

RCMW-FSP

April 2017



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UC Stunt & Scale

FF Scale & Endurance

Plus - A Pinkham Adventure

BELLANCA YO-50

NEW AIR CORPS "GRASSHOPPER"

Cover art from October 1941 FLYING ACES

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ON THE COVER

Bellanca made a lot of different aircraft designs over the years and this model YO-50 was intended to compete with the Piper Cubs and Aeronca Champs. Not sure how many were made but what looks like slotted wings probably made it a good STOL ship.

Artwork from the cover of the October 1941 issue of Flying Aces

Subscribe to RCMW

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.

If you like to build models you will appreciate the ability to see again antiques, old classics, reproductions of kits, as well as new designs made for the reliable, lightweight Micro RC equipment currently available.

If you are one of the "Buy-&Fly" fraternity and would like to learn how to build and repair models, RCMW is also the magazine to read.

Each issue is full of useful information rather than just a seemingly unending series of advertising for expensive models and equipment.

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Roland Friestad
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USA



Full Size Plans



Spring has Sprung !! At least in this part of Illinois. Along with it has come the usual windy weather that makes flying models a bit of a challenge. Although if you are willing to get up before the crack of dawn and get to the flying field when the sun just comes up there can be some good flying weather for the free flight guys.

This month we have a mix of Free Flight and U-Control models along with another of Joe Archibald's Phineas Pinkham stories. While researching Joe Archibald, starting with Wikipedia, we found that he had written over 150 of the Pinkham stories and many others with different heros. He not only wrote the stories but usually made the drawings himself. He even had a regularly published comic strip for a time. We'll include more of his background and history in a future issue.

See pages four and five for some news and general information.

The first model is a UC Stunt ship by well known modeler Paul Del Gatto called LADY LUCK. It's a pretty ship and appeared in the 1962 edition of the Model Airplane News Annual.

Next is another UC ship but his time a very nice model of the North American B-25 by Florian Piorkowski. He even covered it with 16 thousandths aluminum and from the collection of trophies shown with the model it was a consistent winner. This one is from the October 1962 issue of Model Airplane News.

Chuck Hollinger is another well known model designer and his free flight scale model of the BUHL PUP is a nice little ship for an 049 or 074 engine. It appeared in the October 1950 issue of Air Trails and the editors suggested it would make a good US Stunt model. It looks to us like a better bet would be a nice little electric powered RC ship using the micro size RC equipment available these days. May not even need much weight in the nose to make a nice docile flyer if you keep the tail light.

From the same October 1950 issue of Air Trails come the STRATO FLASH, a half a free flight endurance model by an expert indoor model competitor. Very interesting design that's easy to build and his comments on construction and trimming are well worth studying.

Finally, our download of a full size magazine for this issue features the March 1965 issue of Aeromodeller. This issue features information about the aircraft specially built for the film along with a series of small 3-views. If any of our readers know of full size plans for these aircraft, please let us know and we will try to publish them in later issues. I have both VHS and DVD versions of this film and watch it again every few years, although my wife's eyes sort of glaze over whenever I put the film on to watch.

Keep 'em Flying,
Roland Friestad, Editor

Who We Are by The Editor

I thought a bit of history about RCMW, also known as RC Micro World, might be of interest, particularly to new subscribers.

The late John Worth was the president of the AMA and later was the AMA executive director for many years. After retiring from those duties he was editing a magazine called RC Micro Flight that was being published by the Model Airplane News folks. They decided to quit that publication.

A short while after that John decided to publish his own online magazine which he called RC Micro World. I was a subscriber and also volunteered to assist with drawings and some of the editing and we shortly became friends as we had many common interests in model building and flying.

After several years, John's health became an issue and he asked and I agreed to do more of the work on the online magazine.

Not long before I started working with John I had also started a publication of my own called Full Size Plans. I felt that modelers who built rather than just bought their airplanes would be interested in receiving full size printed plans on a subscription basis. Full Size Plans was modestly successful, but there was no danger of putting Apple Computer or General Motors out of business.

As John's health continued to deteriorate he and his wife moved from the Washington D.C.

area to Florida in order to be closer to his family. We had many discussions about the future of RCMW and shortly before he passed away he asked if I would continue editing and publishing the online magazine. I agreed.

It didn't take long to find out that two separate publications, because of their similar readership, could be combined into a single magazine.

At about this time large format printer/plotters became more common at office supply stores and those that printed plans for architects and engineering offices. One big advantage of this is that full size plans could be sent over the internet or transferred by CD or on memory cards.

It is even possible, using the printing software that runs your home computer printer, to print your own full size plans using a feature called "Tiling" where the plan is automatically printed on smaller sheets with alignment marks so that the individual "Tiles" can be accurately assembled and taped together.

RCMW has evolved into an online magazine that contains full size printable plans in every issue. We reprint classic plans from back issues of model magazines and from out of production kits. We also publish new designs and are always looking for authors.

Our goal is to publish a fairly wide selection of the type of models that would interest the average "Sunday Flier" and we will let other magazines print reviews of the latest ARF's and stories about huge expensive models. Those are interesting but most model builders will not take on that sort of project.

PDF Advantages

There are several advantages to using PDF files for the RCMW online magazine.

The files are smaller, easier to send, and can be read and printed by just about any computer including those at your local "copy shop" You can print selected pages or complete issues as desired.

Links to other websites or email addresses are active, in other words, you don't need to type in the links, just pause over the link and click when it appears on the screen.

Storage is easy as many hundreds of issues can be stored on a hard drive or a USB Flash Drive. The files can be opened and paged through without the damage that can occur, particularly to old and fragile magazines.

Scaling of plans is easy. If you want a full size plan, just select 100% when printing. But you can scale up or down as desired.

Easier to find what you are looking for because you can search for a word or phrase and the software will find it for you.

You can print out just the construction article and plan to take to the shop for building. No danger getting the original issue dirty.

How many times have you heard "But I don't know what to get you for Christmas, Birthday, or ???" Suggest a subscription to RCMW or one of our digital collections of model aircraft magazine back issues. See the back pages of each issue.

Write for RCMW

If you are a "scratch" builder, either using your own plans or those you get from RCMW, why not think about writing for us?

With digital cameras and word processing software it's easier than ever to document your project and send it to us for publication. Don't worry about spelling and punctuation, surely not your favorite subjects way back in school. We'll take care of that on this end.

With the current crop of electric motors and batteries for power and miniaturized RC equipment, most of the model plans published years ago can be readily adapted to electric power and radio control. If you have worked out a neat way to solve a problem or a new way to do an old job other modelers would like to hear about it. Why not take the jump and write it up for so other model builders can see what you are doing?

WE PAY FOR ARTICLES THAT WE PUBLISH. Contact the editor for details.

Even if you don't want to take the plunge and do a complete article, how about sending in your photos of models and your flying sessions. We like to get information about your club, contests and fun flying sessions. It might even bring in new members. News is always welcome.

Organizations

If you belong to a club that puts out a newsletter, why not let us know about it. Because RCMW can include active links in our issues we can publish a link to your newsletter or website. This can bring in new members and provide news for existing members. Just send in your email or website address and we'll include it at no charge. This also applies to upcoming contests and flying sessions. Following are a few examples.

We expect this list to grow as more modelers learn about it. As it becomes larger it will be moved to a separate page.

Groups and Organizations

Academy of Model Aeronautics (AMA)

www.modelaircraft.org

Society of Antique Modelers (SAM)

www.antiquemodeler.org

National Free Flight Society (NFFS)

www.freeflight.org

DC Maxcutters

www.dcmaxecuter.org

Vintage RC Society (VRCS)

www.vintagercsociety.org

Precision UC Aerobatics (PAMPA)

www.pampacl.org

Brotherhood of the Ring (Ringmasters UC)

www.brotherhoodofthering.info

Electric Flyers Only (Ampeer)

www.theampeer.org

There are lots more out there. Let us know and we will put in the links. Who knows you may meet some new modeling buddies.

Groups and Forums

There are many forums and discussion groups available on the internet. Please send us links to your favorites and we will set up a separate page to make it easy to find them from each RCMW issue.

Advertising

You will notice that as a rule we don't have paid advertising in the issues of RCMW. We feel that the price of your subscription purchases plans, articles and news rather than ads. When a product is suggested, a link to the supplier will be included. Also any other advertising will be on a separate page so that is accessible but does not fill the RCMW issues with non-modeling content. That way if you want to see the ads you can do so without having to page through them to get to the articles and plans.

Caution!

The internet is a great place for getting information. Without it RCMW could not exist as it does. But please be warned --- If you get too involved with the internet you may not have time for building and flying models.

LADY LUCK

This attractive UC Stunt ship by Paul Del Gatto appeared in the 1962 Model Airplane Annual.

Like many an ardent control-line enthusiast we sometimes get bitten by the bug to do something just a little more than slapping a profile model together for some Sunday flying fun and get the urge to go off on the deep end.

The Lady Luck, shown here, is the long drawn-out result of two years of development in airfoils; structural design and proportional development.

Outwardly, the model's appearance is not unlike many other stunt models, except perhaps for the high-slung tail surfaces.

The airfoil is an N.A.C.A. development which heretofore we have not seen used, though that in itself is not the whole measure of the model's success.

The wing construction departs from the traditional top and bottom main spar with sheet and capstripping. . . . Instead, a stepped sheet spar is used.

Note, also, that the wing section and the trailing edge are not of constant thickness, for it is tapered out to the wingtip. This to our way of thinking, approximates an aerodynamically perfect wing; from the viewpoint of efficiency.



Many experienced stunt fliers are cognizant of the fact that the efficiency of tail surfaces are minimized when placed in the wake of the turbulent flow of air from the wing.

However, to mount the stab in a more desirable position often introduces structural design problems, which if not properly done will result in tail flutter and vibration. We exercised a great deal of care in designing the model to provide a secure mount for the high slung tail surfaces.

The fuselage is constructed similarly to many other stunt models, except perhaps it's a little beefier than some.

To some extent these structural and design considerations were essential, for in the art of stunt flying we do not rank ourselves as a better than an average stunt flier.

The skilled stunt flier can take most any model, even a poorly designed one, and with little effort do the complete pattern as if it were "duck soup". Not so with us. What we needed was an airplane as close to perfection both structurally and aerodynamically so as to make up for our lack of top flying skill.

Needless to say, many an aspiring stunt flier often blames himself, rather than the shortcomings of the model he is flying, as the reason for not doing a flawless stunt pattern.

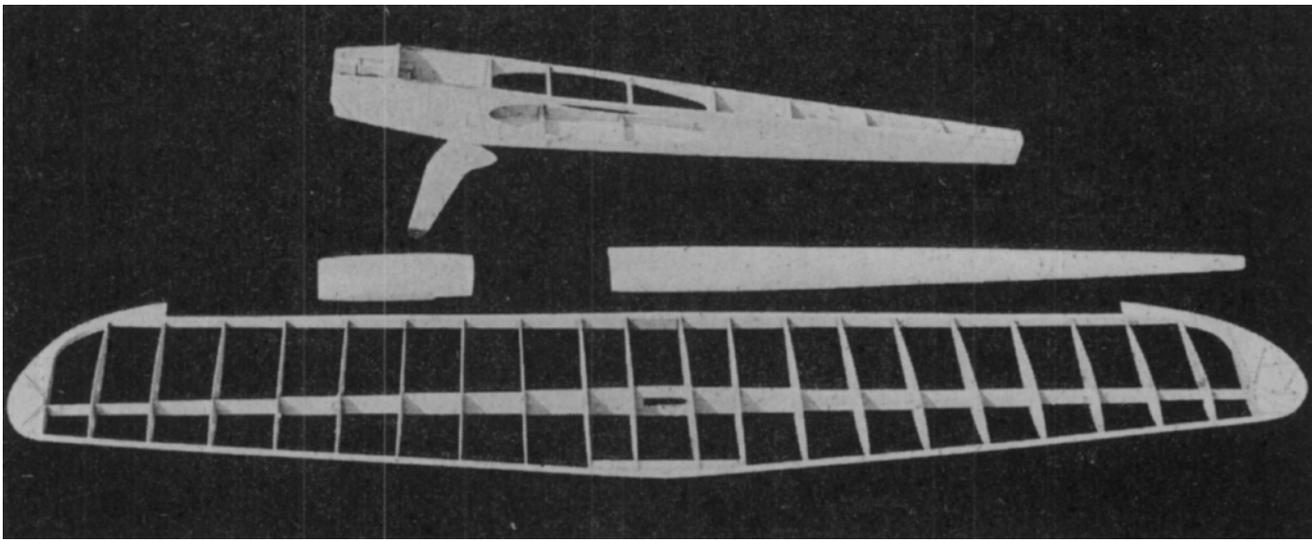
Despite the quantity of lumber absorbed in building the Lady Luck, the weight was kept to a respectable limit, by using a great deal of medium to soft wood and using hard balsa only where absolutely necessary.

Properly controlled, this, method of construction has the decided advantage of obtaining a model that will better absorb the stresses and strains of maneuvering as well as, engine vibration, not to mention those rough take-offs and landings which can happen to the best of us.

CONSTRUCTION

Begin construction with the wing, since this is the key surface about which the rest of the model is assembled.

The 1/8" hard sheet spar is cut to the pattern shown on the plan, remember that the outboard half of the wing spar is shorter. The 1/16" plywood stiffeners are cut to size, to which the two wing spar halves are sandwiched in between.



The wing ribs are all cut from 1/16" hard sheet balsa and for accuracy all the ribs have been laid out, and there is no guestimating with any of them. Cut the wing trailing edge and flap leading edge as indicated, and pre-shape them before assembly.

Begin assembly by locating the wing ribs on the main spar. Cement the ribs to the spar and the wing trailing edge simultaneously to insure accurate alignment. Then add the wing leading edge, leading edge brace, and bellcrank mount.

Cut the 1/8" hard sheet tips to shape and cement them in place, then add the required bracing to each wingtip.

Install the complete control system at this time, but do not finalize the push-rods to the flap and elevator control horn. Plank the top and bottom of the wing leading edge, and also the complete center section. The wing ribs are then capstripped on top and bottom.

Having completed the wing frame, proceed with the fuselage assembly by first cutting out the basic fuselage sides and the 1/16" plywood doublers, and then cement them as indicated.

Cut out all the fuselage formers and the engine mount components. Start assembling the fuselage sides with F-1 and F-2 and then add F-11. When this much has been permitted to dry, add the remaining formers and the 3/32" square bottom stringers.

Install the engine mount assembly, remember this may be tailored somewhat to suit the engine being used. The next step is to install the plywood landing gear mount and sheet bracing.

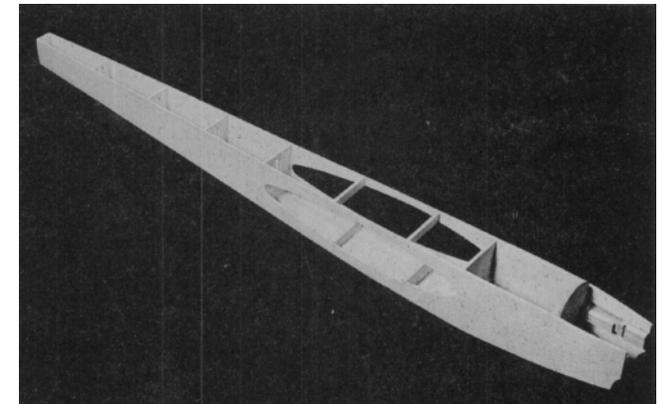
The landing gear strut itself is formed from a piece of 1/16" dural. The wheel pants assembly is an optional feature which does take a little effort. However, the added good looks, we feel more than make up for it. Complete the main landing gear assembly and also the tail wheel strut installation before proceeding further.

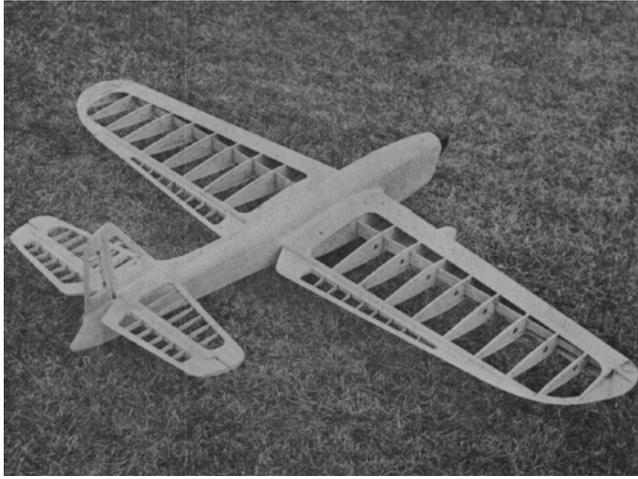
Slide the wing assembly in place in the fuselage cut-out, and cement it securely in place. The built-up wing flaps are then assembled and hinged to the main wing surface. Add the 3/32" sheet balsa fuselage bottom after the wing has been installed.

Select a light weight soft block for the fuselage top and blank it out to the desired shape. Then hollow it out to the dotted line. If the block does not happen to be light in weight, then hollow it out to a thinner wall thickness.

Cut out the stab mount center pieces, and slot the top block to receive the main mount. The blocks have been angled to permit proper clearance for the elevator control horn.

While the tail assembly is relatively easy to construct, nevertheless, considerable care should be exercised to make the surfaces sturdy and uniformly symmetrical. The measure of any model's performance, or lack of it, can often be traced to the tail surfaces.





The tail surfaces are best constructed without any preliminary shaping or cutting of ribs to the desired outline. The surfaces are shaped after assembly using a large sanding block and rough to smooth sandpaper.

Hinge the elevator assembly to the stabilizer with cloth tape hinges, and trial fit the completed unit in order to finalize the elevator pushrod. Once satisfied, cement the stab-elevator unit in place.

The fin is then cemented securely on top of the stabilizer. The rudder is locked in a 3/8" minimum offset position until the model has been test flown, after which the offset can be increased or decreased.

The engine can be installed upright or inverted, as you prefer. Use lock washers in mounting to prevent the engine loosening as a result of vibration. Locate the fuel tank as close to the engine as possible.

Cover the cylinder head and air intake to prevent balsa dust and shavings from getting inside while the top front block and bottom front block are shaped to outline. Upon completion of the bottom block, hinge it to one side in order that the engine can be examined occasionally.

With all the surfaces cemented in place, the next important thing to do is reinforce all the joints with silk or nylon. Then brush on two coat of clear dope over the entire structure, smooth-sanding between each coat.

COVERING AND FINISH

Only the wing and tail surfaces require covering. For the tail surfaces and wing flaps, we would recommend light weight Silkspan or two layers of light weight tissue applied cross-grain.

For the main wing surfaces, light weight silk or nylon is best. If anything else must be used, our own preference is for the double tissue covering rather than a heavy grade of Silkspan. It is a little more work, but considerably more durable.

After completing the covering, apply three to four coats of clear fuel-proof dope over the entire model, smooth-sanding between each coat. The two primary colors used on our model were black and red with some white added to the pin striping.

Allow ample time for the completed color trim to dry to a hard finish. Then using a fine grit rubbing compound such as "Duco No. 7" or "Aero Gloss", rub down the surfaces to a high lustre.

The canopy used is now pre-trimmed and lightly cemented in place so as not to mar the finish. Canopy available from most hobby shops.

FLYING

As is the usual procedure, select a relatively calm day for your first flights. Regardless of your experience, any new model presents some difficulties. There may have to be some adjustment made as to side thrust or rudder offset, or perhaps even the control system may need some adjustment. These things may seem trivial until such time that something goes wrong.

Do not attempt to fly the model on low power, but rather from moderate to high power. The more intricate the maneuvers the more power should be available. Pull test your lines between each flight for added safety, and stay away from high tension lines.

Sounds gloomy, sure. But follow these tips and they will pay off with a top notch performer and your friends will envy you.



SUPER SCALE B-25

This beautiful model of the B-25 appeared originally in the October 1962 issue of *Model Airplane News* and was designed and built by Florian Piorkowski. Photographs by Eugene Hooker.

The North American B-25 Mitchell had three historic "Firsts" to its credit during World War II: The first USAF bomber to sink an Axis U-Boat after the start of hostilities, the first bomber to attack the Philippines since their capture by the Japanese and its most famous "first": the attack on Tokyo by General Doolittle!

It served in every theater of World War II as a superb medium bomber with tremendous firepower.

Powered by two-Wright Cyclone GR-2600 Fourteen-cylinder air-cooled engines developing 1700 H.P. at 2500 R.P.M. Maximum speed is 300 mph with a range of 1,728 miles.

The fuselage is started with two keels as shown on plans. Both top and bottom keels are made from 1/4" pine wood. Lay both keels on plan outline and pin.



Next, cut all fuselage formers from 1/8" or 3/16" plywood. All formers are made in half sections as half of the fuselage can be made directly on plans. When one-half section of fuselage is complete, remove from plans and build the other half.

Side stringers may now be added for strength 1/4" x 1/4" as shown. Now we are ready to install the main and rear wing spars. Both can be made from 3/16" or 1/8" hard wood. Front spar is attached to F-5 and rear spar is attached to F-6. Both of these spars must be properly lined up so one wing is not higher than the, other.

Next step is to place engine formers N-3 and N-4 to both of these spars. After these sections are all lined up we can start placing wing formers on spars. These formers can be made from 1/8" hard balsa.

Formers N-2 can now be placed on motor mounts placed in nacelles. When motor mounts are placed into position, be sure to place 1/2" stopper in front and rear of N-3, then screw into place to prevent mounts from vibrating loose when engines are in operation.

Bottom engine keels can now be put into position to give strength to engine nacelles. Both keels are made from hard wood. N-1 can now be glued to motor mounts also N-5 can be installed into position and glued to engine keel.

The hardest part is now completed, be sure that the structure you have finished is straight as this section will determine the flying ability of your plane.

Install hard wood bell crank mount. To sections F-7 and F-8. We used a large Veco bell crank. This also must be securely fastened and screwed into position to prevent bell crank from pulling out while flying. Attach 1/8" steel wire push rod and bush in all rear fuselage formers to prevent "bowing."

Make elevator system in one piece using 1/2" balsa. Hinges can be made to suit the builder. A large Veco control horn was used on elevator. When elevator and control system are connected, begin landing gears.

This plane has shock-mounted landing gear made to scale; however, this is to modeler's preference. For every-day flying, 1/8" spring steel wire should be used also landing gear can be dressed up to add more details.

Front gear is attached to hard wood support between sections F-1 and F-2 with U-Bolts. Main landing gears are attached to hard wood supports between sections N-3 and N-4, these also are 1/8" spring wire held on with U-Bolts. With landing gear on, check again to see if plane is straight from front and rear view.

Both rear fins and rudders are now made. They are also made from 1/2" balsa sheet and cut to contour as shown on plans. When both of these have been sanded, offset each one for flying. Use 1/8" dowels to pin to stabilizer, this will make a stronger tail section. Often a twin-tail plane tends to vibrate loose when engines are operating.

Add any operating feature you wish such as operating flaps, revolving turret, or lights. You can also put in any cockpit details, also waist and rear gunners compartments. This airplane is complete down to men and oxygen bottles, all equipment down to scale.

I would recommend nothing less than 1/8" balsa even 3/16" balsa which was used on this plane. By using heavier wood it gives the modeler more "room" to sand. Often times when a plane is silked and doped, the wood tends to shrink because the covering is too tight and bows can be seen through the final finish.

We can now make four-waist-gunner outline from 1/2" plywood as shown on plans, each side must be staggered or offset. They can also be built up to meet fuselage covering.

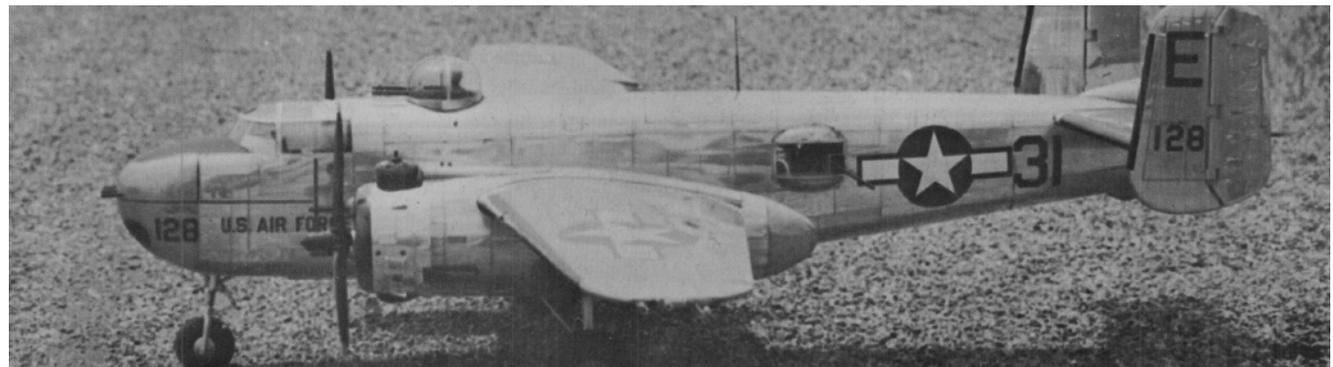
Nose can be made from balsa block, similarly used for rear section and rear of nacelles. These can be shaped and sanded to meet covering. Four side gun section is made from balsa block.

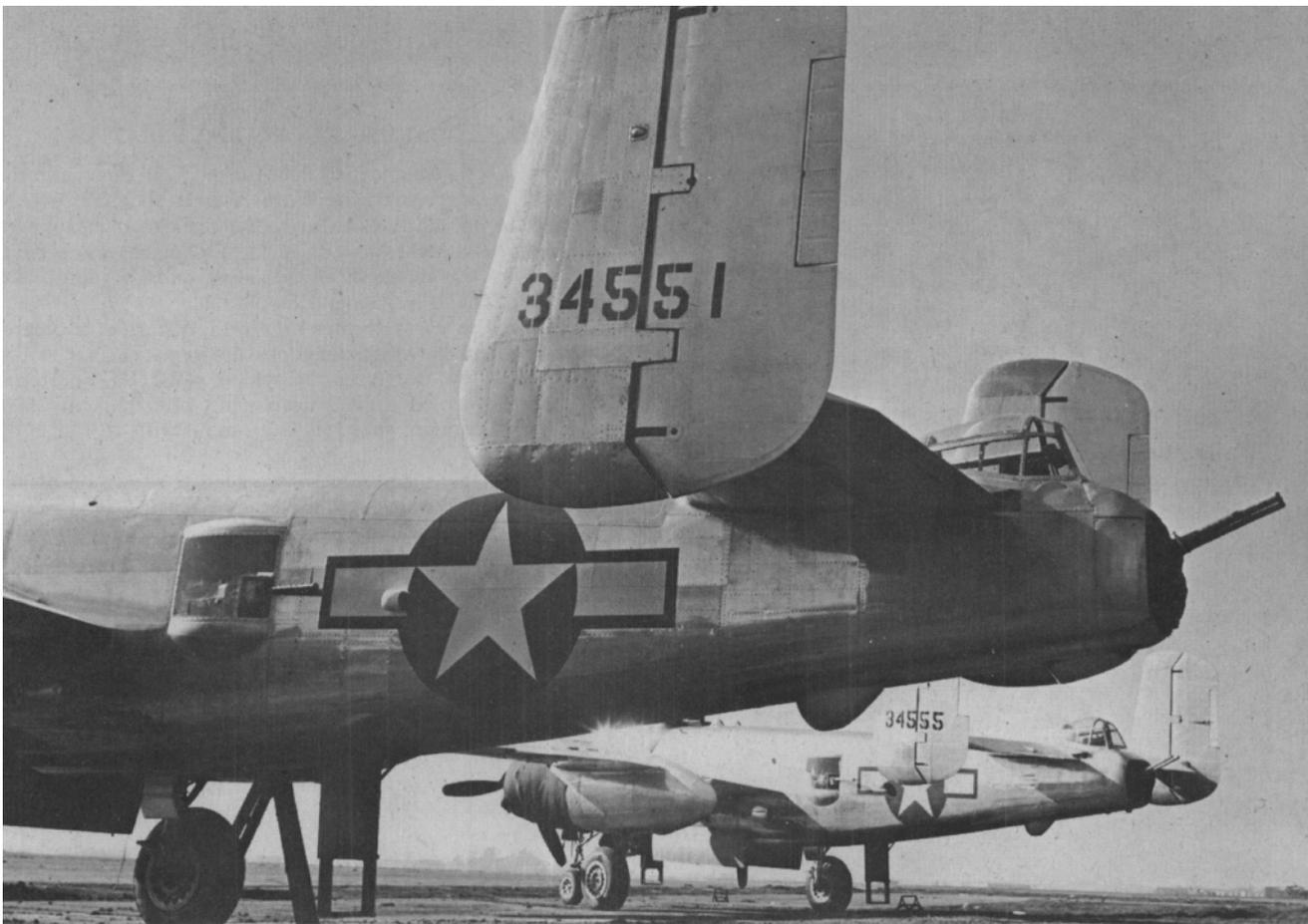
All glass on plane can be molded from 1/16" Plexiglass or hard celluloid. All guns are made from 1/8" brass tubing.

After entire aircraft has been covered by balsa sheet, apply three coats of clear dope and sand. Next step is to apply nylon over entire surface as this will give strength to your plane.

Now we can use auto primer, this, of course, must be sprayed on, enough coats should be put on to build up area and to cover all rough spots. The plane should be set aside to dry for at least 1 to 2 weeks to allow the primer to settle.

Use a #400 wet sandpaper. This must be used with little pressure or you might have some trouble when final coat of dope is applied. If too much pressure is used, it will cause the dope to blister.





These photos of the the real things will give you some ides of the authenticity of the model and help you in duplicating the details.

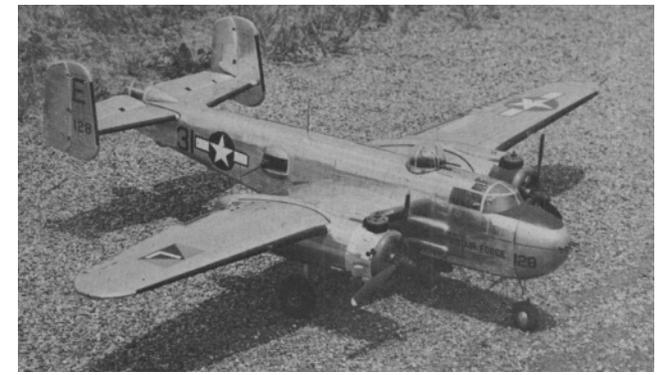
When this project is complete the modeler can choose his color scheme. Silver or olive drab were the original colors used on this aircraft.

This plane was covered with .012 aluminum. However, this is not recommended for the beginner as it creates a weight problem if not used properly.

Engine cowls can be made from balsa wood or may be purchased from Sterling Models as used in their "Corsair" kit.

K & B 45 engines are recommended for this plane or, if the weight is kept down to a minimum, two 35's can be used for power.

Now we are ready for test flying, be sure the plane is properly balanced and nose tilts down at least 10 degrees at center of gravity. When flying, let plane take off by itself and it will fly as well as the real plane.



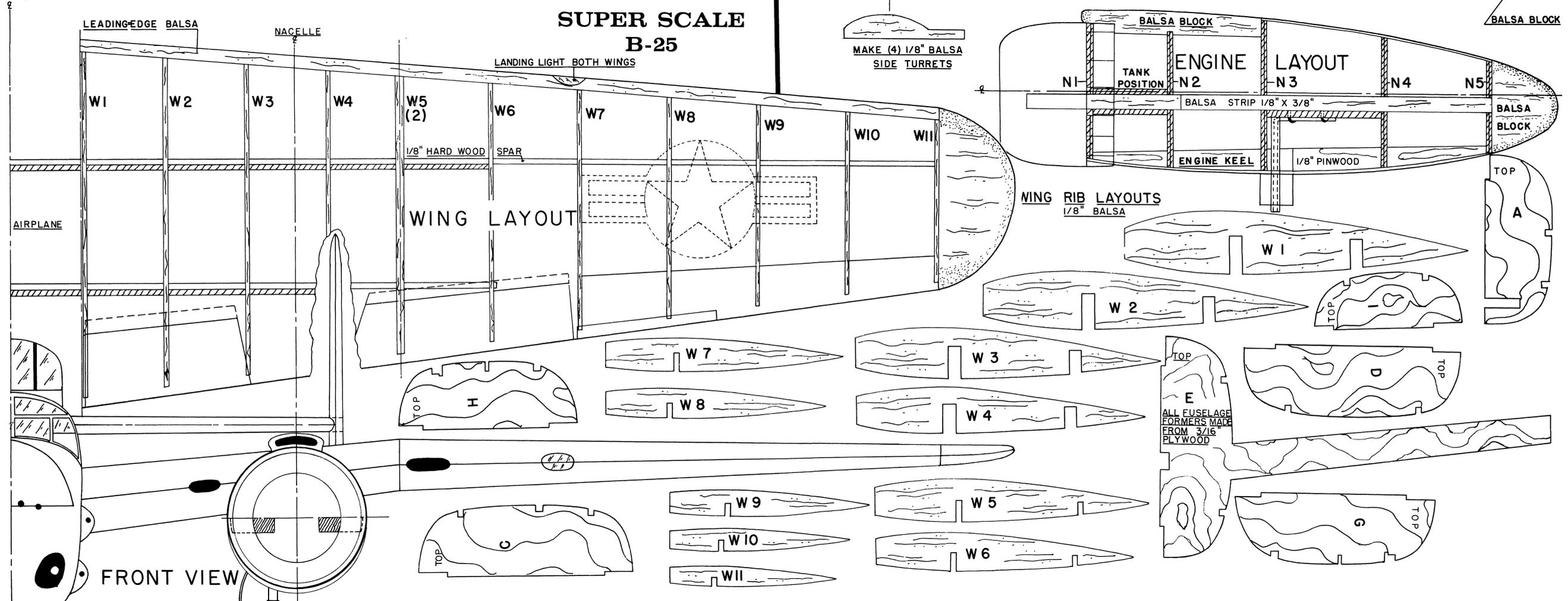
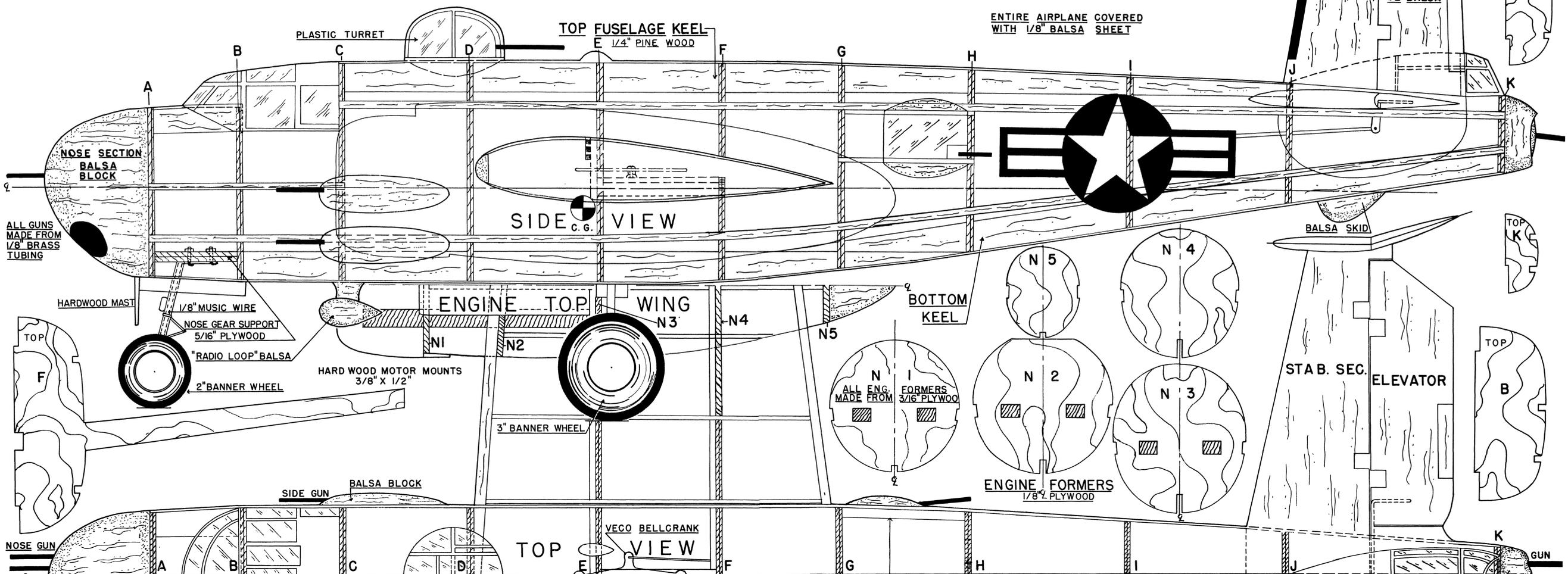
"WE got a D in math."

3-10
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Zoom Like it Hot!

Major Garrity called Phineas a big cheese when he adopted that smelly church mouse. But the Boonetown Bam's proboscis was different, and he thought the Deacon was scent from Heaven!

by Joe Archibald

Another Pineas Pinkham adventure. This one from the October 1941 issue of Flying Aces magazine.

IT ALL STARTED in a Berlin rathskeller one night where three high-born Prussians were taking pot luck and discussing ways and means of liquidating one American citizen named Phineas Pinkham who had been proving himself a potent antidote for Potsdam poison.

The three Junkers got their noggins together and schemed. One of the trio was a fraulein with flaxen locks done up in braids and wound around her little square coco. Her name was Hildegard von Garbisch and she had a gripe against Lieutenant Pinkham of the Ninth American Pursuit Squadron operating near Bar-Le-Duc, France.

A Kraut as bald as the dome of St. Peter's and wearing a monocle over one optic tapped well groomed finger nails against the top of the table and studied the little Heinie sitting close to Hildegard.

"You vill haff to be careful carrying idt. You risk der life, budt idt ist for der Faterland, V-8. Das Pinkham ist der vorst flyer in der krieg, ja! Budt he ist der most dangerous agent mitout portfolio mit der Allies. Der trickster vorst than der deffil."

Fraulein Garbisch nodded and banged a beer stein against the table top. "Ach! By der trick he shoodts down mein brodder Emil. Der Spadt idt ist on fire undt Emil follows down to get der confirmation budt idt ist der smudge pot in der Spad filled mit pepper. Der smoke chokes Emil undt makes him sneeze undt der Pfalz falls down yedt ! I would like to haff der revenge by mein own hands, mein herrs."

"I vill bring back part of der bummer for you, Fraulein. Maybe der ear or a collar bone. A souvenir to put on der von Garbisch mandle piece in der parlor by Frieburg. V-8 hass neffer failed."

General Otto von Rausmitt nodded and asked the kellner for more beer, such as it was. "Der spy dropper ist ready for sefen o'clock tonight. I do nodt need to ask you to be careful vunce again. Der pilot of der Rumpler can landt der ship so soft yedt like on der mattress.

Do nodt forget. You get der hand of der liebchen, Fraulein von Garbisch, der iron cross from der Kaiser, undt twentythousandt marks from der Potsdam treasury. How can you fail, mein freund? Prosit! Hoch der Kaiser. Deutshland uber alles!"

The meeting broke up. V-8, Potsdam's leading skullduggerian, bowed to the Kraut queen, lifted one of her hands, and gave it the dramatic smackeroo. "Auf weidersehn, mein. liebchen. Der vedding bells mit Mendelsohn playing der march it giffs soon. Mit Pingham der vorst man, hein ?"

"Look," the fraulein said. "I half idt der finger crossed, Herr Ersatz."

The Kaiser's snooper walked slowly out of the rathskeller, picked his boots up and laid them down as if he had been walking through a herd of sleeping rattlers. The door slammed and he was gone.

BRASS HATS were being entertained by Major Rufus Garrity and his pilots on the drome near Bar-Le-Duc. The C.O., for once, was not sitting on the very edge of his chair waiting for a cigar to explode. He was not expecting a colonel to go into a fit after taking a drink of coffee. Despite the fact that the pilots had taken a sweet cuffing around in the scraposphere all that day, nerves were unusually slack. Phineas was in Bar-Le-Duc.

"Gave him the night off, "Garrity said to a brass hat who inquired about the Boonetown wonder. "That last show left him nearly punch drunk. He came down nine-thousand feet and was out like a light in a farmer's house at eight P. M. Came to

just in time, but he spread that crate of his from here to Vaubecourt. I don't understand how he keeps alive. How's the coffee, gentlemen?"

"See you got block sugar here, Garrity," a brass hat said. "Heard the supply was held up. U-boat sunk a ship—"

Bump Gillis grinned. "Pinkham got a whole box of it from home a couple days ago. It is against the law to hoard sugar back there, so they send it here. I guess he won't be too sore, huh?"

"Pilots need sugar," a brass hat said. "Gives plenty of energy." He took a good gulp of his coffee, then got a funny look in his eyes. "Swallowed somethin' I thought, Major."

A brigadier picked up a spoon and skimmed the top of his java with it. He held up the spoon and pointed to a black fly.

Captain Howell said, "There is one swimmin' on top of mine, too."

The C.O. looked down at his own cup. Slowly, something started to float to the surface. It had wings.

"What is is this, Garrity? A gag?"

"Don't be silly. How could I drop a fly in everybody's cup—and why should I? Let's think this thing over calmly."

"I guess you think you are funny, Garrity!"

"Am I laughin', Colonel? Now look here. I am as easy goin' as the next guy. I am givin' you my word I do not know how this all hap—"

"I swallowed one," the brigadier said. "Look, this one bounces. I got a stomach that bucks sometimes when I put only parsley in it. It might mean a stomach pump for me. Did you ever have a stomach pump put on you, Major? I got a good mind to poke you right between the eyes."

"If you do, I'll smack you right back!" the C.O. Howled.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Try me and see," the Old Man yelled. "Don't you come a step nearer. Leave go of me, Gillis, or I will—oh, yeah?"



Garrity was about fed up, and he kissed the brass hat on his oversized lullaby button!

Major Garrity ducked the brass hat's right and shot in a sweet left hook that put the man from Chaumont on the floor like a rug. The Colonel tried for the C.O., a boot got in his way and he nose dived and skidded all the way to the door with his chin gathering up splinters on the way.

The pilots picked up the brass hats, brushed them off, and put them into chairs.

"Phineas wanted us to steal that sugar, didn't he?" Bump yelled. "Oh, I was a sucker!"

"You should have been a detective," the C.O. growled. "Oh, what have I done?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, Major," the Colonel said, testing the firmness of a front tooth. "Yeah. Got just the outfit to take over that job the Thirty-Second couldn't finish. They told me in Chaumont, 'Look over the outfits, Colonel. Find out which one has the morale and the fortitude to knock off the Boche concentration at Hell's Roasting Oven.' That's what they call the sector, Major. Fifty percent casualties in the Thirty-Second squadron during their attempt to break through the scrap iron tossed up by six anti-aircraft batteries, and Fokkers that come up from two dromes even when one D.H. gets in sight of the place. Fortitude?" The Colonel felt of his jaw again. "The Ninth has it, by Godfrey. Can play jokes during such a war. How can they lose?"

Major Garrity swallowed hard, wished for several moments that he had been born without fists. But then the idea occurred to him that if he had been, he would not be able to strangle Phineas when he arrived back at the drome.

"Well, we'll be going, Colonel," the brigadier said. "Our work is finished. Your orders will come through, Garrity. I suggest you cancel all leaves. Escorting those De Havilands will require you to be at full strength."

"We'll be short one man," the C.O. snapped. "Pinkham. I think I will go to my quarters and commit suicide. You will excuse me ? I—"

Bo-o-o-o-o-o-om!

Crockery rattled—even the false ones in the plate on the left jaw of the brigadier—and Spads out on the drome did a cootch dance.

"What was that ?"

"Mice," Garrity sniffed.

They found out an hour later that a dump near Commercy had gone sky-high. No planes had been seen over the ammo heap for thirty-six hours. A bridge had been dynamited along a road that led from Triaucourt to Souilly two nights before, and nothing with bigger wings than sparrows had been spotted over the area for hours and hours. Sabotage was afoot and some lowdown Kraut spy was undermining the Allied offensive structure like a big termite.

"This must stop," the Colonel said as he got aboard a jalopy. "Where is the Intelligence Corps ?"

"They are makin' more colonels," Garrity said. "I hope nothing stops you from leaving this time."

THE CAUSE of it all, albeit indirectly, strolled along a narrow street in Bar-Le-Duc, nibbling at a small wedge of cheese and a soda biscuit. A man emerged from a doorway and touched Lieutenant Pinkham on the sleeve. His coat was as ragged as Rip Van Winkle's and his boots were patched with bicycle tape.

"Huh," Phineas said, "This must be the Barley Duck Bowery I walked into. No, I have no dime for a cup of coffee."

"Non, M'sewer. I am ze pauvre man, oui. I have eet somezeeng to sell for ze pretty mam'selle. Regardez Ze perfume called Une Nuit Dans Paris. Seex ounces for ze reedicrous price of five francs, M'sieu. Ah, eet ees so precious I hold eet like ze leetle baby."

"Maybe you stole it," Phineas said. "I do not buy stolen goods. But seein' you are on your uppers, mon ami, an' my cheerie has a birthday comin' up in a couple of weeks—well, I will buy it against my better judgment. Haw-w-w-w-w ! Here is five francs."

The purchase was made. The Frog insisted that the perfume was worth ten American fish an ounce and that it was like stealing it. Phineas wrapped the perfume up in a copy of Stars and Stripes and crammed it inside his tunic. He walked into a nearby estaminet and ordered a jigger of brandy to celebrate the bargain.

He downed the giggle water, fished for the tariff, and found that he had nothing left in the way of legal tender save three lucky coins, a Chinese penny with a hole in it, a Mexican two-bit piece, and a Belgian nickel.

"Where's my change?" Phineas asked suddenly. "Veet, veet! How long must an officer wait for service. The brandy was none too good, either. I gave you a U.S. dollar."

"Ah, pardon M'sieu," the barkeep said and fished some coin out of a till. He shoved it toward Phineas just as a big jawed Yank Looey asked for his own change.

"But eet ees a meestake somewhere, oui," the Frog said as Phineas stepped briskly toward the door. "Only ze one Americain dollar I geet. Er, somezeeng ees gone—Vous come back ici !" he yelled at the Boonetown pilot. "Now I remember. Sacre ! Gendarmes! Oh where ees ze wheestle !"

"I'll git that wise guy, Frenchy," the officer said and went out after Phineas.

Lieutenant Pinkham hurried toward the spot where he had left a motorcycle. A foot was thrust out of a doorway and Phineas nearly nosed to the pavement. Whistles began blowing and A.E.F. cops converged on the estaminet.

"Who was that bum who stuck out his foot?" Phineas asked himself as he leaped to the mechanical bug and got his empennage glued to the seat. "The whistles had not blown. He would have smashed my Night in Paree vanilla. Well, it is run not walk to the nearest exit. All the town is gettin' into the posse by the looks."

Lieutenant Pinkham hit the road outside the town and opened the throttle of the motorcycle to the limit. "You would think I'd done somethin'," he muttered. "I was goin' back tomorrow with the buck and laugh over the joke. Now I stand a chance of gettin' sixty days on a Frog rockpile. Well, I will circle wide and fool the bums. I wish I was in a Spad."

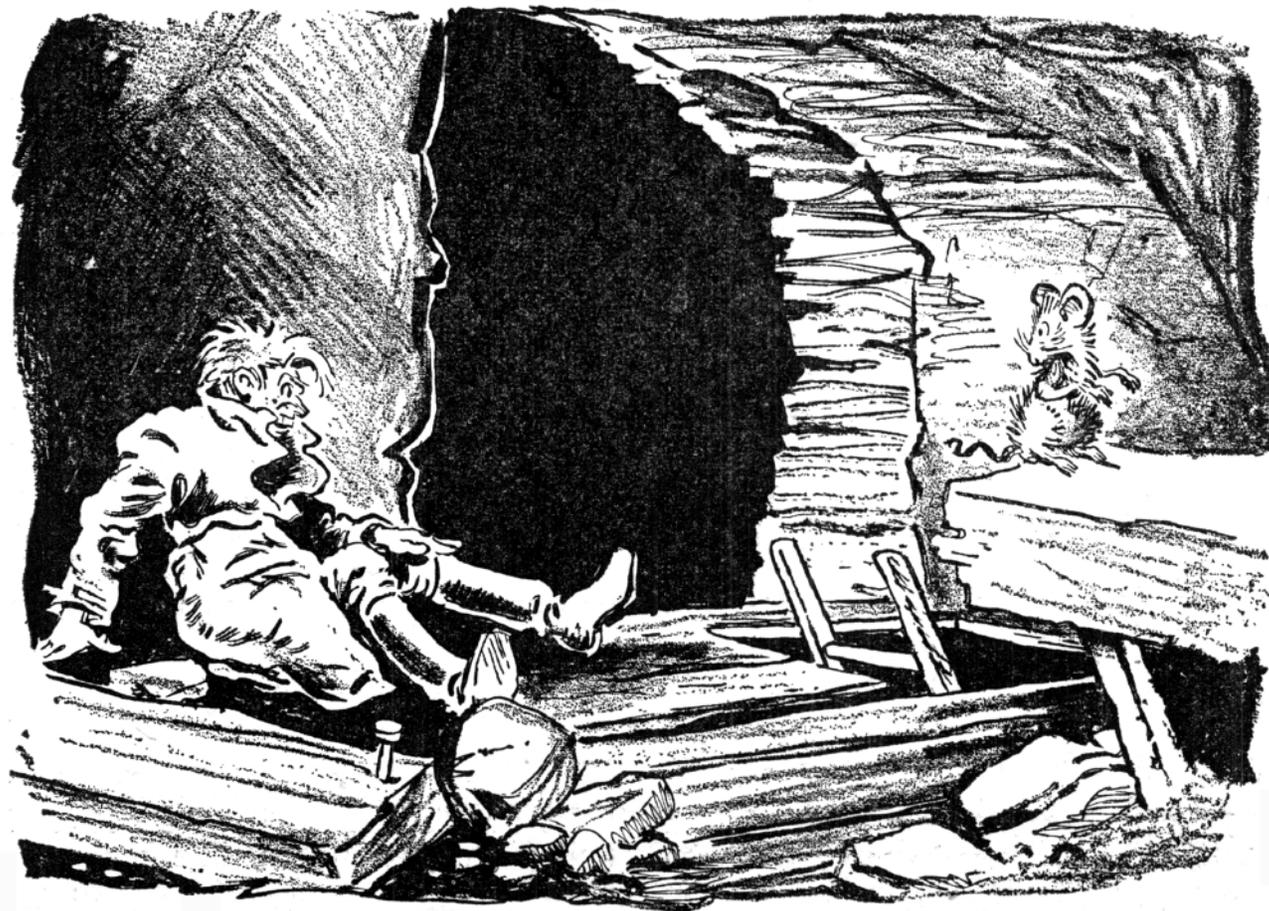
Phineas circled wide until his gas gave out. He ditched the mechanical bug at a crossroads near a little Frog hamlet that did not rate a speck on the map by Rand and McNally. There had been six houses and a church in the place before Boche shells had started arching over from Alsace.

Now there were no houses and only part of a church. The steeple still stood. Phineas spotted the M.P.'s coming, and he ducked into a woods. He cut through it and half crawled, half ran to the steeple and climbed up a rickety stairs. A shell had kissed part of the belfry and had piled up old masonry and wood in one corner.

Lieutenant Pinkham crouched there and waited for the excitement to blow over. The minutes passed. The moon was high and almost full, and it bathed the belfry with a spooky light.

Then footsteps sounded on the stairs and Phineas sighed and resigned himself to a bastille. The faces of two M.P.'s came up above the hatchway.

"Nothin' here, Pooley. Lookit the mouse sittin' up takin' a gander at us. If that guy had come here, it would have scammed. Come on al.? le's git out of here. Chastin' a Looney ain' gittin' no sleep, an' my lamps are heavier than a bride's doughnuts. Come ah-h-hn !"



"I'll be a—" Phineas said. "A mouse. Why, I hear it squeakin'. An' there it is hoppin' right to my arm. Look at it's prop boss twitch! Haw-w-w-w, it smells the cheese I got in my pocket. It looks hungry as I guess the guerre is tough on wild life when you come to think of it. Where would they git mess, huh? Come on an' git it, Deacon. That is a swell name for a church mouse, ain't it?"

Haw-w-w-w-w! Eatin' right out of my hand. It looks like I come just in time, Deacon, huh? I wonder would you save my life like the lion saved the guy who pulled the thorn out of its foot. Androcles wasn't it? But what could a

mouse do for anybody, Deacon? Anyways, I will not think of thanks as you have got a right to eat like anybody. Here, have some more of the cheese."

The mouse gorged itself, blinked up at Phineas, and then crawled inside the Boonetown pilot's tunic.

"Awright, Deacon," Phineas grinned. "One good Immelmann turn deserves another, huh? You figure I am a meal ticket, don't you? Wait until you git a ride in a Spad loopin' with Spandau slugs on our tail. I bet you will go A.W.O.L. back

to the church loft, Deacon. But maybe you will be lucky for me. Let us allez."

PHINEAS PINKHAM'S return to the tarmac of the Ninth thickened the gloom pervading the place and added an air of hostility. Howell came out of a but on buzzards' row, the loser by six bucks at casino, and he was in a testy mood.

"Well, hello warden," the flight leader said sourly. "How many death certificates did you sign today?"

"I don't git it," Phineas sniffed.

"You don't, huh? Well, you and your smart tricks have sentenced fifty percent of the outfit here to go west, you buck-toothed gorilla. Gillis took that sugar out of your hut and the brass hats were here. There was a fight and Garrity slugged a Colonel, an' now we start nursin' D.H. 9's over to Hell's Roastin' Oven. I ought to paste you one."

"Pinkham ! Is that you?"

"It is the C.O.," Phineas said. "I can't win." He ambled over to headquarters to get a load of Garrity. The Old Man had waited up for our hero and there was murder in his optics.

"All right," Garrity roared. "You knew somebody would steal that sugar on you. If we sent you to Ice-land, we would not be safe. You would put Miceys in a couple of dried codfish there and then you would put them back with the two million other salt cod, and somehow the two loaded ones would find their way here. You are a menace, Pink-ham !"

"Don't shout so," Phineas said. "You will wake up the Deacon. He has got big ears an'—there, I feel him stirring."

"Who ?"

"It is a mouse that has adopted me," Phineas said. "Now I am not goin' to take the blame for what happened here as it was your own fault. It is my luck to miss a swell fight, huh? Yeah, there was a little fly in each block of sugar, and when the sugar melts—it is one of the funniest tricks I ever had. Well, I am goin' to bed. Bon sore."

Bump Gillis was sitting up in the Nissan and writing a letter home. He glared at Phineas and yelped: "I am tellin' them it is maybe my last letter as we are now a suicide squadron. From now on you can just go your way as none of us will even associate with you. What is that you got there?"

"A mouse," Phineas said. "Do you think they have memories like elephants? But I guess it does not mean a thing, the size of a memory, as long as you have it."

"I will not sleep in the same but with mice!" Bump howled. "You get that thing out of—"

"Oh, I bet you slept with bugs more than once," Phineas sniffed.

"There was never a single bug in our house, I will have you know !" Bump countered in a loud voice.

"No, they were all married an' had big families, didn't they?" Phineas tossed out. "Haw-w-w-w-w-w-w! Awright, if you are scairt of the Deacon, I will punch little holes in this old paper box an' put him just outside. What was it blew up last night, Bump ?"

"A dump. The brass hats say it is sabotage and that a big Heinie agent is loose on our side. How do you spell 'posthumorous'? That is the kind of decoration I am telling my folks I might get. Don't tell me as I do not intend to talk to you no more."

"Listen for the last time, then," Phineas said. "Don't you lift no more stuff on me. I have some expensive perfume in my coat for Babette. I better keep it in my flying coat along with the Deacon where it will be safe."

"If I took it, it would turn into nitro-glycerin right away," Bump snapped. "No thanks, as I have learned my lesson. Now don't you talk to me no more."

THE DAWN PATROL went out on schedule. It was "A" flight's show, with Howell giving the orders. Not one of the pilots bothered to pass the time of the day with Phineas when he came into mess.

"I have two mouths to feed," Phineas said to Glad Tidings Goomer, "Is there cheese in the place?"

"He has gone nutty for keeps now," Bump growled to a Spad pusher sipping java next to him. "I will say a prayer for the Deacon as maybe a church mouse has religion, huh? The altitude might git him." Silence.

"Awright, I know when I am not wanted," Phineas said.

Out on the field, Sergeant Casey and the grease monkeys spoke to Phineas only when military discipline demanded that they should. The pilots climbed into their pits with faces as long as campaign speeches. They knew that if they came back from the jaunt they would only have to get killed later in the day while chaperoning D.H. 9's to a Heinie powder and shell storehouse.

They had a brush with some Pfalz crates over St. Mihiel and the Deacon got his baptism of Immelmans, Vrilles, Chandelles, and loops. Once he stuck his neck out in time to see Spandau lead pluck an arrow out of a gauge on the dashboard and he wondered why he had not been content to starve himself in a belfry.

Phineas scooted out of a tight circle with a Pfalz and nearly had a merger with a Boche that leaped suddenly out of range of Howell's Vickers. His tail skid plucked an aileron from the Pfalz and the contact dropped Phineas down to a thousand feet before he could coax the Spad out of its fit of pique.

"That was close," Phineas said, shaking big drops of jitter juice from his freckled pan. "That perfume would have been an awful mess. It is a good idea to go home."

Fifteen minutes later, Major Garrity had his inventory of the early go all set. One Spad was missing and it had been flown by a young sprout named Smart. The last anyone saw of Smart was his Spad slipping into an emergency landing field on Boche carpet.

"He was named right," Bump groaned as the pilots gathered in the mess shack. "Why wasn't I born smart? Eatin' sawdust bread and acorn soup is not so hot, but it is better than learnin' to pluck a harp."

"The temptation was almost too much for me," Howell admitted.

"You will not talk to me," Phineas yipped. "But I can talk to you pantywaists. Are you a man or a mouse, Bump? Look at Deacon, as that was an insult to him. You are just gettin' the wind up, all of you bums. Major, I wish a transfer as my own morals will suffer with such pessimists around me."

"Orders for tomorrow," Garrity said. "You shut up, Phineas, and keep that cheese-nibbler locked up. 'A' and 'B' Flights at dawn. Make rendezvous with the D.H. 9's over Vaubecourt for a go at the Heinie concentration—"

"Funeral services will be held at the home of the deceased," Howell cut in. "Only members of the family and close relatives invited. The Loyal Order of Moose will hold a private—"

Three husky, mean looking military police walked into the farmhouse. One wore the bars of a lieutenant on his shoulders. Phineas Pinkham, still bundled in his Spad informals, slipped out into the kitchen and waited.

"Major Garrity, I believe?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry to say I am. Who you lookin' for on this drome? Somebody escape?"

"Not yet. You have a flyer here about six-foot-two with buck teeth and freckles? He is

wanted by the Frog authorities an' us for stickin' up an estamnet of seventy-five cents an' a jigger of brandy. We chased him last night an' lost him. The Frenchy just remembered what he looked like a while ago as he was a dumb cluck himself. Well, I'm sorry to have to—"

"Pinkham !"

"He was just here," Bump said, scratching his noggin. "He couldn't be sleight of hand all over, could he? Look under the table somebody." Major Garrity went into the kitchen, yelling for Phineas to come out and give himself up. Glad Tidings Goomer, mess attendant told the C.O. that Phineas had been in the kitchen but was not there now.

"He moves fast," Goomer said. "You wouldn't believe it."

A NOISE like a buzz saw cutting through a big knot in a log drowned out all other sounds on the drome of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron. A Spad was on its way out. Garrity made for the door, shoving two A.E.F. gendarmes before him. "There he goes! Oh, I don't have to look."

"Well, don't," Bump gulped. "Casey is flyin' from one of the struts like a dame's silk sock. There he goes now, and what a splash he'll make! Ugh, you can hear him hit, can't you?"

Half the personnel of the field barged out onto the tarmac to Sergeant Casey. He finally got up, his eyes crossed and a silly grin on his face.

"Two more yards an' he would have scored," Casey mumbled. "That ought to git me

my letter, huh, coach? Why does the whistle keep blowin'? I-er-what happened?"

"That crate would have to be right here where Pinkham could swipe it, ha-a-ah?" the C.O. howled. "Of all the—"

"You said every Spad was to get into shape for them D.H. 9's, didn't you?" Casey said. "Well, I was tunin' three of them up, an' all of a sudden—"

"Now he is a deserter to boot," an M.P. put in.

"That should bother him?" Garrity yipped, hopping up and down. "And would I like to get the boots workin' on that crackpot. That petty larceny thief! If he'd stole five-thousand bucks, it wouldn't—"

"We'll wait for the slug," the officer from the A.E.F. precinct station said.

"You'll have one hell of a board bill if you do," Bump said. "He won't be back."

"You said he won't!" Casey ground out, smiling like a Bengal tiger that has tripped over a nest of fat young wart hogs. "That crate won't never hold up under his pants. There is more ailin' it than I could count up."

"Well, Deacon," Phineas said as he flew the Spad toward the Meuse. "It is bad company you picked. Haw-w-w-w-w! I wonder how you will like Swiss cheese as that is where I am goin'. It has got more holes in it than this wagon. An' this perfume for Babette will have to be sent by parcel post now.

If I had some string, I would make a parachute out of my nose doily and drop you down, Deacon, but it is no soap. Only one instrument workin' here, too, and that means I will have to guess at my geography like I used to back in the Boonetown grammar school. I passed the final, if that will make you feel better.

What a guerre! I have had fun. I shot down some swell vons, and that von Garbisch was the one I fooled best. Le's see, there is the Meuse down there. There should—"

Phineas might have made Switzerland if he had not met the five Albs that drove him off the beam. When he finally lost them in a cloud, he had no more bearings than two Limey stewbums reeling out of a grog shop in a London thick with fog.

Coming out of the cloud and climbing another two-thousand feet, the Boonetown miracle man ran smack dab into a Rumpler that carried the best Potsdam gunner in all Germany. Phineas had little time in which to get his dukes up. A right cross caught the senile Spad in the solar plexus and a tracer stung the Pinkham empennage and nearly lifted him loose of his belt. The Spad got a haymaker on the button and the Hisso took a nine count.

"The fight won't last another round, Deacon," Phineas choked out. "I hope there is a West for mice, huh? We will try and git down the best I know how, old pal of mine. Without breakin' the bottle of perfume, huh?"

The Spad dropped seven-thousand feet and acted up like a potato chip thrown out of the top window of a seventy story building. Phineas

managed to keep the nose up long enough for the crate to kiss the canvas for the final kayo.

The Spad spun around in a series of dizzy circles, then did a Ty Cobb hook-slide toward a base that was a stalled Boche supply truck. Phineas had one hand in a pocket, holding onto the Deacon, and the other held tight against Babette's bottle of perfume when the Jerries pulled him out of the office.

"Gott! Idt ist das Pingham!"

"Ja," Phineas said in a weak voice. "Why I am on the edge of an airdrome, huh? Fokker D-7's over there."

He reeled a trifle and looked around. The ground sloped steeply away from him and not more than a hundred yards away it leveled out again near a long board fence. Above the fence Phineas saw the roofs of what appeared to be a factory of some kind.

"So!" a voice said and Phineas pivoted in a hurry. "Leutnant Ping-ham who makes it der trick to shoodyt down mein brother, ja? I am fraulein Hildegard Garbisch!"

"Why it is a Kraut maddymoiselle," Phineas gulped out. "Not bad either. Wee gates, mon cherry. Von Garbisch, huh? Well, somebody had to lose." The blonde enemy reminded Phineas of the bottle he carried in his pocket and he reached for it.

"Just to show you I have no hard feelin's," he said, leaning against the Boche truck. "I will give voose der present I had for a French dame. I—"

"Ach!" a Boche pilot said. "Your prayer idt ist answered, fraulein. You vill shoodt down das Leutnant Pingham, ja!"

"Huh?" Phineas said, taking the wrapper off the perfume. "What did you think just happened to me, hein? Haw-w-w-w-w! The milk is spilled and you can't pick it up. A Rumpler shot me down."

"Ja? Ve vill see, mein freund. Fraulein Hildegard von Garbisch has been taking der flying lessons, Ping-ham. Der only voman in all Germany to fly der Fokker. To gedt der verdammt Yangkee who shoots down Emil von Garbisch. We haff der captured Spadt by Ars undt vill bring idt for you to fly against der fraulein."

"With no slugs in the Vickers, I bet," Phineas said, his dorsal fin getting in need of defrosting. "That is Krauts for you."

"Ha," the Boche said, "A chentlemen gifs der lady der advantage, nein?"

"Looks like I am cooked," Phineas said. "Well, anyways, this bottle of perfume—" He tossed it into the air, caught it. He threw it higher and just managed to catch it the second time. "It is expensive Frog—uh what ails the dame, huh? Why, she has her eyes bugged out like—"

"Nein, Leutnant!" Fraulein Garbisch squeaked, her blonde braids beginning to loosen up. "Ach du lieber. V-8 didn't giff idt to me der perfume, mein freund. Idt—"

PHINEAS flipped the bottle into the air again and the fraulein promptly f a i n t e d. Dumbfounded Boche airmen lost precious time

while the Pinkham brain began to rev on all cylinders.

The Frog in Bar-Le-Duc. The bargain. The boot shoved out from a doorway. Bump Gillis yelping, "If I lifted that perfume, it would turn into nitro-glycerin." Phineas almost fainted himself as the dastardly plot to rub him out started to take shape in his brain assembly.

The Krauts were advancing slowly on Phineas. One was getting a Luger unlimbered.

"Oh, yeah ? stand back, you square-heads or idt gifs der blooey and all in liddle pieces. What can I lose, hein?" the Boonetown trickster howled. "Back up there you limberger cheeses, an' you with the hair-lip toss the Krupp toy away. Look, I am windin' up like Christy Mathewson. I'll—"

"Nein! Please, Leutnant. Ve vill nodt make der move. Just set der boddle down undt—"

Phineas Pinkham leaped into the stalled Boche truck, let the emergency go. He planted the bottle of nitro against the floorboards and then abandoned the truck. Krauts began to yell and hold their heads in their hands. The truck started rolling, gained momentum, and finally smashed through a high board fence.

Bo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-om! K e r - blooey! Boom!

The whole world seemed to have been given a hot foot. All the thunder out of the storms of the past hundred years came rolling back out of

the places where echoes are stored and nearly ruined the ear drums of Phineas Pinkham for life.

Cordite went up and shells began to zip hither and thither. Phineas counted thirty-one distinct explosions before he dared to get out of his shell and take a gander at the Heinie supply dump.

He saw them then for the first time. Anti-aircraft batteries ringing the area. Hell's Roasting Oven.

When the smoke cleared away, eighty Heinie doughs began to close in on Phineas. They gave him a lusty roughing up before finally dragging him into the headquarters of the D-7 outfit where fraulein von Garbisch was taking deep pulls at a bottle of smelling salts.

"He did idt, der schwein," the staffel leader roared. "Now we gif him der chance to laugh yet undtill he ist in stitches. Two of der hangars hit by der shells undt three of der Fokkers ist on fire. Take him to mein quarters undt lock him up undt pudt der soldiers outside on guard mit machine guns. Undt outside under der vindow, too. Ach Himmel, der woman vill shoot der bummer down! Eferybody in der var will haf der laugh. Ha ha ha ha!"

"You are hysterical," Phineas said. "That is all. I am willin' to give my only one life to my country, seein' as I am not a cat with nine to give. Uh, I wonder is the Deacon awright ?"

Phineas Pinkham was tossed into the cubicle where Hauptmann von Siedlitz kept his

shaving brush and flying gear. Boche doughs clogged the narrow corridor outside.

"It is a mess this time," Phineas assured himself. "But I have saved the lives of half my pals by shellacking that dump. Imagine it, they plantin' a bottle of nitro on me. It was that Kraut agent in Bar-Le-Duc. Oh, here is my job only half done and it is the execution in the A.M. or sooner. I better look and see if the Deacon lived through all this. Where are you, ol' pal?"

Lieutenant Pinkham found his pocket empty. He searched everywhere about his person but could not find the church mouse.

"A.W.O.L., huh? Well, I do not blame you, I wouldn't expect even Nathan Hale to stick with me now."

He sat down in the Hauptmann's easy chair and looked out the window. He thought of the boys back in the barber shop in Boonetown. He wondered if they would chip in and buy a monument or a statue for him. It would be nice, he thought, standing on the square in front of the Bon Ton department store.

Time passed, as it usually does. Hauptmann von Siedlitz entered and picked up his flying coat and helmet.

"Goin' on a patrol, huh?" Phineas asked politely. "When do I eat?"

"Idt ist no telling, Leutnant," the Boche said sourly. "Maybe idt is manna they have in Himmel, nein?"

"I get it," Phineas said. "Well, I will try and dodge her for maybe an hour. This is silly."

q"Der fraulein ist der crack shot in der D-7, mein freund. We take up der balloons, liddle vuns, undt ledt her shoodt at them. Ninedy-nine oudt of der hundredt she shoodts up yesterday, Leutnant."

"Even if I had Vickers all loaded, you know I would not shoot a dame down," Phineas sniffed. "Why don't you try an' lick me?"

"Nein. Der coat undt helmet ist for der fraulein, Pingham. In aboutt twenty minutes, everyt'ing ist ready. As they say in America, ofer der river, mein freund."

PHINEAS was led out to a Spad even sooner than the Hauptmann had told him he would be. Fraulein von Garbisch was climbing into a spick and span D-7 and the Hauptmann's coat nearly reached her shin bones.

"She vill take-off first," Hauptmann Siedlitz said as grinning Jerry pilots closed in on the Spad. "Vhen you take-off, she vill be up aboutt three-thousandt feet undt then—"

"It is not fair," Phineas said. "Why, she has no chance against me. I have no anvils tied to my Spad at all and I am not handcuffed. Why, this is so one-sided for me—well, take that to remember me by anyways, you big blubber-head!"

And the Boonetown miracle man slammed a big fist right into the Hauptmann's prop boss. The Heinie Fokker boss looped and hit the tarmac with his tongue hanging out of one corner of his mouth and his eyes rolling in their sockets.

"Now I will go in a much better mood," Phineas said as he climbed into the patched-up Spad. He watched the Kraut femme take-off and scoot up toward the sun. A Heinie whirled the prop and Phineas switched on. The Hisso caught and made a sweet sound—like a truck turning over that was filled with old dishpans and stove bolts.

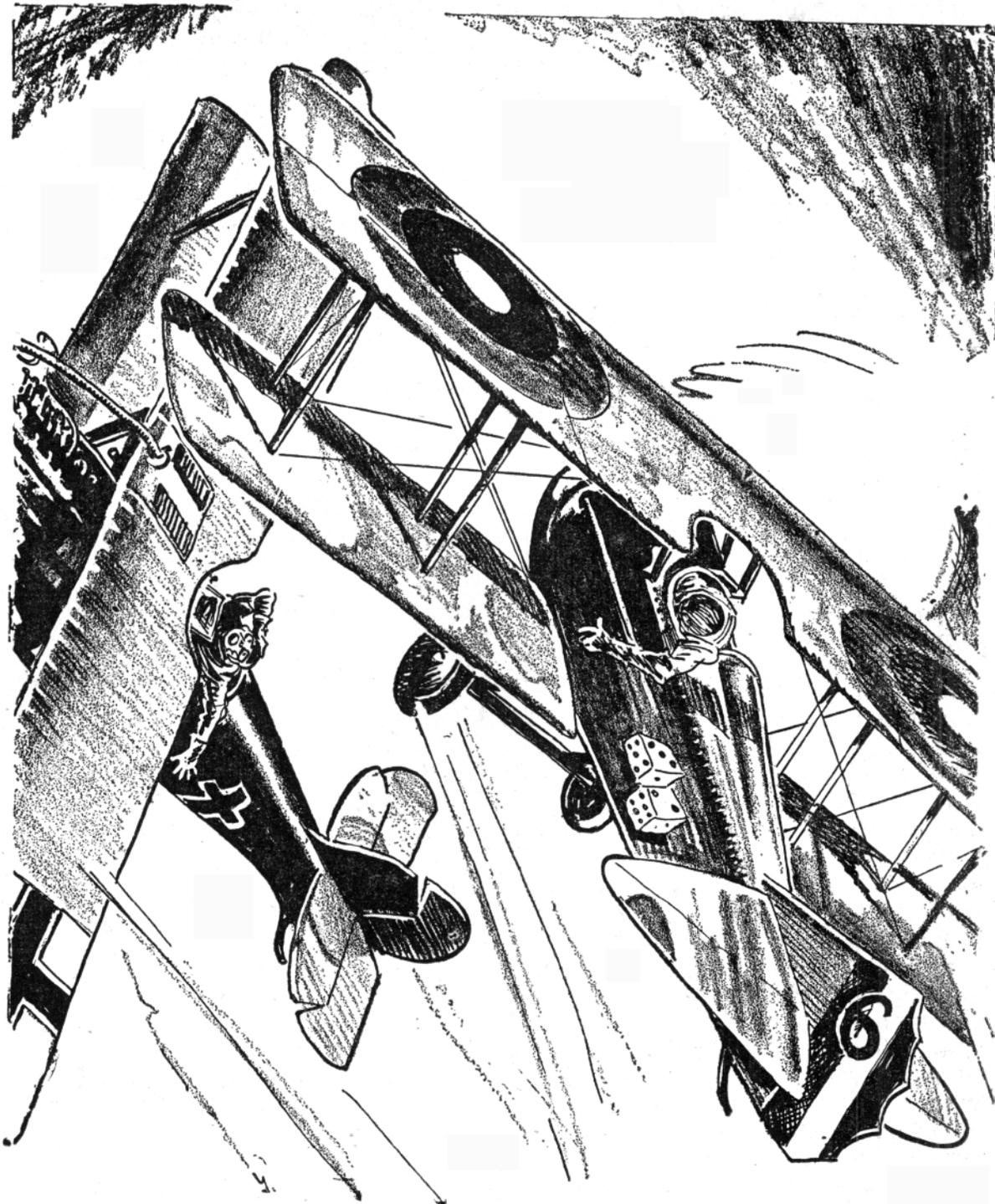
"That is a pal for you," Phineas gulped. "They took half the power plant out, too. I bet the wings are held on with washin' soap. Well, here I go to whatever will happen. Adoo to everybody back at Barley Duck."

Phineas managed to get up to five-hundred feet before the fraulein winged over and had at him. The D-7 dropped a thousand feet and then started to do tricks. No Spandau music came out of its guns.

Phineas, eyes bulging out until they scraped the goggle glass, clawed for all the height he could get while Boche on the ground began to bite their knuckles and hop around as if the tarmac had become too hot to stand on.

The D-7 tumbled close to the Spad and just missed setting out a dish of fricasseed wings, and Phineas saw Fraulein von Garbisch pawing and slapping at her face and he knew she was screaming her bellows dry as her mouth was open as wide as the door of an R.F.D. mail box.

A little furry thing ducked one of her punches and jumped off the bridge of her nose and into the fanned-out collar of her flying coat. All this Phineas saw in the space of a few seconds. He kept climbing for the roof and yelling encouragement to the Deacon.



Fraulein von Garbisch started pawing and slapping her face frantically. Her mouth was as wide open as the door of a broken R.F.D. mail box!

"It is him! He knew dames were scairt of mice an' he slipped out of my coat an' got into the Boche's Benny. He did not forget a pal! He is givin' the supreme sacrifice an'—"

A lump came to Phineas' throat and he jammed the throttle all the way up the brass and got himself another thousand feet. Down on the ground, two Albs were getting busy. Phineas swung to the left and drilled toward the Allied lines.

Fraulein Hildegard von Garbisch landed three miles from the D-7 drome, bounced four times, and then nosed into a great pile of hay. A little mouse leaped clear and hot-footed it to a shed that gave off an aroma of mules. Mules had to be fed. They ate oats, and a church mouse would not stick its schnozzola up at a sack of oats.

The Deacon paused on a window sill and looked up at a Spad that was limping toward France. His ears wobbled and seemed to nod with satisfaction. The human with the buck teeth was going to make it all right. As far as the mouse was concerned, Phineas was now on his own.

Smoke hung over the area where the Boche pyrotechnics had been set off before schedule. A patrol, of D.H. 9's, chaperoned by Garrity's "A" and "B" flights and hoping to take the Krauts unawares, spotted the blackened patch on Heinie linoleum and turned back to spread the word that some other squadron had beat them to it.

"There weren't any other outfits working against that area," the Wing told Major Garrity fifteen minutes after Howell and the other buzzards had clumped into the farmhouse, letting out great sighs of relief. The Kraut dump must have been knocked off by a Heinie who dropped a lighted match or something. Well, you guys are lucky."

An outfit near Savant buzzed the C.O. twenty minutes later. "A Spad just flew over here an' nobody seems to be able to identify it, Major. Watch out for Boche spies.

Maybe the bus is comin' over to pick up that German agent who has been raisin' so much cain over on this side. The Spad is red and green."

"That couldn't be Phineas," the C.O. said later. "He wouldn't have a chance to do a paint job since—red and green, hah ? That crate belonged to the Thirty-Second that was about washed up working against that ammo dump. I bet a Kraut is in that Spad. You and Gillis go out and see if you can spot it, Captain. Knock it off."

"Oke," Captain Howell muttered. "It won't never get back with no spy. Come on, Bump."

"Well, I wish it was Carbuncle," Bump said in a tight voice. "For six-bits they were goin' to bust him an' put him on a rock-pile. It was my hard luck I took that sugar, not his. We should of understood him better. Well, you can't lock a barn up after the horse is stole."

Phineas was over Revigny when the two Ninth Pursuit Spads intercepted him. His Hisso was giving off steam enough to sweat twenty pounds off a hippo and he was wishful thinking one wing back into place and pulling a wire from around his neck.

"That is Howell's Spad,'," Phineas wheezed. "An' that looks like Bump with him. Don't shoot! It is me! Oh, they will as it means a descendu if they can show bullet holes in me! The things I get into. Look, you fatheads! Oh-h-h-h !"

BULLETS plunked through the Spad as Phineas took it down. Two of them cut the hangnail that was holding a strut and a wing together, and Phineas piled up the old sky buggy just a mile this side of Bar-Le-Duc. He was sitting on the Spad's tail when Howell and Gillis nosed down into the field and made passable landings.

"It is Phineas," Bump yelled. "Why didn't you give us the office, you fathead? How did you change crates in mid-air? Even you can't do that!"

"Look," Phineas said. "If there was not a job to finish up, I would wade right into both of you. But I must hurry into Barley Duck and buy a bottle of One Night in Patee. The one I had was nitro, Bump! Look at me sweat every time I think of it. The Deacon saved me."

"Don't question him no more," Howell said. "He is not quite himself yet, Bump."

Phineas started walking toward the sizable French hamlet and Bump and the flight leader watched him go. Howell said, "Nitro? Then maybe he blew up that dump."

"Huh?" Bump shot out. "You don't think—? Let's get aboard them crates and take the good news to the Old Man."

Phineas was weak in both knees. His dome was buzzing and every bone in it ached. He finally staggered into Bar-Le-Duc and called in every drug store and notion emporium.

Just as his quest seemed hopeless, he found the perfume he was looking for. The bottle cost him his gold watch, but he would have signed away the old homestead back in Boonetown if he had had to. The bottle in his pocket, Phineas started making the rounds of Bar-Le-Duc pleasure spots.

The Boonetown patriot, in due time, arrived in a bistro labeled Le Chien Blanc. As he had done in a dozen others he had visited, he took the perfume out of his pocket, waved it around his noggin and asked who wished to buy it. And all the time he put on his sales talk, his bleary eyes broomed the bistro.

"It is a steal for two francs," Phineas announced. "Oops, I almos' dropped it. I—"

A customer edged toward the door. he was wrapped in the blue raiment of a Frog Looey. His face was decorated with pointed mustache and goatee and his face was the color of a pelican's bib.

"Oh, yeah! Grab that spy!" Phineas roared and started moving. "That is V-8! Stop you or I will make a bulls eye with this perfume, an' you know—"

"Kamerad! Nein, do not drop the bottle, Leutnant. I vill giff up. Look ounce, mein hands are up undt I am standting so still !"

Phineas stepped up to V-8 and removed the stage props from the spy's physiognomy. "So you are unmasked, huh? Well, it was a dastardly plot you and the frawline had against me. That bottle there is real perfume. Haw-w-w-w-w-w! The other one blew up a lot of the Kaiser's fireworks a while ago, V-8. Well, it is all because the best laid plans of mice an' men don't always go gang aglay, as a Scotchman said.

Take him to the hoosegow, mon amies. and I will prefer charges later. Who will offer me a ride to my squadron, huh? I could not git up enough strength at the minute to pull up a petunia plant with both hands."

"We got an ambulance outside, Lootenant," a goggle-eyed medical non-com said. "If you don't mind smellin' iodoform an'—"

"If there is a coffin in it, I will stretch out an' be comfortable," Phineas moaned. "Let's go before I fall apart, Sarge."

The first-air jalopy backed up to the door of squadron headquarters some time later and the crew lifted the Boonetown jokesmith out on a stretcher and deposited him near the mess bar.

"What happened to him since we saw him?" Bump Gillis asked in a strained voice. "Why—"

"I was killed," Phineas said and sat up. "Haw-w-w-w-w-w! I just had a Heinie spy called V-8 locked up. I wish I knew if the Deacon survived, as that mouse should be decorated. Anybody call up? Well, you will not have to commit suicide any of you bums. Not that I would mind if you did. Who has some cognac? Frawline von Garbage was afraid of mice. She will shoot Pingham down an' everybody will laugh with stitches. Nein, please mein freund. Don't drop der boddle. . . . Haw-w-w-w-w-w! She shoots der liddle balloons undt—"

"Er-get him to bed, quick," Garrity said. "We will get the best surgeons in the A.E.F. We will spare no expense."

"I wonder," Bump Gillis said. "You can't never tell about him. He would die on purpose just to make a bum out of a specialist. He stops at nothing."

"Only maybe at the stage door of the Folies Begere," Phineas said. "Haw-w-w-w-w-w !"

THE END



CONRAD CONROD SOLVES HIS "MODEL IN THE TREE" PROBLEM
MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS 1960 ANNUAL



This attractive little scale FF model by well known modeler Chuck Hollinger appeared in the October 1950 issue of Air Trails magazine.

The Air Trails editors added this comment -- "A gem for the free flight scale enthusiast, and we see those scale stunt men grabbing this one but quick."

Twenty years ago the Buhl Aircraft Co. announced their new lightplane the "Bull Pup." Several versions were produced with wingspreads ranging from 27 to 36 feet. This resulted in either a high top speed plus high landing speed with the small wing, or a slight sacrifice in speed for slower landings and higher ceiling with the 36-foot wing installed.

The "Pup" seated one occupant, had a three-cylinder Szekely in the nose and a top speed of 90 mph, which was doing right well for only 45 horses. The fuselage was of all-metal monocoque construction. It was one of the first lightplanes to use this advanced feature.

Our model happened to be one of those last-minute affairs built for entry in last year's Nationals. In spite of the rush job it received the highest points for workmanship and scale of all the rubber-power flying scale entries, dropping to third, however, when the flight points were added. This was with two official flights since the rubber motor broke on the third wind-up, necessitating repairs to the fuselage.

AT's editors saw the Pup at the Nats and thought it would make a good Half-A flying scale. The changeover from rubber to gas power was very simple and has resulted in not only an attractive display scale model but one that is an exceptionally stable and a realistic flyer as well.

The real cylinder fits into the nose so perfectly that it takes at least a second look to discover "which triplet has the piston." Any of the small motors from .035 to .049 may be used for free flight.

If you would like to convert the Bull Pup into a scale control liner, the best performance would be with .074 to .099 motors.

The fuselage may be started by laying out two strips of 1/8" x 3/16" over the top view of the plans. Use pins to hold them in place along the fuselage outline. This will furnish the crutch onto which the fuselage formers will be attached.

Cut the crosspieces of the same stock and cement to the longerons. Formers 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are now cut out of soft 3/32" sheet and then cut horizontally at the centerline as the bottom of the fuselage is assembled and sheeted while the crutch is still pinned to the plan.

With the lower sections of the formers cemented in place you are now ready to sheet the bottom section. Be sure to get the very softest 1/16" sheet you can find, for it will curl more easily.

Cut these sheets to the pattern shown along the lower edge of the side view and brush on three coats of clear dope extended to about the position of former 5 on the inner sides only.

As the dope dries it will begin curling the sides, so now is the time to cement them to the fuselage crutch and to former 6.

When this is dry cement the sheets in contact with formers 3, 4 and 5, using plenty of pins to help hold them to the formers. If the sides aren't curling enough, dampen a rag and rub over the areas where more curve is desired.

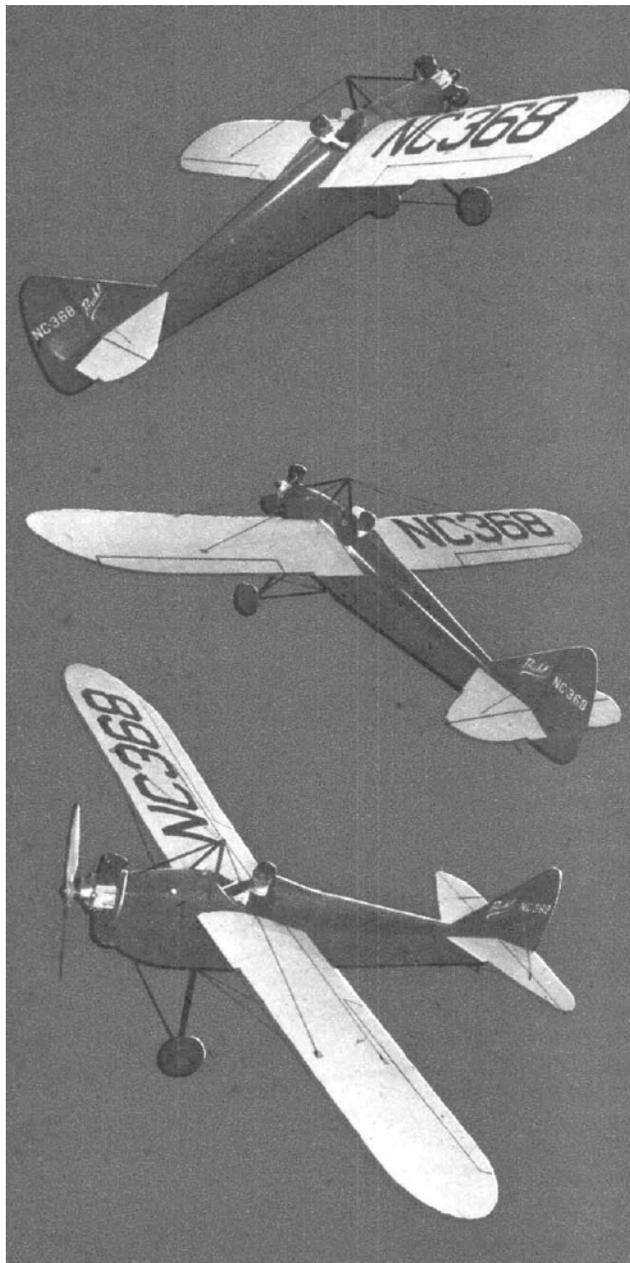
Before cementing the front edge down to former 2, force it down by hand, and if it tends to buckle slightly cut a slit 1/16" wide at the front tapering to nothing at former 3, then cement to former 2. Take a scrap piece of 1/8" x 3/4" sheet and lay along the bottom. Lift this completed structure off the plan and glue the top formers in place.

The top of the fuselage from former 3 back to 6 is covered in one piece. Dope the inside as you did on the bottom but apply several extra coats toward the tail as it will have to curl more sharply.

The covering from former 2 to 3 is one piece, but don't cut out for the cockpit until the fuselage is ready for covering. A small block is used to fill in the section on top from former 6 to the end.

Cut the two soft balsa cowl blocks to approximate shape, then lightly cement onto the nose. Carve and sand to conform to the fuselage, then cut loose and hollow, recementing solidly to the fuselage.

Two sections cut from 1/4" hard balsa 1/2" long are cemented onto the front of former 2 for the upper part of the main landing gear wire to enter. Former 1 may be cut out now, but do not cement it to the fuselage yet.



Carve the headrest and cement to fuse. The finish of the fuselage is greatly improved and is much stronger if you cover it with tissue.

The tail surfaces are of the usual construction and are covered with light tissue, not Silkspan. Spray lightly with water to tighten.

For the wing, cut out the ribs from 1/32" sheet, or if you're allergic to cutting out so many ribs the number may be reduced to one-half, but in this case use 1/16" sheet instead.

Two of the ribs next to the fuselage are cut from 1/8" sheet, following the dotted line on top of the rib for the outline in place of the solid line. The two ribs next to these are also trimmed along the top.

For assembly, slip the ribs over the spars to their approximate spacing, then lay on the wing plan and pin the spars in alignment with the drawings. Now true up all the ribs and cement to the spars. The trailing and leading edges may now be cemented to the ribs.

Cut the wing tips from the required thicknesses of scrap balsa. The 1/32" sheet leading edge covering is cut to the required width, then cemented along the leading edge.

When this is dry, cement the rear edge of the sheet down to the ribs, using pins to hold in place. Don't forget the 1/32" sheet covering over the first two ribs at the wing root. Now the two short lengths of 342" aluminum tubing may be cemented alongside the rib as shown on the plan. This will give the right wing panel.

Mount the gas tank inside the nose as far forward as possible. Bolt the motor to former 1 and securely cement onto the nose. The dummy crankcase and dummy cylinders will greatly increase the appearance of your model while requiring only a slight amount of extra work.

The exhaust manifold is probably the most difficult part of the model. One of the best ways to make a sharp bend with aluminum tubing is first to fill the inside with solder, bend to the desired arc, and then melt the solder out. Be sure to get the softest grade of aluminum tubing for this.

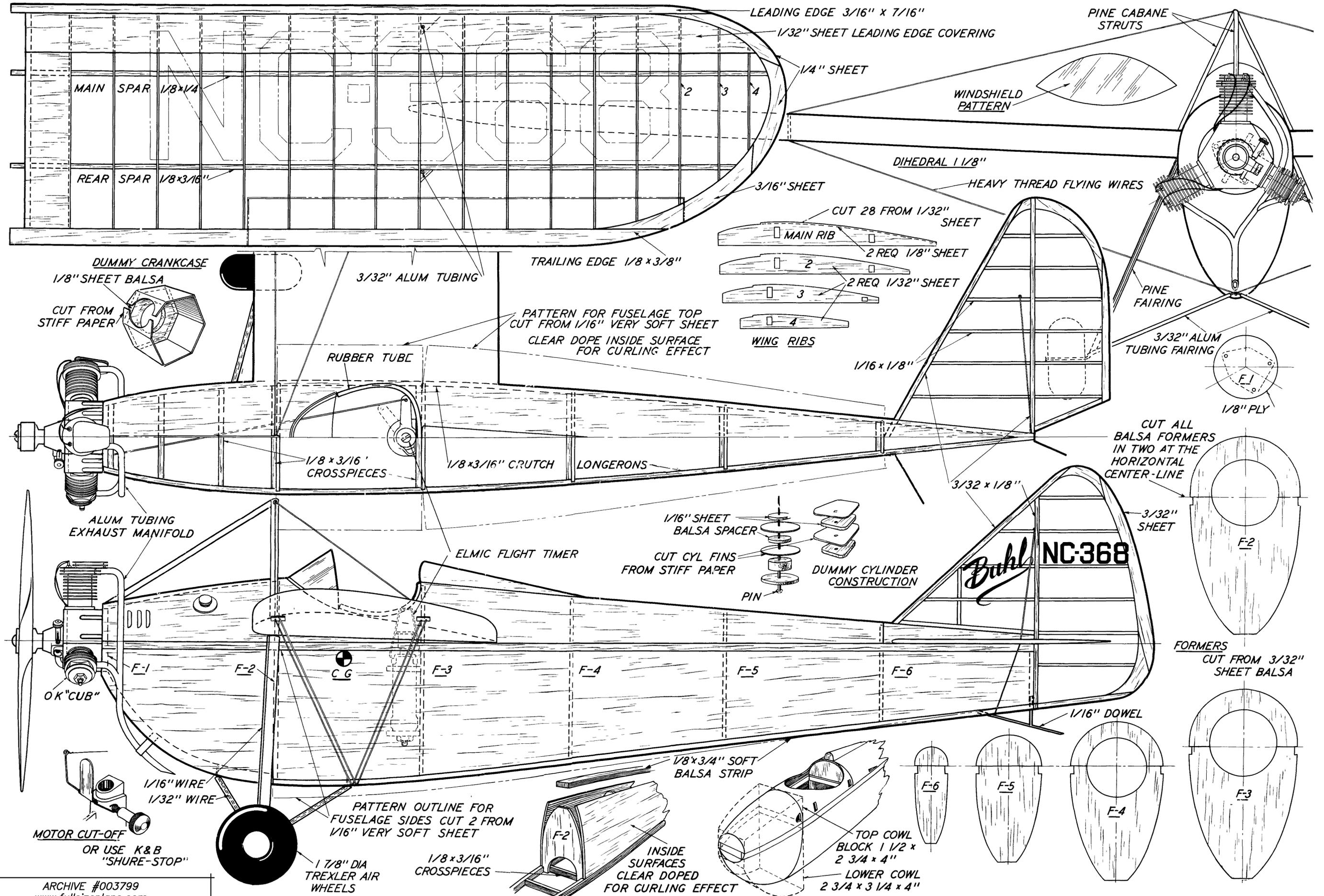
If you will be flying your model within small areas it would be well worth putting in a Maeco flight timer as it weighs practically nothing and gives you complete control of the ship's flying radius.

Before going out for the first flights check your model for its balance point and compare with the c.g. location as shown on the plans. If it is close you are ready for your trial flights; if not, it will be necessary to add a slight amount of weight to either the nose or the tail until it balances correctly.

As with all free-flight models it is best to hand-glide the model, adjusting for a straightaway or large circle without any signs of a stall. The model is now ready for its power flights, and you will find it to be an exceptionally easy ship to adjust and one that can take more than its share of the usual knocks.



"CONTEST WEATHER" A cartoon from Finland to prove that model flying is the same the whole world over.



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DESIGN BY CHUCK HOLLINGER - PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER 1950 AIR TRAILS

Buhl Bull Pup

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 March 1965 issue of **Aeromodeller**

This issue contains small 3-Views of most of the machines used in the movie *Those Magnificent Men and Their Flying Machines*. Also included are some details of several upcoming contests for models of these machines. Prizes were donated by the 20th Century Fox Film Co.

In the same issue is a semi-scale control-line stunter called the **MUSTUNT** by Erik Bjornwall intended for .35 engines. Plans in the *Aeromodeller* issue are 1/8 scale. If any of your readers have the full size plan and send it to us we will make full size PDF files available in a future issue of RCMW.

Also in this issue is **BREEZE**, a low ceiling indoor flyer by Larry Renger. Plans are full size.

A nicely drawn 1/48th scale 3-View of the homebuilt aircraft **CURRIE WOT** round out the offerings in this issue.

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

This download link will be expire on July 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.



STRATO-FLASH

by M.S "Pete" Andrews

Here's another one from the same October 1950 issue of Air Trails Magazine as Chuck Hollinger's BUHL PUP. A nice looking and performing 1/2A Free Flight ship.

They laughed when I, the indoor addict, sat down to build a gassie, for they thought I didn't know which end of the broom to use as a glue stick. But look what resulted: a high-performance Class AA gassie with a wing loading of 2-1/2 ounces per hundred square inches, a minimum drag body consistent with ease of construction.

Also a new super-duper slim pointed airfoil and wing construction, retracting landing gear, and a long stab moment arm making the Strato Flash climb like a homesick angel and glide like a seagull.

Designing a ship that does not require downthrust, sidethrust, upthrust, warped wing, or turned rudders, and yet is very stable, with a fast climb and a low sinking speed was quite a job; I'll try to explain my procedure step by step.

Concentrating on the problem of airfoils, I realized there has not been much research on low-speed airfoils, so I fell back on my experiments with indoor airfoils and their characteristics.

These experiments had convinced me that an airfoil with a sharp leading edge, and a smooth arc form of the upper camber of from 5% to 6% of the chord would give me the best results, especially when used on a wing whose aspect ratio was approximately 6 to 1.

To maintain a smooth airflow over the airfoil, I found it necessary to use sheet balsa to cover the forward rise of the upper camber as far back as possible without adding too much weight.

This led me to the idea of using sheet leading and trailing edges, thereby saving quite a bit of weight without sacrificing strength. Due to the skin stress this construction properly made has less tendency to warp than the standard solid spar wing.



My next problem was to test the effects of varying camber sections in the stabilizer, and this led to rather pleasing results, for by varying the camber percentage in the stab I acquired control over the climb characteristics of the plane under power.

This was another development of my indoor experiments, since they had shown that an 8% airfoil in the stab would furnish the best climb and the most stable flight pattern, while the 10% stab airfoil had too much lift effect during the climb, and the 6% airfoil in the stab resulted in an attitude of climb that could bring about a stall and had an erratic flight pattern due to its unbalanced condition.

I proved this point on my gassie for the 10% stab on the Strato-Flash made the plane fly level with the ground under full power, and the 8% stab airfoil as shown on the plans made the ship climb at an angle of approximately 50 degrees—which to my way of thinking results in the maximum altitude under full power.

The long stabilizer moment arm was necessary to insure stability under full power and to utilize the lift of the stabilizer.

The pylon wing mount was used to reduce the angular difference between wing and stab and thus reduce profile drag, and to counteract the torque of the propeller under power.

This is very effective, for the Strato-Flash when adjusted to glide to the left or with torque, will circle to the right or against torque under power.



Construction of the plane is fairly easy if the proper procedure is followed. The first step is to select quarter-grained sheet stock for maximum strength, then cut out all parts before reaching for the glue.

The wing should be made one panel at a time, letting it dry on the board before propping one end up for the proper dihedral, and then building the next panel to it, making sure that the sheet edges are sanded to fit before gluing in place.

The stabilizer is made in the same manner, only cover the rudders and glue in place during the construction and not as an afterthought.

The body is of conventional construction; add the retractable gear before covering with 1/32" sheet.

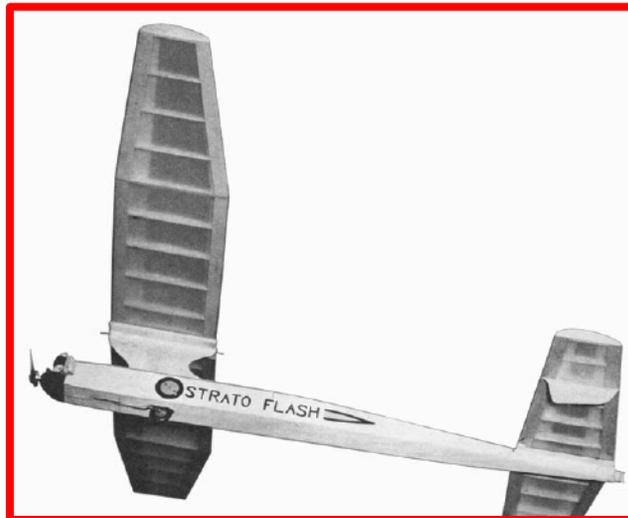
The profuse use of laminations is necessary for maximum strength, so do not change these parts. The wing, stab, and rudders are covered with Jap tissue, two coats of plasticized dope and one coat of fuel proofer.

The body should be colored with an analine dye dissolved in alcohol, then add two coats of clear dope and one coat of fuel proofer.

One item not included in the plans is the gas tank, for we used an eye dropper vial marked off for various engine runs, and since this may not be 100% accurate, it is suggested you use your own favorite method.

The stab should have thread glued to the trailing edges and to the bottom of the stab platform as an angle stop when the dethermalizer is in effect.

After the ship is complete with engine mounted it should balance at the trailing edge of the wing, and should have a straight glide, slightly stalled, without any turn adjustment.



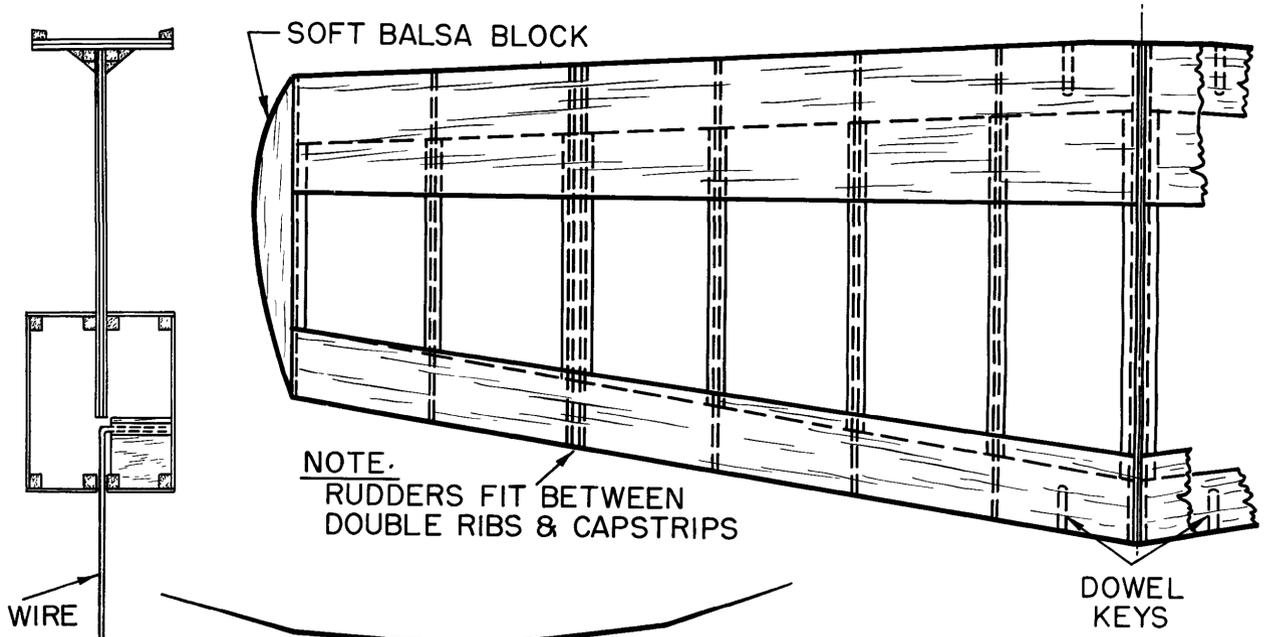
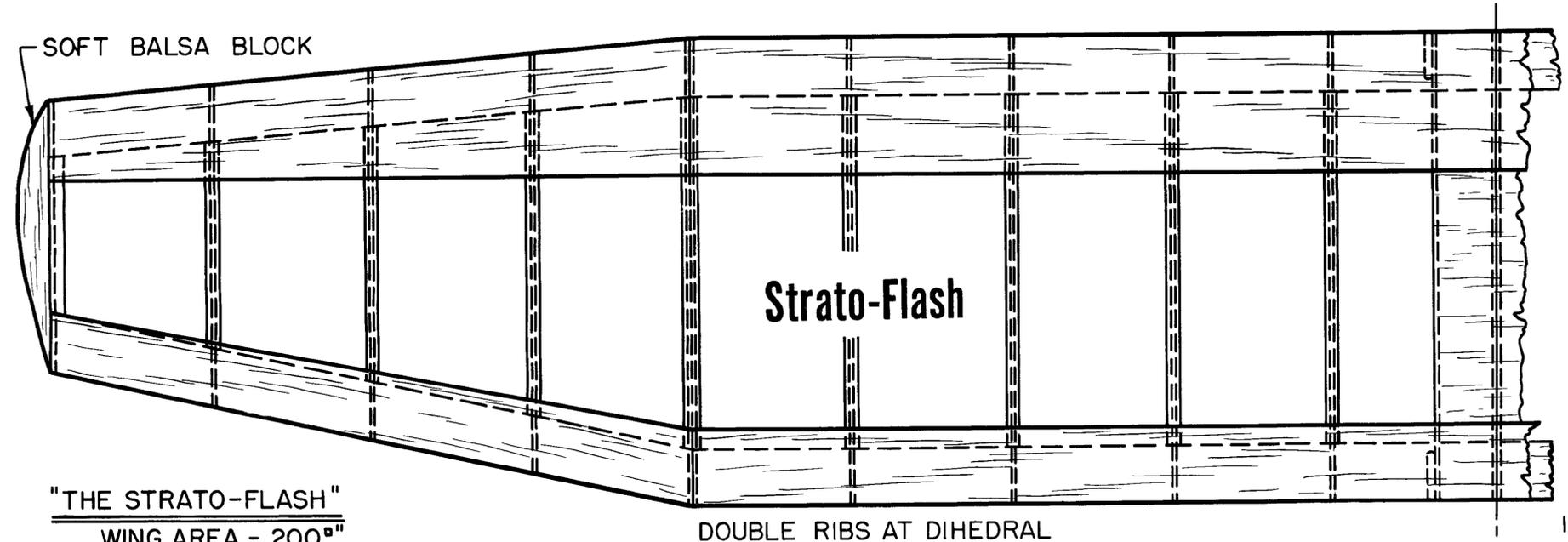
It should glide to the left when viewed from the rear; this is accomplished by putting thin strips of wood between the stab and the stab platform on the side toward which the plane should turn. The turn should be set for an approximate 50-foot circle, with the plane gliding smoothly without stalling or diving, before adjustment strips are glued to the stab platform.

The glide should be about 7:1, or when launched from a height of 4 feet it should land 28 or more feet away.

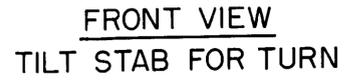
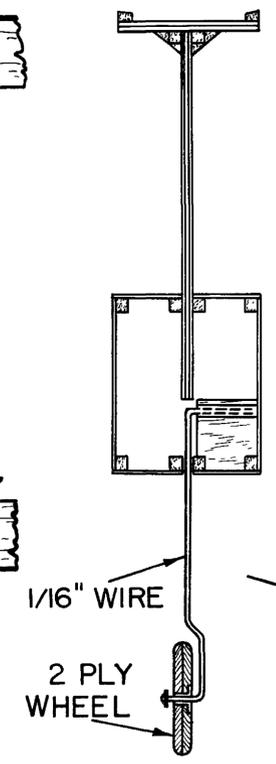
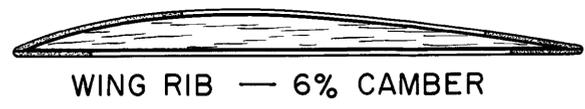
Before flying, be sure to check the ship for any possible misalignment, especially in the thrust line which should be neutral.

The plane under full power should make a wide sweeping turn to the right, or against torque, and then when the engine cuts it should make an S turn, and glide to the left without a stall or dip.

The best procedure is to test-glide your ship, start the engine, light the fuse, launch it into the wind at an angle of 30 degrees and start running.



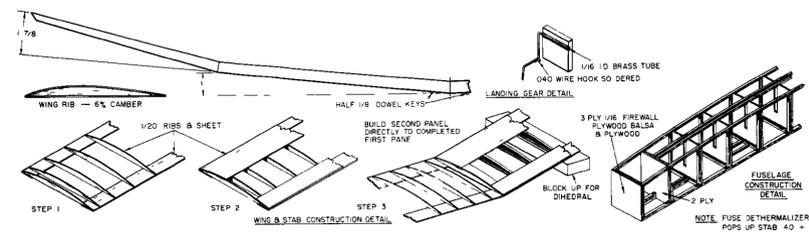
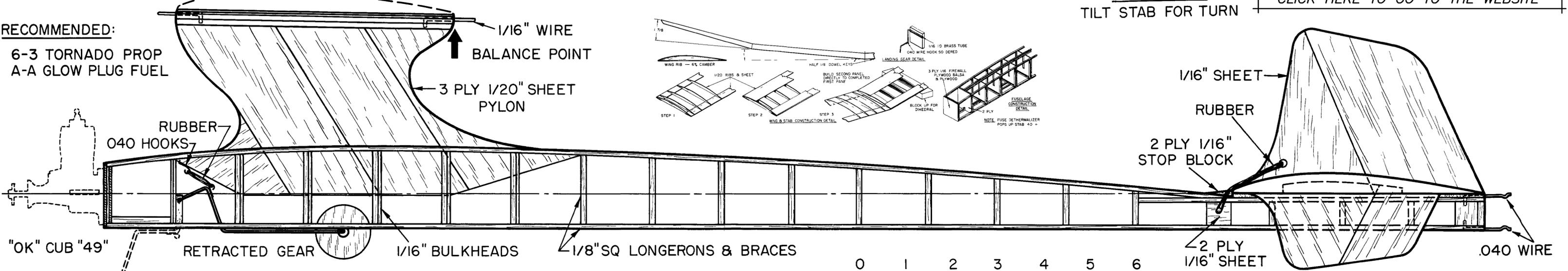
"THE STRATO-FLASH"
 WING AREA - 200"²
 STAB AREA - 82"²
 STAB. MOMENT ARM - 22"
 TOTAL WT. - 5-6 OZ.



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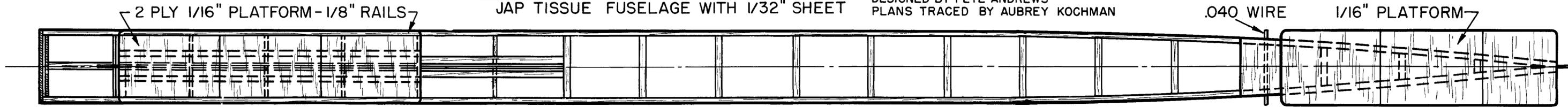
RECOMMENDED:

6-3 TORNADO PROP
 A-A GLOW PLUG FUEL



NOTE: COVER WING, STAB. & RUDDERS WITH JAP TISSUE FUSELAGE WITH 1/32" SHEET

DESIGNED BY PETE ANDREWS
 PLANS TRACED BY AUBREY KOCHMAN



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.

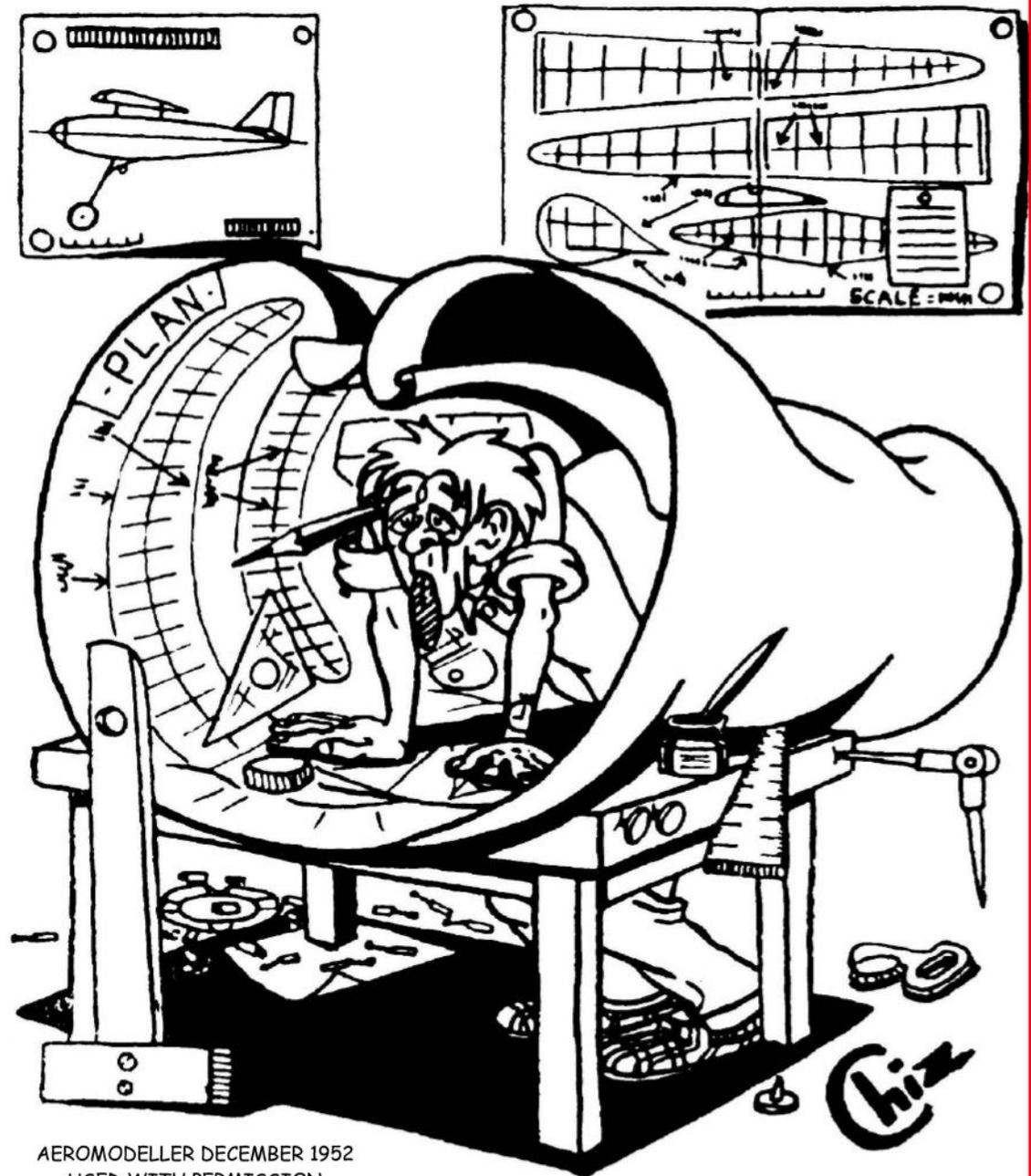
That's NOT the way it was in the past, when you had to build a model before you could fly it. If you're an old-timer, as I am, you have fond memories of Air Trails, Flying Models, Model Airplane News, Aeromodeller and many of the several other magazines available "way back when".

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

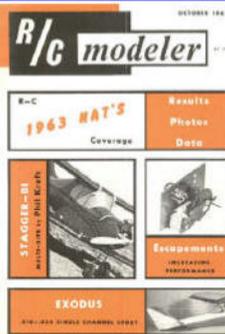
MODEL BUILDER - This magazine ran from the first issue of September~October 1971 through the final issue dated October, 1996 -

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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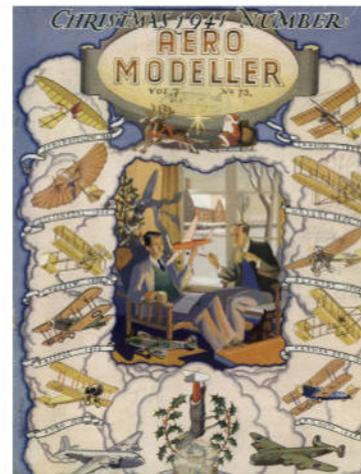
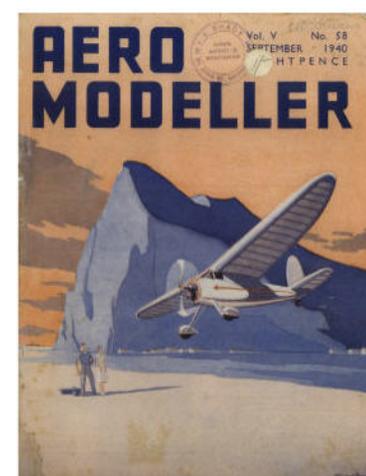
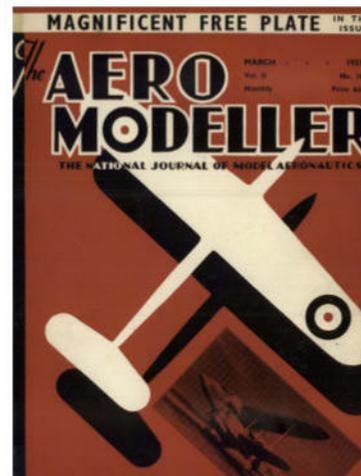
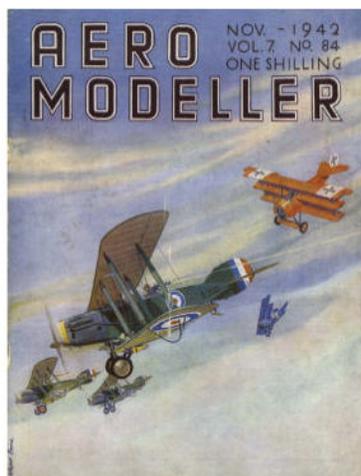
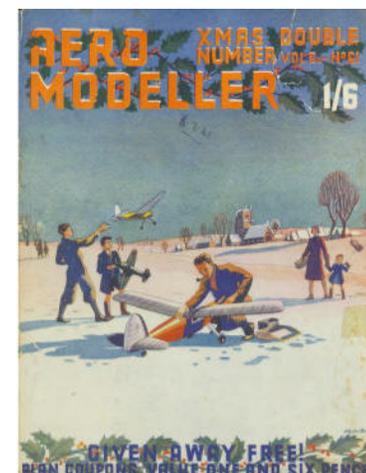
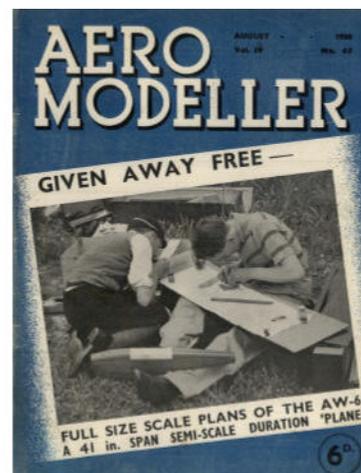
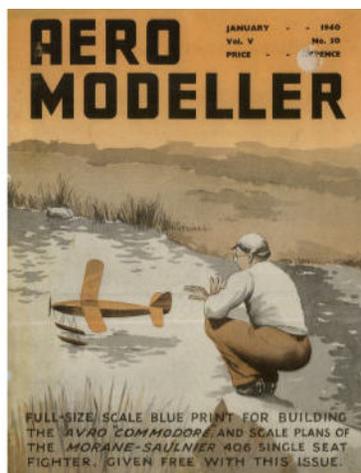


Now, after several months and hundreds of hours of work, we have available high-resolution digital copies of the British Aeromodeller magazine starting with the very first issue dated November 1935, shown above, and through the December 1942 issue. These issues are extremely rare and hard to find. These 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 -

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P.S. - Don't forget to
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people forget !!



Price subject to change without notice - Effective September 2016

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