



MARCH FIELD SCENE OF AIR MANEUVERS

For the past three weeks the United States Army Air Corps has been unleashing its sky blows against a mythical enemy supposedly approaching Southern California's coast.

Approximately three hundred pursuit, bombers, attack and observation planes assembled at March Field for the annual maneuver. This is the first time the war exercises have been conducted in this area.

The three hundred ships, representing about \$9,000,000, and requiring an operations force of 350 officers and 1800 enlisted men are gathered from practically every major air base in the United States. The Third Attack Wing, Barksdale Field, La., the Eighth Pursuit Group, Langley Field, Virginia; the Second Bombardment, also of Langley Field, thirty five varying types of fighters from the Air Corps tactical school, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., and five ships from headquarters of the Ninth Observation group, Mitchell Field, N. Y., were present to take part in the fray.

A part of the exercise problem was to determine by actual flight the time it would require for the Air Corps to spring to the defence of Southern California should the emergency arise. The concentration tested the ability of the Air Corps to get up and move in a hurry against practically all kinds of poor flying conditions. Planes and men found the test rigid because the groups had to buck rain, snow, fog and sandstorms enroute.

Two members of the Third Attack Wing lost their lives in a crash during a windstorm near Midland, Texas, and two observation ships crashed up at Pittsburg, Pa. So although the whole maneuver was a peace time gesture, the seriousness behind it and the dangers involved presented a background of realism to the officers and men in the air.

The route followed by the groups to California was through Southern United States. Brig. Gen. Oscar Westover, who commanded the air force concentration, remained in El Paso, Texas to keep tab on the planes as they passed over. For the combined groups the time was about a day and a half in excess of that which had been an-

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 3)

UPPERCLASS DANCE HELD

On the evening of Friday, May 26, 1933, the upperclass held its traditional class dance. The dance was held in the Recreation Hall in the Flying Cadet Administration Building. Approximately fifty couples attended this gala affair which lasted from 9:30 until 12:30. The dance was formal with the music furnished by Eddie Warwick and his orchestra.

The dancing was good, the floor good, the music excellent, and the damoiselles divine. Nothing marred the evening except a slight lingering regret that the dance did not last longer. The night for the dodos was far from perfect; true, they had pass and could go to town, but what dodo did not wish to be present and form one of the gala crowd. Many were the daydreams spun of the time when they too would be upperclass and could divert themselves as did the upperclass.

They dreamed of their Recognition Dance just a few weeks away but a world of time for the dodo that is waiting to be recognized. Waiting for that time when he too would become an upperclassmen.

Pistol Team

In preparation for their scheduled matches the Randolph Field Pistol Club has been going ahead with its practice shoots. It was at one of these, held at the Municipal range in San Antonio, that Flying Cadet F. J. Smith broke the Course record by shooting a score of 285 to better the score of 281 that had stood for almost a decade.

While members of the Team have not as yet been decided upon, due to the desire of the sponsors to select the best all-around shots to be decided by the best average score for a period of several weeks, the following candidates have been shooting consistently high scores and stand a most excellent chance of being on the team—Lieutenants Williams, F. C. Howard, and A. Muhlenburg, Sgt. Croy, and Flying Cadets F. J. Smith, G. S. Sanford, and E. W. Root.

The original plan of the Club to recast and reload its ammunition has worked most satisfactor-

(Cont. on Page 2, col. 4)

LOWERCLASSMEN PRESENT G. I. CHURCH

Upper classmen say the G. I. Church is but a lot of nonsense, put on by lower classmen for their entertainment, but the lower classmen say it is a religious movement put on for the sake of the sinful upperclassmen.

Wednesday, May 3rd, 1933, all upper classmen congregated in the recreation room, and were agreeably surprised by various songs sung by the Dodo quartet; Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Gray and Mr. Simmons. Next Mr. Stathis, tuned in on radio station G. I. N., the breath of America, and obtained a wonderful program of fatherly advice to upper classmen, such as, the kind of pills to take, and the kind of clothes to wear, and etc. Mr. Von Weller, showed the boys how to drill a squad of men; the only difficulty being, the lack of appreciation of the great talent shown by the drill team with their broom sticks.

Mr. Walker, the prophet and denunciator, after being properly introduced by Mr. Von Weller, pointed out the grave faults and short-comings of the upper classmen. Inspired by unknown powers, Mr. Walker told the upper classmen plenty, and convinced

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 2)

Swimming Pool Opened

With the opening of the Flying Cadet swimming pool much of the spare time of both the dodos and upperclass will be spent in the water. The pool occupies a location central between the two barracks and is across the road from the Mess Hall. Due to a water shortage the pool was not filled until the 23rd of May but then... the mob.

The pool is about 150 feet long and 75 feet wide and is oval in shape. At the sides the depth is about 4½ feet and in the center the maximum depth is 9 feet. The inside of the pool is painted white with the exception of the deep portion which is green. Along the sides of the pool are located banks of lights by which the water is illuminated at night. The pool is cleaned and refilled on Monday, the refilling requiring about 5 hours, during which time the pool is "Off Limits" for the

(Cont. on Page 5, Col. 4)

MARCH CLASS PROGRESSES RAPIDLY

The March class of 1933 is rapidly nearing the completion of its primary training period consisting of approximately four months of ground school and flying training on the line, and I am sure that not one of the class regrets in the least having been given the opportunity of attending the greatest flying school in the world here at Randolph Field.

There have been many weary hours of pondering over some of the complicated and seemingly impossible problems in Theory of Flight, or perhaps over, how many "Dits" make a "Dah", but all in all the instruction in ground school and on the flying line has already proven itself absolutely essential in every respect to the prospective military pilot.

The second week in March found the class working hard at Theory of Flight, Personal Equipment of the Military Pilot, and Buzzer. Briefly, Theory of Flight deals with the more technical and theoretical phases of flying, for instance, why a plane will fly, what keeps it up, and methods of construction and design which will make the plane stable and efficient for the task it has to do. Personal Equipment of the Military Pilot deals with the history of development, construction, methods of folding and practice of handling and using the flyer's real friend in case of and emergency, the parachute. The class in Buzzer which runs practically thruout the primary and basic course ground school training has been the bane of a cadet's existence to many, but with time each little "Dit" and each little "Dah" finds itself meaning more than just that to the average cadet.

Following the short Personal Equipment course the Engines course was started and took up the theory of why our airplane motors run, what conditions best suit efficient and reliable operation of them in military ships, and a study of the accessory parts of the airplane motor. Following a theoretical study of engines, the class went to the engines laboratory and found out, by actually tearing down and putting together of the component parts of the motor, just how it worked, what could go wrong with it and what

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 1)

THE TEE



EDITORIAL STAFF

Robert E. Griffin Editor
 D. J. Powers Feature Editor
 H. S. Williams - 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.

IN MEMORIAM

The Flying Cadet Battalion was deeply grieved to learn of the death of Lieutenant Edmund C. Wolf, of Brooks Field, former Flying Cadet and Graduate of the March, 1932 class. He was editor of THE TEE for the class of March, 1932. Lt. Wolf met with his fatal accident while flying an observation plane, and was accompanied by Sgt. Meredith, who was also killed. Deepest sympathy of the Flying Cadets is extended to the parents and relatives of Lieutenant Wolf and Sergeant Meredith.

Resume Of Buzzer Progresses

Buzzer as it is being taught in Ground School, is the result of five years of study, here, at March Field and at the signal School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The method of study is known as the modified Monmouth method; being modified in the sense that it has been changed as to be best suited to the limited time and great number of outside interests confronting the student here.

Grading is taken directly from graphs, which have been drawn up from the thirteen classes preceding the present Lower Class. The graphs themselves are of great interest, in that by their use the instructor can determine after just one hours instruction, whether a student is in need of extra instruction. They are plotted in hours instruction, and code speed and composed of two curves, one the average speed, and the other the minimum passing speed. To fall below the second curve immediately places one on the extra instruction list.

The total number of hours instruction given at Randolph Field, is seventy two; of which, thirty
 (Cont. on Page 6, Col. 4)

Post Libraries

Reading material on the Post is neither lacking in quality nor in quantity. The two libraries are well equipped to give the Post personnel reading material on technical as well as non-technical subjects.

The Technical and Professional Library is located on the second floor of the Academic Building. It contains journals for every branch of the service, as well as pamphlets and periodicals on motors, aviation, and automotive industries. It also contains complete information on the Command and General Staff School, the Field Artillery School, and the Cavalry School, especially designed to aid Reserve Officers and enlisted men in their research on these subjects. Schedules of instruction and references on these subjects are in complete form. Texts on various technical subjects, both elementary and advanced, are to be found in the library. It is well equipped to accommodate those who wish to study there. Tables and chairs are provided for this purpose. Office hours are from 7:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M., except Sundays and holidays, and from 1:00 P. M. to 3:00 P. M., except Sundays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and holidays.

The Post Library in the basement of the Post Administration Building. Those whose tastes run to lighter and more varied reading may find ample material there. It has a plethora of fiction material, which is quite up to date, and it also has some non-fiction works. Those wishing to use the library reading room will find it open from 7:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M., except Sundays and holidays, and from 1:00 P. M. to 4:30 P. M., except Sundays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and holidays.

Summer Schedule

The somnolent tendencies of the dodos, and upperclassmen as well, are rapidly being satiated. Now that they are on summer schedule and wear summer uniforms they can snore thirty more seconds than before—no pleats to fold when donning shirts, no need to dress one's room-mate. Judging by the decrease in dawn patrols, the thirty seconds will be popular.

One of the putting-out misters in B Co., (Bawstonian, sez you?), has a very novel way of overcoming his innate tendency to remain abed after reveille sounds. Although he was able to adjust himself to the call when it came at 5:45, he finds that he needs a little auto-suggestion now that it comes a half hour earlier. Each and every night before going to bed (retiring, as they say in Boston) he repeats: "Day by day, any old way, I get up quicker and better." Sure 'nough, should you watch some morning, you can see him bounce half way across the room the instant the first note of the bell sounds.

Apparantly this young hopeful

POETS SAY.

DODO PEP SONG

(Tune: Mr. Gallagher and Sheen.)

*Oh Mr. Gallaher!
 Oh Mr. Gallaher!
 Have you seen this classy bunch of Dodos here, here, here?
 In their uniforms so neat,
 Just to seem them is a treat,
 And they're always bubbling over with good cheer—*

*Oh Mr. Sheen!
 Oh Mr. Sheen!
 They're the keenest bunch of boys I've ever seen,
 If you think these boys are lazy,
 You're half nutty if not crazy,
 Are they eager Mr. Gallagher?
 Absolutely Mr. Sheen.*

By P. B. Wilson.



THE DODO COMPLEX

*Lonesome, sad, and alone,
 Sits the poor Dodo in his room;
 So far away from home,
 Wondering what can be his doom.*

*Finally, flying comes along after weeks of drill,
 And everything seems lovely now.
 With the thought of that first thrill,
 Of up in the air, and HOW.*

*Night comes once more,
 With worries of washing out.
 And he ponders over past lore,
 For he yet doesn't know what it's all about.*

*What, with drill, fatigue, and classroom work,
 And every upper classman on his neck.
 Wh should he worry and these duties shirk?
 Success will finally come, and defray this morbidness.*

By V. H. Walker.

PISTOL TEAM....

(Cont. from Page 1)

ily as several thousand rounds of reloaded ammunition have been fired without a single misfire. This business of reloading has affected quite a saving to the club as well as giving them a better grade of ammunition for their use.

As soon as the Team is picked the schedule of matches arranged by Lt. Muhlenberg will be run off.

is not the only one who concentrates on getting up, in conformity with the new schedule. A certain young stalwart from A Company, Officer of the Day on first Saturday after it went into effect, was so eager that he punched the bell for Reveille an hour early. What a man, what a man. And how Captain Terry's fledglings love him. Why? no excuse, sir, no excuse. (aside: just another Formal; not staying in bed after the bell rang).

TALE

SPINS

❖ CROSS TEE ❖

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

Why Mr. Inman is always visiting Orderly Call is more than thinking members of B Company can understand.

The fiery topped Mr. Reid of B Company according to rumor, is thinking of writing a book about how to taxi with the tail up behind the formation. Flitting across the field, he reminds one of nothing so much as an Arizona Road Runner in pursuit of a fly.

How to make a cross-country trip to Corpus Christi and return in his normal place on the departure list, and still get credit for the three hours and a half flying time is the secret jealously guarded by one Mr. Griggs of "B" Company.

Sloe Eyes Hurst, the chestless wonder found his assistant O. D. was emulating the master by attempting in his small way to get in a storm too. He put out the overcoat flag during the recent rain storm while O. D. Hurst leaned over the stoop railing and frantically waved his arms from "A" Company.

Mr. Mitchell, C. C. despite all the predictions of those who should know about automobiles is still driving the yellow peril with the green fenders. It was estimated last October that the bus could not last out the holidays, but it is still here and going strong.

The flight dispatcher in D Flight gave Mr. Smith the foulest blow he has received this year when he admitted that Mr. Smith's chances of getting Pursuit were small indeed. Mr. Smith was warned a while back that the hue and cry he had raised about getting pursuit would put him in a bad way in case he should happen not to get that branch.

Wodruff of B Company found that Fort Clark was a hard place to find and joined the ranks of those who wander over the face of the earth looking for a some place to land.

According to Mr. Terry, Mr. Anderson has been a pretty good boy. It is a pity that a man with such a fine old New York accent will not be bad just for fun at least once in a while---

Behold the amazing spectacle of Mr. Dunahoo, sometimes hard-boiled top-kick of "A" Company, running upstairs to turn off the light in Mr. Hayden's room. Justice tempered with mercy seems to have become Mr. Dunahoo's most recent motto, or is it that he is becoming a softy after all these weeks.

The Kentucky accent of Mr. Barnes must have softened the hearts of all the cops in San Antonio. As the story goes, Mr. Barnes made a whimsical bet with Dodo Gildea that he could blow more cop's whistles in a given space of time than Gildea could. Mr. Barnes won by two toots, leaving the San Antonio police force bewildered.

Mr. Denison bought a car. The first day he had it he started for the line and then suddenly remembered his purchase. "By golly!" he was heard to remark, "I bought a car, didn't I."

It was not appreciated by the Flying Cadets of "A" Company that Mr. Fairchild so elated by his triumphs on the flying line during the process of night flying that he simply had to enter barracks in a surplus of happiness and create a nocturnal interlude of long and violent dimensions.

A Hawkshaw among Hawkshaws, super-snooper Hausfaus, had a conversation with Mr. Dennison, and then broke all over out in a perspiration. Ask him why.

Dearest Darling Denham dressed delightfully displaying doggy knickers went to play golf, and all "A" Company assembled on the stoop to bid him farewell and admire his shining raiment.

He landed down wind after dragging the field down wind, nearly forgot his parachute, got a hurdle in fine style, dropped in from fifteen feet, and lived, did Mr. Fahey, all in the space of a week and a half. It's a record.

As ambassador of good will to the nearby college towns, Mr. Fischer of the upper class, is nominated. Wearing his best formal uniform, he invaded Austin and took the place by storm, and by storm is meant G. I. storm. He and Baldwin gave the girls a treat. It is hoped that in return the girls reciprocated in kind.

Mr. Elliot was heard to mutter that the N. C. O. job was not as soft a snap as he first thought it was.

To Mr. Mitchell, W. D. who is wont to cry upon occasion, "What big league team did you play for?" is posed the question "What big league did *you* play for, Mr. Mitchell?"

Mr. Williams is frequently seen in company with a very charming young lady who is the owner of a most convivial pup. Mr. Williams jumps out of one thing into another.

Mr. Read has turned with a sad eye and a heavy heart from the Georgia peaches. From now on, Read maintains, it will be Texas gals or none at all.—And it won't be none at all.

An unkind tribunal looked askance at Mr. Irvine's harrowing tale of forced landings. This made Mr. Irvine very sad. Mr. Irvine says that two thousand feet is a long way to glide and that a lot can happen in that distance.

Mr. Winstead must be behaving himself. In the annals of Flying Cadet history there cannot be found a single case in which a man is less culpable than Mr. Winstead. Not a single speck can be found to tarnish his escutcheon. He is nominated for the angel of B Company.

Mr. Allen's haircut, his model airplane, his best gal and his ro-seate complexion as well as his very faded shirt should warrant detailed discussion on these pages, but must be left until a later edition, when it can be determined whether or not he is going to get autogyro.

Mr. Bain moaned about the scratches in the tonneau of his car. It seems he did not know how they came to be there. It is his contention that people visited his car while it was parked unlocked in the area.

Mr. Baldwin goes to the dentist every Wednesday afternoon. He is having extensive bridge work done to his precious molars. It has been weeks since the work started. He also rings reveille at odd hours throughout the night. A child of fancy, this Baldwin. But that dentistry bothers many. How can one man have so much done to his teeth.

Mr. Bohl's boil has been the cynosure of interest in A Company these past few days. It was a most awkward sort of a boil.

For tips on how to finance an Arctic Expedition it is suggested that the uninitiated call upon Mr. Miller who has had superb good fortune at Dominoes, being, at this writing some thousands of miles to the good in the perpetual game of skill and chance.

The greatest thrill a 'B' Flight dodo can have is to go back to his dear old PT 11 after a day's tour in a flying boxcar.

- Slips and Skids -

*There's one spot on this earth, men,**No other one will do.**There is no place but Kelly, men,**It's Kelly Field for you.**There's one hope in this life, men,**No other stands a show.**There's but the wish for Kelly, men,**That's where we want to go.**We follow down the path, men,**Of heroes gone before,**Who rattled through the sky, men,**In a bouncing J. N. 4.**We'll take the stick at Kelly, men,**And find out how it's done**For when we get to Kelly, men,**The trouble's just begun.*

KELLY FIELD

By

Edwin D. Avary.

IN MEMORIAM

The loss of Herman Davis to the Flying Cadet Battalion was a matter of sorrow to each of us. We, his classmates, who came to know him well in the months he was with us, found him likeable, sincere, and a good friend. We are proud to have been associated with him; we come to attention and salute his memory.

KELLY CADETS COLLIDE

Flying Cadet E. D. Avary and Flying Cadet W. A. Altenburg, both of Kelly Field, were made members of the Caterpillar Club when the ships which they were flying collided at about 3,000 feet. The accident occurred near Harlandale, where the students were flying their pursuit planes in a six-ship formation about 9:00 a. m. Thursday, May 25. On a cross-over turn, the two ships collided and started earthward. Both men bailed out immediately and landed safely in their chutes. The planes fell a short distance apart and both barely missed houses which were occupied at the time. Avary and Altenburg also landed a short distance apart and very near their planes, which were totally wrecked. We hope that misaps for the present Kelly fliers will be ended with this double accident. The present class has been unfortunate in having a very large number of accidents and near accidents, and have set the record for the largest number of parachute jumps in any class. The two jumps made by Altenburg and Avary raises this record to 7.

Bombing Practice

The Bombardment Section got off to a fast start in the most interesting phase of their course, Camera-Obscura. Due to the excessive costs of actual bombing practice some one with a mind like "Steinmetz" and hands like "Houdini" invented what is known as Camera-Obscura for the delight and joy of those little Boom-Boom pilots.

The plot consists of a hut with a lense, a table, a large sheet, and a radio receiving set. The lense is fitted in a hole in the roof—the table is underneath—the target is fitted on the table—the radio is in one corner and with three operators we are now ready to begin.

The ship flies up-wind over the hut. The Bomber is crouched in the meat-can with a bomb sight

sight over the windows. At his elbow is our "pal" a buzzer set. With queer motions to the pilot he accomplishes the feat of setting the ship on a straight course over the hut. He then takes a preliminary sighting operation and sends the number of his ship by radio. At the time he BELIEVES correct he sends a long dash, meaning Fire. At this moment the men in the hut go to work. The radio man announces the moment of fire, the timer starts his stop watch, and the target man places a pencil on the trail of the image of the ship as it moves along its course. The timer allows the number of seconds necessary for a bomb to drop from the altitude at which the flight is being made and then calls, "Target"—a mark is then made on the pencil line and there you are, "A Bulls-eye."

Two A. M. and the War was officially on, in spite of rain, thunder, and lightning. Alarm clocks, sleepy moans and groans and muttered words, shattered the silence of the Kelly bays, as a none too eager group of Observers climbed into their blues, and proceeded forth to the Observation Section. Just what part they were to play in this War they knew not, but they did know that two a. m. is one prize time of night to go on duty. A little action would have been all right, but until daylight, none of these sleepy-eyed Observers found much to do, except consume large quantities of cigarettes, and drowsily discuss the Reds and the Blues. Mostly the latter. However, with the dawn, motors roared, planes took to the sky, and Kelly Field had entered into a period of aerial activity that lasted all day. Cadets in the Observation Section spent a hectic day working radios, making strips and mosaics, observing movements, and all in all, showed everyone that their section could prove of invaluable aid in time of war. The Reds finally crashed through with a tremendous victory over the defensive Blues, and, tired but happy over their usefulness, the Observers returned to the fold and sought that long-sought shuteye. Thank Allah that Pursuit confines its efforts to the more dignified daytime.

Kelly has sent many unofficial ambassadors of goodwill to the fair city of Galveston, thanks to the Pursuit cross-country schedule and low ceilings. The last two flights that went down, spent two days and nights enjoying that Southern resort town, and be-moaning (?) the fact that inclement weather was preventing their return by night to Kelly Field.

Famous last words by one of Kelly's Kute Kadets: "Don't fall in love with me, I'm an engaged man."

Of course we all enjoyed the Fiesta Day parade in San Antonio, but many were the pair of Cadet's eyes that raptly viewed the aerial review, put on by Kelly instructors, as they circled the city in perfect formation. Oh for that day when we shall write S-66 in our form 1's!

And then there are those letter from home coming in now, asking us all about flying, graduation, active duty, salaries, invitations, trips, furloughs, marriages, foreign duty, stations, plans of all sorts, and whatnot. Exactly the same questions that we'd like to answer ourselves, and having no factual information at our disposal, what are we to write to our poor care-worn parents and friends who are so interested in our welfare?

We've heard a lot of wild rumors since we enrolled for Flying Cadet Training, but the most untamed on record lately is the following: All Flying Training will cease Monday, with Kelly and Randolph Fields closing for an indefinite period!

On Friday, May 12, the Flying Cadets of Kelly Field had their super dance amid the palms, set-ups, moonlight, and music of the Gunter Roof. Henry Busse did himself proud, as did Cubby Bear, and other outstanding male participants of the evening's semi-formal gaiety. By far, it was the best dance of the year, and it was a contented detachment of Cadets who sought their bunks, at two a. m. following the evening's revelry. And such an eager, wide-awake group bounced out of their beds at 6:15 the following morning for a snappy inspection and two hours of ground school! Cut it out now.

Among those who recently motored to New Braunfels with the smart younger set of San Antonio, we find the august personage of none other than the Very Rev. H. Dobson (Inch) Pocock. Social Item.

With Buzzer forever lost to our ground school schedule Trapshooting now occupies our time an hour or so a week. During the first crack at the clay pigeons, we find Cubby Bear with a goose egg for the first 25 birds, and Wells and Goyette tied for high honors with 18. Goyette obtained his proficiency shooting towns on cross-countries, whereas Wells acquired his skill shooting the bull after taps.

DODO WRITES HOME

May 17, 1932.

Dear Mom:

Gee Mom, I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner, but we sure have been busy. They even make us get up at five fifteen in the morning now, in order to be able to do our work before it is time to go to bed. The army sure builds men. We don't mind the work at all. Every one does his work so cheerfully you would think it was nothing at all. And it really isn't, because the work is so interesting, and getting more so all the time. The most interesting things are flying and the study of engines. Flying Cadets are supposed to know all about Airplane Engines, and one of the upper classmen must have done a lot of work in developing them, because they are always talking about Horse Powers. I don't know why they call him "Horse" because he isn't nearly as fat as Mr. Fahey, but I guess that is a nickname some one gave to him. But is just goes to show how smart you are when you finish being a Dodo.

You would hardly realize that I have already done over fifty hours of flying, and in another two weeks will be finished with my flying on "A" stage. For the past two weeks we have been working on Aerobatics, and it sure gives me the funniest feeling. When you are flying upside down, you have to look up in order to see what is below you, and it seems as though a lot of the boys forget to keep their mouths shut, and their meals fall out. My instructor went up alone one day to show me how to do some of the things, and he showed me how to make a fancy landing without an airplane. He jumped from about twelve hundred feet, and landed with a parachute. It is a big thing like an umbrella, only you sit on it instead of carrying it. They are very handy things to have, because you can land in a much smaller space than you can with an airplane. And there are no shock cords to break.

I am awfully busy now, mom, and there isn't much else to write about. If there is time, I am going to try to get a furlough between classes, and then you will be able to see me in my uniform. And when I get back the new Dodo Class will be here. Gee, I hope they're not as dumb as our class was. Will have to close now. Give my love to sis and pop, and write soon.

Your loving son,

A. DODO.

P. S. I wonder how my instructor knew it was going to be so hot when I flew alone. The temperature has risen over ninety every day for the past month. He sure is a smart man.

SPORT-SHOTS

CADETS WIN CUP...

FIRST GAME

The Cadet Battalion Team got off to a flying start in the first of the best two out of three game series with the 53rd Squadron, when they took the first game 8-6.

The Cadets were outthit by the 53rd., 11-10, but bunching their hits with several misplays by the Squadron infield, the Cadets took advantage of the opportunity to build up an early lead.

Bolch and Hinton were the opposing pitchers at the opening, but errors kept Bolch in trouble, so that he gave way to Meyers in the fourth inning. Meyers allowed only 3 hits in the four innings he pitched, but the Cadets bunched two of these hits, a base-on-balls, and a three base error for three runs in the eighth inning and assured themselves of victory.

The 53rd went into the ninth inning trailing 8-3. Three hits and an error scored three runs, but the Cadet infield pulled off a snappy double killing to cut-short the rally and end the game.

SECOND GAME

The Cadets made it two straight and won the Cup Series from the 53rd Squadron Team when they won a free-hitting contest 8-7.

The game was a nightmare as far as the pitchers were concerned, as they were continually in the hole due to ragged support and "poop-dribbling" hits. Hinton, the Cadet pitcher, being the victim of the greater number of the freak hits, the 53rd getting no less than nine.

Again the Cadets made the eighth inning their big inning to score four runs on four hits and error to make up their margin of victory.

SQUASH

After one of the most exciting finals ever staged at Randolph Field by the Cadets, Mitchell finally won over Capp.

As the first round started there seemed to be little difference in the play of all the contestants and the outcome was still a big question in the minds of those entered. Spicer defeated Gray in a very close and hard fought match 21-21 and 21-18. Capp and Saibara furnished the fire works in the first round as first one and then the other took the lead. Capp took the first set 21-14 and seemed well on the road to victory, but Saibara by stellar playing evened the count at one all by taking the

second set by the close margin of 21-20. Saibara, however, shot the works in that set and had little left as Capp ran out the set 21-9. Mitchell and Barnes playing under different rules gave a fast exhibition as Mitchell took him into camp by the scores of 15-5 and 15-12. Griggs drew a bye in the first round.

In the second round Capp almost ran into difficulties again as he and Spicer took the court. As usual Capp made a strong start and won the first set 21-14, but almost lost the second as Spicer made a determined bid to even things up. The score, 21-20. Mitchell also had trouble in the second as he and Griggs displayed fine form with the former nosing out the latter 15-9 and 15-12.

The final round between Capp and Mitchell was all that a Squash enthusiasts could hope for in the way of excitement. Capp started out as if to make the final match a run away and had little trouble taking the first 15 to 8. The second set was full of rallies and really intelligent play, but again Capp came through with the winning points to carry the set 15-12. Capp seemed to be well on the way to victory, but just couldn't stand prosperity and Mitchell took the third set after a real battle to the count of 15-12. Mitchell improved as the fourth set advanced and had little trouble winning 15 to 7 as Capp seemed to be holding back for the final. The fifth and final set started fast as both players gave every thing in an effort to win. The lead changed back and forth until Mitchell put over a desperate finish to run out the set, match, and tournament 15 to 12.

All in all it was a great tournament and too much credit can not be given those who did their bit in making it such a success.

HANDBALL

Cadet H. G. Moore, former University of Texas Hand-Ball star, established his supremacy in this particular sport by going through the entire tournament without loss of a single set.

Cadet Moore's achievement is outstanding in view of the fact that this was the fastest tournament ever staged at Randolph Field by the Cadets.

From the first round the tournament gave promise of being a fast one as the hand-ball artists took the courts and displayed excellent form.

First Round results: Moore defeated Griggs 21-3 and 21-5; Hoxie was downed by Elliot 21-7 and 21-4; Altman, H. disposed of Walker

21-1 and 21-1; Hayden eliminated Hilger to the tune of 21-5 and 21-12; and in the closest match of the first round, Spicer finally overcame Mitchell 21-18 and 21-19.

Moore continued his championship march in the second round by defeating Altman by the score of 21-8 and 21-5. Hayden forfeited to Spicer, thus pitting the cadet from B Company against Moore.

In the finals Moore and Spicer gave one of the best exhibitions of fast clever play that has been displayed on the courts in many a year. Moore, with his all round ability was too much for Spicer and defeated him convincingly by the scores of 21-8 21-5, and 21-6.

The tournament was an overwhelming success, the playing exceptionally good, and the rivalry keen. Such tournaments will no doubt create a great deal of enthusiasm among the Cadets and in the future there should be many more entries in this type of indoor sport.

SOFTBALL

Interclass and inter-company playground ball has become an important part of the Cadet athletic program, and claims the attention of a larger group than any other sport. Its popularity has increased and the competition between upper and lower class teams has become keener. There have been several games between A and B company teams made up of both upper and lower classmen, and in these contests, the "hipockets" seem to have proven their supremacy. However, the majority of the soft ball contests have been between the two classes in one company. These groups are well matched and the number of victories are about evenly divided between them. It seems fit, therefore, that before the upper class starts Kellyward, a game should be staged between a team representing their entire group and one picked from all the dodos.

Flying Cadet Powers has agreed to select a group from his classmates, which, he says will have little trouble in trimming the dodos.

Flying Cadet Hay who has been appointed to select a dodo team states that his boys are in "de pink of condition" and adds that "it'll be a good workout for them but I'd like something a little tougher."

The date for this battle of battles has been set for Thursday, June 1, place. B Company's dia- (Con. on Page 6, Col. 3)

Rec. Hall Warner, the all-time all-American, long distance sitting champ of the world and the universe also blows into a saxophone. If the adage that you get out of anything just what you put into it holds true, what Mr Warner puts into the saxophone must be foul indeed.

Mr. Powers came out of the storm at last. It was at Saturday inspection that he had a brain storm and could not think what day the G. I. laundry went out. Having replied that it went out Friday, he ammended his story to Monday but was not certain. However, it is rumored that the storm is over.

It has been suggested that Mr. Hand attach one end of a long piece of string to the tower of Administration Building and allow it to unwind as he progresses on his cross-country flights. In this way it would be possible for him to find his way back from where he goes. The one remaining problem would be for him to find where he is going. Perhaps he could scatter paper a la the Babes in the Woods.

With the blood of Rebel forefathers coursing through his Mississippi veins, Mr. Harrel fought the war over again with Mr. Hausfaus. It seems Mr. Hausfaus' table was the one chosen by Mr. Harrel when his own table was removed by reason of wash-outs. It was a bitter struggle, but as Grant took Richmond, Mr. Harrel took the table, and Mr. Hausfaus still can't find his beds.

Maestro Freeman will play the piano regardless of how much radio is turned on. He plays with feeling, but someday someone is going to hurt his feelings if he doesn't find seclusion for his melodic tendencies.

Mr. Gaster broke a landing gear on Night Flying practice. A man of originality is Mr. Gaster, always thinking up something new to do.

SWIMMING POOL...

(Cont. from Page 1)

cadets. There is an excellent diving board on one side of the pool on which the more agile cadets exhibit their skill. On the back side of the pool are located showers and dressing rooms the front of which is shaded by a large canopy which will keep the hot sun off the more tender skins on the hot days while outside the pool.

One the opening day each cadet present was required to swim the length of the pool and return. Those who failed to meet this requirement will not be allowed to use the pool at times when a life guard is not on duty. The pool is open to use from 9:00 A. M. to 6:55 P. M. on days preceeding flying days and from 9:00 A. M. till 9:30 P. M. on other days.

MARCH CLASS...

(Cont. from Page 1)

to do after the trouble had developed. The final three weeks of this course is being spent in actual trouble shooting in the engine block laboratory.

The last of the ground school courses to be taken up is that of Ground Gunnery, which deals with the airplane armament, or as it is better referred to, as "The teeth of the military pilot." In this course the class has learned what kind of guns are mounted on our fighting ships, and how they are constructed and how to take apart and put together these rapid fire guns, so that in case of emergency, the pilot will be able to fix minor troubles so that the gun may be kept in operation.

Over on the flying line where the attention of every flying cadet is centered thruout the entire course and where there is no end to new things to be learned and thrilling moments in learning how to fly, things are beginning to take on the appearance of a group of circus performers practising their acts.

Back in the early flying days of the present March class, at the end of five and one-half or six hours of dual flying instruction the first proud cadets came back to the barracks wearing a broad smile, which told in itself of a solo flight that morning. Every day more joined the ranks of the soloist and by the end of twelve hours dual flight most of the class had achieved that first little success in the life of a flying cadet. It was from this time on that the real work began. The following time in the air was not to be spent in learning very fundamental maneuvering with the instructor always there to help in case something went radically wrong, but the test of taking the ship aloft alone and practising maneuvers, picking out the mistakes alone and correcting for them had come. So much progress had to be made in a given time and if it were not done, then a check ride or two and the big opportunity no longer presented itself.

With the exception of a few minor mishaps due to bad taxiing near the hangars the March class has been free from accidents of any kind, but so far has waged the customary war on shock cords, by breaking its share. There have been three forced landings on "A" stage so far, two due to gasoline shortage and one due to a broken propeller, in which cases all three ships were brought to good landings.

A resume of the flying training as it has progressed on the line since the first day is as follows: Familiarizing oneself with the controls and instructions in how to use the controls and the instruments that are provided, the first flight with the instructor and instruction in taxiing the ship about the field, a demonstration of how traffic around the field runs and how it should be left and entered,

G. I. CHURCH

(Cont. from Page 1)

them of their sinfulness and utter disregard for the lower class. (It seems the speech helped because more than the usual amount of confinements were handed out the following Saturday).

Mr. Virgin took up a collection to help defray incidental expenses—all he got was sympathy.

Church ended with more songs by the famous Dodo quartet, and with everyone feeling light at heart.

If the G. I. church entertained the upper classmen, and reflected favorably upon the lower classmen, then it was a big success—but who knows?

and an explanation of the wind-direction or traffic "T" and how the different rectangles of traffic lie about the field at different settings of the "T".

After fundamental instructions on how to get into and out of the landing field the first big thrill came with a chance at the controls during level flight to see just how the movement of each affects the flight of the plane. From this time on the new things were given fast and level flight, turns and banks, climbing turns, forced landings and take-offs, gliding turns and stalls followed. After this came, elementary eights on cross-roads, around points and pylon eights for accuracy work, followed by spins, spirals, Chandelles, 360 degree and 180 degree landings, 360 degree steep banks and laxy eights.

At present the majority of the class are on the aerobic stage and are working hard to perfect, loops, half rolls, reversements, slow and snap rolls and Immeleman turns. During the past week each flight has had a half or three-quarters of an hour dual instruction transition work per student. Those who have been flying PT-3's have been given some time on the PT-11 ship, and vice-versa. This transition work has served to make a pleasant variation and change in the regular grind as well as to give each student a chance to get acquainted with and fly another type of ship that that in which he has been accustomed to. Up to the present date the Stage average per man total time in the air is 48:12, the average dual time is 25:42 and the average solo time is 22:30.

SOFTBALL

mond. The following lineups have been submitted as probable:

DODOS	Position	UPPER CLASS
McMahon	P.	Coddington
Ashman	C.	Kinkel
Capp	1 B.	Read, R. N.
Palmer	S. S.	Harrel
Carter	2 B.	Irvine
Hay	S. S.	Peeler
James	3 B.	Powers
McKinney	R. F.	Nelson
Olmstead	C. F.	Bain
Timper	L. F.	Smith

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
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	45.10
Holdovers	5	2.57
To Basic Stage	94	50.26
Eliminated Basic Stage	7	7.84

CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	165	%
Disqualified Physically	6	3.64
Own Request	2	1.20
Eliminated Primary Stage	59	35.80

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 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.)

AIR CORPS MANEUVERS

(Cont. from Page 1)

tipated.

The entire operations district involved was from Santa Barbara to San Diego—a coast line of about 250 miles—and inland about 80 miles. Each group was made responsible for the defense of definite sections of the district. The "enemy" was scheduled to spring surprise attacks each day and it was up to the observation units to keep track of him, radio the warning to other groups in the air or on the ground in time to prevent a successful invasion.

The whole maneuver is an excellent idea in that it affords an opportunity to see what obstacles will be met in actual warfare as well as to emphasize mistakes and inefficiencies which might be disastrous when meeting an actual enemy.

BUZZER RESUME...

(Cont. from Page 2)

five hours are given during the first four months, and the remainder during the second. The minimum speed at the end of thirty five hours is nine words a minute with no mistakes, or ten words with three mistakes. At the end of seventy two hours, in addition to a minimum speed of twelve words a minute with no mistakes, a speed of twelve words per minute in transmitting is required to pass successfully. After going to Kelly, code practise becomes greatly dependant upon the branch one is placed; Pursuit work requiring but few more hours whereas, observation students must continue on with buzzer work.