

*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 8/34)

THE C.O.'S MESSAGE GENTLEMEN:

THERE are many things to take up at this month's meeting and I am going to have a surprise or two for you—including a cash prize for effort. First of all, however, I want to talk about your letters.

The letters stream in here by the hundreds and it is a great source of pride to me. I am proud of the interest that the WAR BIRDS organization has awakened and I am proud of the loyalty and the regard of the gang out front; the boys who write those letters. Sometimes I wonder about you—all of you.

You write letters to me and you do not get replies. Some of you have the reward of seeing your name in print with comment from H.Q. or a citation. The great majority of you do not get a reply nor win a place in the magazine. I wonder often just what you think about it. If maybe you get a little discouraged or blue or resentful. I hope that none of you feel like that but I want to discuss the subject with you.

You are the thousands and we—at H.Q.—are just the few. We have to get out your magazine for you and select the stories and the features that we think you will like. Very often we have to go to a lot of trouble and expense to get some one thing that you have requested; the true stories of the aces as told by themselves, for instance. We try to staff the WAR BIRDS organization adequately in addition to our other duties and we enjoy it—but like the Staff of a wartime outfit, we have to spend so much time in acting on memos received that we have very little time to acknowledge the memos.

And sometimes I wonder if maybe an occasional War Bird doesn't growl in the place where his beard would be if he had one and say—"Aw, they don't even read my letters."

Don't ever be like that!

Each and every letter that comes in to WAR BIRD H.Q. is read. They come across my desk in a steady stream and they are a bird's-eye view of America's youth. In the letters that pass before me like soldiers on review, I see the parade of possibility; the minds of Young America at work. I see the calibre and the kind of man that will be the hope of the nation if another emergency threatens within our generation. I like the picture that I get.

Some of you are veterans of the world war; airmen and artillerymen, infantrymen and sailors; older men seeking to capture again the thrill and the romance of life lived at the full; days that were crowded with danger—days without tomorrows. To such members, I extend the hand of comradeship. I lived 1 through those crowded days myself and I have reached out to catch the spirit of them for the magazine.

Most of you are not veterans. Most of you are young Americans of the generation that missed the show; boys who were born too late for glory, too late for the tragedy of war—a fair flip of the coin there. You win no medals nor no pine boxes. On you, however, rests the responsibilities of a vague tomorrow. In the summer of 1914, Ball and Guynemer and Richtofen and Voss, Bishop, Springs, Vaughn, Luke, Udet and Rickenbacker were lads, some of them with school books under their arms and some of them standing on the threshold of manhood. Not one of them dreamed of death or killing or high adventure in the skies. In the fall of '14 came war—sudden, fierce, unheralded.

You who write the letters that flow across my desk may be the Balls and the Guynemers and the Lukes of tomorrow. On any page may be the signature of a man who may, within this generation, thrill the world. I KNOW IT AND I READ EVERY LETTER. Believe me, I read them.

AND OUT OF THOSE LETTERS, THE MAGAZINE "WAR BIRDS" IS BUILT. You who write the letters are the builders of the magazine and the molders of policy and of opinion within the War Birds. So if you do not get a reply to a letter when you believe that you merit a reply, remember that H.Q. is loaded with duties and with responsibilities and that there is a glory in playing a part in any worthwhile effort if never a band plays and if never a medal is struck.

REMEMBER that and keep writing. Keep adding your bit toward the creation of a club with a great ideal and of a magazine worthy of that club. And know this when you are writing: Your C.O. will read what you have written and that if you are the kind of chap who merits sympathy or admiration, you'll get it. A man puts a lot of himself into a letter and the C.O. has been around long enough to be able to read between lines. And, War Birds, you are a great gang of humans!

So much for that. Now for a few brief announcements.

As announced last month, this issue is the War Birds Flight Issue. You will find elsewhere in this magazine a list of the Flights that have reported properly with directory of personnel. From the letters that we have received, we know that there are a great number of Flights that have been organized which are not on the list. We want full data on those Flights. Listen close—

Anybody can organize a War Birds Flight in his own locality provided he is a commissioned officer of the War Birds. Organization of a Flight entails the lining up of members who belonged to the War Birds or who wish to join, providing for a place to meet regularly and the outlining of a program for the meetings.

When a Flight has been organized, the organizing member should enter a report to the Commanding Officer at H.Q. There should be nothing else in the letter except the report on the Flight. The report should contain the name adopted for the Flight, number of members, night that meeting is held, copy or description of insignia if one has been adopted, a complete list of members—and any other interesting data available.

If the report on the Flight is complete and the organizer seems to have complied with WAR BIRD regulations, a charter will be issued—a charter that may be hung on the wall as testimony of the fact that a War Bird group meets here and that said group is authorized to meet in the name of the WAR BIRDS.

All those flights listed in this issue will be granted charters as soon as the printer makes delivery. I would like to call your attention to those Flights; they range from the Philippine Islands to Canada—and to San Antonio, Texas, where the sons of army flyers are stepping out in the footsteps of their dads.

We're proud of those Flights and we hope we will have twice as many to report in the next issue. Rise and shine, ye sluggards!

One of you has passed along a real suggestion, too, which came in too late for the kind of action that it ought to receive. He suggests that we outline in the chat a course of conduct for War Bird Flight Meetings; the matters to discuss, the manner of discussing them and a short outline of military practice in conducting meetings. I like that suggestion and next month you will have a complete outline of what to do at a Flight meeting and how to do it.

Between now and then those officers who are successfully conducting Flights are invited to write in and tell the rest of us how it is done.

And now for the prize offer.

I HAVE been impressed by the number of model builders in our organization. It is a splendid thing for

an organization to have model builders and I would like to encourage more of it. I know of no better way of learning the principles of design and the principles of flight than by building a model of a well-designed airplane. Flying models, of course, teach their builders more than carved models, but there are advantages in either hobby; the carving out of planes to scale or the building of models that fly. Whichever you do, here's my offer.

For the best photograph received during August of a model built by a War Bird, I will award five dollars in cash. The photograph can be a snapshot of any size. I ask only that it be clear and that you tell me who built the model, who photographed it and who is submitting it.

Five bucks is not a lot of money, but it buys things—and wouldn't you like the kick of winning it? Righto. I thought that you would.

Dig in—and let's have the dope on the War Bird Flights.

Saluting you all,
Carson W. Mowre,
Commanding Officer.

LUCKY SEVEN FLIGHT

Eyes right! Pass in review before one of the livest of live-wire outfits, the "Lucky Seven Flight," Galveston, Texas.

Robert L. Meade, seated center, will learn here that he has been promoted to the rank of Captain for his general military manner of attending to duty, his faithfulness in forwarding reports and news of his Flight and the value of suggestions submitted. Congratulations, Bob, and "Lucky Seven."

The members, standing left to right: Billy Ague, Jules Lauve, Neal Lauve. Sitting left to right: Russell Mullins, Robert L. Meade, William A. Meade. This picture does not show the Flight's full war strength. All members are listed in this month's Flight Parade.

Captain Meade and his Flight have been going social, as testified by a long clipping from the Galveston Daily News. The boys entertained recently at a large house party and dance. The aviation theme was carried throughout, with celluloid airplanes as souvenirs, and door prizes of model planes for the men and sport handkerchiefs with airplane insignia in each corner for the girls.

A picture of the Lucky Seven hutment was forwarded and it is to be regretted that the picture is not clear enough for reproduction. The building is a large, one-room structure and the interior is decorated with almost every conceivable part of an airplane. The floor is painted green, white and red. The walls are white with a bottom and ceiling border of orange. Hanging on the four walls are pictures of airplanes, blue prints, pictures of aces. Aerial bombs stand in each corner and model planes hang from the ceiling. The hutment contains an aviation library, a bulletin board and on the walls are printed the names of the leading aces of each nation during the war. A large picture of President Roosevelt decorates the C.O.'s corner.

FLIGHT PARADE

The Flights listed below have complied with regulations and submitted reports to H.Q. on membership. In some cases, neither a Flight name nor insignia has yet been adopted. In such cases, we suggest that action be taken promptly. Future issues of WAR BIRDS will continue the listing of Flights. Commanding Officers are urged to submit reports as promptly as possible. Twenty-one guns for the Flight roll call.

"CARABAO IN THE RING" FLIGHT, 1166 Lepanto Street, Manila, Philippine Islands. Captain Exaltacion Nufable, Flight Commander. Members: 2nd Lieutenants, Primitivo Velasquez, Rafael

Carpuz, Jesus Arrettano, Brigedo Hernandez, Anucio Ganzalez, Jose Vitalis, George Margeline, Daniel Liston. Meetings every Sunday. No insignia yet.

“THE EAGLES” FLIGHT, 1201 No. Pennsylvania Ave., Roswell, N. M. First Lieutenant Eugene Monk, Flight Commander. Members: Second Lieutenants, Harold Read, William Grose-Close, John Gaddy, Ralph Monk (Adjutant). Insignia—Profile of Eagle—head view in circle with radiating lines. No regular meeting night reported.

SEVENTH PURSUIT FLIGHT, Kelly Field, Texas. (Correspondence address c/o Capt. L.A. Dayton.) Captain Lewis A. Dayton, Jr., Flight Commander. 2nd Lieutenants: Jack Laird (Adjutant); Dale V. Gaffney, Jr. (Engineering Officer); Billy Whitson, Supply Officer; Junior Eaton, Mess Officer, Civilian Jay Edward Fry, Communications Officer. The personnel of this Flight is made up of the sons of regular army air corps officers. Data on insignia and meeting dates later.

FLY PHANTOMS FLIGHT, 915 Huntington Ave., Jonesboro, Ark. First Lieut. Dan McGuire, Flight Commander. Second Lieutenants: Charles Clark (Adjutant); Randolph Graham (Armament Officer); Bill Parker (Enrollment Officer); Richard Word (Co-ordination Officer); Jimmie Ray (Supply Officer). Meetings every Saturday night from 7 to 9 p.m. Flight Insignia—White Skull in gray background, enclosed in circle. The death-head forming a badge on a regulation set of wings done in blue and red.

UNNAMED FLIGHT, First Lieut. Robert Gee, Flight Commander. Members: Sam Chernoff, Theodore Fett, Lowell Jacobson, Albert Bertatmio, Bery Berman, Ray Dell. Flight on formation. No insignia, no regular meeting date. Information later.

W. E. BARRETT AND GRIN FLIGHT, 2406 Bridge Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. First Lieutenant Steve Kovach, Flight Commander. Second Lieut. William Ripeho, Adjutant. 22 members. List mislaid unfortunately in office of Adjutant. Meetings every Saturday from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Flight has library and bulletin board. Insignia—Winged Cat with can tied to tail. Legend on can—“Barrett and grin.”

UNNAMED FLIGHT, 642 Langarde Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can. Second Lieut. Charles Greco, Flight Commander. Members: Ray Pellar, Frank Crusoe, Bob Kelly. Flight in formation. Meeting nights, insignia, etc., announced later.

THE EIGHT COMETS, Amityville, Long Island (Box 614). First Lieut. John E. Mills, Flight Commander. List of members mislaid and duplicate requested. Report later. Insignia—Red Star in field of blue (circle) with orange streamer extending beyond circle rim.

“FLYING FALCONS” FLIGHT, 6910 Maple Avenue, Dearborn, Michigan. Flight Commander First Lieutenant James Ford, 3rd. Members: (not yet commissioned) Joe Corpolongo, Mike Edo, Arthur Fischer, Edwin Boos, Joe Greenwald, Bill Terns, William Keegan, Louis Jabour, Ford Walker, Jack Collins, Dale Collins, James C. Ford, Jr., Jack Terns, Lawrence Esper, Norbert Purcell, Anthony Bloink, Irving Cartlen, Paul Lyshak, George Ford, Stanley Gau-ronsky. Meetings every Wednesday.

UNNAMED FLIGHT, 431 West Hendricks Street, Shelbyville, Ind. First Lieut. George Hurst, Flight Commander. Members: Second Lieutenants Harry Sherritt, James Sullivan, Glen Mohler, Charles Eades, James Mills, Lee Barnes, Wallace Ensminger, Harold Carroon. (Note—this was the first War Bird Flight reported. All of the members fly and work for aircraft companies or airports. More data later on meetings.

UNNAMED FLIGHT, 92 Pasadena Street, Beltzhoover Station, Pittsburgh, Pa. First Lieut. John H. Pomeroy, Flight Commander. Members: Kenneth Hartlep, Clifford Goff, Victor Richtor, James Hodge. This Flight in formation. Data on meetings, name, insignia later.

LUCKY SEVEN FLIGHT—1406 Avenue K, Galveston, Texas. Captain Robert L. Meade, Flight Commander. Second Lieuts. and civ. William A. Meade, Billy Ague, Arthur Lucas, Jr., Carol Opperman,

Malcolm Kirschner, John Hardin, Jr., Francis Dwyer, Jules Lauve, Jr., Cornelius Lauve, J. T. Russell. Flight Insignia is Winged Dice with Seven showing. Meetings every Monday night. Password 7 come 11.

CITATIONS AND PROMOTIONS

(NOTE—A citation is not a promotion unless it specifies increased rank. Each citation, however, goes on the service record and is a help in winning rank.)

The following officers are cited. All are second lieutenants except where otherwise specified:

ALOYSIUS L. MARSH, 50 Squadron, for his suggestion on booklets covering pilot superstitions, legends, engines and aerial maneuvers.

JOSEPH NOVAK, 43 Squadron, for his clever cartoons and for several interesting suggestions.

M. CARR, JR., Squadron I, for his suggestion on a War Bird creed and several other suggestions of merit.

RAYMOND J. BIANCHI, Squadron 43, for his alertness in clipping and mailing to H.Q. the Pittsburgh news accounts of Bill Thaw's death. Pittsburgh being Thaw's own city, the accounts were much better in Pittsburgh papers than elsewhere. Lieutenant Bianchi was the only Pittsburgh War Bird who remembered H.Q. on this. NOTE—This officer has been consistently active and interested and is hereby elevated to rank first lieutenant.

M. E. HARTLEY, 36 Squadron, for his well worded argument in favor of including articles and fiction on modern military aviation which he claims is preferable to founding an organization on "fond memories." (NOTE— The Staff does not quite agree with Lieutenant Hartley's point of view, but any officer is entitled to an opinion and to the right to voice it reasonably.)

RICHARD LUND, 27 Squadron, for his suggestion that War Birds have a song, a motto and an official insignia and for other interesting suggestions. Lieutenant Lund is one of many who have expressed the wish that WAR BIRDS Magazine might be all feature articles, rather than predominantly fiction.

L. A. REYNOLDS, Squadron 3, for his booklet suggestions.

THOMAS P. GIZA, 43 Squadron, for several suggestions of merit.

SANFORD W. BINNS, 19 Squadron, for distinguished service. Second Lieut. Binns recently received his commission in the Air Corps Reserve.

THOMAS VADELL, 14 Squadron, for several suggestions of merit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—No officer will be cited in the Honors List of future issues unless his suggestion or report is made in military fashion. All reports and suggestions should be addressed to the Commanding Officer.

NON-COM'S MESS

H'LO you muggs:

I am feeling plenty proud o' the way my bunch o' Non-Coms is cornin' along and I'd be bragging a heap about it if it wasn't for something sad that happened to me.

There was a feller named Jones who came around and he had something in a bottle that he sez would

be good for that neuritis that I told you about. Well, the druggist must o' been careless because that there didn't turn out to be neuritis cure at all. It was bottled battery and assault, and when the Adjutant, who is a very careful soul, woke up, he was sitting in the front cockpit of an old crock that should never have been invented. And this guy Jones is sitting in the back with a wide and silly grin on his pan.

"This is mine," sez he real proud like. But of course, I couldn't hear him none because of the noise of the six engines.

Six? Yep, that's right. There was engines all over the thing. Some of 'em was rotaries and some of 'em wasn't. The worst of it was that some of the props was turning clockwise and some of 'em was counter-clockwise . . . and the wings were rotary, too. They cut didoes around the fuselage like the wings of a soused hawk. Yep—they flapped. That's the word that the Adjutant was trying to think of.

Cupping my mouth in my hands, I yell up at him. "Who's flying this thing?"

Imagine my embarrassment when his eyebrows go up and he yells back to me. "You are, you dern fool—I can't fly."

Well, Modocs, I can see quick as a wink what has happened. Now that I look at this Jones close, I can see that his eyes squint. They not only squint, but they slant, and after I find that out, it's a cinch to know what's happened. This mugg is an agent of a foreign power that is jealous of the good work that the Adjutant is doing with you War Birds, and they've sent one of their agents who is willing to throw his life away to take me along.

Modocs, you've got no idea how discouraging that moment was. I'd been betrayed. I'd been enticed to drink out of a bottle of liquid fox trot music and while my brain was one-stepping, I'd been induced to test hop this awful crate.

I looked over the side. The earth was 20,000 feet down. Me, I'd climbed. And there were the six engines roaring and the six wings flapping. (What, didn't I tell you that this ship had six wings? Tut tut. Think nothing of it. I could be telling you about this ship for a week and you'd still have no idea what an awful thing it was to fly.) And with the tail wagging. (Sure. The tail wagged, too.) And then . . . but I had no time for thinking. By looking over the side I'd unbalanced the thing and I was in a spin.

Now me—I know spins. I neutralized everything for a second and then eased the stick forward to sort o' dive her out gentle. Whoa! She don't dive. And the opposite rudder I gives 'er isn't opposite rudder ay-tall. I looks around. With a proud grin, this Jones wig-wags to me that all this is a feature. You kick left rudder and right rudder happens . . . you push the nose down with the stick and it comes up . . . you . . .

Just about then, Modocs, I go into the ground and there is one helluva explosion that blows the clothes clean off me. When I blink an eye open, I'm hanging on a limb of a tree and this Jones is on another limb grinning at me.

"Tootle Toot," sez he— "Whaddye think o' that invention. When one of my ships crashes it blows up and the pilot lands in a nice safe tree."

Note—by C.O.—I had to take the typewriter away from the Adjutant. He just had a tooth out and he had gas. His dentist, Doctor Jones, just called up and told me that he was act-ing goofy when he left and to look out for him as the gas was still working on him. He's still goofy.

Sooooo— All of you lads who do not want to take exams for commissions just rally around anyway and join the Non-Com Mess with the Adjutant. No exam. No red tape. Just sent in the Non-Com coupon from this issue and be a War Bird.

Sincerely

THE C.O.

SPARE PARTS HANGER

CLARENCE KYNOCK, 47 Newton Street, Marlboro, Mass. Wants a German pot helmet or what-have-you? Has to trade—French Chasseur bayonet and scabbard, Eng. 3-cornered bayonet, war photo post cards, war newspapers, German iron cross, bandoliers, machine gun belt, 6 in. trench mortar shell (complete), Austrian Iron Cross, dogfight photo (8 in. x 10 in.), bullets, German Luger holster, U.S. trench periscope.

HARRY LARUSSO, 1640 Broadway, Camden, N.J., will trade or sell two model plans (he doesn't say what ships). He wants books on aviation.

JOS. JUPTNER, Jr., R. 3, Box 78, Dearborn, Mich., has over 750 pictures of all types of airplanes, famous pilots and motors. Would like pictures or literature on auto racing or what have you?

EUGENE MONK, 1201 N. Pa. Ave., Boswell, N.M., wants back issues of WAR BIRDS. Has many things to trade. Send list of your wants.

NICKOLAS SMITH, 88-26 Ashford St., Nellrose, N.Y., wants French helmet, Colonial type. Will trade French bayonet with sheath in good condition. Also wants German Iron Cross, second class. Will trade three-inch brass shell case.

EARLE JEPSON, Winterport, Maine, has three model plans to trade or sell. Fokker, Aeronica and Curtis Falcon. What can you offer?

E. R. MESSINGER, 1313 Waite, Toledo, Ohio, wants detailed three-view scale plans of German war planes and 3/4" scale flying plans of same. He has various 3/4" scale plans for trade.

CLARENCE KYNOCK, 47 Newton St., Marlboro, Mass, has French bayonet, trench mortar shell, M.G. belt, trench periscope, dogfight photo, Luger case, English bayonet, Iron Cross, bandoleers, bullet collection, magazines, books and other articles. How much am I offered or what do you want to trade?

ALBERT MOSKOUT, 30S8 West First St., Brooklyn, is interested in collecting war relics and pictures. He has a scrapbook full of airplane pictures which he will trade.

WORDS A-WING

Publication of your name in this department entails an obligation to answer all letters received. Post card replies are permissible, but WAR BIRDS who fail to obey the rules governing the use of WAR BIRDS facilities and privileges are subject to court-martial and the revocation of commissions.

GEORGE DON FERRIS, 902 Washington Street, Traverse City, Mich., wants to hear from comrades in 23 Squadron.

CHARLES D. MCCOY, Bellaire, Ohio, a model builder and interested in outdoor sports, working on gasoline engines, etc. Wants to hear from comrades with similar interests.

LESLIE CAULFIELD, 224 95th Avenue, Queens Village, N.Y., does not have any air-minded neighbors and would like to get into a correspondence flight.

RICHARD LUND, 62 Maple Street, Auburndale, Mass., 15 years old, five-feet-nine, wants to correspond with commissioned War Birds only (and no girls). Has pictures of airplane models to swap.

JOHN GAUTHIER, 8656 St. Denis Street, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, 18 years old, five-feet-eight, 135

pounds, speaks English and French, interested in all sports.

S. E. ANDREWS, 56 Hess Street, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, 21 years old, 6 foot, 1 inch (they build 'em big in Ontario), weight 175—served four years with the 3rd Battalion, Canadian Machine Gun Corps and knows his machine guns.

JOSEPH KARCIJEWSKI, 707 No. 2nd Street, Camden, N.J., wants to hear from anyone who cares to write.