



RCMW

January 2017

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Development of the Aeroplane - Part 3

Phineas Pinkham & World History

Download a Model Airplane News issue

Cover Art From February 1948 Model Airplane News

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ON THE COVER

The artwork on the cover of this issue comes from the June 1950 Model Airplane News.

It's a painting by Jo Kotula, well known artist whose work appeared on MAN covers for many years.

A very nice painting of a Piper Pacer.

I've flown one but would be a bit hesitant to climb out at that angle at such low altitude

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Roland Friestad
1640 N Kellogg Street
Galesburg, IL 61401
USA

For the Model Bulder and Flyer - January 2017 Issue



Full
Size
Plans



I'm sure a lot of our subscribers remember the Goldberg FALCON 56 Radio Controlled model of the 1960's as it enjoyed tremendous popularity. It was the RC equivalent of the Sterling U-Controlled RINGMASTER. And like the RINGMASTER it had a lot of variations.

The original FALCON 56 was largely powered by engines of .29 to .35 displacements. There was also a JR. FALCON which was 1/2A powered and a SENIOR FALCON which typically used a .45 or larger engine.

This issue contains our regular contributing editor, Bob Aberle's FALCON 400, which is basically a FALCON 56 proportionally reduced in size to a wing area of 400 square inches from the original 558 square inches. And of course it's electric powered using a motor of 230 watts. Two pages of full size plans are included.

In this also is the third installment of Douglas Rolfe's DEVELOPMENT OF THE AEROPLANS series which he calls "The Dawn of Flight" It starts in 1903 with the Wright's machine and goes to about 1913, just before the start of WWI. Another great poster to be framed for your "Man Cave"

The MISS AMERICA free flight model of the 1930's was very popular and like the FALCON and RINGMASTER was the inspiration for several designs based more or less on the original. William Winter designed this MISS AMERICA that was also a Scientific kit in the 1960's and appeared as an RC version powered by a 1/2A engine.

Every so often it seems to be about time for another of Phineas Pinkham's adventures as they originally appeared in Flying Aces magazine. This one appeared in the January 1940 issue and reveals little known historical "facts" about how one of lieutenant Pinkham's WWI schemes had serious effects that carried over to the 1940's and WWII.

This months magazine download is the February 1948 issue of Model Airplane News and contains several different models to build and also several different scale 3-Views. Couple that with some interesting historical notes and building hints and methods and you will want this one for your collection.

This must be our month for Classic model designs. Becuse we also have the plan and templates for the old standby 54 inch wingspan Comet model of the TAYLORCRAFT. Designed for rubber power I'll bet it would make a great electric powered Free Flight or maybe even would work well using the ubiquitous micro RC systems now available. Just keep it light.

And finally take a look at our digital back issue magazine collections. The newest is Aeromodeller from Vol 1, No1 of November 1935 through December 1942. See page 33. On page 34 and 35 is a list of the other digital collections currently available - Prices include worldwide shipping at no extra cost.

Keep 'em Flying,
Roland Friestad, Editor

FALCON 400

by Bob Aberle

Carl Goldberg's "FALCON-56 MK II." A vintage RC model from 1967, scaled down to 400 square inches area and now electric powered)

BACKGROUND

You may have heard me say many times that I started in the model aircraft hobby in 1951 at the age of 13. I went into military service in the late fifties. During that service I upgraded my amateur radio service license from technician to general class and pursued the amateur radio hobby for the next few years.

In the early sixties I got married and started a family. Model aircraft took a back seat in that time frame. But around 1967 I visited a local flying field and witnessed several flights with the then new proportional control RC systems.

I couldn't afford a Kraft system back then, but decided that the new Heathkit RC system was something I could handle. I'm sure many remember that blue box transmitter.

The popular plane in that 1967/1968 period was the Carl Goldberg designed, FALCON-56. That's how I came back into the model aircraft hobby after about a ten year absence. In the following photo, I'm holding my FALCON-56 which was powered by an Enya .35 glow engine. The date on this photo was September 1968.



I mastered three channel control of the rudder, elevator and throttle, but wanted more. So I scratch built a new wing for my FALCON that was essentially flat with dihedral and added strip ailerons as a fourth channel function. This is what my modified FALCON-56 looked like back in 1968.



ABOUT THE REDUCED SIZE FALCON-400

Recently I received a reader e-mail suggesting that I re-visit the FALCON-56 at a reduced size. Normally that would mean a plane

with about 200 to 250 square inches of wing area. But RCMW Editor, Roland Friestad suggested that I compromise between the 200 square inches and the original FALCON-56 which had 558 square inches. Arbitrarily we chose the figure of 400 square inches wing area. The span for that area is 48 inches. Final weight came out to 43 ounces. A motor with a power input of 230 watts was selected.

Although there is no question that the model is a FALCON, I did make many subtle changes in the plan form and the structure. I will describe these changes as we proceed through this article. This is what the final FALCON-400 looks like.





Here I am holding the new FALCON-400 to give you a feeling for the size. Clearly this is not a “micro” size model. But it proved an excellent stepping stone to a model size that is just a little larger than a park flyer model.

CONSTRUCTION NOTES

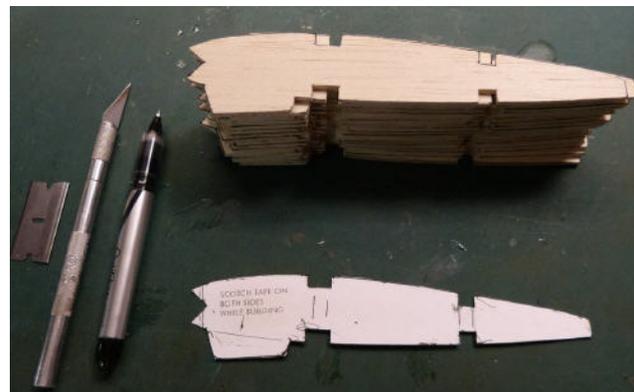
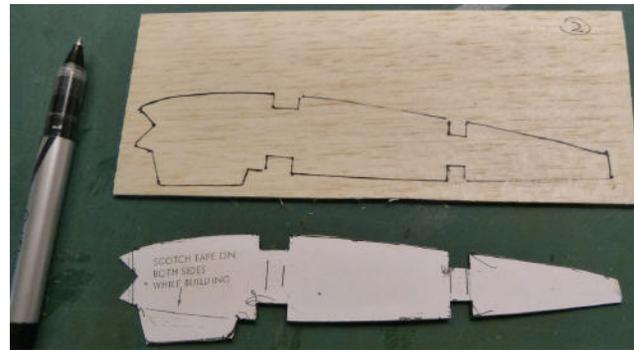
Lets start with the wing. 27 ribs must be cut from 3/32 inch medium balsa. That's a lot of ribs. I'm hoping that Brian Malin or Bob Holman will make a short kit of this plane available with laser cut parts. I'll keep you posted on that.

The wing airfoil is semi-symmetrical. In other words it has a rounded top and bottom. As such the wing can't lay flat on your building board. To make life easier, Goldberg added a lower tab that lets the wing rest with the trailing edge pinned to a flat surface. After assembly, that tab is cut off.

The original FALCON-56 had two spars that passed through the center of each rib. That's the way they did it back in the sixties. Cutting two holes in every rib is a real chore. It still leaves a wing that is not really that strong.

What I did was substitute top and bottom spars making a total of four spars. The forward two are made from 3/16 X 3/8 basswood, while the rear two are made from 3/16 /x 1/4 basswood.

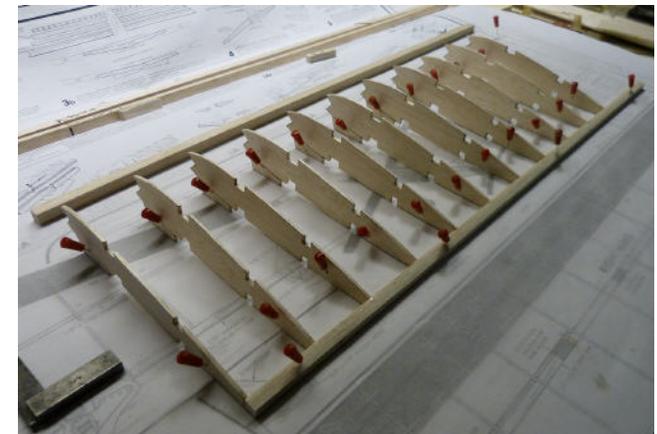
Do not use balsa for these spars. You can find a good supply of basswood at major craft stores like Michael's and A.C. Moore. The center five ribs will require a slot for clearance of the two 1/32 inch ply wing braces. Don't forget that point.

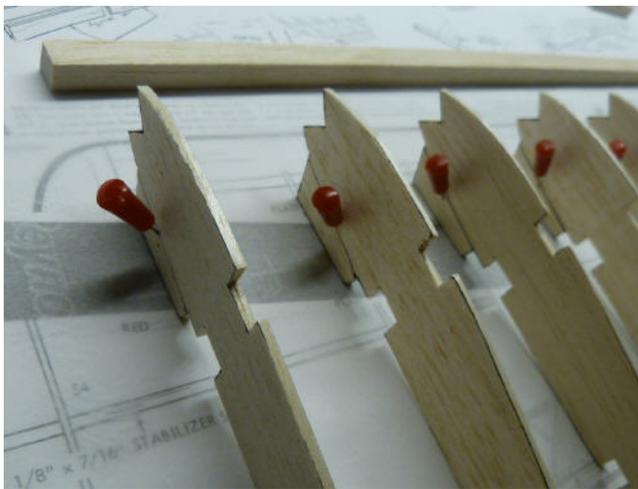


The trailing edge is made from 5/16 inch square hard balsa. You will have to taper the 5/16 down to 3/16, on the back edge so that you have a smooth transition into the ailerons. The leading edge is 3/8 square hard balsa. I purchased all of my balsa and plywood from Balsa USA

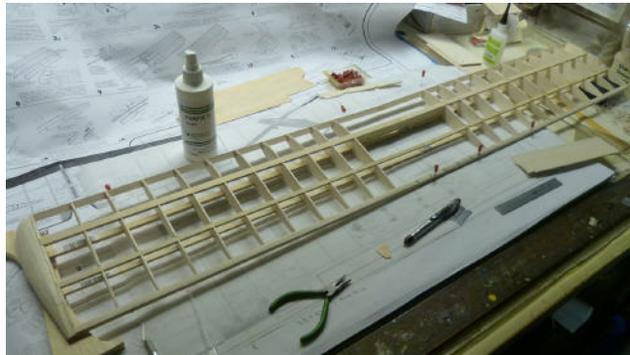
http://shop.balsausa.com/category_s/48.htm

The next few photos show the wing at various stages of construction.



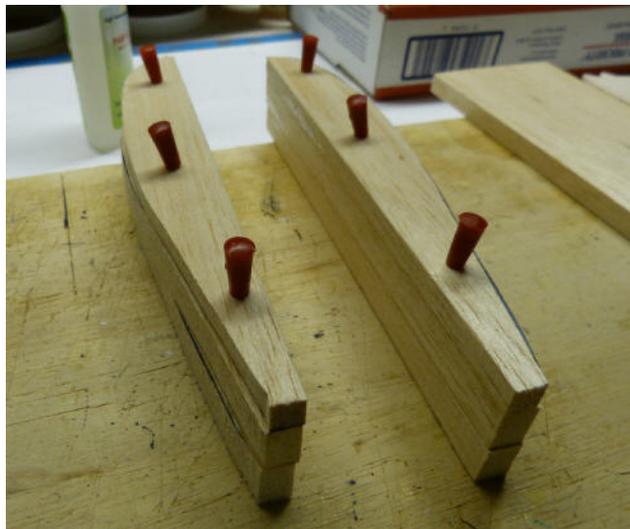


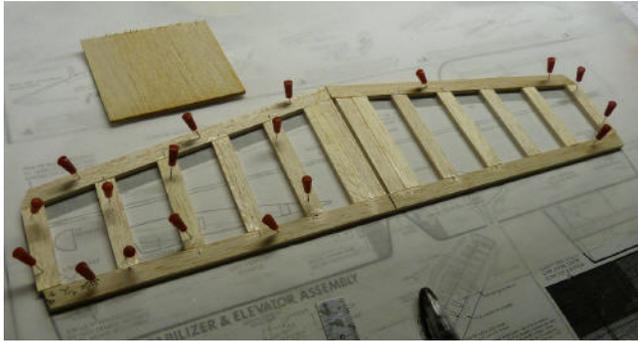
The wing panels are joined with two 1/32 plywood braces. Remember, the wing has practically no dihedral. Ailerons are made from 3/16 /x 3/4 inch trailing edge stock.



Here is another view of the joined wing panels.

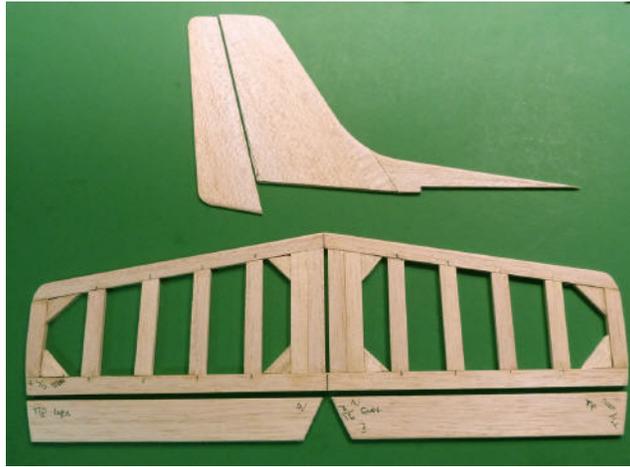
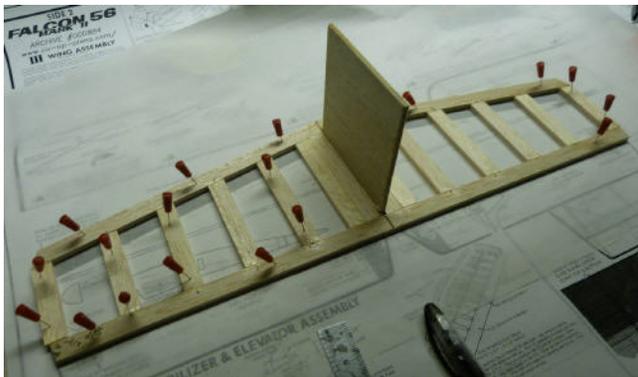
Two aileron servos are employed. They are connected to a “Y” harness which, in turn, plugs into the aileron port on your receiver. Hardwood bearers are used and the servos are attached with the screws provided by the servo manufacturer.



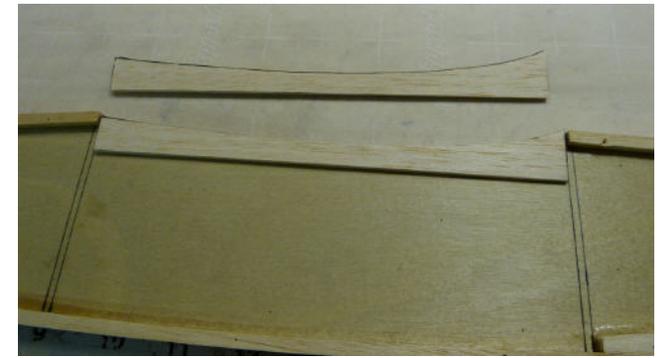
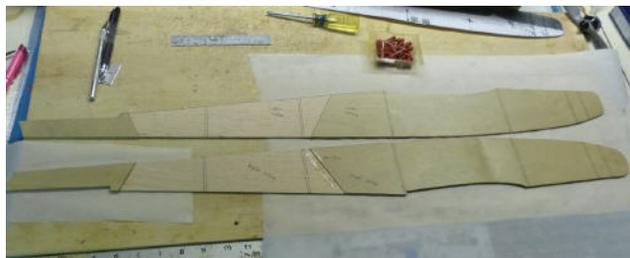
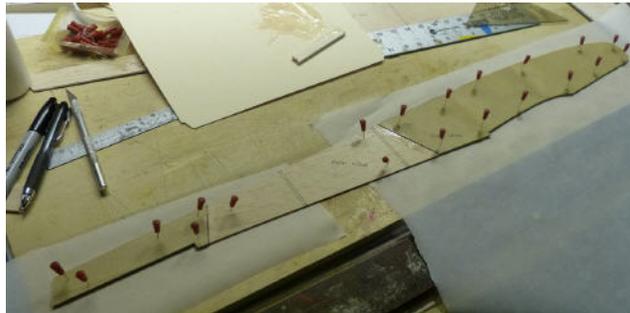


Now we can move on to the stab, elevators, vertical fin and rudder. The original Falcon-56 stab had a symmetrical airfoil. This would have required more removable tabs. I decided to make the stab flat. It is made of 3/16" x 1/2" sticks and 3/16" sheet for the center and tips. Select a medium grade balsa.

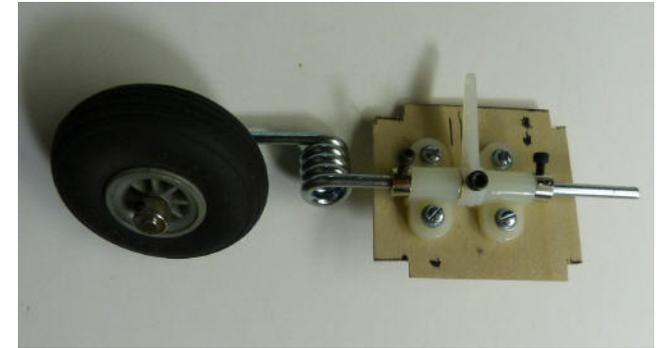
Use a piece of scrap balsa to set the center slot spacing so that the vertical fin slips right into that slot. The fin and rudder are constructed from 1/8 medium to hard balsa.



Now we finally get to the fuselage. The sides are made from 3/32" x 4" x 36" medium balsa. I made up fore and aft 1/32" plywood doublers for added strength. Use 5 minute epoxy to adhere this plywood because CA would cure much too fast. Stringers, cross pieces and an added doubler under the wing, are all made from 3/32" balsa.



The nose gear is a DuBro Shock Absorbing Steerable Assembly, No. 153. It comes with a steering arm. Normally you would have to make the right angle bend in the axle, but thanks to DuBro, they offer an EZ Adjust Axle (No. 615) which makes life easy.

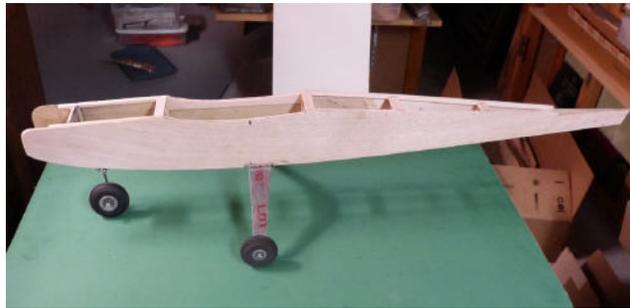
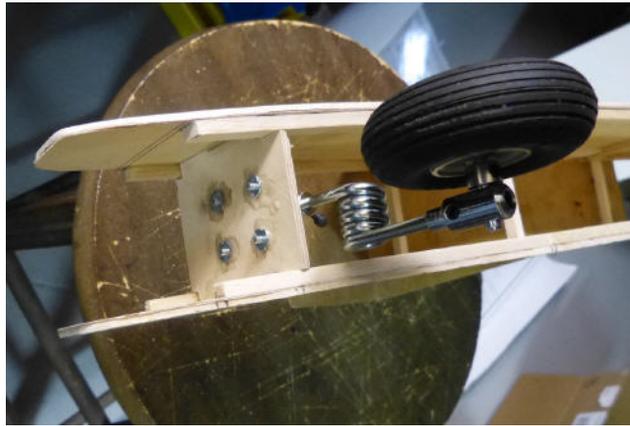
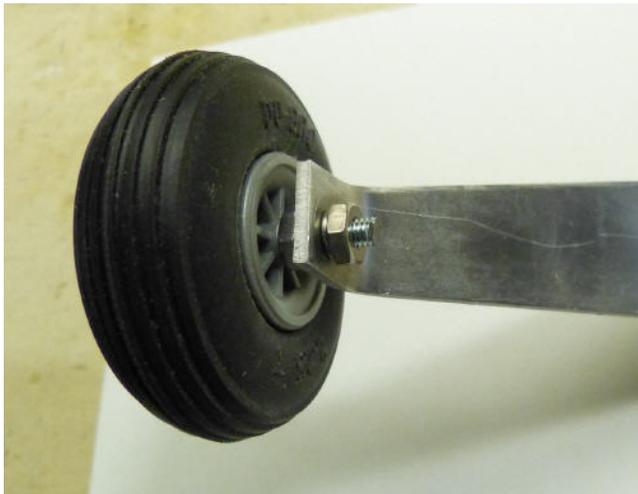


The Landing gear assembly is attached to the 1/8" ply former (F-2) using four 4-40 socket head screws and "T" nuts. The nose wheel is a DuBro 2-1/4 inch diameter Super Lite Wheel (No. 225SL). Note that the nose wheel is slightly larger in diameter than the two main wheels.

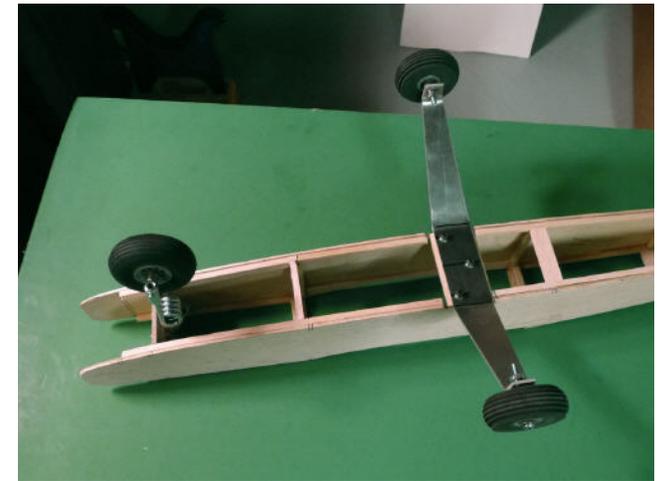
The main landing gear was a little tricky. On the original Falcon, the gear was bent up from 5/32 inch diameter wire. I always liked the Hallco metal landing gears, but unfortunately they are no longer in business. I did find a series of Dural Landing Gears available from Great Planes. The next to the smallest size worked for me. It is their catalog No. GPMQ 1810.



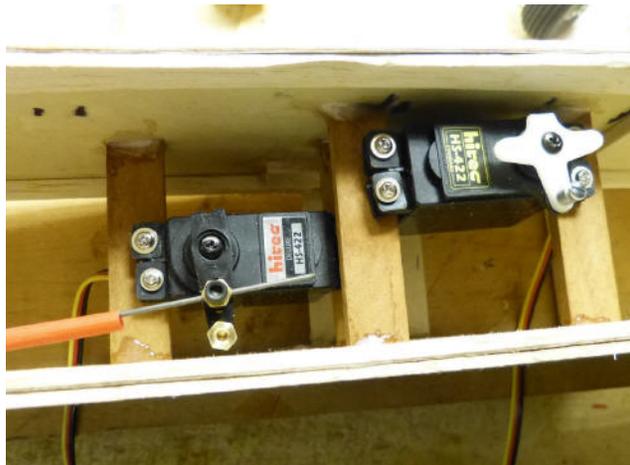
When all was said in done, the nose still pitched forward. So to level things out I selected 2 inch diameter DuBro Super Lite Wheels (No. 200SL) for the main wheels. Even after doing that I had to recess the 1/8 plywood landing gear former (F-3) up into the fuselage about 1/4". Finally the plane rested on all three wheels perfectly level. By the way the wheels were attached to the metal landing gear using 8-32 X 1 1/2 inch machine screws.



The remainder of the fuselage takes shape.



The rudder servo accepts two control rods. One goes aft to the rudder. It is attached to the outer most hole on the servo arm. The other goes forward to the nose gear steering arm on the closest hole to the center of the servo arm. The rudder servo is mounted with beams and screws in the forward position and lower to the fuselage floor.



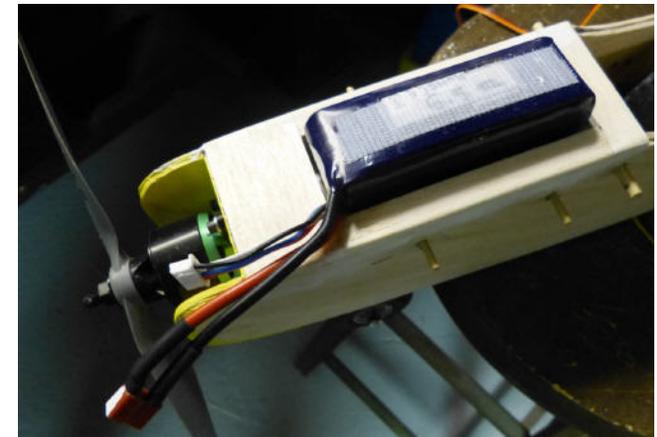
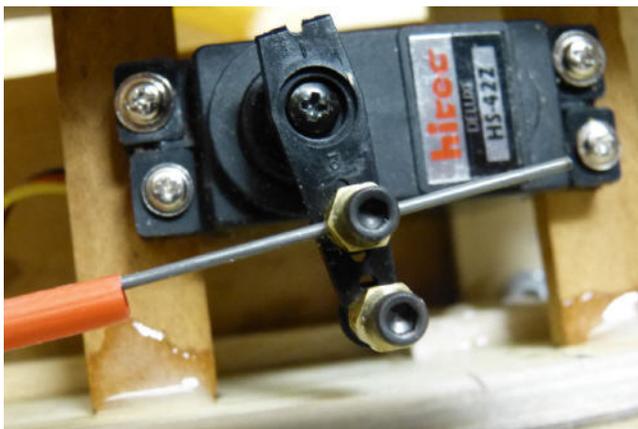
The elevator servo is slightly higher and in the aft position. Both the elevator and rudder servos are mounted to hard wood beams using sheet metal screws supplied by the servo manufacturer.

The motor and the ESC from Innov8tive Designs.



In the next photos my finger is pointing to the motor mounting plate. At first I thought it was missing. Then I found it tucked in a slot in the packing foam. Make sure you find that mounting plate.

Note that the 3 cell 2200 Li-Po battery pack sits up on top only partially into the upper fuselage. The nose gear assembly and the ESC took up too much room. But early on experience with this battery location proved it worked out well. I can easily swap battery packs in a few seconds and I never have to remove the wing to do that.

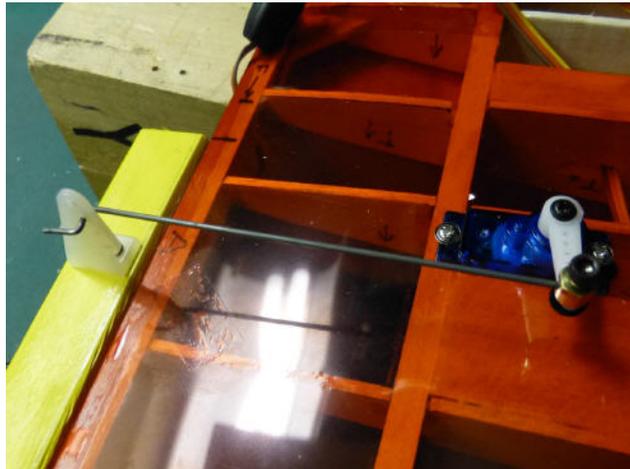
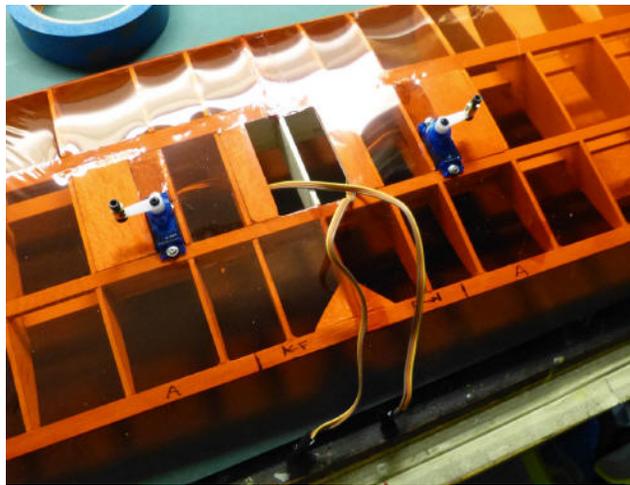




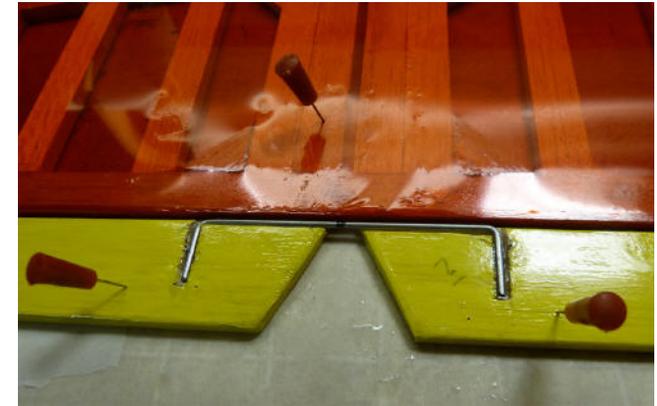
The ESC is attached to the forward fuselage side using Velcro tape.



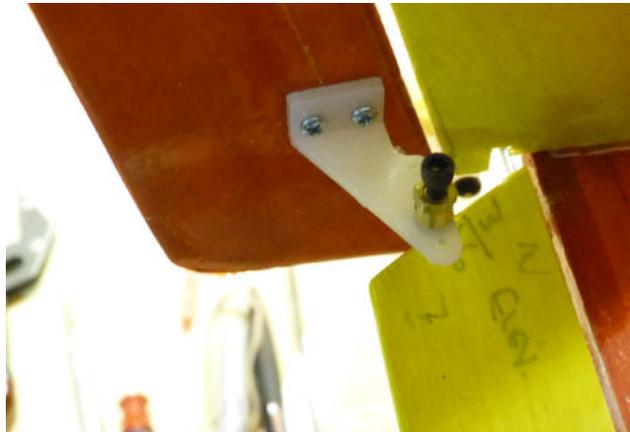
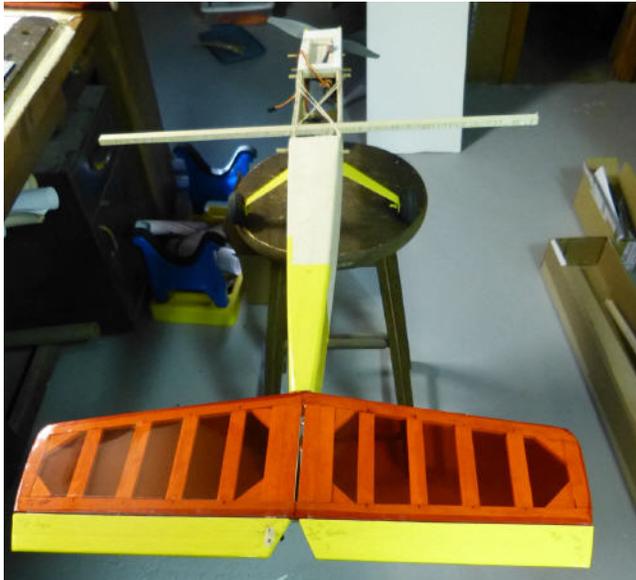
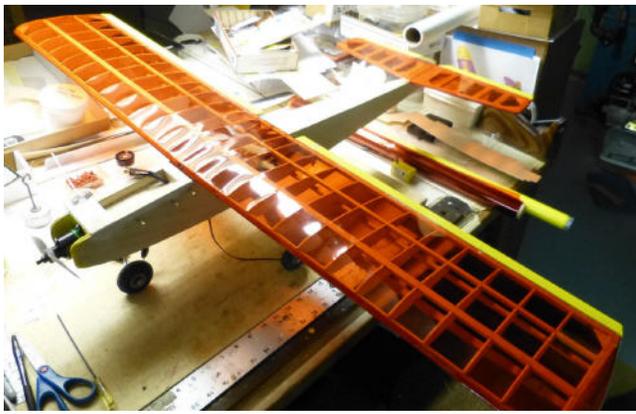
I covered the bottom of the wing first, then installed the two aileron servos. Finally the top of the wing is covered.



Cover the stab and elevators first. Then add the .078 inch diameter elevator joiner. Last step install the hinge tape. I used some SR Batteries Gapless Tape which I had from years ago. SR didn't answer my e-mail, so the best alternative is to use the DuBro Electric Flyer Hinge Tape (No. 916).



Next comes the installation of the stab and vertical fin/rudder to the fuselage. You can see I rubber banded a stick in place of the wing to act as a reference point when installing these surfaces. I usually spot the surface in place with CA medium cement. Then I follow up with a generous coating of 5 minute epoxy cement.



The next three photos basically show the interior of the RC compartment from several different angles. The receiver is mounted to the right fuselage side using Velcro tape, just like the ESC is mounted in the forward compartment on the left fuselage side.



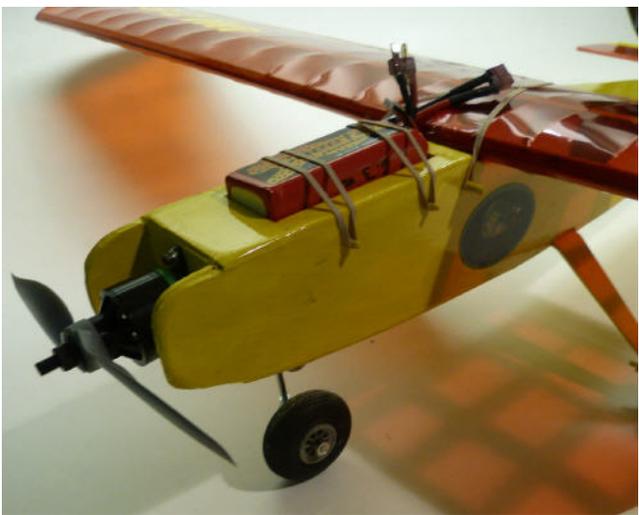
Four 4-40 socket head screws hold the motor mounting plate to the 1/8 ply firewall. I use "T" nuts on the opposite side. The area around the motor and the interior of the battery compartment get a coat of Krylon Short Cuts spray. I use the SunYellow SCS-036 color which matches my Solite opaque yellow color.



To protect the long elevator control horn I installed a DuBro Micro Tail Skid (No. 853). Use plenty of 5 minute epoxy cement on this.



The battery pack is held in place with two No. 33 rubber bands and two 1/8 inch diameter wood dowels.



The finished FALCON-400 ready for its first flight weighing a total of 43 ounces. The red covering is Horizon's Ultracote Transparent Lite.



FINAL CG & CONTROL THROW

As shown on the plans, the CG location is 2-3/4" back from the wing leading edge. My plane came out slightly nose heavy. I didn't add any weight in the tail and yet the plane was very comfortable to fly.

The elevator control throw was 3/8" on either side of the neutral position. Aileron throw (or travel) was 1/4" either side. That may not sound like much, but believe me it worked. For the rudder I reduced the control down to 50%. The rudder throw was 1/2" either side of neutral. This also reduced the amount of nose gear steering so that the plane would taxi comfortably.

FLYING

As usual my flying partner, Tom Hunt, was the first flight pilot, while I took the action photos. Tom is usually quite critical of some of my first flights. But in this case he quickly announced that my FALCON-400 is a perfect flyer. By that he meant that absolutely no trim was necessary on any of the control surfaces. Tom noted that the fact that I had no warps in the wing or stab was probably why it flew right off the building board.

During the first flight session we were able to do many maneuvers such as rolls, inverted flight, stall turns and even an acceptable knife edge. This is going to be a fun airplane when our warm weather returns to Long Island. What follows are flight shots of the FALCON-400.



SUMMARY

Well this turned out to be a really fun project. I'm hoping that some short kits with laser cut parts will be made available. I also wanted to mention that I published a reduced size Junior Falcon back in the September 2011 issue of RCMW. This plane had only a 100 square inch wing and weighed just 3.8 ounces. I'm sure back issues are available.

I also wanted to mention that Lucien Miller of Innov8tive Designs picked out a perfect motor for my Falcon-400. The APC 8 x 4E prop produced an input power of 231 watts on a 3 cell 2200 Li-Po battery. My feeling is that it is enough power for fun or sport flying.

But Lucien was kind enough to suggest two other props that could substantially increase power. Of course with increased battery drain your flights will be greatly shortened.

Lucien specifically recommended an APC 9 X 4.5E prop to get you up to 321 watts and if you really want increased speed, try an APC 8 X 6E which will get you up to 346 watts input power. Having said this, I'm going to stay with the APC 8 X 4E prop.

So there you have it. I'm now gathering material for my new project. It is my little NEXT STEP trainer that I published in the March 1981 FLYING MODELS. This plane will be reduced to 200 square inches of wing area and will, of course, have electric power. Look for this in the February or March 2017 RCMW.

Bob Aberle
AMA 215
baberle@optonline.net

SPECIFICATIONS

Model: "FALCON-400"

Designed and kitted by Carl Goldberg in the mid sixties. This version was reduced in size from 558 square inches of wing area down to 400 square inches and modified for electric power by Bob Aberle 2016

Type: An intermediate size electric powered sport/trainer aircraft using full four channel RC control

Wingspan: 48 inches

Wing Area: 400 square inches

Airfoil: As per original, semi-symmetrical at 14% maximum thickness

Length: 39 inches

Weight: 43 ounces

Wing Loading 15.5 oz/sq.ft.

RC GEAR USED

Horizon/Spektrum DX-9 transmitter 2.4 GHz spread spectrum, Hyperion After Market DSM2 2.4 Ghz receiver, two Hitec HS-422 standard size servos (one for the elevator and one for the rudder). In addition two Altitude Hobbies 9 gram servos on the ailerons connected with a "Y" harness that plugs into the aileron port on the receiver.

POWER SYSTEM USED

Innov8tive Designs Cobra 2814/12, KV 1390 brushless motor, APC 8 X 4E prop, Cobra 40 amp brushless ESC and a BP Hobbies Cheetah 3 cell 2200-mAh 35C Li-Poly battery (6.3 ounces ounces).

POWER SYSTEM PARAMETERS

Prop: APC 8 X 4E

Motor current: 20.8 amps

Voltage: 11.1 volts (under load)

Power Input: 231 watts

Battery Loading: 9.45 C

Power Loading: 86.8 watts/pound

Flight Time: 6.3 minutes minimum, but with throttling up to 10 minutes.

SOURCE REFERENCES

Balsa USA - Balsa sheets, balsa sticks and birch plywood -

http://shop.balsausa.com/category_s/48.htm

BP Hobbies - 5 minute epoxy cement, CA cement and CA accelerator, APC prop, Cheetah 3 cell 2200 mAh Li-Poly battery pack, a short "Y" cable to combine two aileron servos into a single output and Solite yellow covering material -

www.bphobbies.com

Callie Graphics - AMA license number decals -

admin@callie-graphics.com

DuBro - (2) 2.0 inch diameter Super Lite wheels (#200SL), (1) 2.25 inch diameter Super Lite wheel (#225SL), Shock Absorbing Steerable Nose Gear (#153), EZ Adjustable Axle (#615), Nylon Control Horns (#105), Kwik Grip EZ connectors (#608), and Electric Flyer Hinge Tape (#916) -

www.dubro.com

Great Planes - Dural Landing Gear No. GPMQ1810 for the main landing gear

<http://www3.towerhobbies.com/cgi-bin/wti0001p?&I=LXJ921>

Horizon Hobby - Spektrum DX9 transmitter, and Ultracote Lite transparent red covering material -

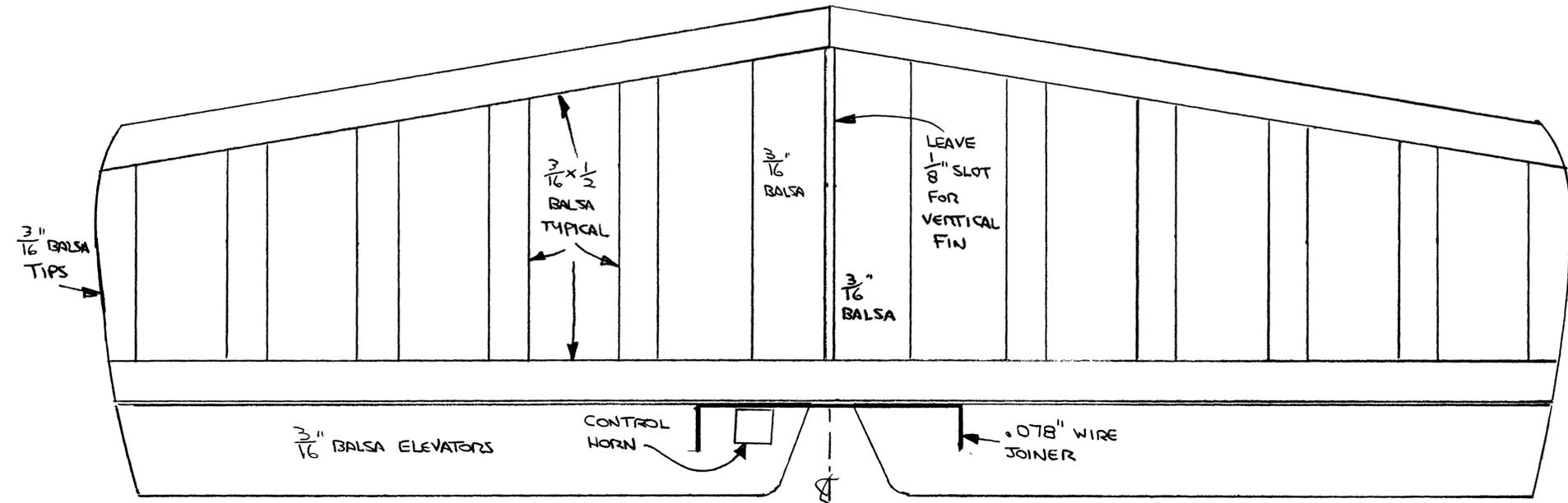
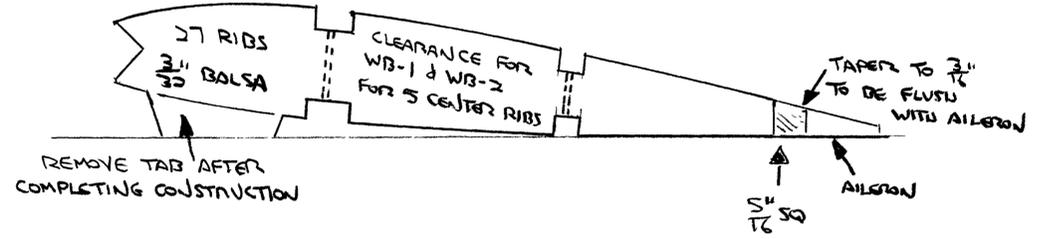
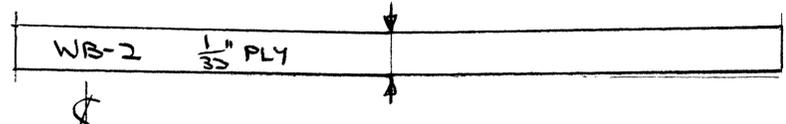
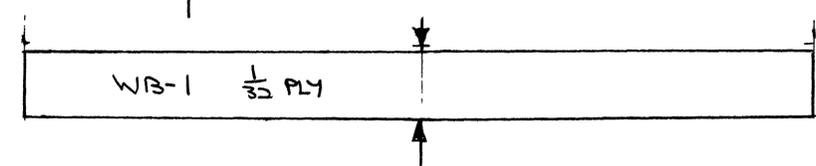
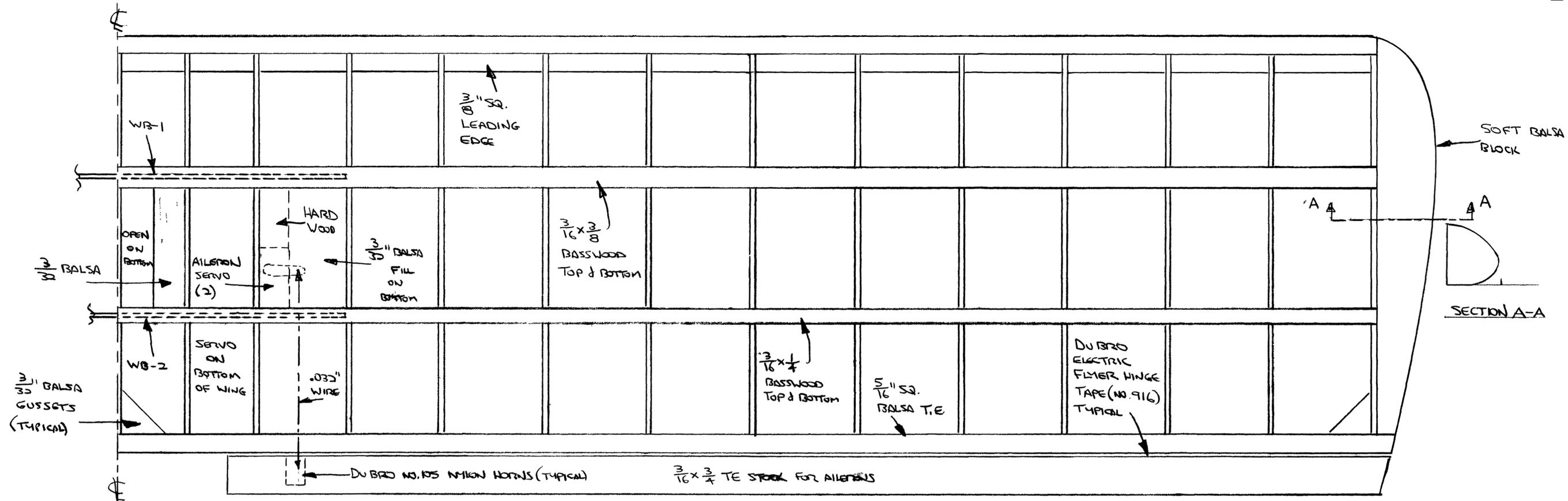
<http://www.horizonhobby.com/>

Innov8tive Designs - Innov8tive Designs Cobra 2814/12, KV 1390 brushless motor and 40 amp ESC -

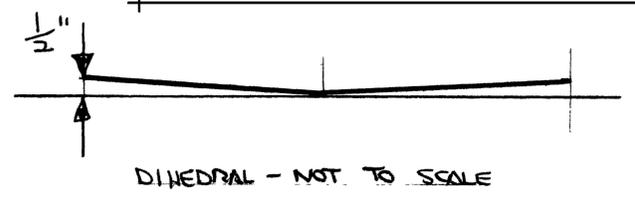
<http://innov8tivedesigns.com/cobra-c-2814-12-brushless-motor-kv-1390>

Stevens Aero Models - .073 inch OD Yellow Teflon tubing for the elevator and rudder control rod wires -

http://stevensaero.com/shop/product.php?product_id=16639



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FALCON - 100

PLAN ① OF ②

BASED ON CARL GOLDBERG'S DESIGN AND KIT FROM THE SIXTIES

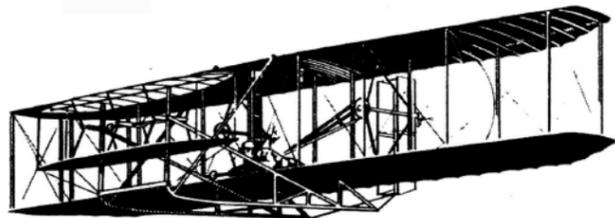
REDUCED IN SIZE, WITH ELECTRIC POWER BY BOB ADERLE

AREA - 400 SQ. IN SPAN 48 INCHES WT - 43 OUNCES

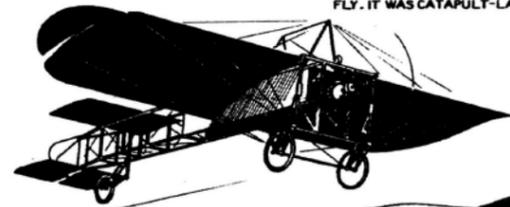
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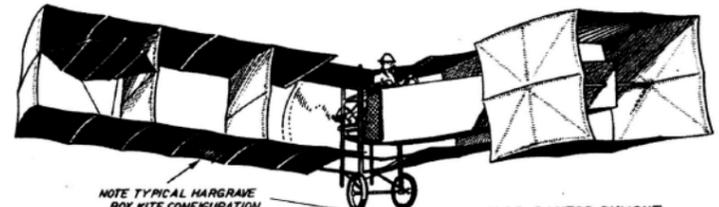
Air Progress



▲ 1903 ORIGINAL WRIGHT 12-H.P. HORIZONTAL 4-IN-LINE WRIGHT ENGINE. FIRST AIRPLANE TO REALLY FLY. IT WAS CATAPULT-LAUNCHED



1907-08 BLERIOT PROTO-▲ TYPE OF FAMED 1909 CROSS-CHANNEL TYPE AND WORLD'S FIRST PLANE TO COMPLETE A SUCCESSFUL CROSS-COUNTRY (OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED) FLIGHT

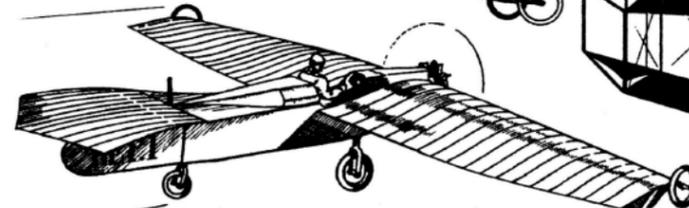


NOTE TYPICAL HARGRAVE BOX KITE CONFIGURATION

▲ 1906 SANTOS-DUMONT (VOISIN-BUILT) 50-H.P. ANTOINETTE V-8 ENGINE. FIRST EUROPEAN AIRPLANE TO FLY



▲ 1907 HENRI FARMAN (VOISIN-BUILT). FIRST EUROPEAN PLANE TO COMPLETE A ONE-KILOMETER FLIGHT, RETURNING TO THE POINT OF DEPARTURE BEFORE LANDING.



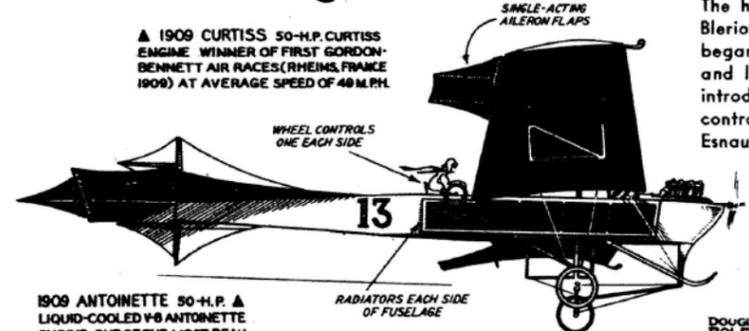
1907 R.E.P. ROBERT ESNAULT-PELTRE ▲ INTRODUCED ALL-METAL AIRFRAMES, CANTILEVER INTERNALLY-BRACED WINGS, RADIAL AIR-COOLED ENGINES, THE STICK CONTROL SYSTEM AND TANDEM-WHEEL LANDING GEARS.



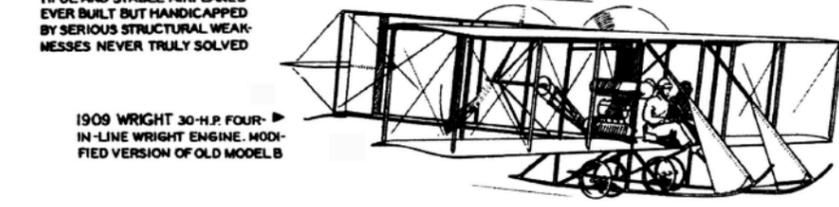
1908 CURTISS "JUNE BUG" FIRST GENUINE CURTISS ▲ DESIGN AND WINNER OF FIRST U.S. SPONSORED AIRPLANE FLIGHT TROPHY. POWERED WITH CURTISS V-8 A.C. ENGINE



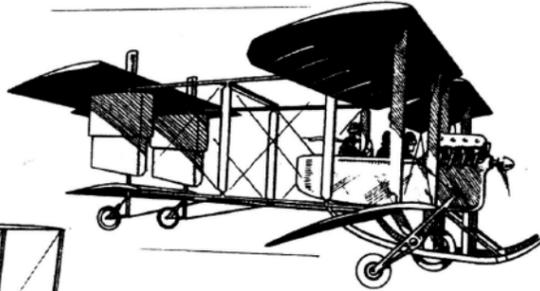
▲ 1909 CURTISS 50-H.P. CURTISS ENGINE. WINNER OF FIRST GORDON-BENNETT AIR RACES (RHEIMS, FRANCE 1909) AT AVERAGE SPEED OF 40 M.P.H.



1909 ANTOINETTE 50-H.P. ▲ LIQUID-COOLED V-8 ANTOINETTE ENGINE. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND STABLE AIRPLANES EVER BUILT BUT HANDICAPPED BY SERIOUS STRUCTURAL WEAKNESSES NEVER TRULY SOLVED



1909 WRIGHT 30-H.P. FOUR-IN-LINE WRIGHT ENGINE. MODIFIED VERSION OF OLD MODEL B



▲ 1910 BREGUET ONE OF THE EARLY EXAMPLES OF STEEL TUBE CONSTRUCTION IN WHICH THIS DESIGNER EXCELLED. MONOSPARE FLEXIBLE WINGS WERE WELL SUITED TO THE WARP CONTROL THEN IN GENERAL USE ON MOST TYPES OF PLANES

The Wright Brothers made the first successful heavier-than-air flight December 17, 1903. News of their great achievement was greeted with general skepticism throughout the world. Quietly they went ahead improving and perfecting their ideas. 1907 saw a burst of renewed activity both here and abroad. This was further stimulated by the Wrights' triumphal tour through Europe where they demonstrated the nature of their success and established many notable records for distance, speed and passenger-carrying. The heroic age of the "aeroplane" began now and such names as Blériot, Curtiss, Farman, Santos-Dumont, Breguet, Roe and others began to appear in the news. French engineers took the initiative and led the field until the end of this era. Robert Esnault-Peltre introduced the stick control system and Deperdussin the wheel control. Both remain as the basic forms of control in use today. Esnault-Peltre, Voisin and Breguet developed all-steel airframes,

DEVELOPMENT OF THE AEROPLANE PART 3—THE DAWN OF FLIGHT

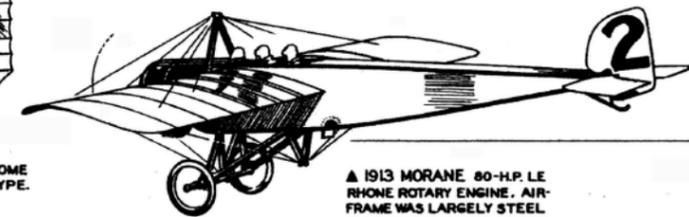
By DOUGLAS ROLFE



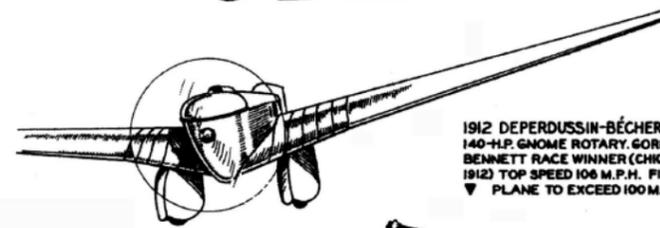
▲ 1913 SOPWITH TABLOID 80-H.P. ▲ GNOME ROTARY. TOP SPEED 82 M.P.H. LANDING SPEED LESS THAN 40 M.P.H.



▲ 1913 HENRI FARMAN 80-H.P. GNOME ROTARY. MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL TYPE.



▲ 1913 MORANE 80-H.P. LE RHONE ROTARY ENGINE. AIRFRAME WAS LARGELY STEEL TUBE WITH FABRIC COVERING

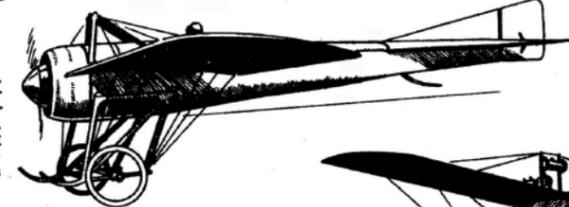


1912 DEPERDUSSIN-BÉCHEREAU 140-H.P. GNOME ROTARY. GORDON-BENNETT RACE WINNER (CHICAGO, 1912) TOP SPEED 106 M.P.H. FIRST PLANE TO EXCEED 100 M.P.H.

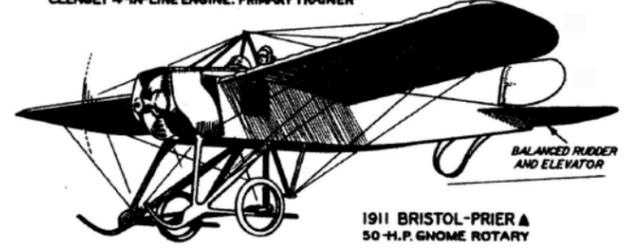


▲ 1912 DEPERDUSSIN-KOOLHOVEN 100-H.P. ANZANI RADIAL. PRODUCED BY THE BRITISH SUBSIDIARY OF THE DEPERDUSSIN CO.

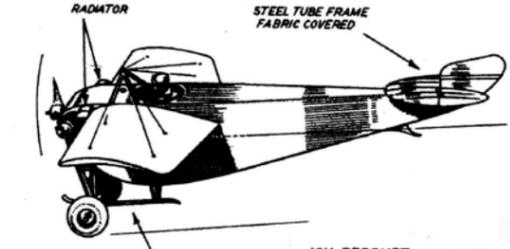
1912 AIR PROGRESS! LAST ANTOINETTE DESIGN PRODUCED, THIS REMARKABLE CABIN MONOPLANE HAD TAPERED FULL CANTILEVER WINGS, A STEAM-COOLED, DIRECT FUEL-INJECTION ENGINE AND COMPLETELY FAIRED LANDING GEAR WITH TANDEM WHEELS



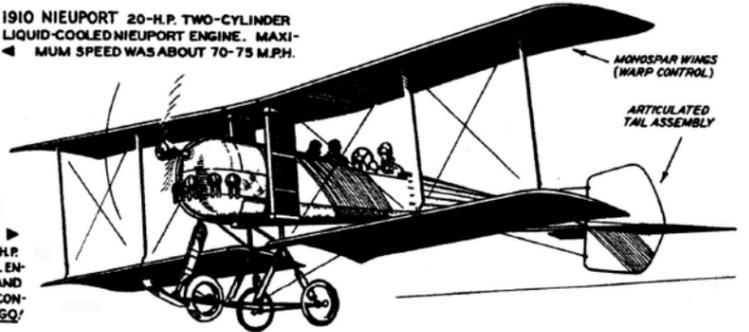
1911 DEPERDUSSIN-BÉCHEREAU 50-H.P. ▲ CLERGET 4-IN-LINE ENGINE. PRIMARY TRAINER



1911 BRISTOL-PRIER ▲ 50-H.P. GNOME ROTARY



1910 NIEUPORT 20-H.P. TWO-CYLINDER LIQUID-COOLED NIEUPORT ENGINE. MAXIMUM SPEED WAS ABOUT 70-75 M.P.H.



1911 BREGUET ALL-METAL AIR-FRAME, OLEO LANDING LEGS, 100 H.P. HORIZONTALLY-MOUNTED RADIAL ENGINE WITH GEARED DOWN PROP. AND SINGLE WHEEL TO OPERATE ALL CONTROLS - ALL THIS 40 YEARS AGO!

oleo and spring shock struts as well as the steerable tricycle landing gear. Blériot made the world gasp by flying the English Channel, and so popularized his little monoplane that over 400 of these planes were sold in 1910 alone.

In America Baldwin, McCurdy and Curtiss conducted the experiments which resulted in the first Curtiss planes, one of which won the world's first international speed contest for airplanes. At the close of this period air speeds had jumped from about 30 mph to better than 120 mph, though the average remained in the 50-70 mph class. Non-stop flights of over 24 hours had been accomplished and such aerobatics as the spin, the loop and inverted flight had all been mastered. Engines were becoming increasingly more powerful and more reliable. The era which started out with practically only biplane types, saw monoplanes dominate, and bipes again and then, in the Kaiser War, the "aeroplane" truly came of age.

Impropa Ganda

OR HOW A PINKHAM PAMPHLET MADE HISTORY

Time for another Phineas Pinkham adventure! By Joe Archibald who is also responsible for the drawings. This a little known bit of history about WWI and how it affected WWII through the efforts of our hero, Phineas. From Flying Aces, January 1940

Talk about discipline! In von Bock's staffel it wasn't quite right—and in the Ninth Pursuit there wasn't any left. Which was tough, considering that a flood of Russian gas, both in liquid and hot air form, had the Democrat and Kraut contestants groggy. But what of Phineas? Well, he'd lost his booklet from the North American Zither Institute. And it took a trio of squareheads to find it—some guys named Adolph, Hermann, and Joe!

AS EARLY AS 1917, a flock of Heinies were tumbling to the fact they were holding the bag. They were getting fed up with ducking shells, bullets, bombs, etcetera, while Kaiser Bill played Napoleon in the rumpus room of the palace back in Potsdam. Then in 1918 they became convinced that the Hohenzollerns had laid an egg and were about to get the hook.

That's why they began taking ganders at a best seller written by a man named Marx who pointed out that the world was everybody's oyster and that all they needed was an opener. Middle class Teutons saw red and began to leer at the aristocrat Junkers.

In Russia, meanwhile, a Steppe son by name of Nikolai Lenin sat on the Bullsheviki bandwagon, smiled in his alfalfa, and wondered about the changes he would make in the Kremlin.

Lenin was an old grad of the Marxian school, the one most likely to succeed. And you all know by this time that he didn't do so bad.

Let us get on with our story. It will show you why three certain Nazi hot shots of today have to stick together in sickness and in health until death do them part, and all that.

Historians, you know, are only human. They cannot be expected to bat 100 percent. Anyway, if they had written anything regarding the exploits of Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham of The Ninth American Pursuit Squadron, nobody would have believed it any more than they now believe Adolph's favorite feathered friend is a dove.

It happened during the closing months of the Big To-Do, and the locale happened to be close to where the Kraut Limes Line is today. It

happened because the United States Intelligence Corps had ferreted out a significant fact. And no one was any more astonished than the aforementioned Lieutenant Pinkham.

Phineas, as you know, had never been one to over-estimate the cranial capacity of the A.E.F. G-men. "It must have been an accident," the Boonetown pilot said when the news reached the squadron headquarters near Bar-le-Duc. "Well, I suppose if a bum stands a hundred feet away from a hole in a fence no bigger than a Heinie's monocle an' throws mothballs at it, he is bound to git one through sometime. Huh?"

Major Rufus Garrity growled at the Iowa millstone that had been hanging from his neck for months, telling him to sew up his trap-hatch before he lost half of his teeth. "This isn't funny, what I've got to say," the Old Man said. "Let me hear you laugh when I get finished. I dare you !"

Garrity never used soft soap. He believed in being as blunt as the face of a mallet. He generally made things sound as bad as he could so that when his buzzards tackled a tough assignment, it seemed easier than it should have been.

He told the pilots that the gas supply across the lines was getting as low as the spirits of a jilted bride. The Kaiser had managed to wheedle a couple of shipments of the Mercedes exhilarator out of the Russians to tide him over until his wise-noodle savants could dope up a substitute fuel.

Half of the Russian engine pep liquid was cached near Saarbruecken, for that was where his pet Staff els were doing business. And now the

Allied G.H.Q. in Chaumont wanted this petrol burned up—and not in Fokkers, Pfalzes, and sundry. Why wouldn't they?

"That's the job we've got on our hands," Garrity said. "That place is ringed with a dozen anti-aircraft batteries and is flanked by the two toughest Boche flying outfits in Germany. One of the Staff els is commanded by a certain Hauptmann Hermann Goering. He's been around a long time. Used to fly with Richthofen. He's got the pick of the Kraut Aerial Circus and they can do every thing with a crate but make it walk a tight rope or swing from a trapeze.

"D.H. Fours tried to get that petrol cupboard last night just after sunset," Garrity went on. "Three went out but only one got back, and that one looked like a duck after it had stopped four barrels of buckshot. Anybody laughing?"

"Haw-w-w-w-w-w-w-w!" Phineas obliged. "But I'm only foolin'. I am covered with goose bumps as big as bon-bons. Go on—"

The C.O. counted ten—fifty times. Then he threw his soup plate anyway. Phineas ducked and it went through an open window. A few moments later, Sergeant Casey came in with a fragment of it in his hand, and there was a big bump just over his right eye. "I—er —was walkin' along, Sir, and mindin' my own business! I am sick of gettin' assaulted by the officers. I will prefer charges, an'—"

GARRITY chased the Flight Sergeant out and picked up where he had left off. This time it was a coffee mug. The Boonetown pilot knew there was such a thing as a law of averages which said he could not win all the time. So he got under the table and stayed there.



End over end spun the Fokker—until it WHAMMED into the linoleum and hurtled Hauptmann Hermann onto his head.

"Tomorrow, the whole squadron goes up. Belts will have plenty of tracers in them. Strafe that dump, I tell you. That spot there on the map is where it is, Captain Howell. A surprise raid on the place may—"

The Flight Leader gulped. He felt something near his feet and kicked at it. Phineas let out a yell and shifted his torso. Bump Gillis kicked out, too, and Phineas howled again and squirmed toward the end of the table. Six boots hit him.

Then Phineas rose up, taking the whole table with him. Dishes, some of them filled with leftovers, slid into Garrity's lap.

A riot followed. And when two brass hats entered the Frog farmhouse, the Old Man had Phineas down and was trying to bend the tip of the Pinkham proboscis back until it touched between Phineas' washed-out blue orbs.

Howell and Bump Gillis were fighting because Bump claimed that Howell de-liberately

shunted a sliding bottle of ketchup into his lap. Somebody also hit Glad Tidings Goomer, the mess attendant, by mistake, and Glad Tidings staggered sloppily against one of the brass hats and put his arms around him.

The Old Man got to his feet yelling at the top of his voice "Attention !" Pilots lined up and faced the wrath of the brass hats. Colonel Cuthbert Cuppy was boiling. "Disgraceful conduct, Major! Fighting yourself, too, what? No excuse for that, confound it. No harmony here—no discipline. The morale of such an outfit must be pretty low—demoralized. No fight left in them—"

At that crack, the Old Man had to let go: "Oh, no? You try an' lick any one of these guys. I just been tryin' now. If they can't fight, then King Arthur never saw a Knight, and—"

"I'll brook no insolence from you, Garrity!" broke in Colonel Cuppy. "I shall report this brawl when I return to Chaumont. And this was the outfit the Wing selected to break through and get that fuel dump. Hmph! I shall see that a more efficient squadron handles such a serious mission. And I will do my best to break this one up. Good evening, Major!"

When some semblance of order was restored, Howell held out his hand to Phineas. "Shake—as you sure got us out of a mess! Ha! Ha!"

Six other Spad pushers ganged around Phineas and tried to show him how grateful they were. The miracle man from Iowa sniffed and pushed them away from him. "Why — er — you bums mean it! You was scared t'go over and shellack that gas dump, huh? Why, you sissies! I will get a transfer — It won't never, be said a

Pinkham — don't even talk to me! The brass hat was right. You are all a bunch of—"

The Old Man had a time of it quelling another uprising. He finally stumbled off into the Operations Office, his right eye now blooming with a mouse. Phineas went to his Nisson and barricaded the door with his trunk of skullduggery and legerdemain items. Bump Gillis demanded entrance, whereupon Phineas issued his ultimatum : "Git out ! No lion lives with a mouse. I will throw out your pajamas an' tooth brush."

NIGHT FELL over Bar-le-Duc. Phineas was propped up on his cot thinking of two Krauts who were beginning to hog the headlines — Hauptmann Goering and Leutnant von Bock. He wondered if there really was unrest in Germany. Anybody would think so, he mused. Even the Kaiser's best friends wouldn't tell him, but Phineas was sure the Heinies were getting sick of bread made out of sawdust that they had to wash down with ragweed soup.

Phineas now took something from under his pillow and blew his breath on it. It was a miniature harp. Phineas shoved it between his buck teeth and fanned the little steel gadget that protruded from a corner of his mouth. But somehow he couldn't make a tune come out of the instrument. He reached under his pillow again to get a little pamphlet that had the instructions in it.

The cover of the pamphlet had printing in big black letters. They said: "North American Zither Institute. Little Forks, N. D." Smaller type told prospective customers that anybody could play a piano, a violin, or a saxophone.

"Be different and become the most popular person at a party. Enroll with us! With the first

installment we send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a beautiful gilded Jew's Harp. Do not delay —"

"H-Huh," Phineas grunted. "I will never git to be a musician. I will not keep up the installments for the zither, as it is a waste of argent." Phineas then lay down on his cot, little concerned about his being the life of the party.

"No use fooling with — fooling — fueling — huh — no fueling meant that the Heinies'll be yelling 'Uncle!' long before Yuletide. It would seem pretty nice to be sailing home to Boonetown with Babette as Mrs. Pink-ham. No fuelin' —huh — ya-a-awp — b-z-z-z-z-z-z !"

EARLY NEXT MORNING, Captain Howell took five ships of the squadron that was soon to be in the doghouse, up to fight the Heinies. Howell, burning up with the Pinkham jibes of the night before, was loaded for bear. He would not have stopped at gorillas.

Back of the Meuse, more than a dozen Vons were looking for cold cuts. Phineas got ready to turn tail at the flight leader's signal and hop back to Bar-le-Due. But to his surprise Howell signalled for the attack!

"H-Huh? Why — er — oh-h-h-h-h! Now I know he can't take a joke," Phineas gulped. "Why can't I keep my mouth shut? We're away out-numbered!"

A Fokker D-7 flashed past the Pinkham Spad. And things then happened so fast that Lieut. Pinkham could not get a chance to pick up his marbles. He felt like a fly that had fallen into a bowl of eggs being whipped up by an electric beater.

When he finally got his bearings, he saw a lot of British Camels mixing it with the Huns. Howell was still up, and he was fighting three Fokkers. Bump Gillis was needling the dorsal fin of another Kraut just below. After awhile, the Boche took second money and hightailed it for a schnapps bistro.

After landing back at the Ninth, Howell stood next to his Spad and waited for Phineas to come in. He had a long wait. Four miles outside of Souilly, the Boonetown flyer had run a desperate Kraut into the real estate and had landed to get his prisoner on the hoof. Leutnant Bernhardt Kohl walked forward from his gimpy D-7 and waved a flipper at Phineas.

"Wee gehts, mein freund!"

"Too bad, Fritzzy. Somebody has to lose. Haw-w-w-w-w!"

"Bah! Who cares yet? Der Kaiser and all — bah-h-h-h-h!" vociferated Bernhardt. "Hoch Lenin!"

"Wha-a-a-a-at? Sa-a-a-ay, look out! Don't y' see that tree?" Phineas yelped. "You are walkin' right into —"

BLOP ! Leutnant Kohl backpedalled and sat down on his empennage. Phineas lifted him up, said, "Didn't y-you see that tree, huh? Why — er —"

He got a look at the Kraut's glimmers. They looked funny to him. "Er — what is it? Myopia or astigmatism, huh?"

"I do not see so gute, Leutnant, nein. But just der same, I get into der flying corps. Why? Because der verdammt proud Junkers are giving

oudt. Now der Imperial Flying Corps is gute enough for der common bummers, ja-a-a! Vait—der tag! Comes idt der revolution! Der blood vill run like bortsch! Down mit capitalists !"

"Uh—er—awright. But don't look at me like that," Phineas protested. "I only got eleven dollars in the bank back in Boonetown. Haw-w-w-w! Lenin, huh? Sa-a-ay, are you a bullsheviki, Fritzzy?"

"I study by Karl Marx. I am sick of der Junkers. So ist der Hauptman von Bock! Always he gets der schmutzig end yet. Und —"

"The dirty end, huh? Well I'm a — it is not all mullarkey then about Lenin," Phineas yelped, and the seeds of an utterly cock-eyed plan began to germinate in his mental assembly. "Junkers gettin' in the doghouse, huh! I — er —"

"Der glasses yet, mein freund. I lose dem somewhere in der wreck vunce," Leutnant Kohl went on. "I grope step by step mitout dem. Help me find dem, ja?"

Sure — haw-w-w-w-w! Special lenses in the goggles, huh? Clever, the squareheads!" Phineas led Fritzzy back to what was left of a Fokker D-7, and there the Heinie got down on all fours and went around in a tight circle.

Phineas' optics were as good as if they had never been used, so he soon spotted the pair of goggles near a clump of bushes. He picked them up, however — and kept on looking. After a half hour search, Leutnant Kohl threw up his hands and put on the grief.

"Ach! One hun'red marks dey cost me. Vell — you show me der way, mein freund. Glad

I is I am through mit fighting der Junker's var. Und dat Goering — ugh — swelled in der head! Nobody, he tinkt, but him is in der air—Himmel! Vait, just vait!"

Phineas conducted Leutnant Bernhardt Kohl to the nearest infantry outfit and handed him over. "Goo-bye, Fritzzy," he said.

"Hoch Lenin! Down mit — !" came the Kraut's farewell.

HOWELL still waited for Phineas on the drome of the Ninth, though he'd got tired of sitting in the shadow of his Spad. The flight leader greeted the late arrival with a wide grin on his pan.

"How did you like it this A.M., huh? Who is a sissy now? I'll show you — !"

"I wish somebody had a sense of humor around here," Phineas growled at Howell. "We might have been all killed. You should be busted y-you. Well, I got a lot to do and cannot dilly dally. Adoo!"

Bump Gillis threatened Phineas. "You git the skipper mad ag'in so's he'll do what he — well, I'll knife you. Look, I am still shakin'! Four Spads, one with a sore throat — against fifteen — oh-h-h-h-h it was a dream, I bet. I remember —"

Phineas ignored Bump. He delved into his trunk and lifted certain things therefrom. He collected various articles from other parts of the hut and stuffed them in the pockets of his flying coat. "Travel sure broadens one, doesn't it, Bump?" he flung at the Scot. "Now, when I was in Russia —"

"Huh? When you were—where?"

Phineas walked out of his hut without answering. He had a very important chore to do, and his plan moved swiftly inside his noggin. The seeds of the idea spawned out there near Souilly had sprouted roots and they were spreading all through his gray matter. They could be labeled "Intrigue, Skullduggery, Diplomacy, Dirty Work, and almost Lunacy."

Lieutenant Pinkham — without bothering to ask if he could — confiscated a mechanical bug and put-putted out of the airdrome.

Garrity roared, "Who — the devil does — he think he is?"

"I — er — guess he thinks he is the guy you think you are, Sir," the Adjutant offered — and nearly got slugged for his pains.

The Old Man went back into the Operations Office and jotted down a memo. "Bust Pinkham," it said.

Phineas, meanwhile, rode to the hamlet known as Vitry and looked up a Frog by the name of Monsieur Francois DeBris. DeBris enjoyed the distinction of being the breeder of the best carrier pigeons in the land of the Franks.

The Boonetown jokesmith got right down to business when he met the fancier of feathered friends. "I would like to rent eet out ze pidgy-on, mawn sewer. You have eet ze good birds, nest paw?"

"Have I ze pidgy-ons? Voila! My Clementina — it was she who tak' ze message to

Marshal Foch at ze Marne, mon ami. And Edouard eet was who fly weeth ze message to—"

"I know," Phineas said. "But let's have a gander at ze pidgy-ons, wee? Time flies, non?"

"Oui! But I time one pidgy-on yesterday, m'sieur, an' eet arrivez back from Paree in jus' quatre heursseexteen min—"

"Very good," broke in Phineas. Then he chose the bird he wanted and took a supply of corn with it to last the traveling fowl at least three days. To Francois DeBris he then gave orders that knocked the Frog back on his heels, to wit: When the pigeon returned to the home fires, Francois was to hot foot it toot sweet to the Ninth Pursuit Squadron and hand it over.

Phineas sealed this bargain with an extra ten francs. "Aadoo for now," Phineas cracked. "We make history, vows and me."

Major Garrity had Phineas dragged into his presence when the incorrigible skyster returned to the drome. He wanted to know if Phineas knew what "A.W.O.L." Meant.

"Uh—er—All Wet Over London, haw-w-w-w-w!"

"That is enough. You will get court-martialed. I've stood all a normal man can stand," Garrity trumpeted. "You are under arrest, an' —"

"Now look, Sir," Phineas said. "I — er — this squadron has got a shiner, an' you know it. We are in the pooch's bungalow an' the Frog outfit over by Dommartin is goin' to try an' wash up the Kraut gas supply, get it?"

"I will not take any more from you —you —!"

"Uh — listen, Sir — Major. Here is an idea I have got, and I will tell you why. What can you lose? What can I lose. Haw-w-w! If you would listen a second an' let me talk —"

Garrity listened for fully twenty minutes. When he finally came out of the Operations Office he looked as if he was under the spell of a shot of hasheesh. "Comes the revolution —" he muttered, "Blood — running like bortsch — down with cap —"

Bump Gillis gave the C.O. a wide berth. The look in Garrity's eyes scared him. Phineas went over to the hangar and collared Casey.

"We have work to do, Sarge," the Boonetown pilot said. "We have got to put this little cage in the fuselage of my crate where it will be hid from sight. Right back of the seat, huh? Git busy an' chop a hole —"

"Where you takin' a pigeon, Loo-tenant, huh?"

"There is a fair over near Paree. I think it will git a blue ribbon — oh, shut up and do like I say, as where is the discipline you have been taught?" Phineas bridled. "I must be ready to go over at sundown. I have got enough corn in the cage to last the bird three days. And what do you think of Heloise, huh? Look at her wing span, Casey!"

Casey said: "Let's get started, Lootenant, before I lose my sanity. I guess the brass hats know what they are doin' gettin' ready to bust this outfit."



Phineas stared at the crude banner. Then Goering caught its meaning. "Himmel!" he bellowed. "Der Bullsheviki!"

WE NOW take you to the cellar of a small house on the outskirts of the Alsatian village of Busendorf. Two Heinies of not too much stature were holding a pow-wow. One was clad in the gray-green burlap of the Kraut army. The other wore Munich mufti. The uniformed guy had a face that reminded one of a vaudeville stooge, and over his upper lip was a black mustache that resembled a pair of inverted steer horns. On his sleeve was a corporal's stripe.

The squarehead in civvies had an angular face and a pair of zombie eyes. He said: "Adolph, mein Freund — we must have der third man, ja. Der Bulisheviki must not take der Faderland. Ve must not be democrats and not socialist, nein. A new party —"

"I know who ist der third man, Herr Goebbels — if I can gedt him. Budt he ist a proud Junker! So I fear when he finds out I hang paper vunce. Anyhow, look! Here ist what I haff been writing, mein freund. Some day it will be ge-finished. Even now it will tell you of my plan. You give it back when I see you in t'ree days, ja? Now I must go. Still I am der unfortunate slave of der Hohenzollerns, ja! Himmel! Comes der tag!"

"Ja, Adolph. I vill read idt what you are writing. H-m-m — Mein Kampf you call idt! Vell, guten nacht," said Herr Goebbels.

The propaganda wizard of the Rhine then chuckled to himself. "Ja! I make photostatic

copies of what he has written already yedt. If Germany vins der var, I will have him where I want him — and if dey don't, I stick mit him. Ja!"

The sun was ducking low in the west and reaching for the horizon when Phineas Pinkham's Spad was trundled out of the hangar. Pilots wondered about the crackpot's mission. Howell strode across Phineas' line of flight when the Boonetown miracle man came out of his Nisson.

"What's up, Phineas? What's the big secret?"

"All I can tell you is that it is fowl play, haw-w-w-w-w-w! Adoo now — maybe for the last time!"

The Old Man stood in the doorway of the farmhouse and wondered if he should not call Phineas back. Then Garrity remembered what they had once written about him in the home town papers when he had been chief umpire of the Houstic Valley League: "Garrity never reverses a decision!"

The Old Man simply said: "The devil with him!" and walked back into the Operations Office. He sat there holding his hands over his ears when the Pinkham Spad roared across the field. "Good huntin', Phineas," he finally muttered. "You are carryin' the wrong bird. It ought to be a cuckoo! Oh, what have I gone and done? That fathead must hypnotize me an' I don't know it. Let 'em bust me — I'm —"

Phineas flew over the lines. He had to if he wanted to get to Germany. He had a map pinned to his leg and he kept giving it a gander for a spot marked "X." The sky was as quiet as a

Scotch tag day when the Spad droned high over Forbach. In fact, it was too quiet and Phineas felt his epidermis begin shifting on various parts of his fuselage.

He kept trying to line up Goering's Fokker nest with von Bock's. While he circled, three Boche crates came up from the real estate as if they had been released by a sling shot. Phineas knew he had to land the Spad in one piece to preserve the health of Heloise. He started signalling for a fair catch, but the Boche would have none of it.

Phineas started climbing. A Fokker burned his tail fins with some quick jabs and it kept narrowing the gap. "Them—bums," Phineas choked out, "must have somethin' special in their gas. Antelope gland syrup, or somethin'."

Up ahead there was another Boche sky buggy and it was of a different color. Spandaus stuck out their orange tongues at Phineas and he winged over. Another D-7 let him have it in the Spad's floating ribs.

Phineas kept on signalling for a chance to land but they would not give it to him. However, he kept sliding closer to terra firma and faked a mortal wound to cover his maneuver. Spandaus eased up a little and Phineas then made a desperate try at the linoleum — and got away with it.

The Spad did some funny things before it came to a stop. It leaned very much on the bias when Phineas got out of the office and examined himself for punctures.

Finding none, he whispered against the side of the crate, "How are you Heloise, old pal, huh?" He heard the pigeon moving around and

heaved a deep sigh. He looked around, saw some Heinies coming toward him. A Fokker D-7 was making a landing in the pasture not far away. Another was above it planning to follow suit. They bore different markings.

A Herr Oberst nodded to Phineas and grinned nastily. "Ah, der Amerikaner, ja? Ach — what do I see on der Spad? Leutnant P. Pingham — Himmel! It is Pingham! Gott sie dank!"

A Heinie pilot joined the party. Told that he had downed Phineas, he thrust out his chest and grinned all over his pan. "So! It is I, Hauptmann von Bock, who shoodts down der great Yangkee Ace, ja? Und all der Junkers have tried —"

"Liar, you ist, Bock!"

Phineas swiveled his head and looked at still another Jerry buzzard. This one had a broad physiognomy and his head was shaped like a building block. He was chunky and arrogant "It vas I, Hermann Goering, as shoodts down der Spad, mein freund. A little mistake is bound to happen, Bock!"

"Bummer ! Again you try und steal der victory from me. I have had enough, Goering. Enough ist too much yedt. I say it vas I!" And Bock gnashed his teeth and banged his fists against his chest.

Phineas grinned. "I will be sittin' over here if you want me. Go ahead an' fight over me. Haw-w-w-w!"

Von Bock turned to the Jerry infantry officer. "I vill leave it up to der Herr Oberst. He was watching, und —"

The Kraut brass hat said, "Ja, I think it was Hauptmann von Bock. I was right underneath, Herr Goering —"

"So?" Goering roared. "Bah! Some day Roehm, I gill you vhat ist vhat!"

I claim der Yankee und you try und take him away. I—Goering—shodt down Leutnant Pingham!"

"It was von Bock!" came back Roehm.

"Say, I'm the victim," Phineas cut in. "Why don't ya ask me? Awright — it was von Bock!"

"Bah-h-h-h! von Bock hein? He calls himself a 'von' budt he ist no Junker. He ist only der sausage stuffer from Aachen. Ho! Ho! You vait und see who officially gedts der victory — it will be I — Hermann Goer-jug!"

"So!" Bock bellowed, jumping up and down. "So idt ist der last straw by me! Insults I have taken vunce too many, Goering. I show you, mein herr! Comes der tag! I go. You keep der Leutnant Pingham!"

"Ja!" Goering mocked. "Back to der sausage meat grinder, bummer!"

"No wonder you have shot down a lot of planes," Phineas said to the Junker pilot. "I wish I had some ghost fighters, haw-w-w-w-w !"

Hermann Goering frowned, ordered the infantrymen to transport his prisoner to his squadron. "Pingham — der funny man, ja? Always idt ist said I have a sense of humor und you

vill be mein guest for two, t'ree days — maybe more before you go to der prison camp. Ach! Bock ist der clumsiest schwein — in der air force. Such ein shame —"

PHINEAS was regaled by Goering and his brood in a small chateau near the Saar. The Boonetown pilot was a howl at mess. Junkers picked bugs out of their victuals. Two of them got ants in their pants. They tried American chewing gum and did not like it. They said it tasted like rubber — which was just what it was. They smoked Phineas' cigars and nearly set the chateau on fire. They watched Phineas swallow a box of tacks with their eyes bugging out. They did not know they were made of licorice.

In brief, Phineas was a card. Hermann Goering sat at the head of the festive board and roared with glee — until he found the apparently defunct mouse in his alleged beef stew.

Goering showed Phineas the Boche layout. The pilots occupied three adjoining rooms on the second floor. While Phineas examined these boudoirs, his hands moved restlessly. They moved quicker than the naked eye could see. Goering heard planes overhead and went to the window and looked out. "Idt ist funny yedt. Two more! Some vent over a little while ago — looks like der Fokkers from Bock's Staffel. Ach — was ist?"

Phineas looked out the window, too. He saw an extensive low frame building at the foot of a long slope — and there was a lot of activity in and around it. There was a big truck with a searchlight mounted on it. Dozens of other trucks were arriving and leaving. There was the smell of petrol in the ozone. Phineas, his ticker pounding, swung away from the window.

Goering said: "Now I show you my quarters, Leutnant — we play some pinochle, nein?"

"Oil right," Phineas said. "A fuel there was—haw-w-w-w-w !"

Goering's rooms were something to look at. The Heinie Fokker foreman had a closet full of uniforms that made Phineas blink. "You must be the best dressed man in the gare, hine?" he said to Goering.

"Ja! Some of der uniforms are not for dis var, mein freund. If Germany is defeated, we gedt ready vunce more—"

"Huh? But you might git as fat as a hippo by then, Hopman," Phineas mumbled. "That white outfit there is the berries, ain't it? By the way, I hear there is Russians around. They are handing out books by a bum named Marx — huh?"

Goering sputtered. "Ja! Der Reds! Dey are schwein. But dey are wasting der time, Leutnant! Already ve make ready for dem. I have a freund — er — but let's change der sub —"

Planes roared over the chateau again. Goering looked up and scratched his head. Phineas grinned — and smelled a rodent. "The— Reds — huh? I guess the White Russians `would have no chance in Germany, as they are the ones that wash, huh? Haw-w-w-w-w-w-w !"

"Hein?"

"Skip it," Phineas chuckled. His brain was hitting up the revs. So far, -so good! Already he had snapped the strained relations between von

Bock and Goering. He remembered Bernhardt Kohl and knew, even as the two rival Jerry circus ringmasters had clashed, that his skullduggery had drawn first gore. He wondered how Heloise was getting along.

Phineas heard a Mercedes singing high over the chateau. He wondered if his hunch was right. Yes, he was sure that it was. Once the defense around the fuel dump was busted wide open, Heloise would wing back to Francois DeBris with a message.

Goering's cherubic face was troubled and he went to the window and looked out again. Phineas sat close to an old horse-hair sofa on which had been thrown Hermann Goering's flying gear.

The Boonetown exponent of legerdemain continued to practice his art with amazing skill. He kept up a running line of talk as he worked. "Von Bock'll keep tellin' everybody you cheated him. Herr Oberst Roehm will stick to his story, too. You will have a tough time talk-in' the High Command into givin' you credit for knockin' me off, Hauptmann. The Junkers are outnumbered, an' —"

"Bah! You know I, Hermann Goering, beat you in combat, Herr Leutnant!"

"If you did, then Lenin is a silent partner with Rockerbilt, haw-w-w-w! You will toss me into a Heinie klink when you have had laffs enough, huh? I won't git out alive, I bet, as you know how the Kaiser's boys like me."

"Ho! Ho ! Look—I am cryin' yedt."

"You couldn't beat me, Goering. You don't dare fight me in an air duel. Haw-w-w-w-w-w!"

"He-e--ein? Gott in Himmel, Leutnant — do not try my patience, or I —"

"There is just one way to put it over Bock — an' that is to let me get upstairs an' knock me off in front of witnesses," Phineas drawled a little cursorily. "What a laugh you would have on that weenie taxidermist, huh? But you wouldn't dare. Nobody ever knocked Phineas Pink-ham down an' kept him there. Le's forget it!"

The needling was getting results. Hermann Goering paced the floor and muttered under his breath. He kept looking at Phineas and cussing.

"What could you lose?" Pinkham continued. "I couldn't never get away. You know them Fokkers better than I do. I am used to Spads. I wouldn't have one chance in ten thousand. But I might lick you an' then what haw-w-w-w-w!"

"Bummer! You tink you ist besser den Goering? Ha-a-a-ah! Budt maybe I do like idt der idea. I vould make Bock der laughing stock. How could I lose? Ho! Ho! Yes, I fix idt, Leutnant. You vill get to der Fokker an' go upstairs and I vill chase you. It is der bargain!"

"Look at me now," Phineas gulped. "St. Vitus is a wooden cigar store Indian compared to me. Why can't I shut up! I was only kiddin'. Haw-w-w-w!"

"Ja?" Budt Goering ist nodt fooling. Early in der morgen, Leutnant. Ve vill fight to der death!"

"Oh, awright. I asked for it. I —"

Planes overhead again. Goering went to the window and looked out. "Flying over yedt. Going toward Austria — ach was ist?"

"I would like to take a stroll before I retire an' see the great outdoors, Herr Goering," Phineas said sheepishly. "I have not long for this world. I would like to write a billy doo to my pals so that you can drop it down after you knock me off. I couldn't escape. You know that. You have got more doughs around this dump than there are flies around a honey wagon, an' —"

"Ja. Anything to entertain my — er — guest," Goering said, and he went to the closet and took a white tunic off a hook. He donned the ornate piece of military haberdashery and admired himself in the mirror. "Gut!" he said. "In der next war, Hermann Goering vill —"

THE BOONETOWN BAM was given a sort of freedom of the German drome. Boche eyed him from a distance as he ambled across the field. He came to the Spad that had been towed in from where it had smacked the carpet. He took a little wad of paper from his pocket with one hand and opened up the flap in the side of the fuselage with the other.

He took Heloise out and then fought off a stroke. The pigeon had eaten the three days' supply of corn in less than two hours! Eyes crossed, it vented something that resembled a burp and keeled over.

"W-Why y-you double crossin' — Oh-h-h-h-h! All is lost! I —"

Krauts grabbed Phineas. One picked up the bird and howled. "Ach — der taube. Raus mit!"

Phineas was hustled back to Kraut headquarters and shoved toward Hermann Goering. The pigeon, as fat as a pound of lard, was deposited in front of the Staffel leader.

Goering's cherubic face became dark. "So! Pigeon-man, hein? Now it gifts der firing squad anyway. Tricks again, hein? Ho! Ho! Budt Goering vill save you from der firing wall in der morgen. Lock him up, der schwein!"

There was a commotion outside. Into the Boche Operations Office staggered a little Kraut pilot. There was a bump on his coco as big as Goering's ego. "Ach Gott — Hauptmann! It ist bad! Von Bock and his flyers go — und don't come back. Eighteen of der schwein! When I vake up, dere ist a flag flying — here ist idt!"

Phineas stared at the crudely made banner. It had been fashioned out of a bedsheet. On one side had been painted a crude likeness of a citizen of Russia — Nikolai Lenin. Under the attempt at art were big black letters: HOCH LENIN! DOWN MIT JUNKERS! The other side of the flag blasted forthwith: DER KAISER BAH-H-H!

"Gott!" Goering staggered backward and a little Fokker pilot held him up. "So — der Bullsheviki. Von Bock — Himmel —!"

"Yeah," Phineas gulped. "An' I bet half your outfit is a bunch of Reds, too! Search their quarters, Herr Goering, before it is too late. Haw-w-w-w-w-w-w!"

"Hein? I bedt you — jet, I will, Lentnant!"
"A bulls-eye," Phineas told himself.
"Maybe there is a chance yet."

Goering and two of his flunkys ransacked the pilots' quarters. They uncovered a dozen pamphlets that had been printed in Russian cellars. Pamphlets bearing pictures of Lenin and which preached the doctrine that what's yours is mine and what's mine is yours.

Phineas was afraid for a moment that apoplexy would cheat him out of the tiff with Georing at dawn. Then Hermann the Great started a putsch that was to be the forerunner of later putsches in Kraut history. Protesting Junkers were slugged and tied up. Half the personnel of the field was hors de combat and waiting for the courts of justice. Von Bock's outfit had pulled out. Phineas had delivered a master stroke.

CAME THE DAWN. Hermann Goering was dressed for the air and sent word to the condemned man that his last hour had arrived. Goering had taken no chances. He had instructed his mech to see that a certain D-7 had but one or two bursts in its Spandau belts. All of them were tracers.

Phineas was given a hearty meal before he pulled on his leather shroud. On the Heinie drome, the faithful lined up and saluted Goering as he strode toward his battle wagon. They cheered him and hissed the Yankee upstart.

Phineas knew what he knew and so only grinned at the Jerries. "Adoo! Don't make the omelet before you git the cackleberries, haw-w-w-w! I'll put up a good fight — I'll see that there's no fuelin'."

"Whistling walking by der graveyard yedt, hein?" Goering mocked. "I flew with Richthofen! He ist dead — but Goering lives, ja-a-a!"

"May the best man win, mein Herr," Phineas countered. He was sure that Hermann was taking no chances. There was too much at stake. But if the bum had left at least six pellets in the Spandaus, well —"

Two miles from the Heinie drome, two Krauts waited near a motorcycle. One said, "He will be our third man — if he lives. I know he fixed der Yankee's guns, ja! A man he tells me an hour ago. Ve have him vhere ve want him — das Goering, win or lose, Adolph!"

Goering swung into his office and got set. He pulled his goggles down over his glimmers. "Ach, everything looks so clear! Kontakt!" He waved to Phineas.

The Yank started running for the other Fokker and the farce was on. Boche fired wide and made the bolt for freedom look good. Phineas got into the Fokker, let it have its noggin. Soon he was off, and when it reached four thousand, Hermann Goering was five hundred feet above it.

"Numbed the Mercedes a little, too, the dirty bums," Phineas yelped. Then he got set to fence with the Boche. Goering poured bursts from his Spandaus and wondered why Phineas did not go down. Didn't he have him dead to rights twice?

Hermann Goering did not tumble until it was too late. That other Fokker, when it seemed not more than fifty yards in front of Goering's crate, was in reality three times that distance away!

Leutnant Bernhardt Kohl's special lenses were doing the busi-ness — monkey business!

Phineas kept looking for an opening — and soon got it. Tracers knifed through Goering's office and chipped his empennage. The phosphorous lead pierced the Hauptmann's office, too, lifting Goering right out of his seat. The Fokker under him started to bleat for a little cooperation from the main office. Goering frantically straightened it out, then began squirming again. He turned his attention to the D-7 only when it was but three hundred feet up.

"Donnervetter! Gott in—!" A wing tip kissed a rooftop and the osculation must have wowed the Fokker. It spun end over end and hit the linoleum with a WHAM! Hermann Goering described an arc through the early morning mist and got a good break by lighting on his head. He was shaken up from his arches to the roots of the hair on his noggin — and he stayed that way for fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile, Phineas was losing no time. He zoomed down over the fueling depot and gave it all that was left in the Spandaus. Three bursts only Goering had granted the Pinkham D-7. They were enough.

Tracers ignited the Mercedes oomph elixir and the heat from the fire charred the posts of the Heinie drome's barbed wire fence. A truck blew up, then another. Fire licked at dry brush and groped for the Heinie hangars.

Goering rubbed his eyes, then started yelling for somebody to do something. It was an awful mess all around. Goering looked up at the

D-7 that zoomed overhead. "Pingham! Gott strafe — some day I bedt you —!"

Anti-aircraft batteries fired what seemed like old stoves and pieces of flat-irons at Phineas, but the Boonetown pilot was not going to let anything stop him from getting back to home and Garrity. "An' I hope Heloise gits roasted, haw-w-w-w-w! Well, I fooled them bums! Goering, huh! He is just another pushover, as look how he fell for that trick. Boys. they put enough gas in this buggy, anyway.

Phineas hit up against five Albs over Met:, and they closed in on him. But out of the haze to the south came Captain Howell, Bump Gillis, et al — and they were really in the pink that fine morning. Phineas never liked his pals better than he liked them at that moment.

Howell knew something was sadly amiss because he saw Albs trying to knock a D-7 down. Following a hunch, he led his salty buckos to the Kraut crate's rescue. Phineas just kept on going— for without bullets he was of little use.

The Fokker D-7 caused some jitters on the drome of the Ninth when it finally began circling high over the drome. Like a man who throws his hat in through the door of his domicile to see if it will be allowed to stay there, Phineas tossed the contents of one of his pockets overside. Sergeant Casey picked up a rubber gun and then waved Phineas in.

"Well, how is everything, bums?" Phineas grinned when he got out of the Boche ship. "Thought I was dead again, I bet."

"Yeah," Casey said. "But I'll keep on hopin' — I — er — hopin' you'll always come back. Ha! Ha!"

Phineas went over to meet the Old Man. Garrity hid his feelings from the Boonetown wonder. He said: "Another Hun wagon, huh? You bring back more of them than you do Spads. Well, what didn't you do this time?"

"I did everything but bring you the Kaiser," Phineas said modestly. "The only way the Boche will get fueled now is — by Leutnant Pinkham as usual. Wait until I tell you —"

AFTERMATH! Three Dutchmen in the doldrums gathered in a house not far from Goering's skeleton drome. Goering said: "I think I keep out of politics, mein freunds. I'd rather go hunting der wild boars — tanks just der same —"

"Ja? Ho! Ho!" said the Jerry corporal with the big black mustache. "Nein — Herr Goering. We need you, ja! Vhat would der Germans say if dey knew you ledt Pingham escape? Und vhat he did to you? Ach Gott! In Berlin dey laugh at Hermann Goering, und--"

"I change my mind," Goering groaned. "But you be careful, Adolph, and watch your step, ja. Does der German people want to listen to ein paper hangar? Who vas not born efen in Germ —" "Nein.

You must not haff der bad feelings, Hermann. Not until I get a good start must dey know vhat I vas. I will make you head of der air force of der new Reich, so keep it der big mouth shut! Und you, Joe Goebbels — hah? I don't like der look in your eye. You stick mit us or maybe I

vil tell der gross General von Strudeldorff who idt vas who flirts mit his fraulein vhen he ist on der front. Und den dere vas der two-timing mit der fraulein of Colonel-General von Bockwursser—"

"That ist enough, Adolph. Ha! Ha! You know I am your pal!"

"So! Now ye must get ein name for der new party. Something mit power in idt. Many names I haff, but I don't like — er — was ist, Hermann?"

Goering was looking at a pamphlet he had found on the floor of his quarters after Phineas had left. Adolph looked over his shoulder. The pamphlet said, "Enroll in the N.A.Z.I. now! You Cannot Afford To Wait! The North American Zither Institute—"

"Wonderbar!" bellowed Adolph. "Wonderbar! NAZI ist der name of der party! Such ein word! Der NAZI party — a new Germany. Now pardon me — I must go write some more of Mein Kampf —"

Goebbels nodded. Goering took some cigars from his pocket and passed them around. "Der Leutnant giff dem to me last night. Ve will smoke and celebrate der new NAZI party, hein?"

Adolph lit his first. He puffed contentedly for awhile. Then — BANG!

Sparks flew and burrowed into his mustache. Adolph hopped up and down, yelled for his partners to get some water or something. But there was no water nearer than the well.



The Corporal's eyes widened. "Ja wahl! Idt ist not zo bad! Und look how nice der hair on der head flops down over der eye! I do not look so much like der paper hanger no more, nein! Sehr gut, hein?"

"You cannodt show me anything dat is gut." Hermann Goering moaned. "Budt I bedt you ve got to keep der Bullsheiviki outd of Germany. If von Bock comes mit der Russians an' dey capture Germany, I vill get mein throat cut. Ja, we must stick together, mein freunds."

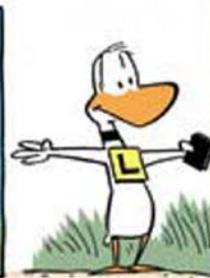
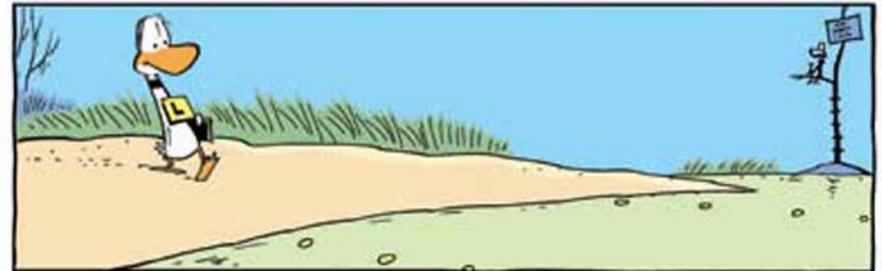
"Ja wohl!" nodded Goebbels. "Let us shake on it, mein herrs."

Adolph now had a funny gleam in his eyes. He muttered under his breath. "Napoleon, hein? Who ist he, bah!"

Yes, Phineas got a medal. He has it in his collection in Boonetown, Iowa. Everybody there knows he is a war hero, but he could never make them believe he had so much to do with bringing the number one, two, and three NAZIs together. Who could ?

SWAMP

by Gary Clark



Adolph bolted out of the house and ran to the well, two streamers of smoke drifting out behind him. He finally doused the fire in his upper-lip alfalfa and made his way back to the house.

"Donnervetter, idt ist ruined, der mustache! I must look vunce —" And Adolph took a gander at his reflection in a mirror. All his mustache was gone — save for a small black patch under his ample schnozzola.

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 Model Airplane News, February 1948 issue.

Lots of good stuff in this issue, not the least of which is the cover painting by Jo Kotula who for many years did the covers for Model Airplane News.

This issue is full of plans and projects including Free Flight, U-Control, HLG and an ROG. Also several nice 3-Views and historical aviation items.

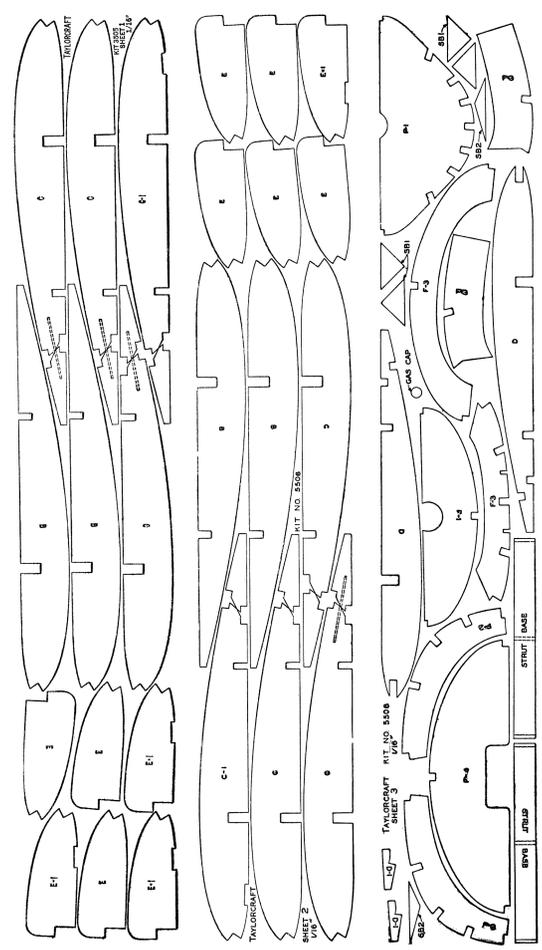
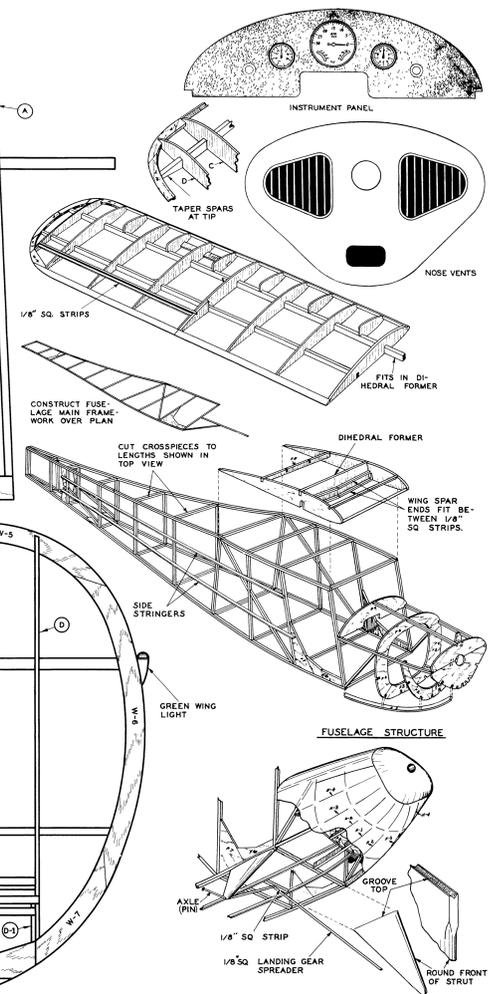
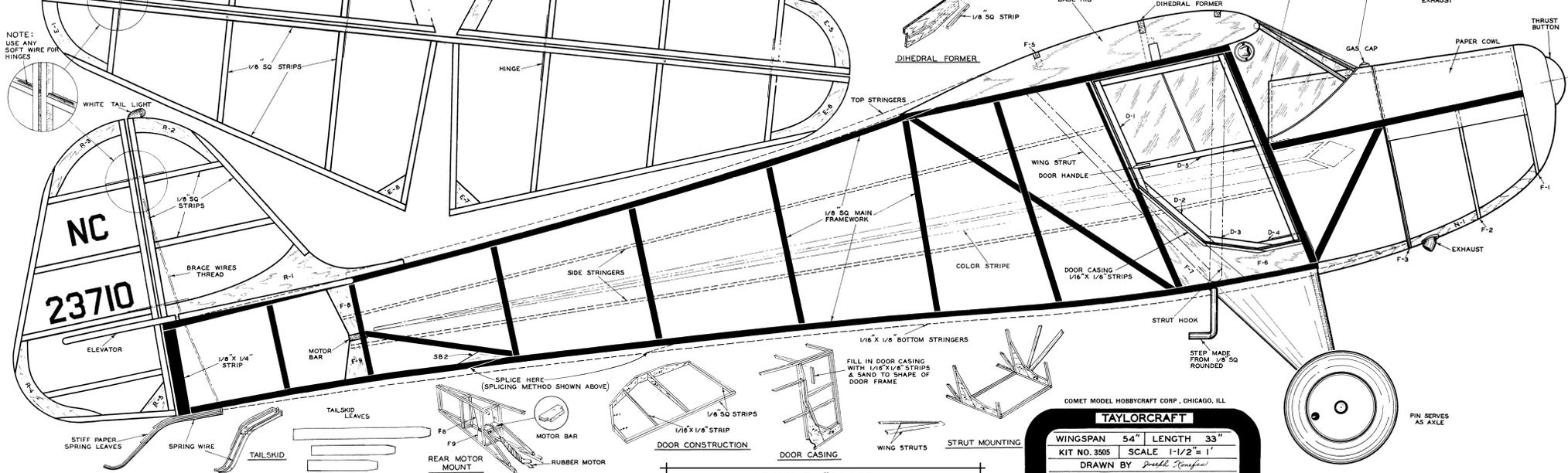
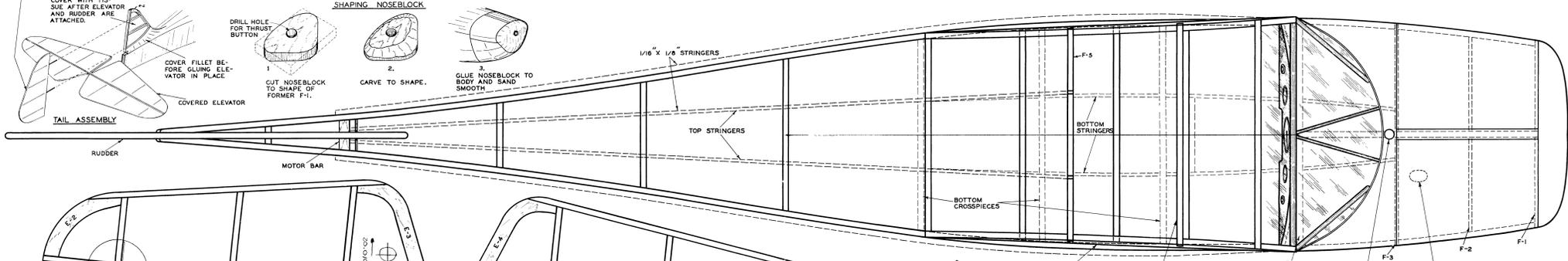
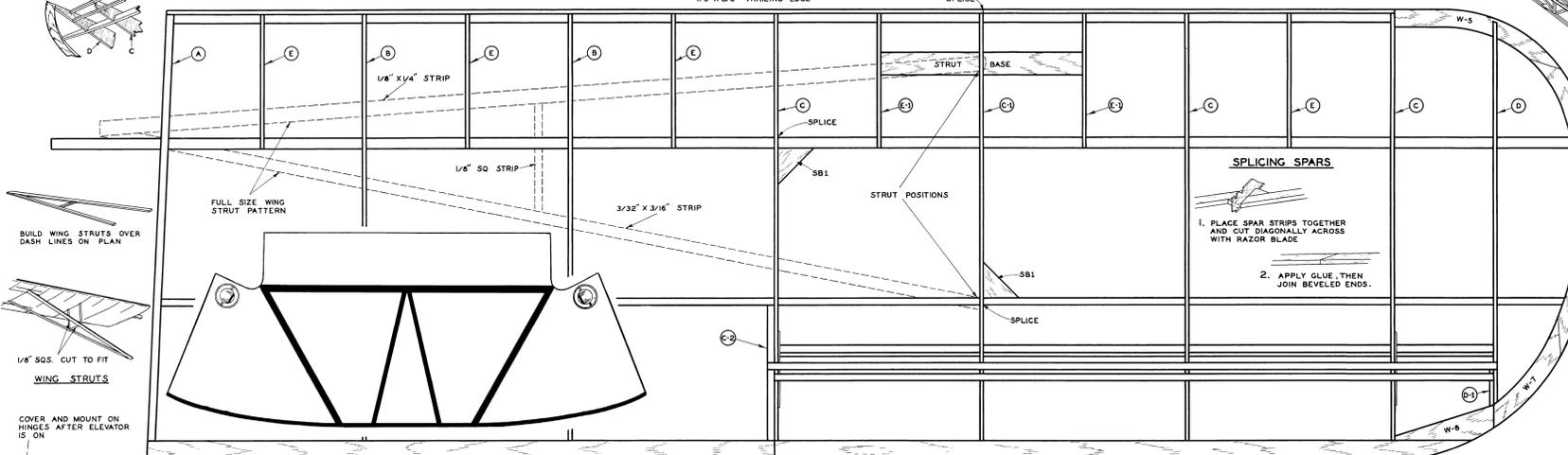
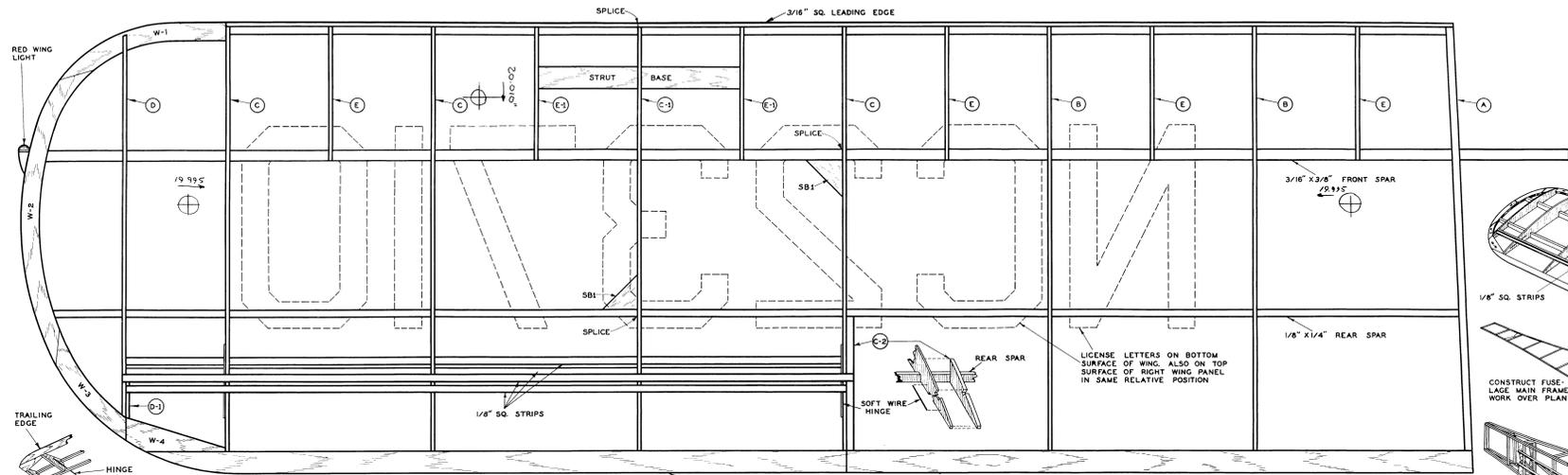
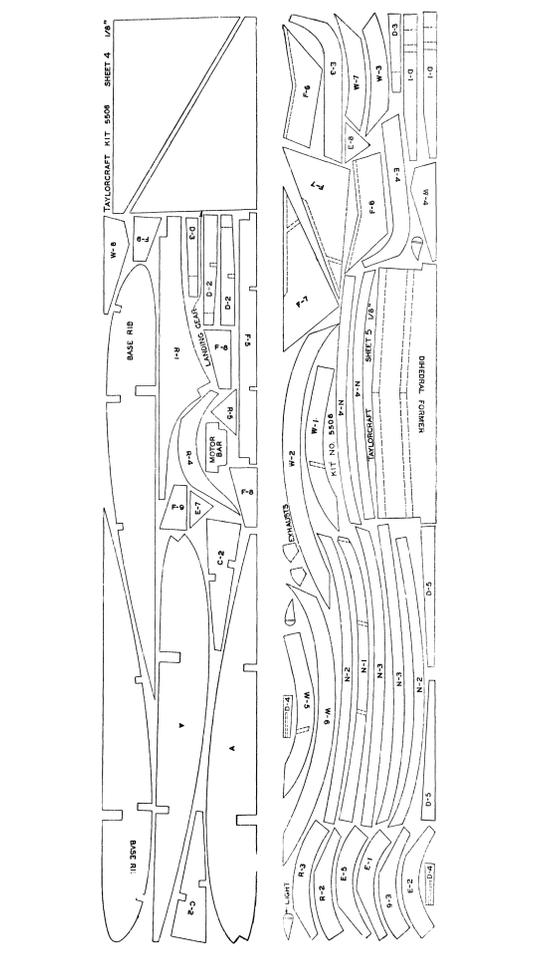
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This download link will be expire on April 1, 2017, so if you'd like this issue for your own collection, better do it now.

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.





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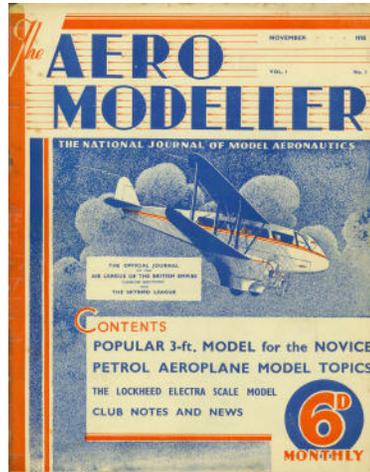
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COMET MODEL HOBBYCRAFT CORP., CHICAGO, ILL
TAYLORCRAFT
WINGSPAN 54" LENGTH 33"
KIT NO. 3505 SCALE 1-1/2" = 1"
DRAWN BY *Jessie Crawford*

FROM ROLAND FRIESTAD COLLECTION

Now Available!!
The early issues of
AEROMODELLER

Computerized in High Resolution
On Custom USB Flash Drives

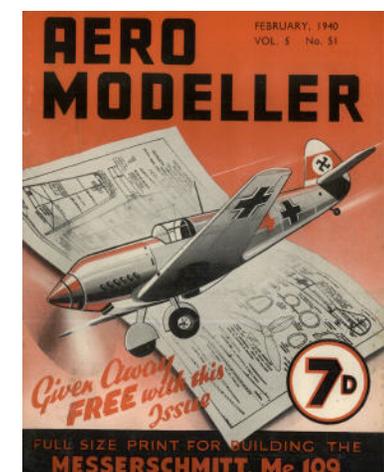
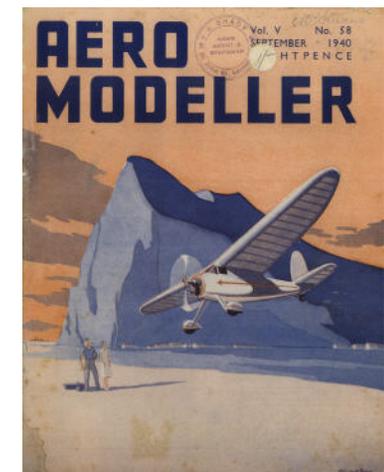
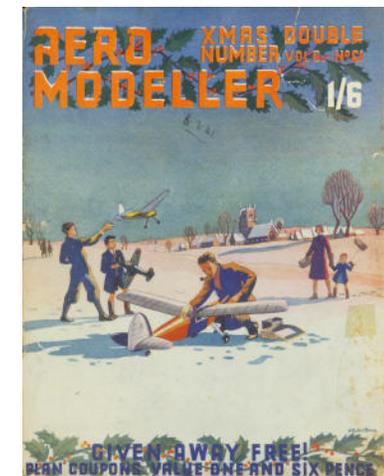
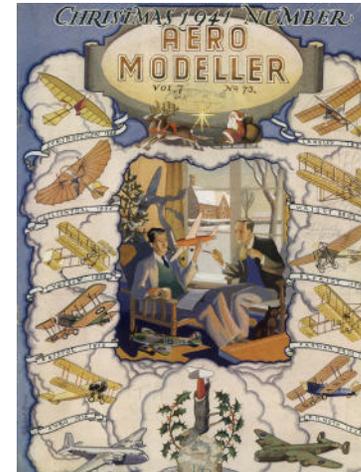
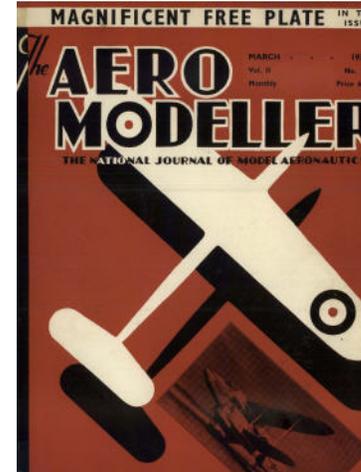
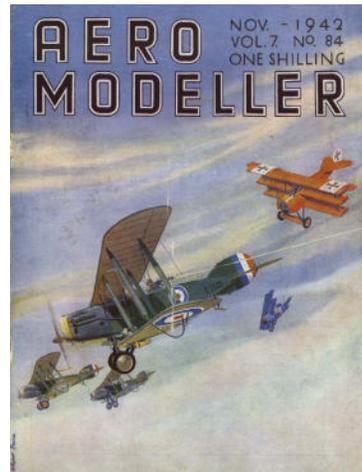


Now, after several months and hundreds of hours of work, we have available high-resolution digital copies of the British Aeromodeller magazine starting with the very first issue dated November 1935, shown above, and through the December 1942 issue. These issues are extremely rare and hard to find. These early issues are from the late Ivor F collection in Australia, with thanks to his son Tahn Stowe.

Furnished on our custom made USB Flash Drives this collection is priced at only \$60 US, postpaid world-wide. PayPal, Money Order or check drawn on a USA bank. Catalog number - D001047 - 85 issues -

Roland Friestad
1640 N Kellogg Street
Galesburg, Illinois, 61401
USA
cardinal.eng@grics.net

P.S. - Don't forget to include your name and address - Sometimes people forget !!



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.

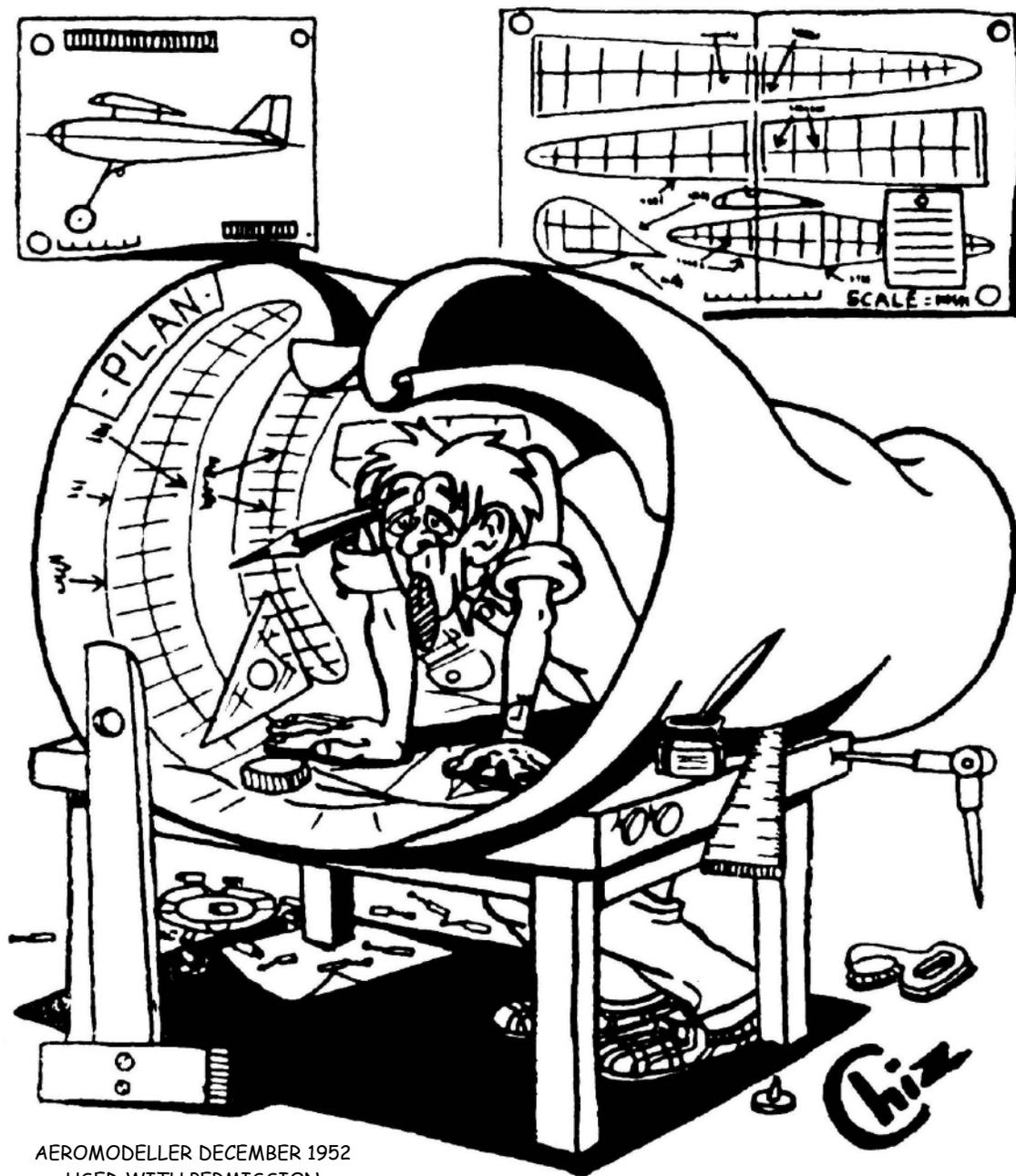
That's NOT the way it was in the past, when you had to build a model before you could fly it. If you're an old-timer, as I am, you have fond memories of Air Trails, Flying Models, Model Airplane News, Aeromodeller and many of the several other magazines available "way back when".

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



AEROMODELLER DECEMBER 1952
USED WITH PERMISSION

Great Gifts for Modelers

Digital Magazines on USB Flash Drive Cards



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

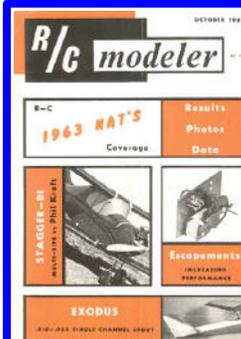
MODEL BUILDER - This magazine ran from the first issue of September~October 1971 through the final issue dated October, 1996 -

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

All prices include postage paid worldwide

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

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