

RCMW-FSP

August 2016



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SMILIN' JACK Comic Strips
Phineas Pinkham Story
Download Air Trails Issue

Cover Art by From April 1983 Model Builder

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RCMW is the only model airplane magazine that provides all plans as full size PDF files in every issue. All pages of the monthly online magazine can be printed out, including the full size PDF files, using your own computer printer.

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Roland Friestad
1640 N Kellogg Street
Galesburg, IL 61401
USA

For the Model Bulder and Flyer - August 2016 Issue



Full
Size
Plans



Usually we have about four or five plans in each issue but this time we have eight full size plans! When it came time to choose a back issue magazine to make available for downloading, we found three more plans in that issue, Air Trails May 1950.

So we included them in this issue of RCMW also. That way you have the full size plans and can also print out the construction article from the downloaded magazine. That worked well enough that we may do that more in the future. If we find an issue with several good plans we might just make the entire issue downloadable.

I also felt it was time for another of the Pineas Pinkham adventures, this one from the June 1938 issue of Flying Aces has our hero being assigned to Scotland as an undercover agent. Or at least as undercover as an inveterate prankster can be. But as usual it all comes out in the end.

The index on page 2 gives a pretty fair summary of the plans and in this issue so we won't list them here.

We have managed to acquire a fairly large number of the original SMILIN' JACK comic strips as printed in both Sunday and daily newspapers. There is a brief biography of the artist, Zack Mosley on page four of this issue along with three of his Sunday strips dating from 1937.

A fourth strip dates from 1938 and is a very early appearance of Fat Stuff. Old timers will remember him as the character whose buttons kept popping off of his shirt to be caught and eaten by a featherless chicken that followed him around for the purpose.

Like many other old timers, I remember reading the SMILIN' JACK comics every day in our local newspaper. Zack Moseley's daughter maintains a website where several items are available for purchase. There is a link to the website on page four. We will be including more SMILIN' JACK comics in upcoming issues.

Congress has passed more legislation about model flying and sport aviation. The FAA apparently has a year to make up the new rules to match the intent of the lawmakers. Although based on the regulations that have been appearing over the past couple of years, with continuous revisions and "we really didn't mean that" comments, don't hold your breath for quick work from the FAA. The AMA continues to work on the problem and that is certainly one good expenditure of our dues.

On page 10 of this issue is a photo of the last remaining flyable Bellanca Aircruiser. It is located in Madras, Oregon in the Erickson Collection. As a former Bellanca employee in a previous lifetime, I've always had a soft spot for Bellancas. I'm planning a trip to Montana and Oregon in late July and the first 10 days of August to visit relatives and have arranged for a flight in that airplane. Watch for a report in the September issue of RCMW.

Keep 'em Flying,
Roland Friestad, Editor



SMILIN' JACK was one of the most popular aviation comic strips and ran in more than 300 newspapers from 1933 to 1973. It began as a Sunday feature on October 1, 1933 and added a daily strip on June 15, 1936. Initially known as "On the Wing," the name was changed to "The Adventures of Smilin' Jack" in late 1933. Most old-timers like myself just knew it as SMILIN' JACK.

The author, Zack Terrell Mosley, (December 12, 1906 - December 21, 1993), was born in Hickory, Oklahoma the year before that Indian Territory became a state. The sight of a plane that crashed there when he was seven years old so seized his imagination that he never lost his fascination, and when an Army "Jenny" landed nearby four years later, he began the habit of sketching planes that was to continue throughout his professional life.

At the age of 20, he took his savings and enrolled at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Three years at the Art Institute of Chicago prepared him to get a job, along with his roommate Russell Keaton, assisting cartoonist Dick Calkins with Buck Rogers and Skyroads, the pioneer aviation strip. In time, he and Keaton came to do most of the drawing of Skyroads, and Mosley began to write some of the episodes.

Mosley, became a licensed pilot on November 13, 1936. He owned nine airplanes, logging over 3000 hours at the controls. Zack's younger brother, Robert L. Mosley, flew World War II Air Force combat missions in the Pacific, and after the war, he became Zack's assistant on The Adventures of Smilin' Jack for five years while the two were living in Stuart, Florida.

Zack Mosley was one of the volunteer pilots who helped form the Civil Air Patrol, which became an official organization of the U.S. government only six days before Pearl Harbor. He was one of the few hundred C.A.P. pilots awarded the USAF air medal for flying over 300 hours in bomb-loaded civilian planes during the first 18 months of World War II-off the Atlantic coast.

Besides private flying, he had flown over 1,500,000 miles in military and commercial aircraft which took him over half of the world to gather authentic material for "Smilin' Jack." He personally knew many famous pilots from the "Jenny Days", Jimmy Doolittle, Roscoe Turner, etc., up to Ed Aldrin, the second astronaut to set foot on the moon!



Here is a small copy of the first daily SMILIN' JACK comic strip. A full size reproduction is available at Jill Mosley's website - See the link above.

Some of the most remembered characters are: Fat Stuff, Downwind, Stretch, Joy, Jungle Jolly, Cindy, Dixie, The Head, The Claw, Limehouse, Tee-keela, Tomaine, Tish the Dish and many others!

Zack Mosley's daughter, Jill, maintains a website with more information and has available several books and original artwork from the old comic strips. Click on the link below to go to the website.

www.smilinjackart.com

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

We have acquired a large collection of SMILIN' JACK comic strips and selections will appear in upcoming issues of RCMW.

This issue includes three Sunday strips from 1937 and a strip from 1938 which features an early appearance of FAT STUFF, who in later strips has his shirt buttons popping off to be eaten by a featherless chicken that follows him around.

Back Issue
MAGAZINE ARCHIVES
from the Digitek Books Collection

Here's the next in our series of monthly back issues of model airplane magazines available for download to subscribers. This month's selection is the May 1950 issue of Air Trails.

This issue has the construction articles for the three full size plans on the following pages, in addition to articles on airfoils by Dr. Alexander Lippisch and lots of news and information about full size and model aviation.

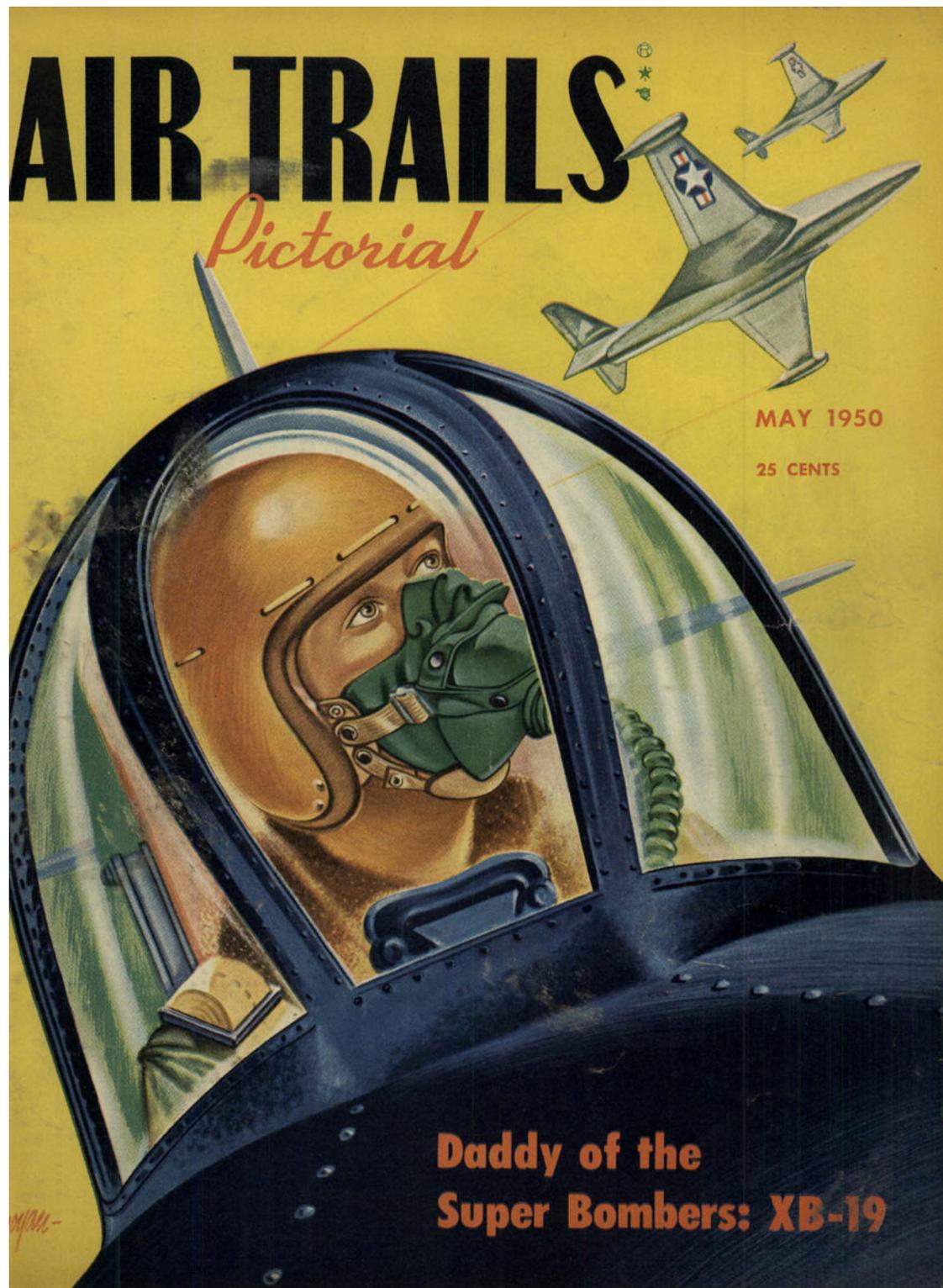
Along with our addition of a few SMILIN' JACK comic strips in this issue of RCMW, there is an article about air racing in Miami with a photo of the DE-ICER chosen to represent the races. SMILIN' JACK was popular for many years and a lot of aviation events had their own DE-ICERS.

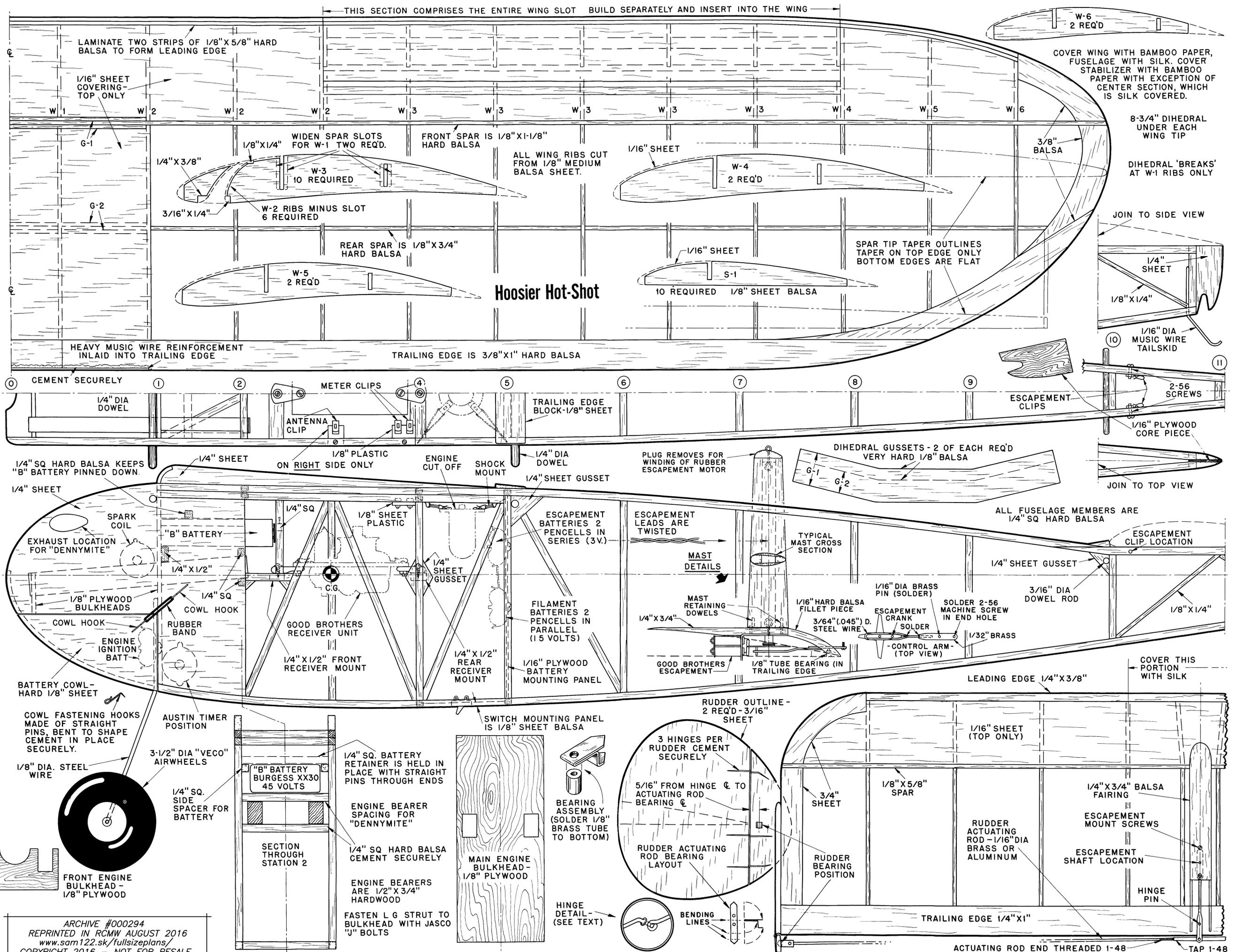
To get your copy, just go to the following link and click on the download button that after a short time will appear in the upper right corner of your browser screen. The issue will be downloaded as a PDF file and you can read or print out any or all of the pages as you choose.

[-- CLICK ON THIS LINK PLEASE --](#)

This download link will be expire on November 1, 2016, so if you'd like this issue for your own collection, better do it now.

As a note of interest, this issue is stored in the "cloud" that you see mentioned as one of the latest of the buzzwords used by the computer folks. I use a service called Mediafire which can easily handle very large files that would otherwise cause problems with downloading.

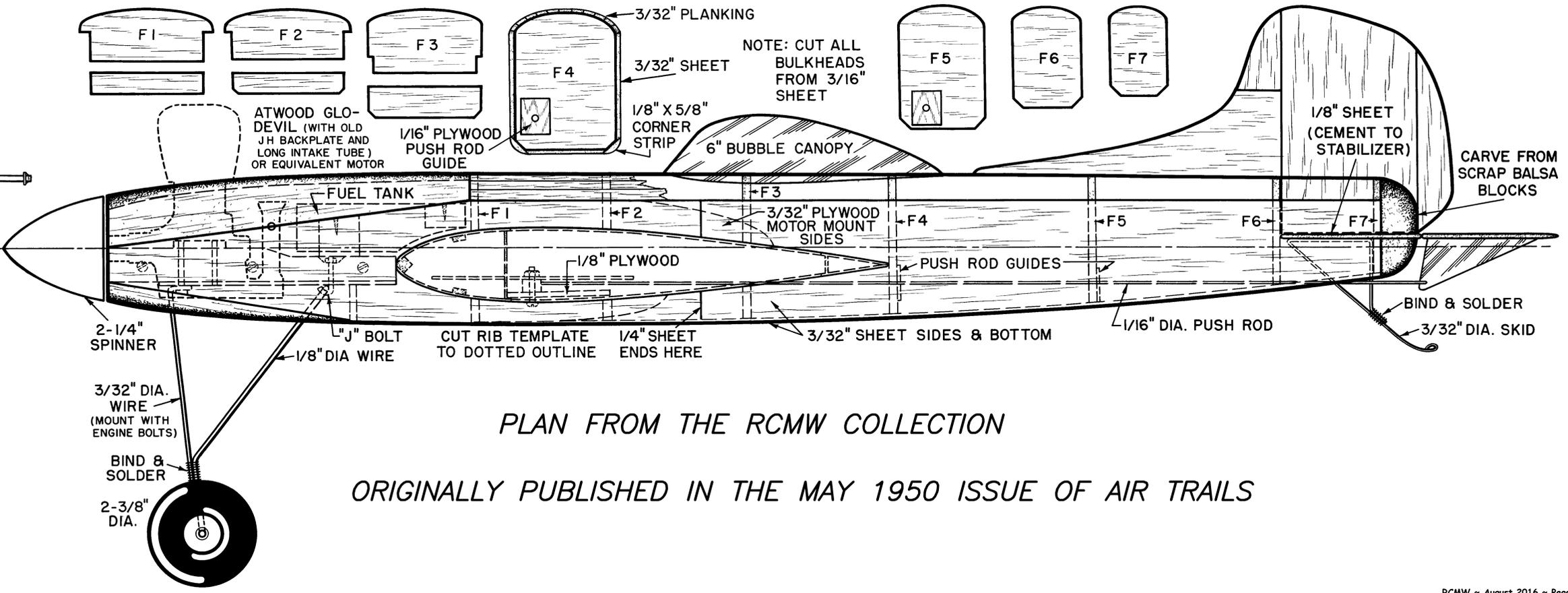
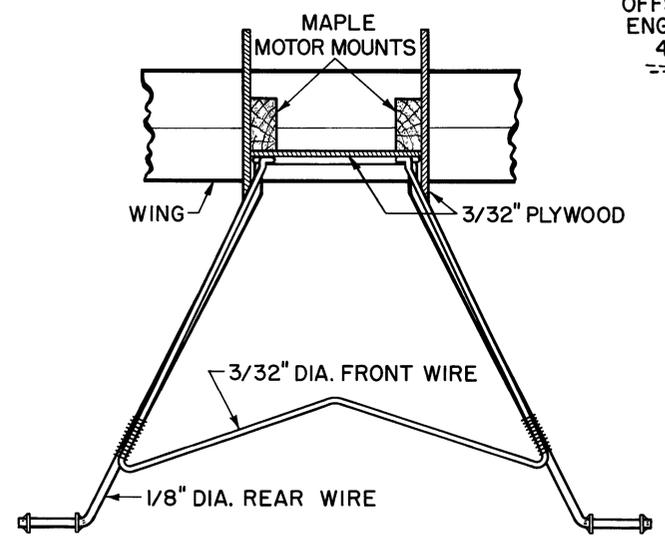
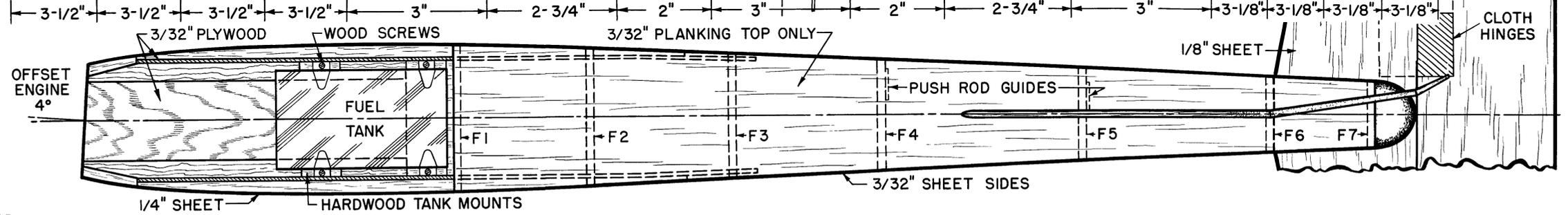
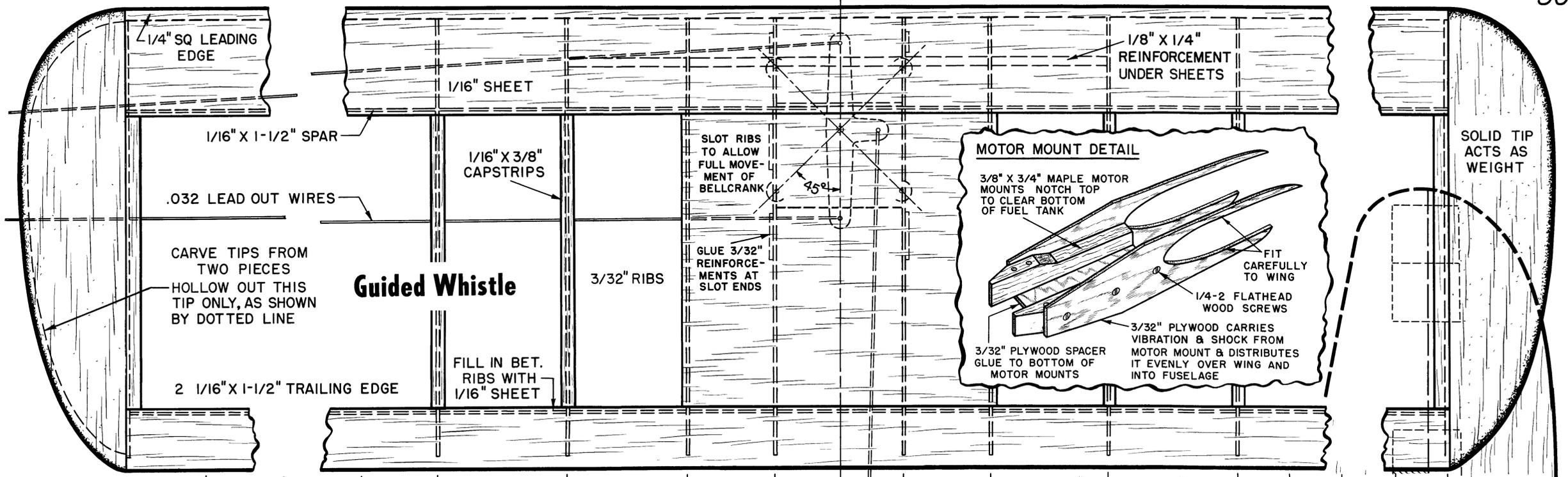
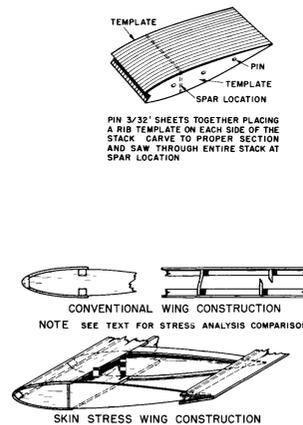




Hoosier Hot-Shot

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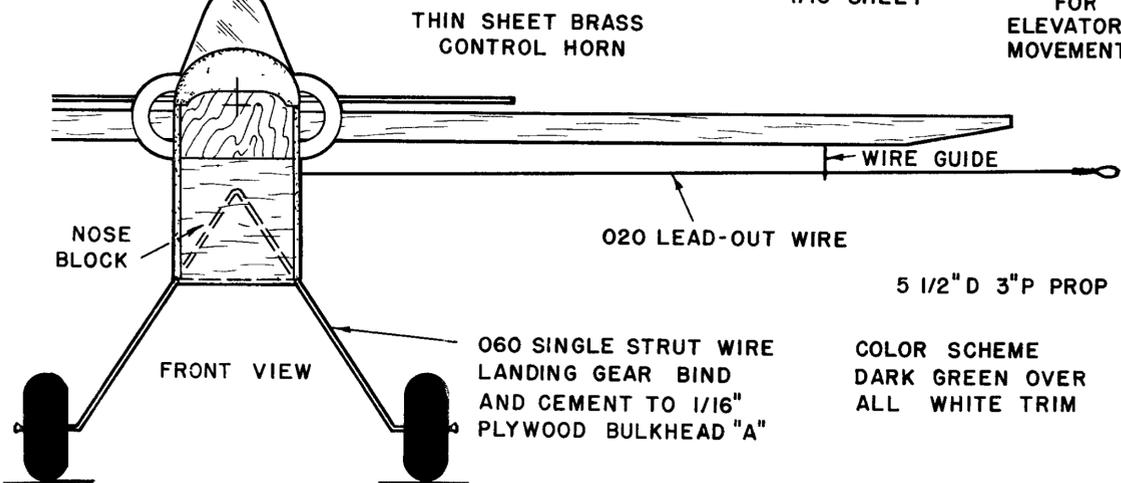
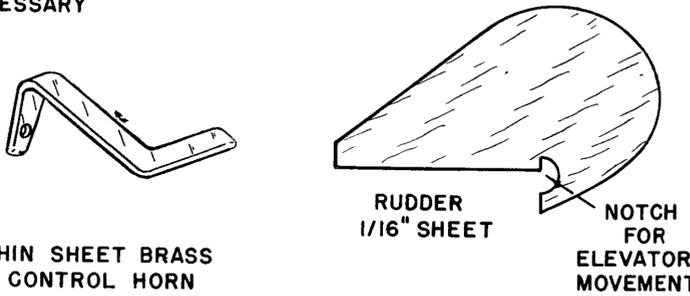
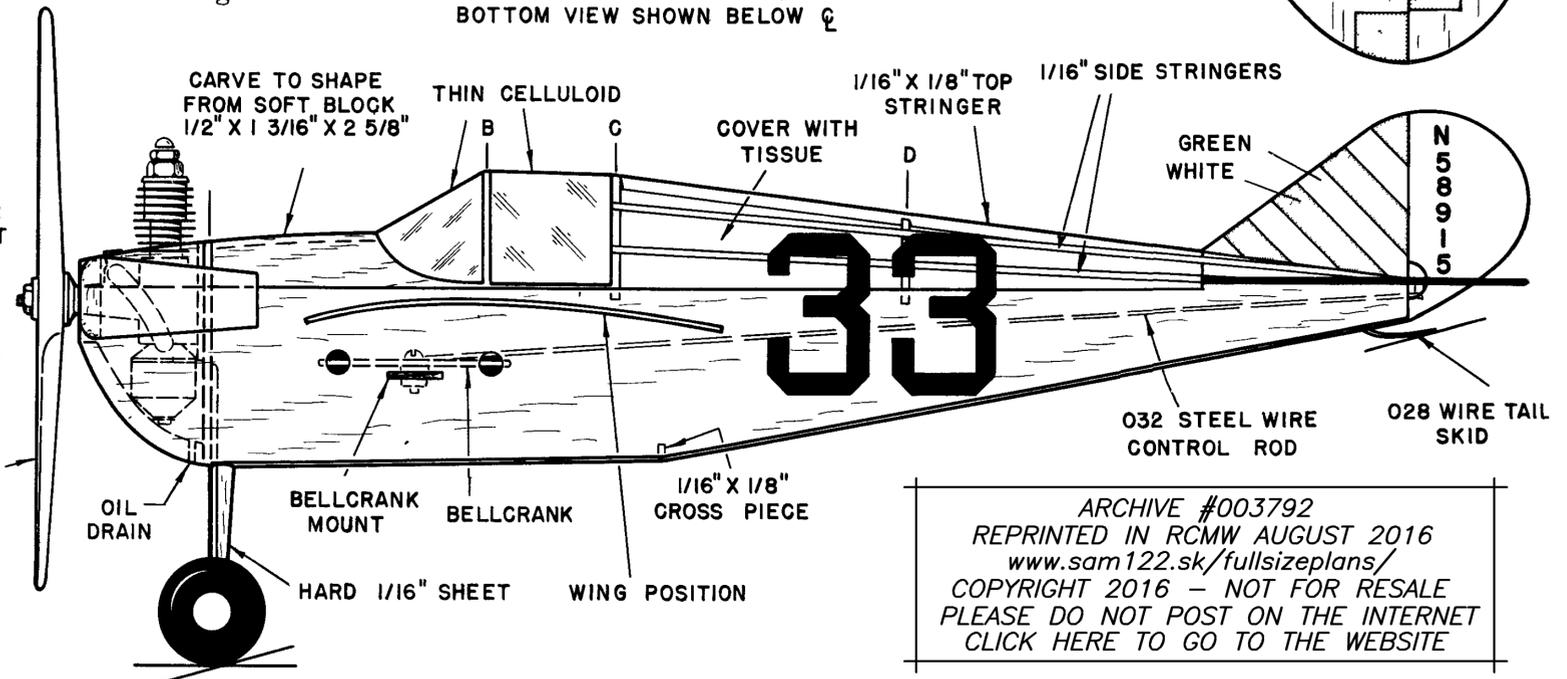
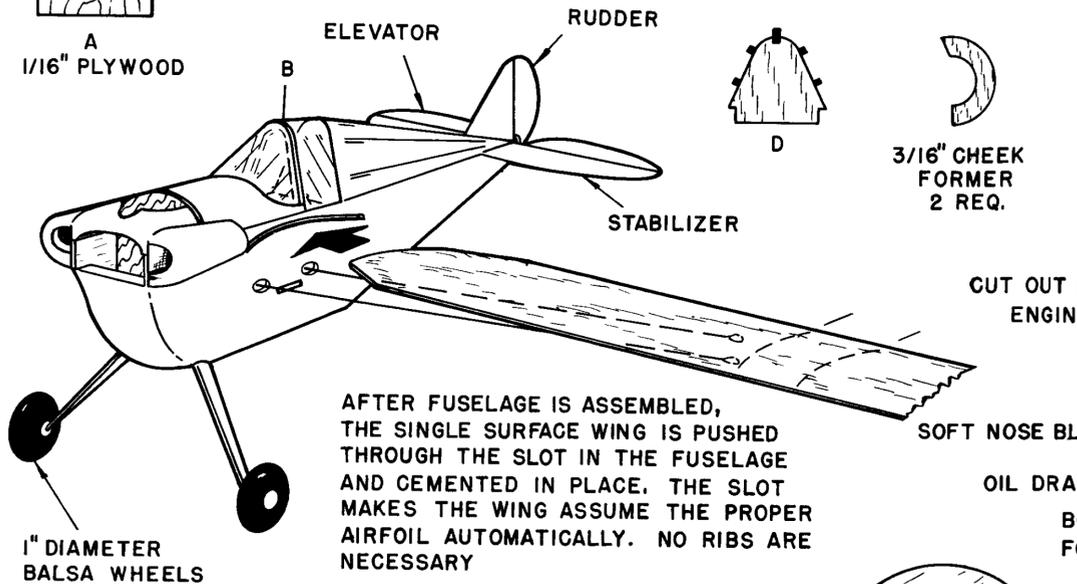
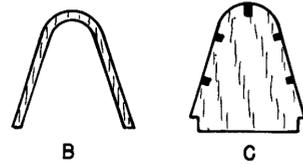
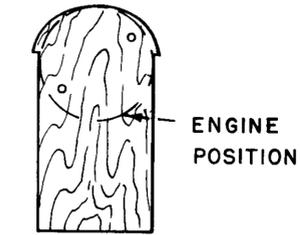
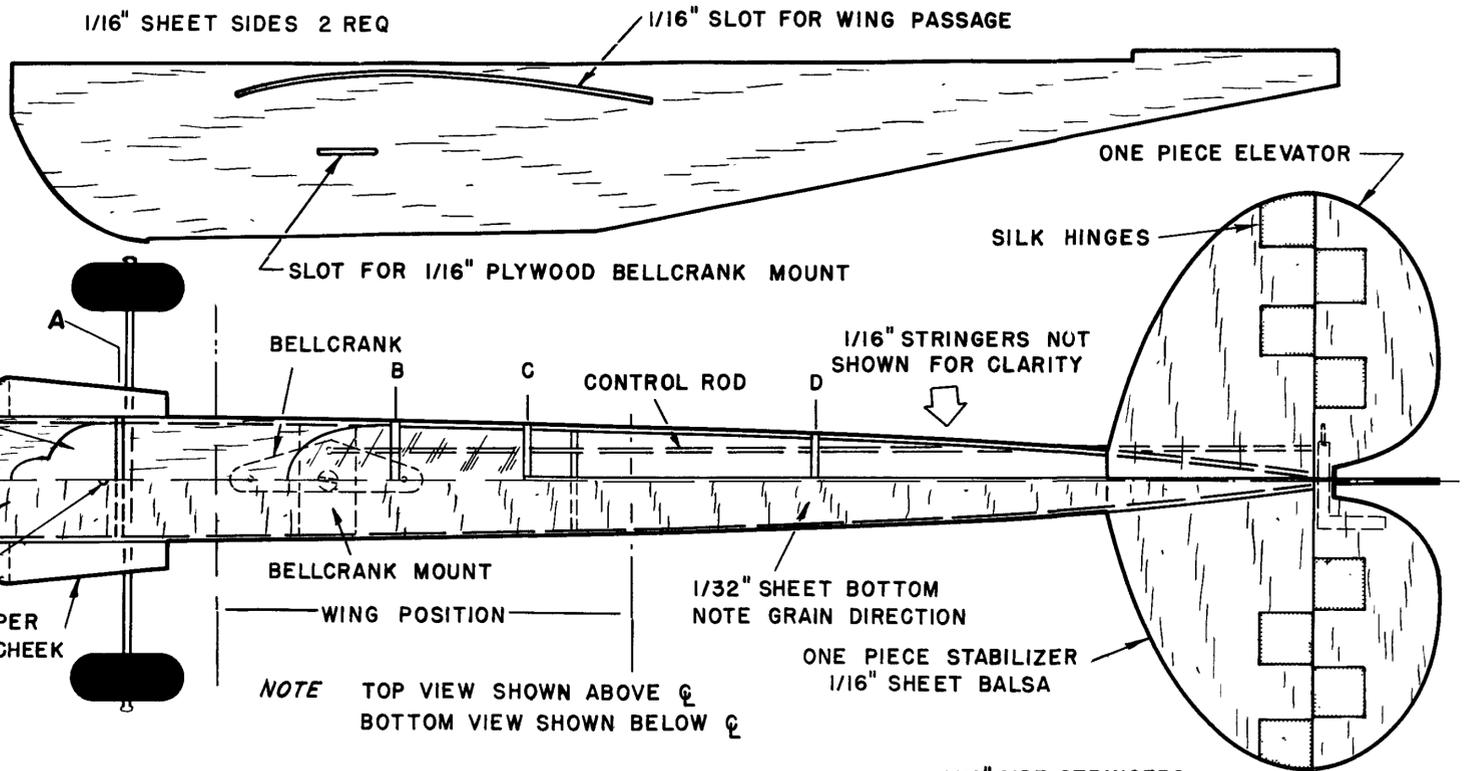
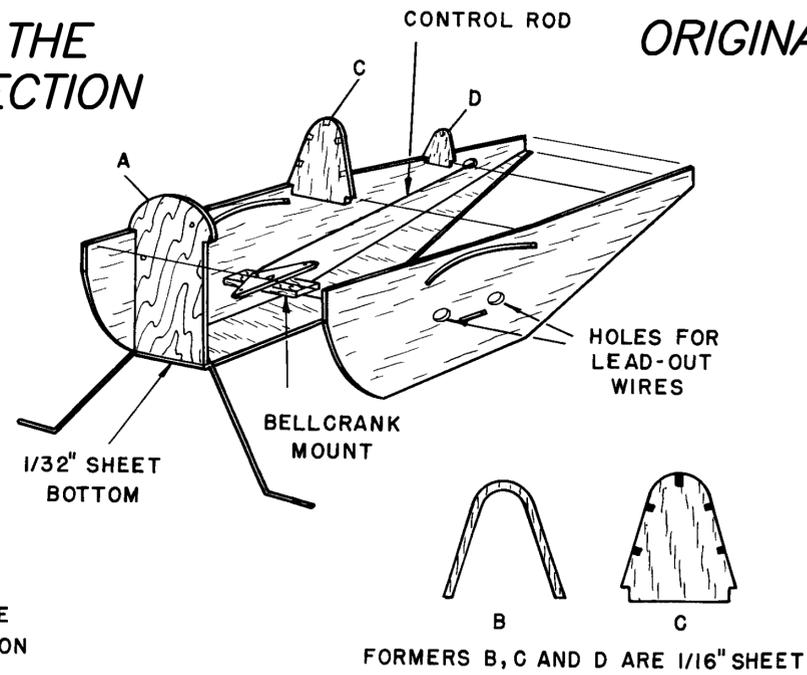
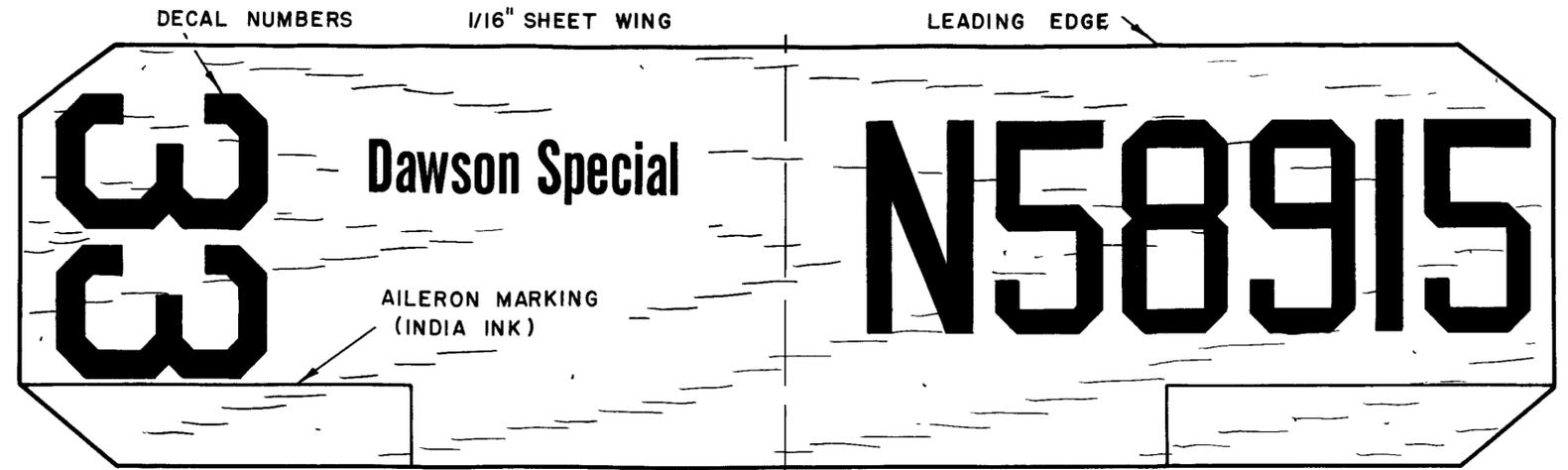
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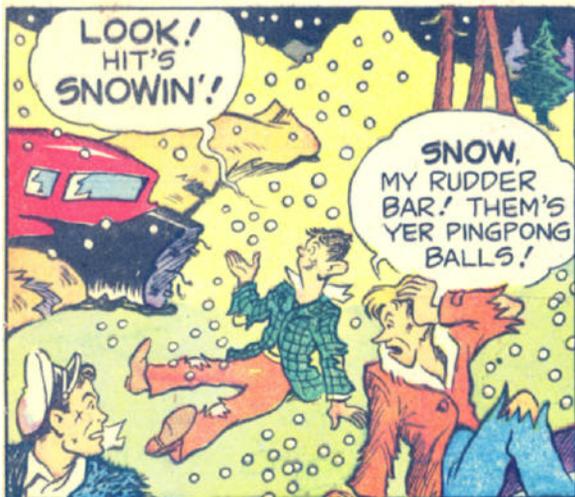
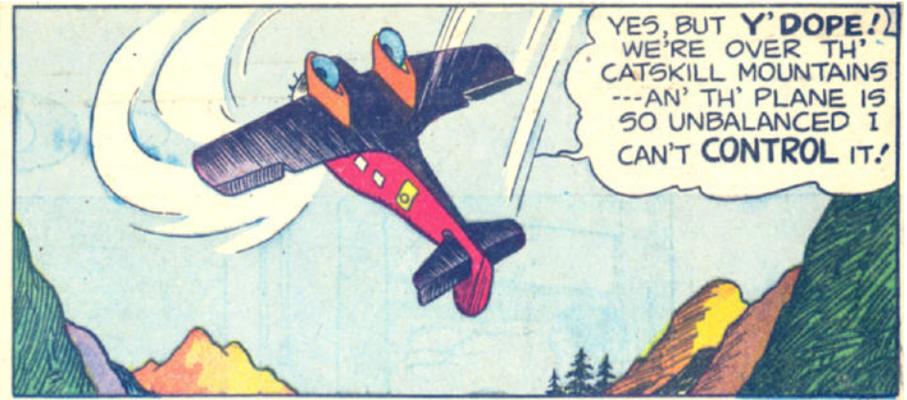
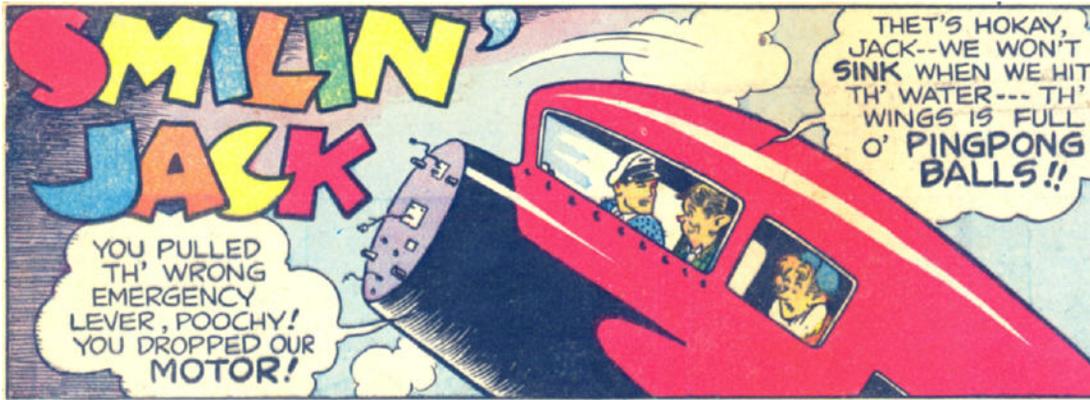
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COLOR SCHEME
DARK GREEN OVER
ALL WHITE TRIM

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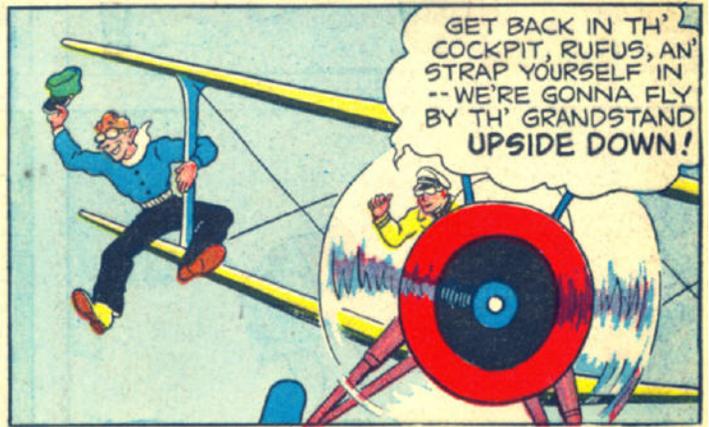
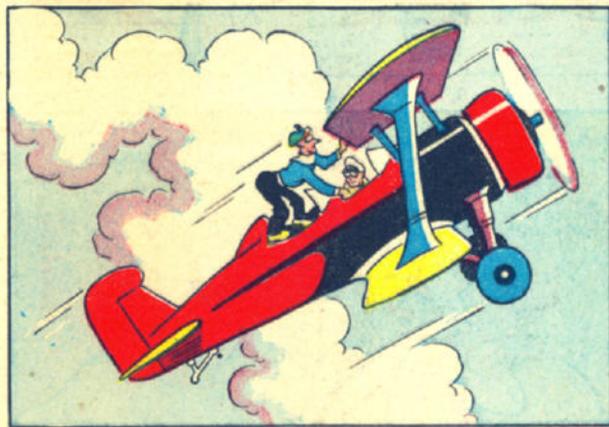
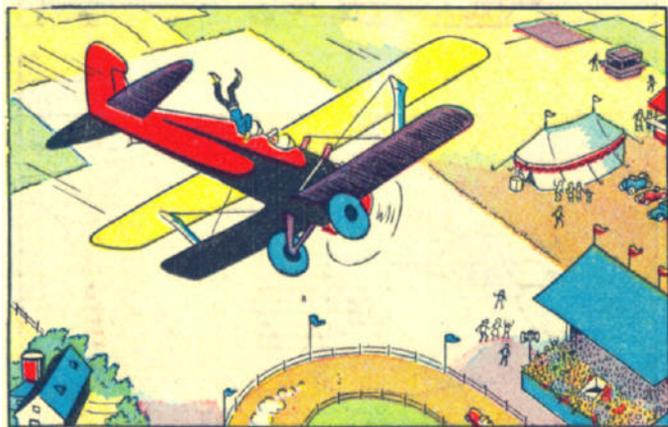
An early SMILIN' Jack Sunday comic by Zack Mosley - January 31, 1937



This is the only remaining flying example of the Bellanca Aircruiser.

It is located in the Erickson Collection at Madras, Oregon.

I have scheduled a flight in this aircraft on August 4 - Watch for photos in the next issue -



Another SMILIN' JACK Sunday comic - This one from April 30, 1937

BLUEBIRD

by Charles Mackey

Charles Mackey's small UC stunter for .19 to .35 engines appeared in the September 1957 issue of Flying Models. It is the front model in the photo. Sure doesn't look like California in the summer!

There are many types of model builders and among them is the strange creature called the stunt flier. There are also many types of stunt fliers and these can be broken down into three classes. First, there is the competitor. He demands the best in his stunt ship. Next, there is the "Sunday" flier. He has passed the profile stage and wants something pretty to look at and easy to fly. We envy this type of flier as he probably has the most fun!

Then, there are the experimenters. For some reason, we find ourselves in this last class. There are many combinations of the three. We hope the "Bluebird" will please all!

As a rule, the experimenters are confused (or go through a confused period) and for good reason. We pick up an article on stunt ship design and read that flaps are not necessary for top performance, so we cut them off, only to find our stunt ship won't stunt!

We read that a long tail moment is required for good stability and square maneuvers. We build an extra long one and find it takes 180° for a vertical eight.



Time and time again we read the importance of a light wing loading. We skimp and save on cement and dope and weigh our sawdust to see how much weight we can save and then read where a guy wins the "Nats" with a 50-55 oz. airplane no larger than ours. Is it any wonder that we are confused?

Is everybody right? No, it can't be! Is everybody wrong? No, that can't be right either! Well, what's the story? Maybe everybody is right, when they are speaking of their own airplane.

There are so many things that affect the flight of a stunt ship that two ships of the same design rarely fly identically; however, if we are careful we can come close.

A stunt ship is a combination of theories and ideas that work together. To change or rearrange any of these ideas will change the flying characteristics. Stunt ships have been around for some time now and it looks as if someone should have found the perfect set-up.

We think hundreds have, but only to their own personal satisfaction. You are as likely to see everyone flying the same type of airplane as you are to see all the ladies in the Easter Parade wearing the same hat!

The "Bluebird" is approximately the twelfth in a series of designs of smaller-sized stunt ships, the idea being to use standard-size wood and cut costs and required space without loss in appearance or sacrifice in performance. We will give you the ideas that went into the "Bluebird," but we do not mean to imply that they will hold true on any stunt ship.

The wing was worked out with the standard 36" length of balsa in mind so no splicing was necessary. The "D" tube structure was chosen for its light weight and extra strength, which is required to support the landing gear.

Oversized flaps were used to compensate for the smaller wing area with the movement cut down to 20° in each direction to prevent stalling. With this method, you get the lift when you need it. We think this gives better results than the larger ship without flaps that has a lighter wing loading, especially in the wind.

We have read that a 25% symmetrical airfoil has little more drag than a 15% foil. In practice, however, the thicker wing ship seems much slower. We use a thick wing section for slower speed and extra lift.

We have had no trouble with high speed stalling on this design. The taper in the leading edge is strictly for appearance. We have found that the straight leading edge with blunt tips has a tendency to flop around in a small radius.

The "Bluebird" was designed around a Fox .29 and a Froom tank. Since then, "Bluebirds" have been flown with .19, .29, and .35 displacement engines. A .23 or .25 should work excellently.

You can usually adjust your speed by a change in fuel, prop, plug or needle valve setting. Usually we find it takes two or more changes to make the desired adjustment. If you prefer extra slow flying, we suggest a small spinner or a drag tab on the outside wing tip.

If .35 engines are used, add tail weight as necessary. We think we are safe in saying proper balancing and trimming is just as important on stunt ships as it is on Free-flight models.

There are many ideas (literally) going around about moments and we don't disagree with any of them. We would like to say that moments on the "Bluebird" have proven favorable to all that have flown the ships. The elevator requires 40° to 45° movement in each direction to compensate for the smaller tail section and short length.

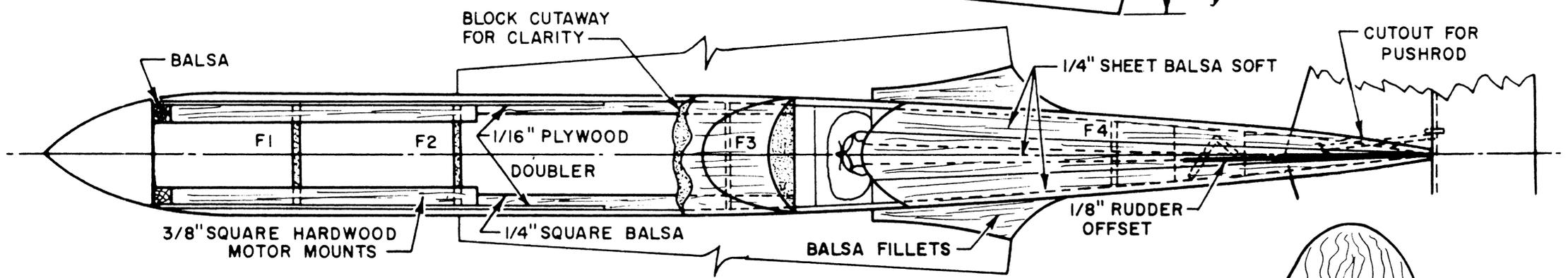
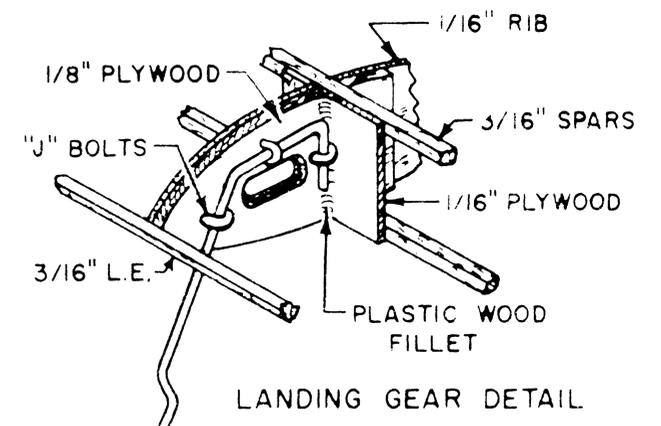
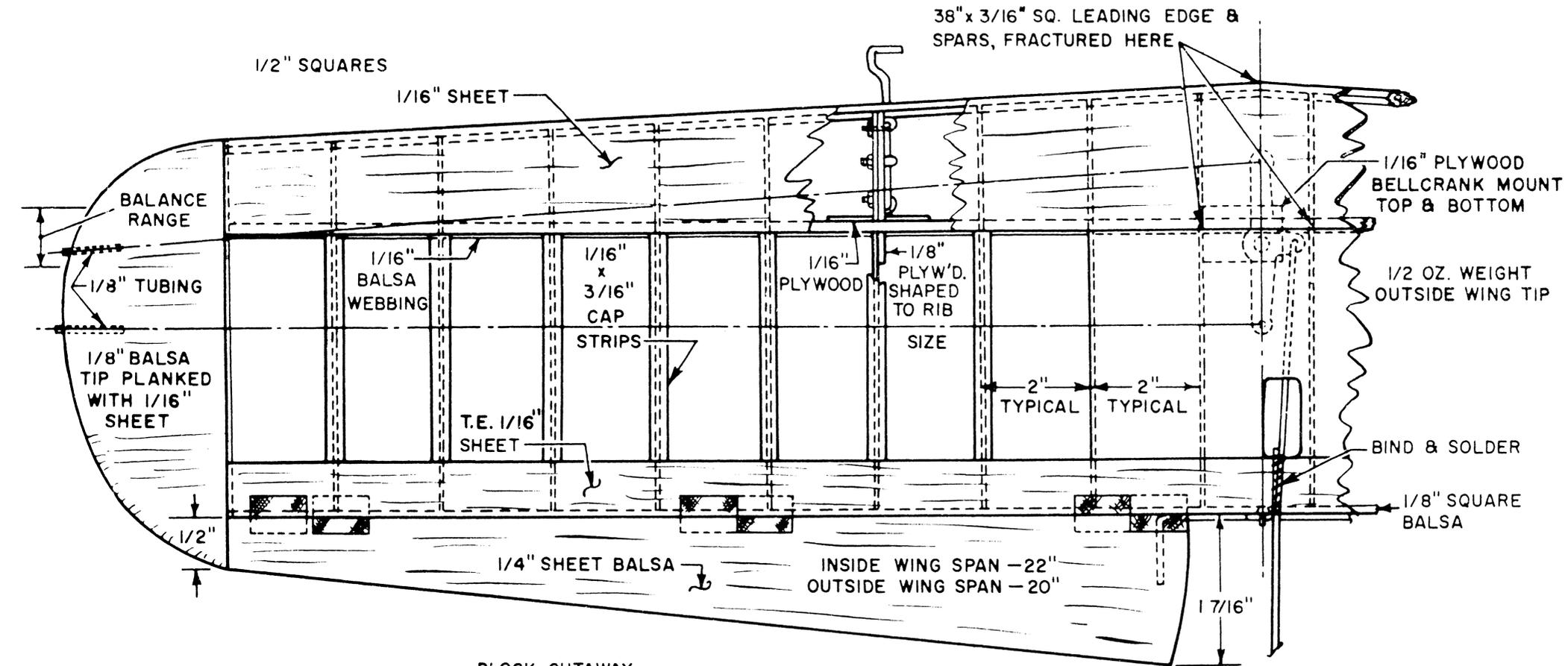
BILL OF MATERIALS

(Balsa unless otherwise specified)

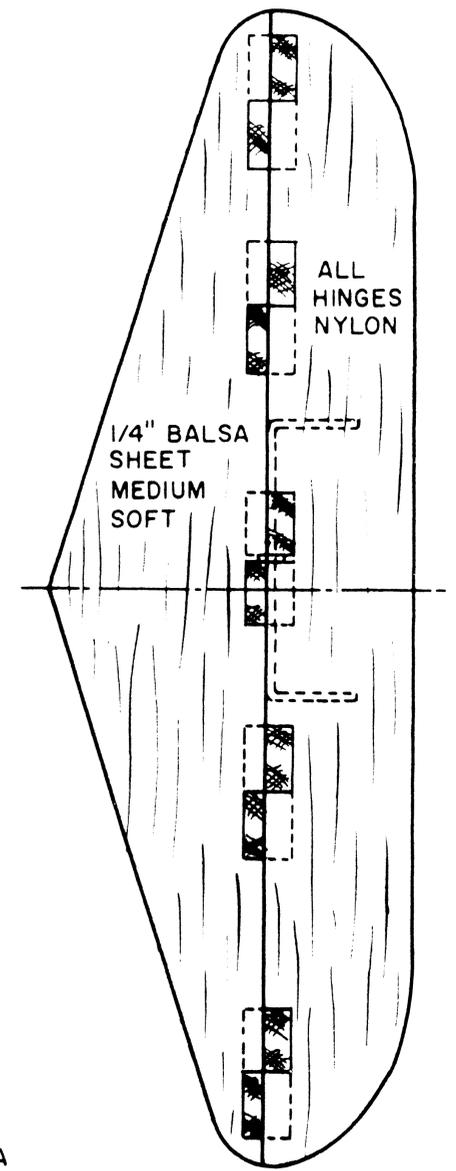
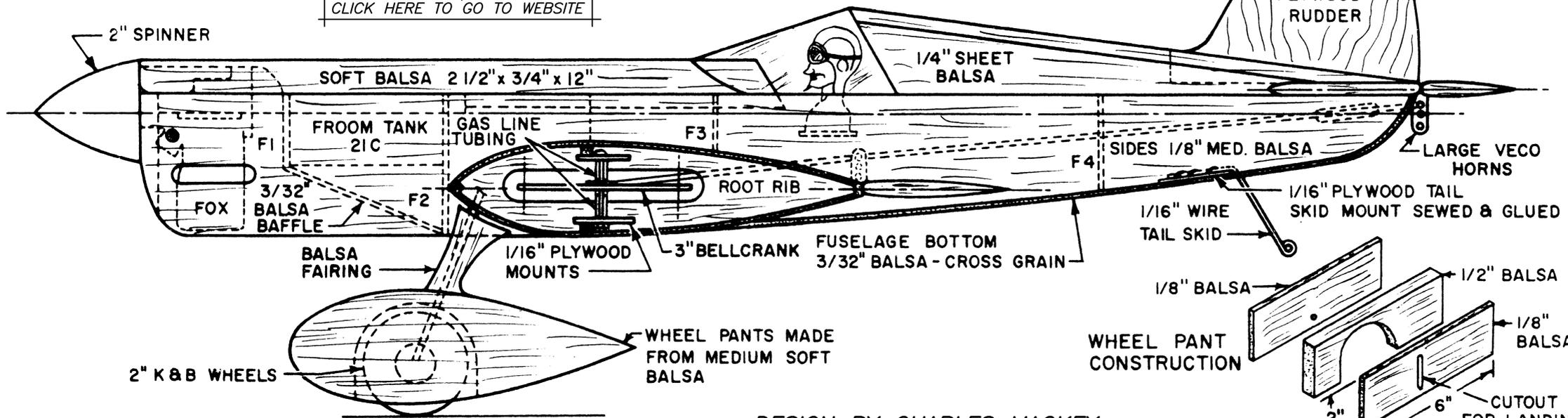
- 4 -1/16" x 3/16" x 36" Rib cap strips
- 2 -1/16" x 1" x 36" Wing spar webbing
- 3 -1/8" x 1/8" x 36" Wing trailing edge
- 3 - 3/16" x 3/16" x 36" Wing spars, leading edge
- 1 -1/4" x 1/4" x 36" Engine mount bracing
- 1 - 3/8" x 3/8" x 12" (bass) Engine mounts
- 6 - 1/16" x 3" x 36" Wing ribs, tip, leading and trailing edge sheeting
- 2 -3/32" x 3" x 36" Fuselage sheeting
- 2 -1/8" x 3" x 36" Wing tips, fuselage sides
- wheel pants
- 2 -1/4" x 3" x 36" Stabilizer, elevator, wing flaps, fuselage rear

- 1-1/2" x 2" x 36" Wheel pants
- 3/4" x 2-1/2" x 12" balsa block
- 1/6" plywood
- 1/8" plywood
- 1/16" diam. Wire
- 3/32" diam. Wire
- 2 Veco control horns
- 3" bellcrank
- Froom 21C fuel tank
- nylon hinge material
- Silk-Span or similar covering material
- Celluloid
- 2" spinner
- "J" bolts
- .19 to .35 engine
- propeller to suit
- mounting bolts
- clear dope
- colored fuel-proof dope
- cement.

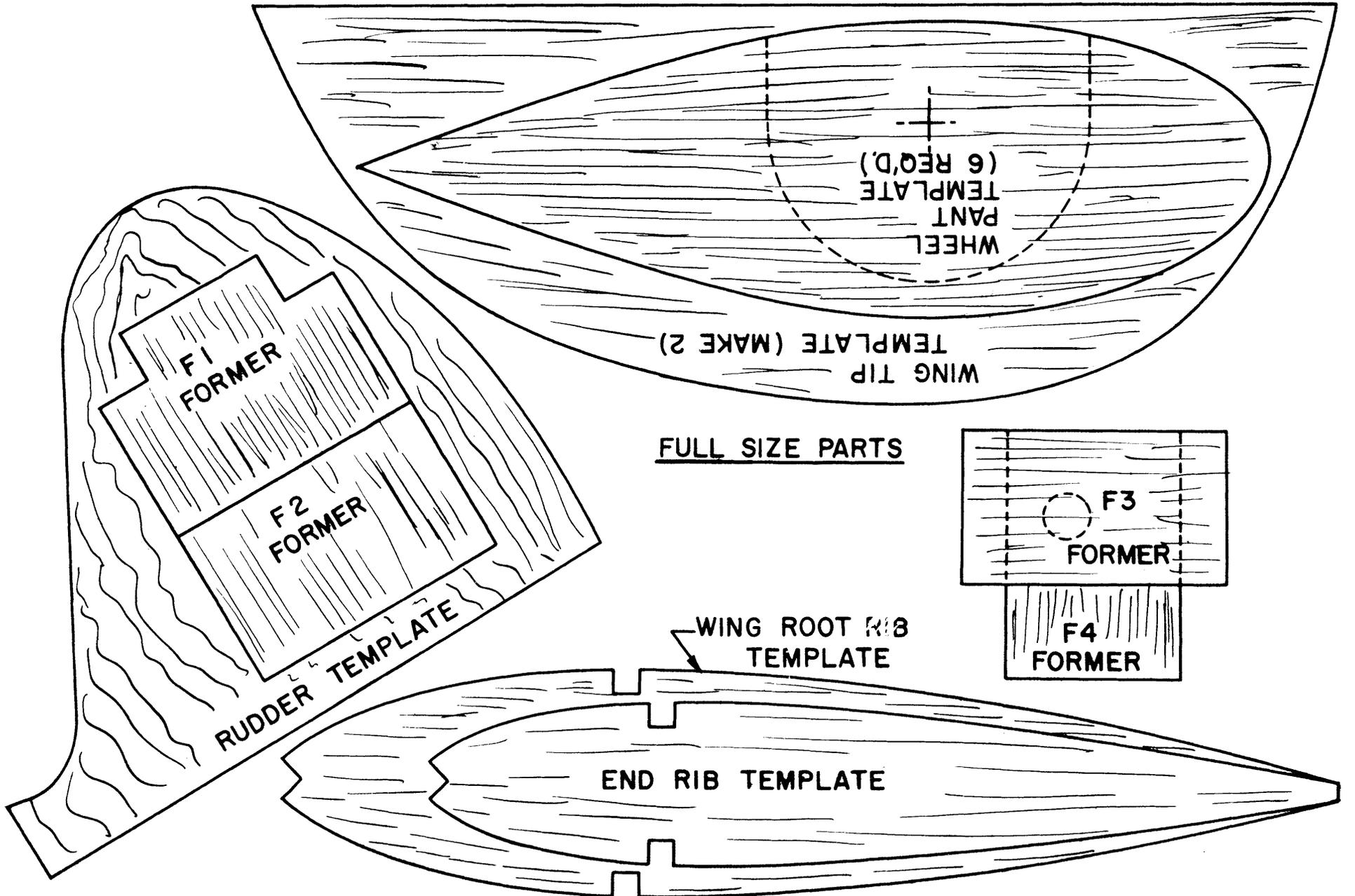




CONSTRUCTION ARTICLE IN
RCMW AUGUST 2016
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DESIGN BY CHARLES MACKAY
PUBLISHED IN THE SEPTEMBER 1957 ISSUE OF FLYING MODELS



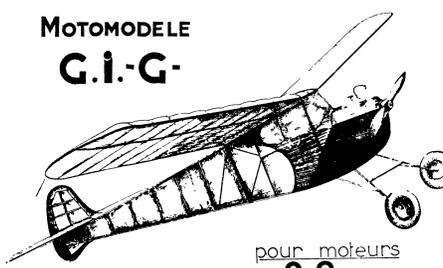
FULLSIZE TEMPLATES FOR BLUEBIRD UC STUNTER FROM
FLYING MODELS SEPTEMBER 1957 ISSUE

LES PLANS GUILLEMARD



JIGÉ...203

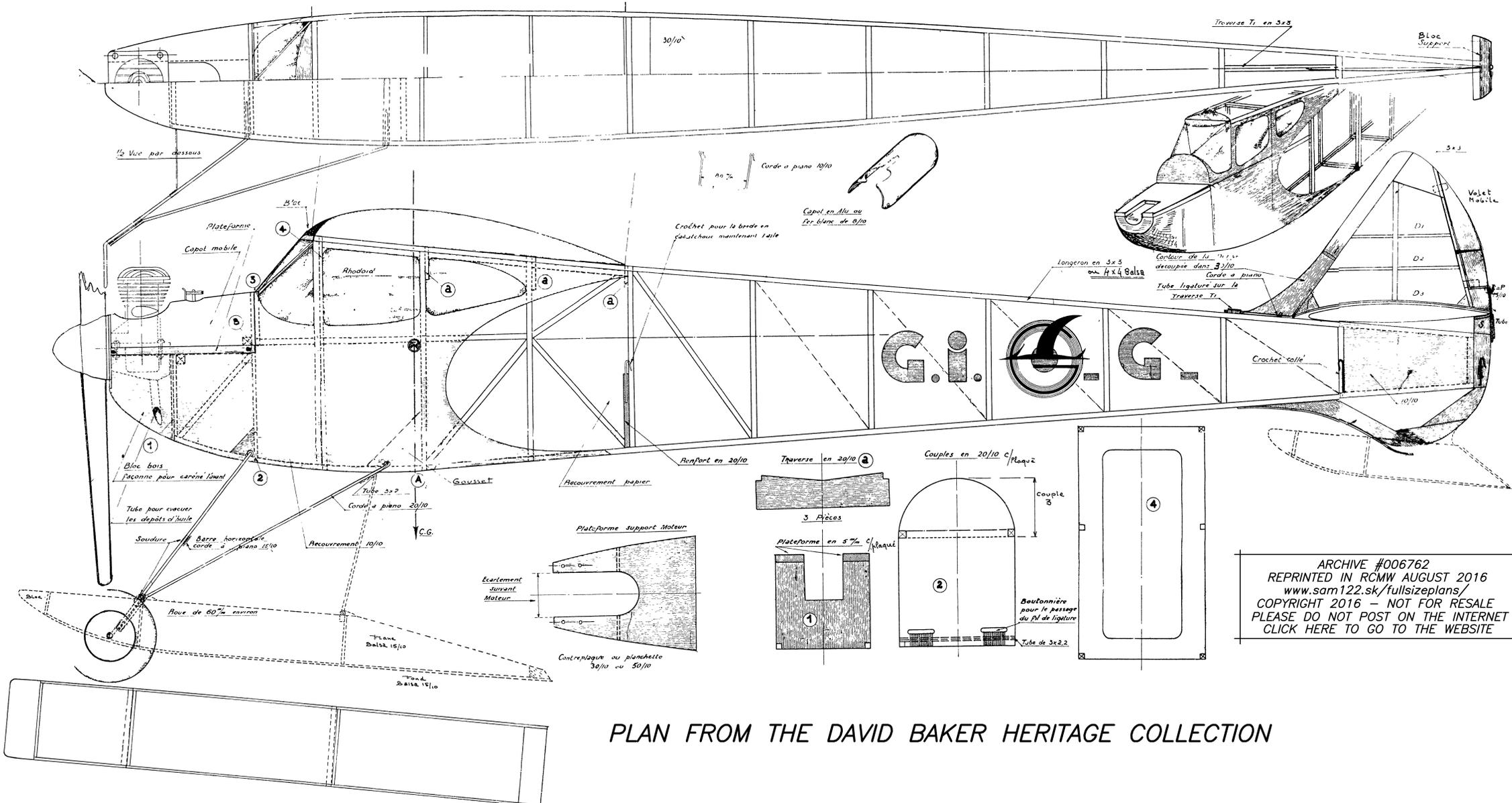
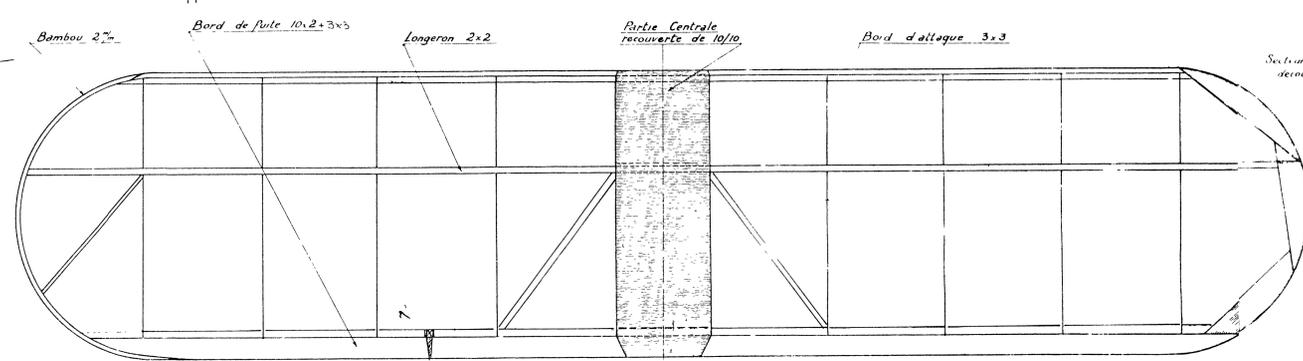
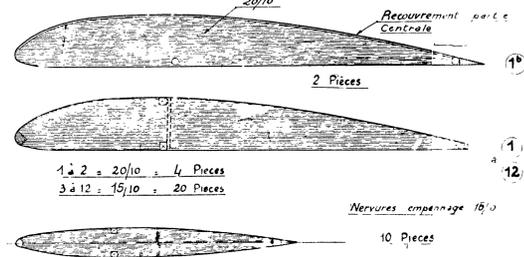
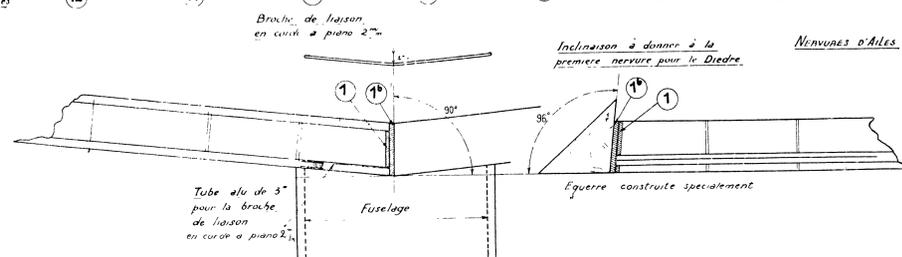
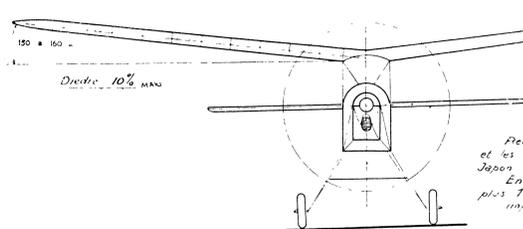
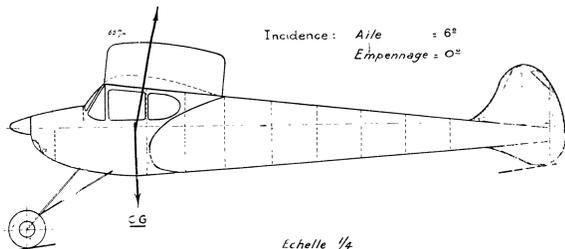
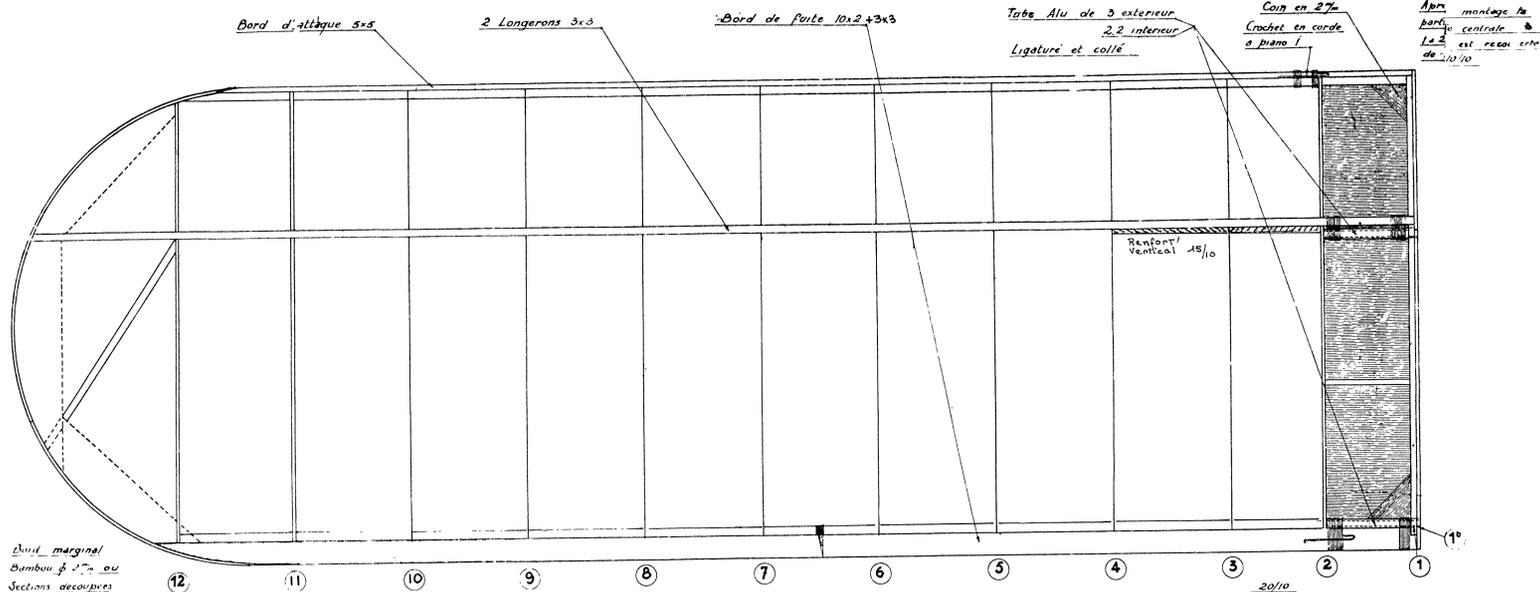
MOTOMODELE G.I.-G.



ENVERGURE 1,18 cm
SURFACE 23 dm²

pour moteurs de 0,9 à 1,5 cc.

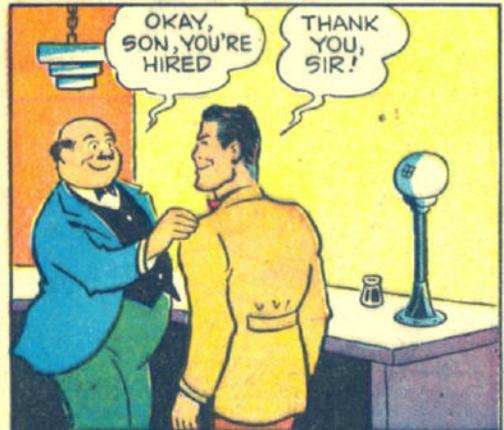
Série V. v. x



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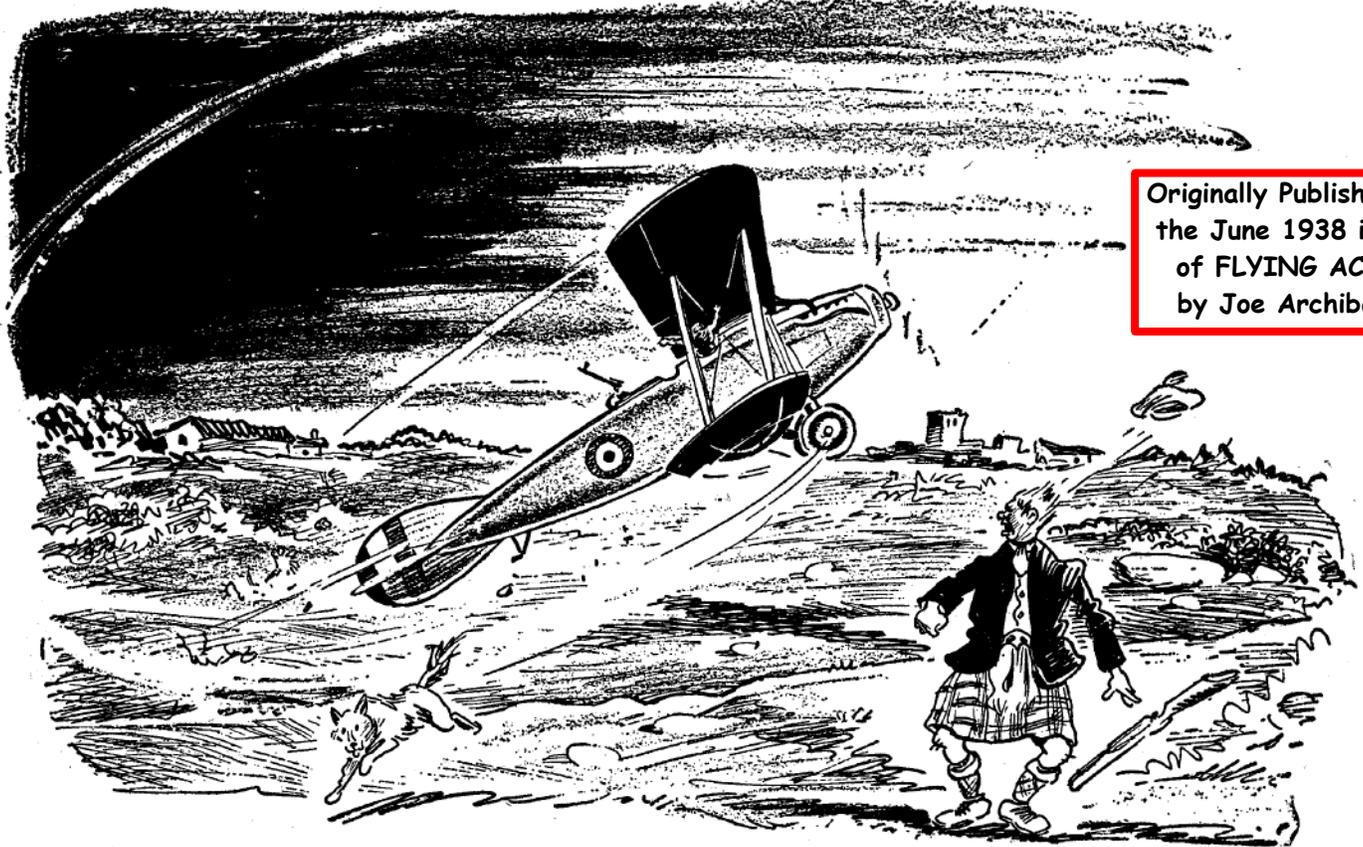


JACK, UNABLE TO FIND THE ONE WITNESS WHO SAW HIM FISHING, COULD NOT PROVE THAT HE WAS NOT THE PILOT WHO DID UNLAWFUL FLYING IN THE SMILIN' JACK RACER--



JACK tries a non-flying job - Sunday comic from November 14, 1937

MacSniff whooped out a resounding "YE-O-O-OW!"—for the Bristol was clipping off thistle blossoms at his very heels.



Originally Published in
the June 1938 issue
of FLYING ACES
by Joe Archibald

The Spider and the Flyer

LIEUTENANT PHINEAS PINKHAM did not think he was doing much on the day he knocked a pair of "braw Hoons"—"doughty Huns" to you—off the tail of a Bristol fighter that he had spotted anteloping out of the Boche backyard in the late phase of the Big Tiff. Said Bristol was high-tailing it through the scraposphere like a pooch that had sat down on a thistle.

Indeed, there was a picture of a thistle on the fuselage of that Limey sky wagon and the pilot had his name—CAPT. GREGORY MACSNIFF—printed in large letters underneath the flower of Scotland.

But Phineas Pinkham had not the slightest idea of the Bristol jockey's pedigree when he dropped down on the Krauts and stopped them from singeing a kilt.

As a matter of fact, the patriot from Boonetown, Iowa, took a lusty cuffling around from the Heinies before he shook himself loose over Allied real estate. Then when doughs swarmed around his Spad after its landing near a first aid station at Fleury, Phineas burrowed his way out of the wreckage and asked for some gravel.

"He'd oughta be dead," one dough said, scratching his scalp. "An', it's gravel he wants. What does he think he is—a hen?"

"Oh, I ain't out of my dome," the freckled pilot snorted. "I just want to swallow some to see if I

can hold it. I've been hit with everythin' but the Kaiser's wooden horse, and— Hey, make yourself useful somebody, an' help get this barb wire off me, will ya?"

PHINEAS did not arrive at the drome of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron south of Bar-le-Duc until after supper. He then eased his bruised and aching torso out of a tin bathtub tacked on the side of a mechanical bug, saying to the Yank who straddled it: "You can put the limersine away for tonight, Bitters. I won't be goin' to the opera. Haw-w-w!" The incurable joker then tripped into the Frog farmhouse that was squadron headquarters expecting verbal pyrotechnics from Major Garrity, but to his surprise the Old Man was waiting for him with outstretched hand.

"Oh yeah?" snorted the prodigal. "You ain't kiddin' me. Lemme see your other lunch hook, as it is behind your back and I bet it's doubled up. I wasn't born yesterday. I'm warnin' you, sir, as I can't take even one more wallop an' live. If a lark flew up an' kicked me, I would faint."

"Now, Pinkham," the C.O. said soothingly, "you misjudge me. Ha! Ha! Look—here's my other hand."

"I still think somethin's wrong," Phineas insisted, "but I—er—you have company, huh?"

Major Rufus Garrity nodded and beamed. "Lieutenant Pinkham, I want you to meet Captain MacSniff of the Royal Air Force. He is the chap you saved from the Jerries this afternoon. Captain

When that bonnie braw Kraut shooter, Captain Gregory MacSniff button-holed Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham regarding an "Annie Laurie" journey, that jaunty jokester didn't appreciate it. He scowled about going to Scotland. And he grouched about going grouching. But the flying headache of the 9th quickly found out that orders are orders, and cordite is cordite—even though fish aren't always just fish.

A PHINEAS PINKHAM "HOOT MON" HULLABALLOO

By Joe Archibald

Author of "Kraut Fishing," "Hoots and Headlights," etc.

With Illustrations by the Author

MacSniff, this is Lieutenant Pinkham, our pilot who—"Hoot mon!" Phineas interrupted. "I have heard of you, Captain. Haw-w-w! They say you throw Vickers lead around like it was nickels. Knocked off fifteen Krauts with fifteen bursts! If that is not bein' tight with ammo, I am—"

"Laddie," MacSniff broke in, "I thocht I was a coorse oot there wi' my obsairver aboot gone an' me guns jommed! Thank ye, sir-r!"

"A Pinkham only thinks of doin' his duty," Phineas grinned. "What would the soda makers do if there wasn't no Scotch around, huh? Where's Glad Tidings Goomer?" he then hollered. "I could eat Sergeant Casey's dungarees fried. Sit doon, Captain, an' have a wee muckle of grub wi' me, yes?"

"Nae, lad," Captain MacSniff shook his head. "But I weel hae a waird wi' ye after ye've supped. I weel be wi' the Major 'til then."

"Huh!" sniffed Phineas when the flying Scot walked into the Operations office with Garrity. "Them Scotch bums talk worse than Frogs. What's he doin' here, Bump?"

"You could fall into an incinerator and come out with frost-bite, you lucky stiff," Lieutenant Gillis wailed. "Here I been wantin' to go to Scotland myself to see where I was born, an' now in comes this oatmeal fiend an'—an'—says he's takin' you over there with him. You! An' he's a friend of the King an' he's in the Limey Intelligence. He says you an' him—"

"Me?" Phineas gulped, choking on a biscuit. "Goin' to Scotland? Oh yeah? What would I do over there with them tightfists, huh? They even make short bread there. So that bum thinks Phineas Pinkham is goin' to leave a swell *guerre* to go over an' listen to bagpipes squeal, huh? That is what I git for savin' kilties. Well, you wait an' see if I go!"

ONE hour later Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham was ticketed for a journey across the Channel to the land of *Annie Laurie*, heather, scones, and thistles. It seems that Captain MacSniff had to hop over to the Isles to investigate rumors of Kraut skullduggery rife on the home soil, and he told Major Garrity that a man of Phineas Pinkham's incomparable talents would be more help to him on his mission than gills to a fish. So the Old Man called the Boonetown miracle man in and told him the story as Captain MacSniff sat nearby trying to suck smoke out of an old briar that had been overloaded with weed from the Major's humidor.

"Say," Phineas exploded, "you've laid the cards on the table—but they all look like jokers to me. I ain't goin' to Scotland. Now if there's still some spies in Paree, I will consider workin' there as an intelligent bum, an'—"

"Shut up, Pinkham!" the Old Man boomed. "You'll go where you're sent. Even if it's to Pago Pago, wherever the hell that is. Anyhow, Captain MacSniff will arrange everything with Chaumont. I'd say you're a lucky guy and don't know it. Now get your stuff packed, Pinkham, and be ready to leave day after tomorrow. And no lip!"

"Awright," Phineas tossed out. "But I will write my

Congressman. I am an American citizen, an' did not join the Air Corps to hunt down Krauts with kilts on. It is a frameup! I will—"

"Whisht, mon!" Captain MacSniff cut in. "Scotland is nae sae bad. The lassies—"

"Annie Laurie, huh?" Phineas interrupted him with disdain. "I bet Babette could give her cards an' spades—"

"Get out of here!" Major Garrity roared. "The Captain will give you your orders an' tell you all he thinks you should know. Your walking papers'll be ready, Pinkham, in short order." Then he chirped: "Ah-h-h-h, it's going to be quiet around here. Captain MacSniff, have a cigar. Have the whole box!"

"I'll get even! I'll show you," the victim raged. "I've got some pull in Washington, an'—"

THREE days later Captain Gregory MacSniff of the British Intelligence and Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham of the Yankee Air Force were heading for the Scottish frontier on a Limey rattler. And the Scot had begun to get free with words as the iron horse galloped along the rails cutting through Nottingham. He told Phineas that Scottish folk along the Firth of Solway had begun to get the jitters and that a fisherman had claimed to have seen a Heinie pigboat slipping through the fog that always hung over the Firth as thick as porridge.

"A sub, huh?" Phineas said disparagingly. "Aw, it was only a big halibut or somethin' that he saw. I got a good mind to get off at the next stop an' desert. What if a tin fish did go in there? Maybe the Heines want some shooting on the moon—and what could them Krauts do in Scotland? It is silly!"

"Laddie," Captain MacSniff said patiently, "I weel tell ye more of me thochts aboot the Hoons. Leftenant, I doot verra mooch if ye ken that there's a verra big amoonition center at Gretna Green."

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" the rebellious Yank emitted the first guffaw he had indulged in since leaving Sunny France. "Gretna Green's where they polish rice to throw at couples who go there to get married. I've heard of that place where Limeys run to get welded. So that's where we—"

"Mon," MacSniff said, "England has a verra big cordite manufacturing center in that toon. Whisht, laddie, an' if the Gairmans should be thinkin' of bombin' it the noo— Ah, Leftenant, a cauld shiver coorses doon me spine! Boot cheer up! One whole week we'll hae at Dumbellton wi'oot thochts ither than to enjoy oursel's. Shootin' a grouse or two on the moor, Leftenant, an'—"

"I am gettin' paid to shoot Krauts, not grice," Phineas bridled. "It's all a fake, as you just wanted a rest. Where's the conductor? I am gettin' off!"

"Noo, noo, laddie," said Captain MacSniff, beginning to be fed up. "I am a verra patient mon, aye! Boot I noo have a mind to clot ye one on the lug. Ye weel take your orders from Coptain MacSniff—an' the fairst one, laddie, is to keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Somethin' tells me," Phineas muttered to himself as he leaned back in his seat, "that I'll have to smack



Only the Boonetown bamboozler's agility saved him from a fractured skull.

this Scotch bum! Huh, rain in France all the time, an' fog that you could dice up like carrots over here. I would give a thousand francs for a sunburn."

PHINEAS suffered through the remainder of the journey with bad grace. The last stage of the trip found him and MacSniff riding on a two-wheeled wagon over a road that seemed to have been ploughed up. They rode on through a heavy mist like two artillerymen sitting on a gun carriage. The driver was a bewhiskered little Gael whose pipe Phineas was sure was loaded with skunk cabbage leaves. But until the road slanted toward a big house that loomed before them in the fog, the Yank kept his miserable thoughts to himself. At sight of the house, however, he burst out in loud lament.

"I bet Dracula meets us!" he wailed. "Once I read about—that's it, I bet. You're a vampire, MacSniff, an' I'm your victim. Adoo, you human leech—I'm leaving."

But Captain MacSniff grabbed Phineas and made him listen to reason. "Mon alive, I've haird ye was balmy, boot I doot if the Yanks knew just how balmy ye really are. 'Tis the ancestral home of the MacSniffs ye see, mon. This is Dumbellton, an' Robert the Bruce himsel' slept over one night on his way to—"

"Oh yeah?" Phineas said. "I was in an ol' farmhouse in New York state once—the only one George Washington never slept in. I got my name in the *Boonetown Clarion* an'—br-r-r-r-r-r! It's cold, huh? An' where's the fish market? I can smell fish."

"Dumbellton, laddie," explained MacSniff, "is nae far frae the Firth. On a clear day, Leftenant, ye can see the fishin' skiffs frae the windows. Whisht, an' here we are, Pinkham. Hame ag'in. Hame, sweet sweet, hame!"

Phineas got down from the wagon stiffly, stretched himself, and stared around him. MacSniff nudged him, but Garrity's contribution to the Allied Intelligence seemed as if frozen to the spot.

"Look out there," he exclaimed, pointing excitedly, "those things look like sky crates to me. If this soup would only get thinner, I—"

"Planes?" MacSniff queried. "Weel! Weel! 'Tis a couple o' braw laddies frae the drome at Carlisle, no doot. Forced doon in the fog, I'd lay a wager. They're S.E.5's, laddie. Blessin's tae a fleein' mon. Come, lad, intae the hoose."

"Weel," Phineas enthused, "I feel more to hame now. Hoot mon, an' a wee duck an' Doris. Sky buggies, huh? Things are pickin' up. An' do we get somethin' to fly in?"

"Aye, Pinkham," said the Scotchman. "A Bristol hae been placed at oor disposal. Should be here the noo."

There were two Limeys in the big reception hall of

Dumbellton Castle when the two flyers from the palpitating Western Front walked in. They were sitting near a big roaring fire sipping stuff that was not Oolong. Captain MacSniff glanced at them with eyebrows raised questioningly, whereupon they introduced themselves as Leftenants Whittleby and Spofford.

"Pip pip!" chortled Phineas. "Jolly night, eh? Fawncy meetin' you chaps here, what? A bit of hawright, ol' beans. Haw-w-w-w! What do you bums shoot around here with S.E.5's? Rabbits? I don't see why they don't send you to France, as we are as short-handed there as angle worms."

"Weel, weel," said MacSniff hastily, "'tis nae a bonnie night for flyin'. Make yoursels at hame, laddies, an' I'll hae Angus stir us up some food. Captain MacSniff is the name, Leftenants. The braw lad wi' me is Leftenant Pinkham of the Yankee Fleein' Corps. Acquaint yoursels wi' one anither, gentlemen, an'—"

A glass of giggle water abruptly slipped from the hand of one of the Limey pilots and irrigated a big fur rug lying in front of the hearth. "Ah—er—Leftenant," gulped the startled buzzards, "did you say—*Pinkham*?"

"Yeah," Phineas grinned. "I'm gettin' famous, huh? But don't believe everything you hear, old tomatoes. I—er—" The freckled Spad pilot suddenly dropped into a chair near a big table and gaped wonderingly at what he saw—a big bowl in the middle of the table with a little wine in the bottom of it. "Huh—is that one of them wassal bowls I've heard they have in England?" he finally asked one of the Limeys.

"Why—er—of course, ol' top," Leftenant Spofford replied. Then Whittleby moved toward the mantle and took down two goblets from their place near a big clock. "Uh—er—we were no end thirsty, old bean. Made pigs of ourselves, eh what?"

Phineas was now toying with a jar of marmalade, his hands working deftly. "I didn't ask," he grinned.

CAPTAIN MACSNIFF came back then. And Phineas looked him over from head to foot, taking in the kilt the Scotchman had donned. "Boys," he snickered, "that skirt is somethin' not to be caught in when there's a blizzard, huh?" He thought of what might be done with a jarful of ants he had back in Bar-le-Duc.

"I didna ask your opinion, Pinkham," the Scot bristled as Leftenant Spofford whisked the bowl from the table and passed it to Whittleby. "The tartan of Clan MacSniff were at Bannockburn wi' Robert the Bruce, at Lady-smith ag'inst the Boers, an' at Loos, an' at the Somme. Have a care, me braw lad, what ye say about the MacSniff tartan."

"Boys, everybody here is touchy," Phineas complained.

"When do we eat, huh?"

"'Tis ready, Pinkham. Can't ye see?"

"Huh? Eat them stove lids?"

"Scones they are, an' they'll make ye strong, laddie," MacSniff declared. "The cauld mutton weel be along the noo."

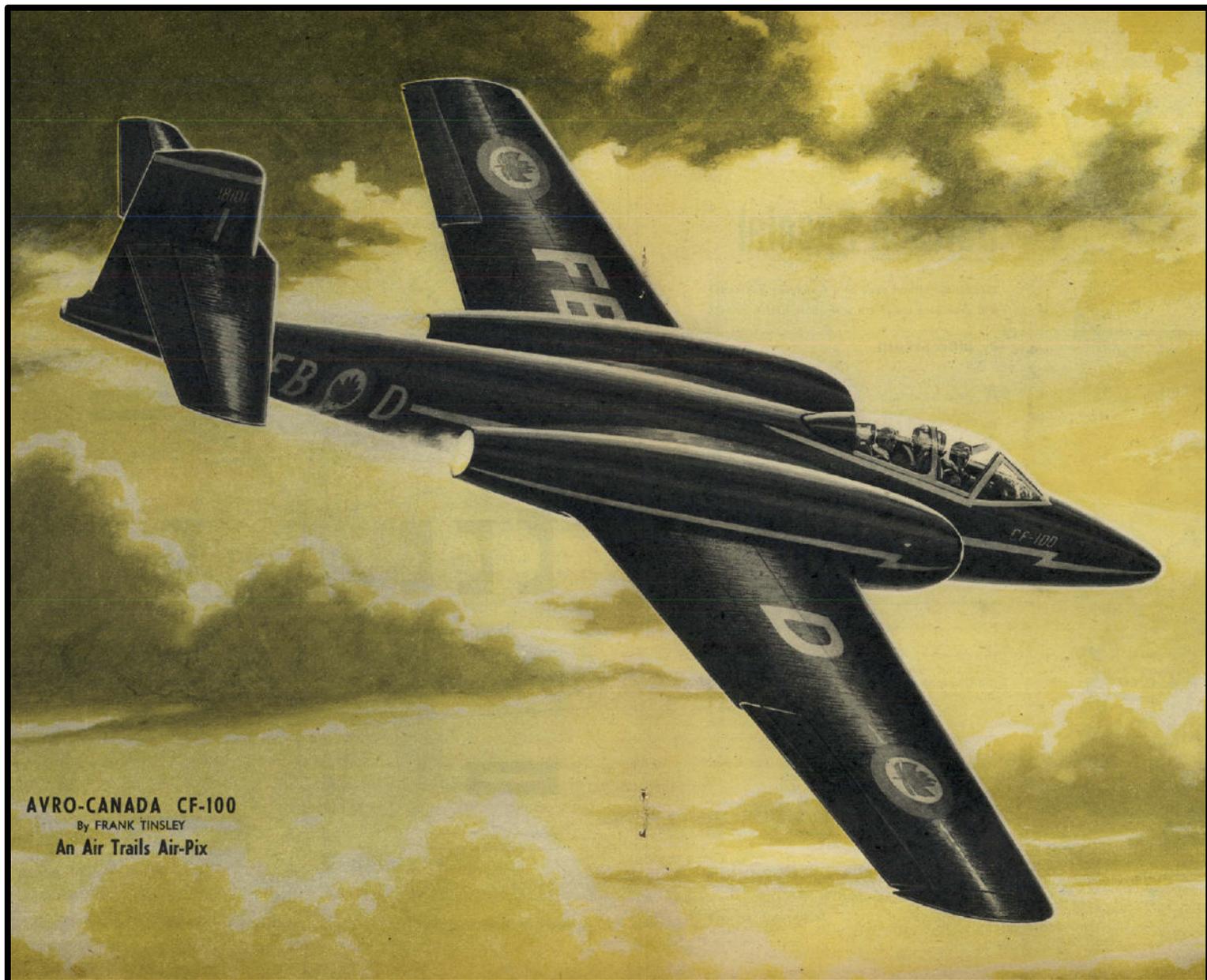
Lieutenant Spofford helped himself to a big spoonful of marmalade, then said to Phineas: "I hear you are quite a leg puller, old chap. Cawn't fool us, y'know. Heard too much about you, ol' apple. Be rather dull here for you, eh what?"

"Ye-e-ah," Phineas grinned. "Let me have some of that goo when you get through with it. They say the nickel squeezers make swell marmalade."

"The best i' the world, laddie," MacSniff said. He was waiting for an oral testimonial from Leftenant Spofford. But it was slow in coming. The Limey sank his teeth into the marmalade—and then couldn't get them to part! He made funny sounds as he got up and waved his flippers around frantically. Leftenant Whittleby went to his friend's succor and tried to cure him of the temporary lockjaw while Captain MacSniff made a dive for the marmalade jar. He sniffed at it, took a

"Hey," gulped Phineas as he reached for the ceiling, "this ain't crickets!"





AVRO-CANADA CF-100
By FRANK TINSLEY
An Air Trails Air-Pix

Art by Frank Tinsley from Air Trails May 1950 issue

The Spider and the Flyer

tiny taste on the tip of his finger.

"Glue!" roared the Scot. "Pinkham, if I thoct—"

"Haw-w-w-w!" erupted the trickster from the U. S. A. "Nobody ever should tease me. I think I will take a stroll, Captain. Adoo for awhile noo. I'm goin' ro-o-o-oamin' e-e-e-eeen the

gloo-o-o-oamin'—!"

"The bounder!" Lieutenant Whittleby tossed out indignantly. "The insufferable cad—the—!"

Quite unperturbed, Phineas Pinkham was already sauntering out into the fog. But he was now ready to admit that Captain MacSniff had not been talking

through his tam o'shanter. In only one hour among the heather, the intrepid Yank had seen enough to convince him that a long feeler of the Wilhelmstrasse limberger-eating octopus was dabbling in the Scotch jam cupboard.

Phineas first walked out to where the two S.E.5's squatted and looked them

Phineas Pinkham continues on the next page

over casually. Then he went on to the high banks of the Firth and sat down on a rock from where he tried to cut paths through the fog with his peepers. "Huh, I wish it was a braw brick moon-lick nick tonick," he murmured. "Who said you couldn't nick the Scotch, eh?" Then after awhile he told himself that the whole Kraut navy could have slipped into the Firth under the fog that was bearing down on it. But, he asked himself, how could a Kraut pigboat be a threat to a cordite plant? On that one he was stumped for an answer.

"I wish I was back in Barley Duck. I bet Babette is sore at me for not tellin' her I was goin'. Boy, I wish I could see down there onto the Firth."

If the Yankee exponent of magic could have observed the roily waters below, he would have glimpsed the periscope of a Jerry tin fish cutting through it like a hot knife through butter. The pigboat was down there slipping into the Firth and making no more noise than a caterpillar crawling over velvet. Its decks now came awash and the big black letters on the conning tower—U 107—appeared. The hatch opened and a Teuton with a noggin as big and square as a butcher's block came out and sniffed at the salt air.

"Ach, Herman," he said to an *Unter-offizier* coming up the iron ladder behind him, "sooch ein night, hein? Noddinks you can see budt der fog und der buoy mit der white paintd, ja. Das ist der night for der vishing. Gott sie dank! Nize vish ve haff, ja? Now nodt long ve vait, Herman. What kind of vish you t'ink der beefesseners like der best, hein? Herrink maybe? Or besser der nize haddock, ja? Ho! Ho! Das ist so smardt, Herman, I laugh mooch. Our plan vill nodt fail, nein. Und der iron cross for us, dot means!"

"Ja. At Gretna ist der Dumkopfs what vill taste der vish. Cooked mit cordite, Otto. Ach, das ist der dish, hein?"

ON the high shore above, Phineas waited an hour, but the fog would not thin. His big ears picked up myriad sounds, however, and he thought they caught the lazy lapping of oars in the waters of the Firth, also the rattle of oarlocks. He yearned to go down the steep bank, but he did not want to break his neck. Then, toward midnight, Major Rufus Garrity's inimitable Von crusher made his way back to the MacSniff menage and found the Captain stretched out in a chair in front of the fire.

"Hoot mon," Phineas hailed his host, taking off his soaked trenchcoat. "It ain't no braw moonlick nick for man nor beast. How about a wee bit o' coneyac, Captain? An' where's the Limeys?"

"Laddie," Captain MacSniff grunted, "'tis a clood in the lug I should gie ye! Disspoilin' of the jom of Scotland an' insultin' the braw fighters o' the King. I dinna ken which is wur-r-rse."

"Did you ever see Krauts play games, huh?" Phineas countered. "I saw a couple of Heidelberg bums play one after they were shot down in a Rumpler near Nancy. Haw-w-w-w! It's a good thing I come along wi' ye, Scotty—er—Captain!"

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"Games?" MacSniff shot out, crossing his bare, bony knees. "What ails ye, lad? I dinna ken what ye—"

"You dinner ken the Pinkhams ya mean," Phineas corrected him. "Well, I weel gay bye-bye, sir-r-r-r. Dinner forgit to look in your bed, Coptain, as maybe there's thistles in it. I woodner trust me, if I was ye! Haw-w-w-w!"

THEN quiet reigned at Dumbellton as one by one the bedroom lights were extinguished. But shortly thereafter the Scotch flyer was yelling bloody murder from his quarters at the end of the upper hall. Pinkham and the Limeys barged out of their own chambers and went to see what was up. Captain MacSniff, clad in an old-fashioned night shirt and armed with a heavy cane, was making passes at a villainous looking spider that was crawling across his bed. He only took enough time out to make a powerful pass at Phineas, but the Boonetown pilot's agility saved him from a fractured skull.

"It's not so!" Phineas yelled. "I didn't do it. I—I—I'll swear to it sittin' on the—roof of a Bible factory, Captain. Then the flyer from Bar-le-Duc belted the spider with a pillow, rendered it comatose, brushed it off the bed, and scrunched it under his foot.

"Him an' his blasted tricks," growled Lieutenant Spöfford. "A fellow cawn't even sleep when he's about. Strike me pink—!"

"I'll bust you black an' blue, ya Limey bum, if ya blame me," Phineas erupted indignantly. "I will not be blamed for everythin'." He felt goose bumps on his epidermis again and stooped to examine the remains of the spider.

Captain MacSniff swore and picked up blankets and sheets from his bed. "I weel sleep doonstairs, ye balmy gossoun," he growled, "an' I weel hae a pistol handy, Pinkham. If ye dare coom doon the steps in the night—"

"I'll jolly well be glad to fly out of here in the morning," Lieutenant Whiteley spouted. "It's a bloomin' bat's rookery with that blighter around."

Phineas said no more but went back to his room with the remnants of the spider on a piece of paper he had taken

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off a writing table in his host's bedroom. He carefully laid it on the bed stand and stared at it. A peculiar spot of color on it intrigued him and at the same time gave him a bad case of ague.

"A spider, huh?" he muttered. "Once a spider made history in Scotland. It was when Robert Bruce, the Scotty George Washington, was goin' to quit. Then he saw the spider crawling up the wall. It kep' slippin' back, but it always started all over ag'in, so the Scotty says to himself, 'If the spider can keep tryin' until it gets where it's goin', I can too.' An' a couple of days later he busted loose against the Limeys at Bannockburn an' knocked 'em for a row of pubs." Phineas stared at the hairy arthropod before him and said: "Maybe this one'll make history, too."

After that, the pilot from Boonetown was a man of thought for a long time. First he added two and two. Then he got to adding four and four and eight and eight. And he began to get a total that smelled like a rodent. Captain MacSniff was sure that he, Phineas Pinkham, had planted that spider in his crib.

So Phineas decided to let him think so. This intrigue was thickening and skull-duggery was running wild even if it made no sound. But Phineas Pinkham, plotter extraordinary, finally dropped off to sleep with a grim smile on his freckled physiognomy—and Kaiser Bill would have felt a little bilious if he could have seen it.

While the visiting Yank slept, the Heinie pigboat slipped out of the Firth of Solway. It glided along the surface for awhile, then gradually submerged until only the periscope showed about three feet above the surface. Down in its giblets, the Kraut *Kapitan* chuckled with glee at the success of his coup.

"Zo, *das job ist ge-finished!* Nefer *der* skipper of *der* vishin' smacker did I dream of beingk yedt, *nein*. Vun veek it should be *und der* beeffesseners gedt it *der vish und* Friday it should be I hobe, *ja*. Ho! Ho! Von Tirpitz he soon will be sayink to Otto von Sprudlesalz: '*Guten Morgen, mein Freund*. How *ist* idt by you, *mein hero!*'"

"*Ja*. Dot olden Queen of Englander vas Elizabeth', *ja?* Vell, nefer she should

have it *der* headt cut off mit by *der* Queen of *der* Scots. Like *der* elephantts yedt, *der Herrs mit der* skirdts nefer forgedt idt. *Hoch der Kaiser! Deutschland uber alles! Gott strafe everyvun budt der* Chermans!"

"Herman, it giffs *der Schnapps*, *ja?* I hobe vun bottle it shouldt be left. *Dose Dumkopfs* we had aboard, like *der* vishes dey drink, *nein?*"

The tin fish ploughed on through the North Channel and out into the Atlantic. It slipped unseen past Scotch fishing smacks on its return trip to its Homeland. *Kapitan* Otto von Sprudlesalz expected to hit the home port at Keil in time to hear that the British cordite factory in Gretna Green, Scotland, had gone up in the air like a Brooklyn pitcher at the end of the fourth inning. But Otto drank his *Schnapps* oblivious to the fact that the *verdammnt* *Leutenant* Pinkham was getting ready to toss a spanner wrench into the Wilhelmstrasse skullduggery machine.

DAWN ultimately broke over the land of Bobby Burns and chased the fog out to sea. Then Phineas Pinkham got his first good look at Scottish soil and the fishing skiffs out on the waters of the Firth. Captain MacSniff quickly saw to it that the Limey flyers were well fed with oatmeal, kippers, and scones before they went out to their crates and got the power plants turning over. Then he turned on Phineas and told the Yank that he had a good mind to ship him back to France.

"I s'pose I got down on my knees an' begged to come to this nickel nursin' country, huh?" Phineas countered. "I wish I'd let the Fokkers knock you loose from your kilties! Get me a railroad ticket and watch me cry like a dame. Haw-w-w-w! But I wouldn't be too hasty if I was you, Coptain, as I found out somethin' last nick an' it wasn't that the stork brought me."

Captain MacSniff had heard plenty anent the Pinkham accomplishments back on the Continent, and the Scot was no man to cut off his nose to spite his face. Quickly he appeased the indignant Spad pusher with a neat apology. "Noo, noo, lad, 'twas a wee mite hasty I was, aye an' I was. What harm could a wee spider do tae a MacSniff, whisht!"

"Ye hae nae idea," Phineas mocked him. "Whoosht! If that was a wee spider, the Eifel Tower is a knittin' needle. Well, there goes the Limeys. I hope a monsoon will come up toot sweet."

"They are braw fighters, Pinkham!" the Captain admonished him.

"Ye don't ken how braw," the Boonetown pilot retorted, quite unrepressed. Then he started toward the banks of the Firth, and Captain MacSniff followed, beginning to outline a plan of attack against a possible Boche menace as he swung into step with Phineas. "Tis a big gun on the deck of a Gairman submarine that could shell Gretna Green, Leftenant. Gothas hae niver been o'er Scotland since the Royal Air Foorce shot twa of them doon on their way tae bomb the shipyard on the Clyde. The Boche are afraid of the S.E.5's, lad. Aye, an' 'tis the subs I am sur-r-re that

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we'll have tae watch out for! Aye!"
 "The ayes hae it, Coptain, haw-w-w-w-w! Uh—er—there's a wagon comin' this way—an' it ain't cartin' rose petals. Pe-e-e-yew-w-ww!"

"Whisht, lad, an' 'tis ould MacDuffer an' his boy, Jock," the Scotchman said. "We'll hae fresh fish for dinner, Leftenant. Both o' those chappies are a wee bit balmy, but nae better fishermen live along the Fairth."

Phineas watched the large two-wheeled fish wagon trundle up. The old dobbin pulling the load was digging in and snorting like a bull elephant to make the grade up to Dumbellton Castle; and as the vehicle loaded with defunct denizens of the deep came nearer, the Yank gave it a good look-see with his optics.

"Why do the MacDuffers pad their fish cart with old bed quilts, Coptain?" he asked of MacSniff, and the Scotchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Noo what makes ye pry intae the mon's fish business, Pinkham?"

Before Phineas could reply, old MacDuffer called out: "A guid mornin' tae ye, Coptain. So ye're back frae the front, air ye? Aye, an' 'tis guid finnan haddie I hae wi' me here, mon."

Jock, son of Neil MacDuffer, emulated a clam whilst glaring at Lieutenant Pinkham as though the Yank had stolen his last "ha'p'ny." He was a wiry little scone-punisher with a turned-up nose, a small mouth, and eyes that reminded Phineas of the vacant windows of a haunted house back in Boonetown. Old MacDuffer's sideburns were somewhat out of control and had spread all over his face. A clay pipe jutted out so close to his face brush that Phineas wondered what prevented a fire. When he climbed down from his wagon, he turned his back to Major Garrity's emissary to Bonnie Scotland, and the Yank who never missed a thing eyed the black stains on the rear of MacDuffer's coat. Drawing close, Phineas was assailed by the stale odor of firewater, and he decided that the MacDuffers had recently been well boiled. In fact Jock still weaved uncertainly when he Immelmaned back the wagon to get the scales.

"Been haein' a wee drap or twa, eh?" Phineas gurgled to the ancient Gael. "Any left? I could use a drap—or a bottle."

Young Jock MacDuffer spat into the road and deigned no other reply as he busied himself with the business of digging up some finnan haddie. Old MacDuffer weighed it, took MacSniff's money, and climbed up onto the wagon seat again. He clucked to the ancient horse, slapped his clay pipe back into his mouth, and slapped the reins on the equine's back. The animal dug in its hoofs and strained in the harness as Jock jumped up to sit beside his parent.

"You'd think that nag was pullin' whales," Phineas observed. "It acts as if it's got two feet in slippery elm an' the other two skiddin' on the edge of a vat in a tallow factory. Rather funny, I'd say."

Jock MacDuffer's voice suddenly rose in song with a grating, nasal crescendo that spanged against the Pinkham

sound detectors with stunning volume. "Scots wha-a-a ha-a-a-e wi' Wal-l-l-lace ble-e-e-d—!"

"He sings it like he was mad at it," Major Rufus Garrity's Intelligence dabbler guffawed. "Captain, I hae ob-sairved—"

"Eh?" MacSniff cracked, mentally returned from counting his change.

"—that they're both crackpots—them MacDuffers," Phineas finished. "How far do they go with them fish, huh?"

"Dumfries, I'd be thinkin'," MacSniff replied. "I dinna ken tae be sure. Sometimes 'tis late at nicht 'fore they goo by the castle on their way hame. Whisht, lad, we hae more impoortant things tae do."

Hr-r-r-r-r-o-o-o-o-o!

At that sound, Phineas looked up. "Boys," he exclaimed with a grin as he saw a pair of Bristols nosing down out of the sky, "that's a sweet sound! Hoot mon, they're headin' this way!"

"Aye. 'Tis the ship I wa' promised, lad," MacSniff said, beaming with satisfaction.

THE two Bristols came in, rolled across the greensward near Dumbellton Castle, and came to a stop. Both pilots hopped out and came to meet MacSniff. They saluted smartly, then one of them said he hoped the Captain would find the two-seater in good shape. The next instant the two flyers were climbing into the Bristol that was going back.

"Won't ye lads stay an' hae a wee drap?" MacSniff urged them.

"Sorry, Captain, but we had orders to hurry back. Cheerio!"

"Cherries to voose!" Phineas called out and he watched the takeoff with interest. "It's a braw sky wagon," he said to Captain MacSniff when they had turned their attention to the Bristol that had been delivered. "I'm dyin' tae try it oot."

Captain MacSniff led his guest back to the Castle where he showed Phineas the gun room. "Laddie," he said, as they examined a couple of shotguns, "'tis nae Gairman sub that'll coome intae the Fairth i' the daytime. We'll hae groose for dinner. Aye, that we weel. Ye'll like bein' oot on the moors—"

"Ye don't ever drink wine out of a bowl, do ye?" Phineas asked.

MacSniff looked up, frowning. "Naw we doon't. Noo this gun—"

"The MacDuffers wouldna spend money enough to get boiled to the scalps, would they, Coptain?" Phineas persisted to the aggravation of his host. "Not unless the drinks were on the house, eh? An' nay grog shop in Scotland would gie drinks on the hoose, now would they, Coptain?"

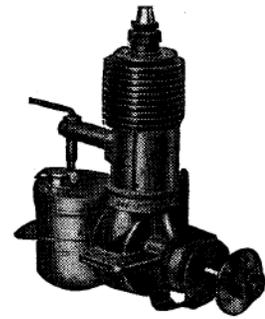
"Pinkham, ye must be balmy wi' your fule questions. Noo as for the groose, they're thickest o'er on the moor toward—"

"Ye wouldna expect tay smell garlic on an eskimo's breath, would ye, Coptain?"

"Naw! Leftenant, ye're becomin' violent, ye are. Stop it, mon, 'fore I loose me temper. Ye don't talk a wee bit o' sense. Noo to hit groose, ye hae tae be quick on the tr-r-r-rigger-r-r-r, an'—"



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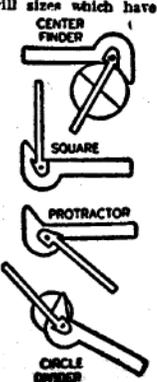
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"The MacDuffers are dumb clucks, huh? If they painted the word 'boat,' they would spell it b-o-t-e, wouldn't they, Captain? Huh, bote—bote—bote. Seems like I've heard somethin'—"

Captain MacSniff dropped his grouse exterminators and clapped his hands to his ears. "Ar-r-agh!" he ground out. "Tis a daft mon ye are, Pinkham, an' tae think I brought ye tae hunt Hoons—"

"I am intelligencin'," Phineas argued. "You've done nothin' since we got here but talk grooses, Captain. Awright, go an' shoot 'em—but I am attendin' tay my duty. A MacPinkham—"

NEVERTHELESS, Captain MacSniff did go grouse shooting, leaving his Yankee guest to his own devices. And an hour later, while out on the moors getting a bead on some feathered creatures, the Scot saw the Bristol fighter. It was hedge-hopping low over the moors, its power plant wide open. The Scotchman dropped his grouse Vickers and let out a crazy yell when the Bristol's undercarriage kissed tufts of heather and its wing tips clipped the blossoms off thistles at his very heels.

"Ye daft loon, ye! Gie oot of that Breestol! Who said ye cuid fly it, eh? I'll cloot ye on the lug if—"

But Phineas was blandly unconscious of the Captain's raging and kept circling until he found a place to set the Bristol down. MacSniff ran a mile and a half to where the two-seater squatted. He was out of breath when he got within hearing distance of Lieutenant Pinkham who was standing up in the front office.

"Captain," yelled Garrity's gone-but-not-forgotten case of cramps, "knock off the groosin', as we've got tay find that fish cart. It is for the Allies! I hay figured out a thing or twa-a-a. Get in!"

Captain MacSniff got in, strangling the urge to twist the Yank's neck. "All richt, lad," he gasped, "we'll gae tae find the feesh monger's cart. Ah weel, Major MacGarrity said ye wa' a sap—"

The Bristol was already roaring to life and it began to trundle across the moor with two occupants now instead of one. Pilot Pinkham lifted the ship to one thousand feet and then began hedge-hopping again. His Scotch passenger kept praying as the Bristol did everything but clear the land for tilling. But they didn't find the fish cart.

Finally, when the sun began to sink low in the western sky, Phineas swung over Dumfries and it was there that the ship began to cough asthmatically. "Ye're oot of petrol, lad," MacSniff yelped, leaning forward in the rear pit. "Head for hame, ye loon!"

Phineas pointed the nose of the two-seater toward the Firth of Solway and just managed to get it down to earth in the vicinity of Dumbellton Castle with about enough petrol left in the tank to soak a canary's tail. As soon as the Bristol stopped, Captain MacSniff rose up in the rear pit menacingly with the obvious intent to spring at Lieutenant Pinkham.

"It was that fish cart, Captain," the pilot howled. "It's carryin' bombs! It

got 'em off a pigboat. That's why the cart was padded. Ohh-h-h, what'll we do, Captain? That was a Schnapps breath them penny pinchers had, an' I know a Schnapps breath when I smell it. I ain't been a prisoner in a dozen Heinie hangouts for nothin'. They was in a tin fish las' night—them MacDuffers—because the old coot had b-o-t-e stamped on his back an' them letters are in the word 'verboten' which is Heinie for 'don't do it.' You see, Old MacDuffer musta leaned against a bulk-head in the pigboat an' the paintin' of that word wasn't quite dry.

"Don't stop me!" Phineas suddenly hollered when the Captain made a menacing gesture. "I got to talk fast, Cop-tain. Them Limeys wasn't Limeys las' night. They was Krauts in Limey bur-lap, as they were playin' a Kraut game when we got home. With a bowl an' two goblets. It is called Cottabos, Captain, an' the idea is tay toss wine from gob-lets into a bowl without spillin' none. They are goin' to bomb Gretna Green when they get the eggs out of the fish wagon. Ohh-h-h-h-h!"

Captain MacSniff was gaping at Phineas as if the Yank had suddenly become the village idiot.

"That was a black widow spider them Krauts put in your crib last night," Phineas howled. "What'll we do the noo, huh?"

"Lad," MacSniff blurted out, seeing through it all for the first time, "ye're a wizard, aye! 'Tis richt we keep the Breestol up in the sky all night, Leftenant. In the stable I hae some petrol. Make haste, lad, or the Hoons—"

The Yankee flyer and the Scotch high-tailer went on the double quick to the stable of Dumbellton Castle. The Captain ran in first with Phineas right behind and the door banged shut behind them.

"Guid evenin' to ye, laddies!" said a squeaky voice and they did a ground loop from shock. "Sit doon on the box o'er there an' see that ye make no move!"

Phineas turned—and there was Jock MacDuffer. The daft Gael was clutching a shotgun both barrels of which were trained on the trapped pilots. He was sitting on a small nail keg near the door of the stable.

"Jock!" roared MacSniff. "What would ye be meanin' by this?"

"Yeah," gulped Phineas, as he reached for the ceiling, "this ain't crickets. Why England is in danger, an'—"

Jock laughed and sang out: "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled—!" Eliz'beth cut off our Queen's head, aye. Scotland weel be free once mair. Hee! Hee! The Kaiser hae promised the MacDuffers to gie back what we won at Bannockburn, aye. Sit ye doon, Captain, or I'll blow your head off. Hee! Hee!"

"Nuttier than a peanut brittle factory, Captain," sighed Phineas as he sank down on an up-ended feed box. "Them Krauts musta landed again just a little way off. An' Jock's goin' to keep us here 'til they knock off the cordite mills with them S.E.5's loaded with bombs. I told ya, Captain. I'd hate to have tried to broil some of them fish

that the MacDuffers caught, aye." The Yank's resourceful brain cells were running double overtime as he spoke. He cautiously put a hand into his pocket—and withdrew it lightning fast when Jock seemed on the point of filling him with buckshot.

"A spider saved Scotland once, an' maybe it will save her ag'in," Phineas mumbled to himself. "Here's hopin'!"

"Hee! Hee!" Jock laughed sillily. "In about an hour, me lads, the Gairmans weel gae o'er tae Gretna Green an' drap the bombs doon. 'Tis tae bad tae shoot the braw MacPinkham an' Captain MacSniff. Ye're verra canny, Yankee, boot nae sae canny as the MacDuffers who fought tae make Scotland free."

PHINEAS' scalp lifted as he toyed with something in his hand. Captain MacSniff heard a sound like a watch being wound and he glanced quickly in the Yank's direction. The light in the stable was bad and was getting worse with every passing second.

Then Phineas leaned over like a man wallowing in the depths of despair and let something slip from his fingers. Next he slid his foot forward and pushed the thing slightly with his toe. He hoped that he had not spent two francs in vain. The box in which the mechanical spider had come had contained a guarantee, to wit:

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"Noo, Jock," MacSniff began, stalling for time, "ye canno believe the Hoons, lad. The Kaiser's agents are verra careless wi' the truth, tae be sure. Ye naw mind, Jock, how Captain MacSniff bought ye the new feeshin' boat, naw? Hark at me, lad—"

"Hee! Hee! Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled! I gae ye just five minutes more, ye braw lads," Jock gloated. "I weel then fire twa barries an' save Bonnie Scotland. Hee! Hee! Ye didna ken Jock wa' sae canny. I kenned why ye lads coom tae Dumbellton, aye! Noo 'tis about four minutes."

Phineas was staring at the floor. The mechanical spider was doing its stuff, crawling slowly—but straight for Jock MacDuffer's leg. "Remember Robert Bruce," the Yankee substitute in the Intelligence Department said inwardly. "Scotland depends on ye, ye braw speeder."

Three minutes to go. Then the mechanical spider hit Jock MacDuffer's boot head on. Its head lifted and it crawled up his boot laces, clawed past a dirty sock, then touched bare skin. At that moment Phineas Pinkham nudged Captain MacSniff.

"Yo-o-o-o-o-o-ow!" Jock MacDuffer ululated—and he frantically hopped off the nail keg. Phineas was across the floor before the soft-brained Scot could lift the shotgun. A Pinkham meat hook delivered a lusty wallop right on young MacDuffer's prop boss. Jock gurgled an "Ugh" and toppled over on his pan like a pre-Farr Limey heavyweight.

"Let's go!" yipped Phineas after Jock had been locked in a feed bin. "To horse, Captain, as a spider has saved Scotland once mair. Where's the gas—the

petrol—the pep juice? Veet, ol' bean! The Krauts are going' to bomb them cordite mills at sundown, so we can't stop tae pluck heather!"

SKULLDUGGERY was almost in full swing. In the crawling shadows of the Cheviot Hills two pseudo Limeys were hitching bombs under the tummies of S.E.5's.

"Ach, Fritz," grunted one pilot, "der Englander Dumkopsf will be zurbrized, nein? Ooop goes der cordite! Den der sunn will be off der eastern coast, und when dark ist ve svim outd by idt und all ist gute, ja?"

"Ah, Munich ve see vunce more, Rudy, und idt givs gladness, ja. Drei year at Oxford ve vas und der Englanders teach us how ve shouldt fly idt der airshibs. Ho! Ho! Der joke das ist. Mit stitches I am laughink yedt."

OVER at Gretna Green sprawled the cordite manufacturing layout which was several miles long and about half a mile across. Some twenty-four thousand loyal subjects of the King labored there, and this explosive-making set-up was worth nine million pounds to the Limey brain trust at Downing Street.

Threatening this investment were eight Krupp eggs loaded with T.N.T., and only Phineas Pinkham and Captain MacSniff stood between the precious cordite and Heinie venom.

With the sun yawning more prodigiously with each passing minute, the skies over Gretna Green began to grow cocoa color. Smoke from the huge factory chimneys contributed to the fade-out. The stage was set for the Kraut shellackers!

Feverishly the Yank and the Scot got their Bristol into shape for the ozone. They dumped ten gallons of petrol into the tank and hoped it would be sufficient to get them over and back again.

"Lad, ye're a miracle mon no mistake!" MacSniff congratulated the stand-in officer of Intelligence. "Whisht, an' here I wa' thinkin' o' groose an' ye hae figur-r-red it all out in your head, Phinyas. The guns here are all richt, lad, we hae the petrol tae gang tae Gretna—Aye, an' 'tis history will be repeatin' itself. A speeder weel save Bonnie Scotland!"

"If ye don't stop gabbin', it won't," Phineas yipped and hopped to the prop. "Contact, Captain! 'Tis the hoor when the Hoons should strike, aye!"

The Bristol prop whirled, sucked spark. Petrol exploded and the Rolls-Royce power plant really went to town.

Meanwhile, the S.E.5's took the air over the Cheviot Hills and droned toward Gretna. Three other S.E.5's—a flight coming home to the drome at Carlisle after a jaunt over Scottish real estate—passed them and the pilots waved a greeting. The fake Limeys waved back, laughed up their sleeves, and kept on toward the ozone over the cordite mills.

And they didn't have far to go. But two miles from the layout they spotted the Bristol fighter and started jettisoning some round Teuton oaths.

"Gott! Einen fight ve vill haff to gedt outd from after yedt der bombs ist ge-

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1/16x1/4 15 for 5c	.005 in. 6x6 5c	TAIL LIGHTS
1/16x1/2 5 for 5c	.010 in. 6x6 6c	12" 10c; 15" 15c
3/32x3/32 30, 5c	.015 6 x 6 8c	CELLULOID
1/8x1/8 80 for 5c	1/32 6 x 6 15c	8x2 1/2 10c; 10x2 1/2 15c
1/4x1/4 10 for 5c	CLEAR DOPE	PROP. SHAFTS.
3/16x3/16 8, 5c	OR THINNER	REAR HOOKS
1/2x1/2 6 for 5c	5c per oz.; Large	doz.8c
3/4x3/4 3 for 5c	bottle, 8c; 1/2	CAMEL'S HAIR
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	30c: 1 pt. 45c	BRUSHES
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	COLORLED DOPE	Small 5c; 1 1/2 5c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	6c per oz.; Large	Extra large 5c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	bottle 10c; 1/2 pt.	NOSE PLUGS
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	35c: 1 pt. 60c	1/2" 12 for 8c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	CLEAR CEMENT	DUMMY RAD.
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	5c per oz.; large	ENGINE (Cellu.)
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	bottle, 8c; 1/2 pt.	1 1/2" dia.15c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	35c: 1 pt. 55c	2" dia.20c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	PROPELLERS	3" dia.25c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	Balsa Paul-O.	ENGINE AND
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	Mach. Cut	COWL (Cellu.)
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	5" 10c	1 1/2" dia.15c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	6" 15c	2" dia.20c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	7" 20c	3" dia.25c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	8" 25c	CELLULOID
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	9" 30c	PANTS, per pair
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	10" 35c	1/2" to 1 1/2" .18c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	12" 45c	ALUM. TUBING
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	14" 55c	1/16, 3/32, 1/4, 7/8
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	15" 60c	1/8, 1/4, 1/2, 10c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	INSIGNIA	MODEL PINS
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1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	3/16x82 for 5c	THRUST
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x122 for 5c	BEARINGS, dz.
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	WIRE	8m. 10c; 12c. 15c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	6-8-10-12-14	SANDPAPER
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	2-3 ft. 1c	Dos. sheets.5c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	WOOD VENEER	MODEL STANDS
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	PAPER	Sm. 15c; lg. 25c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	20x30	METAL PROPS
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	RUBBER	3 blades 3 blades
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1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/16 sq. 15 ft. 5c	2 1/2"15
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1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2 flat15 ft. 5c	4 1/2"25
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2 flat15 ft. 5c	ALUM.
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	3/16 flat15 ft. 5c	COWLINGS
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	BROWN RUB.	1 1/2" 15c 2" 18c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2 flat 12 ft. 5c	Specify whether
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	Skein75c	anti-drag or
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	RUBBER	closed
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	Lubricant	BOMBS
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	Large bottle 10c	1/2"1 1/2
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	PROP BLOCKS	3"1 1/2
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 5 6-5c	GUNS WITH
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 6 6-5c	RING MOUNT
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 7 4-5c	1 1/2" 10c 1 1/2" 10c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 8 4-5c	BAMBOO
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 10 3c	1/16 sq. 12, 36, 5c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 12 3c	1/16x1/4x15, dz. 10c
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 12 4c	
1/2x1/2 3 for 5c	1/2x 1/2 15 7c	
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dropped! *Himmel*, already yed't they shoot. Somet'ing ist rotten, ja. Das Pingham I bed't you—*Donnervetter!*"

CAPTAIN MACSNIFF was now proving that he could do more with a Bristol than Hans Brinker ever did with a pair of skates. And Phineas Pinkham, behind a Lewis gun, was no astigmatism patient. He crocked one of the S.E.5's with his first salvo, and the frightened Kraut unloaded his eggs lest they burst under his panties. They tore up Scotch terra firma a mile short of Gretna Green, and Phineas howled his glee as he kept pouring lead out of the Lewis tubes.

"Take that—an' that, ya Heinie bums!" he cut loose with each burst. "There goes one who will never see a frawline ag'in. Attababy, Captain! Clot 'em on the lug! Clot 'em dizzy. Noo fer the other von, ay-y-y-e! Take thot an' thot—!"

BLO-O-O-O-EY! CAZO-O-O-O-OM! BA-ANG!

An S.E.5, with bombs kissed by Vickers lead, flew into a million parts—and the skies over Gretna were now clear of Huns!

Down on the ground, thousands of workers swarmed around like ants, all wondering why a Bristol was knocking off Limey crates. Somebody howled: "Boche! In that bloomin' two-seater. They're goin' to bomb us. Run, mates!"

An anti-aircraft battery began to shellack the Bristol. Pieces of spent iron showered Phineas, and one conked Captain MacSniff on the pate. He went out like a candle light overtaken by a tornado and the Bristol, with one wing tip gnawed to ribbons, began to throw fits.

The Boonetown pilot quickly took a stick off the side of his office and inserted it in the socket in the floor. He brought the Limey bus out of its convulsion, fought it to a fare-thee-well, and managed to set it down on the Gaelic linoleum not more than five hundred feet from the edge of the steep bank of the Firth. It ground-looped like a pooch chasing its own tail, then did a handspring and collapsed into a heap of wreckage in a Scotch peasant's pig sty.

Captain MacSniff was being sniffed at by a porker when he got his eyes uncrossed, and Phineas was sitting in a pig trough counting stars that kept blinking in front of his prop boss. A carload of Limey doughs found them there. They put the two airmen under arrest—and it took Phineas and Captain MacSniff two hours to prove that they should not be shot at sunrise.

THEN the report of how Pinkham had Bobby Bruiced the bad Boche bruisers spread throughout England, hopped the Channel, and skipped across France to Bar-le-Duc. In the Frog farmhouse that was headquarters of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, Major Rufus Garrity got the account of the Boonetown miracle man's exploit. He came out to the mess hall and asked for silence.

Bump Gillis choked out: "I know,

don't tell me. Pinkham's dead. I had a dream las' night. A big spider jumped me, an'—"

"Gentlemen," Garrity said, shaking his head from side to side: "Listen to this and fight off a stroke. They're going to give Captain MacSniff and Lieutenant Pinkham the V. C. The King is waiting for 'em now at Buckingham Palace. They knocked off two Heinies who have been kidding the R.F.C. for three years. They captured a couple of balmy Scots who thought they were going to free Scotland from Limey rule. They saved the big cordite plant at Gretna Green. They—"

"Stop!" Captain Howell groaned. "You'd save time tellin' what they *didn't* do. That fathead—"

A letter came from the Savoy in London two days later. It was addressed to Major Garrity and the pilots of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, and it said: "Hello, ye braw laddies! I willna be hame fay two weeks, aye. Hope 'thistle' find the old mon's liver hae not 'kilt' him the noo. Haw-w-w-w!"

It was signed:
Lt. Phineas (Robert Bruce) MacPinkham, V. C., B.P.O.E., A.W.O.L., and B.V.D. (Biggest Vons Downed!)

Answers

TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

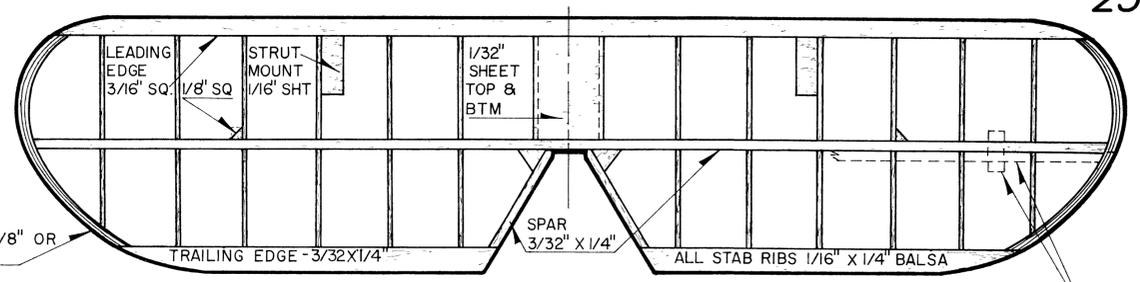
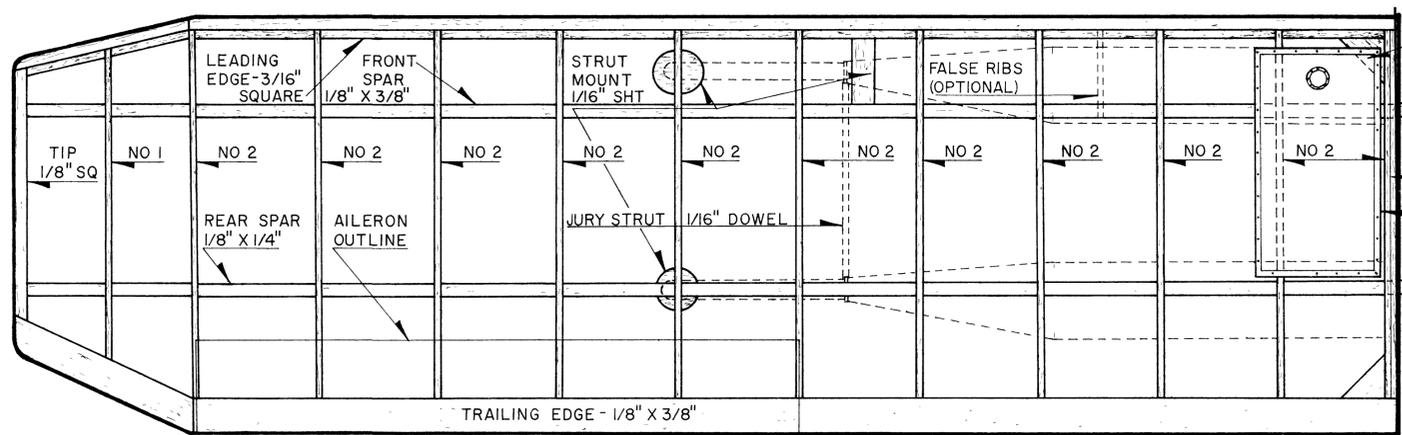
- 1—Lieutenant Wehner was Frank Luke's squadron buddy. He is reported to have played "tail-man" to the Balloon Buster.
- 2—The German Messerschmitt Bf-109 uses the Daimler-Benz DB600 engine.
- 3—The Germans used a number of Oberursal rotaries. They were copies of the Le Rhone.
- 4—The Hall XPTBH-2 is the new torpedo-carrier designed for the Navy.
- 5—The new Consolidated flying boat will accommodate 54 passengers.
- 6—Pan American and Imperial Airways use the Patapsco Airport near Baltimore during the winter months.
- 7—The Vultee attack-bomber V-11GB is built primarily for export trade.
- 8—Hughes plans a fight around the world in his new Sikorsky S-43 late this Spring.
- 9—Yes, the Short-Mayo "composite" has been flown, and the upper component has been successfully launched from the lower.
- 10—When plane designers say "center of gravity" they really mean "center of mass" which is the point in an aircraft at which the greatest portion of the weight lies.

GIVE ME 7 DAYS TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU A NEW MAN—



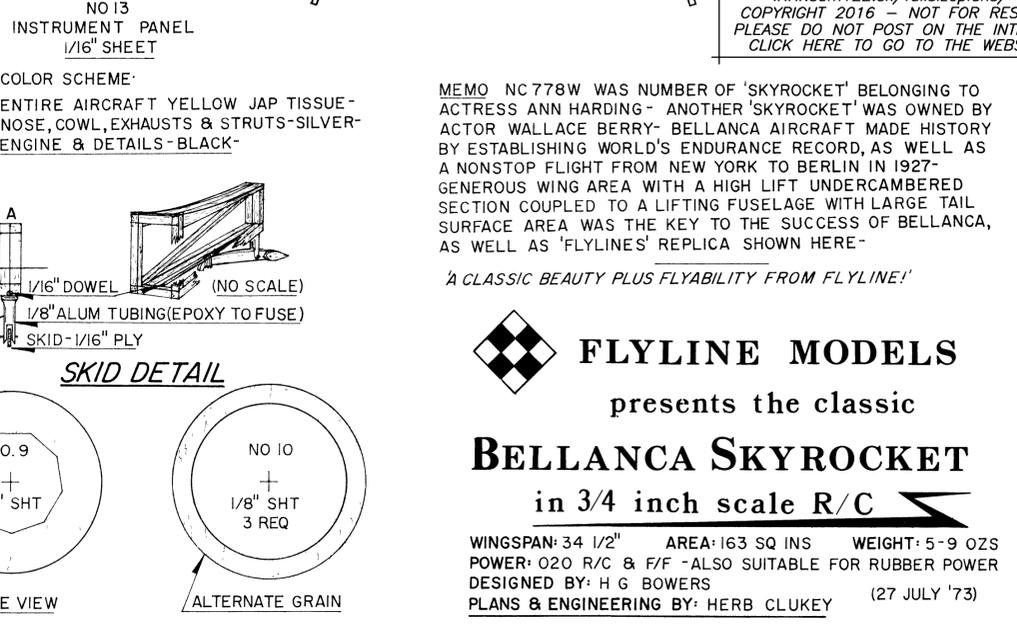
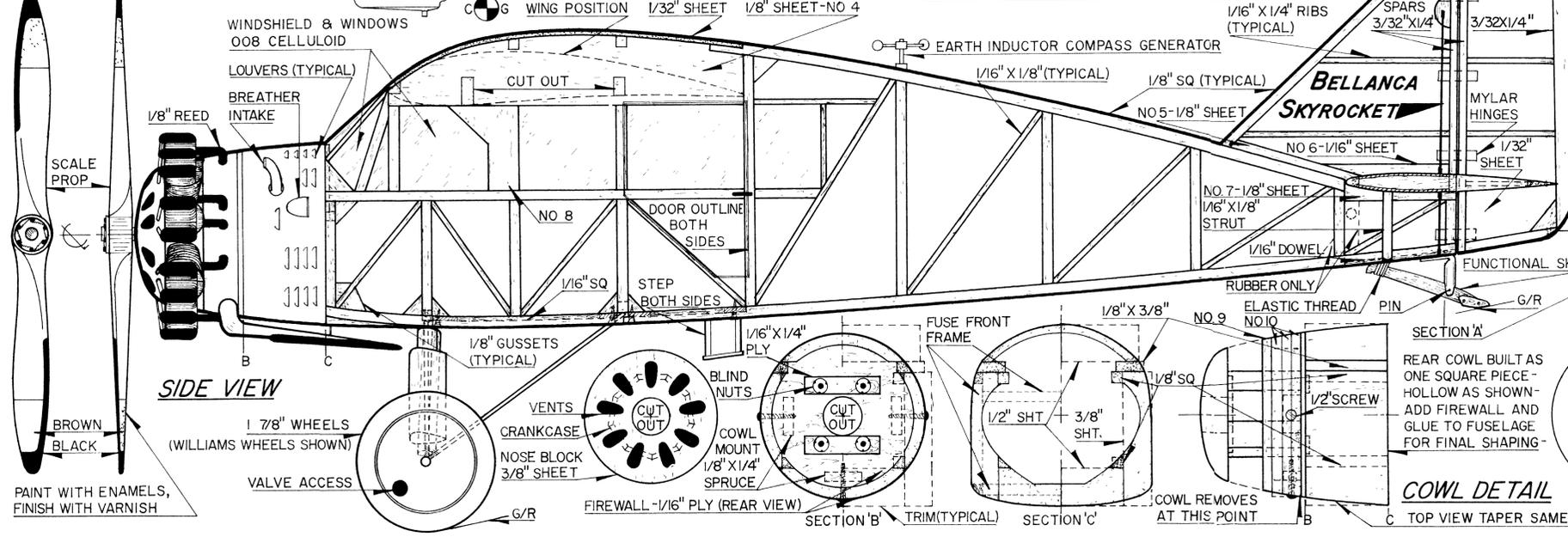
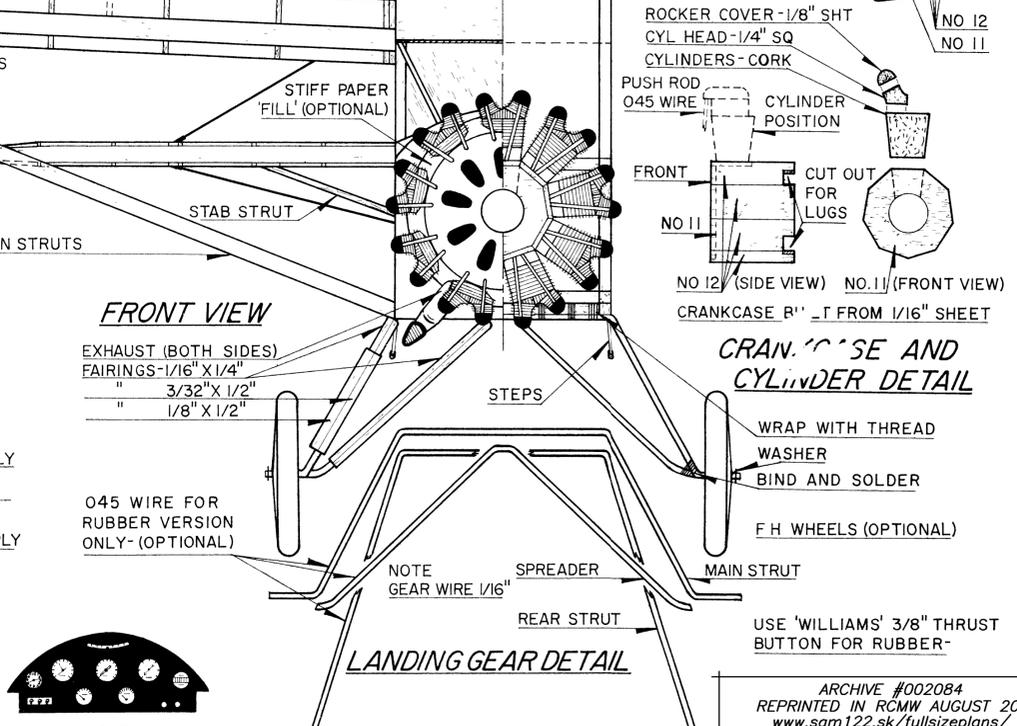
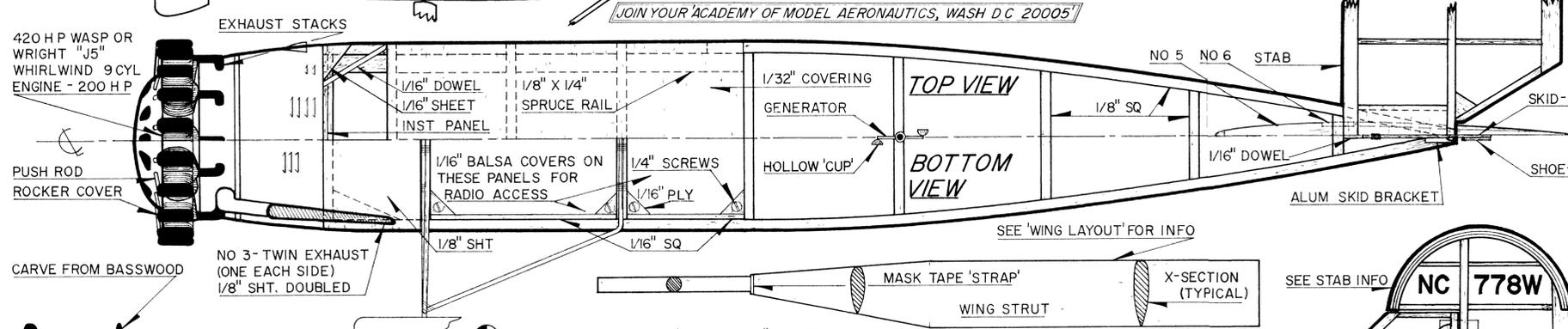
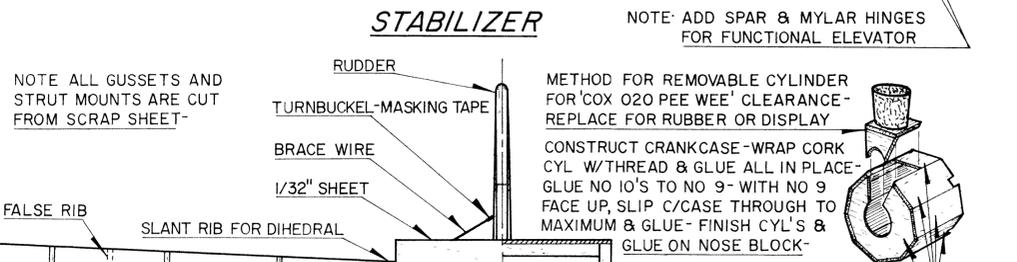
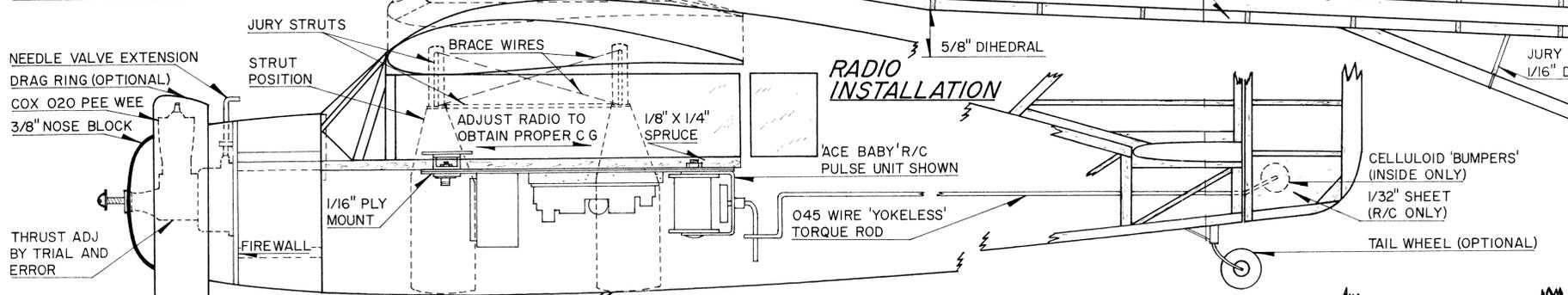
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NOTE REVERSE (TURN OVER) PLAN FOR RIGHT PANEL



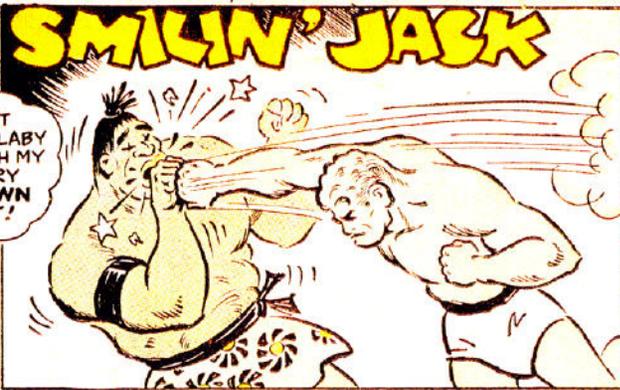
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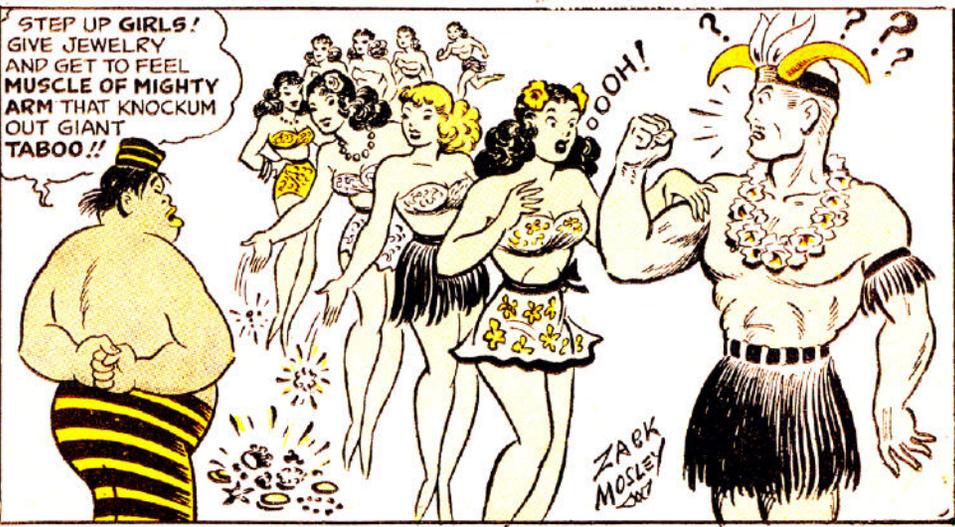
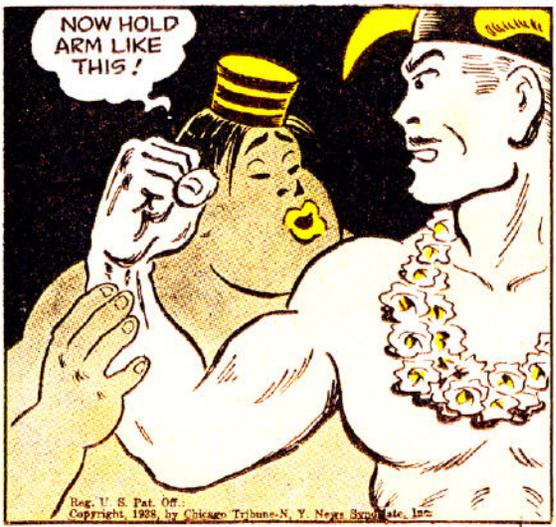
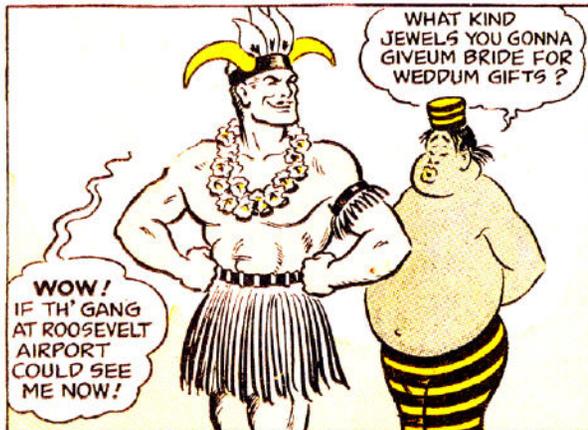
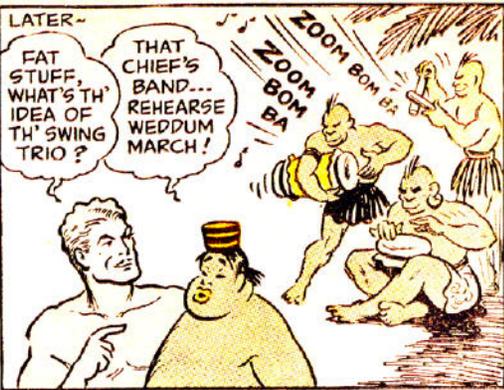
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SEEING JACK KNOCKED DOWN, THE FANS, WANTING A LONGER BATTLE, REVIVED HIM AND THE FIGHT CONTINUED-- BUT JACK WAS UNABLE TO GET PAST TABOO'S GUARD--

IF I CAN'T HIT HIS "LULLABY BUTTON" WITH MY FIST I'LL TRY DRIVING HIS OWN FIST INTO IT!



THIS BLOW ENDED THE FIGHT SO THE CHIEF ORDERED A SQUAD OF NATIVES TO CARRY THE GROGGY, DEFEATED, TABOO TO THE VOLCANO SPIRITS -- BUT ON THE WAY, THE CARRIERS BECAME SO EXHAUSTED FROM LUGGING THE MONSTROUS TABOO THAT THEY DECIDED--



In this undated Sunday strip from 1938, Jack meets up with "Fat Stuff" who you may remember later As the one whose buttons pop off his shirt to be eaten by a chicken - Must have been an ink shortage

Back Issues of Model Airplane Magazines

If you're like me, you enjoy paging through model airplane magazines and plans, sometimes to find a project to build, to research a particular aircraft, or to just spend some pleasant time away from the daily grind.

If you like to build models, the magazines of today don't offer much since they are primarily expensive catalogs of ready- to-fly models. There's nothing wrong with RTF or ARF models but they don't offer much to interest model BUILDERS.

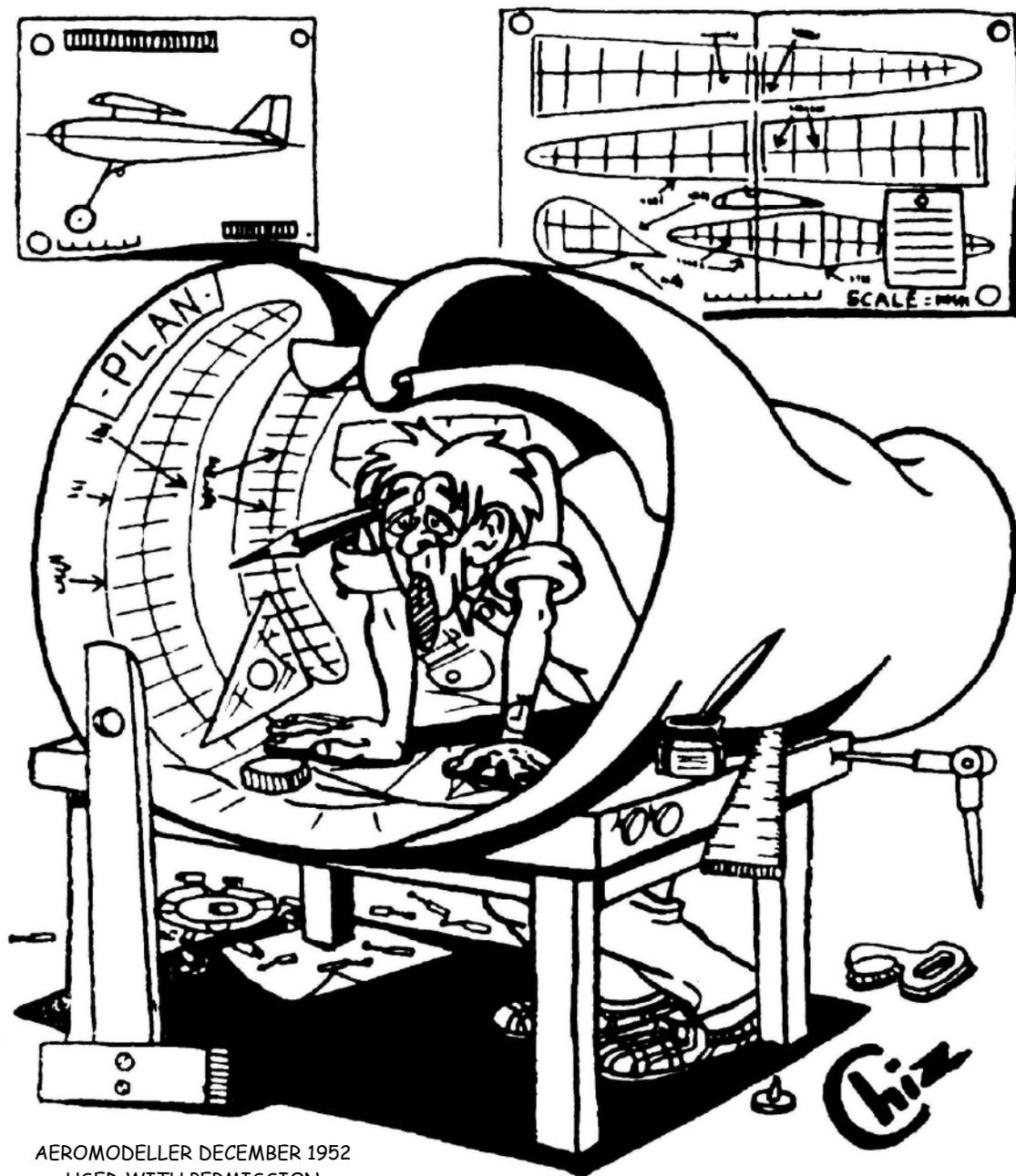
That's NOT the way it was in the past, when you had to build a model before you could fly it. If you're an old-timer, as I am, you have fond memories of Air Trails, Flying Models, Model Airplane News, Aeromodeller and many of the several other magazines available "way back when".

If you're a relative newcomer to modeling and want to learn how to build them, those old magazines can provide a wealth of useful information, plans and how-to-do-it articles.

There are several problems with those old magazines. They are sometimes hard to find, often in bad condition, and in many cases they are so fragile that they can fall apart just by turning the pages. This is because they were often printed on pulp paper, also known as newsprint. Newsprint is inexpensive, but has residual chemicals that cause it to deteriorate when exposed to the air and particularly to sunlight. Your wife or "significant other" might also ask "When are you going to get rid of all those smelly old magazines?"

I admit to being a bit of a "nut case" but have been collecting these magazine for over 50 years and now I am trying to digitize them to preserve them for other modelers. They are now available as digital PDF files. See the details on the next page.

Keep 'em Flying - Roland Friestad



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AEROMODELLER, the premier British model airplane magazine is being digitized. **Ready now are all 240 issues from 1950 and 1960** including the full size plans that were sometimes included in each issue. On the left is a reproduction of the November 1935 cover of Vol 1, No 1. All of the earlier issues will also be available later in 2016

Catalog # D001033 - \$75 - Postage Paid

AIR TRAILS - This magazine went under several names. The final issue was published in March of 1975. There are 435 monthly issues included in the complete set and priced as follows ---

D001010 - January 1937 through December 1943 - 84 issues - \$50

D001011 - January 1944 through December 1950 - 84 issues - \$50

D001012 - January 1951 through December 1961 - 132 issues - \$50

D001013 - January 1962 through December 1971 - 96 issues - \$50

D001014 - January 1972 through March 1975 - 39 issues - \$25

AIR TRAILS ANNUALS -

D001009 - 1938 through 1969 - All 25 issues - \$30

D001015 - SPECIAL - Complete set including the annuals - \$200

MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS - The first issue of this magazine was published in July of 1929 and it is still being published. We have the following collections currently available ---

D001002 - July 1929 through December 1942 - 161 issues - \$50

D001004 - January 1943 through December 1952 - 120 issues - \$50

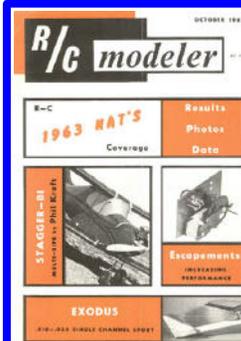
MODEL BUILDER - This magazine ran from the first issue of September~October 1971 through the final issue dated October, 1996 -

D001001 - The complete run - 295 issues - \$75

FLYING MODELS - The first issue of this magazine to use the name was published in June of 1947 and it is no longer published. We have the following collection currently available ---

D000013 - June 1947 through December 1963 - 123 issues - \$50

RC MICRO FLIGHT & RC MICRO WORLD - The complete run of RC Micro Flight, 1999 through 2004 and all issues of RC Micro World, 2005 through 2012 are available - D001016 - \$30



RC MODELER - Now available is the digital collection of the early issues of this magazine. The collection includes all issues from Vol 1, No 1 (October 1963) through December 1972. 109 issues all on a single USB Flash Drive.

D001017 - \$50 - Postage paid

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Prices Effective April 1, 2016 - Subject to change without notice

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