



## LOWER CLASS TO BASIC STAGE

Seventy-five men are coming out of the fog and beginning to realize that Randolph Field is actually a place on the face of the good old U. S. Seventy-five men (more or less) at last feel that they are, to a certain extent, air-minded. As the first day of July rolled around, a group of young men scattered all over the country realized that something, of which they had been dreaming for several months, was on the threshold of reality. They began to arrive at that place of which they had heard so much and hoped for so strongly.

Many dreams were blasted over night, however. Immediately, these young men were put into coveralls and fatigue hats and subjected to a transportation process which was to last several months. During that time, many were to be found incapable of continuing the purpose for which they were here, but many were to follow through and learn the mysterious art of flying.

Following the week of drill, drill, and more drill, the real work commenced. The first day on the line was a day which arrived all too slowly and will long be remembered. Days of the first solos and then solo stage with their spirit of excitement and adventure born of the feel of the strange element, sir, were days never to be forgotten—"washouts" began to thin the ranks then. Also, at this time, the first of those young men.

Solo stage was followed by days in which the nose of the ship wouldn't stay where it belonged in steep banks. Attempts at chandelles wound up in almost anything but chandelles. More washouts. Pylon eights were good one day and rotten the next. But time didn't wait for anyone. In only a few days, planes were everywhere gliding, turning, looping, diving and rolling.

Work continued in the ground school also. Theory, buzzer, engines, testblocks and machine guns became things which were no longer mysteries. And the feel of the old J5s became a thing that was almost as familiar and as comforting as the beat of one's heart.

But the days slipped by and the fog lifted. B-stage was just around  
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## COL. MARTIN RECEIVES PROMOTION

Adding to his long list of achievements in the service, Major F. L. Martin, Post Commander of Randolph Field, was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Corps of the United States, on September 15, 1933.

A ceremony was held in his honor at the Operations house on B Stage, at 11 o'clock of the same morning. The Cadet Detachment was represented by all the available Flying Cadets, and the various Squadrons sent representations. Captain T. W. Hastey read the official order, and officiated at the ceremony of alliegance. Brigadier-General C. H. Danforth made a speech of approval and commendation of Colonel Martin's promotion.

The Colonel was born in Indiana, where he attended school. In 1908, he received a degree from Purdue University, shortly after which he accepted a commission as Second Lieutenant of the Coast Artillery Corps. Three years later, he was promoted to a First Lieutenant, and in 1916 accepted a captaincy in the same arm. During the war, he served as a Major in the Signal Corps. In 1921, the Colonel tran-

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## WILLIAMS AND CATLETT AWARDS ANNOUNCED

In any closely united group of men there are always certain ones who stand out as distinct leaders—men who have combined with a fair amount of ability a great amount of conscientious effort, integrity, consideration of others, and a loyalty to the group they represent.

Two years ago, there were two officers of the Air Corps Flying School who possessed these qualities to a marked degree. In an effort to maintain a proper balance between military duties and recreational athletics, these two officers, Lieutenants Landon Carter Catlett and Charles Linton Williams, presented two silver loving cups to the Flying Cadet Battalion to be kept as permanent trophies. One of these is known as the Catlett Trophy for soldierly efficiency. The other is the Williams Trophy for athletics.

In each graduating class, the Flying Cadet recognized as having done most for athletics while at Randolph Field is awarded the Williams Trophy, while the Flying Cadet graded highest in soldierly efficiency is awarded the Catlett Trophy.

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## UPPER CLASS COMPLETES TRAINING

Only eight months ago, the world famous Kelly Field seemed so distant in imagination and so uncertain in attainment that only those with unusual self confidence could vividly picture themselves there. Now, with flying having been completed on Basic Stage, less than half of that original group have found that the glorious days at Randolph are practically ended, and Kelly Field is, purely and simply, the next step ahead.

We have been kept busy, so busy that we have hardly noted the passage of time or realized how rapidly we have learned to fly. Those of us who are still here can give few good reasons why we have been retained; we only know that we are mighty glad that we are still here and that we are looking forward to the term at Kelly Field with eagerness and enthusiasm.

Undoubtedly the greatest interest that has been given to the flying at Kelly Field is in the various sections into which the Flying Cadets will be divided. For several weeks, the question, "What are you doing to fly at Kelly?" has been heard on every hand. Needless to say, arguments have been forthcoming in favor of every section. The question has now become "What did you get at Kelly?", and the arguments continue.

Since the Bombardment section of the present class at Kelly has been assigned to March Field, California, for active duty, a great rush for bombardment has been made by California's native sons. Probable locations of various sections for active duty have been influential in individual choices. Pursuit will take the largest number, and attack, the apparent choice of self-styled Hot Pilots, will take the least. Those plodding students who like plenty of work and who show a natural aptitude for buzzer have chosen observation. The fact that Flying Cadets have been assigned to sections corresponding as nearly as possible to their choices should make the work at Kelly Field as inspiring and interesting as we expect it to be.

## AU REVOIR

By H. Russell Spicer, Battalion Captain.

Randolph Field, an integral part of our existence for the past eight months, is soon to be left behind. Memories formed here are bound to last, and pleasant ones they are too, but the friendships we have made, and the good we have received while members of the Flying Cadet Battalion, will never leave us. Soon we are to find out if Kelly Field is indeed the Flying Cadets' Paradise, as so often termed. If it is any better than Randolph, it must be a Heaven for sure.

True, we have worked hard, but what success is ours is due not only to our own efforts, but to the patient and diligent teachings of our instructors; to our Commandant, Tactical Officers, Flight Surgeons and to the enlisted men of the field as well. We salute you all. Through your hard work, co-operation and personal interests you have transferred a group of civilians into a well disciplined and well organized class of Flying Cadets. Here's hoping we meet again.

As concerns our Lower Class, we are extremely proud to have been in charge of such a fine group of men. We appreciate your eagerness and co-operation; you will undoubtedly make an excellent Upper Class—we can rest assured that our time has been well spent. In parting, best of luck on "B" Stage and in every phase of a Flying Cadet's life.

# THE TEE



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 the Flying Cadets of Randolph Field,  
 Texas, "The West Point of the Air."

## THE TEE'S PLATFORM

I. Inaugurate the Randolph  
 Field Memorial.

### EDITORIAL

Another chapter in the training of a Flying Cadet has been completed and those lucky members of the Upperclass are soon to continue training at Kelly Field. For seven exciting and unforgettable months a gradual transformation has taken place and the final product is a coherent group of young men well versed in the art of flying and in the highly specialized subjects of ground school. To them, nothing need be said. They know what to expect during their next phase of training.

For three months the Dodo's have looked with anxious eyes to the day when they would become the "all-powerful" Upperclass. That has arrived and, too, the day has arrived when they will realize that their much sought after goal has its many obligations of a serious nature. It has looked easy to many of the Lowerclass and it is to you that a few words of advise should be written.

You are soon to assume the responsibility of training a group of civilians who know absolutely nothing of the new life which they are to lead. You will find many types, many of different out looks on their new life, and many of such varied personalities. Each of these is a separate and distinct problem and their reactions to corrections will vary to a large degree. It is in your hands to either make or break them. A word of praise here, a word of instruction there, will help mold these raw recruits into the future Officers of the Air Corps. You must know when to be hard and when to be lenient and you must know which to use on those of certain peculiar personalities. Being an Upperclassman does not mean that you are really in a position to act as if this were "a great big country club," it means that your duties and responsibilities have increased

## OPTIMISTIC CLUB VISITS RANDOLPH FIELD

The other day a civic club from San Antonio, by name the Optimists, were out to visit Randolph Field and give it a thorough going over. We would very much like to know if they are still optimistic, because the Cadets here certainly are, always hoping for the best.

The Optimists Club was composed of about 150 persons who were conducted on a very interesting tour of the Post. They were shown thru the hangars, shops and along the flying line. Then thru the various Squadrons. They were being shown the Flying Cadet Barracks, Gymnasium, mess hall etc. at the time the Cadets fell out for Retreat, so they were thus afforded an opportunity of seeing a Flying Cadet formation.

After being shown what makes the wheels go around to produce that speck of the human race known as the "Aviator" the Optimists were conducted to the Officers Club where they received the treat of the day in the form of an excellent picnic lunch, seemingly it was very much enjoyed.

### T EDITORIAL

The first bend in the road has been reached. An obstacle which, three and one half months ago appeared practically insurmountable to 150 new cadets, has been vanquished. It is true that many, even a majority, did not continue with the caravan throughout its long climb up the steep grade. But those who's luck and ability have carried them through have reached the peak with many experiences, both comical and tragic, to their credit.

As the Class of March 1933 packs its belongings to move to Kelly Field, the Class of July prepares to take up the reins and be Upperclassmen.

As each new regime is begun, new pages of history are commenced. New traditions are in the making and old traditions are due for a check and perhaps overhaul. It is not the nature of humanity to continue on without evolving and changing reactions and environments.

And so, the new Upper Class starts its run with a desire to complete it having established a new high for school spirit and cooperation. It wishes every success for the men now advancing to Kelly Field, and resolutely faces about to accomplish its own tasks.

fourfold. Don't take life easy, just because you have the opportunity, but take pride in molding a class that you will be proud to look back on and say that you had a part in making them what they are. The "whip" is in your hands and the test will be in what type class you make of your "Dodo's". This is the opportunity you have looked forward to, now make the best of it.

## APPOINTMENT OF OFFICERS ANNOUNCED

Friday night at ten thirty that much looked forward to event took place, the official announcement of the new officers for the incoming Upperclass. Amid much expectation and nervous excitement, Flying Cadet Ecklund in the presence of the assembled dancers read the new appointments. They are as follows: To be Battalion Captain: Flying Cadet Kreps. To be Sergeant Major: Flying Cadet Samuels. To be Battalion Adjutant: Flying Cadet Fernard.

To be Captain of "A" Company: Flying Cadet Van Deventer. To be Captain "B" Company: Flying Cadet Burks.

To be Lieutenants "A" Company: Flying Cadets Harding and Poor. To be Lieutenants "B" Company: Flying Cadets Richards and Drake.

To be First Sergeants: Flying Cadet Payne for "A" Company and Flying Cadet Williams, E. F. for "B" Company.

To be Platoon Sergeant "A" Company: Flying Cadets Reedy and Kennedy. To be Platoon Sergeants "B" Company: Flying Cadets Allen, B. E. and Staley.

To be Supply Sergeant "A" Company: Flying Cadet Templeton, J. L. To be Supply Sergeant "B" Company: Flying Cadet Selser.

To be Sergeants "A" Company: Flying Cadets Graf; Williams, D. E.; Sangster; and Harris. To be Sergeants "B" Company: Flying Cadets Williamson; Black; Hird; and Koch.

To be Guidon Corporal "A" Company: Flying Cadet Cunningham, T. J. To be Guidon Corporal "B" Company: Flying Cadet Marks.

To be Corporals "A" Company: Flying Cadets Gardner; Worden; Martin, R. K.; Melden; Hatcher; Olsen; Carney; and Schneider. To be Corporals "B" Company: Flying Cadets Coddington; Smith, J. A.; Paige; Mitchell, W. W.; Nye; James; Madsen, and Rockwood.

To be Color Sergeant: Flying Cadet Robertson.

To be Color Corporals: Flying Cadets: Boutz and Cunningham, J. L.

## Lower Class

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 the air and then come back themselves.

With the first announcements of the Recognition Dance, those men realized that B-stage was very near. No longer would they be lowly Dodos but would be Upper Classmen. It is true that many had fallen by the way, some intentionally, some unfortunately and some simply because they could not do all that they would have to do in order to be successful as a pilot. The ranks were thinned over fifty per cent. But those who were left are determined to go to B-stage with every effort concentrated on their work for success. Here's to you, Class of July 1933.

## OCTOBER CLASS TO ARRIVE SOON

Seventy-five new Flying Cadets and approximately an equal number of student officers will commence flying training on A-stage next week, according to information announced at the Cadet Administration Building recently. The new cadets coming from civilian life will report to the school Thursday, October 12. Most of the student officers have already arrived and have taken up quarters on the Post.

Twenty-eight states, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii will be represented in the new class of civilians and enlisted men. Texas and California lead the other states with seven representatives each. Hawaii is sending five men from her three army posts. Of the seventy-five men, twenty are from army units throughout the country. Complete information of the student officers is not yet available.

The seventy-five new Flying Cadets are as follows: W. W. Anderson, H. C. Bauss, C. V. Bell, L. Bieri, T. H. Britton, F. W. Baltz, H. Brock, W. A. Brtoun, W. G. Cameron, R. C. Clausen, G. S. Coleman, P. L. Coon, E. G. Cooper, W. H. Council, C. A. Dahlgren, L. W. Damours, F. J. Darcy, L. M. Ellis, R. W. Etter, D. M. Eichelberger, H. Estes, C. W. Fielder, F. R. Fader, R. G. Finch, C. E. Fisher, F. B. Gamsby, J. T. Guilmartin, J. E. Hale, A. F. Hubbard, C. H. Jeter, F. C. Johnson, A. V. Jones, J. F. Kent, H. E. Kneece, H. E. Knierlem, A. C. Kraaymas, O. K. Lawing, W. P. Lester, P. Luna, G. T. McCutcheon, F. K. Mac Mahon, G. Mainland, T. J. Maresh, H. D. Martin, B. A. Mason, S. R. Mathes, W. A. Major, P. M. Medford, E. J. W. Negeley, T. E. Norris, F. N. T. Meeks, J. P. Mills, P. C. Moulder, Nightengale, D. G. Ogden, G. L. Owens, F. R. Pritchard, R. E. Robinson, L. E. Shaw, W. K. Sledge, L. G. Starr, R. C. Streater, F. G. Tinker, D. M. Tourtelot, H. L. Vaugan, W. Van Gordon, H. R. Volin, H. J. Von Weller, W. R. Weber, L. R. Weiss, J. F. Whisenand, E. B. White, W. E. White, E. W. Wooters, and R. P. Zimmerman.

"Mauler" Mundell is seriously thinking of carrying a tag with his room number inscribed on it. And who wouldn't? Imagine his embarrassment when he couldn't tell a certain tactical officer his room number.—And after living in said room for only four months.

Kugel finally annexed the "A" Flight Trophy for the second time when he was caught flying on his back. It has been rumored that this flight commander said: "The Italian, Falconi, established the record for inverted flying, and you win the "trophy."

TALE

SPINS



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

"Pretty Boy" Root, that handsome youngster from Alabama, has jealously guarded the secret of his success with the "belles" of San Antonio, but his technique is being discovered "bit by bit".

"P. P." Carter has the unusual distinction of wearing the "A" Flight trophy for the second time in two weeks. And why not? Very few Flying Cadets have the ambition to make three landing by flood-light after having been signalled to come in. Perhaps it was just the after effects of the Austin trip and perhaps he just wanted to practice landing and take-offs.

Our dear Captain McDermot is seriously thinking of offering Jimmy Durante some stiff competition in the singing of the new N. R. A. song. "Mac" claims to have sung the song before some distinguished company, i.e; bell hops, Cadets, and the personnel of a downtown hotel. Power to you "Mac", you know we all have to start somewhere.

"Rassler" Bryant still the perfect gentleman and will continue to be so as long as his present luck holds out. It was thought that his luck had run its course at Houston, but then lightning does strike the same person in the same way twice.

No doubt McKinney will be in demand as an after dinner speaker after his oratorical outburst in Hangar N last week when he explained how to make a BT-2 glide half the length of Randolph Field with only twenty feet of altitude. Heroes are made—not born.

"Blower" Kester, the lad from sunny (?) Florida, attempted to play the part of an Australian Kangaroo or that was the idea which was transmitted to the on-lookers when he made three landings, two hops, one arrival and an extra trip around the field on his return from a night trip to Austin.

Wasn't it "Little Beak" Hatcher, who after doing 360's for an hour at Kreuger Field, noticed that he was quite alone and then had the brilliant idea to read the name on the Stage-house, which happened to be Zeuhl Field. Great brains, great forethought, great initiative, Hatch.

"Jesse" James swears up and down that he wasn't practicing forced landings in the General's backyard.

"It may be so, but I don't know." Mr. Palmer, gentleman, pilot, benefactor, forwent breakfast for charity, Sunday morning.

We have heard about various fairy tales where princesses went away and came back without their shoes, etc., and how mysterious it was, but Mr. Holtener created the sensation when he took off from the hangar line, landed at the hangar line, reported only one landing and still had a flat tire with a hole in it. Happy landings, Mr. Holtener.

Two Dodos were held a little later than usual at the line the other day and consequently were a little late for ground school formation. Arriving just after the flight marcher had rendered the report, Mr. Kreps attracted the attention of the section marcher and reported, "Sir, Mr. Richards and Mr. Staley have arrived." Promptly from one of the other flights came the old familiar, "Pass them up."

Have you any purpose in life? Haven't you any ambition, haven't you any pride? No, he was just one of those Cadets who was left in the Lerche.

Upperclassman Weldon Jones was found sitting on the stage-house steps at Zeuhl Field one day ready and willing to talk instead of flying. Much discussion was aroused until it as noticed that the aforementioned Flying Cadet was unable to move his ship due to the fact that he had parked it too close behind another. Pride is a wonderful thing, Weldon ole dear, but don't let it keep you on the ground.

"Observer" Martin is another one of those Flying Cadets, who parks a ship such that the wing tip lights make contact, and then tries to get in the hangar unnoticed.

It is suggested that airway signs be sent aloft to designate airports for the members of "D" Flight. It looked like an aerial circus when half the members of that flight were flying around Navasota like a bunch of lost sheep. Finally, an instructor seeing their predicament, took off to round up his lost flock and bring them back to the airport.

Listed among the hot pilots of ye upperclass is the veteran Mr. Rendle who pulled one of the old 'hot' stunts on his instructor at Corpus Christi a few days ago. The wind blew and blew and Mr. Rendle couldn't see for an hour or two. Anyway the story goes that Rendle was asked by his instructor why he had landed down wind in such a 'storm'. "Oh, Sir, I thought the wind entered the small end of the sock. Whew! That was a close one, but it may suffice for Mr. Rendle.

# CROSS TEE

Paul Boyer Wilson will have ample opportunity to practice acrobatics to his hearts content—but in the barracks after seven months it would seem that a young Flying Cadet would learn that acrobatics are not to be completed under fifteen feet, but then perhaps Wilson is from Missouri.

"Doc" Yak says that the Rio Grande is not at all what he expected and neither was the little town of Catarina WHERE he expected it to be.

Virgin has just completed an extensive and interesting course in foreign relations. He states that conditions are terrible and that after a close personal inspection that foreigners are very unsatisfactory hosts. Of course that is only one man's opinion.

After spending several hours—it seemed—above Randolph Field and vicinity, Bob Mueller says that the view is beautiful. Oh yeah? C'mon up sometime.

"Schnozzle" Keese wants to know if east is east and west is west, where is the airport at Navasota? Keese seeing two ships circling around a field near the above mentioned town presumed that where an airplane is, there must also be an airport. He was wrong. Seeing another plane swooping down from out of the sky, he gave chase and followed it to what turned out to be the airport. That is what is called using one's initiative.

"Sally" Kreps "stormed" over Davenport a week ago and tried 360 degrees overhead approaches on the 180 degrees side, down wind. What a man! Such cheering from the instructors' stand.

Luckily for "B" Flight that they do not have a trophy for dumb exhibitions or else some wholesale store would do a raging business. At least say those who witnessed a fine demonstration of how to land a ship by floodlights.

Onlookers were almost treated to a rare sight when Officers in the Tower atop the Stage Operations Office beat a hasty retreat as Stewart tried to drag his wheels on the roof. Wonderful exhibition, "Pepito."

"Mauler" returned from pass the other night with marks which would lead one to believe that "Doc" Yak's injun friends were in town.

Peeler says that flying a P-12 is just like having a roller skate strapped to his seat. He also objects to the necessity of running to the line each morning in order to keep up with the rest of the section.

Wood and Miller came very close to the deadline between a close call and an actual crash, when they missed each other by so far, while recovering from a Lufberry recently. In the same formation, Bain shied at the water tank and came in feeling lucky.

The new pencil sharpeners which adorn the posts in bays one and four are a source of pleasure to the Flying Cadets who simply must have their pencils sharpened or be unhappy.

Mr. Irvine has learned that one can fly to Ringgold on the reserve tank and land on the main tank, or some such doings. According to the boys from the Pursuit section J. Stanley cut out something awful, busted up a nice airplane and had to be tied down until the spell left him.

It seems Mr. Wood hung on to the phone in the orderly room for two hours and forty five minutes the other night while trying to convince a local gal that it would be a good idea to partake of an ice cream soda some evening. As a result the local exchange arose in righteous wrath and restricted the talking period to ten minutes per man. This will work a particular hardship on Coddington, Bohl, Read and kindred long winded spirits.

Old Joe Irvine scared the wits out of several indignant land owners on whose property he was looking for flares, when he replied to their request to leave with loud and sonorous bellows accompanied by menacing gestures with a large stick.

Bob Allen will visit Kelly Field infrequently now that pass is in effect until ten o'clock each night. His permanent address at present is Dodd Field.

Fahey and Rivard, Damon and Pythias, hellfire and damnation. Whichever has an idea, the other holds obstinately to the opposite. If Rivard says white, Fahey says black. Fate, in glee, has executed a coup d'etat in arranging that these two should fly together.

Nelson, it seems, has a friend at San Marcos for whom he intended to turn and blink lights when he came home from Waco on a recent night cross country, but a recheck showed that no less than twelve ships turned and blinked lights over the same spot on the same night.

Pop Hayden flew while Miller tried to photograph a mosaic. When the negatives were developed, the net result resembled nothing so much as a jig saw puzzle.

# KELLY FIELD

By

Robert E. Griffin

## Kelly Cadets Graduate

The Advanced Flying School will hold graduation exercises for the class of October 1932 on the morning of October 14 at the Kelly Field Post Auditorium. The exercises will take place at ten o'clock in the morning.

Prior to the graduation exercises there will be an aerial review staged by the class as their last flight before they receive their pilot's wings. The review will take place at eight o'clock sharp, the take off being scheduled for seven thirty.

Due to the limited seating capacity of the Post Auditorium, only those to whom tickets have been presented by members of the class will be admitted to the graduation exercises, but the review will be held along the flying line and all are invited to take advantage of the parking facilities and drive their cars to the line.

The graduating class of Flying Cadets started last October tenth with approximately one hundred and twenty-five members. With a few holdovers counted in, the strength of the Flying Cadets at the present moment is forty-six, approximately thirty-seven per cent of its original enrollment.

Of the Flying Cadets who are to graduate, fourteen are from the Bombardment section, which will be sent to March Field. They are: Baldwin, B. R.; Denham, W. M.; Elliot, W. S.; Fischer, C. M.; Bohl, J. P.; Griggs, M. J.; Inman, W. B., Jr.; Nelson, O. M.; Roberts, J. B.; Williams, H. S., Jr.; Hand, S. D.; Powers, D. J.; Reid, R. L., and Schuster, C. J., Jr.

Fifteen of the Flying Cadets are graduating from the Observation section, and will begin active duty at Mitchell Field. They are: Allen, R. N.; Bain, W. G., Jr.; Barnes, W. B.; Griffin, R. E.; Hayden, J. H., Jr.; Miller, F. H., Jr.; Mitchell, C. C., Jr.; Rivard, F. L.; Warner, G. L.; Fahey, S. L.; and Pippinger, D. W.

Pursuits will be ordered to Langley Field and is represented by fifteen men: Dennison, J. W., Jr.; Anderson, J. E.; Coddington, L. C.; Dunahoo, R. A.; Freeman, S. B., Jr.; Gaster, C. J.; Harrell, B. S.; Kinkel, R. S.; Peeler, C. E.; Read, R. N.; Hoxie, H. L.; Hurst, H. E.; Irvine, J. S.; Mitchell, W. D.; and Tindall, E. H.

The two men who compose the Attack section are K. C. Fairchild and L. P. Ricks, they will be on active duty at Fort Crockett.

Graduating as one of the smallest classes ever to leave the Air Corps Advance Flying School, the present Kelly class is looking forward to a year of active and interesting life with the tactical units.

### FLYING

Maintenance Cross country flights, the final gesture of the four months at Kelly, begin with the first week in October and carry on until all the sections have completed their tours and arrived home again.

The training idea behind the Maintenance flight is to expose the man who is about to graduate to the details of carrying for a ship while on a more or less extended hop and to give him the sense of having an airplane to look after.

Pursuit will leave first and follow a route from Kelly to Dallas, Paris, Muskogee, and Ft. Sill. After a rest at Fort Sill the itinerary leads to Lubbock, Midland, and El Paso. At El Paso all sections will give the ships a complete house cleaning and will then progress to Kelly by way of Ft. Clark.

Observation goes to San Angelo and Ft. Sill first and then by way of Midland and Carlsbad to El Paso. From El Paso they fly by way of Marfa and Dreyden to Kelly.

Bombardment, having slower ships is forced to curtail its distance in order to come out even on time. They fly first to Midland and Carlsbad, and thence to El Paso, where many heavy hours will be spent washing those two story bombers. From El Paso the return trip leads through Dreyden to Kelly.

Attack, having taken a preliminary to its Maintenance a week ago, when the low flying boys took a jaunt to Galveston, will fly directly to El Paso and return, serving their ships somewhere in between.

It is deemed likely at this point that certain cities of interest along the border will be visited and thoroughly explored for possibilities of one sort or another, an advance in pay of a few dollars, already having been granted to the misters for the purpose of food along the way, and other things along the way which are not so solid.

After the return from the Maintenance, time will be spent in coordinating the sections for the final review which is to be staged on the morning of the fourteenth. It will be necessary to get the factors of timing and flying closer to the ground than usual thoroughly under hand before the last great morning.

All sections have been flying maximum formations and getting very nearly as good as can be hoped for in this phase of the game. The enlisted personnel has been hard at the task of getting as many ships on the line for the review as is physically possible. It is expected that by the fourteenth there will be a fairly skillful exhibition given.

Ground School ended for the Kelly class on Thursday, September 28, with a rousing writ in Bomb Racks. From that day out, the enthusiasm for trap shooting will be inversely proportionate to the increase in sore shoulders which local personnel humorously call shot guns. The purpose of trap shooting is to accustom fliers to firing at moving targets so that they will not entirely lose the ability to catch a street car in full tilt.

Bombs and explosives turned out to be a very interesting course. In the course of events at the academic hall the class learned that a bomb was something to be admired from afar. The misters acquired a foundation for a lifelong respect for the potentialities of the clever little contrivance the world knows as a fuse. At the finish of the course the Bombardment section was nearly in tears and ready to transfer to any section, just so they would never have to go near a bomb.

Some weeks ago, so long ago, in fact, that it seems but an echo of the dark ages, the class left off buzzer practice. As though unwilling to release the hard grip it had retained since that first day at Randolph, Buzzer did not cease abruptly, as all good courses should, but dawdled along, giving the misters one noxious dose a week for several weeks, until it finally left off, unhonored and unsung, as the poet has it.

Pursuit Tactics carried the Kelly class through the world war and dealt in probabilities concerning the place of Pursuit aviation in the next hostilities. It seems that Pursuit would jolly well like to attack Bombardment, but at present can't catch up with it.

Squadron Duties of a Junior Officer is the name of the course in which the misters are acquainted with just what they may expect in the line of work at their new posts. A well developed ability to respond in the affirmative, sit for hours, look intelligent and offer passive resistance appears to be essential.

In Photographic Interpretation, the class learned to tell a tree from a fence and to estimate contour and conformation of terrain from oblique and vertical photographs. Like so many Hawkshaws, the misters brought their magnifying glasses to class and scrutinized photographs to no end. Scenes from the days of the scrap across the pond were most interesting. These were actual copies of photographs taken from airplanes over the front lines and gave excellent views of emplacements, camouflage and other operations.

The mystery of what Attack Aviation was good for, was finally solved when the class had com-

pleted the course by that name. It appears that besides flying at an altitude of six inches and kicking up clouds of dust, they also strafed ground troops and inspire infantrymen with an overwhelming desire to get under several thicknesses of sheet metal. The misters who have not the fortune to be in the Attack Section left the course very thankful that in possible future engagements they would not be down on the ground where the lead comes thickest.

Combat Orders left the misters in a state of coma. The headache scale if it could have been graphically represented might have reached an all time high for Kelly Field. By far the most detailed course of the year, it turned out also to be the most perplexing. Long scenarios of what the so-and-so colonel intended to do on "X" day had to be boiled down to hard and concise language with a nice consideration for punctuation. Although an enjoyable course, its ending brought no tears.

So it is that Kelly class has run the gamut of Ground School, bless it, from Aerodynamics to Bomb Racks. There were moments when many had doubts, but all were successful, so, to those who are yet to come, we say, "Hove hope."

Less than half a hundred of our original hundred and twenty odd classmates are left to graduate when the time comes. Over half of our number left us so long ago that they are scarcely remembered, others were deprived of the privilege of continuing training on B stage.

One by one they departed while we continued on, hopeful, and yet half afraid that we might be the next to be sent away. On through the terrors of our upper classmen and their harsh commands we somehow muddled. Ground school frightened the wits out of many of us and flying had us in a perpetual state of near hysteria. Through the two stages and Kelly we have made our way, somehow, and now that we have come to a finish there are few who do not wonder what sort of a miracle has happened.

We are proud to join the ranks of those who claim Kelly Field as their stern Alma Mater and will depart taking something of the spirit of nearly a generation of fliers with us.

Young Gaster dove miles and miles at a formation of observation ships for the benefit of certain instructors who happened to be thereabouts. Of course Gaster did not know an Instructor was anywhere around, but the end of the event came near to being unpleasant for the young feller. It seems he is not going to leave the post after graduation.

Winstead believes in bigger and better landing signals. In a flight of recent date he came near throwing his instructor out of the lead ship by waving his fuselage up and down.

# SPORT SHOTS

## HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

Handball is a paramount sport among the members of the upper class, as is shown by the large number of cadets entered in the Company "A" single and doubles tournament that is being played off this month. Sixteen members of the March Class are competing for the winner's laurels while only four "Dodos" are representing the July class. Upper classmen have six teams trying for honors in the doubles tournament and the lower class has only one team.

Many close and interesting games have been played off during the singles fight for supremacy with several of the entrants showing a great deal of skill in the fine arts of handball. Moore, who won the tournament when he was a "Dodo" will be given considerable competition although he is doped to retain the championship. Thus far in the singles Wilson won from Carter, T. F. and lost to Schneider by a 17-21 score. Cunningham eliminated Worden and is expected to give Moore a good competitive game when he meets him in the next match. Keese lost to Eisenhart in two out of three games and Burton won over Cook in two games. McDermont and Hay played an interesting give and take three game fight with the last game going to a 23-25 score to make Capt. McDermont the winner. McDermont then won over McMahon in two out of three close games.

In the doubles "Dodos" Cunningham, J. L. and Schneider put Hay and McMahon out of the running in two games with scores of 19-21 and 15-21. Keese and Hatcher, W. A. were also eliminated in two games by Hinton and McDermont, who then won from Cunningham and Schneider in a fast hard fought three game battle, the last of which went to a 25-27 score. Several more matches are yet to be played before the champions can be announced but it appears now to be a toss-up between McDermont and Hinton, and Moore and Clement for taking the championship.

## CADETS TIE OFFICERS IN TENNIS MATCH

The Flying Cadet Tennis Team composed of Cadets Carter, Robinson, Cunningham, Cook, and Hinton met the Officers team represented by Lts. Herber, Clark, Ferguson, Lee, Brandenburg, and Capt. Williams in a match tennis tournament and played a three to three tie.

Seven matches had been scheduled, but lack of time necessitated the terminating of the tournament at the finish of the sixth match. Considering the fact that

the Cadets have been able to practice only several times a week for the last two months, they are to be complimented on their fine showing.

In the first match Cadet Robinson gave the Cadets a lead of 1-0, when he defeated Lt. Heber in straight sets, 6-3, 6-3. In the second match Cadet Cunningham showed little if any stage-fright, when he defeated Capt. Williams 6-0, 6-4.

The third and fourth matches showed the Officers at their peak and applying pressure to bring the matches to two-all. Cadet Carter losing to Lt. Clark 6-2, 6-2, and Lt. Ferguson taking Cadet Cook 2-6, 6-2, 6-3.

Each team scored a win in the two scheduled doubles matches. Cadets Cunningham and Hinton giving the Cadets a lead of 3-2 when defeated Lts. Lee and Brandenburg by the score of 6-1, 6-3. Lts. Heber and Clark brought teams to even terms when they took the second doubles match from Cadets Robinson and Carter in a hard fought three game match by the score of 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.

The two teams have agreed to meet in a seven match tournament and settle the question of supremacy. The tournament will consist of five singles and two doubles matches, and will be played this coming Saturday.

## SPORT COMMENTS

Looking back in the records of the Tennis Tournament between the Cadets and Officers brings to light the fact that Cadet Carter was defeated quite decisively by his Instructor Lt. Clark. Further investigation brings out that Cadet Carter went for a progress check with his instructor the following day. More than once Mr. Carter has mentioned the fact that he gave his instructor a good ride. We wonder?????

Cadet P. B. Wilson gets the votes of the entire Battalion for promotion of athletics. Every athletic period Mr. Wilson may be found out in the road by the volley ball court with a net under one arm and a ball under the other offering to take on any five Dodos and any two upper classmen. The secret of his success being, that he picks on the little Dodos only.

Kester was a proud holder of the "A" Flight Trophy for a day when he made the mistake of flying to Asherton before joining his flight at Catarina. What a difference a few miles make.

What romantic idea prompted Mr. Carney to sound off: "Sir, may I gaze at the moon?"

## Competitive Drill Won By A Company

On Friday, September 22nd. the tri-yearly competitive drill which is held towards the end of each Class was staged between "A" and "B" Companies.

This event was held on the drill field in the rear of "A" Company barracks. In fact some "B" Company misters state that this familiarity with the ground is the reason for "A" Company's success.

The drill as executed was judged by five Regular Army Lieutenants, each making a grade for every maneuver completed. The final scores were the averages from all five scores, thus assuring a more balanced decision.

"B" Company was first upon the field of Honor and really did herself proud, in fact she was quite sure of her success until the Hi-pocket company with the grace of some higher Intelligence and by executing some inspired drill, was announced the winner with a score of 85% while "B" Company's score was 77.

Although the satisfaction of winning was indeed very gratifying, the best feature is so far as "A" Company was concerned was that the winner did not have any formal inspection on Saturday morning. Needless to say the "B" Company men were somewhat peeved the next morning to see their Hi-pocket brethren wandering about enjoying themselves, while they the "B" Company men were standing a rigid inspection.

## Upper Class Hosts At Barbecue

The evening of September 22nd. was one of real enjoyment to the Upper Classmen at Randolph Field and the Flying Cadets of Kelly Field who were able to attend. It was the evening of the swimming party and barbecue at which the Flying Cadets entertained their dates. After a short session of drill, pass was granted, making it possible for those having to go to San Antonio to return in time for the festivities.

Swimming was enjoyed early in the evening by many couples. A radio was installed at the swimming pool and helped to provide the essential atmosphere. A barbecue pit was construed behind the dressing rooms at the swimming pool, and during most of the afternoon it was noted that the meats were being given such a roasting that would fit them for the finest menu. Probably the most unique feature of the affair was the presence of two large kegs of beer, heretofore absent from all Flying Cadet social functions.

After the barbecue, many couples enjoyed the show at the Post Theatre. All reported the party a huge success.

## DODO WRITES HOME

Dear Mom:

I've been waiting for a long time to write you this letter. I know you have been wondering how your loving Dodo son is getting along, but let me tell you Mom, you have nothing to worry about. Your son can fly an airplane now with the best of them. Do you remember that day at the airport when we saw someone do a loop? Well, you should see me. I could sure show that pilot how to fly. Why only yesterday, I flew on my back so long that I got gasoline all over my instructor. He made an awful face, and helped me roll my plane right side up. I guess he thought I did pretty well, for he wouldn't let me do any more. Of course he was along then. But you should see me fly solo. I just burn up the air. And I'll bet that when I am up right, I can come down in more funny ways than you can imagine. That's what I wanted to write you about, Mom, how good I am. Some day, I am going to fly over home and give you some thrills. I told my instructor that one day and he asked me if I lived by an airplane passenger route. I couldn't understand just what he meant. Guess he was thinking about something else.

I'm going to be an upper classman before long. I wouldn't be surprised if I should be Battalion Captain, for we have been drilling each other lately, and I really showed 'em my military. Just the other day, someone asked me if I thought I were an upperclassman. I guess I must possess a lot of natural dignity. It will be awfully easy being an upperclassman too. The upper class get rest at the table, and never seem to work hard. They never seem to have much trouble flying either. I know things will be a snap when I get to be boss of some Dodos.

It's just about time for me to go to night buzzer. I always said that the more one practices a thing, the better he will get at it, so I am taking all the buzzer that I can.

Your loving son,  
A DODO.

Warner, in attempting to take pictures for his mosaic had little conventional success, but secured some very interesting photographs of cloud formations, which, it is rumored, he is going to submit to the American Society for the Advancement of something or other. He even contemplated selling them to nature lovers at a nominal price.

Wee Willie Williams, kibitzer, chisler, and altogether a talented young man, according to certain residents of bay four, whose newspapers and magazines he habitually monopolizes, can not figure what happened to the alleged springs in his bunk, (bed to you).

# POETS SAY.

*The setting sun in all its splendor  
Does not go to his rest without realizing  
That his courage may have been full of clouds  
And even storms.*

*There may have been times  
When his efforts were in vain  
Because of fog.  
And yet, the intensity of his energy is never diminished.*

*Within his soul he is just as radiant as ever,  
The clouds break, and the new day  
Finds him shining as he commences his trip  
Across the skies.*

*So should we be as we reach the end  
Of each stage of life's journey,  
Neither dimmed nor disconsolate.  
If skies appear o'ercast,*

*Each new step should be taken  
With a courage unshaken by misfortune,  
Bigger and better because of tempests endured.  
And so, on to the end*

*Where the final goal is reached and the race is run.  
Rays of red, amber and gold  
Will reflect back into the sky of life  
To show where a valiant soul has trod.*

## RECOGNITION DANCE

Dodo days are over for seventy Flying Cadets of the July 1933 class at Randolph Field. Friday night, October 6, the important stop in the transition of a lower-classman to an upperclassman was held in the form of the traditional Recognition Dance in the Cadet Mess Hall.

Marching in single file and in full dress uniform, the lowerclassmen formed in a large "U" at the north end of the hall and were welcomed by Flying Cadet Battalion Captain Spicer. Following this ceremony, the orders appointing the new Officers of the Flying Cadet Battalion were read.

After the hearty handshaking between the "new" and the "has-beens," the dance was resumed to the merry tunes of Ed Bradford's Orchestra. In addition to the regular guests, Kelly Field Cadets participated in the gala entertainment and were there to bid a farewell to their old cohorts before leaving on active duty.

The hall was decorated in a simple but impressive militaristic manner. A large American Flag was placed at the south end of the hall flanked by the silk guidons of each company. Crossed-sabers were fastened to the posts, around which, ferns and potted shrubs were used to set off the briskness of the military atmosphere.

Refreshments were served in the form of ice cream and cookies. While at various times throughout the dance the Flying Cadets and their dates cooled their throats with delicious punch.

## LOWER CLASS

(Continued from Page 1.)

the corner. When hurdles and accuracy work was commenced and one or two ships came back and reported that they had been over to San Marcos, everyone realized that dreams were no longer dreams, but realities. Some of those young men had learned something of the fundamentals of flying. They could actually get in a plane alone and go off into

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"Baldy" Bennett of the "Hall of Fame" (ill-fame) took the place of his flight commander the other day and checked off the 'champion from California', Navigator Capp. The report (probably confirmed) was unsatisfactory. But the ever facetious Capp retorted, come on out from under that transformation, Bennet I know you!

"What a night for love?" quoth the adept 'Robin Hood' Stewart as he shot down Pannis' best kite. Maybe you don't understand, but think what 'Cupid' Stewart could do to hearts. Me too!

A collection is being made among the lowerclassmen of B company to buy two good second-hand parachutes for the H. P.s Holtoner and Hird. The misters of this company are afraid that sooner or later the aforementioned might crack under the terrific strain of so much 'flying' and they all wish them the best of luck and happy landings. Holtoner's formation flying is superb, but his hurdles turned out to be a balloon-bursting contest, ts, ts such accuracy for an H. P.

# 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
To Advanced Stage	80	48.19
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

## COLONEL MARTIN TROPHY AWARDS PROMOTED

(Continued from Page 1.)

sferred to the Air Service, where he has since given his valuable services.

Colonel Martin holds the Distinguished Service Medal, and is on the General Staff Corps eligible list. His Army School record is enviable, having graduated from the Coast Artillery School in 1913, the Air Service Pilot's School in 1921, The Air Service Bombardment School the same year, the Air Service Tactical School in 1925, and the Command and General Staff School in 1926.

Colonel Martin is notable for his experiences with the famous Army Round-the-World Flight made in 1924.

"Bull" is another one on those ambitious Flying Cadets who likes night flying so much that he makes four landings in an effort to strut (?) his stuff for the benefit of the audience.

(Continued from Page 1.)

For the class leaving Randolph Field at the present time, the March Class of 1933, the following trophy awards are announced:

Williams Trophy, Flying Cadet Hinton.

Catlett Trophy, Flying Cadet Carter.

Captain McDermont, speaking to an officer: "Sir, do you execute this movement from the march or from scratch?"

McKinney has found a new way to slow up a ship if one is gliding too fast in formation. The object seems to find a tree with leafy boughs and then there is nothing to it. You fly your plane into a tree and it stops you. Try it sometime, there is nothing to it.

Von Weller has come to the conclusion that offering an apple to an instructor is not the best way to win favor.