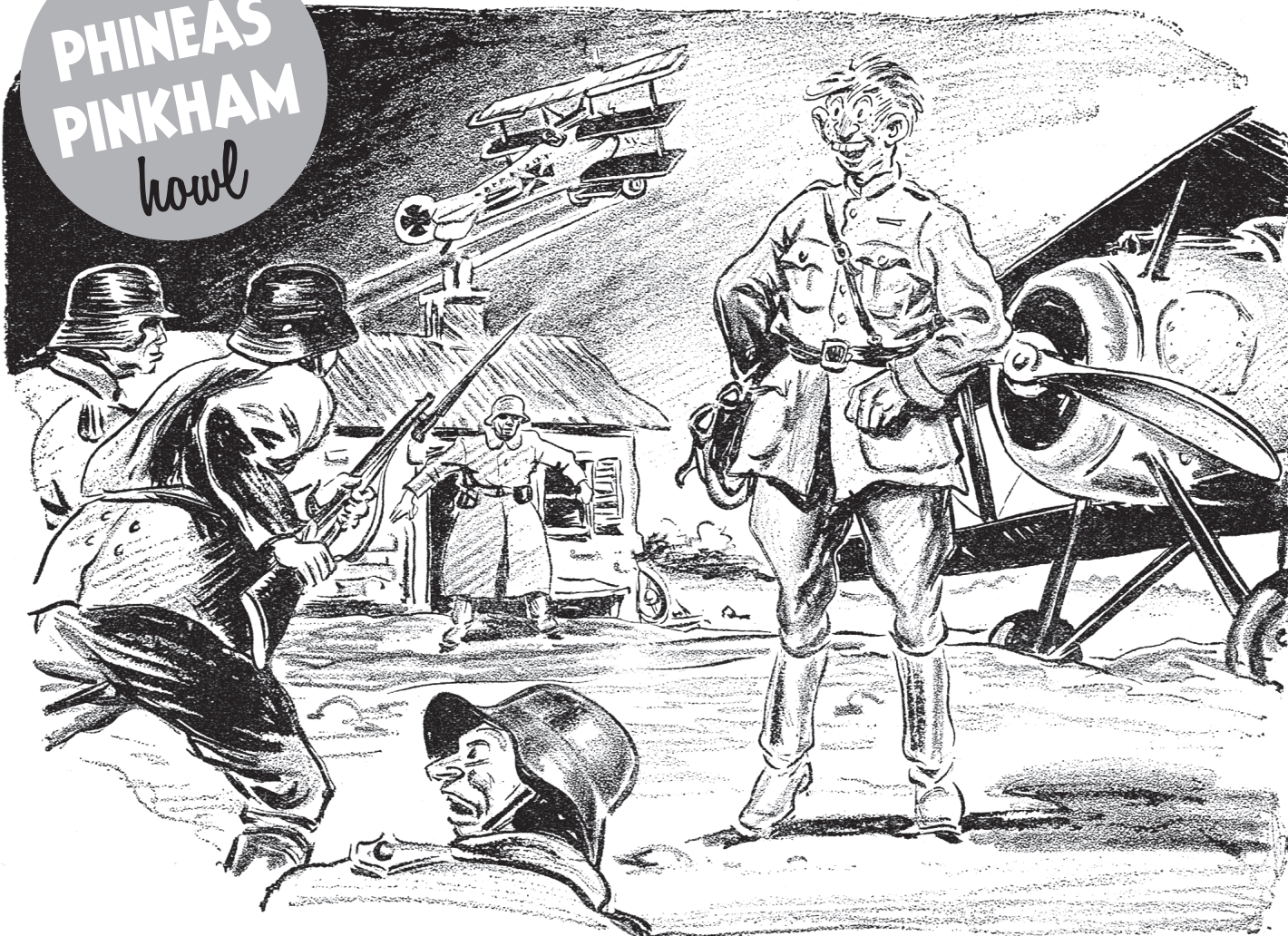


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**PHINEAS
PINKHAM**
howl



PARLEZ VOODOO!

written and illustrated by **JOE ARCHIBALD**

You're going to laugh at what happens in this story—but Major Garrity and the boys of the Ninth Pursuit didn't crack a smile. One Phineas Pinkham was enough for them—and two of him were—too much!

LIEUTENANT PHINEAS PINKHAM, his Spad as wide open as a mining town in Alaska, skimmed over the lines and headed for Bar-le-Duc and the comforting fireside of his commanding officer, Major Rufus Garrity. No, there were no Jerries chasing our hero. The skies behind Phineas were the color of mud and coffee.

A storm was on his tail, and the tracers of Ajax were slithering hither and yon among the clouds. Into the Boonetown pilot's fanlike ears, which were folded up

under his helmet, penetrated the ominous rumble of thunder.

"Huh, it sounds like the Old Man when he found that toad I put in his tobacco can," grinned the inimitable Phineas as he tried to coax another ounce of pep out of the Hisso. "Anyways, I should not forget my umbrella when I go out. I can't make the drome, so I will have to land close to Barley Duck. It sure is an ill wind that blows somebody no good." Phineas had strayed from the flight that had gone out half an hour before. Over

the lines, Captain Howell had taken an inventory of the ugly-looking clouds which were billowing up, and had decided that it was no flying day. Phineas had disagreed, and had kept on going into the Jerries' back yard. He had wanted to satisfy himself that the roads were not clogged up with steam shovels and long lines of wood-chucks and other burrowing creatures. For out of Hunland the last few days had come dire rumors of a great Prussian scheme. The Allies were sitting on the edge of their seats in Mars' theatre of war, gnawing at their knuckles, waiting for the curtain to go up for the next act that promised to knock them right out into the aisles. The word was going around that the Jerries had given up all hope of ever entering gay Paree by the ground floor, but would most likely pop up out of the cellars.

The rain began to come down in blankets and sheets when Phineas neared the capital of the Meuse department, Bar-le-Duc. He nosed down and tried to pick out his favorite landing spot. The prop churned water back through the Spad's rigging and rendered the Pinkham vision impotent.

"That's goin' to be my next invention," he growled, fighting for a landing. "Buggy tops for Spad pits. Haw-w-w-w-w!"

Phineas missed the tops of a family of trees by a

miracle, scraped a wing close to the eaves of a Frog dwelling on the outskirts of the town, and then boomed for another try. Again he came down, and this time said a prayer. The wheels hit a boulevard de mud, and Phineas, battling the controls, thought he heard very angry shouts, and was sure he saw something leap out of his path and dive into a ditch. The Spad spun around, bucked and squirmed, then leaped a fence and washed out its underpinning in a patch of ploughed field. Sighing, Phineas lifted his goggles and climbed out into the road.

"By-y-y cripes!" a voice cracked out. "Tried to kill us—that fatheaded—"

"Huh?" yipped Phineas. "Pagin' me? Why—" Through the driving rain he saw a figure extricate itself from a heap of machinery. "Haw-w-w-w!" he guffawed. "Fancy bumpin' into you hear! Well, I had the right of way—"

He walked up to where a big burly dough was scraping mud from his face with both hands. When the fellow's eyes were clear, he started to spin around in a circle.

"I had a colonel with me some place," yelled the dough. "I got to find him. If you killed 'im, you homely lunkhead, you'll—"



"H-hey, somebody—by gad, I'll—"

"That must be him," grinned Phineas. "Sounds close." He peered into the ditch at the side of the road and saw a man sitting in a tin bathtub. The receptacle was filled with water and the colonel was in it up to his neck.

"That's an awful place to take a bath," the Boonetown pilot scolded him. "In a tub—when there's such a swell shower goin' on! Haw, you look like—"

"This is part of a motorcycle I'm sitting in, you cluck," the colonel howled. He struggled to lift himself out. "I'll have you busted for this. Get me out, sergeant. You—er—glub, glub." The colonel had slipped. Only his legs stuck out, now.

"Help pull 'im out, you fishface," the sergeant cracked. "Want him to drown, huh?"

"It ain't what I want in this *guerre*," sighed Phineas. "An' don't insult me, as I will bust you like he will me when we lift him out."

Phineas and the non-com got the colonel out of his impromptu bath, laid him in the mud and began to administer first aid. Finally the Brass Hat sat up and coughed out the last pint of muddy water.

"Who are you?" he tossed at Phineas between coughs. "What squadron? What—"

"Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham," replied the jokester. "Born February 31st, 1900, under the sign of the Scorpion. I like fish chowder, pull on my left boot first, an' I'm considered good at dominoes. My commandin' officer is Major Garrity of the Ninth Pur—"

"Don't get fresh with me," yelled the officer. "I'm Colonel McGoon, from Chaumont. Intelligence—"

"I was afraid of that," Phineas muttered. "Well, it's no sense at all stayin' here gettin' soaked when you can git soaked in a barroom in town. I think I'll *allez*. I got my story, too, and it is only an accident, so bygones is gone by, an' let's forget all about it."

Grumbling, swearing, clammy to the marrow, Colonel McGoon, the sergeant and Phineas walked the remaining distance into town.

"I will leave you here," Phineas said as he paused in front of a certain portal. "Adoo. I have got affairs of heart waitin' on me. It is too bad she hasn't got two friends *aussi*, but there is more fish in the Meuse that ain't been caught yet. Adoo."

As Phineas walked away, he wondered why Colonel McGoon had suddenly looked at him as though he owed the Brass Hat interest on a mortgage. The colonel had suddenly shoved his head forward until his chin had almost merged with the Pinkham proboscis.

"Oh, well, maybe he just tumbled to how famous I am," the hero of the Ninth assured himself. "Now to surprise Babette."

But it was Phineas who was surprised. Heavy boots thudded behind him. He was about to turn, when a hand as heavy as a wheelbarrow-load of cement thudded down on his shoulder. The pilot turned. McGoon stood there.

"Hah," began the colonel, "so we meet again, huh?"

"Why, in the flesh," responded Phineas with a grin. "You have no idea how many times people see me more than once. Haw-w-w-w! Anyways, I just left you. What's the idea?"

"'Pinkham' you call yourself, eh?" the colonel cracked. "Well, well! I'll take charge of you, you fresh flyer." He turned to the tough sergeant. "I will ask him questions I bet he can't answer."

"I'm good at that, too," the Boonetown pilot came back. "If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much could you git for a cent and a quarter, huh? Haw-w-w-w, I bet it sticks you!"

"You smart aleck!" McGoon stormed. "You—you dirty bank robber!"

"Wha-a-a-a-t?" gulped Phineas. "I'm a what? Why, I'll see my lawyer. No Brass Hat—"

"Lieutenant Pinkham! For the present," ripped out McGoon, "consider yourself under arrest. I happened to be going to see Major Garrity. We'll see about you, you—"

"Awright," Phineas sniffed, "awright, I'll show ya. Lead the way, MacDuff! This is one time I put a Brass Hat into a sling. Haw-w-w! I will sue for defamation of character and false arrest an'—"

"Start moving!" the colonel clipped. "Sergeant, if this flyer makes a move to escape, crack him over the head with a gun. That car ready?"

The sergeant nodded and licked his lips as he surveyed the Pinkham cranium.

MCGOON AND HIS HIRELING loaded Phineas into a car and headed for the drome of the Ninth. An hour after mess they arrived. The colonel shoved his captive into the stone house and assumed a very belligerent pose. Major Garrity was interrupted in the midst of a pep talk to his brood.

"Well, Pinkham," he blurted out, "what did you do now?"

"He's under arrest," Colonel McGoon lashed out. "I'd like to ask this man some questions in your presence. I have an idea he is—"

"That reminds me," interrupted Phineas with a grin. "You didn't answer mine. A cent an' a quarter! Why, you would get a pound if you had a cent, also a quarter with it, see? Now here's one. If two men went into a delicatessen store an' asked for sardine sandwiches, how would the storekeepers know they was sailors, huh?"

"Garrity," McGoon yelled as he fought down an inflated blood vessel, "I demand that you shut this fresh ape up. I—"

"Colonel," the C.O. of the Ninth moaned, "I could do a back flip easier. What has he done? Do I have to write you a letter?"

"Garrity," the colonel spat out, "I have every reason to believe that this man is wanted for bank robbery back in Waterloo, Iowa!"

Phineas' freckles appeared to leap from his skin and spring back again. Bump Gillis swallowed an apple core. Major Garrity took three steps backward and fell into a chair.

"Why, the dirty—er—" Phineas began indignantly. "I—"

"Where did you come from, lieutenant?" asked McGoon, pointing a finger at Phineas.

"B-Boonetown, Iowa," replied the miracle man.

"There!" cracked the colonel. "That cinches it. He's Red O'Rourke, and he is wanted for bank robbery. We got fingerprints that the robber left in the bank. I was a county sheriff then, and I chased him. He got away and never was heard of since. When the war came on, everybody back there forgot about the robbery—everybody but an officer of the law by name of McGoon. Red O'Rourke had red hair, freckles and buck teeth. Lieutenant Pinkham, where were you on the fifteenth of March, 1916, huh?"

"That ain't fair," objected Phineas. "I lost my diary. I can prove I am a respectable citizen of Boonetown, Iowa, an' I'll show you letters from my ma, an'—"

"That doesn't mean you're not Red O'Rourke," McGoon insisted. "You could have a dozen aliases an'—"

Bump Gillis got up and ran toward the door. "Excuse me," he exclaimed. "I left my watch in the hut."

"Oh, you believe him, huh?" Phineas cracked. "Well, look here, major, I—"

"I demand that his hut be searched," McGoon interposed. "Major, I always said I would not rest until I tracked down Red O'Rourke."

"Come on," Garrity said in a weak voice. "We'll search Pinkham's hut."

McGoon did a thorough job of it, but could find nothing incriminating. At last he picked up a strange-looking box.

"This looks suspicious to me," he began. "I bet when I open this—" He snapped the lid. *Kerwhop!* Colonel McGoon's teeth clicked down against his tongue as something leaped up and caught him under the chin.

"Aw, that's only a jack-in-the-box," explained Phineas. "Haw-w! I bet you thought it was a key to the Waterloo, Iowa, bank, huh? Well, I guess I am in the clear, huh?"

"Like hell!" sputtered McGoon. "This cinches it. O'Rourke escaped me that time by handing me a loaded cigar. Play tricks, do you? I got you now, O'Rourke."

"Somebody," groaned Major Garrity, "is nuts around here. I wouldn't be surprised if it's me. Well, McGoon, what comes next?"

"I want this guy's fingerprints," replied the colonel. "I'll send them back and have them compared with the ones we got there. I'll show you that I always get my man. You'll be responsible for him, Garrity. Now I've got other business to talk over with you. Official business."

Phineas fell into a chair and pawed at his face as Garrity and the colonel went to the Orderly room. "Yoo, hoo!" he cried to Howell, with a gay gesture. "How are you, Friar Tuck? I am Robin Hood. Let's go an' crack a safe, huh?"

"I always knew they'd catch up with you," declared the captain. "Well, fellers, let's go. I don't care to hobnob with criminals."

"Just wait, you bums!" snapped Phineas. "I'll show ya." He got up and walked out of the house and back to his hut.

While he sat on his trunk of knickknacks, trying to figure out why he had robbed a bank in Waterloo, Iowa, McGoon and Major Garrity sat with faces as long as a giraffe's neck and discussed the latest threat to the Allies, in comparison to which other threats had been mere boos in the dark.

"If the Heinie engineers are that smart, and if what they say is going on under the lines is really so, then the Allies are licked," announced McGoon. "But where will they come out, huh? If we don't find out, Garrity, I shudder to think of what will happen. The plans—we've got to get them. It is imperative."

"It is worse than that," said the Old Man. "But there's one job that is too tough for even the Air Force.

G.H.Q. is wasting time if it thinks we can drop a plane right on the Jerries' backs, and lift the papers. It looks like you Intelligence guys have got this to worry about. Anyway, those papers won't be lying around loose like some that have just been taken off a sandwich. McGoon, we can't do a thing. We've got to hope that it's all a pipe dream, just like this bank robbery charge you've made against Pinkham."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" retorted McGoon, very much nettled. "Well, you'll find out. There aren't two guys running around as homely as O'Rourke. I heard about this Pinkham when I got to France about a month ago, and I said to myself, 'I've picked up the trail—' "

The major stifled a yawn. "Ah—er—if that's all tonight, colonel, I guess I'll be turning in. Sorry you have to run along."

"Bah!" snorted McGoon. "I told them in Chaumont that it would be a waste of time to ask the Air Corps for any help. *Bah!*"

"I wish I were leaning against one, colonel," said Garrity. "Good night!"

AS IF THE RUMOR that the Jerries were burrowing under ground like gophers, and the charge that Phineas Pinkham was a bank robber from Iowa, were not enough to shake the brain pans of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, Jerry tossed down a message into the lap of Garrity's brood which caused every last buzzard to start counting his fingers and wondering what would happen next.

It was dusk of the next day when the thunderbolt came from the sky. Sergeant Casey picked up the thing when it dropped out of a high-flying Albatross. At the sound of the Mercedes engine, Garrity drove Howell and Pinkham out to get some Spads. But from the struts of the Albatross flew a long white pennon.

"That says 'Kamerad,'" Phineas cried with a snort. "He must have somethin' besides an insultin' letter from von Schnoutz. Well, hurry up, Casey. Have you got an anvil in your pants?"

"Here, s-sir," panted Casey, and he hung around to see what was going to be what. The Old Man took a roll of paper out of a sealed container and read the typewritten message aloud.

"To the Offiziers of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron:

At last we have captured your verdammt Leutnant Pinkham. Yesterday afternoon it was. He denies it, but we do not get tricked yet once more.

Herr Leutnant Pinkham will face der firing squad, as he was dressed in the long coat of ein German soldier. The spy he is, und will be executed by order of his Excellent, Herr Oberst von Strudel. Once too much you send the pitcher to the well, nein? Our regrets. Herr Leutnant is the brave man.

— Rittmeister von Schnoutz."

"Ah-h-h-h!" breathed Phineas, his legs buckling. "First I am a bank robber, and now I am being shot as a spy in Germany, and I am here. Major, you will excuse me, as I must write home to find out where I am."

"Now I know I'm bats," said Garrity. "They say they have you. Why, how could they mistake your homely mug? And even if somebody has dressed up like you, they would find out to make sure, this time. It looks as if you are two other fellers, Pinkham. I think I'll go and lie down. G'night!" And, mumbling to himself like a shepherd who has seen nothing but grass and wool for months, Major Garrity staggered away.

"I got it!" Phineas suddenly yelped. "By cripes! I got it figured out. That's O'Rourke, I bet. The bank robber! I bet he got taken prisoner, and they are goin' to shoot him. Oh, boys! Is that a break? He is a dough, I bet, an' they got him mixed up with me. That is it, as everybody is s'posed to have a double some place in the world—even me."

"I don't believe it," denied Bump Gillis. "Only one face like that is possible in three worlds. Nope, I refuse to—"

"Even if you're right," said Howell, scratching his head, "what of it? They shoot the bum, don't they? Well, try an' make McGoon believe it. Maybe his fingerprints even look like yours. What a mess you're in, and let me see you get out of it! Ha, ha, well, even if the Jerries do undermine the Front, then I still will get a laugh."

"I've got to see O'Rourke," declared Phineas. "It'll save the Pinkham honor."

"That's easy," said Bump. "Just fly over an' ask the way to the shootin' gallery. Say you're from a newspaper in Switzerland. Well, adoo, I am goin' over an' ask to get transferred."

"They're shootin' an innocent man," pronounced Phineas. "I won't stand back idle an' let them do such a thing. Never, a thousand times no!"

"I think the Jerries neglected to state the time an' place, Carbuncle," mentioned Howell. "It was very hasty of them."



"I will send them a letter—no, better not, as they'll think it is a fake. I got to show up in person," said Phineas. "Leave me be, bums. I got to think an'—"

"Yow-w-w-w-w!" Out of the Pinkham hut tore Bump Gillis. His hair stood up straight and his eyes were ready to pop out. "A—a snake in the hut!" he yelped at Phineas. "A rattler!"

"Huh? Oh, yeah," Phineas grinned. "Haw-w-w-w! I forgot to tell ya, Bump. It's stuffed an'—"

"Don't kid me, you ape," yipped Gillis. "Go drive it out. I saw it move. It raised its dome an' looked at me—"

"Haw-w-w-w!" laughed the amazing flyer from Boone-town. "It has got a spring in it. When ya touch

it, it wriggles like it was alive. Come on, Bump, I'll show ya."

Howell tagged along. He saw the thing in the corner. Phineas trod on the floor extra hard and the vibration caused the snake to rear its head.

"That's smart, huh?" Phineas asked his audience. "I only paid ten francs for it, too."

"I'm going to move," declared Bump shakily. "I still think it'll bite. I would rather bunk in a zoo."

When Howell and Bump had gone, Phineas picked up the stuffed snake. A series of ideas was unfolding inside his head. One uncovered another. He reasoned that even if the Jerries had caught the real Phineas Pinkham, they would have found an excuse to call him a spy and shoot him. If he carried a bag over the lines with him, a bag with a Heinie coat in it, they would not have to think up an excuse. And O'Rourke was there, waiting. Even if he had robbed a bank, he did not deserve to get shot by the Jerries.

"Huh," soliloquized Phineas, "it looks like I got a chance to send three birds West with one dornick. It's a desperate chance, but then, way back in history the Pinkhams never knew what pushovers was. I will see the old turtle." Before leaving his hut, the scheming flyer kicked the snake lightly with his foot. It was amazing the way the thing acted.

"I got to git me a pincushion an' a bottle of ketchup from the mess, too. Huh, von Schnoutz brought me down! Oh, boys, will that bum git sore!"

Major Garrity was still trying to figure out how to get wise to the Jerry menace when he heard the familiar voice outside. It carried right through the panels.

"Oh, he'll see me without my bein' announced," Phineas was saying. "He knows I carry all the brains of the outfit. The old turtle isn't as dumb as he looks. He could not be—without bein' twins. Haw-w-w-w! That's good, huh."

"The fresh whoozle!" Major Rufus gritted. "The insultin'—" He glared as Phineas opened the door.

"Well, No. 687954," the Old Man mocked, "your pardon is not ready, as the governor of Iowa is out trout fishing."

"This is not the time for badinage," retorted Phineas. "It is very serious business. I got to get O'Rourke."

"Why, just go right ahead," cracked Garrity. "What's stopping you but four million ground troops, a thousand guns and twice as many Boche planes. Why, just go right ahead, you crackpot!"

"Thanks," replied Phineas. "I knew you'd see the light." He swung open the door and walked out.

"Hey, come back here!" yelled the major. "You don't think I meant it, do you, you damfool? Pinkham!"

"Huh?" snorted the Boonetown trickster. "You jokin', huh?"

Garrity shook his head and leaned against the wall. "Pinkham, you get worse and worse. You hear me, now. You dare go over without my permission and you'll get shot."

"Well, what did you think I expected?" countered the intrepid flyer. "An Elk's clambake? You are lettin' the Huns shoot an innocent man. Haven't you got no heart?"

"That's O'Rourke's hard luck—if there is such a bum," roared the major. "I need every pilot. We've got to start a dangerous job tomorrow, see? We're going to try an' spot where the Jerries are digging the tunnels."

"If there are such things," Phineas said, his tongue in his cheek.

"Shut up! A pilot, even when it looks like you, is worth a dozen squads of dub doughs. You stay right here on this drome. Anyway, where's your ship? I'll tell you. It's still out in the ploughed field with a wheel off!"

"And McGoon'll trail me for the rest of my life," snapped the aggravated flyer. "I will never be able to prove I'm not Red—"

"Get out of here," erupted the major. "Of all the booby hatches I ever have been in—"

PHINEAS STAMPED OUT. He walked to the mess table in the big room where the pilots were lolling about, and snatched up a catsup bottle. Pocketing that, he hied him to his hut. There, he reached down into his trunk and found some needles.

"I got to have a cushion," too," he sighed, scratching his head. "I will make one out of the toe of a sock. It is remarkable how resourceful the Pinkhams are. Well, I'll bide my time. I'll be seein' ya, O'Rourke, to straighten things out. McGoon thinks I'm you, an' the Jerries think you're me. Haw-w-w!" Phineas picked up the snake and placed it in a burlap bag along with an article of Jerry apparel he had picked up in his wanderings in enemy terrain. Into the bag also went the bottle of catsup and the improvised pincushion made out of the toe of a sock and a handful of sand.

"They generally shoot the bums in the a.m., before sunrise," the resourceful jokesmith mused as he picked

up a wooden pillbox and filled it with small pebbles. "An' if it ain't too late, I'll be with the squareheads at dawn."

All that night the insulation on wires sizzled. The Allied Command called every airdrome, every corps headquarters along the Front. Had air patrols spotted anything? Had the engineers heard sounds of drilling in the deep holes they had dug in the floors of the dugouts? What word, if any, from Intelligence? More orders were issued. Spies were dropped behind the Jerry lines. Shells rained down on suspicious areas. And the Boche, meantime, sat in their holes and chuckled. "Ammunition it iss the *Dumkopfs* vaste, *ja*," enthused a big Heinie general. "Budt they do nodt know the plans. In two weeks, maybe less yedt, ve yoomp out *und* say 'Rowse mit,' *und* endt *der var*. So!"

And that same night when everybody had gone bye-bye, Phineas Pinkham, dressed for the air and carrying a sack under his arm, stole out of the hut, circled a wary sentry and got out of the drome. Cached under the spreading branches of a triumvirate of elms, well beyond the limits of the field, was Old Faithful, the Pinkham bicycle.

"It's lucky I cracked that wheel off the Spad," chuckled the errant flyer as he got aboard the vehicle. "The ackemmas have got it pulled out in the road an' ought to have it nearly fixed by now." In a very short time he was riding through Bar-le-Duc. En route, he blew a kiss toward the window of his light of love, Babette, and continued on to the spot where he had left his Spad, a bus the color of an eskimo with yellow jaundice.

"Huh," exclaimed Phineas as he examined the crate, "it's all fixed. The bums! I bet the Old Man told 'em to keep it from me so's I couldn't grab it. Well, they're wrong as usual." He loaded his bag aboard, climbed in and switched on. Then he hustled to the prop and spun it. Quick as a flash, just after the blade turned, he dived for the pit. In five minutes Lieutenant Pinkham was threading a perilous pair of tracks down the rutted road. After a half-mile run he came to a hard surface and accelerated speed.

"To git up in the morning before a Pinkham," he said aloud, as the Spad rose into the ether, "you have to stay up all night, an' then you would be an hour late. O'Rourke, I'm on my way!" Ten minutes later the Spad was roaring over the lines.

A sleepy Boche, crouched on a platform built between two limbs of a tree, spotted Phineas and rubbed his eyes. He picked up his telephone and

yelped into it. Trouble from that time on chased Lieutenant Pinkham like a bloodhound. A pair of Vons crawled out of a hutment and tumbled into Fokkers. They knifed upstairs and cut across the Pinkham line of flight just as the Yankee warrior had picked a spot on which to land.

"They're actin' nasty, the bums," he said. "Why, I just come over peaceful an' didn't even thumb my nose at 'em. Huh!" He pointed the Spad's nose down toward a spot where there seemed to be great activity for that time of day. Lights were blinking in a great cluster.

Br-r-r-r-r-r-rt!

"Now, where have I heard that sound before?" Phineas whistled through his teeth as Spandau slugs were shown the way to the Spad by ushers in the form of streaks of phosphorus. One fast-traveling tracer slithered close to the Pinkham pate and scorched the leather of his helmet.

"Don't fire, you fatheads, as I'm a pushover," yelped the scurrying Yank. "Look, I'm landing. Oh, if they knew it was me up here! Or my ghost! Haw-w-w-w-w! I am a voodoo man. A *parlez-voodoo* witch doctor!"

The Jerries finally tumbled to the fact that they could save some taxes for the next generation by sparing their bullets. Out of a row of buildings below tumbled a lot of infantry.

"Der Spad, it cooms down," yelped a Heinie non-com. "Zurround idt!"

"If ve haff vings," a sleepy-eyed Hessian growled. "Maybe you vould yoomp up *und* show us, *hein*?"

"*Dumkopf!*" the Heinie retorted in natural gutturals. "*Nein wienerwurst* you should gedt idt for *der Tag* for such smardtness!"

Phineas, skimming in for a landing, never had been so completely surrounded in all his war-ridden days. He tumbled out of the ship in the midst of two dozen Krauts and grinned from ear to ear.

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" he burst out. "Is it a team of horses on me? I lost my compass. Well, bums, I always wanted to see how the other half of the *guerre* lives. The great unwashed an'—phew, do you keep pigs?"

Bayonets nudged Phineas peremptorily. Suddenly an *Ober-Leutnant* forced his way to the fore. He stared at Phineas as the Boonetown flyer took off his helmet.

"*Ach, Gott!*" the fellow gulped. "Idt aind't so. Ve haff *das* Pingham already yedt. In two hours ve shooldt him, *ja*. Budt the ears *und* the spots on *der* face. Who you are, *hein*?"

"*Herr* Lieutenant Pinkham, worth forty thousand marks," replied Phineas. "I hear I'm gittin' shot."

"*Donnervetter*," yelled another Kraut. "*Der Herr Oberst* makes *der* mistook. Here iss idt *der Leutnant* Pingham. Vun time he hidts me *mit der* shofel *und* gets away from *der* cellar ve lock him in. *Der* other prisoner he iss nodt who he iss!"

"*Himmel!* Qvick vunce, ve take *der* oopstardt by *der Herr Oberst* at vunce, *ja*. *Der* auto you shouldt get idt. Fife miles to *der* place vhere iss idt *der* von Strudel. *Mach schnell* so maybe they von't change *der* time *und* geshoodt *der* prisoner more early. Hans, Fritz!"

"How iss it the professor *und* the captain, too?" inquired Phineas innocently. "I think the Katzenjammers are the funniest in the whole comic sheet an'—"

"Shudt oop, Amerikaner!" bellowed a Heinie shavetail. "Und go by *der* auto. Stick him mit the bayonets *und* giff him kicks mit cuffs, *ja!*"

"I'll bat the first bum that slams me with a pigsticker," Phineas threatened. "I'm a prisoner of war and—"

IT SEEMED TO TAKE a year to get to where the *Herr Oberst* von Strudel snored in his bed. When the car pulled up in front of headquarters, a Jerry orderly roused the *Herr Oberst* out of his sleep and got a kick in the slats as a reward.

"Dunderheadt!" roared the disturbed Brass Hat. "It iss only I yoost get to bedt. '*Raus mit* or—"

"Pingham," the little Jerry dough squealed. "An auto it cooms *mit der* real *Leutnant* Pingham!"

"*Der* real— *ach, Himmel*, vhat you say, *hein?* *Der* real—*Donnervetter! Gott!*" *Herr Oberst* jumped clear out of bed and grabbed for his pants. With only those over his long underwear, the Kraut walked out and stared at the homely, grinning face of the flyer in the car.

"*Wie gehts*, ya fat—er —mornin', *Herr Obust!*" greeted Phineas. "It seems there is a mix-up, as—"

A powpow followed. To Phineas it sounded like a lot of porkers discussing the quality of their last meal. Suddenly the *Herr Oberst* ordered him to be yanked out of the car.

"So iss idt!" bellowed the officer. "Almost ve shoodt zomebody else, *ja*. Budt into our handts cooms *der* greadt tricker, huh? Coom to spy on *der* kolossal German plan, *ja! Ach, sehr gut!*" He spotted something on the seat of the car, reached in and grabbed it up.

"*Der* bag, *hein?*" he gloated. "In it maybe is idt *der* uniform of *der* Kaiser. *Ich bin* look, *und* iff it giffs *der* coadt, ve haff *der* efen better geshoodt, *nein?* *Ach*, ve Chermans—" *Herr Oberst* von Strudel plunged a hand

into the sack as his eyes spotted gray-green cloth.

"I knew it, *ja!*" he yelped. "*Der* spy you could be, *ja?* I Ow-w-w-w-w! Somet'ing it sticks me vunce. Some— *Himmel*, *der* shnake!"

"That's my pet rattlesnake, Herman, that bit ya," explained Phineas, horror written all over his face. "You're a goner, *Herr Obust*. It's fatal!"

"*Gott!*" croaked the Heinie officer. "Look, *der* two stickers in *der* thumb. *Ich bin* poisoned! *Himmel!*"

"Bah!" spat another Kraut. "You forged it iss *der Leutnant* Pingham vhat hass such smart tricks. I show you idt iss *der* fake, *ja!*"

Phineas' heart went into a climbing chandelle until it knocked against his tonsils as the speaker kicked at the sack and looked into it at the same time. The Yank's hand went to his pocket. There came a dry ominous rattle. And just as the sound drained the blood from the faces of the Jerries, the snake's head rose up and quivered.

"I told ya," exclaimed *Herr* Pinkham. "Huh, he's a fake, eh?"

"*Ach, Donnervetter!*" gasped the *Ober-Leutnant* and pulled a Luger. *Bang! Bang!* Bullets spat into the snake.

"Ya've killed Herman!" Phineas wailed. "O-o-o-h!" He gathered the bag up and plunged one hand inside. A red sticky stuff was on his fingers when the hand came out again. Phineas sniffled, said "Poor Herman," and tossed the bag plus contents into a canal.

"I'm dyink!" yowled the *Herr Oberst*. "Already yedt I vill start to svell oop. Vhat is it you gedt for *der* bite, *Herr Leutnant?*" He tugged at Phineas' sleeve and wiped gobs of sweat from his brow. The *Herr Oberst's* imagination was running wild.

"Serum is all that'll save ya," Phineas replied, sitting down on the steps of the house. "I've got some over at the drome. It'll take me an hour to git it but it would just save you, *jar!*" He wiped catsup from his fingers with a handkerchief as he spoke. "It's a terrible death. Herman was even more poisonous than other snakes."

"You shouldt gedt it *der* serum," gulped the *Herr Oberst*. "I ledt you go *mit*. You shouldt drop it down, so. Iss it *der* bargain, *Herr Leutnant?*"

"Sure, on one condition." Phineas yawned. "I want the guy who you were gonna shoot."

"So iss idt. You gedt him," the *Herr Oberst* choked out. "*Ach*, I feel I gedt weaker *und* weaker. *Mach schnell* vunce, *Herr Leutnant*. You should not see efen vun enemy die inch by *der* inch, *hein?* I haff it *der* odder *Amerikaner* right in *mein* house locked oop in *der* bick room."



"Well, hurry up an' git him out," said Phineas. "We've no time to lose, as it'll be too late for you, *Herr Obust*."

Already a quartet of Heinie soldiers were barging into the house. They came out almost immediately, leading an individual who could have passed as Phineas Pinkham even in Boonetown, Iowa. Phineas looked at him, mouth agape.

"So it's you, O'Rourke!" he yelped. "You look like me on the other side of a mirror. It's a shame no end you have got to be given up to McGoon for bank robb'ry, as what we could have done together, oh, boys!"

"What?" squeaked the private. "McGoon after me? Aw, cripes! Then they ain't gonna shoot me, huh? Bank robb'ry, my eye! I only got a bottle of mucilage an' six one-dollar bills in that can in Waterloo. Huh, er—they ain't gonna let ya take me, are they? What kind of a war is this, anyway, huh?"

"Start for that Spad an' shut up!" Phineas snapped and he shoved O'Rourke so decidedly that the Irishman almost went into a nose dive. "We can't tarry, as I've got to git serum for the *Herr Obust*. He got bit by a rattler."

"*Ach, Himmel! Herr Leutnant*, some day I gedt efen, *ja*."

"You'll want to," Phineas grinned as he climbed into the ship and revved the Hisso. "Oof vidderson, haw-w-w!"

AS THE SPAD GUNNED AWAY, with O'Rourke hanging to a strut on the lower wing, a Heinie dough shook his head and looked out at the object which floated in the canal.

"Somet'ing idt tells me iss rotten, *ja*," he grunted. "*Mit mein* eyes I see idt der snake moof budt I—*ach*, I gedt him *und* look vunce more."

The dubious Teuton got himself a long stick and poked it out into the water as the *Herr Oberst* sat under a tree and visualized a horrible death for himself. At length he snagged the floating object and dragged it in to shore. One comprehensive glance and the Jerry set up an indignant howl. He picked up the snake and brought it over to the groaning Brass Hat.

"*Der fake* iss idt, Your *Excellenz*," he yowled. "Now ve haff not efen vun of the spotted *Dumkopfts*. *Der* real Pingham he cooms *und*—*Gott!*"

Von Strudel leaped to his feet and tossed orders right

and left. Von Schnoutz's staffel got word of the latest Pinkham coup and every Boche pilot tore for a ship.

"*Himmel!*" roared von Schnoutz. "Ve ged't him before he crosses the lines. *Gut* iss idt, *ja*. Maybe yed't I shoodt him down *und* get the medals *und* the marks."

They shot Phineas' Spad down, all right, but the ship managed to stagger into Allied territory before it folded up and pitched into a shell hole a hundred yards from the Frog trenches. Red O'Rourke clawed to his feet, spat out a gob of mud and pulled Phineas from under a wing.

"I always said there wasn't no sense to this flyin'," growled the Irishman. "An' I was right. Huh!"

"Well, my conscience is clear," mumbled Phineas as he yanked a piece of strut out of an ear. "I saved ya from gittin' shot."

"I'm gonna give up robbin' safes," said O'Rourke and yanked some papers from his pocket. "I cracked the *Herr* Obust's safe when I was in that room an' all I got was ten marks an' a bunch of papers that looks like the set-up of a real estate development. Crime don't pay, but it's too late for me to find it out. Aw, cripes!"

Phineas made a flying leap for a bunch of papers the private was about to toss into the wreck of the Spad. He hurriedly riffled them, selected one from the bunch and glued it close to his face.

"Ah—er—O'Rourke," the jokester gulped. "You're a hero an' they'll sing about you. Oh, boys! If I ain't wrong, you have found a set of the Jerry excavation plans. O'Rourke, let's git out of here. The Allies are saved just because you know how to rob banks. Haw-w-w-w! Is that somethin'?"

"Wha-a-a-a-t?" O'Rourke said blankly. "You crazy, Pinkham?"

"I have been called that at times," the Boonetown miracle man grinned. "Let's git out to the Frog trenches."

"The bullets are thick like flies out there," the dough grunted. "No, thanks. I'm stayin' here. Anyways, I don't want to see McGoon. I will watch my chance to be took prisoner again but not in a Heinie coat. I went in swimmin' an' some Frog dames stole my clothes. Dames are hell!"

"McGoon?" grinned Phineas. "Haw-w-w-w! G.H.Q. will even give ya his job if ya ask 'em. Foller me."

O'Rourke did. He followed Phineas all the way back to the drome of the Ninth. The appearance of the homely pair caused a small-sized riot.

"Now do ya believe me?" queried the prodigal flyer. "Why, there's Colonel McGoon! Colonel, I have brought in Red O'Rourke but you have never even seen the bum before, comprenny?"

"Wha-a-a-a-t?" gasped McGoon, as Bump Gillis and Howell fanned Major Garrity out of a faint.

"He cracked another safe and got the Heinie plans you been after, that's all," replied Phineas complacently. "I saved him from gittin' shot an' brought him in. Haw-w-w-w!"

"How did you do it, P-Pinkham?" the Old Man was finally able to ask. "It couldn't be done. I think you're a liar."

"I did it because Herman bit a *Herr* Obust," Phineas grinned. "O'Rourke, foller me. I'll split a swell bottle of coneyac with ya. Oh, here's the plans of the Kraut field mice. Adoo, for now."

"Herman?" McGoon gulped. "H—?"

"Take his word for it." Garrity groaned, and then pounced on the muddy papers. "That is all you can do. Ah—er—I—By Judas priest, that fish-face has done it again! McGoon, you can't do anything to O'Rourke. Pinkham'll be decorated, and the Allies will knock that Jerry plan into a cocked hat!"

McGoon couldn't. Phineas was. And the Allies did.