



JULY CLASS PROGRESSES RAPIDLY

With more than twenty hours of dual and solo as an average of flying time for Flying cadets of A stage, members of the July class are concentrating on more advanced training maneuvers. Chandelles, pylon eights, and lazy eights now are the center of interest and conversation, although eager attention is already being directed towards acrobatics. The present future, intriguing and inspiring as it is, has not made the July class forget the anticipation and ultimate realization of their first solo. What thrills were meted out by those solo hops!

Flying Cadet Sangster holds the at Randolph Field seems to mark a period of development and change. The upper classmen seem to forget their original contempt in the word "Dodo". Rest is given at formations and at the table. It marks the time for cigar passing and general celebration. Solo time is a gala time for everyone. The pride and pleasure of being able to solo may be seen by observing the solo tags which adorn the wrists of all Flying Cadets.

Aside from a few dizzy ground loops, damaged landing gears, and inverted landings, the solos were a great success. The July Class has proved itself capable of carrying on in splendid fashion.

Flying Cadet Sangster holds the enviable record of being first to solo. With former experience as an aid, he flew the circuit after some two hours of dual. Marks and "Honest John" Templeton followed in close order in the third hour. Cote, not to be outdone, soloed in the fourth hour and Lampl followed suit in the fifth.

The sixth hour of dual brought forth many promising "H. P.'s", taking the lonesome hop: Kreps, Mitchell, Koch, Hird, Williams, Harding, Phipps, Graf, Templeton, J. S., and Warner.

Many Flying Cadets learned the trick of getting the tail down by the seventh hour, during which time the following men soloed: Worden, Van Deventer, Samuels, Cunningham, T. J., and Cunningham, J. L.

So many men soloed in the eighth hour that it seemed to be the habit. These successful birdmen are: Fox, Gardner, Hargis,

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FOREIGN FLYERS VISIT RANDOLPH FIELD

During the past month quite a diversified group of foreign officers have visited Randolph Field to observe how the West Point of the Air is operated.

Mr. Germain Orlando, Consul General at New York for the Columbian Government was authorized to visit Randolph Field for the purpose of studying the advanced training methods employed here. While here he made a thorough inspection of "B" stage and seemed to enjoy himself quite thoroughly asking the members of C flight about their course and their personal difficulties encountered in flying. He is an aviator of some note and therefore understands flying.

Lieutenant General Chih-Jou Chow and Brigadier General John C. Wang of the Chinese Army arrived on July 28, for the purpose of making an inspection tour of the Air Corps Training Center. They were also authorized to visit

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LOWER CLASSMEN PRESENT G. I. CHURCH

"This is "Station Dit-Dit-Dot" broadcasting on a frequency of O kilocycles, from Randolph Field, Bexar county, Texas, presenting the July, 1933 class production of G. I. Church in the Flying Cadet Battalion Recreation Hall," your announcer is Flying Cadet Ogle.

With this introduction, the presentation moved forward with one act after another of jokes and songs dedicated to the upperclass, as this is the only opportunity the lowerclass has to express their opinions of the upperclass men publicly.

Noteworthy contributions were given by a trio, composed of Flying Cadets Hatcher, Kennedy and Wells, Mr. Hatcher playing the piano. Mr. Ogle was well worth listening to, and should have little trouble in obtaining a position as a radio announcer, if he should desire to try his luck in the civilized world. Mr. Reedy and Mr. Bedell, two of Navy's former star

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IMPORTANCE OF PARACHUTE DEPARTMENT

A parachute is generally considered as the pilots best friend. It is compulsory for the military pilot to wear one on every flight he makes. It has two uses, namely: To safely convey the pilot to earth in the event he makes a jump, and, secondly, to act as a cushion. In this latter capacity the parachute serves most of the time as it is possible that a pilot will wear one for years and never have an occasion to make a jump. However, whether a pilot is making his first or his five thousandth flight and he has an occasion to make a jump the parachute must operate perfectly, or, in other words, open and convey him safely to earth. In order to insure the perfect functioning of a parachute an elaborate system must be had for checking and repacking "chutes" at regular intervals by efficient and conscientious workmen. The Army has such a system in their parachute departments.

At Randolph Field each stage has a separate department. Together they have to take care of about seven hundred "chutes." A card index system is maintained with a record of each "chute" to insure that every one is recalled for repacking at a regular specified time. The personnel in the department are all graduate riggers from the Parachute School at Chanute Field, Ill.

Once a week one of the riggers visits each flight and inspects every parachute. This constitutes more or less a general check. The rip cord protector flap is opened and inspected to see if the pins are properly engaged and, also, if rip cord is secured correctly by the seal. The harness is carefully examined to be sure that it is sewed properly.

Every sixty days from previous packing date a "chute" is ordered in, unpacked and hung in the drying room. They are air dried for twenty-four hours. When this process is completed they are taken down, inspected carefully, and then repacked. The system is so arranged that a great number will not be called in at any one time but a few will be taken care of each day. The regulations require that a "chute" be drop tested at least once a year. When it comes

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LIEUTENANT TOWNSEND GRIFFISS, COMMANDANT OF FLYING CADETS, ORDERED AWAY.

First Lieutenant Townsend Griffiss, Commandant of the Flying Cadet Battalion at Randolph Field has been ordered to Washington, D. C., to duty in the Office of the Chief of the Air Corps. His orders were effective on or about August first.

Lieutenant Griffiss was transferred to Randolph Field from March Field, Riverside, California, where he had been the Commandant of the Flying Cadets for that division of the Training Center of the Air Corps. In October of 1931, Randolph Field was opened and March Field and Brooks Field, the other primary training school, were moved to Randolph Field and combined into one primary school.

Lieutenant Griffiss upon being made the Commandant of the Flying Cadets at this new school was faced with the difficult task of welding the two Flying Cadet organizations of the old primary schools into one coherent and cohesive force. It was a job calling for due discretion and tact in order that the resultant would produce a Flying Cadet Battalion that would contain the best of the two older organizations, the undesired parts eliminated, abetted with new and direct ideas added that would produce lasting traditions and customs for the Flying Cadet Battalion.

We, as Flying Cadets feel that the aforementioned was accomplished. We feel that our customs, traditions and Battalion spirit were indirectly the results of his untiring efforts and time.

We regret to have Lt. Griffiss ordered away but the fact that the Air Corps has its many stations and diversified jobs is one of the many reasons that make it an attractive profession.

WE, THE FLYING CADET BATTALION, WISH YOU GOD-SPEED and success in your new field of endeavor; and so to the past Commandant of the Flying Cadets we can only say: SIR, WE SALUTE YOU.

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.

LIEUTENANT BEVANS AP- POINTED COMMANDANT

First Lieutenant James M. Bevens, Air Corps, was detailed as Commandant of Flying Cadets to succeed Lieutenant Townsend Griffiss, Air Corps. Lieut. Bevens was Commandant of Flying Cadets at March Field in 1929-30.

FOREIGN VISITORS

(Continued from Page 1)

the Experimental Engineering Departments at Wright Field, Dayton Ohio.

Colonel Agustin Gonzalez Castrejon, of the Mexican Army paid us a visit from July 18 to 22nd for the purpose of studying the training methods employed.

The Flying Cadet Detachment entertained three distinguished guests on July 24th, when three officers of the Brazilian Air Service arrived at Randolph Field on an inspection tour of Army Air Posts throughout the United States. The three men, Captain Francisco Carrea de Mello, Captain Joelmir Aripa Macedo and Captain Julio Americo dos Reis, were shown through the Flying Cadet Barracks, mess hall, gymnasium, and the Academic Building by Lieutenant Bassett. They were also shown through the shops and hangars of both stages and expressed themselves as being very favorably impressed with the completeness and thoroughness of our training methods. Kelly Field, Brooks Field, and other Fields in the vicinity of

IN MEMORIAM

Second Lieutenant Harley R. Grater, Air Corps; Flying Cadet William Pasche; and Flying Cadet Harold R. Sandberg. With the passing of these men, who met with death when their planes collided near Randolph Field, August 29, the Air Corps has suffered a great loss. The Flying Cadet Battalion offers its sincere condolences to their families and friends.

G. I. CHURCH

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athletes, formed a humorous team, with their quaint songs and jokes.

Mr. Hinton, A company's first sarge, is still hiding his face, after the heartless revelations of his secret past and desires before his brother upperclassmen by Flying Cadets Bedell and Reedy.

Flying Cadet Samuels, although slightly affected by stage fright, was well assisted by Mr. Reedy in presenting the Dodos' opinion of the upperclass, especially those of A company. Groups from both A and B company took part in the song to the upperclass, the first number of the program, which was composed for the B company upperclassmen.

"How it should be done", an act by the secret six was a takeoff on formations and drills, especially during the time before ringing the assembly bell. The uniforms of this organization closely resembled the movies' description of a Chinese mob scene.

The trio sang Mr. Wilson's song, "Flying Cadet Dream Girl" with excellent harmony, and this song is one that should be accepted by the Flying Cadets as their own.

Few, if any upperclassmen, dared miss attending this show, as they just had to be present to hear any remarks about their prowess, or have songs dedicated to them. From the applause given the actors, it appeared that it was a great success.

And then there's the case of Flying Cadet Reday, the only graduate of the Naval academy here, who voluntarily resigned his commission in the Navy, and has taken up air duelling, but practices on the ground. He chose as his opponent Flying Cadet E. H. Johnson of "B" Company to attack and succeeded in arousing both instructors and chewing half a wing off with the prop. Good work, Reday, but why stop at the wing?

San Antonio were visited by them before departing in their plane for Barksdale Field, Louisiana, on July 25th, from where they were to take off for New York before returning to Brazil.

DODO WRITES HOME

Dear Mom:

We have been here two months and I am beginning to look forward to the pleasure of being an upperclassman. I think I'll be a Flying Cadet Captain. The upperclass has undoubtedly been training me for such a position as I always get extra drill; however, I don't see how all, the special work I put in on the manual of arms will help me as I will have a sword then. I would like to be like Mr. McDermont, as he is so quick, never gets confused or rattled and is so good at company drill. Of course, I don't expect him to be as good as I will be, but then he hasn't my ability.

As you know, Mom, we've had the last four week-ends in town. There certainly are more fellas in San Antonio than girls, because when I ask them for a date they tell me they are dated up for the next five or six week-ends. They are, however, very accommodating and show that southern politeness and hospitality actually exist outside of the story books. For instance, last week when I asked my date if she would mind going home alone in the taxi because I was sleepy and it would save me return fare she said that she would be more than delighted. When I asked her for a date for the next week-end she said that she had an engagement. I asked her for a date the following week-end, but she said she was dated up for the next four or five weeks, but that I could call her up after that. They all seem to be alike; I'd think that they would break an ordinary date to go out with an extraordinary fella like me. Be sure and tell Susie that I am being true to her and to be careful with my fraternity pin.

As for flying, I'm probably one of the hottest pilots on the line. The first part of last week my instructor had very little to say to me, I was doing so well. Chandelles, lazy 8s, and Pylon 8s are surely easy for me. My instructor says that I'm quite original, which is some compliment coming from him, but then I never did believe in doing things in the same old routine way. Thursday, he was so pleased with my work that he told me I was to ride with the Flight Commander on Friday. The Flight Commander was so happy with my hot piloting that he is going to let me ride with Stage Commander Monday and show him my ability, too. I'll bet the Stage Commander will never get such a ride as I'll give him Monday—until I ride with him again. My instructor said he was sorry to lose me. I must be good if he feels so badly about losing me for a couple of days. Don't worry about me becoming over confident, because as you know, I'm very modest. I'll tell you more in my next letter.

Your loving son,

A DODO.

FUN

"Why is it that sometimes you seem manly and sometimes effeminate?"

"Hereditiy, I suppose."

"Hereditiy?"

"Yeah. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half were women."

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

—T—

Rich man, poor man,
 Beggar man, thief.

Doctor, lawyer,
 Indian chief.

Rich man's poor now,
 Barrister's beef,

All but tramps get
 Charity relief.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

—T—

He's the kind of a fellow who spends the rest of the evening repairing the fuze when the lights in his girl's living room go out.

—Cornell Widow.

—T—

A press censor is a man who knows more than he thinks other people ought to.

—V. P. I. Skipper.

—T—

Then there was the nonchalant pyromaniac who walked into an art gallery and lighted a mural.

—T—

We don't play golf so often at our club, but just the same we're considered a golf fiend by members of the greens committee.

—T—

ELECTRIC LOVE

If she comes to call—Receiver.

If she wants an escort—Conductor.

If she wants a date—Meter.

If you thing she's picking your pockets—Detector.

If she's slow of comprehension—Accelerator.

If she's goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she's hungry—Feeder.

If she's a poor cook—Discharger.

If she eats too much—Rectifier.

If her hands are cold—Heater.

If she fumes and sputters—Transmitter.

If she is narrow in her views—Amplifier.

—U. S. C. Wampus.

—T—

"What sort of a toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one—there's thirty fellows in our fraternity."

—Pen. State Frosh.

—T—

She: Stop.

He: I wont.

She: (Slightly with relief): Well, at least I did my duty.

P. S.—Mr. Hinton, our hardboiled first sergeant, tells me that I'm to fly the mail tomorrow and that I had better make a good job of it. He should worry — with me piloting the ship.

A. D.

TALE SPINS

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

Dodos Carney and Sandberg, "A" Company's two outstanding economists, have decided after hours of concentrated effort that a "G. I." haircut is more attractive and less work than one of the home made kind.

McDermont is seriously considering requesting the Chamber of Commerce of Gonzales to send aloft a free balloon to mark the direction of the airport. And who wouldn't? It takes too much time and effort to have instructors stationed there to fly up and chase down those who fly around the large city in question three times without even seeing the airport once.

"Laredo" Clement is the hottest formation flyer in the Flying Cadet Battalion and no one seems to try to out do him. It would take some pilot to fly closer than he did. When a man gets in so close that his wings deflect the flippers of his instructors plane, that's someflying. Instructors do not, however, favor this type of formation.

Evidently "King Kong" Ficher must have received special training on the Voluntary Fire Department at "deah ole Ripon." He clearly demonstrated his ability to extinguish fires in a new and novel way, but this method is not recommended for large open air fires.

Then there is a A Company Dodo who wants to take Observation so that he won't have to fire at the enemy in case of war.

Then there was the Dodo, who after he had soloed left his instructor in the middle of the field and had parked the ship at the hangar, was invited by the same instructor (seemingly in a cherry mood) to taxi to the farthest edge of the field. On arriving at the designated point said instructor said, "Now, get out and walk back". In other words, he who walks last, walks the longest.

Social Note of interest: "Laredo" Clement has turned over a new leaf. It is not know what is on the new leaf, but we have our owns ideas. "Firpo" Virgin was heard to remark, "A fly on a nose is worth two in the hand."

Dodo Sangster turns mariner over the week end and steers a course above and along the sides of the very convenient San Antonio River.

Dodo Kerlin persists in going places and ringing doorbells, much

to the amusement (?) of the occupants of certain apartments.

H. P. (High Pocket) Rodieck found that it does not always pay to play the part of the Good Samaritan—not on Randolph Field on a soggy turf anyhow. "Ah Me" Saibara landed in that part of the field, where on the day after a rain one is liable to run into difficulties, and found that he was stuck in a slight depression in the ground. Our Hero, H. P. Rodieck, appears, climbs out of his trusty (?) BT-1, and then helps "Ah Me" free his ship. "H. P." with his work well done heads for the hangar line, but his little "coal-burner" has other ideas and balks—a few minutes later close observers saw the sad plight of "H. P." climbing down to terra firma of tail up and nose well submerged in the ground. Moral: If you can't taxi your own plane, don't try to help someone else.

There is some talk about having "P. P." James take his course in Rigging as well as Theory of Flight over again. It seems that he is in the midst of putting his book larnin' into practice, but neglected to remember that airplanes have two wings (one upper and one lower) not two lower wings, Mister James.

Friends of "Rassler" Bryant tell of new methods of waking him from a seemingly deep slumber. This was clearly demonstrated the other week end in San Antonio.

To do or not to do! Such was the question in the mind of "Grassy" Hinton, erstwhile gold-brick and baseball player (in his spare time he funtions as First Sergeant of A Company). Taking off from a very strange field, his motor cut out on him. In front was a nice little river and mesquite and behind was the safety of a field (if he can get back). "Grassy", being a man of quick decisions (he had to make up his mind quickly with only seventy-five feet separating him from the ground) decided that he could get his Saturday night bath later in the week and with the fear of bathing uppermost in his mind, he turned around. That was good flying—it has to be in order to make a 180 degree turn from seventy-five feet—but there was no flying speed, so "Grassy" (and the ship) fell about twenty feet. The two of them also bounced about twenty feet (that makes forty) and on his next landing the nose ploughed a nice little furrow in the ground. Yes, the tail kept on going. Seconds later anxious Flying Cadets rushed out to the plane to see what damage was done to the ship. The plane was not what one would expect to do any future acrobatic flying in and "Grassy"—well after crawling out from under what was an airplane—was little the worse for wear, but years older in experience.

"Schnozzle" Keese, not forgetting his training on "A" Stage, is still to be found practicing lazy Eights. The question is, why should he pick the ramp for such maneuvers?

St. Germain has started what might turn out to be rather a popular idea: Get a BT-1 and see Texas by air—At least it might be tried by the different Chambers of Commerce. To say the least he is certainly to be envied! Imagine the thrill of having your compass so change your course that instead of reaching San Marcos, you find yourself at different times over Austin, Utley, and Bastrop. Then to add thrills to thrills, have your plane give out of gas, have to walk seven miles to a telephone and for gas, find out much to your consternation that auto gas can't be used in a BT-1, and then after good gas is secured your plane can't start on account of a defective starter. And all that in one day. What a day, what a ride, what a walk, what th—.

Sometimes there seems to be no end of novelty stunts that can be pulled by a Flying Cadet. Imagine having a huddle right in the middle of Randolph Field and with three Basic Trainers at that. Perhaps VonWeller was demonstrating the famous Tech Shift to Virgin and Scherer.

Johnny "Fence Buster" Turner found out on Strange Field that fences are put at certain places to mark the boundary of a field, but that meant nothing to a "Red-Head" when he is set upon turning his ship around fence or no fence.

Norman F. D. Timper is another one of those ambitious persons who believes that nothing can stop a high flying pilot, but that there is plenty on the ground to stop one's forward motion. "Tim" has learned that brakes stop an airplane much easier and much more safely than a tree trunk on each wing.

Moser, our much beloved Supply Sergeant, will soon take a correspondence course in the art of reading gas guages on airplanes. Moser found much to his sorrow—after having just taken off from Krueger Field—that his engine would not run without that fluid commonly known as gas.

"P. P." James—sometimes called "N. P." (Night Pilot)—had the distinction of giving the assembled pilots quite a scare the other night when he took off without his navigation light on. That was alright as far as he was concerned, but there were three ships in the air and ten Flying Cadets on the ground wondering where he could be. After circling the field he proved what a good pilot he was by landing WITHOUT HIS NAVIGATION LIGHTS. "N. P." was warmly received when he arrived at the Stage House. The following day curious Cadets were wondering what the unusual ornament was that he was wearing.

- Slips and Skids -

*Up in to the sky so blue
I love to climb and soar.
Among the fluffy clouds arrayed
In seemingly subaqueous shade,
Their solitude I would explore.*

*Then I gaze upon the maze
Of farms, towns, and colors too.
Awed, inspired, fancy free,
I move at will in dimensions three,
Thus the view becomes askew.*

*From on high up in the sky;
The world becomes around,
Thoughts too become grandiose,
The soul pure ecstasy does engross,
And would forever here abound.*

*But nature's laws such hope enflaws
For all that's up must also down.
So my plane begins to glide,
In sudden stillness do I ride
Again a mortal without renown.*

GLENN L. DUNAGAN.

KELLY FIELD

By

Robert E. Griffin

With cross country flights coming every week and formation, radio missions, puff target problem, strange field landings, and other forms of aerial goings on, the flying at Kelly Field is maintaining a high score for excitement.

Observation spent many days on the Puff target range getting their sights adjusted for reporting artillery fire while the bombers did their best to get in the way and prevent adequate observation. Later on the observers went on radio missions as well as reconnoitering every bovine male or female, within a radius of so many miles. Box cars, locomotives and barns also were carefully counted and located with an idea of reporting this information to the high command. Mr. Fahey admits that it remains a mystery to him why the Director of Observation should be so curious about cows.

Pursuit has arrived at that stage where there is simply no living with them. What with daily diving turns and breath taking Lufberies as well as queer landing on strange fields and long cross countries, the boys are having so much fun the rest of the class in gnashing what little Randolph left of their teeth.

Speaking of Performance Data, there seems to be a performance every morning over in the Bombardment area. The boys insist on running out of gas in the most utterly outlandish places. Formation with the big ships continues to be sufficiently troublesome to keep the bombers in first rate storms. One of the dearest things about a bomber is that one never can tell what it is going to do next. Formation flying becomes one continual round of conjectures as to just what path the exultant frenzy of the Keystone will take. When it appears sufficiently likely that a bank to the left is imminent, one suddenly is suprised to find the direction of flight changed to the right to suit the whimsy of Mr. Keystone's little airplane.

The Attack section, composed of Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Ricks, a left over, daily plays Drawn Rummy in the flying room and then laconically barrels off to straff the Attack area. What they do is a matter jealously guarded, or is of so little importance that little talk is heard about barracks of their work. Mr. Fairchild, however was seen to exercise a pilots privilege of gunning her and going around when unpleasant results were about to attend a recent Attack formation landing.

Altogether, flying is coming along fine. Each section seems to be getting on to the swing of things and one and all hope that

by the time October fourteenth rolls around the class will be able to put on a good review.

GROUND SCHOOL

With approximately fifty more days to go before graduation the present Kelly class finds itself just finishing an opaque course in Bomb Sights and beginning a course in Observation. Bomb Sights was of special interest to the bombers as they spent a number of hours at the miniature range actually operating the sights and attempting in a very uncertain manner to hit the small targets which coasted by on the long canvas chain beneath. Having attained some small skill in the manipulation of bomb sights, they are prepared to go into the mystery of the Camera Obscura in another week or two. In this last phase of the work they will fly in teams over the Camera Obscura hut at the west end of the hangar line and, sighting on the hut, press a radio key at the point that the bomber thinks is correct for such small matters as dropping theoretical bombs. It is entirely probably that with the advent of this training the whole west end of Kelly Field will be theoretically a shamble and Castroville will suffer some small damage in the way of theoretical errors in deflection or some such.

The course in Observation Aviation presents the organization data for the tactical and technical control of the various divisions of that arm of Air Corps. A mass of numbers and situations, it is somewhat confusing to the novitiate but nevertheless interesting.

The vagaries of the aerial camera were explained in the course in Photography. Once again the class ran into the bugaboo of empirical formulae and proceeded to learn how much ground one could photograph with a quick flick of the wrist. Most of the class could flick the wrist better than they could figure the ground.

Infantry missions and Reconnaissance were of chief importance because they glorified Observation aviation and were responsible for most of the class' learning how to spell reconnaissance. At the end of the course flying cadets Pipping and Allen gave a well nigh perfect exhibition of panel reading from the air and of picking up a message strung on a line by the ground forces which in this case were the rest of the Observation section. Without a miss the two men snapped through the problem and ended by taking one successful pass at the message. Outstanding among the interesting features of this problem was the sight of "Dad" Hayden actually moving over the ground and oper-

ating his limbs in haste and precision.

An address on the use of pigeons in communicating with ground troops and stations proved interesting. After the lecture several birds were released from an airplane. For a while the winged messengers seemed to be at a loss as to direction and wheeled over the field in great circles. It was suggested that perhaps their compasses were swinging or maybe they were looking for the tee.

Artillery Adjustment and Signal communications, the first two courses which beset the Kelly Class were of very great interest, especially to the men of no previous military experience of learning. In the former course it was necessary to learn hundreds, even tens, of code groups which denoted just what was the matter with any given series of shots. The Miniature Range also came into use toward the end of the course. The class repaired to the Range and, sitting around the battlefield with its toy machines of war and lead soldiers deployed at various points, spotted and reported the shots which appeared represented by small lights about the target. The time element was of extreme value in spotting these simulated artillery bursts and reporting them back by radio code. Many of the class found it difficult to do two things at once at first, but soon all were reporting with small delay. It is safe to say that no man will forget the old and now familiar cry, "On the way."

Signal communications dealt with the operation of the military radio sets in current use by the Air Corps. At the beginning of the course the sets were identified by name and type, while during the last periods time was devoted to the actual operation of the sets. A number of different types of radio were set up around the academic hall and groups were assigned to operate them. The experience was great fun as well as fine training. Many groups succeed in balling up any number of wave lengths. By the time every period was over the air was filled with dead or dying kilocycles.

Buzzer goes on forever. The class went through the artillery code practice with few difficulties and is now engaged in attempting to make sense of infantry liaison code. It has been rumored that there remain only two further weeks of busser, and that's all we hope!

It is rumored that California Peeler was not permitted to go on cross country the other night because of the night restriction clause in the child labor law.

Powers followed the preceding ship so closely while taxying wildly the other day that when the man ahead turned and stopped, he could not resist the temptation to slightly remodel the contour of the other ship's rudder.

Mr. Griffin accounted for a P1 the other day when he ground looped it with words and gestures. It appears a P1 is prone to ground loop on the slightest provocation or none at all. At first Mr. Griffin attempted rational explanation of the incident, but later gave up when it became apparent that the class thought it quite funny.

Fahey will contend no end that it was not his fault that the class had to endure Friday calisthenics because he had indulged in some sort of shenanigans on the occasion of a certain early pass privilege. It is also wondered why the Fahey went to the hospital on Friday and returned therefrom on Saturday. Altogether, Mr. Fahey has been causing a good deal of excitement hereabouts.

Mr. Harrell and Mr. Irvine decided to put on a two ship circus with the result that both young men are spending certain periods of rest and relaxation on the post. It has been said that the circus was great fun while it lasted.

Inman made himself famous by forgetting to switch gas tanks. His motors cut out at four hundred feet and he ended up in the mesquite with a scared look and part of an airplane. The incident seemed to bother him little, however, because the next day his nanny goat laugh was functioning perfectly.

Roscoe Dunahoo, whose name is perpetuated at Randolph with tender regard, has contracted a bad case of red neck. It is a most distressing thing to see the poor man go about with his upper vertebrae swathed in bunting and his skin painted a swanky purple.

Mr. Fahey's conversation the other day at mess, or someplace, changed abruptly from the exploits of one Tom Swift to the engrossing ramifications of the child labor problem. A man of many interests, this Fahey.

An instructor was heard to remark that leftover Ricks' locker like Berry's drug store.

Mr. Smith tells of the flying circus of which he has the honor to be a member. He maintains they are five flying fools, any one of them is a fool to fly with the other four, Mitchel, W. D., "Rebel" Read, "Infunt" Peeler, and "Haystack" Kinkle.

Mr. Miller spent one week end figuring out the performance data on a P1 as a result of his coming too close to the hangars while executing a landing.

SPORT - SHOTS

SPORTLIGHTS

Basketball is usually considered a winter game, but already Flying Cadets have started to hold practice sessions in "F" Hangar on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. About twenty fellows answered the first call, and, judging from past experience of the men and their willingness to work, an excellent team should be moulded.

Indoor baseball is one of the sports on Tuesdays and Thursdays that both Upper and Lower Class take a great deal of pleasure in playing. As a rule the Upper Class play the Dodos, and as can easily be imagined the Dodos try to make the Upper Classmen bite the dust, and, though up to the present time they have offered some stiff competition, they have yet to humble an Upper Class team. As a rule "B" company offers a challenge to their brother "high-pockets" for a series to settle the Flying Cadet Battalion Championship, but, evidently, they feel the need of more practice as up to this time they have failed to even mention it.

Volley-ball is another game that these big he-men indulge in, and strange as it may seem, it is this game that suffers the most casualties, such as wrenched knees, ankles, and wrists. However, this fails to dampen the spirits of these volley-ball players, and they may be seen out on the court playing almost every afternoon of the week. As can be imagined the the A Company Misters have a big advantage over the "B" Company men in this game as they can use their height to a great advantage in piling up points.

TENNIS MATCHES PLANNED

Through the courtesy of the 46th Squadron, who have consented to let the Flying Cadets play on their courts, a surprisingly large number of Tennis enthusiasts have been unearthed in the Flying Cadet Battalion. In an effort to answer their demands for a Flying Cadet Battalion Tennis Team a series of matches are in process of being planned in order to pick the best players.

If sufficient number men plan to take part, a series of matches will be run off in each company in order to pick a Company Team. Enough men will be picked to represent their Company in four singles and one doubles matches.

After these Company Teams have been picked A and B Company will meet in a second match consisting of four singles and one doubles in order to pick a team to represent the Flying Cadet Battalion.

The Officers already have expressed their willingness to meet a team composed of Flying Cadets. It is also believed there are possibilities of getting other matches on the Post as well as outside.

FLYING CADETS LOSE TWO GAMES TO POST TEAM

The Post Team proved to have too much dynamite in their bats when they decisively defeated the Flying Cadet Baseball Team in two straight games. The scores being 7-1 and 12-0.

In the first game Hinton and Crostwaite were the starting pitchers and each pitched excellent ball for the duration of their stay in the box. However the Flying Cadet defense cracked wide open in the seventh inning, and two errors combined with four hits gave the Post Team five unearned runs and assurance of victory.

Up to this inning Hinton had held the Post sluggers to four scattered hits and one unearned run, which was made without the aid of a hit. The Flying Cadets in the meantime had only managed to make five hits off Crostwaite. However they had bunched three of these in the fifth to score their lone run.

Crostwaite featured both offensively and defensively. He scored two runs, and struck-out nine of the Flying Cadets in eight innings, getting seven in the first three innings.

The second game was a complete route from the viewpoint of the Flying Cadets. Hinton and McNair were the opposing moundsmen. Hinton only lasted one inning when the Post Team combined five hits with two base-on-balls for five big runs, leaving little doubt as to the outcome. McNair held the Flying Cadets to four hits while his team-mates pounded eleven more hits for seven runs off of Sandberg who had relieved Hinton in the second inning.

HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

Once again the handball experts are spending all their spare time practicing in preparation for the coming tournament, which will be started in a few days.

This tournament will have one additional attraction, especially to those men who have been eliminated early in tournaments in the past, and that is they will have an opportunity to do themselves justice in a doubles tournament that will be run-off at the same time.

Judging from the number of men that go to the handball courts, the list of entries should by far surpass the number in any tournaments in the past.

Moore, who won the Championship in the last class will be attempting to win his second, and will probably be seeded number one. However, he will have his hands full maintaining his title, because the interest which both Upperclassmen and Dodos have shown in the game, some "Dark-horse" is likely to come along and upset the dope.

Entries are now being made, and, as soon as they are completed and drawings made, the lists will be posted and the tournament started.

DODOS WIN SWIMMING MEET

In the first of the series of swimming meets that are being held to form a Battalion team the Lower Class defeated the Upper Class by the score of 43-28. The relay race having only one team from each class was the deciding factor in the meet as it counted 8 points for the winner.

The first event was the free style one length of the pool. "Dodo" Lumsden was first, closely followed by Simmons with Gilkes bringing up the rear. These two places gave the Dodos a lead of 6-3, which they held throughout the remainder of the contest.

The free-style two lengths of the pool was the second race. Bonnet won this with Simmons taking second place once again with Koch taking third place.

The four length free-style was decidedly a "Dodo" race, as they took all three places. Reday, Holtner, and Lumsden finishing in that order.

The diving contest was one of the closest battles of the entire meet. Simmons and Williams battling along on practically even terms, with the judges finally awarding first place to Williams by one-third of a point. Van Deventer taking third place for the Lower Class.

The Upper Class finally got started in the breast-stroke when Turner and Livingstone took first and second with Dodo Johnson taking third place.

The Upper Class scored eight more points by taking the first two places in the back-stroke. McDermont nosing out Livingstone and Koch in that order.

By scoring sixteen points in these last two events the Upper Class brought the score up to 35-28, with the result of the meet hinging on the winner of the relay.

The Lower Class Team composed of Bonnet, Van Deventer, Gilkes, and Reday faced the Upper Class Team of Grey, Spicer, Turner, and

McMAHON PING-PONG CHAMP.

Once again the East and the West met to settle the old question of supremacy, but instead of the usual battle on the gridiron before thousands of fans, the Ping-Pong table was the scene of action, and the audience consisted of about four severe critics.

The two finalists were "Cra-yon" McMahon from "up in them thar hills" (West Virginia in case you don't know), and "P. P. (Ping-Pong)" Proper from the slopes of sunny California. McMahon wasted little time in showing that he was out to be the winner, as he won in straight games. The scores were 21-15 and 21-16. McMahon went through the entire tournament with the loss of but one game, and that was to "Navigator" Ashman, whom he beat in the quarter-finals by the scores 21-19, 16-21, and 21-13.

In the quarter-finals "G. B." Hay eliminated "Stiff-neck" Moore in a long match by the scores of 23-21 and 26-24. "B" Company's one and only Mr. Gray effectively quelled "Mauler" Mundells quest of fame by the scores of 21-9 and 21-16. P. P. Proper defeated Virgin, E. W., in straight games 21-15 and 21-12.

In the semi-finals Proper downed Gray 21-6 and 21-8. Flashing a brilliant game McMahon downed Hay by the scores of 21-9 and 21-14, thus meeting Proper in the Finals.

McMahon, although declared Ping-Pong Champion of the Flying Cadet Battalion, will have to look to his laurels, as there are a number of competitors who were in the tournament and are out for his crown, and may be found daily in the "Rec" Hall practicing in preparation of issuing a challenge to him.

Livingstone. The first two men of the Upper Class established a lead of a few feet over their rivals, but Gilkes the third man whittled this down on the third leg so that the anchor men started off practically even. Reday proved to have just a little more reserve and won by less than a foot bringing his class eight points and the meet.

The next meet in line is between the Companies and coupled with the results of this meet, should prove a good basis for picking a team to represent the Flying Cadet Battalion.

What is the meaning of this chorus in the mess hall concerning "Foundation Day?"

Many and long are the conjectures concerning just where Mr. Bain's hobnobbing with the four hundred of San Antonio will lead him. It is thought in many quarters that disintegration of a stalwart man is not far off.

POETS SAY.

UPON WASHING OUT

*I'm in a daze—my mind is blank
I can't realize I'm through
I'll miss the life, and miss the air—
But there's nothing I can do.*

*So another aspirant for the Wings
Is stopped, much to his sorrow,
And bears out the rule that's prevalent—
Here today, and gone tomorrow.*

*I love this life, I hate to leave—
And what's of more concern,
Now that I'm through with this,
I have nowhere to turn.*

L. R. MASON

TO A DODO

*When you go down to the flying line
And are the last of your group to fly,
Watch the show and think its fine,
Learn from those that are in the sky.
Just relax.*

*When you are given the controls
And slip on a bank, skid on a turn,
A wing hangs low or the ship rolls,
Remember the wise from mistakes will learn.
Just relax.*

*When you think you're flying smooth
And your instructor signals you
That the controls dont evenly move,
Aim higher for you can better do.
Just relax.*

*When in your earphones you hear a voice,
"Now I'll show you, follow me through".
Note the precision. Make that your choice.
Dont be too eager and get in a "stew".
Just relax.*

*When you cut your gun to begin a glide
And the field races by at a terrible slant,
The nose starts to rise, the wings level ride,
You hit with a bump and bounce at a cant.
Just relax.*

*When you have landed, finished your ride,
And walk away from your plane,
Dont hold a post mortem and your efforts chide.
Profit by mistakes—from mental tension abstain.
Just relax.*

*When you go to your roon during the day
And would "barracks fly" with those succeeded,
Talk of other things and try to be gay.
Remember those words so oft repeated,
"Just relax".*

GLENN L. DUNAGAN.

"Poppa" Hatcher is still a little apprehensive and scans each incoming letter with slight palpitations of the heart.

Livingstone, other wise known as The Great Lover, and "Dead Eye" Richard Kugel have tired of the game of "Follow The Leader", so the rumors have it. One of the two, in his usual storm, endeavored to park his BT on "A" Stage or at least they headed in that direction and left their ships three hangars from their own.

"Hardluck" Palmer is still wondering why acrobatics cannot be completed under fifteen hundred feet. Well, he will have plenty of time to think it over.

Wasn't it our own Leo (The Great) Mundell, who after listening to several young men tell of their various escapades over the week end, exclaim, "Gee, I wish that something would happen to me." From all reports something did almost happen to our Cavalier.

CLASS STATISTICS

CLASS OF JULY 1931

(Basic Only)

To Advanced Stage ----- 100 ----- 88.50

CLASS OF NOVEMBER 1931

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
Eliminated Basic Stage	6	3.08

CLASS OF MARCH 1933

Total Reporting	166	%
Disqualified Physically	6	3.62
Own Request	3	1.81
Eliminated Primary Stage Flying	71	42.80
To Basic Stage	83	50.00
Holdovers	1	.06
Eliminated Basic Stage	4	2.41

CLASS OF JULY 1933

Total Reporting	158	%
Inactive	2	1.27
Disqualified Physically	4	2.53
Own Request	2	1.27
Killed in Training	2	1.27
Eliminated Primary Stage Flying	44	27.85

JULY CLASS

(Continued from Page 1)

Hill, Jones, Lumsden, Martin, Melden, Phillips, Poor, Pray, Reedy, Robertson, Sandberg, Wells, Carney, Carter, Duke, Dunagan, Gilkes, Jensen, Kennedy, Minnis, Olsen, Schneider, Wright, Rockwood, Anderson, Nye, Brown, Clancy, Gist, WWeems, Richards, Bergandahl Sartain, Schultz, Gresham, and McClendon.

The contagion followed through the ninth hour, the following men making the grade: Williamson, Allen, Madsen, Toolin, Reday, Johnson, Cochran, Baldwin, Kerlin, Laethem, Payne, and Williams, D. E.

Flying Cadet Ax held the stage of solo during the eleventh hour, while the following soloed during the twelfth: Staley, Blair, Bedell and Smyth.

Flying Cadet Nellson was exclusive in the fourteen hour class. A check on figures shows that the average dual required for solo is about eight hours and twenty minutes. This is true for the previous classes as well as the July class. An interesting point of

PARACHUTES

(Continued from Page 1)

in from service it is attached to a standard 120 pound dummy, taken aloft, and dropped from a height of approximately 300 feet. Even though one has remained on the shelf in the department during the 60 day period and seen no active service it is repacked just the same.

When a "chute" becomes five years old it is withdrawn from service and sent to the Air Depot to be scrapped. The silk panels are salvaged and sent to various air fields to be used as scarfs.

note is that the average time for members of A company was equal to the time for B company, almost exactly. The only thing this will prove is that "blower" or "hi-pocket"—it doesn't spoil your chance on the flying line.

Mr. Monroe, one of the Boston Monroes, blames the wind for turning him over. How he can think of such a think is beyond reason, especially as he had just soloed. That's furnishing employment, Monroe!