

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

THE COCKPIT
(TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS 3/35)

THE C.O.'S MESSAGE

BIG NEWS

GENTLEMEN:

The war is over. We have come to our own Armistice Day and this should be an historic meeting. By the expressed will of you who make the WAR BIRDS, we have put a period to the tales of a war that was settled seventeen years ago, to the ancient hates and the ancient feuds. A new spirit is dawning for the members of this organization.

We are proud of those days that are done. We do honor to the heroes of the great war and we feel that we have profited by our study of it. We do not want to see the spirit that sent young boys into flaming skies die out. We will continue to boost every movement for the development*of a greater patriotism or for the preservation of those traditions which made American boys and men fling aside personal ambition to serve the cause of country in a crisis. We are forsaking none of those things for which the WAR BIRDS have stood since their first meeting.

We do not believe, however, that we need wars to develop the qualities of heroism nor that it is necessary to pit one's strength against the champions of another nation in order to prove that strength. If there is one thing that all of us have learned from our study of the World War, it is that there were great men, heroic men and patriots on both sides. The pity of it was that worth while men had to kill one another when so many worthless individuals in all of the competing nations survived.

Your letters have called our attention to that fact. You have protested against the necessity in war fiction for clothing all of the men of any nation with the cloak of villainy. You recognized the necessity for presenting villains in tales of adventure but the war-air story narrowed the fields of villainy. You have felt that the picture was not always true; that noble men should be pitted against men who had forsaken the standards of honor—and that the war story did not always permit that.

Reading your letters up here at H.Q., we realized (hat something must be done to satisfy your sense of fair play, the new and tolerant spirit that was growing up as the soul of the WAR BIRDS.

We are proud of the development of character and the sense of fairness and justice within the organization and we do not want to run counter to that development in the fiction fare that we set before you.

We read your letters and with them before us had many conferences—and still another thing came out of those letters.

We found that to you, Terence X, O'Leary represented the spirit of adventure, of dauntless, reckless, laughing courage. You wanted more of him. You wanted longer yarns. You wanted Terence X. O'Leary serials but you didn't want to wait two months or three for the climax. Moreover, you wanted The Sky Hawk pitted against his natural foes—the evil, the scheming and the vicious. You did not want him forever pitted against a nation with which we had ceased to be unfriendly.

It was a big problem that your letters put up to us. We have tried to answer it. and the answer is in your hands, TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS.

We think that you are going to be delighted with the new WAR BIRDS and with the modern spirit of it, the singing adventure that swings away from the barbarity of war and that takes you on flights of imagination where men do brave deeds unafraid—not waiting for the accident of war, but taking their adventure where they find it.

There may never be another war. The success of the League of Nations in settling the recent hard feeling in the Balkans gave hope to the world. We who knew one war, hope that the senseless slaughter will not occur again. But should it occur, it will not be to the aging heroes of yesterday that we will have to look to warriors in the crisis. America will have to stand against any new menace on the strength of men who have met adventure bravely in the days of peace when no bugles blew to urge them on and when only the piping song of courage in a man's own heart was needed to bring out all of the qualities which other men showed in the days when the world ran red.

It is of such adventures and such adventures only that the new WAR BIRDS will speak. We stand, as we have done since the beginning, as a unique organization dedicated to patriotism and to the advancement of aviation. We have our ever expanding roll call of War Bird Flights, our ever increasing membership. We are proud of what we have been and of what we are. We are going to grow greater and, if we have changed, it is only in our entertainment demands. We have asked for a different brand of story and we have it.

Another thing, we will have a contest each month upon which you can sharpen your wits. We are going to have worthwhile cash prizes, special stunts of one kind and another; bigger and better features in the department.

So here we are in a brand new year with a new program ahead of us that is as 'modern as tomorrow's newspaper—a magazine crammed with more thrills than any on the market and the good old WAR BIRD organization that can always be trusted to tell us when we are wrong, to guide us into what it wants, to suggest and to cooperate.

You lads out front—as I've said a dozen times -have made this organization and you've made this magazine. As it stands today, I know you will be proud of it.

Watch for my very special announcement next month and, in the meantime, let us have your opinions as always,

Hail and salute,
THE C.O.

NON-COM'S MESS

Whoosh, Me lads—

After all the grand English in the C.O.'s speech, the poor old Adjutant is going to sound like Uncle Pete's wife from the old country. The officers can leave this meeting right away because, after hearing from the C.O., they aren't going to like it. But you, me fine rednecks, will have to like it—

You've got a book in your hand now that you've practically made by yourselves. The C.O. has a lot of fine explanations for why you feel the way you do—but the old Adj. was raised in a Non-Com's Mess and we were never asked for fine explanations. We were told what was what and we did our own figuring. The way I see it, you lads were just getting tired of trying to get a kick out of something that happened to a lot of other fellows a long time ago, and you want more thrills per gallon. Also, you don't want the same war featured in every story. That's the lowbrow, Non-Com slant of it, but I don't play by the notes—I play by ear.

All right, all right. Anybody that don't like catch as catch can music is excused—but it's reasonable.

Personally, I'm not going to talk about a book that talks for itself. I'd rather just gab a bit. There's the lad in the Bronx, for instance. I want to talk about him. Just turn to his ad in the swap column and read it. He's afflicted with fish. Brethern, I wish I could run his letter in here. It would break your heart.

It seems that the brother got himself two fish and figured that a couple of fish would be good for whatever fish arc good for.

He never stopped to figure that two fish are never satisfied to be just two fish. (My own idea is that that's what is the matter with the world, but never mind.) Anyway, these fish had ideas—or maybe the lad covered them at night with a newspaper that had an account of these famous Dionne quintuplets. Anyway, fish started to happen. And they kept on happening.

At the present moment, the brother is running out of glass bowls and whatnots and yelling for help. It will be quite a while before this magazine hits the stands, too, so I shudder to think of what will be happening in the Bronx by the time you read this.

There's no telling what a bunch of tropical fish will do with a good head start. I don't think I want to know. This first letter of his was appalling enough. I doubt if the brother will be able to take a bath until he gets help.

So, you lads from the Bronx—rally around and get yourself some of these fish. The lad's address is in his ad and one of the many curses of fish is the fact that you can't ship them. He says he will gladly deliver them personally. So—need I say more?

Oh. Oh. The C.O. just stopped by and he had an unkind look in his eye. He doesn't go' for this idea of the Adjutant being kindhearted with WAR BIRD space, so I'll have to do more than just help a brother out. Stick around. I'm going to spin a parable out of the brother's troubles.

Just thinking of I hose fish reminds me of the problems that confront us up here at H.Q. Once a few ideas get to banging around in the WAR BIRDS organization, there's no telling how many you will have. We started simply and easily and we're a big outfit now with Flights happening every day, new members ganging in and ideas picking up momentum so fast that the whole picture changes in a few months.

Take Terence X. O'Leary for instance. He started kind of slow and easy and just a few fellows wrote in—then blooie! It had to be more and more Terence—until you lads didn't even think a war was rough enough for such a staunch citizen. Now—we'll just watch and see what he does to the new picture. You've given him room and that's all he needed (like those Bronx fish). His troubles will be multiplying like the roll call of the Non-Com Mess and the more trouble for Terence, the more thrill for you. And that's the idea—

Speaking of the Non-Com Mess, that multiplying business is no joke. The Adjutant has had to sit up with ice packs on his head to keep him awake while he mailed out memberships this last month. I never saw anything like it. For some reason, you lads out front broke down, chucked the bashfulness and came a flocking.

I'm glad to see you, glad to welcome you in - and, Boys, we have got only a few hundred more to go before we are as numerous as the officers. That shiny booter from California is heckling me again and he still thinks my meetings are a disgrace and that the Non-Com's Mess is a blot on the face of a civilized world. But you boys have been rallying around and joining up, so the C.O. doesn't say much.

Come on, can't we make it a few hundred more? Do it, and I'll tell you the lad's name.

Yours for fewer fish,
THE ADJ.

WANT A MACHINE GUN?

MAJOR ANTHONY FIALA of Fiala Outfits, Inc., 47 Warren St., N.Y. City, has recently secured for sale to collectors a few of the Government 11 m/m Vickers machine guns in the aircraft model. These relics are interesting for the collector or for the club and originally cost the United States Government something in excess of \$700 each. Major Fiala is selling these while they last for \$7.75, a remarkably low price.

All parts of this machine gun are in position and it is in full working order except that it has been spiked by the Government to prevent its ever being used to fire ammunition. Only under these conditions can machine guns be owned by individuals, and each gun bears a tag stating that it was mutilated by the United States Army.

This Vickers Aircraft model was considered the best machine gun used during the World War until the advent of the American Browning. It was used by several nations, including England, France, Russia and the United States. The 11 m/m model, however, was designed especially by the Army Air Service to use with a large caliber (.43) incendiary bullet against observation and other balloons, as it was found that small calibers often failed to ignite the enemy gas bags, merely poking a small hole through them.

The Government has sprung the barrel out of line on these guns so that it could not be used in firing. Certain minor parts in the action are also mutilated to prevent operation, but the mechanism can be operated "dry" and is in excellent condition, so that students of machine guns can acquire excellent dismounting practice in working with these. The complete gun has no sights as it was designed for rigid mounting on aircraft to fire through a rotating propeller. The synchronizing gears come with the gun.

This is the most unusual wartime relic we have seen made available to the public. It must have cost the Government more to do the "no-shoot doctoring" on each gun than they got out of the sale of them. If you get one of these guns for your collection you will get a rare specimen. Only 1,200 of these were made by the Colt factory for the Government, and all were stored in perfect condition. The recent advent of the new Army .50 caliber machine gun made these models obsolete.

CITATIONS AND PROMOTIONS

Note—A citation is not a promotion but each citation goes into the service record and counts in the officer's favor when names come up for the promotion lists. The following officers are cited in this month's orders:

The following officers and non-commissioned officers are cited for exceptional service in this month's orders:

Second Lieutenants: Aloysius La Marsh, 50 Sq.
 Clyde Calvert, 22 Sq.
 Edward Allen, x Sq.
 Patrick Friscia, 1 Sq.
 Harry C. Fetter, 5 Sq.
 C. Carter, 45 Sq.
 Helen Hoffman, 43 Sq.
 Chas. E. Shanley, 5 Sq.
 Bob Roach, 38 Sq.

Corporals: W. Swanson, 43 Sq.
 C. Dittman, 43 Sq. (Promotion to Sergeant approved
 effective February 1, 1935.)
 J. J. Carlin, x Sq.
 Chas. Cross, 25 Sq.
 Vale M. Barnes, 11 Sq.
 John Fiorilla, 3 Sq.
 George Horn, 5 Sq.
 C. G. Mrowiec, 34 Sq.

F. Heinz, 1 Sq.
Francis Sooy, 5 Sq.
Herman Price, 1 Sq.

NOTE

THE NEWS OF WAR BIRD FLIGHTS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE.
SPACE CONSIDERATIONS MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST THE MANY
NEW FLIGHTS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

SPARE PARTS HANGER

Note: As gentlemen and War Birds we expect you not to misrepresent the merchandise you offer here for sale or trade. The service is free to you, merely send in your ad, hand-printed or typewritten not exceeding thirty words. Also, when writing a War Bird whose address you get from this department, be sure and enclose a stamped! and self-addressed envelope for an answer. We expect all War Birds to answer all communications obtained through this department.

DICK SWEENEY, 11 Broad Street, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada, will trade a French officer's hat, badge of the Black Watch, buttons, etc., for a helmet of any kind.

REEVE BARROW, 2148 Government Street, Baton Rouge, La., will draw a comic pen and ink sketch from photograph and return, your photograph unharmed for a dollar, or what have you?

WILLIAM SORENSON, 3840 Falmer Street, Chicago, 111., will swap a 37 mm. shell, enlarge your plans or build six-inch models to order for what have you?

JOHN H. GOOD, P.O. Box 4, Beauharnois, P.Q., Canada, will exchange stamps, air mail and others. Send a hundred and receive like number in return.

DAVID E. BRYANT, 118 E. Coneho Street, San Angelo, Texas, has sheet balsa, tissue wheels, prop, cement, etc., for what have you?

CHARLES SHANLEY, 16A Gray Street, Jersey City, N.J., has a number of German and American helmets, bayonets, gas masks, iron crosses, Spanish war trophies, etc., to trade for Cleveland kits or plans, true war time books on aviation, Luger or Mauser pistols, crosses from planes, stamps, or what have you?

R. L. POHLMAN, 3854 No. Richmond Street, Chicago, 111., has airplane pictures, plans, magazines, models and 1914 book showing early type airplanes, motors, dirigibles. Wants guns or war relics.

WALTER KETCHAM, North Miami, Florida, has good plans for Pfalz scout, Fokker D-7 and S.E. 5 to trade for plans of Spad, Nieuport, Camel or Albatross.

JOHN ERICKSON, 461 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like German trench equipment from World War, especially pickelhaube helmet for an American gas mask in good condition (or will pay cash for good equipment).

WILLIAM F. TOBIN, Doolittle Lake, Norfolk, Conn., has 90 cards to swap for a German Mauser rifle or iron cross.

MICHEL HOSLOV, 5019 Louis Veillot, Notre Dame des Victoires, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, has complete golf set consisting of four clubs, seven balls, 35 tees—also hunting knife. Articles in very good condition. Will exchange for rifle, or?

FRED COLBUS, 70 Farragut Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., announces something new; cartoon photographs, aeronautical subjects. Will swap.

GRANGER WILLIAMS, 6312 Blaska, Huntington Park, California, will swap accurate solid model plans of Junkers trench straffer for accurate plans of Nieuport 28 or Sopwith Dolphin.

WILLIARD CAMPBELL, 1230 Thirteenth Street, Lorain, Ohio, has old-fashioned watch and 3-foot telescope to swap for what have you?

RALPH HOPKINS, Ogdensburg, Wis., has wood lathe, motorcycle engine plans, Vaugh Corsair, Wedell Williams, Curtiss Swift and many others. Also back numbers of air magazines. Wants good model kits, or what have you?

EDWARD STAR, 240 Union Street, Lawrence, L. I., has several beautiful World War models detailed to limit to sell or swap for what have you? Would like prop hub.

JACK A. SEARLES, 5617 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif., wants to trade full packets of book matches for others, U.S. or foreign. Collect them in your town and send them. Get in touch with me to arrange trades. Particularly interested in foreign match books.

Eugene Allen, 802 W. Watson Street, Lewistown, Mont., will trade complete darkroom photographic developing outfit for small printing press, or what have you?

MORRIS GREEN, 1448 Crotona Park East, Bronx, New York City, N. Y., will swap two tropical fish, 11 mile mill female; very little needed and easy to i.uv for. Reproduce quickly. Information given with tisl. What have you? Offer confined to Bronx members as fish have to be personally delivered. Fast answers requested.

JIMMY WOMACK, 9 Wrightsville Avenue, Wilmington, N.C, has several flying model plans to sell or trade Also German helmet, grenade, model plans, airplane snapshots, model snapshots. Want snapshots of planes, solid plans, or what have you? Snapshot of Wilmington airport to all writing.