

SOLO HOPS MADE BY DODOS

Most of the members of the new March Class have accomplished the distinguished act of flying around a rectangular course alone—leaving an apprehensive instructor stranded on earth to watch, and to wonder if the airplane could withstand the test.

Solo—what Dodo has not been thrilled during that first lonesome hop. No matter if the banks were shallow, the climb too slow, and the landings terribly bumpy. No matter if that front cockpit was empty, not a single Flying Cadet even noticed. Solo means success, recognition from the aloof upper class, rest at mess and formations, satisfied egotism and confidence. That first solo has been a milestone, a day of days, to all Flying Cadets.

Aside from a few broken shock cords and dizzy ground loops, the lower class proved themselves capable fliers. The solos were a great success. Some admitted that they were afraid to land, but being more afraid to come down by other means, all landed safely with their airplanes intact.

The honor of the first solo goes to Flying Cadet McAllister, who, with experience to help him, did the trick in two hours and forty-five minutes of dual instruction.

Flying Cadet Wilson, also having previous experience, caught the stride of his PT and went around after four hours and thirty minutes of dual. Flying Cadet Stone was the only soloist in the fifth hour, and Flying Cadets Simmons and McDermot were close behind, soloing in the sixth hour.

Several men got the tail down early and soloed in the seventh hour. These successful birdmen were Flying Cadets, Clement, James, Hay, Burton, Landauer, Martin, L. E., Schoellkopf, Cunison, Evans, Pierce, Gray, Peterson, C. A., and Spicer.

In the eighth hour, the contagion spread rapidly, and the following Flying Cadets proved their mettle: Altman, H., Mueller, Motley, L., Penland, Sanford, Miller, C. O., Handler, Cook, Hatcher, Mundell, Carter, Timper, Mason, Bullock, Scherer, Bennett, Foin, Norman, St. Germain, Stewart, Luedecke, Ecklund, Pannis, Try-

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LIEUT. DENT ASSIGNED AS INSTRUCTOR

Second Lieutenant Fred. R. Dent, Jr., was assigned to the Air Corps Primary Flying School in March as an instructor. Lieut. Dent came here from Luke Field, where he was stationed for two years.

Lieut. Dent graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1929. While at the Point, he was a member of the Track Team. Following Graduation, he entered the Air Corps Flying School with the Class of September, 1929. Completing A Stage successfully, he went on through B Stage, finally being transferred to Kelly in the Observation Section. Completing his training there satisfactorily, he was graduated in October, 1930. Also, while a student in the Flying Schools, Lieut. Dent took a Bachelor of Arts degree from St. Mary's University in San Antonio, Texas.

Immediately following graduation from Kelly, Lieut. Dent was assigned to Foreign Service, being sent to Luke Field, Territory of Hawaii. There he served two years with the Fiftieth Observation Squadron. Upon receipt of orders, he left Hawaii for Texas, reporting in at Randolph Field on March 3, 1933. Lieut. Dent was then assigned to the Academic Division, and has since been instructing in Maps.

RANDOLPH FIELD ORGANIZES POST PISTOL TEAM

At a meeting on April 20th, the Randolph Field Pistol Club was organized for the purpose of developing a team to represent the Field in competitions with various neighboring clubs. Anyone in the Service on the Field is eligible to become a member of the Club and to try out for the team upon payment of a nominal sum as a membership fee which will be used to defray the initial cost of supplies. The Club plans to cast and reload its own ammunition under the supervision of Flying Cadet F. J. Smith, who was employed with the Colt Co. several years, thereby economizing greatly on the cost of firing. The Pistol Range at Fort Sam Houston is to be used by the Club for all practise firing, the results of which will determine the members of the six man Team which will represent the Field in outside competitions.

Several of those who turned out for the first meeting have won recognition in previous competitions: 2nd. Lieut. F. C. Howard was a member of the Pistol Team at the United States Military Academy, while Flying Cadets E. W. Root and G. S. Sanford were both on the team at Alabama Polytech-

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BASEBALL TEAM FORMED BY CADETS

After a somewhat shaky start due to the non-existence of a suitable diamond upon which to cavort the Battalion baseball team has finally precipitated and set forth on a campaign that will undoubtedly add plenty of spice to the athletic program hereabouts. Like the "man without a country" our herculean horsehide hammerers wandered hither and yon in an effort to chisel space whereby they could unbutton the shirts and whale away. And principally due to the interest and cooperation of Lts. Powell and Rees, student officers on B stage, divers squadron fields have been obtained and the ball throwers made happy.

Several practice games have already been negotiated and from present indications the team will develop into an aggregation capable of testing the mettle of the best clubs on the Post. A few more concerted practice sessions and the Flying Cadets can take on all comers with more than an even chance of riding the crest of victory.

Every afternoon for at least time enough to get in a good period of batting the boys assemble and go through their paces. A rough and ready description (mostly rough!) of the performers is in order and, with apologies to Little Jack, 'here 'tis!

The throw-'em-and-duck corps embraces Dennison, Warner, Hinton, Eberle and Martin. "Denny" is the ace and with Hinton to dash in from left field when the going gets rocky, they make a pair of aces that could comfortably open any jack-pot. Peering from behind the mask we have Neil Caldwell and "Chin Music" Joe Bohl. Caldwell is a finished performer, can hit, throw and think—the answer to a ball club's prayer. Joe Bohl does all three well, also, and with constant interpolations of that sun-kissed California wit. Joe is a great man to have on a ball club if for no other reason than to make the other club wonder what kind of people they are playing! The infield is well taken care of by the verve, vim and vigor of an inner cordon of scampering athletes. On first base rests Lt. Powell. Besides acting as coach, schedule maker, and general factotum he protects that

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INSIGNIA FURTHERS TRADITION

The Flying Cadets are rapidly climbing the ladder of success in their movement to develop the spirit of Tradition in the Air Corps. Requests sent by the Battalion to all organizations for copies in color of the various insignia have met with enthusiastic cooperation.

This collection of Air Corps Organization Insignia will run well over a hundred designs. The insignia of the Army, National Guard, Reserve Fields, and of the Marine Corps Aviation will be used to decorate the Flying Cadet Battalion Mess Hall.

Even with the collection of insignia arranged by stations there will be sufficient wall space to accommodate a large Air Corps Military Map of the United States in color which will show the location of Air Corps Stations, National Guard and Reserve Fields, Military Posts, Airways, together with many other points of military interest.

The Flying Cadets request all organizations that have not sent their insignia to do so as soon as possible. Any size design will be satisfactory as long as it is in color. The members of the Battalion are of the opinion that this collection of insignia, together with a Military Map, will be a great aid in the development of their knowledge of the Air Corps which means the development of Air Corps Tradition.

THE TEE



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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.

Post mortems on the cross-coun-
 tries; Hand lost his map, on the
 Gonzales trip, had another one
 but couldn't adjust himself to the
 different scales of the two maps.

Word went around among the
 dodos that "Farmer" Warner, if he
 had some turnip seeds along could
 have done his spring planting the
 day he ploughed up the field on
 a landing.

Lest we forget — the so-far-un-
 tarnished record of the quiet Mr.
 Wood was broken when he took a
 brand-new BT-1 through a tree-
 top. Just hazarding a guess we'd
 say that all the instructors are
 now enjoying part of a carton of
 cigarettes.

We've been wondering just how
 much of this story about Sand-
 blower Freeman was true. It was
 said that when he had a lady guest
 up in the Rec Hall he was at a
 loss for words and so, for want of
 anything better, proceeded to im-
 press the young lady with his phys-
 ical prowess. Imagine, standing
 on your head while in uniform!

And true to form, the Blowers
 are still managing to forget how
 to ring the bells on O. D. tour.
 Perhaps a small stool would help
 them reach the bell buttons.

I wonder if Read is as anxious
 as he seems to be to find out the
 name of those Geeawgeeah peaches
 that had been calling him on the
 phone.

Sandblower Peeler says it's fun
 to stand up in the cockpit of a BT
 and look over the side.

And was "Farmer" Warner em-
 barassed after he was caught un-
 prepared for inspection. Just like
 a dodo with only two weeks in the
 army!



March Class 1933 - Rand

TOP ROW:—Peterson, Myers, Bennett, Bullock, Gray, Eades, Cunnison, Ludecke, Gildea, Robinson, Puhaty, Patto, MacAlister, Stathis, Todd. — 2ND. ROW:—Dreisslein, Ruisi, Evans, McKinney, Bartolomew, Palmer, Kester, Staffo, Altman, D. E., Dolezal, Abrahamzon, Scherer, Day, Caldwell. — 3RD. ROW:—Rodieck, Fischer, Martin, L., Bell, K, Beetle, Norman, Shoemaker, King, Holladay, Pannis, St. Germain, Rendle, Proctor. — 4TH. ROW:—Buchak, Landa, McDermont, Gwilliam, James, Sanford, Motley, L., Ashman, Rees, Adkins, Connally, Turner, McMahan, Trautman, Moore, Lincoln, Handler, Peirce, G. E., Timper, Proper, Shannon, Hay, Yeckley, Mueller, Crawford, Penland, Root, Simmons, Lt. Teller, Lt. Born, Lt. Dannemiller, Lt. Kelly, Lt. Chappell, Capt. Flood, Lt. Wadman, Lt. Eddy, Lt. Kra

Dodos Solo . . .

(Cont'd. from page 1.)

gstad, Gildea, Rendle, Capp, and Kenny.

Several more solos occurred during the ninth hour, the follow-
 ing Flying Cadets making the
 grade: Proper, Mostoller, Fischer,
 J. F., Eisenhart, Keese, Bryant,
 Pierce, G., McMahan, Day, Barney,
 Shafer, G. H., Clark, Stathis,
 Dreisslein, Eberle, Motley, C., and
 Shoemaker.

For tenth hour solos, rest was
 given to Flying Cadets Rodieck,
 Von Weller, Lininger, Moser, Phil-
 brick, Walker, Beetle, Clark, Davis,
 Carson, Hunter, and Altman, D.

The eleventh hour disclosed some
 hidden ability, and a few more
 Flying Cadets were advanced to
 solo stage. They were Flying Ca-
 dets Peterson, I. W., Kugel, More-
 man, Whitehead, and Robinson.
 Flying Cadet Shaefer soloed after
 twelve hours, and Flyings Cadets
 Smith, J. B., Hunt, and Kester,
 soloed after thirteen hours. Flying
 Cadet Martin, H. C. proved that
 he could stay in and fight, and
 soloed after fifteen hours.

Statistics show that the average
 dual time before solo was almost
 exactly nine hours for both "A"
 and "B" Companies, all of which
 merely proves that some solo and
 some don't.

Now that the day of solos is
 past, the Flying Cadets of the
 March Class are finding the sky a
 trustworthy and friendly support.

Landings and takeoffs seem to
 have lost their importance as
 Chandelles, Lazy Eights, Pylon
 Eights, and Spins attract atten-
 tion. Difficult as some of these
 maneuvers now seem, the March
 Class will master them and carry
 on.

Pistol Team . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

nic Institute at Auburn. Flying
 Cadet G. C. Moser, of the Los An-
 geles County Pistol Club, was
 County Champion in 1929. Others
 who were at the meeting were:
 2nd Lieuts. H. P. Huglin, J. L.
 Thompson, A. Muelenberg; Fly-
 ing Cadets F. J. Smith, K. C. Fair-
 child, W. G. Holliday, F. E. Ri-
 vard, G. M. Dolezal, J. W. Carson,
 H. P. Spicer, C. E. Evans, W. C.
 Hunter, A. R. Luedeche, C. A. Pe-
 terson, R. A. Livingstone, S. H.
 Ecklund, W. Eades, W. A. Hatcher,
 D. Altam, and F. W. Olmstead.

Lieut. Muelenberg is in charge
 of making negotiations for several
 matches in the near future.

We have been wondering just
 what inspired the sudden outburst
 of kite flying. Mr. Irvine's work
 has been very good to date, but
 he can't quite get the tail con-
 trol adjusted. Lt. Daly has just
 completed a very good course in
 designing of aircraft that are not
 nose heavy. See one of the Dodos,
 Mr. Irvine.

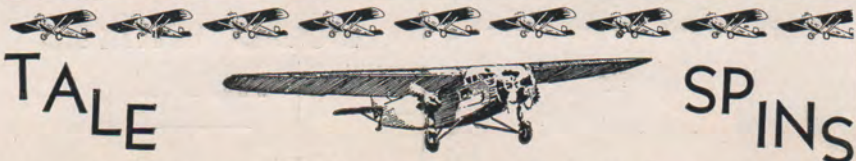
It is a pity to see a strong man
 go to pieces in front of your eyes.
 That in short is the state of affairs
 in A Company with 'Super-snooper'
 Hausafus gradually fading away in
 search of his ever-elusive beds. To
 me, Watson!

The famed flyers, Miller, Den-
 ham, and Powers - are said to be
 forming a very exclusive club—
 membership limited to those that
 have managed by some means or
 another to ruin the center-section
 struts on their ships. In spite of
 its exclusiveness we hope that at
 all meetings of the club from now
 on that there will be only three
 names to grace the roll.

Tsk! Tsk! Such shame! Can you
 imagine—"Preacher" Wood was
 chosen as the honor grad. of Deah
 old K. U.

From now on the estimable Mr.
 Kinkle will believe that they do
 have officers in the Air Corps. At
 least that is the understanding
 that was reached after he had
 served his tour as N. C. O.

It seems to be asking a bit too
 much to have us believe that you
 are going to expend all those thou-
 sands of rounds of ammunition
 shooting at innocent targets. Come
 on now, Smitty, old bullet, 'fess up
 that your preparing for another
 war.



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

Mr. Baldwin demonstrated his deep interest in nature when, with a pair of tweezers and a cyanide jar, he industriously collected specimens of flying ants. We are sure that he wished to study them from the standpoint of streamlining. Mr. Baldwin is to be commended for his attention to details.

To the analytical Mr. Dolezal goes the honor of being the most thoughtful member of the lower class. Mr. Dolezal developed an entirely new theory of parking airplanes. The secret of the theory was to land his PT close to the hangar, taxi along at a fast clip, turn into the hangar and ground loop right into parking position. Mr. Dolezal proceeded to demonstrate his theory, which, except for a damaged door on the hangar, and overrough treatment to a couple of PT's, was quite a success. It is said that all Flying Cadets and even some of the Instructors have given his theory deep consideration.

Mr. Garff, already famous for his eagerness, visited the flying line a few days ago and asked for a thrill ride. From what we can learn, he had thrills galore. After a barrell roll, Mr. Garff's stomach began to act up. His instructor, noticing Mr. Garff's predicament, asked him if it was that roll. Mr. Garff replied—"No Sir, it was that apple and toast."

In Engine Lab., the instructor was explaining that the included angle between two banks of cylinders on a liquid-cooled airplane motor was sixty degrees. An enterprising dodo—probably a History major—showed his excellent understanding of engineering nomenclature when he asked if the degrees were measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade.

The instructor in theory of flight learned something new when one of his students informed him that the reason for differential aileron control was to give the wings a "big moment."

Just visit the flying line. It is obvious to all that the members of the March Class are really learning to handle their PT's. Two weeks ago, after making one take-off, almost every plane made about ten landings before it finally stuck to the ground. A checkup shows that the average is only three before a normal taxi is established.

Our hats off to Mr. Hatcher. A great patriot, who does his duty quietly and efficiently. The depression in the shock cord industry has been broken.

As time goes on, we are finding it easier to understand why certain members of the upper class are taking up aviation. If you have spent any time looking around the area during the past three weeks, you surely have seen Mr. Smith and Mr. Irvine flying their kites. Until we noticed the immense enjoyment they derived from gazing at their heaven-bound floaters, we could never have guessed how air minded they really are. We only hope that their BT-s fly more smoothly under their control than the kites, which seemed doubtfully unstable.

Mr. C. O. Miller flew over to Ward Field, cut the gun, landed and started to step out. Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered he was one hundred feet in the air. (And are his cheeks red).

And lest we forget, many thanks to Bob Robinson, for his efforts in making the Flying Cadet Dance so successful. I personally think that the lower class out-socialized the upper class, and walked off with all honors. (Do you have to be told that this is being written by a Dodo).

❖ CROSS TEE ❖

Crosscountries

When in the course of Basic training there arises the need to start crosscountry Avigation there is always found a difference of opinion (among the Cadets) as to just what the proper method of flying a given course should be and what the most round-about method of reaching one's objective can possibly be. Consequently last week when the Basic training Class went on "Spring Maneuvers" in an attempt to find Gonzales and San Marcos it was found that there existed many routes of as many different angles of approach to the above mentioned destinations. Perhaps the most spectacular flight was made by Flying Cadet Griggs who, after exploring about ninety-nine per cent of Southern Texas, finally found the "City Of His Dreams" and reported back to the Field that he had enjoyed quite a nice day of strange field landings— He had made only eight during the three hours he had been seeking Gonzales.

Another note-worthy report that was turned in was that of Flying Cadet Hand after his new endurance record (without food) of four hours and a half, spent cruising around between Cuero, Boerne and other points of interest. His most

harrowing experience was when landing in a cow pasture, he was delayed in his take-off by the interested bovines who had formed in a very compact circle about his plane and displayed such interest that they were reluctant to give up their Heaven-sent curiosity.

Mr. Anderson (yes, the one who gets those good grades in Navigation) betrayed his knowledge and tried (but alas, for naught) to prove that his sense of direction was better than that of a mere compass and ended up as a member of that sextet composed of Flying Cadets Fairchild, Freeman, Baldwin, Denham, Hand, and Anderson who tried in vain to find the Gonzales landing field at Cuero. Mr. Anderson had quite an extended jaunt and returned without learning the advantages of the landing facilities at Gonzales but he is able to give a minute description of the return route via Dilley and many other points South.

The chief difficulty, as expressed by those who have been interviewed, is that the appropriations for the Air Corps are so limited that it is impossible to provide maps large enough to stay on.

The most common alibi of the wandering Cadets was: "I flew off of my map and couldn't find the way back on it." It is understood that here-after all Cadets going on cross-country flights will be provided with large scale maps of all the Southern States.

Mr. Trautman, the impulsive ex-flier from Kentucky, enlightened the members of both the upper and lower classes regarding the correct way to do a steep bank. One of the dodos complained of losing six hundred feet during one 360 degrees turn. Mr. Trautman informed him that if he would only do his steep banks at thirty feet above ground, it would be unlikely that he would lose much altitude—at least not more than thirty feet.

Mr. Philbrick fell for the fallacy that the grass across the fence (two fences) looked greener than that at Ward Field. His illusion could not be satisfied until he put his airplane thru both fences and landed in the greener pastures. Mr. Philbrick learned a valuable lesson from his experience and is now suggesting that brakes be put on all training ships.

Incidentally, Mr. Hatcher is said to be thinking seriously of doing some research work on rubber. He hopes to obtain a rubber with greater elasticity and tensile strength. It is believed that Mr. Hatcher's noble ideas were prompted by his breaking four shock cords during three successive days on the line.

- Slips and Skids -

By R. M. Schere

*There's one "Mister" in A Co.
Who is a softie that I know
Dunahoo tries to act very hard
But that's his way of showing regard
For us poor dodos.*

*Mister Dennison is the big cheese
Because he sticks up there in the breeze
He hands out dut'es right and left
And then there's play, when time is left.
For us poor dodos.*

*Mister Williams looks like a recruit
That smiling face sure makes him a beaut
To get that way he spends long hours in bed
But he's always there when orders are read
For us poor dodos.*

*Mister Winstead's not so bad
He's the only first sergeant that we've had
He hands out work for me and you
And puts up gigs and confinements too
For us poor dodos.*

*There's little I know about Mister Hayden
He's a weak sister in my estimation
But what might befall one never can tell
If he'd get mad and start raising.....
With us poor dodos.*

KELLY FIELD

By
Edwin D. Avary.

A complete resume of this last month's flying activity at Kelly Field would require more time to relate than this scrivener can handle. However, there are several outstanding aerial occurrences that do bear mentioning, and Observations take to your storm cellars.

The Observation Section managed to stage one of the greatest night flying fiascos of all time. Barring none. The first scene is Galveston, where all the intrepid Observers have gathered previous to their nocturnal return to Kelly. By midnight the scene has swiftly and drastically changed. And five of the boys are flying around in circles, wondering just who is who and what of it. In fact, they're flying a nice big Lufbery circle, and using up the entire Western half of Texas doing it. But all good Lufberys must come to an end, so one by one these Godlike Birdmen retired to terra firma, and imagine their consternation when they realized that Kelly Field was not favored by their gentle presence for what was left of this eventful night. Goyette landed, and passed a pleasant evening with some newly-made friends in Alice, Texas. Gunn, went back to the soil from which he sprang and spent the night with a lonely rancher at Dilley. Endress glided between two trees at George West, and left the lonely fuselage to shift for itself, while he selfishly sought sheets in a nearby hut. All Laredo turned out to see Goodwill MacDermott make a three-pointer on their local field. Mac was well taken care of by some G. I. who once put in some time at Kelly, and welcomed any news from his old alma mater. Cheney, like Columbus, sailed on and on. Finally got over Catarina. So he parked his weary wings and benumbed bones there for the night.

Next day, however, found all the stray eaglets winging their way Kelly-ward. And the San Antonio papers had a couple more columns of Cadet copy.

Eyvind (Aye didnt hear tha bell) Holterman's immortal remark concerning the above evening does bear mentioning. When asked by the Flight Commander if he couldn't see the beacon lights, our Norwegian Nero replied: "They were on but we couldn't see them." There ought to be legislation about cracks like that.

Came the day for transition. And the good old Attackers, used to flying their A-3's at zero altitude, tried to fly some pea-shooters at sub-zero altitude, and egad; it didn't work! Pippinger sent one over on its snoot. Then Frog Grenier piled one on its back. And

not until then did the other groups at Kelly realize that landing a P-I is just a big field day.

Grenier and Connally, on their blind cross-country flight, managed to walk away from a forced landing in their PT-3, but that's about all. They spent a very dull 11 hours in the furrows beside the inverted ship, awaiting the arrival of a G. I. truck which was sent down for the pieces. Pity poor Connally who underwent the crash beneath a closed hood; and when he opened the thing, saw sod where the sky should have been!

Music hath charms. Witness the group of music-lovers who nightly gather around Pocock's portable to hear the sweet strains of that rollicking recording "How Long." Either the record or the Cadet Detachment will crack under the strain of this insidious tune. Probably both.

And then there are those baffling bomber formations that keep the innocent spectator baffled as to the time, place, or disposition of planes. They use up the entire heavens in their mighty, mysterious crossovers. And the populace dives for the storm cellars.

The Very Reverend H. Dobson Pocock is now conducting a joint junkshop and drugstore. Everything from pink toothbrush to cement mixers for sale at ridiculously low figures. In fact, he'll probably pay you to cart some of the stuff away, and save him a confinement or two.

Fulwider did noble with his response (in ground school) to the question "How many officers were there in a war-time balloon unit?" Nonchalantly, he replied: "There were 11 officers and 50 lieutenants, sir!" Which promptly panicked the place.

Dodo Sam Dunlap deserves a citation for the sardonic inflection in his ground school answer: "And, as the book says, an Observer should be one of the best pilots!"

By far, the best showman that has hit Kelly in years, is the Side-splitting Sergeant that gave the Cadets their lecture on the whys and wherefores of pigeons on active duty.

And then there is that all-too-true crack of Poncho Evans: "You don't get into a pea-shooter,-- you just sit still and they fit one around you."

The Observations have been having the aerial workouts of their lives. Blind-flying, missions night and day, and crosscountries have all gone to convince these observant birdmen that all that jitters is not old. Flare landings have been a part of their recent activity. And the flares chased all over the country by Cadet souvenir hunters. Grenier tore his blue pantaloons all to shreds, and Dorsey plunged into a nearby rivulet while in quest of these precious objects. So far, MacIntyre has been the only successful flare hunter.

According to the latest reports it seems that the Observers are not the only ones to come to grief on their cross-countries to Galveston. Let us not forget that very absent-minded Pursuiter that, with an eye to a pleasant weekend in Galveston, forgot to take some flares along with him and so was forced (?) to spend the weekend down there.

Another sporting event in the near future:— Three cornered debate featuring Messrs. Inman and Williams of Randolph Field fame and Mr. Crouch of Kelly Field constituency. Subject of discussion:— "He travels farther who travels alone."

We view that now famous Mr. Carter with a doubtful eye. From a dodo with about the usual amount of promise he has developed into a prize pessimist. It seems as though Mr. Carter believes that airplanes can be run without gas, at least that was the half-formed idea that he set out to prove last week. Imagine his rude awakening when he was forced to land and wait for a supply of that fluid he sought to dispense with.

Mr. Coddington, the blonde Adonis of B Co. (from Arkansas) has again reverted to that age old custom of the lonely cadet; wolfing (or trying to) his brother cadets' sirens. However, in spite of the blonde tresses he still seems lonely.

Famous phrases: "Don't step on it, it might be a Blower!"

A most thorough man, that Mr. Hausafus,—while shooting hurdles over at Zuehl he dragged the left wing tip—that was O. K. But when he dragged it again on the next hurdle we decided that there was a limit to all scientific investigations.

DODO WRITES HOME

Dear Mom:

Golly, we sure are having a lot of fun down here lately. Honestly, I'd never believe some of the things that they teach us, and it comes in so handy after you leave. For instance: If a boy works on a farm, they show him all the latest methods of planting flowers, and I even heard two upperclassmen tell how one of them had plowed up a field. And every now and then someone tells me how they went up before the laundry board. Of course that is all right, but you would think that at an up to date place like this, they would use an electric washing machine like you do. So you can see how that bears out some of the statements of my last letter. The men who run this place aren't so smart. They just have a pull someplace in Washington, and get appointed somehow. But not me. I'm going to get along on my own brains, Yes mam! You should hear how all the upper classmen flatter me for my brains. In fact, the first sergeant, Mr. Dunahoo, told me I was too smart for this place. But don't worry mom, those things don't go to my head. Maybe I can get them to start a sewing class so you and sis can come.

And remember how I told you about the upper classmen making us put our noses to the ground when an airplane flies over us. That is to keep us from getting too fresh. Well, two of the upperclassmen, Mr. Dunahoo and Mr. Harrell must have gotten fresh with some officers, and they had to fly with the nose of their ship dragging along the ground, and their tails way up in the air. But they smiled about it, and took it like sports. They are both very nice men, and took first and second prize, respectively, in the recent popularity contest.

You know, we have been going to town this month on week ends, and the people in San Antonio sure have a lot of funny ideas. When a boy takes a girl to a dance, she steps all over his feet, eats a big meal, and then lets him pay for both checks. And a funny thing about these girls. They are known as Cadet Widows, but so far I've only met three. I wonder if those girls were trying to kid me. They ought to know that I'm too smart for that.

Well, Mom, this is about all the news for now. Tell brother Eddie to study hard, and when he grows up I'll let him come to this school. I will probably be in charge of the school by then. So give my regards to Pop and Sis, and don't forget to write soon.

Your loving son,
A DODO.

P. S. Don't bother to send my flannel underwear, because my instructor told me it would be an awfully hot day when I flew a plane alone. I wonder how he knew that.

ARCH 1933

Photo by H. L. Summerville

RANDOLPH FIELD BEAUTIFIED

We are glad indeed that the work of paving streets, planting trees and flowers, and continued building is being carried on in order to make Randolph Field a still more beautiful place. It is not hard to imagine the time when all the streets on the post will be paved and verdant lawns and trees will be everywhere. The small amount of work that has been done at the Cadet Detachment has shown wonderful results. The planting of trees and flowers around the front of the Administration Building has already helped the general appearance.

All Flying Cadets have taken considerable interest in the work that is being done around the barracks. The presence of shrubbery and trees around the barracks and along the walks cannot help but lend a cheerful atmosphere. After the present work is completed, only ordinary attention will make Randolph as colorful to the eye as it has been and is to the emotions.

As the new school takes form and fits into the general plan of building, the appearance of the post as a whole is made more complete and beautiful.

The Flying Cadet Detachment is thoroughly interested in all the work that is being done. We are proud of Randolph Field. We are becoming more proud of it every day. Randolph has already become famous as the best flying school in the world. We also expect Randolph to become famous as the most beautiful.

One of the more recent members of the Sick, Lame, and Lazy Club is Mr. Mostoller. He reported to the hospital, claiming he got something in his eye on Saturday night. We'll admit she was an eyeful, but who ever got a black eye from looking. You'll have to think up a better one than that, Mr. Mostoller.

Among the hot pilots developed on A stage the name of Dodo Mason stands out. It seems that he is the only living Dodo to make two 90 degrees turns against traffic and land downwind. Fortunately the other A-Stagers had advanced to the point where they were able to give Mr. Mason a wide berth. Mr. Mason reported that the downwind landing wasn't as hard as it had been rumored.

While mentioning famous dodos the mister who picked a cow as one of the points of a pylon should not be forgotten. It seems as though the cow decided to travel, finally disappearing in a patch of mesquite. And then was that dodo busy thinking up a plausible explanation for picking a movable pylon point!



n, Nowak, Eberle, Chamberlain, Shafer, Ecklund, Lerche, Foin, Ellis, Whitehead, Winwood, Harmantis, Stone, Saibara, rd, Zepp, Schaefer, Trygstad, Pritchard, Knox, Barney, Clark, Carson, Davis, Motley, Wasman, Hilger, Sipsey, eese, Bayless, Bear, Hunt, Schoelkopf, Hall, Spicer, Clark, N. E., Olmsted, Beckler, Bradley, Stewart, Hunter, Capp, uer, Moser, Burton, Garff, Mostoller, Eisenhart, Smith, E., Livingstone, Miller, C., Moreman, Foley, Cook, Von Weller, Hatcher. — 5TH. ROW:—Fisher, W. A., Hinton, Clement, Altman, H. E., Lininger, Wilson, Evans, Donahue, Rezac, Philbrick, Peterson, Virgin, Smith, J. — BOTTOM ROW:—Gerdine, Walker, Zacker, Martin, H. E., Parker, Mason, us, Lt. Hutchinson, Lt. Board, Mundell, Nadeau, Kugel, Bryant, Carter.

Sergeant Awarded Soldiers' Medal

Sergeant William M. Collins of the 67th service squadron, Randolph Field, was presented a Soldiers' Medal at a review of troops Saturday morning April 15, 1933 for an act of bravery performed at the field January 25, 1932.

Brigadier General Charles H. Danforth, commanding general of the Air Corps Training Center, made the presentation. The act for which Sergeant Collins received the award was in extinguishing a fire in a welding torch and tank that threatened to explode, and which would have damaged thousands of dollars worth of equipment in the hangar.

The official order of the commendation read: "With utter disregard for his own personal safety, Sergeant Collins did, by his courageous act, prevent what might have been a serious explosion. His commendable action in this emergency fully upheld the tradition of the Military Service, and reflected great credit upon himself and the Military Service."

And many lower classmen have been accused of being a taxi driver. Our hats off to Mr. Philbrick, who so successfully and definitely cleared our names. No taxi driver ever tried to prove that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, fence or no fence.

Baseball Team . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

first hassck with all the elan of a major leaguer. One of the best clubbers on the team Lt. Powell is the spark plug of a smooth functioning infield. Second base resides in the care of Lt. Rees and at the side of his comrade from up on the Hudson he clicks with precision and effect. A left hand hitter with speed to burn the answer is simple—on base most of the time and a constant threat to the enemy. At shortstop looms the formidable W. D. Mitchell from the Parting-of-the-Ways University at Reno, Nevada. "Mitch" has played organized ball and knows what it is all about all the time. Harold Sipsey covers third base in the approved Pie Traynor fashion. The hot corner holds no fears for Mr. Sipsey, these boys from the frigid Northeast just revel in inclined temperature gradients. The outer cordon of defence has a galaxy of hustlers combining speed, power and range. Messrs. Hinton, Von Weller, Palmer, Inman and Barnes comprise this portion of the team and cover the far flung reaches like an O. D. blanket. The versatile Mr. Hinton is a glutton for punishment. When he's not outfielding he's pitching and vice versa. An eager Mister sez you!

So to draw a picture of the whole we can say that the only competitive athletic season the

Flying Cadets undertake is in capable hands, handled by a representative group of high-flying misers. By their efforts they will add lustre to an already brightly shining organization, the Flying Cadet Battalion, and whether in victory or defeat they will manifest those qualities of sportmanship and fair play upon which the Battalion is predicated.

The lower class wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. B. S. Harrell and Mr. R. Dunahoo. The winners of the recent popularity contest. Their exhibition of stunt flying on the ground was much appreciated by the lower class, and came as a much needed diversion during the rest period in Buzzer.

But the lower class is not to be outdone. Mr. Dolezal's exhibition of indoor flying was entertaining as well as instructive. We still insist that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time.

Of course the lower class could wonder if the upper class is judging them by their own past experiences in the art of making a living. Gonzales and back, just eighty-five miles in five hours. At the rate of one hundred and twenty miles per hour, plus good flying weather, the gentleman in question must have gone by way of Florida. How is the water, Mr. Hand?

POETS SAY.

DODOS

(Tune: "That Old Gang of Mine")

By P. B. Wilson

Not a dodo in the barracks!
That's a pretty certain sign,
That those San 'Tone girls are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

All the boys are singing love songs;
They forgot that flying line,
Those San 'Tone girls are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack --, There goes Jim --
Down to "Millie's place."
Now and then we meet again,
But they can't stand the pace.

Not a dodo in the barracks!
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those San 'Tone girls are breaking up
That old gang of mine.



WHILE FLYING SO HIGH IN THE SKY

By D. J. Powers

Such minor concerns as Debts and inflation,
Don't bother a mister while flying formation;
When the air is quite lumpy,
And the mister quite jumpy,
While flying so high in the sky.

When a minor mistake might cause consternation,
There seems no fit subject for deep contemplation;
When the coal burner wavers,
And the misters soul quavers,
While flying so high in the sky.

With mischievous winds causing quick deviation,
The mister must needs mutter soft invocation
When the Liberty sputters,
He grabs for the shutters,
While flying so high in the sky.

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
Eliminated Basic Stage	5	5.32

CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	165	%
Disqualified Physically	4	2.41
Own Request	2	1.20
Eliminated Primary Stage	38	22.89

FRIDAY, APRIL 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.)

AERO CLUB DANCE

On the evening of Saturday April 15th the Aero Club, for the first time since it moved into its new and more spacious quarters, held a Cadet dance. This was also the first dance to be enjoyed by the members of the new class; and judging from their actions at the dance, and their recountings afterward they derived more pleasure from the hop than did the older Flying Cadets.

Music was furnished by Sis Hopkin's band, a local troupe of undenied talent. To further the evening's entertainment, Dodo Wilson, of crooning fame, was persuaded to do a couple of numbers as specialty entertainment.

The dance floor itself was ideal

from the point of size and decoration. Located on the eighth floor of the building and decorated much after the manner of a roof garden, with soft and changing lights filtering through a paneled glass ceiling, with palm plants appropriately placed and with ample table and seating facilities it provided just the proper atmosphere. The union of the Aero Club and the Elk's Club was a fortunate move for the Flying Cadets.

Fully 120 couples enjoyed the three hours of dancing and the spirit of good fellowship was found on every hand.

Upon seeking Dodo information from the "Blowers," the only item of interest was the fact that they had given up hope of ever having the best baseball team.