

LOWER CLASS TO BASIC STAGE

The goal towards which the Flying Cadets of the March Class have striven so earnestly is reached at last. Four months ago, the thought of graduation to "B" Stage was a fond hope, far distant, and filled with doubt. Now that the March class has been recognized as the new upper class, we look back and wonder why the struggle seemed so severe and the anxiety so great. Needless to say, however, the work we have just completed on "A" Stage has been so interesting and the progress so exciting that "Dodo" days at Randolph will always be remembered.

We think again of that first ride, the instructor demonstrating methods of control, level flying, and shallow banks. As time passed we had climbing, gliding, and landings and take-offs. All this, interesting though it was, only led up to the big day in the life of the Dodo—the first solo. Then what a thrill everyone got during solo stage. We had a plane of our own to fly as we pleased?, with no one to watch our every move. As soon as "Solo Stage" had passed, the first fundamental maneuvers were started. Spins, Chandelles, Lazy Eights, and Pylon Eights were tried and mastered.

Then the brief spell of acrobatics. Loops, Immelmans, slow rolls, snap rolls, and reversements were taken in turn. Regular check rides, sandwiched in between various stages of training, kept the "A" Stage students on edge. There was little chance of getting stale, as events occurred too rapidly.

Now that the class has been recognized, attention has turned to the "BT's." From what we have been able to gather, the planes we are to fly require much more delicate handling than the planes we have been accustomed to fly. Also, stunting is "off limits." All of us have probably sworn to never fly the lowly "PT" again, but nevertheless, we remember it as rugged and faithful friend.

The future work on "B" Stage is somewhat similar to the flying with which we have become familiar. First, there is the dual instruction in the heavier planes. As soon as satisfactory proficiency has been developed, solo is again in order. Concentrated instruction and practice must then

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RANDOLPH FIELD DAY

June 20, 1931 will long be remembered by Randolph Fielders and visitors who were present that day to witness the most dramatic and the most spectacular air show that has been seen in these parts. It was the formal opening of Randolph Field—the most up-to-date, and completely equipped government air school in the world.

The dedication was occasioned with much pomp and ceremony. Notables from the far corners of the United States were present to witness the spectacular event. Among them were the Chief of Air Corps, Corps Area Commanders, Staff Officers, Senators, the Governor of the State of Texas, and leaders and celebrities in other walks of life.

The first scene in this great air pageant was the passing in review of a fleet of planes for the coterie of officials. Out of the horizon came these "power birds of war," flying in combat formation; roaring out their defiance to the world below. No sooner had this occurred that the spectators were treated to the more thrilling and exciting spectacle of aerial combats,

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RECOGNITION DANCE HELD

Friday evening June 23, seventy-five Flying Cadets of the March 1933 class at Randolph Field were officially recognized as upperclassmen at the recognition dance in the recreation hall.

Marching in single file and in full dress uniform, the Dodo-weary Cadets formed in a large "U" at the north end of the hall and heard Flying Cadet Battalion Captain Dennison welcome the March 1933 class Flying Cadets as new upperclassmen. Following the ceremony Flying Cadet Battalion Adjutant, Williams read orders announcing that Flying Cadet Fairchild of the October class as having merited the award for military efficiency while at Randolph Field; Flying Cadet Inman as having merited the award for promotion of Cadet Athletics and the members of the baseball team as having been awarded miniature baseball emblems for their participation in a splendid baseball season.

After a hearty round of welcome and handshaking by the October class, the dance proceeded with music by Jimmy Klein's San Antonio dance orchestra, and a merry

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APPOINTMENTS OF UPPER CLASS ANNOUNCED

Due to the fact that there was a great deal of speculation among the Flying Cadets regarding the new Battalion Officers, the appointment of officers was looked forward to and received with a great deal of interest. The men who have been chosen to lead the Battalion the next four months have shown considerable leadership and have consequently been accepted with enthusiasm by all Flying Cadets.

Flying Cadet Spicer, who succeeds Flying Cadet Dennison as Battalion Captain, is a graduate of the University of Arizona. He has had four years training in the Reserve Officers Training Corps and holds a reserve commission in the Cavalry. Flying Cadet Spicer has shown himself to be a real leader, having been elected as president of the March, 1933, class, and having been selected as section marcher during lower class days.

Flying Cadet McDermont, A Company's new Captain, hails from Sunny California. He attended the University of Illinois where, before his graduation, he became famous as pole vault champion in the Big Ten. He has had two years of training in the Reserve Officers Training Corps. His quiet dignity and fine military bearing has made his leadership impressive from the start.

Flying Cadet Ecklund, appointed as Captain of B Company, is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. He successfully completed four years in the Reserve Officers Training Corps, and holds a reserve commission in the infantry. He also has had two years experience in the National Guard. Flying Cadet Ecklund, through his wide military background and by his work as a Flying Cadet, is unanimously accepted as a logical leader of B Company.

Flying Cadet Sanford, the new Battalion Adjutant comes from way down in Mobile. He was graduated by the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and holds a reserve commission in the Field Artillery.

Company A Lieutenants include Flying Cadets Carter, Simmons, and Bryant. All have had previous military experience, Carter and Bryant being graduates of

(Cont. on Page 2)

ADIOS

By Junius W. Dennison, Battalion Captain

With Kelly Field a vivid reality and nine months of hard work behind us, the Upper Class have suddenly awakened to the fact that their fondest dream is rapidly materializing. It was a case of keeping our heads up and doing our best. We didn't have time to think about it. Now—that those days are history and only four months left to go, we can profit by our mistakes, forget our petty grievances and do a far better job.

The success that has been ours, we owe to our instructors on A and B Stage; to our Commandant, Tactical Officers and Flight Sergeants, and all the personnel of the field. Through your teachings, cooperation and personal interests in us, you have slowly prepared us for the last lap before graduation. To you we extend our whole-hearted thanks and gratitude. It indeed has been a pleasure to know you and work with you, and we one and all hope that there will be times in the future, when we can renew our friendships.

Much of the pleasure that we have received at Randolph in the past four months has been due to the Lower Classmen. Our Dodos have worked hard and cooperate in a way which speaks well for them as an Upper Class. We wish to thank you too for this cooperation and intensive desire to help us by being a thoughtful and eager class. You, no doubt, will enjoy your upper class work, and as we part we wish you lots of luck with your new Dodos and every success on B Stage.

THE TEE



EDITORIAL STAFF

James T. Carter ----- Editor
 L. L. Mundell ----- Managing Editor
 S. H. Ecklund ----- Feature Editor
 N. F. D. Timper ----- Sports Editor
 V. A. McDermont --- Contributing
 (Editor)
 E. W. Virgin - Contributing Editor
 Lower Class ----- 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.

Workmen on the new highway
 were led to believe that the Signal
 Corps were using a new type of
 wire reeling device, for reeling up
 telephone wire, when they ob-
 served a certain P. T. 3 do a sort
 of incomplete 360 degrees landing
 on Golla Field.

The Dodos are learning new
 tricks everyday now; it seems that
 Dodo Palmer holds the record for
 endurance flying.

T

Appointments Announced

(Cont. from Page 1)

military academies, and should
 make excellent platoon leaders.
 For B Company, Flying Cadets
 Evans, Schoellkopf, and Capp, have
 been selected as Platoon Lieuten-
 ants. They have shown a natu-
 ral alertness and a military abili-
 ty in the performance of their
 duties.

Flying Cadet Von Weller of
 Georgia Tech fame was appointed
 as Sergeant Major.

The All-important posts of First
 Sergeant were given to Flying Ca-
 det Hinton in A Company and to
 Flying Cadet Stewart in B Com-
 pany. Hinton has shown a natu-
 ral aptitude for getting things
 done. He hails from Texas, and
 is a graduate of Texas Christian
 University. Flying Cadet Stewart
 has had considerable military ex-
 perience and should be well equip-
 ped for the duties of his office.

Flying Cadet Rodieck has been
 chosen as Color Bearer. The re-
 mainder of the upper class of
 both companies have been appoint-
 ed to positions as Platoon Ser-
 geants, Line Sergeants, and Cor-
 porals. Every Flying Cadet, re-
 gardless of office has stepped into
 his place with vigor and is striv-
 ing to carry on with precision.

Advice to New Flying Cadets

When first starting training at
 Randolph Field there is no doubt
 but what many students find they
 have to adjust themselves the con-
 ditions which they had not pre-
 viously considered. In the fol-
 lowing informal article an attempt
 is made to show the relations to
 flying of factors which on first
 thought would appear to have no
 connection therewith and yet ac-
 tually have a very important bear-
 ing on the final results. It is
 hoped that these notes will appeal
 to the reason of the student and
 promote a more intelligent under-
 standing between him and the
 instructing personnel.

In the space of a calendar year
 the School has three objectives to
 accomplish, to wit: military train-
 ing; academic training; flying
 training. *All three are interlocked
 and inseparable.* Each is difficult
 in itself and normally would re-
 quire more than the time allowed
 for all. Due to the shortness of
 time allotted, the training must
 be intense and requires the max-
 imum from the individual. This is
 one reason why the applicant must
 pass a strigent physical examina-
 tion and have at least the equi-
 valent of two years education in
 a recognized university.

In effect it becomes a survival
 of the fittest. Those who are
 easily discouraged will quickly fall
 out; *those who are able to keep
 their objective always in view* will
 be successful, depending upon their
 ability to adjust themselves to
 flying conditions as well as those
 conditions 'behind the line'. All
 of this is absolutely essential in
 the training of the military pilot
 as he must be able to 'take it' not
 only on the ground but in the
 air. If he is unable to 'take it'
 on the ground there is no assurance
 that he will be any different in
 the air. Flying is not a vocation
 or avocation in which the short
 tempered, the 'thin skinned' or the
 easily discouraged will have much
 success. *Control of the airplane
 requires control of ones self, not
 only physical control but mental
 control as well.* The impulsive and
 the erratic are better off if fol-
 lowing some ground occupation.

It must be assumed that the
 School is *giving you something
 which you desire* and that your
 desire is paramount to or above
 any of the temporary set-backs en-
 countered. Your attendance is
 voluntary, you have been selected
 from a large waiting list and it is
 presumed that it is your ambition
 to become an officer and a mili-
 tary pilot. If you have other ideas
 pay your money and take the
 course which is offered by civilian
 flying schools. Under the first
 assumption you should be amen-
 able to discipline on the ground
 and in the air, not because of
 compulsion but because of your
 desire to learn and pride in the
 profession that you are undertak-

POST LIBRARY

Reading material on the Post is
 neither lacking in quality nor in
 quantity. The two libraries are
 well equipped to give the Post per-
 sonnel reading material on techni-
 cal as well as non-technical sub-
 jects.

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 mot-
 ors, aviation, and automotive in-
 dustries. It also contains com-
 plete information on the Command
 and General Staff School, the
 Field Artillery School, and the Ca-
 valry School, especially designed
 to aid Reserve Officers and en-
 listed men in their research on
 these subjects. Schedules of in-
 struction and references on these
 subjects are in complete form.
 Texts on various technical sub-
 jects, both elementary and ad-
 vanced, are to be found in the
 library. It is well equipped to
 accomodate those who wish to
 study there. Tables and chairs
 are provided for this purpose. Of-
 fice 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, Wed-
 nesdays, Saturdays, and holidays.

The Post Library in the base-
 ment of the Post Administration
 Building. Those whose tastes run
 to lighter and more varied read-
 ing may find ample material there.
 It has a plethora of fiction mat-
 erial, which is quite up to date,
 and is also has 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., ex-
 cept Sundays, Wednesdays, Sat-
 urdays, and holidays.

ing. This personal element is the
 key to the entire structure. There
 are no policemen to make you do
 right. You do it, not because you
 are being watched, but because it
 is the right thing to do. This
 should be the compelling factor
 throughout your flying training as
 well as later. True discipline is
 not mere outward compliance with
 instructions but goes deeper than
 that and implies loyalty, cooper-
 ation and understanding and in
 the absence of orders to do what
 is reasonable and consistent with
 previous instructions and training.

The School has a background
 of some 16 years experience in
 flying training. To you that may
 mean much or little. It does mean
 that it is old enough to have seen
 the results of its mistakes, to pro-
 fit by them, to have an idea of
 trends and how best to adjust it-
 self to existing conditions. In so
 far as possible, its equipment and
 personnel were assembled for one
 end: to qualify you as military
 pilot.

(To be continued)

RECREATION HALL

One of the first real privileges
 enjoyed by the Flying Cadets, after
 they have been recognized as up-
 per classmen, is the freedom of
 the recreation hall. To the Dodos,
 this place is "off limits," and dur-
 ing the four months that they are
 denied the privilege of even as
 much as looking in, it becomes
 very much of a curiosity.

Located on the second floor of
 the Cadet Administration building,
 the recreation hall is conveniently
 located, so that upper classmen
 have easy access to it between for-
 mations and call to quarters. It
 is large enough to accommodate a
 large number of cadets at a time,
 and is so equipped as to give them
 a variety of entertainment. After
 a strenuous day at the flying line
 and at other formations, it is a
 welcome retreat for those seeking
 relaxation and entertainment. But,

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Lower Class To Basic Stage

Cont. from page 1.)

eights, lazy eights, and chandel-
 les. Forced landings are in store,
 as well as hurdles and spot land-
 ings.

Later in the course, "B" Stage
 classes are given cross country
 trips to test the students ability
 in navigation. We are looking
 forward to the trips to Corpus
 Christi, Austin, and Del Rio; and
 although precedent is not in our
 favor, there is not a Flying Cadet
 in the March Class who does not
 believe that he can arrive at a
 predetermined destination and re-
 turn to Randolph—at least return
 to Randolph.

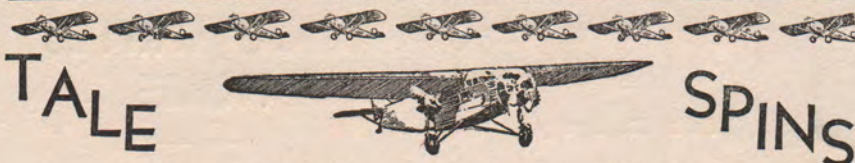
We look forward to our work
 on B Stage with much optimism
 and hope. We expect the days
 we spend there to be steadier and
 less doubtful than the hectic days
 of A Stage.

T

Mr. Beetle, our falsetto trum-
 petier, (not to mention his H. P.
 tendencies) spent some time the
 other morning in perfecting his
 Pylon 8's. Imagine the consterna-
 tion of the seventeen pilots, upon
 starting to take off from Golla
 Field, found that he was using one
 corner of it for a Pylon point.

The famous words of Mr. Har-
 rell—"You should be able to tell
 the difference between a Dodo's
 voice and an upper classman's"
 have made everyone wonder if
 four months really can make a
 difference.

How to touch the left foot with
 the right toe during morning set-
 ting-up exercises is the lesson
 brought to A company by Mr.
 Hoxie who did not demonstrate,
 but changed his story to read right
 foot with the left hand. Courage
 in his convictions might have made
 a great man of the Hoxie, but he
 wavered in his decision.



CROSS TEE

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

John Brown's Body and Old Man River rendered in quavering tenor, lilting rythm, and tireless energy disturb the unfortunate members of A Company's east wing, but do not bother Mr. Wood for whom the endless repetition seems to have a soothing effect, or is it spring-time in the air?

The little fat boy of A Company has lost a pound in weight. Mr. Kinkle is happy in the realization that it can be lost and is trying to recall just how it happened.

A young lady was in attendance at the recent exhibition of night landings put on by Mr. Nelson. She watched in wrapt awe as her hero defied the elements and brought his ship to numerous thistle down landings.

The Blowingest Blower of them all; the giant among half pints has done back flips on the ramp and front flips off the spring board. Mr. Peeler is going to land on his stern someday and many will feel repaid for the moments of suspense Peeler has caused them, moments when they wondered which end would be up.

The mighty has fallen at last—the all-powerful "Chuck" Fischer got lost on one of the shorter crosscountry flights. That in itself is not so bad, getting lost on the way down or over, but getting lost on the way back to Randolph was the unpardonable sin committed by the great Fischer! The only flaw in nine months of flying—so he says.

Lying fine on the flying line—. "Yes, we fly such close formation that I can't take my eyes off the instructor to read the water temperature gauge, so the instructor looks into my cockpit and reads it for me." Wonder what "Hot-pilot" Smith would do if he ever did fly a tight formation?

It was one of those bright, sunny (?) days for which Texas is noted. In front of a small farmhouse off to the southeast of Randolph a girl stood waiting, waiting. Romance filled the air as she gazed anxiously about the sky, eaged to keep her tryst with her skyman-here. He was away past due, why did he not show up? Her melancholy thoughts were interrupted by the far away drone of a motor cleaving space to a rendezvous with love. As she watched the plane steadily grew larger and then was recognizable as a BT-1 piloted by none other than "A" Company's captain—Flying Cadet Nelson. Nelson held to the sky by the rigid rules of the flying school must needs remain in

the air and worship from afar, and she held to earth by lack of wings must gaze with awe upon the intrepid birdman and sigh for a meeting. But she reckoned without the resourcefulness of our captain; Nelson, waiting until a cross-country came along, managed to detour so as to pass over the girl's house and there he happened to lose his "TDS" chart that had his name and address inscribed on the back. A few days later a letter arrived for Captain Nelson from this fair young lady, and that gentle readers was how the romance of Captain Nelson and a fair young Texas maiden began.

Attack! The word symbolizes all that is daring and lucky was Fairchild to be assigned to this branch. But his luck changed when he started to celebrate by doing a little advance flying in his branch and was caught at 500 (or was it fifty feet you were flying at?) feet by Captain Cannon. My, but that week of confinement went slowly!

Also, is might be wise for some one to inform Mr. Von Weller and Mr. Hinton that "Dodo's" are not the only ones who ride in the rear cockpit of a PT-3.

Burton evidently had a little trouble passing his eye examination before reporting to Randolph or else he is suffering from eye strain. At least that is the only excuse can be given for his not being able to read certain plain and outstanding signs which warn the motorist that the speed limit is fifteen miles per hour and not thirty. It's funny how much difference a few miles make.

"Wild Bill" Hatcher has just decided that baseball is not the game for an outstanding athlete. In fact, he is of the firm opinion that a fast game of "ping pong" is much safer. It has been suggested to Mister Hatcher that the enter the "pawn shop" business as that seems to be his forte at present.

Was it "Punster" McMahon who said in a moment of deep reflection: "Sees all, hears all, Dolezal," Shades of that distinguished Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, are already creeping to the surface on this upperclassman.

Victor Hugo Walker has demonstrated to the military authorities what wonderful progress a man can make in the realm of close order drill when he addressed a platoon in this manner: "Well, men, this is the way you do right face. You turn on the right ball of your left foot." By the way

Mr. Walker, what do you do with the rudder?

"Dodo" Burton ended his war on shock cords while on "A" Stage in a blaze of glory. Mr. Burton will no doubt be the envy of all future students in Primary Flying as there are few who can point with pride to a collection of nine unmatched shock cords.

There is one thing that Instructors on "A" Stage can be sure of and that is that a "Dodo" can always pull a new trick out of the bag. This was proven at Davenport Field when a certain "Dodo" on seeing that he could not make the hurdle, dived his ship in the ground and safely bounced over to make a perfect hurdle with a not so perfect landing.

It seems that "B" Company wants to keep all the taxying laurels to themselves. Mr. Shafer tried to out do Mr. Dolezal by taxying onto the ramp at a wild rate of speed. Mr. Shafer was quite fortunate in that the crew from "C" Flight came to the rescue and saved those trusting "Dodo's" who were having their ships gassed.

Mr. McDermot will no doubt make dates for the week-end in San Antonio and not try to make them in the wide open spaces.

Pierce, G. E. proved without a doubt that was not born in the city, but that he comes from the wide open spaces. While marching a platoon and not remembering the fact that he was a drill master, he prevented a collision with another platoon by giving the command, "Whoa,.... stop."

Quite a question was raised in the minds of the baseball team and the people of Cibolo why Hinton was not the least bit backward in giving away nickels during the baseball game.

Evidently the "new" Upper Class has just about decided that "once a Dodo, always a Dodo." At least that was the impression which was conveyed to the onlookers, when on Monday morning, the "new" Upper Class, resplendant in their new blue tags, continued their course in gardening and landscaping.

We're all so glad Mr. Smith got pursuit. Think how we would have missed his fond tales of the "pea-shooter" and his subtle remarks about observation. We must admit that true wit must have proper inspiration.

Mr. Hayden, may his tribe increase, awoke one day from a deep dream of peace, and there before the whole formation, found, to his great consternation, that his belt remained unbuckled, while the whole battalion chuckled.

- Slips and Skids -

By D. J. Powers

*We cannot find, although we try,
What makes a bounding box car fly.
Its D is very over L,
And its dihedral, you can tell
Is much too much, to say the least,
Yet it will rise like foaming yeast.*

*It seems a mystery to us
Why they make such an awful fuss.
Their shock cords break with no pretense,
And you can offer no defence
For breaking them, although you know
It really only happens so.*

—envoi—

*It would be nice if some smart man
Would find a large tomato can
And, speaking allegorically,
Tie it metaphorically
On the PT's tail.*

KELLY FIELD

By

Edwin D. Avary.

Kelly Cadets Graduate

This is the last issue of the TEE that will bear printed word of the present Kelly Class as undergraduates of the Army Flying School. The next Tee will find all the Kelly misters turned loose into Active Duty, resplendent in their new uniforms, and pleasantly conscious of their rank as Lieutenants in Uncle Sam's Air Force. Anxious as we are to attain that coveted rank, we realize only too well that we just have one more month to conclude what has been the greatest year of our lives. The combination of activities that have kept us busy since last July have no counterpart in civilian life. During our year of Army Flying Training we have lived and learned diversified subjects under the careful tutelage of our Commandants, Instructors, and, in the first four months, our Upperclassmen. And what we are now, and what we will become in June, will be the direct result of one of the most highly specialized and desirable trainings in the world. We feel proud to have made a success, thus far, of the opportunities placed at our disposal as Flying Cadets. Another month, and with mixed emotions we will leave Kelly Field. And with unmixed emotions we shall take leave of various interesting elements in town, which have become vital factors in our year of activity in Texas.

KELLY PROP WASH

Bombers Lambie and Barton pulled one of the best in years during night flying practice not long ago. The time had come for their flare landings, and as they soared over the field in their huge ships, they groped for their flare releases. Finding a likely little lever, they gave it a yank, and down to earth hurtled 150 gallons of good old G. I. gasoline. What a whale of a difference a few sense make.

Everyone but Gaughen had arrived in El Paso on time. As the minutes passed, many anxious eyes searched the Eastern horizon for a sign of the overdue airman. Twenty, thirty, forty minutes late, and the strain was beginning to tell on the eager group on the ground at Fort Bliss. Still, the more learned ones knew that the intrepid airman would soon come out of the East from whence he should. When, suddenly, a roaring P-1 came dashing over the mountains West of El Paso, and came to earth, with Gaughen none the worse for the experience of having overshot El Paso and ex-

plored the vast wastes of New Mexico and points West.

Old Jeff Mock sho' was regusted when he gave his crate the gun the other day in a strange field, and absolutely nothing happened. Again he shoved that durned throttle forward and no motion of plane or personnel was observed. So Mock says to himself something is wrong with his lil' ole peashooter of mine, and climbs out of the cockpit, and lo' and behold the prop was dead as Christobo Columbo. Now he knows that nothing ever happens in a plane if the motor has been cut a while back.

Hollstein was doing his stuff in formation, but things were getting hot for him. In fact, he and his plane were just about the hottest things in the sky that memorial mornnig. The temperature gauges were doing some tall hustling up around the 150 degree mark and not until he landed and pondered the situation a moment, did he note the disconcerting fact ye olde shutters had been closed during the morning's workout!

Schoffield covered himself with glory one June morning by all but nabbing a hangar roof with his wing surface as he pulled one of those attack take-offs. And that honorary group of Pursuit Dumbbells had another member for their fold. It was not many days later that the same mister joined that more esoteric group of Caterpillars, when he and Senter collided in mid-air. Which brings the class total of Caterpillars up to 7. Nothing ever happens.

Bateman spent a real cozy night in his 02-H miles out of El Paso after a forced landing in the country that God forgot. Along in the wee small hours it got pow'ful chilly, and rain started to beat down upon the poor man's cheeks. A moments work remedied that situation, for all Master Bateman had to do was take the engine cover off its proper place and cover his cubby hole in the cockpit with it. But all of Bateman's fun on the maintenance cross-country was not over then. He took off from his very strange field next morning, and while landing in El Paso his landing gear gave way, and he was brought to earth with a rude bump.

Will we ever forget those happy hours passed in that fascinating little place in Juarez called The Lucky Leaf. Just the place to bring the family for an unusual evening of good clean fun. And no questions asked.

Lay and Lambie pulled wan smooth wan in Waco with their little bomber. Having an LB-5, they found it necessary to get the gas from the lower wing tanks pumped up to the top wing. And to do the same, calls for a twenty minute callsthenic workout. So, glancing about them, they espied several youngsters who thought their bomber was just about the last word. Lay asked one of them: "Have you ever seen a gas pump." Of course the boy hadn't, but he and his pal were just crazy to see one. Time passed and the airminded youths found themselves accepting an invitation to climb into the bomber, and the thrill of their young lives came when they were allowed to work that gas pump until all the gas had been drawn up into the top wing. I can forgive a man who can't work a wobble pump, but a man who can and won't.....

We nominate for the hall of fame, Everett Senter, who made one sweet landing in his P-12 after seriously damaging his landing gear in a mid-air collision.

Bidwell is directly responsible for several cases of double pneumonia contracted during an unauthorized altitude hop last week in the pursuit section. The instructor turned the lead of the formation over to Mister Bidwell. But Bidwell was revving up too many r. p. m.'s. So the instructor signalled with his fingers "1700." Whereupon Bidwell leads the formation up to 17,000 feet, where summer flying suits with rolled up sleeves are hardly the costume for almost freezing weather. Just another case of misinterpreting signals. Bidwell thought it was a good experience, but the members of the flight have their own ideas about scaling Mt. Everest in a wet bathing suit.

Mr. Terry is always on his way or coming from. It would be interesting to know where he is going and where he has been. Such a busy feller you never did see.

"Ho-Hum, hips on hands, place." Mr. Schuster's callsthenics had all the lively banter of Micheal Arlen novel. The poor boy was tired after night flying, but such a callsthenicer you never did see!

Mr. Laird started for Fort Clark. Mr. Laird went to Eagle Pass. Two and two make four. He is kind to his folks, however.

Mr. Woodruff started for Fort Clark. Mr. Woodruff went far south. Four and four make eight. Ask him about the home town reception tendered by admiring local folk to the dauntless bird-man, or is it birdy-man.

DODO WRITES HOME

Dear Mom:

I am doing very well in my flying. My instructor said that I wouldn't need any more dual and that I could do anything with my ship that I wanted to do. I go up and do a lot of aerobatics, such as, spins, loops, vertical reverses, rolls, etc.; also, I can do Chandelles and lazy eights to perfection. I show the other boys how these things are done by having them follow and watch me. No one can do these stunts quite like I can, but I know it is because they are slow in learning. They know that I am good for all the Dodos are always calling me a "hot pilot." You know that I have always been very apt and quick to learn. I am enjoying everything here now and even the Upper Class looks up to me. They know that I am an "H. P." and they also know that I deserve consideration because I am really eager. I even worked three hours last Saturday afternoon cleaning up around the barracks when we were on pass. The other Dodos worked, too, but I don't think that they enjoyed it like I did.

The other day the Dodos' were practicing giving commands explaining military formations, such as squads right, about face, right face, etc. One Dodo tried to explain how to do a right face. He said something about turning on the right heel of the left foot, which is absurd. It is simple enough to explain. You are standing in one position—generally at attention—and you, well you start turning and turn until you get into another position. That's all there is to it. I know that they will want me to explain things to the new Dodos when they arrive. You know, Mom, I have always been good at explaining things.

We are soon to become Upper Classmen and, of course, there will have to be officers in our class the same as at present. I would really like to be First Sergeant because it really is a high ranking position. Our present First Sergeant of "A" Company is a swell fellow and I would like to be as he is. He has the interests of the Lower Class at heart and, I feel sure, that he has never "gigged" us without a pang of regret over having to inflict punishment upon us. But then, he can't shirk his duty. No really military man will allow sentimentality to enter into his work.

Well, Mom, I must close, although I could write much more about my good work here and how well I understand the military rules. Tell everyone hello and tell little brother to be patient and work hard as I think that I can arrange for him to come here when he reaches the proper age.

Lovingly,

A DODO.

SPORT - SHOTS

FLYING CADETS 11 - STATION HOSPITAL 0

The Flying Cadets whitewashed the Station Hospital Team from Fort Sam by the score of 11-0. Dennison pitched for the Flying Cadets and hurled one of his best games of the year. He allowed 3 hits, issued no base on balls, and permitted only two men to get as far as second base.

The Flying Cadets fattened their batting with a total of 16 hits from two Station Hospital pitchers. The fourth inning was the big inning of the game, with eleven Flying Cadets going to bat and combining seven hits, an error, and a walk for seven runs.

Rees, Hinton, and Caldwell were the big stickers for the Flying Cadets, each getting two hits.

FLYING CADETS BEAT KELLY FIELD 5-1

Dennison won his fifth straight victory when he held the Kelly Field team to 3 hits in a six inning game. The final score being 5-1. Denny allowed but one run and retired the last fourteen men in order.

The Kelly boys bunched two of their three hits in the first inning and scored their only run. The Flying Cadets came right back in their half and tied it up when Powel and Hinton hit safely to registred a run. They scored two more unearned runs in the second with a hit, two errors, and walk. In the fifth, Hinton connected with one of Patrick's fast ones and sent the ball over the center-fielders head for a homerun.

FLYING CADETS LOSE SERIES TO THE NINTH INFANTRY

The Flying Cadets won their 9th straight game, when they took the first of a three game series from the Ninth Infantry from Fort Sam. The game went eleven innings and the Flying Cadets finally coming out on top by the score of 2-1.

The game was filled with action from beginning to end despite the fact that the opposing pitchers, Hinton and Allison, allowed only 7 scattered hits each. Hinton, however, yielded 5 walks and hit one batter, which kept him continually in trouble. Three timely double plays stopped these threatening rallies.

The Ninth Infantry scored their first and only run in the sixth inning, on a single, a walk, an error, and an infield out. The Flying Cadets came right back in their half of the inning and evened it up when Von Weller, the first man up, tripled down the right field foul line and scored a

moment later when Hinton singled to centerfield.

There was no more scoring until the Flying Cadets came to bat in the last half of the eleventh inning, and again Von Weller and Hinton manufactured a run, this one winning the ball-game. Von Weller reached first when the pitcher kicked his grounder out of play. Powell sacrificed him to second, and he scored when Hinton hit another single to left-field to bring the game to an end.

SECOND GAME

The second game was played at Fort Sam, and this time the Flying Cadets were "snowed under" by the score of 11-2. The Ninth garnered 15 hits off the combined efforts of Hinton, Dennison, and Powell. The Flying Cadets getting only 8 well scattered hits off Johnson and Slaughter.

Hinton was pounded from the mound in the fourth with a barrage of seven hits and a walk accounting for seven big runs. This big inning proved the undoing of the Flying Cadets defense, which played listless ball through the remainder of the game.

THIRD GAME

The "Rubber" game with the Ninth Infantry brought the Flying Cadets baseball season to a close, and unfortunately the boys lost the game after apparently having won the decision.

At the end of the fifth inning, the Flying Cadets had a lead of 6-2. Going into the first of the ninth the score was six all. Before the Flying Cadets could retire three men, the Ninth Infantry had collected six runs on five hits, four errors and a walk, and had the ball-game tucked away.

The Flying Cadets were outhit 18-13, but many of the hits made off Hinton were gifts presented through the poor fielding and judgement of the ball. Hinton and Caldwell were the opposing pitchers at the opening. Hinton went along fairly nicely up the sixth inning when the Flying Cadets defense began to crack and permitted the Ninth to draw even and then win the game. Caldwell was hit rather freely and gave way to pinch hitter in sixth. Robertson finished the game allowing the Cadets 4 blows in the four innings he pitched, three of which were grouped in the eight without tallying a single run.

FLYING CADETS BEAT POST TEAM 5-4

The Flying Cadets more than made for the listless ball they had been playing when they beat the pick of the Squadron teams which

is known as the Post Team by the score of 5-4.

The Flying Cadets out-hit the Post team 11-9. However they bunched ten of these hits in the first three innings from Heaton to score all their runs. Poor base running on the part of the Flying Cadets prevented a number of runs from registering.

The Flying Cadets started right to work when the first three men reached safely to fill the bases with none out. Hinton came through in great style when he scored them all with a three bagger down the left field foul line. In the second inning the Cadets scored two more runs on four hits. The Flying Cadets made three more hits in the third inning, but failed to produce a score.

Heaton was relieved in the first of the fourth by Woods and he allowed one hit in four innings when he was relieved by a pinch hitter. Crostway finished the game and held the Flying Cadets hitless.

In the fourth the Post Team scored three runs when the Flying Cadet defense collapsed momentarily. They scored another in the eighth to make the score 5-4. In the last of the ninth they had the tying run on second with two outs, but Hinton brought the game to an end by striking out the last man.

The Flying Cadets trimmed the 46th Squadron team 6-4, in a tight nine inning battle. From the Flying Cadets point of view this victory is a feather in their caps, as the 46th beat the 53rd in the series for the Post Championship.

Once again Powel, Hinton, and Caldwell were the big noises for the Flying Cadets, this trio connecting for six of the seven hits that the Flying Cadets acquired from the pitching of the three moundsmen the 46th used. Each team gathered seven hits, but the Flying Cadets bunched theirs with several misplays to make the best of their scoring opportunities, while Hinton, kept the hits made off him fairly well scattered.

Collins, the 46th left-fielder was the star of the game. He connected for two triples and a home run in four trips to the plate to score three of his team's four runs.

The 46th used three pitchers in an effort to stop the Flying Cadets, but to no avail. Hinton registered his fifth straight victory against one defeat.

The 16th general order seems to read; Lower Classmen will give countenance to the wise counsel of upperclassmen. The Dodos will often wonder just who are members of this "wise Council."

UPPER CLASS WIN SWIMMING MEET

The Upper Class brought their reign at Randolph Field to a close by winning the Triangular Swimming Meet after a seesaw battle with the Student Officers, which saw the lead change hands several times throughout the series of events. The "Dodos" were a poor third and never seriously threatened.

The winner of the Meet was in doubt until the last event, the Relay, had been completed. The Student Officers and the Upper Class being tied at 19 each at the beginning of this event. The Upper Class with a team composed of Peeler, Coddington, Kinkel, and Irvine won a close and thrilling race from the team of Dodos with Todd, Gray, Eisenhart, and Capp in the lineup. The Student Officers took third place from a second team of Dodos. The final score of the meet being Upper Class 24, Student Officers 20, Lower Class 10.

The Student Officers were represented by a team of two men, Lts. Harris and Webster. These two men are to be congratulated for the fine showing they made against such odds. They both swam two legs of the relay besides competing in every event, and had they an opportunity to rest up before the deciding event of the meet, they might easily have walked off with first place.

Webster and Irvine were the individual stars of the meet. Webster won the breast stroke, the back-stroke, and tied in the longer free-style. Irvine won the short free-style, tied in the longer free-style, and placed second in breast stroke, was anchor on the winning team in the Relay.

The longer free-style (four widths of the pool) was a thriller from the start to the finish. Webster and Irvine matched stroke for stroke and finished so close that the judges were compelled to call the race a tie.

In the free-style sprint, Irvine coasted to an easy victory over Harris and Capp. The diving honors were taken by the small but agile Mr. Peeler, with Harris and Gray tying for second place. Webster came through with a double victory in the back-stroke and the breast-stroke, winning each with plenty to spare.

There were two Novelty races on the program and which did not count in the scoring of points. The first was swimming across the pool in coveralls, removing them and swimming back across. The Dodos certainly showed that they have profited from the last four months training in quick clothes changes, as they won all three places. Shoemaker, Sanford, and Spicer finishing in that order. The second Novelty race was swimming across the pool with an egg balanced on a spoon held in the man's mouth. Roberts proved to be the better juggler and led the parade to the finish line.

UPPER CLASS TO KELLY FIELD

With a feeling akin to ecstasy, the Class of October 1932 leaves for Kelly Field, the "Closest place to Heaven they will ever get." Forty-six men are all that are left of the hundred and twenty-one hopefuls who entered during the early fall of the past year. They have learned to fly in the best flying school in the world. They have succeeded in the toughest grind in the world, and now they are going to learn how to fit into the best Air Corps in the world.

The assignment to sections at Kelly has been the topic of interest among the new Kelly Mistery for some weeks. According to the latest if not the final division, there are to be eighteen Pursuit artists. Anderson, Coddington, Denham, Dunahoo, Freeman, Gaster, Harrell, Hoxie, Hurst, Irvine, Kinkel Mitchell W. D., Peeler, Read, Smith, Terry and Woodruff are the men who have been chosen to fly the little babies and develop that finger tip touch.

Observation, the "eyes of the army" and the lone wolves of the Air Corps drew the next largest assignment, fifteen men in all. They are, subject to revision in one or two cases, Allen, Bain, Barnes, Fahey, Griffin, Hausafus, Hayden, Laird, Miller, Mitchell C. C., Powers, Rivard, Warner, Winstead, and Wood.

Twelve men were selected to handle the Bombers. Those who have the required gentle touch and have forsworn loops and rolls are, Baldwin, Bohl, Elliott, Fischer, Griggs, Hand, Inman, Nelson, Reid, Roberts, Schuster, Williams.

The Attack selection is composed of Mr. Fairchild. Henceforth one will not be surprised at seeing clouds of dust arising behind Mr. Fairchild's low flying A 3. It is foreseen that local herds of cattle will presently be developing mental cases.

Flying will begin on the sixth of July. The men assigned to Pursuit will take a little dual in A 3's, and Bombardment and Attack will also have a little instruction time before soloing, but Observation will fly the familiar Coal Burner and should need little instruction.

It is hoped that the new Kelly class, which has preserved an excellent record at Randolph will continue to set a high standard of performance in the new surroundings and will graduate in October a hundred per cent present and going strong.

Mr. Gray, our self-styled H. P., claims he broke four shock cords at one time while slowly taxing along the ramps. Of course, this must be true, since a Flying Cadet's word is always taken, but pray, leave us with our private, secret doubts.

RANDOLPH FIELD DAY

Cont. from page 1.)

dog fights, and aerobatics. The dedication ceremonies lasted well into the afternoon, and were concluded by a ball game, and a show in the evening. With the variety of aerial entertainment, onlookers were well convinced of the importance of aircraft for offensive as well as for defensive purposes.

Since the day of the formal opening, June 20 has been set aside in observance of the opening day. Regular Post activities have been suspended for the day. Baseball games, swimming meets, track meets, etc. have constituted the entertainment, and in the evening the enlisted men have been treated to a show at the War Department Theatre.

Visitors of two years ago, who have returned recently, have noticed a great change in the appearance of the Post. New buildings have been added to meet the growing needs, the streets have been paved, and the grounds have been landscaped. In place of an unattractive, barren Army Post, one now sees a beautified settlement. It is fast nearing completion, and will soon be the most unique as well as the most beautiful Post in the world. We welcome visitors to see and decide for themselves.

RECREATION HALL

(Cont. from Page 2)

the recreation hall serves more purposes than the name implies. It approaches a home atmosphere more favorably than any other place on the post, to which cadets have access. It is large and airy, with numerous windows to give it plenty of fresh air and light. The windows are covered with heavy drapes, and the wall are decorated with tapestries, and pictures, including those of past and present classes. Large, comfortable lounges and easy chairs invite the attention of all those who frequent here. For those whose interests run to the art of music, a piano is provided. To the less talented cadets, the large radio is the main attraction. The literarians and intellectuals will find ample reading material in the many weekly and monthly papers and periodicals to absorb them during their leisure moments. For the more active and sport-minded cadets, various games are provided.

When, by chance, or otherwise, guests are present, the cadets are proud to entertain them in this novel recreation hall. It lends itself favorably to such a purpose. No longer is it embarrassing to cadets, who have visitors, when they are called to meet a formation.

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	.57
Eliminated Primary Stage	88	45.10
Holdovers	5	2.57
To Basic Stage	94	48.20
Eliminated Basic Stage	6	3.08
To Advanced Stage	88	45.10

CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	165	%
Disqualified Physically	4	3.64
Own Request	2	1.21
Eliminated Primary Stage	72	43.60
Holdover	2	1.21
To Basic Stage	83	50.30

JUNE 30, 1933.

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

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

Recognition Dance

(Cont. from Page 1)

time was indulged in by members of both classes, visiting members of the present Kelly Field class and their ladies.

During the course of the evening, Flying Cadet Wilson of the March class sang and dedicated to the Flying Cadets, his own composition, entitled, "Flying Cadet Dream Girl," which was received with a hearty applause.

The hall was decorated in an overhead lattice-work of blue and gold streamers, with ferns, potted plants and shrubs to lend coolness to the setting. Refreshments served consisted of sandwiches, ice cream, cakes and punch, and after everyone had spent one of the most

enjoyable evenings, the Flying Cadets and their ladies wended their way homeward.

The Dodo's greatest thrill comes when he takes his final ride. After the landing the instructor apologizes for being a bit rusty in his outside loops.

To the ever smiling Mr. Fairchild we award the highest honor. It takes something more than that which most of us are endowed to fire five shots at a target and say with a smile to range officer, "One shot on the target, 'Sir'."

Mr. Woodruff is still trying to figure out why he couldn't land his plane after his cross-country flight the other day. Perhaps he should carry some ballast.