

*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 4/34)

ATTENSHUN!

Everybody present and accounted for? Well, I don't give a whoop. Go A.W.O.L. and save a dime if you want to, but it's your neck, pilot, it's your neck. The old Adjutant is going to stand out here and orate whether you lay your dime on the line or not—and brethren, you better hook your toes in a strut and hold everything, because we've got stuff to say.

We promised you privileges with your membership, didn't we? We told you that this was no hooley organization of coupon clippers. We told you that you had to earn a commission to get it and that once you got it, it was going to mean something. Yezzir! We shouted all that from our private pulpit and some of you muggs said, "Oh, yeah." The Adjutant had listened to a lot of croupy engines on cold mornings and he's got hair in his ears a foot long, but he can still hear a skull-scratcher whisper, "Oh, yeah" in a rear pew. If the tall boy with the sneer on his pan will sneak out now? he won't be missed. He's the guy that didn't get his wings anyway.

Brethren, the big parade is starting.

We've got a letter on the desk right now that says that your WAR BIRDS commission earns you a salute at one of the finest air colleges in this man's country. Yes, sir! THE CASEY JONES SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS at Newark, N.J., opines that it will hang out the welcome mat and that the courtesy of the drome is yours. It is the first of the many that will extend such courtesies and you boys who hang out a long way from Newark had better listen in. There will probably be open house in your neck of the woods before long.

Casey Jones! Heck, we don't have to introduce him. Every he-human big enough to lift a spark plug without a block and tackle has heard of Casey Jones—one of the most famous figures of war-time flying, king pin of Issoudan . . . Just Casey Jones! Yezzir.

And the school at Newark—a spot where veteran gas inhalers drop in to pass the time of day and fight over *la guerre*, a modern college of the flying art, a spot where famous flyers have learned to fly and where flyers who will some day be famous are learning now. That's the spot where the big parade starts.

Mr. R. Watham, Vice-President, opines that any member of the WAR BIRDS is invited to drop in and that every courtesy will be extended to him. The staff will be glad to answer his questions and take him on a tour of inspection upon presentation of his WAR BIRDS card.

Howzat? Well, you ain't seen nothin'. You hombres are going to have places to go before we're through with you. Whoa! Wait a minute. The C.O. wants to say a word. Attention!

NOTE BY THE C.O.—Just a word, fellows. The Adjutant can't help being a little flip. That's why he's an adjutant. But make no mistake about this offer of the Casey Jones school. It's bona fide. The school has a fine modern layout and a very capable staff and it is paying a high tribute to this organization in offering to spend time and trouble in extending the courtesy of the field to our members. I want you all to appreciate that, to understand it and not to abuse it.

If it's possible, please arrange to inspect the field and the school in groups. As a squadron show, it is much more impressive and far more educational. You can all talk over what you want to ask and to know before you go and then make the most of your visit. That is where the WAR BIRDS Post idea clicks big. Try to organize a post and then, if you are within striking distance of Newark, drop down to the field. It would be courteous, where it can be done, to drop a line to Mr. Watham a few days in advance and tell him that you

are coming.

Anyway, Gentlemen, it is up to us to repay courtesy with courtesy if we are to maintain the high reputation of this outfit. I feel that we should court-martial any member who brings discredit on the organization by abusing privileges allowed us, that we should break his bars for him and kick him out. I hope that it will not be necessary to do this. I do not believe that it will. I have a high respect for you all and I feel sure that you will accept invitations like this one in the fine spirit in which they are extended.

Go to Newark and the Casey Jones school if you can. Go in a group preferably, but go alone if you must. You may take a friend or two who is not a member if you like, but you are responsible for the actions of your friends and you must have your card. When you go home, it would be darn nice if you dropped a line of appreciation to the boys who entertained you. I'm sure that you will want to. We're a semi-military group. Let's act like officers and gentlemen.

There will be many more fields open to you shortly.

Carry on, Adjutant . . .

YEAH. Carry on, sez he. What with? He's run me clean out of space, but after that crack about adjutants being what they are because that's all they are—how can I do anything about it?

I wouldn't say anything to the C.O. No, sir. That'd be the brig and it wouldn't be your neck, Kaydet, it would be mine.

Anyhoo—I'm worse out of space than I was. So, get on board, all of you lads who haven't sent for your wings yet. Fifteen cents delivers them to you . . . the gleaming wings o' WAR BIRDS . . . fifteen cents on the line. You must be commissioned first. Shoot the nickel and the dime now.

And if you haven't got your booklets on "Archy," "War Planes," "Synthetic Aces" and "Plane Facts," shoot a nickel a copy and get 'em. The supply is nearly exhausted.

Bugler up. Whoa! I got another inch. Thanks to all you muggs who sent in neuritis cures for the Adjutant. Thanks kindly. But me, I don't know you apes very well and you may be kidders where you come from and I'd rather keep my neuritis now that I understand the little devil. Yep. Me, I took a Limey one winger's cure for flat feet one day down in Bar le duc and I woke up with a barn door in my hand. I never did find out where that barn door came from and the dogs were still parallel to the ground. But thanks just the same.

Cheerio,
The Adjutant.

NOTES OF THE WAR BIRDS

This month finds us with a brand new column that is going to cut a chunk out of this one unless the Skipper cuts loose and gives us a little more space pretty soon. Salutes to our new hangar—THE WORDS A-WING CLUB.

Any of you lads who want to write letters and get them, can drop us a line—penny post card will do—and tell us to give you a listing in WORDS A-WING. You can include a little dope about yourself when you do it and we'll let the other fellow know what you say you're like. Now, you wouldn't kid anybody, would you?

After the name goes in, though, you're pledged to answer every letter you get. Don't forget that. Even if you have to answer with penny post cards, answer the mail. Just as the lads in the air mail service adopted the slogan years ago of "The Mail Must Go Through," so we adopt a slogan for WORDS A-WING right now and that is: "Answer the Mail." Get it. Okay. Contact!

Before we get off this mail business, we want to tell you about one. Somebody once wrote in and wondered if veteran war birds who had been through the smoke and flame ever laid a dime down for our magazine or

whether we were read only by lads who wished they'd been in it. Well, we always said that we caught them all and that we hit the line hard enough to interest the most blase buzzard who ever poked his nose over a cockpit cowling with the hope that the nose would still be there when he pulled his head in. We've got letters from highly decorated buzzards to prove that our stuff is the McCoy—lots of letters. The latest, though, should be a good ad for WORDS A-WING.

Years ago, Bill Barrett, who writes a lot for this sheet, was kicking crocks around with a buzzard named Dick Hardin, who not only won a *Croix de Guerre* in France, but who also flew for France in Morocco and later for Uncle Sam in the Navy.

Hardin and Barrett got separated when a flying school that they were running in the Middle West went blooie in the early days of the celebrated depression. Hardin went to California and Barrett went to Washington and they lost touch. A few weeks ago, Dick Hardin was reading WAR BIRDS and came across one of Barrett's stories. He wrote in and the letter was forwarded and now two buddies of long standing are buying stamps and hurling words at each other again.

Words a-wing? Plenty!

Speaking of Barrett, Steve Kovach of 2406 Bridge Avenue, Cleveland, writes in and announces the formation of a new Cleveland Post of the WAR BIRDS. The lads are naming it the "W. E. BARRETT AND GRIN POST." We tried to figure that. We knew they were taking a suggestion from the columns about naming a post for an author, but the "grin" had us stopped till we figured they were pulling the old "Grin and Bear-it" hooley in a new way. Okay. But the prize winner is the insignia the boys adopted. It shows a cat with wings—and the cat is sitting down—and he has a can tied to his tail—and—heh, heh—the lettering on the can says "Barrett and Grin."

We can think of lots of cracks about that can, but you say 'em . . . Us, we've got to get along with these writer fellers.

THE vote on the girls is pretty harsh. We put it up to you lads to flip in a vote on whether we would let girls join this WAR BIRDS organization or not. The vote so far has been light, but it runs hard against the ladies. Listen at 'em:

EDWIN DWYER of Tilton, N. H., figures that we want this club to be hard and that the ladies would soften it up and make it polite. R. L. GARRETT of Kalispell, Montana, says nix to the ladies, too. His objection is that their taste in stories would be different and that they might influence the choice of yarns and take the present virility and snap out of the book. RAYMOND L. MARTIN of Unionville, Virginia, is the only one so far who has had a good word for the ladies and he says it in a despairing way. "Let 'em in," he says. "You can't do anything without them nowadays."- 'N' you can do dern little with 'em, sez I. JIM O'KEEFE, a one-man squadron from Great Falls, Montana, opines that we'd be falling down on our constitution if we let the ladies in. He says that we made a pledge that it would be a he-man organization.

Well, we're stroking the chin and we're not answering the ladies for a while. What do the rest of you think?

Some of you lads are trying hard to win decorations and the suggestions are pretty good. Hang around. You may get 'em. Here are some honorable mentions who may wake up with a medal pretty toot sweet: R. L. GARRETT, Lieutenant in 48th Squadron, suggests a flying course in the book and outlines a promotion scheme. Thanks, Lieutenant. LIEUT. M. POGORZELSKI of No. 3 Squadron, wants a roto section with ace and plane photos and dope on model planes. We'll see, Lieutenant, when the other lads register their opinions. LIEUT. MARINO SALO of the 35th Squadron has some objections to our covers (What do you think?) and the story heads don't thrill him, either. He wants fewer stories and more departments and articles. What do the rest of you think? LIEUT. EDWIN DWYER of 42nd Squadron had a suggestion in for medals for WAR BIRDS before our last announcement hit the stands. So he rates ahead of the gun on that. Very nice illustrations, Lieutenant. We are filing them for future reference. LIEUT. STEVE KOVACH of 11th Squadron suggests that the Adjutant drop in some time at Cleveland (the Adjutant says "Ha, Ha. I bit on that once. Cleveland is where the lake is.") and that's that.

A lot of you lads have been impressed with the straight from the shoulder talks of the C.O. and we've had questions. Is he a real person? Is he a flyer? Who is he? Well, he'll probably object to this— and we're going to try and ram it through —but here's a thumb-nail sketch from a hombre who feels sort of privileged in knowing him:

The Skipper is Carson W. Mowre, and he's just as straight and as hard hitting as he talks. He was a United States Navy flyer during *la guerre* and he was brought up on a Montana ranch. He is as much at home on the range as he is in a cockpit and has a perfectly swell private collection of fire-arms that he knows how to use plentee. He is hard-bitten and can be as tough as a night hop to Salt Lake, but he has a wealth of sympathy in his system and a real sense of humor. He'd be an awful flop as a female impersonator if he practiced the rest of his life, but I can't think of anyone who would fit the picture better as C.O. of an organization like the WAR BIRDS. That, brethren, is saying a lot, and saying it from several inches under the left shoulder. Gentlemen, the C.O.!

WORDS A-WING

This department is just getting started. There are only a few names this trip, but watch it next issue. Most of these lads have been mentioned elsewhere, but that is because they ran their WORDS A-WING application into the middle of long letters about this and that, which is perfectly all right.

EDWIN DWYER, 344 West Main St., Tilton, N. H. He's mentioned twice in the columns ahead of this and you can get an idea about him from those. He craves mail.

R. L. GARRETT of Kallspell, Montana, is particularly anxious to hear from Montana members, as he wants to get a WAR BIRDS post started up there.

Strangely enough, JIM O'KEEFE of 519 Second Avenue, South Great Falls, Montana, also wants mail.

G. DONALD FERRIS of 903 Washington St., Traverse, Mich., is particularly anxious to hear from you lads who live where it's warm. He says it gets plenty coolsome up his way.

DELORES BESANKO really started WORDS A-WING with her suggestion, so we can hardly leave her out, can we? But we're puzzled about Delores. It seems that the opinion of the membership is "No Lady War Birds." Well, she gets her listing here anyway, by special dispensation. She wants mail.

RAYMOND L. MARTIN of Unionville, Va., says that he would like to hear from anyone anywhere, but especially from cadets in training school or members of the Army Air Service.

YOU know, we're quite an organization, young as we are. There is hardly a corner of the United States that does not have a member or two sporting a commission that he has qualified for and earned. There is hardly a state that does not have at least one active WAR BIRD post in the making. And the moral of that is—the young American of 1934 is more air-minded and far better qualified for emergency service than the history making lads of 1917 ever were. There are over three thousand members. Is that an army or is it?

You see, we started the WAR BIRDS with a definite ideal in mind. We were not going to give away memberships for coupons or cigar wrappers or for a pleasant smile. We didn't think that that kind of a club would mean anything; either to this magazine or to the lads who joined. We said that we were going to be hard-boiled even if it made the soreheads stop reading our book. We were going to make applicants qualify and we were going to deny commissions to those who didn't. And the scoffers said—"Don't start, then. You won't get a hundred members in five years. The readers of air magazines read for a thrill. They don't know what it's all about."

Gentlemen, there were some of those scoffers who had dough. We made 'em put up and we gave them plenty of leeway in setting their guesses high—and we bet them that we'd double their guesses and that no lad would ever get into the WAR BIRDS who didn't belong there.

Have we collected? Well, we've quadrupled and sextupled (is that the right word, professor?) and we've

seventrupled the best guesses and the applications still roll in. You've not only demonstrated that you would go for something that was hard, but you've shown the doubters that you do know what it is all about. The chapeau is dipped to you.