

*This is the meeting place of the WAR BIRDS flying club.  
Each month news of the organization and members will be discussed.*

THE COCKPIT  
(WAR BIRDS 11/33)

AT EASE!

The second meeting of the WAR BIRDS is called to order. Just park the military bearing outside and be yourself. This is a real organization with a wonderful tradition behind it and a serious purpose before it—but these meetings are going to be as clubby as those old time gatherings in the squadron mess. Everything will be as informal as an application for membership in the caterpillar club. (You know how that is! All you have to do is bail out with the silk when there isn't any thing else you can do.)

Things have been happening since last month's meeting. For one thing—Whoa! Wait a minute! There's a lot of muggs here who didn't show up last time. You with the face, for instance! Where were you last month when we cracked the idea of this club? Oh-ho! You were the brother who couldn't spare a dime! Well, don't let it happen again because just as sure as you do, you are going to rob yourself of a chance to participate in the choicest grab bag that was ever opened up before a crew of ozone inhalers—and you'll miss the most stirring time offered to young America since the bugles blew in '17 and whisked the world of youth into khaki. Now, to let you catch up, we'll hold the meeting a minute while you read the dope on the following page about the requirements for membership in the WAR BIRDS. No! You positively do not get in by mailing some silly coupon. You'll win your wings, brother—or else. Read that thing! Migawsh—do we have to get military around here, after all?

Okay. Are we all together? Well, Modocs, you should have been up here at H.Q. for the past few weeks. How the applications for the WAR BIRDS did roll in! They put on an extra mailman and even then the two boys in gray were threatening to get the NRA after us for overworking them. We had mail—a lot of it airmail. We appreciated that last touch. Some of you boys saw a chance to contribute a bit toward keeping propellers turning along our air lanes and we're proud of you. But the brother from Iowa wins this month's Extinguished Service Medal. Yes, sir! The brother telegraphed his application.

That's a fact. He put the wording of the coupon that you'll find on page 123 into a Western Union night letter along with his answers. The C.O. never heard of such a thing and was he tickled? He turned to the Adjutant and he said: "Lop-ears, old kid (he always calls me lop ears because of the way I walk), here's a lad that really wants to join up. He's got the right spirit and if he's just as efficient in getting the right answers in the examination for membership, we'll make an example of him and send his wings to him by air mail."

Hard boiled lad, the Skipper. He wouldn't give a pair of WAR BIRDS wings to his own brother unless the lad came up with the right answers in the test. "They had to win them in France sixteen years ago," he says, "and they'll have to win them here." He wouldn't even let me put the name of the lad from Iowa in the column.

"Wouldn't that be nice," he sarcastics, "to give this lad what practically amounts to a citation before he even qualifies for wings? Besides, when those kaydets out front figure out how much that telegram cost they'll all want to know who the brother is so that they can borrow money from him. Nothing doing!"

So that was that. But perhaps some of you have a glimmering now of a great truth about the WAR BIRDS. There's not going to be any faking your way in. The organization was created to keep alive the spirit and the thrill and the glamour of '17 and '18. It was created to provide a rallying point for those wind-toughened hombres who flew across the flaming lines and for a new generation who have not had their opportunity. To keep it clean and up to the mark, we cannot throw memberships around. A man has to prove to us that he is the type who would have been out after the wings of war if '17 and '18 hadn't happened and if the menace of armed militarism were stalking now instead of a generation back. When he passes our test and we think he belongs, he gets his wings . . . and he can't get them by merely buying WAR BIRDS.

Does that sound reasonable to you buzzards? Wouldn't you rather have that kind of a club-mate? Won't it give you more of a glow when you meet a man who wears the WAR BIRDS pin to know that he earned that pin—as you earned yours? Sure it will. And when you walk into places and slap down your membership card for a discount on almost anything from model material to a flying course, you'll be mighty darn glad that you qualified, too.

Next month we get under way with the important announcements; the dope on how members of the WAR BIRDS can get free pictures of war planes and pilots, courtesy cards at airdromes, discounts on equipment, etc. Don't miss the meeting whatever you do—and, if you haven't already submitted your application for the WAR BIRDS examination, turn now to page 123, fill out the coupon and shoot it in. It takes time to get your commission through to you and you won't

participate in the “grab bag” unless you are a qualified member, commissioned and assigned to a squadron. Okay! Meeting’s adjourned. Get around early next month. And, say, bring a couple of fellows with you. One dime buys anyone a copy of WAR BIRDS—the oldest and best of the air-war magazines—three cents buys a stamp to mail a coupon. Be seein’ you . . .

Faithfully yours,  
The Adjutant.

NOTES OF THE WAR BIRDS

A page devoted exclusively to the honors list, citations, promotions and squadron news of the WAR BIRDS. Keep your eye on this page. In the issues to come, we are going to give every member of the WAR BIRDS his chance at fame in this, column. The conditions under which promotions may be won will be published later. We can tell you now how a commissioned member of the WAR BIRDS can win a citation. He can win it by exceptional service. Perhaps one of you has a suggestion that will make the magazine more interesting, or a constructive criticism, or an idea for club activity, or a scheme for enrolling more members, or a plan for squadron mates in the same city getting together. Whatever your idea—if it is good and if it (fits into the spirit of the organization and contributes to its value or its strength or its interest to other members—that idea will win you a citation and a place in this column. It may even win you a decoration. So watch this page and use the skull cap.

This month there are no citations; no names for the page. The C.O. has put his foot down on that. As we go to press, there are only a few members actually commissioned. A great number of you have made application and some of you are now taking the tests; but the clerical staff in the C.O.’s office has been snowed under and we need another month of organization before we straighten out and go into high on WAR BIRDS activities. But what a program we have ahead of us!

We are sorry that several of the early applicants failed to qualify. It is always a sad job to refuse wings to a cadet who starts out to get them. Instructors and examining officers found that one of the tough jobs of the world war. It hurts worse than a tooth-ache to have to meet a man’s eager look with a shake of your head and say, “Sorry, son.” But, let’s be fair about this, you fellows who failed. The WAR BIRDS would hardly be worth joining, would they, if every little scrub and nitwit in the world could get in? They would not! Anything that is worth a hoot is hard to get. Even when the examining officer felt saddest about his job in ‘17 and ‘18, he always had that feeling way down deep in his heart—“After all, son, it’s not my fault. You were just a little lazy when the other boys were bearing down. Now, weren’t you?”

And the ones who fail to qualify can take heart. Later we will publish the rules governing re-examination and maybe another chance will fix things. A tip worth taking now, though, is this; it is going to be tougher to get in once you’ve flopped. The C.O. is going to be suspicious of you. So, if you haven’t taken your test yet—be careful. And it might be a good idea to get the free books from the Adjutant’s office. They’ll help a lot.

NOW here’s an announcement in which you’ll be interested. The H.Q. clerk has just come up with the squadron list. The following squadrons have already been organized. There will be more when the mail comes in heavy from outside of the States. We already have some applications—but no members as yet —outside the borders. Here y’are— the squadron roll-call:

SQUADRON

STATE	NUMBER
Alabama .....	7
Arizona .....	13
Arkansas .....	16
California .....	20
Colorado .....	25
Connecticut .....	3
Delaware .....	g
District of Columbia...	33
Florida .....	18
Georgia .....	49
Idaho.....	8
Illinois .....	34
Indiana .....	21
Iowa .....	39
Kansas .....	4
Kentucky .....	22
Louisiana .....	14

Maine .....	26
Maryland .....	2
Massachusetts.....	27
Michigan .....	23
Minnesota .....	35
Mississippi .....	41
Missouri .....	17
Montana .....	48
Nebraska .....	15
Nevada .....	28
New Hampshire .....	42
New Jersey.....	5
New Mexico .....	6
New York .....	1
North Carolina.....	40
North Dakota.....	29
Ohio .....	11
Oklahoma.....	30
Oregon .....	36
Pennsylvania .....	43
Rhode Island .....	12
South Carolina.....	31
South Dakota .....	44
Tennessee .....	46
Texas .....	37
Utah .....	10
Vermont.....	47
Virginia .....	19
Washington .....	45
West Virginia .....	38
Wisconsin .....	24
Wyoming .....	32
Canada .....	50

#### FREE BOOKS

The first edition of the four booklets prepared for prospective WAR BIRDS is very nearly exhausted and there may not be another edition printed. If you want to be sure of getting your copies, send five cents in stamps or coin today to the Wing Commander, War Birds, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York. The books will be sent to you without cost—the five cents covers the mailing.

Here is the library:

**WAR PLANES OF ALL NATIONS.** Full dope on 135 planes that flew in France; speed, horsepower, performance—the only thing of its kind in existence.

**PLANE FACTS.** The inside story of what happened in the air and on the dromes of fighting squadrons—by a pilot who flew in two wars.

**SYNTHETIC ACES.** An expose of the “I-was-a-war-ace” racket, with tips on how to expose a faker.

**ARCHIE.** The complete story of anti-aircraft; what it was and what it accomplished in the world war, with extracts from an Archy gunner’s notebook.

Don’t delay in placing your order. The best way to do it is to enter your application for membership in the WAR BIRDS and mark the coupon indicating that you want the books. And clip that coupon NOW.