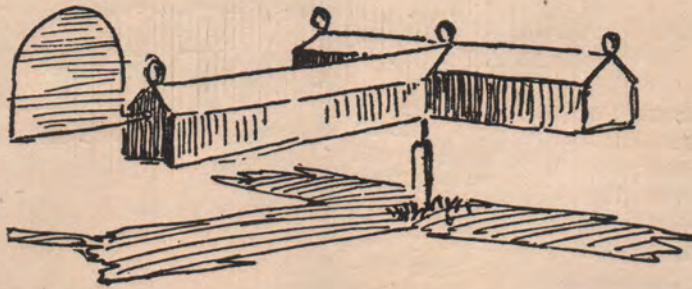
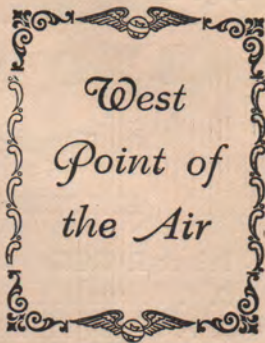




THE



TEE



HIDDEN TALENT REVEALED IN NEW CLASS

In every incoming class at Randolph Field there is a well-rounded group of men. Men who have come from states all over this country and its possessions. The March class that has just come in is no exception. In an effort to get a cross section of the class many dodos were questioned as to their school, fraternity, state and college activity. Out of this group, not half the class, it was found that twenty-nine states were represented, fifty-nine schools, twenty-four frats and fourteen sports.

The March class of 1933 brought forth a large per cent of athletes and the following are a few of the ones that go to make up the A Co. roster. Because football is one of the outstanding college sports we will look over a few of the representatives of that sport first. Dodos Yeckley, Von Weller, Hinton and Lincoln are some of our outstanding football players. Mr. Yeckley was captain of the Princeton team, Mr. Von Weller was on the Georgia Tech championship team of '28 as end, Mr. Hinton was first a college player at T. C. U. and later a professional player, Mr. Lincoln played with the Oregon State team that was Intercollegiate Champion in 1930.

Baseball has a large number of followers in the Company. Some of them are Mr. Donahue, Ohio State; Mr. Moser of U. S. C. and Mr. Carter of Citadel.

Polo is represented by Mr. Keese, Cornell and Mr. Evans, V. P. I.

Track is represented by Dodos Proper, Crawford and Mc Dermont. Mr. Proper is from Stanford, Mr. Crawford from University of Idaho and Mr. Mc Dermont is from Illinois.

Speed skating has its exponent in Mr. Philbrick, University of New Hampshire.

Mr. Hatcher is a rower from Michigan State.

Lacrosse is represented by Mr. Mc Mahon, University of Virginia.

Golf, the business man's sport, is played by Mr. Petersen, Worcester Tech.

Tennis is Mr. Cook's sport.

Swimming is represented by the inimitable Mr. Virgin of Georgia Tech and Auburn.

(Cont'd. on page 5, Col. 2.)

LT. BASSETT ASSIGNED TO CADET POST

Second Lieutenant H. H. Bassett, following a recent assignment to the Air Corps Flying Schools has been detailed to the Flying Cadet Battalion.

Lieutenant Bassett graduated from the United States Military Academy in June 1929 and subsequently entered the Air Corps Flying School as a Student Officer. Completing Primary and Basic Stage training without mishap, Lieutenant Bassett was sent to Kelly Field and graduated in October 1930.

Receiving an assignment in the Foreign Service, Lieutenant Bassett took up his active flying career at Wheeler Field, Territory of Honolulu and fulfilled the pres-

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

KELLY STUDENTS JOIN FAMED CLUB

In the class of July 1932 two more men have won their way into that charmed circle of men, the Caterpillar Club. Mr. Fulwider gained entrance to the club as a result of running out of gas while on a night cross-country above a terrain that was difficult to make a forced landing even in the daytime when unhampered by lowhanging clouds and fog. It has since been estimated that his chute opened about 700 feet above the ground.

The second member to win fame is Mr. Klein. Mr. Klein, who drew pursuit at Kelly, was up stunting when he found that in some manner he had gotten his ship into an inverted spin. After a few at-

(Cont'd. on page 6, Col. 4.)

NEW OFFICERS TAKE CHARGE OF BATTALION

Following the appointment of Battalion Officers at the Recognition dance, an event of last month, the men designated for the task of leading the Flying Cadet Battalion through the next four months have achieved a high standard of work which bids fair to make their period of service a notable one.

Flying Dennison, who succeeded Flying Cadet League as Battalion Captain is a graduate of the University of California where he took prominent part in the activities of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Flying Cadet Dennison holds a reserve commission in the Infantry. While at the University he became a member of Scabbard and Blade, honorary military society. Besides being tall and possessing just the proper dignity, Dennison has a thorough military background. His appointment to be First Captain has met with universal approval among the Flying Cadets.

Flying Cadet Terry, appointed B. Company Captain, is a graduate of the University of Alabama. While attending the University, Flying Cadet Terry carried through four years of successful R. O. T. C. endeavor and received a reserve commission in the Infantry. Flying Cadets of B Company have spoken very favorably of Mr. Terry's leadership.

Flying Cadet Nelson, who was selected to guide the destiny of A Company, has created a favorable impression from the first. Nelson has had, perhaps, the broadest experience in actual military life of any of the new officers. In the Phillipine Islands where he served as an enlisted man, he came into contact with many situations which do not come the way of most people. Nelson hails from the Middle West where he received his college education and spent some years as a commercial photographer dealing especially with the aerial scenes.

From The Sunny South came our new Battalion Adjutant. Flying Cadet Williams hails Guilford College as his Alma Mater from which school he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Medicine. A Company Lieutenants, Flying

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

Welcome Lowerclassmen!

By Junius W. Dennison, Jr.

Welcome to Randolph Field, Class of March, 1933. This great school is to be your home for many months to come and the pride you take in it will be the pride we have of you. Most of you have traveled a long rough road and worked hard for this honor. You are a chosen few and we are happy to have you with us. The goal you have chosen is a worthy one and one which only the most ambitious will try to attain. With this in mind we will depend on you and trust you to carry on the high standards and the traditions of Randolph. Your task will not be an easy one, but it is lightened and tempered by interesting work in the classroom and the thrill of an airplane. There will be months of drill and fatigue, but through it all you will find a fellowship which encourages even the weak. You will help build a great Fraternity of men who dare defy the elements and ride high above their fellow humans. You must not weaken at any moment during your training. Your greatest ambition can be shattered with but one error. It is up to you as men to push ahead during moments that seem inhuman and unbearable. It will be a true test of your qualities and grit. Keep your heads up and carry on.

Remember always, that many eyes are watching you and many critical minds are storing in them, points which are to your credit or discredit. You will be judged as a soldier, gentleman and a man. Don't permit anything to sway you from your goal. Now that you are enrolled in the Greatest Aviation School in the World, live up to its name. Be proud of it and enjoy it. There will be many new and interesting points to absorb. You will be happy and enjoy more than ever the life you lead. It will be easier to pick out the flaws and correct them. You will meet many new people and have a host of friends. It's up to you now. Remember we are proud of you and wish you all of the luck in the world.

THE TEE



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Robert E. Griffin Editor
 D. J. Powers Feature Editor
 R. F. Harrell Sports Editor
 H. S. Williams - Contributing Editor
 N. 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.

CARRY ON

In every class, no matter how each is warned, there is always some let down. This letting down has proved fatal to the dreams and hopes of several of the lower-class, and fatal to the appointments and demerit standing of upperclassmen of former years. In other words, we cannot afford to lighten up on the standards set for us during the first few weeks that we were dodos.

To the lowerclass, during the probationary period every movement of yours was closely checked by the upperclass and now that have relaxed their vigilance and are allowing you more freedom, don't cease to 'put out' as you did then. A general letting down shows up all through your work, not only around barracks but on the flying line as well. Stick to the high standard set for you.

To the upperclass, do not let down in your personal appearance not that you have become one of the upperclass. Remember that you set the example for the dodo and that as you show up so also does he. And on the line, stay clear of any tendency showing that you are not working and keeping up on your toes. We all have seen what happens when someone digresses from the line of work set down in the schedule and by your instructor, let's not have it happen in this class.

Let's have everyone striving to set the highest standard ever attained in this School as far as discipline is concerned.

With this small item the TEE expresses thanks to the Aero Club, for the Flying Cadets, for obtaining for the Flying Cadets the lowered rate on the dances at one of the San Antonio hotels.

"What's a stall, Mister?"

"A stall, sir, is a good excuse for not doing something you were supposed to do."

Dodo Ramblings

By K. P. Parker.

In accord with "Tee" tradition *Dodo Ramblings* once more puts in its appearance. This class it will deal with the usual inane and misguided antics of the lowly dodo. The "dodo", to you, is a young man (always) who has been fortunate enough to get to Randolph Field. His reactions to the spurious vicissitudes of Fortune that the upperclassmen subject him to are comical to those whom distance gives the proper perspective. His many little mistakes are unmercifully bathed in the limelight. The class of March 1933 has just made its graceful entrance and the following characters are those who have either muffed their cues, forgotten their lines, or stumbled over the stage furniture.

Mr. Bryant, Virginia's fair, covered himself with glory or something when he went up for his first instruction trip. There was some little difficulty about the swallow's return. Dodo Bryant said that flying didn't turn his head but we were concerned about his stomach. A handy handkerchief saved the unsullied tail surfaces intact. The usual way of taxing a ship didn't suit Mr. Bryant, he wanted some fancy didoes put in it. When he got his chance, Friday, March 17th, he gave the ship the gun to taxi in and she turned around 360 degrees before stopping.

Dodo Handler was another who showed his instructor what he had in him on his first trip aloft here. Unfortunately he did not have a handkerchief handy so he made a direct hit on the tail surface. He also made a big cleaning later that morning in the plane line.

Dodo "Grandmother" Yeckley Princeton's pulchritudinous pride, is one of the throng that entered this March. His happy smile, pure thoughts and simple face has endeared him to the hearts of all those who love children. Around him hovers all the glamour of the gridiron and his stalwart shoulders bear lightly the load of many honors. He has blazed his name in flaming letters on the pages of Princeton's history and he graces a niche all his own in the hall of gridiron fame. He is famous for tea drinking.

We wish to present Mr. Angel Parker with all the laurels for being a model Dodo. Can he play a drum?

In ending we wish to add that the author of this column is a very facetious mister. In fact most of his time outside of the classroom and away from the flying line is spent covering up after slinging some choice witticism at the upperclass.

POETS SAY.

A WARNING

*You wanted to be a Flying Cadet
 And now you are yearning for wings
 But you must prove worthy of all that you get
 And pay for your roses with stings.*

*You're handsome? You've ladies galore at your feet?
 You're brainy, athletic, a singer perhaps?
 Forget it. The first fell attack of conceit
 Makes all your air castles collapse.*

*'Tis sad enough to "wash", as they say
 A victim of inborn defect
 But how much more bitter to lose the day
 By vanity, sloth, and neglect!*

*You've hitched your wagon to a star
 But dizzy and rugged the way
 You had to be good to get where you are
 —You've got to be better to stay!*

Ellis, H. A., Jr.

NO, NOT ANY

*Gee, I like the buttons
 And all the shiny brass
 And all the little stripes and things
 That tell you what's his class
 And all the funny wrinkles
 That he makes upon his chin
 When an upperclassman ambles by
 And says to "jam it in."
 I love the way he puffs his chest
 And keeps his shoes so bright
 They look like patent leather
 In any sort of light
 Now some are pretty handsome
 And others are just so
 But for all of their attractions
 They haven't any dough.*

—From "The Pointer."

THOUGHTS AT TABLE

*Among the things which we decry
 are liver, yes, and rhubarb pie.
 The Brussel's Sprouts are noxious fruit
 and make our sorrow absolute.
 While mashed potatoes must have lumps,
 it's spinach puts us in the dumps.
 Squash is just conglomerate mush,
 and kidneys simply make us blush.
 The cabbage and alleged corn beef
 are so-and-so beyond belief.
 Though by these we are beset
 We're thankful still for what we get.*

TALE

SPINS



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

The crown of laurel goes to Mr. Gerdine for the prize slip-up. He surprised everyone including himself. He saw the ring but he couldn't see the connection. A little scientific investigation was in order. That left nothing to be desired. The mistake was taken up by the upperclass and Mr. Gerdine was mildly corrected by them in their usual gentle and tactful manner. Mr. Gerdine pulled the ring and they pulled his leg.

Fisher and Rodieck are the two dodoes who stand head and shoulders above the rest of their class. In stature of course. Their excessive height makes them the "blowers" delight.

Dodo Garff is an interesting and eager "mister", he shines all his brass real well but the thing he shines best is his own rind. His serious look and manly bearing make an excellent clothing dummy over which to drape the well tailored overall. If you walk along the first stoop at the right time in the afternoon you may see him practicing "his serious look" before the mirror.

That good old Texas air! While doing are daily dozens the other morning in that typical California weather, the stern command filtered through the mist "Breathe deeply, you misters." After a moment another voice, this time in the rear was heard to sing out "Not too deeply, you misters, you'll drown yourselves." And that, ladies and gentlemen, was, after five months of thought, Mr. Baldwin's contribution to the multitude of jokes concerning Texas weather.

B Section C Flight got their first hop on one of those little iron tugs that haul planes around. While there wasn't any snow flying all the other elements of a sleigh ride were there.

Then there was the drill instructor who claimed that 'An about face' was done in two counts, and 'To the rear march' from a halt meant taking fifteen inch steps backward until halted. Yes indeed, Woof Woof Denham, old pal, we hear it's done that way in China.

From Alabama, suh, comes Dodo Virgin whose name furnished the inspiration for innumerable wisecrecks by the observant, clever and witty upperclassmen. Night and day, day and night he is the one. They are as much in the dark as ever and that's something.

It must have been with the idea of garnering unto himself more publicity that Mr. Miller, the "A" Company upperclassmen, directly after hearing that he was slated for Attack after his successful demonstration on tree-clipping, slid down the hangar roof in his BT-1, just missing it by a very small margin. In case Mr. Miller does not know it there are people around this school that copy every foolish trick they see and hear, therefore, it undoubtedly would be a wise thing to set a good example for all concerned.

Along with Dodo Gerdine's recent low-altitude parachute jump we think it only fair to place Mr. Nelson's record spin in that niche reserved for those sort of tricks. Mr. Nelson, according to his instructor, spun in from a height of three feet. They do say that he dove the ship, picked up speed, pulled out of the spin, and made a perfect three point landing.

❖ CROSS TEE ❖

And the ubiquitous Mr. Fahey, anxious to keep his record of perfect flying clear, still, after much cross-questioning, claims that his instructor landed the ship the day it was dropped in from fifteen feet.

Our new battalion commander, Flying Cadet Dennison, covered himself with glory or something when, at a practice review, on coming to a saber salute he doffed his chapeau with the point of the saber. Imagine his embarrassment, having to salute the sandblowers without a cap.

We have heard that people who go around cutting out paper dolls should be placed in that much-talked-of padded cell, but we are still undecided as to what should be done with "Tex" Irvine as his silhouets show real artistry.

And while "A" Company's captain, Mr. Nelson, continues to act more and more like his predecessor, Captain Altenburg, we think it only fair to state that the only difference between "topkick" Dun-

ahoo and the former one is that Mr. Dunahoo has yet to say "I'll gig you personally."

Time hanging heavy on your hands? if it is here is a simple little game:— take one long hall, about 125 feet in length; six of those little wooden pegs that can be gotten from the bottom of any G. I. bed; and three tennis, or handballs, preferably handballs.

Set three of the wooden pegs at each end of the hall in a triangle with the point of the triangle facing up the hall, then roll the handballs down the hall one at a time in an attempt to pass through the triangle or knock down one of the pegs. Game— 21 points. Score— two for every peg taken down, and one for passing through the triangle. Incidentally, all the theories of drift and drag are brought in to play to counteract for the roughness of the walls and the bumps in the floor.

We understand that the Davies Tree Surgeons are considering a suit against Mr. (Coalburner) Read for infringing on their work. At least such was the word that went around after Mr. Read took the top off a tree with his lower wing.

Until further notice Mr. Miller is recommended for Attack. He proved himself an expert along that line by skimming the tree-tops "just to give his instructor a thrill." Ah me, well anyhow, a short life but a merry one for you Mr. Miller.

Believe it or not the Upperclassmen roll up their sleeves to lay down and watch the Dodos get in a little stick time on the light end of a shovel. Still a Dodo must learn all the tricks eh, what?

They tell us that Mr. Zilch Fairchild can sit on infinity for an hour. Well maybe he can because there is a lack of fat there and therefore the bones are more apt to stay put. Sorry we haven't any tacks.

Mr. Smith, of "A" Company, not satisfied with flying a real honest-to-goodness ship for two hours a day must needs turn his talent to the fabricating of a model P-6E. Rather we should say that he started the ship and "A" company is finishing it.

Mr. Ripcord Gerdine hasn't been asked to give a demonstration of low altitude jumping as yet but then I suppose one has to know where to buckle the brest strap. Cheerio Ripcord old man, the parachute department likes to pack chutes for the Dodos.

- Slips and Skids -

By Ellis, H. A., Jr.

*"Some turns", he says, "a stall or two",
As you strap your helmet tight.
A throbbing surge, and "he" and you
And plane and all, take flight.*

*"It'll take her now—" (He shakes the stick)
"Just notice how I do it.
Relax, and save your neck a crick
—See that? There's nothing to it."*

*No longer now the L and D
Engage your thought processes.
You're wondering where they've put the T,
And how to do 8's and S's*

*"Now let me see you land this 'crate',"
He says, and the shock-cords shudder...
"Well, not so bad. At any rate
She's right side up. More rudder."*

*The coughing engine idles down,
A student crawls out slowly.
The instructor wears a touch of a frown
He doesn't seem pleased?— Well, not wholly!*

KELLY FIELD

By

Edwin D. Avary.

IN MEMORIAM

The anxious hours spent by the Cadet Company on Friday March 17 were turned into a time of deepest sorrow and regret when the discovery of the wrecked plane containing the body of our departed comrade and pilot, Flying Cadet Charles D. Rogers, was announced. In this time of sorrow our sympathy goes out to his mother, Mrs. N. H. Rogers at Asheville, N. C. The tragedy of "Buddy's" last flight brings home the realization that earthly living does not go on forever and soon we must all return to the haven from which we sprang. We deeply regret that the "Call" should have come for our friend so soon but such is the way of life.

Services were held at Porter Loring Undertaking Establishment at 7:30 P. M., Saturday with Chaplain C. W. B. Hill officiating. The entire company attended, a mute testimonial of the high esteem in which Rogers was held as a comrade, a fellow pilot, and a Flying Cadet.

Basic Stage Graduates Move

Early risers in San Antonio and environs were perhaps visibly impressed by a mighty cavalcade of civilian and G. I. cars that wound its way Kelly-ward from Randolph Field on the morning of March 1. True enough, the occupants of these cars, sandwiched in between tons of luggage, were very much impressed. For, today was the red letter in their Army Flying career. They were about to be bodily delivered to the hallowed terrain of world-famous Kelly Field. Eight months of strenuous training had led up to this day, and few were the Flying Cadets in that procession who didn't realize that they were experiencing something very much sought for by the air-minded youth of America.

Bays were immediately bedlams with the new arrivals, their chosen bunks, and their gear. Vassar Hall drew 20 men, mostly softy blowers who thought the idea of building fires on cold mornings was a thing for the hardy pioneers of the past, and not a task for Uncle Sam's Eaglets. However, the men in the main barracks found for the first time that A Company and B Company were no more. Blowers and highpockets encountered each other on every elbow, and the results weren't as bad as might be expected.

Followed an issue of blankets, clothing, and whatnot. Then the forming of the Company. Flying Cadet League was appointed Captain, with Warren as First Sergeant, and Altenburg and Manhart as Lieutenants of the first and second platoons. Cubby Bear found himself right guide of the second platoon, and the boy is as outstanding as a skyscraper on a prairie.

The most agreeable surprise of the first day was the first meal. Such a spread of delectable vic-

tuals we had never seen. Not only marvelous food, but well-prepared and promptly served. Kelly Field undoubtedly is an epicure's heaven. If this keeps up, there will be an unholy amount of material used to put together our winged uniforms. But that's the tailors lookout. In the mean-time, we'll be enjoying repasts of rare vintage.

After the gargantuan meal orgy, the Flying Cadets formed in the Ground School building, and Lt. Smith, Commandant of Cadets, gave them a brief talk on the various factors entering into the life of the Cadet at Kelly Field. And the importance of his words fell on fertile ground.

The following morning parachutes were drawn, and it was agreeably noted by all that your name is stencilled on your chute. Pictures of the Kelly Field Chapter of the Caterpillar Club were also eyed by the Cadets. Yes, Lindberg's picture was among them. Lockers in the various hangars were assigned, and it was realized by all that actual Kelly Field flying was not far off. Pea-shooters, A-3's, coal-burners, and bombers were all objects of furtive, apprehensive gazes of the Cadets destined to fly them.

Cleaners galore invaded the barracks, and not only is one-day deliver it to your bedside. In no time, the old metal name tags were discarded, and the white stencilled cloth name-plates shone forth in the proper place.

The Class of July, 1932 had been assimilated into the Kelly field populace. And were we happy!

Kelly Prop Wash

Every Friday afternoon the men in each day go dust-hunting in a tidal wave of agua and suds. And with fiendish glee, every bay unites to give work-shirkers a precipitate shower in full clothing. Ask Harcos and Barton about their

dampening experience. Friday afternoon is a very poor time to get a bean-shave or to play pool.

The first morning that the pea-shooter pilots lined up for actual flying, the mechanics spread the cheerful word that the last class had five P-1s on their noses at the same time. However, the present group, after their hops in the A-3's, managed to take the single-seaters up and get them down without loss to material or personnel. It was to Holdover Houston to put the first pea-shooter on its beagle, and Reno's Romeo Crumley was next on the program, a few days later.

Bidwell was first to receive the honor of having his name engraved on the Pursuit Dumbell Trophy. And by the size of said trophy, any member of the Class of July 1938, who pulls a rare bit of flying, will find room for his name also. Bidwell attempted the time-honored trick of attempting a down-wind landing, and he nearly chased six formations of pea-shooters off to Laredo in the attempt. It is generally believed that his name will not grace the trophy solo for very long, and may the next not be me.

Flying Cadet Willard V. D. Brown scored heavily for dear old Gawgeeah, the other night, long after taps. Around midnight, he awoke with a flashlight beaming in his orbs, and, thinking it was the O. D. on one of his nocturnal rounds, he demanded: "What time is it, Storm?" An the Commandant of Cadets promptly replied, "Too late for you to be up!"

Kelly Buzzer was a phenomenal revelation to all the hot dahdidah men in the class. Groucho Lay leads the class with 20 words a minute, but the rest find it almost impossible to take more than 12 or 14. Each speed on a quiz lasts from three to four minutes, and you're only allowed one error a minute. Gone are the days of regarding 15 words a minute as a moronic speed. You have to turn in a paper every day, also, which makes day-dreaming to the buzzer tunes a thing of the dear-dead past. Woe is me.

We all have something to be grateful for, and Bay Four is not deficient in this respect. The inmates of this bay are privileged to have the person of none other than Flying Cadet Wells in their midst. This learned young man keeps all the bay posted on various intellectual subjects from A to Z. And mostly A.

DODO ATHLETES ADMIRE GYM

The average Dodo, since finishing college, has had a desire to continue his athletic ambitions along some line or along several lines. However, there has always been something to prevent this taking part in athletics after having been graduated from school. Some have been handicapped because of lack of equipment. Others, from the scarcity of time.

At Randolph Field, we have at our disposal almost every kind of equipment that any athlete might require, in the pursuit of his particular sport. For instance, in the Orderly Rooms of both barracks there are a number of gloves, ball, and bats for those who wish to take an active part in the national pastime of baseball.

In the basement of the Cadet Administration Building the Dodo will find a gymnasium fully equipped with all the usual devices to clubs, dumb-bells, medicine balls, is provided and a pair of heavy and mats for wrestling are a part of the variety of equipment. Also, for those who wish to pursue the manly art of self defence, a ring is provided and a pair of heavy training gloves. A handball court is kept busy by those who are interested in that form of sport. When the hot summer rolls around, the Dodo will have the opportunity to cool himself in a large and beautiful swimming pool.

That, in a nut shell, is what the Dodo has at his disposal in order that he can get himself into a fine physical shape for flying. All of that is great in the eyes of the Dodo. Everything is fine—except—when does the lowly Dodo get to use all this marvelous equipment that has been so generously given over for his enjoyment. How many would not enjoy very much a nice game of baseball, volleyball, handball, or a cool swim during the afternoons not taken by drill, or even after drill? But no! The Dodo must finish drill, then, in five minutes, get into some very becoming and comfortable fatigue clothes so that he can more enjoyably shine brass, turn landscape gardener, or mop the stoops.

The Dodo doesn't mind this much—not very much—for, isn't this good exercise and all the time he is building up a sound body? So he puts everything he has into every little task, even going so far as to try to out work his fellow companion. The Dodo has a wonderful spirit in this one respect—even out doing the Upper Classmen who have had much more experience along similar lines.

This is all fine and dandy and the Dodo enjoys some fatigue work, but all the time he looks toward the gym with hungry eyes—always wondering if he will ever have the opportunity to spend all

(Cont'd. on page 6, Col. 2)



SPORT-SHOTS

Ball Diamond Renovated

Years ago when we were just a prep school hustler and imbued with the will to do or die for alma mater we cheerfully sauntered forth upon the greensward of an eastern preparatory school early one spring armed with a trusty, more or less, fielder's mitt and eyes agleam for the sight and feel of a baseball. Much to our surprise the coach handed us a rake and for two weeks baseball practice consisted of manicuring the field and environs with no semblance of anything that looked like a baseball except perhaps some of the rocks we dug up from the diamond.

And now the cycle revolves and we are back on the job massaging the Flying Cadet baseball field—and we like it! Nothing like building your own home with your two hands and the same may well be applicable to the field upon which you are planning to gambol. The personal interest element is there to a maximum and in these days of closed banks any kind of interest sounds like a return to days of yore!

The prairie just off the southwest corner of the battalion area is no longer a prairie in its own right. There afternoons of concentrated effort on the part of a pick, shovel, rake and wheelbarrow brigade and it has assumed the proportions of a playable surface for the Flying Cadet embryonic ball club. No billiard table mind you, but it will permit the pastimers to flail the horsehide with abandon and no danger of losing all the spheroids in the tall uncut timber. It will be just a replica of the old town lot back home where we all got our first taste of baseball as he is played.

How a word about the calibre of a Flying Cadet baseball if such an entity is to mature in the near future. Housed in the spacious confines of A and B Company barracks is the makings of team of which the battalion may well be proud. On paper alone the roster could compare with the best that the Post can offer. Actual play will bring to light a better comparison of the merits of the ball shagging Flying Cadets. Detail may be omitted as to the identity of the luminaries, suffice it to say that they are raring to go

and await only the call to arms—or bats.

The Flying Cadet Battalion is an organization that bears inherently a spirit of loyalty and brotherhood that is not excelled in the most fervently partisan college or university. And what better way to exhibit that spirit of loyalty and brotherhood than in fostering and supporting a baseball team engaging in the sport that is typically American and embodies all the ideals of clean competition and red-blooded activity upon which American progress is predicated. The Flying Cadet Battalion has no other opportunity during the trend of the various sporting seasons to show its love of clean sport and fair play so it behooves us to grasp that which now presents itself. The formation of a Battalion team and Company teams will afford a large majority of the athletic loving misters a chance to get out in the health-giving sunshine for which Texas is famous, a chance to sharpen appetites, to sharpen wits and timing, qualities that are indispensable in the air and to live a happier, healthier life at Randolph Field.

So get behind baseball, you Flying Cadets, and let's have a Spring of enjoyable athletics that in no way will interfere with the primary purpose for which we are assembled at the West Point of the Air. Rather let's do something that will enhance our chances of developing into the officers and pilots the Air Corps wants.

Hidden Talent

(Cont'd. from page 1.)

The Dodos of B Company seem to have been preparing for Randolph Field for some time previous to matriculation here. Most of the talent in baseball seems to run to catchers and in football most all are ends or backs. Of course, the value of this early training is very apparent—the Dodo catches plenty.

Seriously speaking we have the nucleus of a good ball club and the important positions can be filled with some good men. The positions and men are as follows:

Pitchers— W. W. Pannis, F. C. Eberle.

Catchers— A. T. Bennett, N. M. Caldwell, J. S. Patten, A. L.

Palmer, R. S. Beetle.

Fielders— J. E. McKinney, H. J. Sipsey, A. J. Evans, J. E. Nowak, H. W. Clark.

3rd. Base— V. C. Stafford.

2nd. Base— E. P. Robinson, C. F. Foin.

Short Stop— S. H. Ecklund.

1st. Base— N. E. Clark.

Some of these men have played on fast clubs and with a good coach to round out the team work they could give a good exhibition of baseball.

The football positions are not well enough represented to have a complete team but here, also, there is some high class talent:

Backs— A. T. Bennett, F. M. Olmstead, V. C. Stafford, F. Schellkopf, A. Rendle, J. E. McKinney, F. C. Gray.

Ends— A. L. Luedecke, N. M. Caldwell, W. T. Schaefer, W. Eades, H. J. Sipsey.

Guards— D. E. Altman.

Tackles— J. L. Norman, C. S. Bear.

A complete basketball team is represented with several fast men to alternate at the various positions:

Forwards— A. Rendle, J. E. McKinney, F. C. Eberle, A. L. Luedecke, A. T. Bennett, W. C. Capp, C. A. Peterson.

Centers— N. E. Clark.

Guards— H. J. Sipsey, R. S. Beetle, N. M. Caldwell, F. C. Gray, V. S. Stafford, W. H. Clark, V. S. Trygstad.

Track events are also well represented in the March, 1933 class:

100-yd.— R. Whitehead, W. T. Schaefer.

220 yd.— R. Whitehead, G. M. Dolezal.

440 yd.— P. L. Zepp, G. M. Dolezal.

880 yd.— V. C. Stafford.

1 Mile— F. C. Eberle.

2 Mile— F. C. Eberle.

Broad Jump— W. W. Pannis.

Javelin— W. W. Pannis.

Discus— W. W. Pannis.

Other sports represented are:

Wrestling— G. R. Shoemaker, 118 lb.; S. H. Ecklund, 135 lb.; J. L. Norman, Heavyweight.

Polo— H. R. Spicer, A. Rendle, R. E. Bayless.

Dresslien has signified his willingness to furnish the music at all events with his one man piccolo band.

The athletes of the March, 1933 class will compare favorably with any of the previous class teams

DODO WRITES HOME

Dear Moms:—

They issued me my airplane the other day and I like it very much. Some of the men, in the hangar very kindly take care of it for me and I have to wash it off only occasionally. Some of the upperclassmen say it isn't the fastest type they have here but some day I'm going to have a race with one of them and I'm sure I'll win because you remember how good I am at racing in the auto. I must think up a name for it and have it painted on the side over my own name. What do you think of the "Spirit of Peoria?" I let another boy use my plane because they didn't have enough to go round, I guess. But it will be all mine as soon as he goes home. I let a regular army man go up with me every time because now that we are using all the planes they don't get much chance to ride. I like that anyway because he often tells me things I didn't learn in that course of How to Fly in 10 easy lessons. I do all kinds of turns and manouvers and have great fun. Sometimes I do them so quickly and unexpectedly that the man that I take up will shout at me and ask me to stop. The other day I was going along and went into a flat spin going round and round and up and up so high that I thought I would have to use my parachute to get down. I know they will put me on the Army stunt team because to-day the man that rides with me said he wanted me to take up a certain friend of his to-morrow. He must be the team coach or something because I'm to show him just how I fly.

We are continuing our barracks flying class, and the other day Mr. Anderson let us hold it outdoors. The upperclassmen had us practise formation flying, that's where all of us get into the form of a flock of wild geese and go along just as though we were in the air. They showed us how to spin in, crack up for the meat wagon, whatever that is, and lots of things that will put us way ahead when we come to really do those things in the air. One of the boys even took the part of a balloon so it would be more realistic. In another class or so like that one and the upperclassmen will have told us all they know, then we'll begin to go way ahead of them. They are very good about those things and won't even let us thank them.

Bye the way, I wish you hadn't put that picture of me saluting in my first uniform and hat, in the paper, because now they have given us a much nicer uniform. I'll send you another picture.

Your son,
A DODO.

Cross Awarded Kelly Sergeant

For making the first jump by army personnel with a manually operated, free type parachute, Master Sgt. Ralph W. Bottriell of the parachute department at Kelly Field, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, according to word received at the field Tuesday.

Every officer or enlisted man or civilian flying in an army plane is now required to wear a parachute, but when Sgt. Bottriell made his jump May 19, 1919, they were still in the experimental stage. Jumps had been made from balloons, where the parachute, unfolded, could be attached to the rigging ready for use in an emergency. Designing a parachute that could be folded so that it could be worn by the pilot or observer and would unfold after he had jumped from the plane, however, was much more difficult, and was not perfected for several years.

At that time, too, it was believed that the jumper might lose his senses in his swift descent and be unable to pull the ripcord. Sgt. Bottriell jumped at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, from a DH4B type ship and landed safely, disproving that belief. Since his first leap, Sgt. Bottriell has made between 600 and 700 jumps from parachutes and balloons. He has been stationed at both Brooks and Kelly Fields.

Officers Appointed...

(Cont'd. from page 1.)

Cadets Miller, Bohl and Harrel claim Purdue, California and Mill-saps as their respective colleges. As Platoon Leaders they have shown a distinct alertness in the execution of their duties.

Platoon Lieutenants of B Company are Flying Cadets Anderson, Keienberg, and W. D. Mitchell. Mitchell and Keienberg are hold-overs from the previous class and have demonstrated that their longer period of service have added much to their natural leadership, while Anderson is whipping his command into shape with the dispatch of an old-timer.

Sergeant Major Hayden, a hold-over from the preceding class, although performing duties which do not often come to the attention of the Battalion at large, has taken hold of his job in noteworthy fashion. Hayden has permanent residence in New York.

For Flying Cadet First Sergeants, Flying Cadet Dunahoo was selected for the chief non-commissioned post in A Company, and Flying Cadet Winstead received the corresponding job in B Company. Before transfer to the Flying Cadet Battalion, Dunahoo was an enlisted member of the Headquarters Squadron at Randolph

Jim Thorpe Speaks To Flying Cadets

Jim Thorpe, idol of sport fans since 1912 in which year he won the all around championship in the Olympic Games at Stockholm, spoke before the Flying Cadet Battalion on the afternoon of March 17th.

Thorpe was educated at the Carlisle Indian Institute where he first won fame as an athlete in the three sports then prominent in intercollegiate circles. As a phenomenal football star he startled followers of the sport throughout the eastern states by his remarkable running and kicking. Later on he brought glory to the United States by giving an exhibition of all around track and field proficiency which was not equaled until the recent Olympic Games. In collegiate and professional baseball Thorpe is said to have had the makings of a great player, but did not continue long in this line of sport.

Speaking before the entire battalion in the War Department Theatre Thorpe decried the single standard of professionalism now in force. The tall Indian was himself caught in the web of technicalities which confronts the amateur who would like to be a professional in one sport and still retain his avocational status in another, and spoke from experience when he advocated a double standard by which a person might enjoy mixed interests.

The Battalion was invited to ask questions and responded with a lively flow of interrogations concerning the old and the new in the world of athletics.

He has been a visitor in San Antonio during a lull in production among the studios of Hollywood where he is a player of character parts and has other varied interests.

Dodo Athletes....

(Cont'd. from page 4.)

of his spare time using that which was put there to be used and enjoyed.

The question is: "When will the Dodo have time to go to the gym and make use of it." The answer will probably be, "After you have shined your shoes and brass, cleaned your room, drilled for an hour, and after you have completed your fatigue. The rest of the time is yours, use it, Dodo!"

Field. Winstead came to the Battalion from civilian life.

Flying Cadet Fairchild was appointed to be Color bearer, and the remainder of the upperclass of both Companies received duties as Platoon Sergeants, Line Sergeants and Corporals. Without exception the non-commissioned officers of the Flying Cadet Battalion are carrying on in fine fashion in striving to make the Battalion a fine snappy outfit.

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
Own Request	1	.53
Eliminated Primary Stage	88	46.32
Eliminated Basic Stage	5	4.90
Holdovers	4	2.10
To Advanced Stage	92	48.67

CLASS OF OCTOBER 1932

Total Reporting	195	%
Disqualified Physically	7	3.59
Own Request	1	.50
Eliminated Primary Stage	88	47.05
Holdovers	5	2.67
To Basic Stage	94	50.26

CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	165	%
Disqualified Physically	2	1.21
Own Request	1	.61

MARCH 28, 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.)

Lt. Bassett Assigned Student Flyers Bail...

(Cont'd. from page 1.)

cribed three year stretch in that far-away outpost of America's flying forces.

Upon his arrival at Randolph field early in March of this year, Lieutenant Bassett became temporary Tactical Officer of B Company during the absence of Lieutenant Rich, and at the same time directed the athletic program of the Flying Cadets.

At the present moment Lieutenant Bassett has taken up the problem of organizing and coaching a Flying Cadet baseball team which is to take part in the program of sports among the organizations of the local post and the surrounding Army centers.

The Flying Cadet Battalion welcomes Lieutenant Bassett and expresses the respectful and sincere wish that he may find his work here pleasant.

(Cont'd. from page 1.)

tempts to right the ship he bailed out at 2500 feet. He still has his ripcord as a souvenir of the jump.

These two jumps bring the total of jumpers in the July Class, now at Kelly, up to three. Mr. McDermott, when on "A" Stage, had recourse to a parachute when he left the plane at the bottom of a slow roll due to an unfastened safety belt.

Don't write, send the Tee. Better, let us send it for you. Our mailing list is for any of your friends or family. Mr. Griffin will take all address and have the paper sent to them. All you do is pay and we send.