the sights of Juarez. Incidentally, the instructors in Observation are pretty swell sports.

Busch told that certain dear little girl known as Bea to meet him at Dallas. She left one fine Texas morning but Frankie set around Kelly waiting for the fog to clear so he could get his bomber off the ground. He got there four days later. And in the St. Anthony are little stickers which advertise the city as of "sunshine and flowers."

Let's hope you new arrivals at Kelly do not have to lead the Observation section and engage in the minor morning sport of trying to follow the bombers in the review on the day when S-66 is written in the form 1.... but one of you will draw the assignment so practice up on your guessing.

Behold now the burnt up lads, Stevens, Miller and Musch who turned down foreign duty because of the clause prohibiting marriage. The order recently was revoked and all the lads who took Hawaii may marry if they desire.

Little round man Haid really got the range of the little round clay pigeons when he shattered 21 out of 25 on the trap range.

According to an instructor, pursuit distinguished itself as usual in the practice review held two days before graduation when they made a roaring dive over the bombardment hangars and wound up in front of the reviewing stand in a tangled snarl that looked anything but like the desired formation.

The number of days left for the cadet widows to make hay with the Class of March, '32, are numbered on your two hands. With a very small amount of regret we pass them on to the next generation.

One of the book—(with apologies to Mother Goose).

Once upon a time there was a fog. In this fog was a PT and in the PT was a Dodo. The PT flew round and round as is a PT's wont until they both were lost. "Oh Randolph, Randolph where art thou!" wailed the poor young Dodo.

Suddenly there loomed in sight a farmhouse and as farmhouses usually domicile farmers the Dodo has a brilliant thought. He circled the structure until ear aggravation plus curiosity overcame friend farmer and he emerged. Our embattled Dodo throttled down so that only 195 of his 200 "horses" were growling, leaned over the bulwark and yodeled, "Yoo-Hoo, where's Randolph?" Waiting for an answer he nearly stalled!

Now we say that it was all an idle gesture and subsequently he landed queerly in a strange field? Happily the fog lifted and straight to the roost like a homing pigeon fled the PT. Post mortems include conjecture as to what the farmer said or thought and what the PT would have said if it could have spoken! A course in voice culture stressing range at the sacrifice of timbre is being advocated. We know one candidate for a Master's Degree!

Incidentally, we hope Mr. Gaster derives some benefit from this story.

## Dodo Writes Home

Dear Moms:

The situation is tense. It's almost past tense. We are soon to become upper classmen; by the time you get this we shall already have become upper classmen. I hope I shall grow to be a man like Mr. Altenburg. He's the kind of man who'd let you have half anything you've got. Or I think I might do well to imitate Mr. Dorsey, remember the man I spoke of, the one with such a red face and the baby blue eyes? They may not be quite that blue, but then you don't know what baby I'm talking about. As a matter of fact I don't know what I'm talking about, but neither does Mr. Dorsey, so its all right.

It takes a lot of practice being an upper classman. Why! I know you wont believe it, but there are men in our upper class who can arise at seven fifteen, have breakfast, and be back in bed at seven thirty. Take Mr. Wells, no, take Mr. Smith, he's easier to take. The Board demonstrate that. When he was giving commands to "B" company, the farmers for miles around had to keep constant watch on their hogs. He had never called a hog before in his life until he started giving commands to "B" company. The rising inflection of his voice was second only to the noon whistle. As a matter of fact they moved lunch hour back for the enlisted men until it coincided with the cadet mess, and Mr. Smith's voice did the trick.

I do so hate to see Mr. Dunlap go. I will miss his class in barracks flying. He really did wonders for me. He taught me how to do a roll, and I went out and tried it, just as he had showed me with the broomstick. Much to my surprise, I did a vertical reverse, two loops and an Immelman. That's the way it is. Mr. Dunlap teaches us to do a thing and we do three others without trying. If I had had him around a while longer I should have tried a power dive and done an outside loop.

Mr. Allee will be gone too. They say he is such a wit, and I believe they were half right. And Mr. Mock, such a nervous man. Why sometimes when a person walks up behind him he will jump three or four feet with the most hideous expression on his face. Once when two persons walked up behind him he jumped six feet with two horrible expressions on his face. Maybe someday three people will walk up behind him and he will take off and buzz all over the area like a bumble bee. No, I'm wrong there. He couldn't buzz like a bumble bee, but Mr. Gentry could, as a matter of absolute record, I have never seen him when he didn't seem to have some sort of a buzz.

It has not been decided, as yet who the new Flying cadet officers are to be. I'm just certain

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 3)

# SPORT-SHOTS

## Program Supervisor Recommended

And now a little constructive criticism anent the athletic program for the incoming lower class. We base our suggestions on observation of the same situation during our own Dodo "daze".

It is, and alrighly should be, the interest and duty of the whole upper class to engage in furthering the welfare of the new Flying Cadets and there is certainly a vast field of operation in the athletic activities of the battalion. We have seen members of our own class sitting around on the green sward afternoons after calisthenics when the program distinctly states that the afternoon is to be devoted to athletics and games when the regular period of calisthenics is finished. Whether bowed down by inertia of fatigue we are at a loss to state but at any rate there was a decided lack of physical endeavor on the part of those concerned. Perhaps they could not grab off equipment to enable them to participate in various games. There are any number of games that do not require elaborate, if any, equipment in order to take complete advantage of the open air and sunshine. (Yes, there is sunshine in Texas!)

To remedy a situation like this, and remember the March class assumes proportions that will tax our ingenuity and concerted effort to the utmost, it is our suggestion that an athletic supervisor be appointed for each company to work in conjunction with and under direct obedience to the Athletic Officer. Said supervisor's duties would give him sole responsibility to manage the athletic program for the lower class and would command the complete cooperation of each and every member of the upper class. The gym and handball courts might be used on schedule rather than catch-as-catch-can as has been the custom hitherto; all the athletic equipment to be used proportionately rather than to be monopolized by a select few. There are just a few of the ills to be remedied.

The whole thing will take a little work and planning but we should be willing to sacrifice a bit of time and energy to get everything running smoothly in the beginning and the way will be paved for the future and require less attention later on. Keep your eyes and ears open, fellow classmates, and come to bat with any suggestions or ideas that may prove of value in handling the sporting side of Flying Cadet life.

## BASEBALL

The activity noticed on the local baseball fields during the past few weeks has caused us to oil up the old glove and start warming up the pitching arm. The Texas "Sushine" this month has not been favorable for any kind of athletics but "They" say that we are due for some better weather sometime this spring so we can look forward to a baseball team.

Several pictures of baseball teams of classes gone by tell us that this is one sport where we may put a team into competition outside of our own Battalion. The spirit of competition is perhaps the most important item in any form of athletics and since we are deprived of this in most of our sports, due to the rigors of our course of training, we therefore look forward to the chance of a baseball team with a great deal of anticipation.

A canvass of the class of October, which will be the upperclass during the baseball season, has revealed a wealth of material. We have two catchers of college experience in Fahey and Bohl. A nice staff of moundsmen in Den-nision, Warner, and Coddington. For the infield there is Harrell, professional experience, Fairchild, Army man, and Read, Miller, and Mitchell, W. D. from college. The outfield is well represented with Griggs and Donahoo, Army men, Nelson, Holladay, Barnes, and Roberts from various colleges. With these men as a nucleus and a class of 165 Dodos to pick from, the Randolph Flying Cadets should have a pretty good team. The class of July 1932, which will by this time be at Kelly, have shown plenty of baseball talent during their stay here at Randolph. When both fields have whipped their teams into shape, they should be able to show a first class brand of baseball and it is with more than pleasure that we look forward to a series of games between them.

We lament the disappearance of that charming but slightly demented feline that used to cavort about the area. It was a first rate feline, fully equiped and holding staunchly to all that is best in cats. It used to take one look at Mr. Altenburg and start tearing up the grass. For that alone we honor it's memory. It has probably gone to Kelly to be near it's old companions, however, and we'll have to find a new cat.



There doesn't seem to be a single Transport license in the Dodo class. This is unusual. Very few of our new fledglings have the slightest sign of wings, which, taken all in all, is a good thing; no bad habits to undo.

For something or other we nominate the Dodo who mailed three letters to three girls in the same town; which town, is was discovered upon investigation, is a small town. We have a diplomat in our midst. Pun!

It is the opinion of the upper-class that the Dodo's are not in as big a storm as they themselves were some moons ago. In addition, they seem to be picking up the routine and drill about as rapidly as usual. These two facts seem to augure well for the principle of less jumping on the Dodo.

Life would be more agreeable if an order came down the line daily as to what kind of shirt to wear. In this pesky Texas climate, with one day cold, and the next hot, a blanket order leaves very warm Flying Cadets scattered all over half an acre.

To the new class we put the question. "Why is a Spark Plug?" We ask it quietly, as one man to another. For the best answer we will give two thanks, a huzza and three quivers.

Whether Sevens, Twos or Coal Burners, that is the question which finds most prominent place in the cogitations of the new Basic student. A Coal Burner has better balance, but a Two is more "Motor-minded", while a Seven is a Go-Devil, but is not as comfortable as either of the others. The new Basic class, with stories of breath taking cross-countries, still agitating its collective mind will find it hard to restrain itself to the prosaic chandelle and exceedingly un-prosaic strange-field landing.



## OCTOBER CLASS RECOGNIZED

"Veni, vidi, vici!" Which means, translated in waning Dodoism, "We came, we danced, we were recognized!" And the whole mess of porridge means that we are the happiest lot of emancipated devotees to flying extant on this suddenly glorified Texas terrain. Have a little patience, kind reader, because we are trying to tell you in our circuitous fashion that the Recognition Hop was held on the evening of February 24th to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned.

The scene of conflict was the Mess Hall which more appropriately became "Bless" Hall as the evening swept sweetly on. Did you ever think that it was possible to be transported to the realm of complete joy by a mere handshake with a guy who a few short hours before had blasted you out for not lining up your shirt with your belt buckle? But true it is and how!

The dancing began at nine o'clock but who cares for a dancing when far greater things are in store for you—would you eat dry bread when a freshly baked loaf of cake were staring you in the face? So, academically speaking, the dancing staggered on until about ten o'clock, at which time the welkin rang and the palpitating lower class scurried to the west side of the mess hall, outer stoop, and toed the mark with every nerve aquiver in readiness to dash into the all-envolving light of recognition, a light for which we yearned as no sun flower yearned for Old Sol for four, no, five, long months. The call came and we were off! Tripping, trembling, trepidating, proudly we marched in to face the upper class. Like Gabriel, Flying Cadet League sounded the tocsin and to us the gates were opened wide, a rush, we were in never more to be without the charmed circle of climb-the-middle-airs, help-yourself-to-the-white-meat status. What mattered the appointment of officers, the dancing that followed, anything, we were upperclassmen and vested with all the perquisites of the exalted station.

And now that we have it. You know, we wouldn't have it if we hadn't shown everybody around that we were worthy of the honor. What are we going to do about it? Sit back and loll in the sunshine of class superiority, take as a matter of course the responsibility of our newly acquitted state and let it go at that? If we do we are destroying every vestige of the confidence placed in us by our Commanding Officers, our outgoing classmen, and the Flying Cadet Battalion as a whole. We

(Cont. on Page 6. Col. 2.)

## JULY CLASS GOES TO KELLY

With a last minute barrage of cross-countries, strange field landings, and nightflights, the Class of July, 1932 finally completed Basic Training on February 21st. Now, with their eight months of flying at the Air Corps Primary Flying School behind them, these men have left for Kelly Field for their Advanced Training, and all eagerly anticipate that day in June when Wings will be their reward for a year's hard work. Kelly Field, which once loomed very remotely for these men, now has become a vivid reality, and the following Flying Cadets of the July, 1932 Class, hope to succeed at Kelly as they have at The West Point of the Air: Aigletinger, Arthur, Allee, Altenburg, Avary, Barton, Bateman, Bear, Brandenburger, Brown, Bidwell, Booker, Boushey, Cheney, Crumley, Connally, Crain, Crouch, Davidson, Darrow, Davis, H. S., Davis, W. E., Donlin, Dorsey, Dietz, Dunlap, Eastham, Eskridge, Evans, Edgar, Ellis, Endress, Fla-herty, Fulwider, Grenier, Gunn, Gaughen, Gentry, Gibbon, Gibson, Goyette, Gregory, Hale, Hamilton, Harcos, Holterman, Hudnell, Heacock, Hollstein, Hooks, Hoyt, Jones, Kruse, Klein, Diehl, Lambie, Lay, League, Love, McDermott, Manhart, Moore, Macintyre, Mock, Noland, Paul, Pippinger, Pocock, Pope, Portman, Ricks, Rogers, Schofield, Senter, Schriever, Schwarz, Smith, Strickler, Stroud, Treher, Warren, Wells, Wickland, Williams, Wittan, Wynne, Young, Youngerman. In addition to these Flying Cadets leaving for Kelly Field, there are also two N. C. O.'s In Grade: Technical Sgt. Siebenaler, and Master Sgt. Smith, and First Lieutenant Williams, R. P., Second Lieutenant Zimmerman, J. B.

The TEE extends its heartiest Congratulations to the above-named men for their successful completion of the Primary and Basic Training, and wishes them continued success at Kelly Field.

The upperclass is going to have a week of all flying and no ground school. With all respect to pedagogy, it will be a welcome form of pleasure which will not make John a dull boy.

The usual attention to those time honored jokes and humorous sayings of the Flying Cadet Battalion seems to be lacking definitions, answers, and questions which have always been the brooding material for Dodos are not as prominently featured among the sprightly conversation at the mess table as some believe they should be. This deplorable situation should be amended at once so that the lore of the Battalion may continue its uninterrupted descent from class to class.

## Randolph Holds First Class Reunion

(Con. from Page 1.)

song of the Flying Cadet Battalion.

From the Fresh Crab cocktail which opened the meal to the coffee and cigars which marked its close, the banquet was tasty and well served, with absolute minimum of delay due to the large number of guests.

Beside each place was placed a copy of the Air Corps Primary School Roster, a small blue booklet containing the record of every man who enrolled in the primary schools at Brooks Field, March Field or Randolph Field. Many thousand names as well as exhaustive statistical studies by class and group made this publication one of the chief sources of interest throughout the evening. Flying Cadets were interested in looking up their instructors and friends while the older members of the group were perhaps turning back the pages of time as they found names of former classmates. The importance of this booklet, published at a time when all minds were turned toward the problem of bringing shape and form to Air Corps tradition, is inestimable. It is a starting point from which all future records must be reckoned.

An amusing program composed of skits and songs followed the speeches. The skits were played by Flying Cadets while the songs were sung by the entire body. Flying Cadets Altenburg, Kruse and Dunahoo were outstanding with their skit in which General Danforth, Major Martin and Captain Cannon were represented in pantomime and treated summarily in the spirit of fun which prevailed.

The first class reunion of past and present students of the Air Corps Training Center was a tremendous success. The date of future reunions will be October twelfth of each year, and on that date it is hoped all former students, whether graduated or not, whether Flying Cadets, Student Officers, Training in Grade, or Foreign students will again gather with fellow classmates to fly over again the old days on Primary Basic and Advanced stages and experience that heartening sense of belonging in fact or in spirit to that great body of fine men, the Air Corps.

## October Class Recognized

(Cont. from Page 5.)

can't throw to the ground the respect of those who faith in our ability to carry on and carry on well, who expect us to give to our lower class the same measure of unstinted labor and example that our upper class gave to us. We are Flying Cadets of the upper-class. Need any more be said?

## 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	4	2.10
To Advanced Stage	92	48.39

### CLASS OF OCTOBER 1932

Total Reporting	195	%
Disqualified Physically	7	3.08
Own Request	1	0.53
Eliminated Primary Stage	88	49.23
Holdovers	5	2.56
To Basic Stage	94	48.20

### CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	165	%
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FEBRUARY 21, 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.)

## Dodo Writes Home.

(Cont. from Page 4.)

I will get a high position. I have such a nice face, and I've been so careful to be earnest and agreeable. A few stripes are so becoming. Mr. Rodgers recently said he thought his were becoming, and Mr. Eskridge said, "Becoming what?" Well that's how it goes. Here today and Gaughen tomorrow. Anyhow, I'm bound to be at least a corporal. But wasn't Napoleon a corporal? Of course he couldn't fly an airplane, but then he stuck over ten years, and that's lots of stick time. Yes, Napoleon was a "Little Corporal". He must have been a Blower. Those Blowers always said have funny ideas.

Well, I must go to bed now to be prepared for the exercises tomorrow. They told us the athletic program was suspended, but you never can tell in the army. The

Flying Cadets tell, of course, but that's their own business. Be sure to write soon and I will write and tell you with what high disdain I shall have treated the upperclassmen.

Your son,

A DODO.

## Honor Awards....

(Cont. from Page 1.)

behind reputations such as these men have left—reputations to which our successors may well look and hold up as model of real Flying Cadet "esprit".

Weather was very stormy in the O. D.'s office during the period of supply, barber, hospital and photo details of the new class. With bells ringing on every hand, and Dodos infesting the place, the poor O. D.'s were in a perpetual near-storm condition.