

*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 1/34)

EVERYBODY happy?

Well, everybody ought to be. The office is as shiny as a Brigadier's boots. We're caught up. Yes, sir. All you WAR BIRDS who passed the tests have got your commissions and all of you Kaydets who have applied for the test are receiving your examination papers. Brethren, we're an organization! From now on, we're going to go places and do things!

But ye good old Adjutant can see more paper work piling up and he has a hunch that while the rest of you are having fun, he's going to be scratch-ing gravel as usual. Not only are the new members flocking in by the hundreds but the old members have started writing letters about a subject dear to every WAR BIRD'S heart; about promotions, the honor list, decorations. Like the famous Jap, Hasimura Togo, you "inquire to know." Okay. Pin the ears back.

You impatient lads are like the tall youth who knew a congressman and had an idea he'd like to go to West Point, but wasn't sure. He made inquiries about it and an army officer took him around and showed him things. "You'll get the equivalent of a college education that is better than most, you'll have the best of physical training, you'll be fed and clothed and have your transportation paid to and from your home, the government will pay the bill and pay you a salary besides. When you come out, you'll be a first or second lieutenant in the army; depending upon your grades."

The tall boy stroked his chin. "How long do I have to wait to be a captain?"

Some of you buzzards are like that. You are getting your commissions and the good old staff is out digging, for you know to make those commissions means a lot in discounts, courtesy cards, free pictures, free data, etc. But the mail comes in. "How long before I'm a captain?" The Adjutant was down at Fort Meade, Maryland, last week and he met a West Pointer who had been out of the Point 13 years and who is still a lieutenant. How'd you like it, hey, hey? You don't have to. The WAR BIRDS is going to have a faster promotion system than the U. S. Army; we don't have to ask Congress for anything.

But nobody is going to tin-can his way into a promotion or a decoration, either. He's going to earn it before he gets it, just as he had to earn his commission in the first place. And here's the dope:

Following this department every month, you will find the "Honors List." It will be published under the section "News of the WAR BIRDS." All authorized promotions, decorations, etc., will be gazetted in the list. If you have a lieutenant's commission and the staff authorizes your promotion to the rank of Captain, notice of the change in rank will appear in the Honors List. Clip it, paste it on the back of your commission card—and there you are. The staff feels that any member worthy of decorations or promotions will be interested enough in the WAR BIRDS to read his list every month. Military organizations have to keep down the paper work.

How are you going to get on the list? Well, a smart officer charts his own course. Here are a few suggestions: Jack Adams of Sydney, Australia (our first member from "down under"), dug us out some dope that none of us ever knew before about the origin of the "Hat Trick." We figured that it was a service to the organization to unearth such strange facts about war in the air and that Lieut. Adams' contribution came under the heading of "exceptional service." He has been recommended for the Honors List.

George Hurst, out in Shelbyville, Indiana, organized the first WAR BIRDS squadron with ten members. He has been recommended, as have several members who also organized squadrons.

Another way to get notice in the "List" is to pass along a real hot suggestion for the betterment of the magazine; a suggestion concerning covers, content, circulation or anything else. If the suggestion clicks and the Skipper thinks that you've made a real contribution toward the entertainment or the instruction of your fellow WAR BIRDS—well, you may wake up some morning and find yourself famous.

That's the key to promotions and honors—service to the rest of the WAR BIRDS. This is no bunk or hooley organization. We are not filling the back of the book with blah about our authors. They are good or they wouldn't be in WAR BIRDS; if you don't like any of them and your coupons show it, they will drop out quietly. If some author is filling the bill particularly well, you'll have more of him. And that's the author's place in the game—he is important just as long as he makes a contribution that is worth while to the WAR BIRDS. And everyone of you birds are in the same spot. Serve— or else!

You like it that way, don't you? You wouldn't want the Adjutant to tuck you in at nights and wipe your chin? Swell. Then, go

out after those promotions—and if you don't get 'em, don't moan.

What? Uh-huh. I knew it. I've been watching the impatient look in that lean boy's eye. He's been craving to ask me about the Skipper's Christmas present that was promised for this issue. Ha! Ha! I passed that right back to the Skipper. Move along to the "News of the WAR BIRDS" department and he'll tell you about it himself. Me, I'm fresh out of space.

Merry Christmas!
The Adjutant.

NOTES OF THE WAR BIRDS

GREETINGS, Gang!

The Adjutant has been doing most of the talking for me and he is going to do most of it; but I want to inject a little personal message this month, not only because it is the holiday season but because I think that you are all to be congratulated. It has been a genuine pleasure to read your letters. It has been more than a pleasure to grade the papers that have come in. I have always believed that the United States touched a high point in single-minded patriotism and devotion to the flag during 1917-1918. Without making any brief for war, I have been a little saddened by some of the propaganda in the last few years which derided and poked fun at the spirit which animated us all during those dark days when American ideals came to grips with the biggest issue that ever challenged us as a nation.

"America has gone back. We're becoming a race of mollycoddles. We'll never have again, the iron-souled army that we had in '17."

I've heard that from the lips of countless veterans of those other years and sometimes I wondered if they might not be right. Then, we started the WAR BIRDS idea up here and there were many smiles of amusement. The old-timers did not believe that there was enough spirit left to make it worth while.

They were wrong! Thank you, gentlemen, they were wrong.

I am convinced today that if the same issue was before us and if we were in need of iron-souled, tough-fibered youth to crash another line or to fly another series of lonely dawns —that we have here in this organization the kind of material that we had in '17 and T8.

Your enthusiasm, your interest and the remarkable spirit evinced in your letters have given me back a faith that was wavering and I can reciprocate only by pledging to you that I will do everything in my power to make the WAR BIRDS worthy of the boys and men who have applied for membership.

SPACE is rather slim for squadron news, so we'll double up next issue. We have added only one new squadron this month, but we are mighty proud of that one. It is squadron number sixty—Australia. Jack Adams, 59 Kings X Road, Darlinghurst, Sydney, is the charter member. Greetings, Anzac!

We have had quite a few letters on our question as to whether or not we should have a German squadron or two in the WAR BIRDS and accept German members. We have two applications on the desk now that have not been acted upon; one from Berlin and one from Hamburg. What is your idea? Shall the WAR BIRDS be merely an organization of those who espoused the Allied cause or shall we be an international organization without restrictions upon membership other than the passing of certain tests?

THERE have been so many inquiries about squadron numbers that we are publishing again the list of the various squadrons. Just look them over and see what state you come from and you'll have your squadron number. It is up to you fellows to see which state can have the biggest squadron. Possibly later we can get all you fellows together and you can have meetings in your own state, elect state officers, and, who knows, after the depression possibly you could all subscribe a small amount and get a plane for your club so you could all take flying lessons.

We want to make this the biggest and best flying organization in the country—I'll do my part, it's up to you fellows how far we go. A good way to earn some of those promotions the Adjutant spoke about, is to start perfecting those state organizations. Submit a name and an insignia for your state squadron. Here's an idea for you lads in California—send in some insignia with the bear in it. He could be a winged bear rampant—or you figure it out. There are promotions waiting for you lads who get active. Here's the list:

STATE	SQUADRON NUMBER
Alabama	... 7
Arizona	... 13
Arkansas	... 16

California	.. .20
Colorado	.. .25
Connecticut	... 3
Delaware	... 9
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
Mexico	69

When all you fellows pass your examination and get your membership cards I have a big surprise for you. I have just had designed a beautiful set of silver wings. In the center of the wings in blue is "War Birds." They're beautiful and something you'd be proud to wear. I'm going to send those out to members at just what they cost me to make. You'll be able to spot a brother War Bird wherever you see one, and those wings will mean something. You've had to work to get them. They won't cost much—less than a quarter. It won't be long.

Enough. You will not be hearing from me often, but your interests will be mine and I'll have my say through the faithful Adjutant. Keep up the good work—and may Christmas and the New Year bring every success and happiness to you all.

Faithfully,
The Wing Commander.