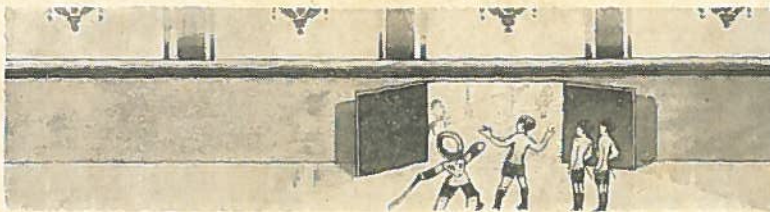


- Adventures in -
MECCANOLAND





FOREWORD

BEFORE you have read very far into this little story you will very likely decide that the strange adventures that befell Dick were nothing but a very extraordinary dream brought on by too hearty enjoyment of cakes and other delicacies provided at his last birthday party. You may have come rather close to the truth in taking this view of the matter but notwithstanding this you must realize that Meccanoland is no "dream country" but a very real and glorious land where sturdy boys live a life of joy and fun.

Nearly all the inhabitants of this sunny realm are boys—millions of them—and they are all happy. The younger ones are revelling among miniature bridges, wagons, windmills, trucks and towers, that they build and set to work mechanically. The older ones are building and playing with larger structures—real engineering in miniature—and all are busily engaged in inventing new and ingenious models and movements. All these boys have their own magazine, the "*Meccano Magazine*" which deals with the topics that Meccano boys love to read about; they spend happy hours in inventing and building more and better models.

Many boys have lived in Meccanoland for more than 20 years and every day more boys are crowding into the country eager to learn of its wonders and to join the fun. Meccano fun makes boys glad to be alive; it strengthens their characters, sets their brains working and teaches them something that will make them grow up into successful men.

The sun never sets on Meccanoland—there is always life and joy. The gates are never closed and the only passport you require in order to enter this wonderful land is a Meccano Outfit.

Get your passports today and don't stay another minute in the cold dreary world outside.

NOTE—All the models illustrated in this book with the exception of the Diplodocus may be built with a No. 1 Meccano Outfit.

ADVENTURES IN MECCANOLAND

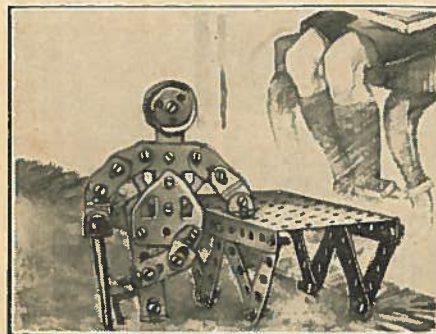
THE STRANGE TALE OF DICK'S TRAVELS
IN A WONDERFUL NEW COUNTRY

TO put it plainly, I was feeling "fed up." The previous day had been my birthday and we had had a very jolly evening, but at the time of which I write I was decidedly off color! Of course the reason was quite clear to me for, as I explained to everyone, I had been overworked at school. I cannot imagine why my brother Jack should have chimed in just then with something about ". . . overworking yourself with birthday cakes and jelly tarts you mean!" Anyway, the rest of the family were enjoying themselves in the living room but I just felt that I wanted to be left alone—for a while at least!

As I wandered aimlessly about, the quietness of the house seemed most depressing after the previous night's noise and excitement. All my birthday presents still lay on the table but I couldn't take much interest in them at the time. It seemed an age since my birthday party when I took the part of Old Father Time in the charade. I had declared

I could do this quite well because I already had had some experience of acting at school, and I think it really was unkind of Jack to remind everyone of the quite unnecessary fact that my debut on that occasion had been in a minor part—to be candid, one of the sheep in the school play "*Little Bo-Peep*."

As it was, things were dead against me as



"I am King Meccano the Great"

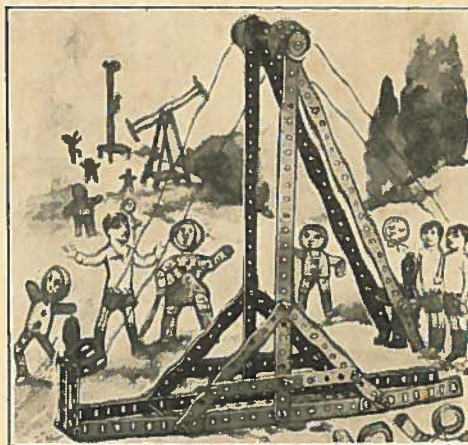
Father Time, although I admit I was to blame to some extent in not discovering until after I had entered the room that my "beard" was growing somewhere round my left ear! Even then I think I should have passed off alright, if that clumsy Bobbie had not stepped on my toe. Pauline told me afterwards that when I asked the "silly clown" to mind where he was going she knew at once I couldn't really be an old man. But then Pauline is very young and never had much imagination!

Well, all that happened on my birthday and I was in a very different frame of mind at the time when this story really starts. I had picked up a fine volume of "*Gulliver's Travels*" that my uncle had given me, and with my chair drawn up close to the fire was deep in the book.

I cannot say how long I had been reading but I remember that Gulliver had returned home safely from his adventure with the Lilliputians. I had laid down the book for a few minutes to think over what I had read, when a slight noise attracted my attention to a corner of the room where I had left my new Meccano Outfit. . . . Surely something moved, I thought, but I could see nothing. I had almost decided that I was mistaken when the noise was repeated, and again I turned my eyes to that part of the room. This time, imagine my surprise to see, standing in a somewhat defiant attitude by the side of a tiny table, an equally tiny and very quaint figure dressed in a brilliant red tunic and wearing what appeared to be shining armor on his arms and legs.

Doubting my senses I attempted to cross the room to investigate but, to my alarm, found that I was bound to my chair—bound not by mere cords but in a very workmanlike manner with sprocket chains and strips. Indeed, I was literally bolted down!

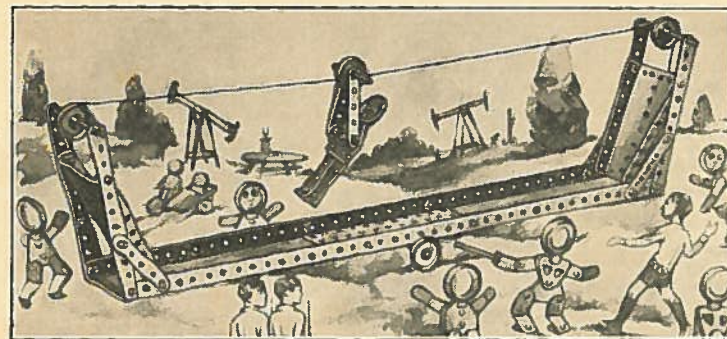
Glancing again at the tiny figure I noticed a queer kind of smile pass over his face. He seemed to consist of a similar kind of material to that used in my bonds for he fairly glistened in the firelight. His head quite fascinated me. It was a beautiful golden tint and perfectly round, as were



Fun on a Meccano Swing

his eyes, nose and mouth.

I had barely taken in these details when I was startled to hear



A young Meccanition enjoys a thrilling ride through space

a voice, hard and metallic, addressing me.

"You must pardon the liberty I have taken with you, but as no doubt you will agree later, it is in your own interest that I have done so."

I tried to rise, but, of course, I could not move an inch. Except for my head, I might just as well have been paralyzed.

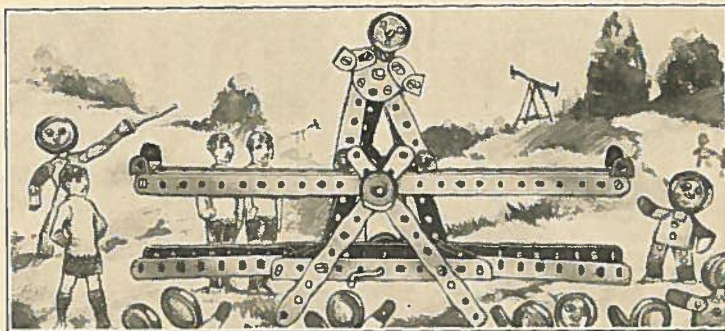
"I am King Meccano the Great," said my visitor, after a few moments, apparently by way of introduction. "I have waited for this opportunity for a long time but not until to-night have I been able to enter your life. I am now going to show you some things of which I was beginning to be afraid you would always remain ignorant."

"Ho, there!" he cried, and as I looked round expectantly two tiny boys in white checked sweaters tumbled out from somewhere. Quickly arming themselves with screw drivers and spanners they commenced immediately to loosen my shackles.

To my horror I found that as my bonds were loosed something was happening to me. Like "*Alice in Wonderland*" I was rapidly diminishing in size. If you can imagine the sensations of a balloon that is being slowly emptied of its gas, you will have a very good idea of my feelings at that moment. Smaller and smaller I became until by the time my last shackle fell away I had become about the same size as my strange companions, at which point my shrinking ceased, thank goodness!

(The construction of King Meccano is shown quite clearly in the picture on page one. In common with the other little figures on these pages he consists principally of a Flat Trunnion and 1" Pulley Wheel without set-screw. He stands upon one leg constructed from a 2½" Strip and an Angle Bracket, while his other leg which is crossed before him, consists of one Angle Bracket, one Flat Bracket, one ½" Reversed Angle Bracket).

As I drew up with a sigh of relief by his side, the King assured me of his ability to restore me to my normal size as soon as his object



An acrobat doing some extraordinary stunts on a seesaw

was accomplished. The boys, he explained, were ordinary Meccano boys who had been captured while asleep at their Outfits, for which crime they had been brought to the Meccanoland Court to act as the King's Bodyguard. "In this capacity," said the King, "they are expected to learn the error of their ways, for in my country nobody ever sleeps! The boys seem to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, however," he added, scratching his head dubiously. "In fact, as far as I can see they don't want ever to return to your world again."

The King then threw open a tiny door in the base board and beckoned me to follow him.

"We now enter the great realm of Meccanoland," he said, and as he spoke he seemed literally to glow with pride, and truly he had good cause for pride, I thought, as I stood on the frontier of the brightest and most wonderful country I had ever seen.

A vast plain lay before me, shimmering in brilliant sunshine, and prosperous-looking lands stretched away into the distance as far as I could see. Close at hand were hundreds of Meccanicians bustling about on their various occupations and presenting a scene of such activity and happiness that I could scarcely believe my eyes.

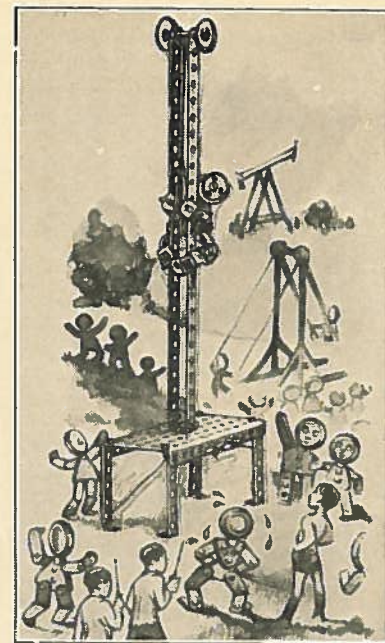
I AM INTRODUCED TO MECCANOLAND

"These wonderful lands of mine," said my road guide, "are rich with new ideas and great possibilities, hidden from sight and kept strictly secret. There are now, however, over a million boys in all parts of your world who have sworn allegiance to me—although some do not

know it—and the gates of my country are always open to these boys. All that they require in order to enter it is our usual passport.

"What is the passport, you ask?" His eyes twinkled and sparkled. "Why! just a Meccano Outfit, and nearly every boy has that. I welcome any and every boy, knowing that each one will do his share towards making this country even more prosperous than it is to-day, for I number among my young friends the best and brightest boys of every nation in your world.

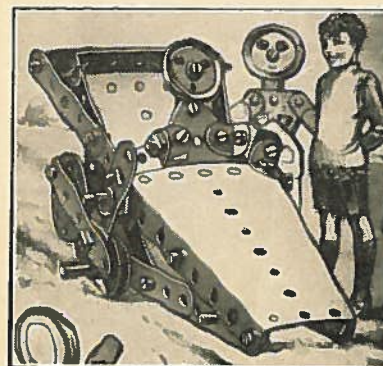
"Those who work and seek diligently will find hidden treasure, sometimes in the most unexpected places. To let you into a secret, I may tell you that some even discover great treasures and great possibilities hidden in themselves! They realize the value of their finds—perhaps years later—in their life in your world, for it is there that they



will reap the greatest reward for their work and devotion here."

I was spellbound at the prospect unfolded by the King, and as we walked in Meccanoland my amazement increased even more. We were surrounded by hosts of little people of the same type as my companion, every one of whom seemed to be intent on cramming as much fun as possible into his or her life.

"Even the Meccanicians



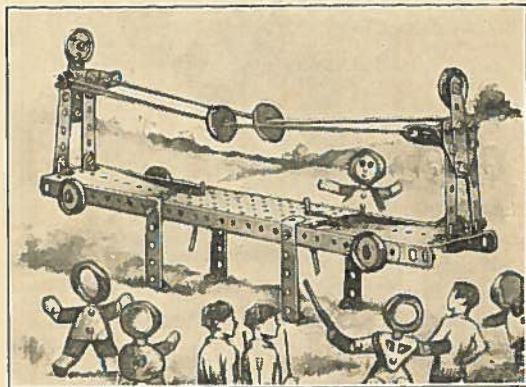
The Oldest Inhabitant

have their holidays as you see," remarked the King, as we entered a great amusement park crowded with a brilliant throng. Here was every imaginable device for amusement—Swings, Merry-go-rounds, Ferris Wheels and Scenic Railways—all made of solid steel beautifully colored in red and green with here and there the glint of bright metal and polished brass.

(SWING—picture on page 2. The cord in this model is passed twice round the 1" Pulleys at the top of the swing and then connected to the "hands" of the "Meccanitian," who has his feet (two Angle Brackets) inserted beneath the Sector Plate forming part of the base of the Swing. A slight pull on the other end of the cord will start the Swing, when our "Meccanitian" will rock to and fro as though he is doing all the work himself! The legs of the little fellow who gets the best fun are specially made (by means of 1" Reversed Angle Brackets) to fit the Swing—perhaps this is the reason why he never gets out to give his friend a ride!)

Near the entrance I noticed a young Meccanitian enjoying a thrilling ride through space. He was holding on to a short cross-bar fixed in

a wheel running upon an inclined rope, and from the gleeful expression on his face I should imagine he found the experience delightful.



The Spinning Buttons

5 1/2"x2 1/4" Flanged Plate in the base. When the joy-rider has reached one end of the cord, the model may be tilted so that he returns to the other end.)

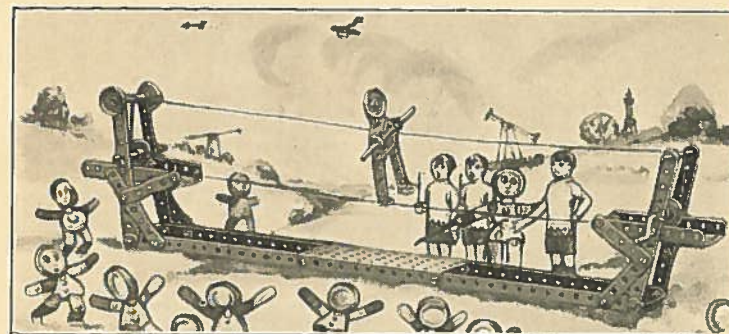
His Majesty became more and more excited as we mingled with the crowd. Indeed, while watching the Greased Pole, he laughed so much each time the climber came tumbling down that his joints literally rattled and his bodyguard anxiously drew their screwdrivers in case they should be needed!

(GREASED POLE—picture on page 5. The climber's arms and legs are connected loosely to his body, the bolts being lock-nutted. A piece of cord is connected to his hands and passed over an Axle Rod at the top of the pole, thence down through the Flanged Plate at the base. Another cord is tied to his feet and also led over the top of the pole down to the base Plate. Two 3 1/2" Rods inserted in the latter acts as guides to the cords. By operating these cords the figure will climb or tumble down the pole as required in a most realistic manner).

Just then I noticed a queer little figure propelling himself vigorously along in a wheel chair. "That is our oldest inhabitant," said the King

Page Six

in reply to my question. "A wonderful old man—he has a face as bold as brass, a constitution as strong as steel, yet he cannot walk for nuts!"



The champion tight-rope walker gives an exhibition

(OLDEST INHABITANT—picture on page 5. The chair does not present much difficulty, its principal parts being two Sector Plates and four 5 1/2" Strips, and it runs on three 1" Pulley Wheels—one in front and two at the back. One of these (not visible in the photograph) drives by cord another 1" Pulley Wheel, the shaft of which also carries a Bush Wheel. As will be seen, a 2 1/2" Strip is pivoted at one end to this Bush Wheel and at the other to a second 2 1/2" Strip which, rocking about an Axle journaled through its centre hole, is again pivoted to the old man's hand. As for the occupant, he has dispensed with his legs altogether, for he doesn't require them with such a luxurious wheel-chair! His neck is a Flat Bracket; his right (or propelling) arm consists of one Angle Bracket, one 1/2" Reversed Angle and two Flat Brackets, and his left arm—the hand of which is bolted loosely to the chair—is formed by three Angle Brackets. This is a most amusing little model and has a wonderfully realistic appearance. When wheeled along the table the little fellow appears to push himself energetically along).

His Majesty next drew my attention to an acrobat going through some extraordinary "stunts" on a see-saw, much to the amusement of a crowd of admirers. Here I saw also two Meccanitians rocking to and fro at the end of what appeared to be another see-saw, while between them two huge discs—not unlike cart-wheels—whirled round and round with tremendous speed.

(ACROBAT AND SEE-SAW—picture on page 4. In this model the beam, composed of three 12 1/2" Strips, rocks about an Axle Rod passed through the four 5 1/2" Strips forming the legs of the model. Two 5 1/2" Strips are bolted to the Flanged Plate in the base of the model, and meet to



The Disappearing Meccanitian

Page Seven

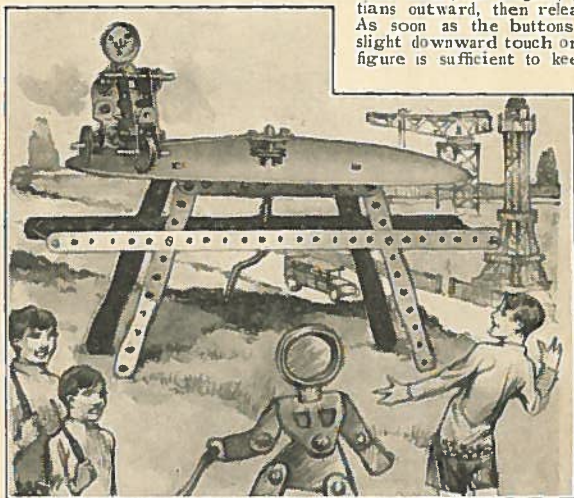
form a bearing for a short Axle gripped by the Bush Wheel, which represents the body of the Acrobat. The bearing is reinforced by a $\frac{1}{2}$ " Reversed Angle Bracket, and the short Axle carries a 1" Pulley Wheel which is connected by cord to the Crank Handle. A Flat Trunnion is bolted to the centre of one of the side strips of the rocking-beam and is connected by thin pieces of elastic to each end of the $5\frac{1}{2}$ " Flanged Plate. By using a few additional parts little figures can be fitted to each end of the saw. Another method of operating this model is by connecting the piece of elastic to the Sector Plates shown: a slight touch upon either of the latter then being sufficient to send one side of the beam up or down).

(THE SPINNING BUTTONS—picture on page 6. The Sector Plates, to which the Meccanians are bolted, are pivoted to the base as shown in the photograph. It is evident that what Dick describes as "cart-wheels" in Meccanoland are in real life merely good-sized buttons mounted on strong thread! Start the model as follows:—Twist the threads a

little with your fingers, pull the Meccanians outward, then release them sharply. As soon as the buttons are spinning, a slight downward touch on the feet of each figure is sufficient to keep them going).

A few paces further along the King again addressed me.

"Perhaps you know already," he said, "that a good deal of excitement was aroused not very long ago among



A daring Motor Cyclist on a miniature racing track

Meccano boys concerning the eccentric behavior of our tight-rope walker. Every one of my young subjects who saw the acrobat performing declared that in reality he was supported in his precarious walk by an endless rope, and that anyone could make him walk in any direction they desired by turning a handle. But do you think he would do just as they wanted? Not he!"

For a moment I tried hard to think just where and how I had first heard about this famous acrobat, for it all seemed familiar to me. The King's next remarks enlightened me immediately.

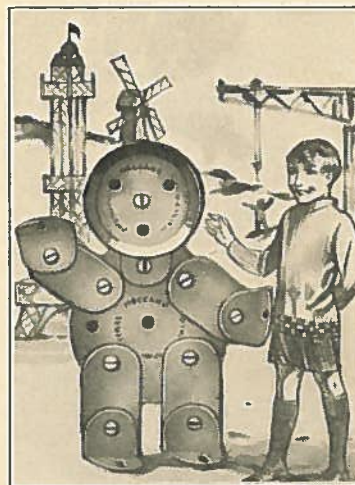
"The matter aroused so much interest that my friend the Editor of the *Meccano Magazine* took it up. He collected hundreds of opinions from all parts of Meccanoland and settled the whole question once

and for all in the Magazine."

"Why, of course, I remember now!" I exclaimed. "The Editor offered prizes for correct solutions of the puzzle. I sent my idea in and received a letter complimenting me upon my work," I added with, I hope, becoming modesty.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the King, and thumped me on the back with one of his metallic arms. "And now, behold! The champion tight-rope walker of Meccanoland!"

Recovering my breath and equilibrium as best I could, I looked round, and sure enough there was the little figure steadily pursuing his perilous advance along the rope!



Captain Bush-Wheeler waxes eloquent

(THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER—picture on page 7. The cord in this model is continuous and is given a complete turn round the 1" Pulleys and Axle Rods at each end of the model. The lower length of cord passes through the Angle Bracket forming the Meccanitian's right foot, while the upper length is led under the balancing-pole and through the centre hole of the Flat Trunnion, which represents his body. The acrobat always advances toward the Crank Handle, irrespective of the direction in which the latter is rotated).

The wonders of this amazing pleasure-ground appeared to have no limit. As far as I could see, the happy throng surged in waves of color, wandering from one amusement to another. We paused before one little fellow whose strident voice had attracted the attention of a crowd of people.

"Hi, there! Look! By a few simple passes I can cause myself to disappear before your very eyes!" And true to his word, he promptly vanished. For a moment there was a silence, then a wave of laughter swept the crowd. It was quite an obvious trick, but they appeared to enjoy it thoroughly.

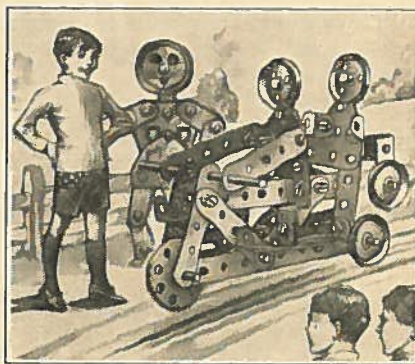
(THE DISAPPEARING MECCANITIAN—picture on page 7. The bottom of the box-like portion of this model consists of a $5\frac{1}{2}$ "x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " Flanged Plate, whilst three $5\frac{1}{4}$ " Strips bolted to upright $2\frac{1}{2}$ " Strips form each side and three $2\frac{1}{2}$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " Double Angle Strips constitute the ends. The lid, which is mounted pivotally on an Axle Rod, consists of two Sector Plates bolted together. Elastic bands are tied to the sides of these plates, and connected to a Rod passed through the bottom of the box. The Meccanitian also is connected to this Rod by pieces of elastic. On pressing the end of the rear Sector Plate, the lid opens sufficiently to allow the figure to be drawn inside, and then snaps back into place. A Cranked Bent Strip is bolted at the back of the figure and rests against the edge of the Sector Plate).

A short distance away from the Disappearing Meccanitian stood a similar figure shouting to another knot of spectators who, I noticed, were eyeing with suspicion a big box that stood near the speaker's feet. This little fellow was earnestly impressing upon his listeners how very stupid and silly were the efforts of his neighbor, and he ended up by saying that he was about to show them something that would make the vanishing trick fade into insignificance. He then endeavored to press a portion of the box without being seen, and a second Meccanitian suddenly appeared. But the conjurer's efforts were greeted with the same good-natured laughter. Apparently it is difficult, thought I, to hoodwink these Meccanitians!



A sudden appearance

(A SUDDEN APPEARANCE—picture on page 10. The front Sector Plate, forming the lid, is carried pivotally on an Axle Rod passing through its sides, three holes from the end, and the rear Sector Plate is pivoted in a similar manner, except that the Rod in this case passes through the fourth hole from the end. Pieces of thin elastic are tied to the end holes in each side of the front Sector Plate, at its widest end, and are connected to the ends of screws at the bottom of the box. The Meccanitian is placed face downwards inside the box, with his feet towards the far end of the model. The tension of the elastic holding the lid should be sufficient to keep him in this position. On tilting the plate slightly, however, he will suddenly shoot out from the box, drawn by the elastic bands connected to the upper transverse $3\frac{1}{2}$ " Rod).



A Motor Cyclist with Passenger

A little further along, my companion once more drew me inside to point out a daring motor-cyclist, who was careering round a miniature racing-track at an extraordinary speed.

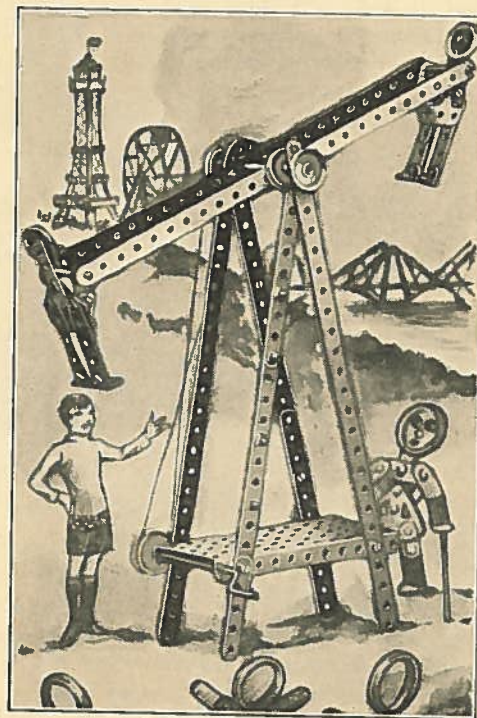
(MINIATURE CYCLE TRACK—picture on page 8. A $2\frac{1}{2}$ "x $\frac{1}{2}$ " Double Angle Strip forms the cross-bar of the cycle, and the front wheel forks and handlebars consist of two $2\frac{1}{2}$ " Strips and one 2" Axle Rod. The two back wheels are mounted in a Cranked Bent Strip bolted to the second hole from the end of the cross-bar, and set at a slight angle so that the cyclist travels in a circular direction. A Flat Trunnion forms the rider's body, while each leg is constructed from a $\frac{1}{2}$ " Reversed Angle Bracket and one Angle Bracket, and his arms are formed by Flat Brackets and Angle Brackets. His feet are bolted to the first and third holes respectively of the Strip secured to the Crank Handle in the centre of the track. The circle of cardboard forming the track may be cut to any desired size).

I MEET TWO MECCANO CELEBRITIES

While we were standing here I noticed a little figure bustling towards us.

"Hello!" exclaimed the King, "here is Captain Bush-Wheeler. He's my Chief Engineer and Director of Amusements." In a few moments that gentleman was deep in discussion with His Majesty concerning plans for forthcoming improvements in Meccanoland. Their voices gradually rose louder and louder, and the Captain, becoming very excited, waved his arms about to such an extent that I feared they would work loose.

"Meccanoland grows so fast that we can scarcely keep pace with it," he said excitedly. "Only a few minutes ago I met several hundred Meccano boys who had just arrived full of splendid new ideas. Your Maj-



The Revolving Gymnasts

esty, these boys are making this the brightest and best country under the sun!"

"Yes, and my friend here is one of our latest recruits," replied the King, waving his arm in my direction.

Presently, the King having dismissed Captain Bush-Wheeler with a "good-day," we moved off again on our tour of inspection.

"How would you like to take a little ride on that?" he asked, as we stood watching two Meccanitions, suspended by ropes from the top of a high pole and flying round and round in space. "I don't think I should like it very much," I replied. "But then I'm not as strongly built as your subjects, you know."

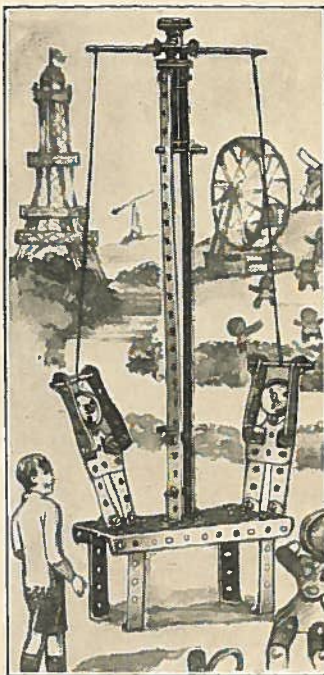
(GIANT STRIDE—picture on page 12. This is quite easy to make, for the details are well shown in our illustration. We imagine our Meccanitions must find this a very exhilarating pastime, for a slight turn of the 1" Pulley Wheel at the top of the model will send the little men flying round in space in a most thrilling manner).

The King next showed me another exciting "stunt" indulged in by these little people. Two gymnasts, holding on to long revolving arms, were whizzing round like pin wheels. Even to watch them made me feel quite dizzy!

(REVOLVING GYMNASTS—picture on page 11. This model is simple to construct, but care should be taken to see that the little figures have sufficient clearance within the revolving strips. Their arms should be rigidly fixed in the position shown).

At last we came to the end of the great Amusement Park and emerged into a beautiful city, which I concluded must be the capital of the country. It was as busy as New York and as clean as Washington, and its inhabitants appeared to be as happy as those of the Never-Never-Land!

The further I wandered with King Meccano the more fascinated I became with the wonders he showed me, and I actually began to feel regret that I should have to return to the great outside world



The Giant Stride

again. I was comforted by remembering, however, that I now owned a Meccano Outfit, and that I could quite easily become a regular "inhabitant" of Meccanoland.

Filled with this exciting thought, I began to walk quickly and more quickly, but I only realized this when I found that I had left my royal guide some distance behind, where he was panting and gasping while his bodyguard plied their screwdrivers, for in his hurry he had worked all his joints dangerously loose!

"Hi, there! not so fast," he cried, as soon as he had regained his breath. "I want to introduce you to my friend Professor Flat Trunnion," he added, when he caught up to me. "He is in charge of our Meccano Schools."

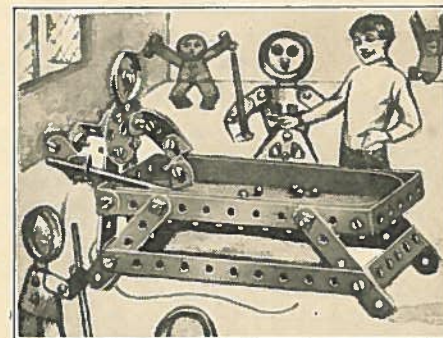
The Professor bowed a swift acknowledgment to me and as I returned his greeting I had a horrible fear that this highly-placed personage of the scholastic world might begin to question me on general knowledge or Greek verbs, logarithms, or something equally boring. However, to my relief he began chatting away merrily on the most interesting subjects, and seemed such an amiable old gentleman that I plucked up courage to ask him if his scholars liked going to school.

"Like going to school, did you say?" he exclaimed, "Why, they like it so well that I sometimes have a job to get them to take any holidays!"

"Of course" chimed in the King, "the reason for that is that the Professor demonstrates all his lectures with Meccano. In fact, he can work out the principles of the most abstruse and complicated movements in this way, and you may be sure his pupils find it really fascinating."

Having left the Professor on the broad steel steps of the Sprocket Institute, we strolled down the beautifully laid-out Architrave Drive.

The main road was thronged with traffic of all kinds and I was



Enjoying a game of billiards

amazed to notice the great speed at which everything moved. I jumped back as a motor-cyclist with a passenger dashed by at a terrific pace. I was reassured, however, when the King told me there were no such things as accidents in Meccanoland, for the simple reason that the Meccanicians were all skilful and careful, and in any case they were far too tough to be hurt or even scratched, however much you knocked them about!

"In that building," said the King, directing my attention to an imposing structure, "you will find billiards and bagatelle in full swing, and indeed almost every other form of indoor recreation. You will soon learn that the inhabitants of Meccanoland are never idle. The few hours that they are able to snatch from their busy day are not idled away—on the contrary, they are packed full of real fun and enjoyment. Every day more and more boys in your world are learning this secret of busy happiness."

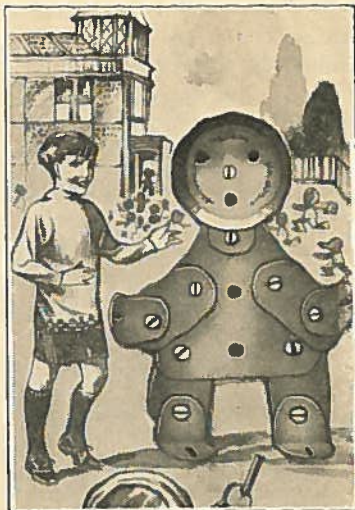
GYMNASTICS AND SPORT

We entered a handsome building a few yards further down the road, and I found myself in a well-equipped gymnasium.

The first person to attract our attention in this establishment was none other than Professor Strongarm, who, I was told, was famous for his feats of strength on the Parallel Bars. We found him tearing about the floor on a pair of huge bar-bells. I was rather alarmed, thinking he would bowl us over, but he stopped, luckily, just in time, and placing the weights upon the bars he turned to me. "Sorry I gave you a turn," he said, "but one good turn deserves another. Watch!"

He then proceeded to give a wonderful exhibition, turning over and over while keeping the weights balanced on the bars and moving to and fro along their whole length.

(PROFESSOR STRONGARM—picture on page 15. The construction of this model is shown quite clearly. Washers may be placed between the 1" Pulleys and the Angle Brackets representing the Professor's hands, and if these are adjusted so as to press slightly against the wheels, the gymnast will describe complete revolutions as the wheels move along the



"Liked going to school, did you say?"

"bars." The model should be tilted at one end for this purpose. The photograph shows the Professor held captive by means of small elastic bands).

My guide hurried me along to where a couple of wrestlers were vainly endeavoring to throw each other. They were very evenly matched, and though they often tossed each other clean over their heads, somehow they always managed to land on their feet.

(THE WRESTLERS—picture on page 16. Two 2½"x1½" Double Angle Strips, one of which is bolted to the Bush Wheel shown, form the arms of the wrestlers. The legs are all pivoted by means of bolts and lock-nuts. Sharp irregular movements of the Crank Handle will result in amusing antics by the wrestlers).

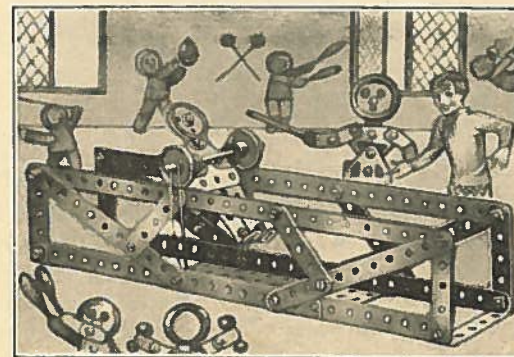
Shortly afterwards we came across a pair of eccentric dancers who were engaged in some wonderful performance on a small circular platform.

(THE ECCENTRIC DANCERS—picture on page 17. The right arms of the dancers are bolted loosely together by means of a Reversed Angle Bracket. Their outer "legs" should be lock-nutted to the Flat Trunnions. The model is operated by rotating a 1" Pulley beneath the dance-floor (a circular piece of cardboard mounted on a 5½" Flanged Plate). This Pulley is secured to a short Rod carrying the Bush Wheel on which the dancers are mounted. If desired the Pulley may be connected by cord to a Crank Handle suitably mounted at a distance).

I stood gazing for a long time at yet another wonderful gymnast who seemed to be attempting to dislocate his arms with horrible regularity! He was turning over and over upon a horizontal bar without once changing the position of his arms, and when he at last began to tire, he was helped round by one of his friends, who pulled upon a cord attached to the horizontal bar. Next, my attention was attracted by two fencers who fought valiantly and with a great amount of skill.

(THE GYMNAST—picture on page 15. Is easily constructed by following the accompanying illustration. His companion demonstrates another method of working by means of a cord, which should be wound twice round the 1" Pulley Wheel).

(THE FENCERS—picture on page 19. Cords are attached to the foot of each fencer so that when pulled they will cause him (the fencer) to turn on his pivot. Great fun can be had with this model if two people are playing with it, since each can take a cord and attempt to out-fence the other. The figures should be pivotally connected to the legs on which they stand to enable them to lift their free legs clear of the plate).



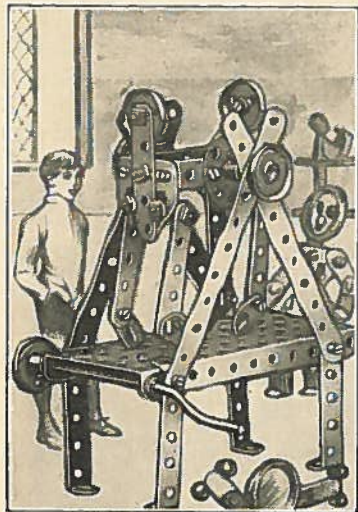
Professor Strongarm on the Parallel Bars

From the gymnasium my guide led me to all the most interesting sights of the city, and it would indeed be difficult to write down an account of all the fascinating things I saw, or a description of the thousand different sensations that I experienced. The city seemed crammed with wonderful things—gigantic steel buildings, engineering works and railways; graceful bridges and pleasure gardens.

As we emerged from the Meccano Science Museum, His Majesty introduced me to the tallest man in the Empire—an awe-inspiring specimen attired in military dress. His name, I learned, was Major McKarno. I was afterwards presented with a signed photograph of him taken standing by the country's smallest man, as a souvenir of my visit to Meccanoland. I named them "Dignity and Impudence," much to the King's amusement.

(DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE—picture on page 20. The construction of these queer figures is clearly shown in the illustration. Major McKarno wears a military cloak, composed of two Sector Plates joined by $2\frac{1}{2}$ " Strips, with Double Brackets as epaulets).

All the more popular forms of sport are well known and appreciated in Meccanoland, and I was shown a splendid recreation ground, where a "soccer" match was in progress. A penalty kick was being taken just as we appeared on the scene. Baseball and tennis were in full swing in other parts of the ground, for the Meccanicians pay no respect to the seasons.



Two doughty Wrestlers

We were in the act of emerging from the recreation ground when we became aware of the fact that something very unusual and exciting was in the air. An extraordinary uproar was taking place at some point not very far distant, and soon figures were to be seen tearing towards us down the broad white road. Foremost among the runners,

travelling as fast as a pair of Angle Brackets and two Flat Brackets could carry him, was Professor Flat Trunnion. As he drew level with us he recognized the King, and dashed up to him.

"We are attacked!" he shouted. "We are attacked by a terrible prehistoric monster! The Diplodocus is on our trail! Call up the police! Bring out the fire brigade! . . ." He ended with a gasp. "Only the army can save us now!"

And without waiting for us to recover from our surprise he was off again like the wind.

Now the whole crowd was rushing past, fleeing as though threatened by the most dreadful calamity imaginable. For a while we were almost submerged by the flood of Meccanicians, but presently, when the worst of the crush had passed by, we were able to look around. Then we saw the cause of their terror, and I must confess that the blood seemed to freeze in my veins at the sight of the awful apparition that slowly came into view! As for the King, he seemed to be struck motionless.

Like the Professor, I concluded that what I saw could only be some ghastly prehistoric creature that, by some extraordinary trick of time or nature, had wandered into our midst. Imagine, if you can, a slow-moving reptile-like monster, towering a hundred feet above our heads and dwarfing even the great buildings of the city. Its neck, which alone seemed as long as the street, ended in a big, stumpy body supported on four gigantic legs, which were of a glowing red color. It had a small, evil-looking head, and its eyes



The Eccentric Dancers

seemed to fix us with a baleful glare. Its feet were of such size that I am sure it could have crushed a dozen people with one blow. Truly we and the rest of the inhabitants of the city had good cause for fright!

We stood where we were, wondering what to do, or rather, which way to run. We were almost despairing of escaping the beast's clutches when suddenly a glimmer of hope returned—help was coming. A band of intrepid Meccanicians, whom I recognized by their trim uniforms and smart appearance as the City Police, were advancing rather

waveringly up the street, under the leadership of Major McKarno and Captain Bush-Wheeler.

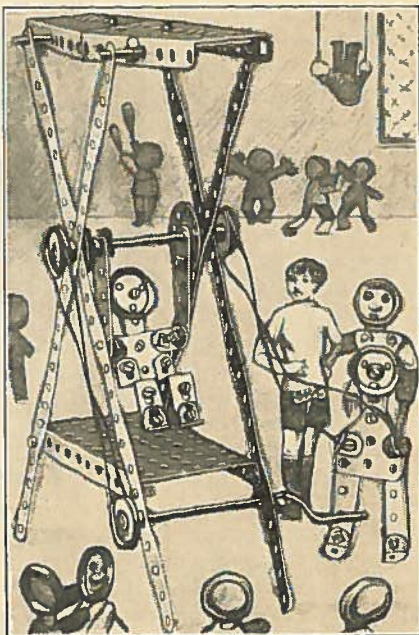
The gallant Major was issuing orders in a shrill voice, while the Captain was making a detour with a body of mounted men armed with machine guns, no doubt with the intention of taking the monster in the flank. Slowly, with ponderous tread, the creature advanced down the road and the attackers, equally slowly, moved to meet it.

The intervening space grew smaller and smaller until only a hundred yards or so remained. Then the Meccanicians stopped short, and an extraordinary noise proceeded from the Diplodocus.

I could scarcely believe my ears. Surely that was a shout of laughter I heard? I looked intently at the attacking party and noticed that they looked decidedly foolish. I even spotted the tall form of Major McKarno slinking down a side street, in an effort to remove himself from the scene as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. Finally His Majesty, who had remained silent by my side until this moment, burst into a very merry chuckle. I looked again at the now motionless monster and then I, too, was able to join in the merriment.

Clustered round each of its feet and all along its immense tail were hundreds of Meccanicians who, it was now quite apparent, were responsible not only for its activities but also for its design and construction. The King told me that he recognized them as students of the various universities, and no doubt the creation of the Diplodocus was merely a publicity stunt to "boost" their hospital-day collection. Even while he was speaking dozens of students, armed with collection boxes, bore down upon us in triumph.

(The Diplodocus does not look so very dreadful in the picture on page 21, but we can well imagine the scare it gave Dick who, it must be remembered, was only about three inches in



A Meccano Acrobat on the Horizontal Bars

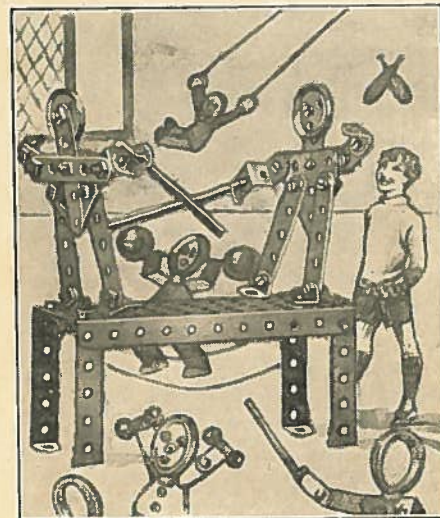
height when it burst upon his view! The model is very easy to construct, but a few parts are required in addition to a No. 1 Outfit).

So ended one of the biggest thrills that Meccanoland had ever experienced. It took a little time for the city to slip back again into its normal routine, but everybody seemed to enjoy the joke. Everybody that is, with the exception of Professor Flat Trunnion who, I was told a little later, was a trifle annoyed about the incident, especially in view of the fact that he was booked to deliver on the following day a lecture on prehistoric animals!

THE END OF MY JOURNEY

"My time is getting short," remarked the King of Meccanoland, "but I will just run you over to one of our principal air stations before you end your tour." So saying he set off at a brisk pace and I soon found that we were heading for the open country.

"Here is something that will interest you," he said, as we were passing some farm buildings, and he pointed to a machine that was being cleaned and oiled. "This is a machine we use for hay-making, for, as you know, the Meccanicians are as busily employed in agricultural work as they are in any other industry."



A bout with the foils

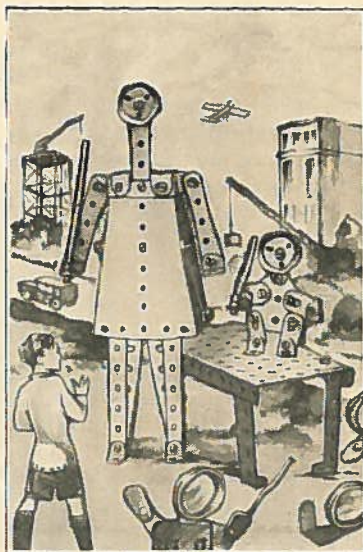
(HAY-MAKING MACHINE—picture on page 22. The base of this model is constructed from two Sector Plates bolted together. The Angle Brackets representing the feet of the Meccanician at the rear of the machine are inserted beneath an elastic band stretched across the end of the Sector Plate. The Meccanician is connected pivotally by a $2\frac{1}{2}$ " Strip to a Bush Wheel secured on the shaft of the threshing wheel, which is rotated from the road-wheel by an endless cord. The driver is supported on a seat composed of a $\frac{1}{4}$ " Reversed Angle Bracket and $2\frac{1}{2}$ " \times $\frac{1}{2}$ " Double Angle Strip).

There were many tools and more elaborate machines to be seen on this farm—every imaginable task, it appeared, was performed by machinery.

Crossing a well-kept golf course, which I noticed was thronged with enthusiastic players, we approached a tall structure I had observed some way back. My guide informed me that this was an airship mooring-mast. During my travels I had seen a large number of aeroplanes and airships whirling to and fro above my head, and I was therefore particularly pleased to find myself in one of the principal Meccano aerodromes.

"You see we are quite up to date; almost a little beyond it, too, if I may venture to say so," said the King with a touch of pride. "We have brought every form of transport up to the highest possible state of perfection. We travel in absolute comfort, whether we go by road, rail, sea or air."

(AIRSHIP MOORING-MAST—picture on page 23. The elevator car is guided by four lengths of cord tied to top and bottom of the tower and passing through the floor of the car. Two lifting ropes, secured on either side of the cage, pass over guide Rods in the top of the tower, and are secured to the Bush Wheel on the winding shaft, each first being given a few turns in opposite directions round the shaft. The latter is driven from the Crank Handle by means of a belt passing round 1" Pulleys on the far side of the model. The floor of the car consists of cardboard, and a 3½" Strip serves as a seat).

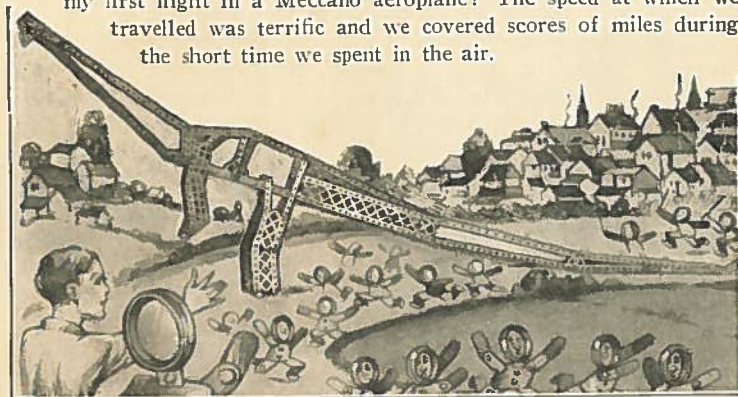


Dignity and Impudence



A Penalty Kick

I was next led over to the aeroplane hangars where His Majesty asked a pilot to take us for a short trip in one of the scout biplanes that were kept always in readiness. Never shall I forget the thrills of my first flight in a Meccano aeroplane! The speed at which we travelled was terrific and we covered scores of miles during the short time we spent in the air.



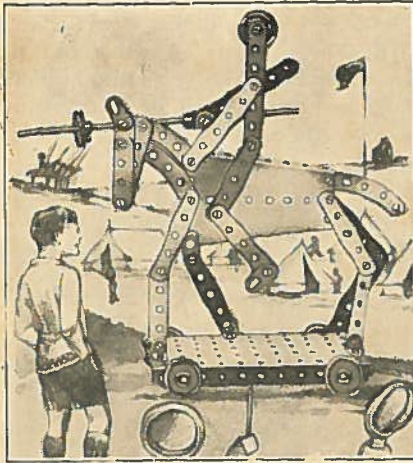
The Diplodocus, whose unexpected appearance created consternation in Meccanoland

"Look over there!" the King shouted above the roar of the engine, and following with my eyes the direction indicated by his waving arm I noticed we were approaching the coast. Here on the mouth of a river was a huge seaport, with harbors and docks crammed full of ships of every imaginable kind. Truly it was a wonderful sight, but only one of many others that I was afterwards shown. I was very reluctant to leave that aeroplane, you may be sure!

It would take many books to describe half the other amazing things I saw and did, or the wonders the King of Meccano described to me. We must have covered many miles altogether, at times riding through the streets on little trolleys that went as fast as you wished, or in the King's splendid limousines. Sometimes we covered mile after mile in the beautifully-fitted Hornby Pullman cars belonging to the finest and most efficient railway system I had ever seen.

However, all good things must come to an end some time or another, and at last the King told me that the time had come to take me home, for it was getting late. I was quite downcast at the thought of leaving this sunny land, but he reminded me that I could enter his country as often as I liked, since I had become a Meccano boy.

"And now that you have tasted some of its joys," he added, "I shall expect you to return again and again."

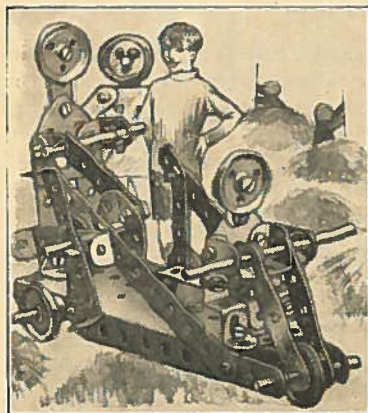


A member of Captain Bush Wheeler's
Troop of Lancers

work to tell everybody in your world about Meccanoland and you will be doing me a great service by spreading the good news, even if you tell only two or three boys."

Needless to say, I made a resolution then and there to rope in all my chums and simply invade the country!

Whilst this conversation was in progress we had been speeding in an electrically-propelled car towards the city and had already reached the outskirts. A few moments more brought us to the chief residential quarter.



In the hayfield

This cheered me up, and when I thought of all the things I could tell Jack and show him with my Outfit, I even became eager to get back.

"You may be sure I shall come again as soon as I can, your Majesty," I said. "I only wish I had known long ago about the wonders of Meccanoland. May I bring my brother with me next time?"

"Of course you can," replied the King. "And many other boys too, I hope. It takes much time and hard

work to tell everybody in your world about Meccanoland and you will be doing me a great service by spreading the good news, even if you tell only two or three boys."

Needless to say, I made a resolution then and there to rope in all my chums and simply invade the country!

Whilst this conversation was in progress we had been speeding in an electrically-propelled car towards the city and had already reached the outskirts. A few moments more brought us to the chief residential quarter.

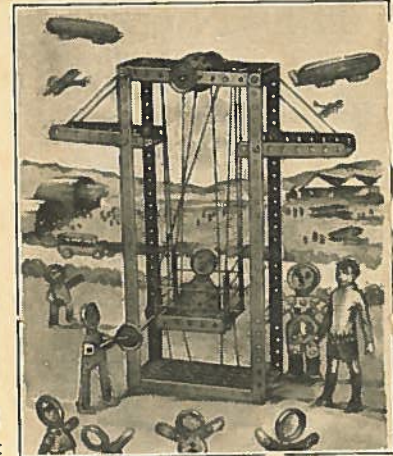
Alighting at Theodolite Palace, the King's residence, he led me inside. Passing down a long corridor we came to a wooden door, which the King opened, bowing gravely as he did so. As soon as I passed through, the door shut with a bang behind me and I found myself returned

to my normal size and once more sitting in my chair with the fire nearly out!

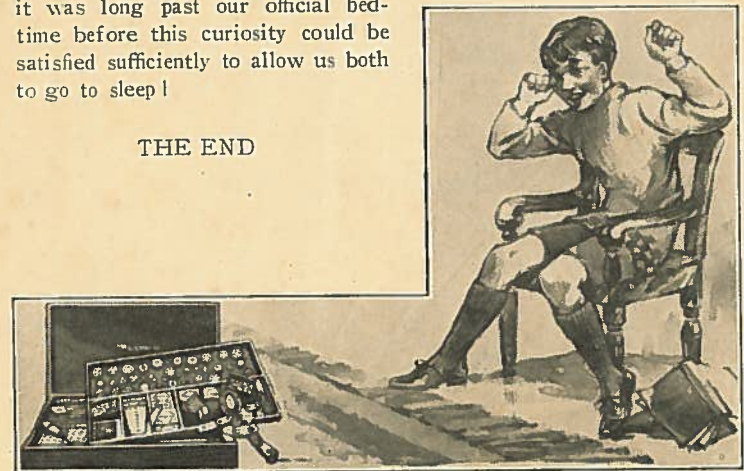
As I sat up hurriedly, Jack burst into the room yelling out to me to come and join in another set of charades. Even as he spoke there seemed to be a hasty movement in my Meccano Outfit, and I was almost certain I saw a Flat Trunnion and a 1" Pulley Wheel jump back into their place just in the nick of time!

Later that evening I found an opportunity to tell Jack about my wonderful adventures. When he had heard the whole story he was tremendously excited and demanded to be told it again and again. I am sorry to say it was long past our official bedtime before this curiosity could be satisfied sufficiently to allow us both to go to sleep!

THE END



Airship Mooring Mast with
Passenger Lift



Dick's awakening

THE NEW MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

The Meccano system is composed of some 200 parts, each one of which has a specified mechanical purpose. These parts combine to form a complete miniature engineering system with which practically any movement known in mechanics may be reproduced.



No. 1 Meccano Outfit, Price \$3.00

This is the outfit that builds the models illustrated in this booklet. Fully illustrated instructions for building 368 models are included.

New Meccano Outfits

The New Meccano is sold in a series of progressive outfits, each complete in itself, numbered 00 to 6. Every outfit from No. 0 upwards may be converted into the one next higher by an accessory outfit and thus the outfit you commence with may be built up by degrees to a No. 6. A complete Price List of Outfits is given below.

Meccano Price List

Outfits

No. 00 Meccano Outfit.....	\$1.00	No. 2x Meccano Outfit.....	\$7.50
No. 0 " " " " " "	2.00	No. 3 " " " " " "	9.00
No. 1 " " " " " "	3.00	No. 3x " " " " " "	10.00
No. 1x " " " " " "	5.00	No. 4 " " " " " "	15.00
No. 2 " " " " " "	6.00	No. 5 " " " " " "	25.00
No. 6 Meccano Outfit.....\$45.00			

Accessory Outfits

No. 0a Meccano Outfit.....	\$1.25	No. 3a Meccano Outfit.....	\$6.00
No. 1a " "	3.00	No. 4a " "	7.50
No. 2a " "	3.00	No. 5a " "	20.00
E-1 Meccano Electric Motor, one-way, with pulley and pinion.....			\$3.50
E-2 Meccano Electric Motor, reversing, with pulley and pinion.....			4.50



The MECCANO MAGAZINE

The Meccano Magazine is the Meccano boy's own newspaper. It keeps him constantly informed of the latest news from Meccanoland—new models, prize contests, new parts, what other Meccano boys are doing, helpful hints on model-building; also there are interesting articles on engines, airplanes, bridges and other engineering wonders of the world. In each issue the Editor replies to letters from his readers.

If you have not already seen a copy
of this fine magazine, send 5 cents
in coin or stamps for a sample copy
to

The Editor, Meccano Magazine,
Dept. W., Elizabeth, N. J.

THE MCCAÑO MAGAZINE
has been discontinued.

MECCANO COMPANY, INC., ELIZABETH, N. J.