

# THE BATTY PATROL

written and illustrated by **JOE ARCHIBALD**

*Once he got a taste of von Kruller, Phineas would be finished—according to the way the Krauts figured. But the Boonetown Prankster's interest was in nuts, not doughnuts. And you can't beat a combination like Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Disraeli, and Columbus when you've got Marshal "Carbuncle" Ney on the board of directors.*

**O**N THE DROME of Jagdstaffel 7, Heinie Air Force, about one hundred and twenty kangaroo hops from the town of Deidenhofen, an octet of Kraut brass hats and worse were embroiled in a hectic powwow. The subject of the masterminding was one Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham, of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, U.S. Air Corps, located south of Bar-Le-Duc.

A Jerry about the size of three Notre Dame tackles

let his monocle pop loose at a remark from one of his fellow skullduggarians.

"*Das ist gut!*" he enthused gutturally, punctuating his words with a swig of Edelweiss wine. "*Der plan, idt fails nodt. Idt moost nodt fail, chentlemen! For einen year ve haff tried idt to gedt das Pingham. Was ist he does budt make der Arabs alzo madt against us by Africa, ja! Und mit der shmelly cigars yet! Ach, for das trick he moost die. Kaput for das Pingham! Zo! Idt*

giffs *der* loogk now like *das* oopstardt from *der* Yanks he gets doomed—*ja. Hoch der Kaiser*, chentlemen!”

After the hocking another *Herr Oberst*, with a voice like a cold pump being primed, tossed out violently, “*Der Leutnant Kruller*—you haff heardt by *der* ears he goes by *der Doktor, mein Freunds?*”

“*Ja, Excellenz*,” the *Jagdstaffel* leader chuckled. “*Der Leutnant’s* heart idt makes *der* loops mid *der* Immelmanns *und* he gets scaredt. *Der Doktor* tells him idt giffs *der* badt heart *und ein, zwei, drei* mont’s he vill live vunce only. *Das ist der* shmartd idea, *nein?*”

“*Ja*—ho ho! *Was ist einen Leutnant* against *das* Pingham, *hein?* *Besser ist* you tell idt *der Leutnant* tonight, *Excellenz*.”

“*Sehr gut! Und mit der* bullet vhat explodtes like *der* bomb—*ach*, how can *der* Kaiser help but sweep *der* vorldt? Ho, ho, *und* I vill forget nodd to giff idt by *der Leutnant* vun good stew *mit* Hassenpfeffer tonighdt. *Ach Himmel*—*ve* Chermans!”

“Zoon *ve* make idt *der* explosive vhat don’t cost zo expensive yedt. *Der* Professor makes *der* experimentings day odder night, Chentlemen—by Metzerweise. *Und* where he *ist*—*ach*, who vould t’ink of lookingk for him there, *hein?* *Mit* Frederick *der* Greadt, Charlemagne, Disraeli, *und*—*ja*—*und* efen Lucretia Borgia.”

The assembled Heinies roared with great gusto until the plaster fell off the walls. Evidently they had hit upon a scheme at last to exterminate Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham, late of Boonetown, Iowa. Let us make believe that three or four hours have passed and take a look into the Operations shack of the Kraut flying unit. We see there a small tow-headed pilot standing before his superior and looking as healthy as a bunch of last year’s lilies of the valley.

“*Herr Leutnant Kruller*,” the obese Jerry with the monocle rumbled, “For Chermany you vill do this, *ja!* You haff nodd long that you liff, *hein?* Your heart skips vunce *und* turns ofer all *der* time. Zo, you vill die *der* gross hero *mit der Frauleins* bringink *der* flowers by your—*ja*—your restink blace. *Einen* hero *mit* Bismark *und* Richtofen *und*—you vill go oudt *und* fly at *das* Pingham *und* bring him down—smash idt *der* oopstardt by *der* liddle pieces yedt. You vill go oudt *und* fly until you hit him. *Nein* bullets—yoost crash *der* Albatros against *der* Shpad. *Ve* make sure zo dat *der Leutnant* vunce gets kaput!”

The Kraut guinea pig turned three shades paler and nodded his head slowly as if it had become no lighter than an anvil. “*Ja wohl!*” he quavered, spun on

his heels, and went out. A little later an *Herr Oberst* brought him a present.

“*Mit der* gompliments uf *der* High Kommand. Sweet meadts from *der* Kaiser’s palace,” the Jerry brass hat said as he proffered it. “You vill haff *der* best to eadt undtil—ha—*auf Weidersehn, Herr Leutnant*.”

The little towhead muttered something under his breath and unwrapped the package. He took out what looked like a big bar of chocolate filled with raisins and other fruit and bit a hunk out of it. He chewed slowly and felt of his pump with both hands. His heart was pelting against his ribs with the persistence of a landlord knocking upon the door around the first of the month.

“*Ach, Himmel*,” he breathed. “Yoost vunce more I could see *mein* Wilhelmina, yoost vunce. *Gott!*”

MILES to the south in a cafe in Bar-Le-Duc the potential victim of the homicidal Teuton brass hats sat sipping at a little glass of absinthe. Across the table from Phineas was his big moment, Babette, eyeing him narrowly.

“Zat ees ze stuff wheech mak’ for you to see ze pink vache et purple peeg, *oui!*” the French girl spoke up in a warning voice. Two glasses you haff dreenc of thees. *Sacré bleu!* Pheenyas, you are *beaucoup* crazee—*beaucoup* cuckoo.”

“Aw, this is what makes the heart grow fonder—absinthe,” Phineas argued. “Haw-w-w-w, ze more I dreenc ze more I lak’ be jolee Babette, next paw?”

“Ah, Phinyas, look! Ze beeg ofncairs zey come in,” Babette exclaimed. “Maybe zome day. you weel be ze great general, *non?*”

“*Non* is right,” Phineas chortled, “as I like to look at a war close up when it’s going on, Haw-w-w-w!” He eyed the newcomers with jaundiced orbs nevertheless. The tallest one, he thought, was familiar. Yes, Phineas was sure of it. He would never forget that man. Colonel J. Luther Upshaw. Once he had been instrumental in incarcerating Phineas Pinkham in a Frog bastille for three days. Colonel Upshaw had failed to see anything funny in a prank like breaking up sticks of macaroni and dropping them into the steaming radiator of a Frog taxi. Colonel Upshaw drew a kerchief from his pocket and dabbed at his blue nose. Something fell to the floor and rolled toward the Pinkham table. Simultaneously a Frog waiter dropped a tray of glasses so that the Colonel did not hear the relatively weak clatter of the fallen item. It hit against Phineas’ boot and the Boonetown joke-smith looked

down curiously. He saw a small round metal box which he immediately picked up.

"Haw-w-w-w," Phineas laughed when he removed the cover. "Snuff! I bet he carries dried fennel to keep hives away. Well—huh—" The Yank glanced around quickly, dug a hand deep into the pocket of his trench coat which was hanging over the back of his chair. He produced a paper sack of something. Babette leaned over the table and sniffed at the small bag.

"Don't you do thees, Pheenyas! Oh, you air ze *beaucoup* cracked pot!" Babette mixed protest and epithets as usual when speaking to her swain. "Always ees ze trouble when you air wiz me." She grabbed for her handbag and jumped up from her chair. "*Bon soir!*" she said fast. "*Vous etes* lak ze smallpox. Only mabbe worse. Bah!"

"Go ahead an' *allez*," Phineas sniffed. "I never saw such a skittish dame. There's plenty of Frog *femmes* in this town who are dyin' to git me. Huh!" Lieutenant Pinkham got up disgustedly and walked toward the bar. He saluted Colonel Upshaw smartly and the brass hat whirled to face him.

"Ah—er—I guess you dropped this," Phineas stuttered. "It was on the floor and—picked it up—huh—well, I picked it up—"

"Well, give it to me," the brass hat snorted. "You got paralysis? Salute me when I have a glass in my hand, will you? Hmph!" He pushed his face close to the Pinkham physiognomy. "Say, haven't I seen you some place before?"

"I don't think so, sir," Phineas said meekly. "Maybe it was behind somethin'."

"Lieutenant Pinkham, eh? Well, get out of my sight, you buck-toothed baboon!"

"Yessir," Phineas said with alacrity and his big ears reddened at the mirth that flowed out of the assembled throats. "Sniff that box, you old turnip," the Boonetown pilot inwardly yipped. "Haw-w-w-w-w!" He hurried, out fast, eyed two M.P.'s warily, circled them and headed for the place where he had parked the squadron motorcycle.

COLONEL J. LUTHER UPSHAW evacuated the *estaminet* several minutes after Phineas' exit. The Colonel was of the Intelligence Corps. In the seclusion of his room at his hotel he drew an envelope from his pocket. When he turned it upside down on the table a rain of bits of paper resulted. The brass hat had collected them in a house from which a suspected spy had decamped with great haste that day. He

believed that the letter might be of some value to the department so he set to work piecing them together.

The Colonel labored far into the night and finally managed to get two-thirds of the letter assembled. Suddenly he felt the need of a pinch of snuff. He took out his small silver box, removed the cover and lifted quite a gob of the powdered tobacco between thumb and forefinger. He raised the snuff to his ample proboscis, inhaled deeply. But he exhaled very much faster. A small edition of a tornado came out of each nostril. Bits of paper flew to all parts of the room—and out of the window. Even the table top shook. The Colonel sneezed violently several times until there was nothing in the room that looked like the fragment of a letter. Colonel Upshaw's eyes were twin waterfalls. A tomato held close to his face would have looked like a snowball in color comparison. When he had gathered himself together, the brass hat began to swear. He examined the snuff box, swore some more, and threw it out the window.

"Found it, did he?" he blared. "That fresh big-eared aviator. This time I'll put him in the jug for life. By gad, I'll—er—?" From outside came the sounds of violent sneezing. It seemed that everybody in Bar-Le-Duc had acquired hay fever.

"Red pepper—in my snuff box! I'll fix that cluck!" the Colonel was beside himself and ran out of the house.

"My letter—I'll never find it—I'll teach that baboon to upset the Intelligence C——!"

BACK on the drome Phineas strolled into the farmhouse, a large and expansive smile crinkling his face.

"Well, what good deed did you do today?" Captain Howell greeted him. "Who did you poison?"

"H'lo bums! There is one very bad habit that I cured a guy of, haw-w-w-w-w! That's all. Any mail, see swar?"

"Pinkham!"

Phineas stiffened. "Give me two guesses!" he yipped before anything more could be said. "Don't tell me who it is. I am hard to catch on to—why, hello, sir! Haw-w-w-w, ya fooled me. I'd never know that was your voice."

"A Colonel Upshaw phoned me, Pinkham," Major Garrity ripped out of his tonsils. "He said to arrest you until he could get the time to come out here. Pepper in his snuff! You flap-eared, spotted—hand over that—"

"Why—this is—what do you mean?" countered the



innocent-faced humorist. "Why the very idea! I am at a loss for words, sir. Pepper? Why—huh!"

"Yeah—pepper! You flathead!" Garrity thundered, hopping across the room. "Lift up your hands!"

"So it's robbery, huh?" protested Phineas. "A stickup. You should know that crime does not pay. Why—er—" He looked down at the bag the old man held in his hand. The Major was ripping the string off the top. He stared at the contents.

"Black pepper, huh?" he yowled. "Maybe going to put it in our coffee or something, were you? Well I'll ditch this—" He ran to the fireplace.

"No—ya can't do that!" wailed Phineas in protest. "Oh-h-h!"

*F—f—wo-o-ooosh!* A great puff of smoke and flame belched from the hearth. Major Garrity, his face the twin of a minstrel show end man, staggered backward and sat down very hard. Frantically he pawed at the singed cloth of his tunic. Bump Gillis vanished through the door, a column of smoke streaming out from his empennage.

"I said that wasn't pepper. It was black powder!" Phineas yipped. "Oh-h why can't you believe me for once? Well—er—haw-w-w-w! You got the wrong paper sack. Mistakes'll happen, I guess. Adoo!" The culprit made a hasty exit just as Colonel Upshaw drew abreast of the farmhouse door.

"Stop right there, you nincompoop!" the brass hat shouted, brandishing his stick. "Don't you try and desert!"

"I just forgot somethin'," Phineas sniffed. "I left my biscuits in the oven. They'll be ruined. Oh, good evening, sir. Did you have a good time in Barley Duck?"

Quite a session followed in the Old Man's business office. Colonel Upshaw made charges against Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham, and Phineas told the Colonel he would have to prove the charges as anybody might have put pepper in his snuff.

"You see I have no pepper on me now," the incurable practical joker grinned after submitting to search. "Haw-w-w-w! I know—we're all hasty at times. You have got to have the proof, sir. Like the corpse delicious in a murder."

"That's what he did!" Upshaw bayed at the Old Man, while Garrity probed at his ear with a forefinger and informed the brass hat that he was not deaf. "He messed up important Intelligence clues," the Colonel roared. "Might even have been a code letter about that new bullet the Krauts are usin'. He ought to be arrested."

"Do you still believe one bullet could break the whole corner off a Yankee pill box?" Garrity yelped. "I don't. Somethin' hit that the same time the Boche were shooting at it."

"I tell you they've got a bullet that'll do as much damage as a bomb, Garrity," Upshaw insisted, pounding his fist against the table. "Think what that means!"

"You do it," the Old Man groaned. "Well, I'll listen, Upshaw, but I'm sick of hearing that cock and bull story."

PHINEAS sneaked out during the argument and hied to his hut. He flopped onto his cot and relaxed, thoroughly satisfied with himself. "That's another bum I'm even with, haw-w-w-w-w!"

Then, with his hands under his head and gazing at the ceiling reflectively, Phineas thought of the wild story that had come from Chaumont, the one Upshaw was trying to convince Major Garrity was true.

It seemed that the amazing Heinie chemical wizards had found a formula for an explosive bullet that would wreck a railroad station. Doughs on the front claimed that half a concrete machine gun shelter had been blown up by a bullet shot from a Spandau. Allied officers had accused the doughs of being scalded with giggle juice while on duty. But a test had proved that they had been as dry as Philadelphia on a Sunday afternoon.

"I'd have to see it to believe it," Captain Howell declared before his patrol hopped off the next morning. "No bullet could be that potent."

"Somebody's nuts," Phineas agreed and climbed into his Spad.

Ten minutes later the patrol dived down through a hole in the ceiling to jump on the backs of a pair of Heinie Rumplers that were bent on washing up a pontoon bridge. The Yank doughboys on the carpet scattered for shelter when the two-seaters dipped low. But the Rumplers were dropping no bombs. Phineas Pinkham focussed his lamps on the observer of the lower Rumppler. The Kraut was swinging his guns toward the bridge. He let them roar.

*Boom!*

"I don't believe it," Phineas gulped even as he stared at the shattered bits of wreckage on the surface of the Meuse. "That had to be a bomb!" He looked up to see Captain Howell's ship shaking like an eagle with the ague. The Yankee flight did not get over the shock for nearly a minute. In less time than that, six Kraut

Albatros jobs had dropped off a shelf high above the Spads and were beginning to apply the shellac.

Old Man Garrity's warbirds were in no mood to fight. Their morale had sunk lower than a duck's arches in soft mud. They had taken a gander at what one bullet would do to a pontoon bridge. If the Heinies had one left with which to experiment, Howell's flight did not want to get in its way. So the Captain signalled for a sprint back to the drome and even Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham was glad to follow him.

The Major came out of his headquarters when Howell landed. The flight leader almost washed out four ack-emmas in a hurry to land. When he was tearing across the field to the C.O., he was yelling as though a swarm of hornets were on his tail—

"It's no lie! We saw it. With our own eyes! A Spandau bullet that knocked hell out of a pontoon bridge. I quit! I'm ready to go to the trenches."

"I want to resign," Bump Gillis contributed as proof of what he had seen. "Right now. I ain't crazy."

Phineas Pinkham ripped off his helmet and tossed it to the dirt. "Look quick," he bawled. "Tell me gently—is my hair white? Do I look like a G.A.R. vet?"

"Y-You're kiddin' me!" Garrity croaked, his knees beginning to knock together. "Y-You guys saw—?"

"Yeah. An' think what it means, Major?" Howell gulped. "They don't need more bombin' ships. They can come right over in daylight and strafe us— blow us to—call up Chaumont! Tell 'em to do something! Oh-h-h-h!"

"We better git moved so far back that them Hun pursuit crates won't have gas enough to git to us," proposed Phineas. "We—"

Rufus Garrity was already hot-footing it to the farmhouse to get his fingers onto a telephone. All that day and night the big boys of the Allies paced floors at Chaumont until the smell of scorched leather could be sniffed on the outskirts of town. Brass hats could almost be heard worrying. Official cars came and went, running up a terrific bill for the taxpayers. The insulation on wires smoked. Hours and hours of this until supply officers timidly asked if they should send out an S.O.S. for straitjackets. At night several high cockalorums got into a huddle. The fruit of the brainstorm was to put the problem up to the Air Forces.

When Major Garrity got his share of orders, he tore out some more hair and kicked a hole through the door of Wings. He could walk right through the hole into the mess room. He scowled at his pilots.

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" brayed Phineas. "Don't try an' think of nice things. Just tell us. We know anyways. We got to find out where they're makin' the Heinie slugs. That it? Boys, you got a temper! My! My!"

"If it's solo stuff, I know who goes first," the Major threatened darkly. "Shut up, Pinkham, or I'll bat you so hard on top of your skull that they'll have to cut your boots off to get your ears out."

Phineas acted very subdued after that, hunching down in his chair disconsolately. Ten seconds later they all heard a faint strumming sound. An ominous noise like the far-off chant of Heinie battle wagons. Captain Howell kicked back his chair, started running. One minute later Phineas Pinkham found himself alone. He got up and began to collect the unfinished portions of delectable pastry reposing on various plates.

"I never did git enough of them mince tarts," he chuckled, gobbling them fast.

Torturous minutes passed. The hum of power plants died. Major Garrity and Captain Howell walked slowly back to the farmhouse. Their tread was light. They were in time to silently contemplate Phineas Pinkham removing a banjo from behind a stack of magazines and papers. A rubber band had been attached to one of the banjo strings and to this had been tied a long piece of string which in turn connected with *Herr* Pinkham's pocket. The schemer turned just as the Old Man threw the brick.

"You snake in the grass! You smart *wisenheimer!*" screeched the frenzied C.O. "Tricks again, huh? Well—"

"Adoo!" hooted Phineas as he dived out through the window. "They was swell tarts."

"A" Flight, hearts colliding with their tonsils, drank hot Java before the early patrol next morning. Each and every one had written nearest relatives farewell missives.

At precisely the same time *Leutnant* Karl Kruller stood near an Albatros shaking the hands of several Huns. A pompous *Herr Oberst* was telling the *Leutnant* about the statue which would be made of him *Unter der Lindens*. The recipient of this gratuity did not bother to give thanks for the honor. Wordlessly he bit the corner from a chunk of the sweetmeat he had left over. The rest he put into his pocket.

"*Der Tag*," the brave Heinies told the little Hun. "*Der Tag* it cooms to smash idt *der Leutnant* Phineas Pingham."

"*Ja!* I break idt *der Leutnant* in liddie bits, *ja*," Kruller said to the gloating Junkers. "*Ach*—if *der* heart vill hold oudt yedt."

All indications pointed to a very interesting forenoon in any man's war.

"IT'LL only take one slug now," Howell said when walking across the field. "I bet they'll save the next one they make for you, Phineas. If it hits you—"

"Couldn't you think of somethin' nice to talk about like a juicy murder in a Paree sewer?" Phineas retorted testily. "Haw-w-w-w! You can't scare a Pinkham, heh—heh!" Five minutes later, over Fresnes, he felt as though the cockpit in which he sat was a cold bath on a wintry morning back home.

"Somehow I've got to find that Heinie hell-juice factory," the exponent of skullduggery bit off. "Just one bullet hittin' me—an' finee Phineas. Oh, well, maybe we won't meet any Huns today." He swung his head toward Howell's bus which was rocking like an Indian canoe in mid ocean. The flight leader pointed a finger into the blue and started to climb. Phineas never followed more reluctantly in his eventful life. In ten seconds he was wishing he had joined the Navy. An Albatros scout had ploughed down through the ozone and was headed straight for the Pinkham prop boss.

"He'll duck out of the way when he sees I won't give an inch!" the Yankee flyer yelled. "Haw-w-w-w! They can't bluff me." He tripped his Vickers at the Kraut and nothing happened. Suppose some wise ackemma back on the drome had loaded his belts with blanks! One hundreds yards and the Heinie still was coming for the Spad's nose. Fifty! Phineas yowled and yanked the stick back. His ship shot up. Something grazed its tail and the Spad emulated an acrobatic dancer in the midst of the melee.

"Whew-w-w-w-w!" breathed Pilot Pinkham, shaking beads of sweat as big as golf balls away from his face.

A Jerry took a pot shot at him, then screamed by overhead. Another one came at him from the left flank. Phineas gave the Spad plenty of throttle and wondered why it made a noise like a coffee grinder. It picked up no more speed than a turtle with arthritis—and that Boche crate was driving straight for his mid-section. The ship's Spandaus were silent. Phineas threw the Spad into a dizzy slip, did not pull out of it until he had given up a thousand feet of altitude. He flipped it to even keel, tried to grab a full breath. No use—the Albatros was dropping down on him again.

"Tryin' to crash me—that bum!" it dawned on the Iowa Yank. "Well, if he does, it will be on some intersection downstairs. I'll show him—I hope!"

Five hundred feet up Phineas saw the Jerry slicing at him again—cutting across his line of flight. Steam pouring out of the Spad almost hid the driving Boche from view. "I bet he thinks I'll try an' pull up again," Phineas croaked. "Haw, I'll dive instead," and he did. Not ten feet from the ground he yanked the stick back again. There were weeds sticking to his empennage. Down plummeted the Hun. *Leutnant* Kruller tried an Immelmann with about fifty feet of space between himself and Allied carpet. He grazed the branches of a tree and knocked a wasps' nest loose. It rolled into his superstructure, broke up and let loose its angry denizens. *Herr* Kruller forgot all about his weak heart and his mission in death. Half a dozen wasps found a foothold on his face and sat down hard.

"*Himmel!*" yowled the *Leutnant*. "*Donner und Blitzen!*" His Albatros, flying on its own, ploughed through a Frog haystack, executed a pretty somersault, and smacked against the wall of a barn.

Phineas, madder than the wasps, found a place to set his crate down and ran toward the wreck. Yankee doughs pounded along in his wake. *Leutnant* Kruller was sitting in the middle of the farmhouse yard, making crazy gestures with his hands. Phineas drove away a pig that was sniffing at the Kraut and started to cuff the Boche back to his five senses. When Kruller's eyes were uncrossed he focussed them on Phineas dizzily.

"*Ach—you ist, hein?*" the Kraut gulped. "I would haff kilt you budt folder vaps, *ja. Himmel!*"

"And you would've went West, too, you fathead!" Phineas told him. "Now I ask you—is that smart?"

"*Ach, I die anyway,*" Kruller groaned. "So idt makes me no never mind!"

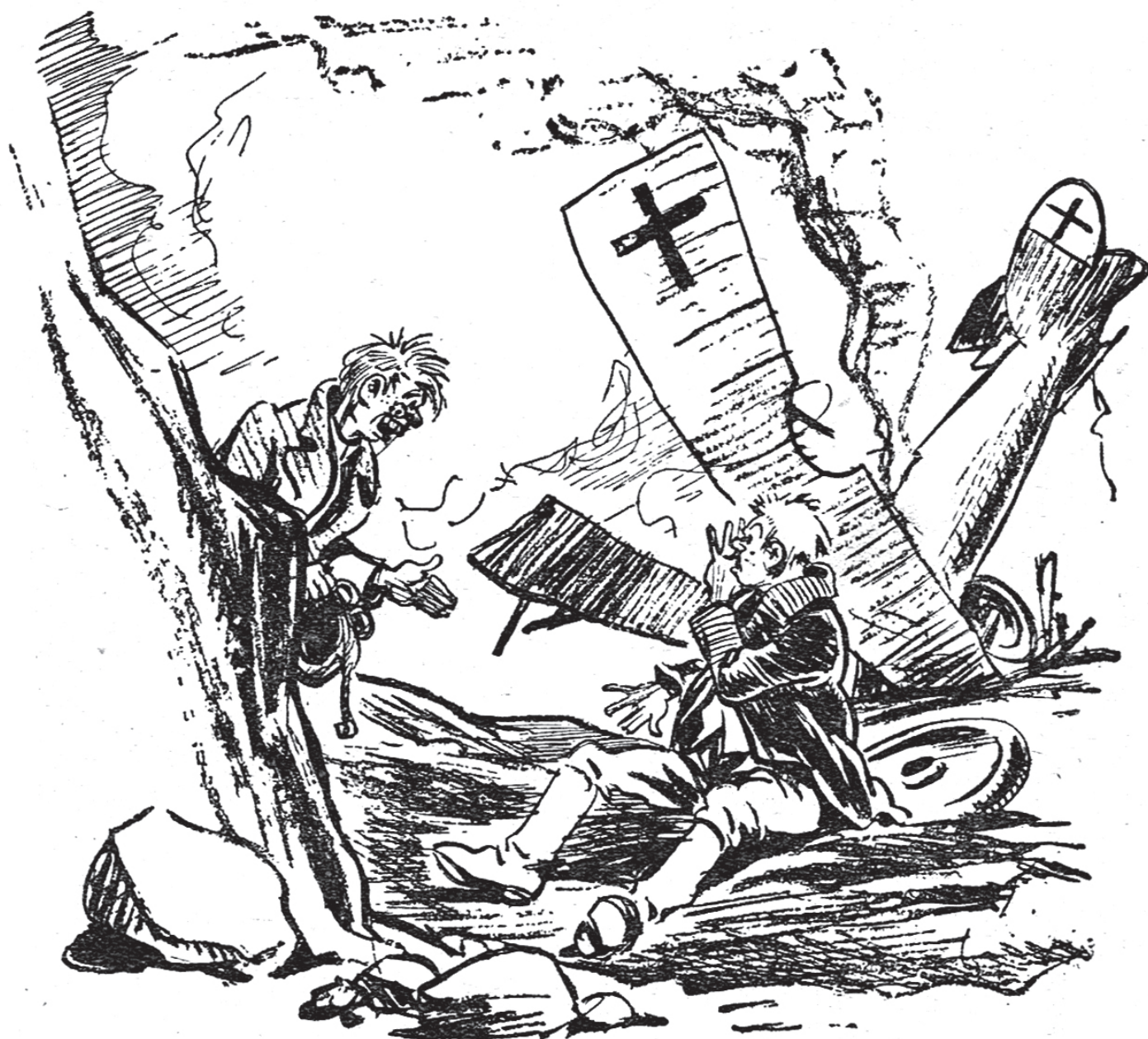
"Huh?"

"*Der heart giffs yoomps und dives,*" explained the German mournfully. "Listen vunce. It pounds *mit* shakinks. So *der High Kommand* they say smash idt *das* Pingham, *ja, und die vun hero. Ach!*" The Kraut shook his head, took something from his pocket and bit off a hunk.

"Chewin' tobacco, huh?" shot out Phineas. "You just got a nicotine heart, that's all—uh—" An idea in the Pinkham cranium rolled over in bed and yawned. "Gimme that!" He snatched the plug from *Herr Leutnant* Kruller's hand and sniffed at it suspiciously. "Oh, boys," the Boonetown trickster howled. "What a sucker! *Leutnant*, this is loaded with cordite, this Heinie candy bar. Why—haw-w-w-w!"

"*Was ist?*" gasped the Kraut in bewilderment.





"Cordite," explained Phineas in his questionable German-English jargon. "If you chew enough of that stuff your pump can do more tricks than Houdini. Oh, boys! Are you dumb. I bet they been feedin' it to you for a long time. Haw-w-w-w!"

"Bummers!" erupted Herr Kruller when the idea penetrated. "Ach, now I see. *Der Doktor* he says—*der poomp* idt giffs out soon *und*—*ach Himmel!* Zo, I get idt efen. Ram *der Shpad*, *hein?* Die vun hero? *Ja*, I show *der Schmutzig* bummers!"

"That's the kind of pals the Germans are," Phineas went on. "Stealin' my trick stuff, huh? Now, Herman, there is a way to get even. Look—after the war—comprenny—I look you oop? I get you *der* job in

Boonetown by *der* butcher shop, *ja!* How's that, Herman? Don't bother donkeyshinin' me as it is all right. Haw-w-w-w! I'd like to know where is it the Dutchmen are making the hell-juice, *Leutnant.*"

"*Ja*—why noldt? Kill me, eh?" Kruller pushed out. "I tell you, Pinkham. Ofer by Metzeweise. *Ach*, sooch einen place *ist*. Vun big long how-wse *mit* vines oop *der* sides. *Mit* fences all around—*ja*. *Ach*, *mein* faze idt stings *mit* bees. *Himmel!*" Herr Leutnant suddenly became conscious of something that made him laugh happily. "*Der* strong heart I still haff, *hein?*"

"Haw-w-w-w, after what you just went through an' it didn't stop on you? Oh, boys! If you've got a weak pump, then I am the Kaiser's grandma—haw-w-w-w!"

Phineas got up and grinned at the doughs. "Take him away vunce by *der* hoosegow, *mein* hairs."

"Why don't ya talk United States?" a sergeant cracked. "Of all the crackpot—"

"How'd ya like to be busted?" Phineas yipped. "I demand respect as I am an officer—"

"Ha! ha!!" the doughs chorussed and marched the Kraut away.

PHINEAS amazed his superior officer no end when he returned to the drome in the ship he had taken out. It looked like a flying turkish bath when it landed and part of the empennage was missing.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Pinkham," snorted Garrity. "You're improving. Did you come back for a letter you should've mailed?"

"I would not scoff too much," Phineas said loftily. "I brought down a Hun and he told me where they make them bullets. Haw-w! Well, if you will call a man in here who knows the Kraut real estate around Metzeweise, why—haw-w-w-w! It's vun bick long how-w-w-se, *mit der* vines on idt *und*—"

Major Garrity buzzed the Wing. Wings began to buzz everybody else as high up as Pershing. Chaumont contacted a man who knew the landmarks around the Kraut town as well as he knew his own face. Five hours later four Allied brass hats and Major Rufus Garrity were laughing at Phineas Pinkham.

"Ha! ha!" Colonel Upshaw laughed derisively. "You believe everything, don't you Pinkham? That kraut took you for a sleigh ride. You tell him, Major LeBouillion, when you stop doubling up, ha! ha!"

"*Oui*—eet ees ze crazee chateau—what you call ze bughouse," the Frog officer chuckled. "You theenk a Boche would tell you where zey mak' ze explosive bullet, Peenkham? Ah, *voila*—yon get *tres* stupeed!"

"I don't understand Frog very well," Phineas said indignantly, "but if it is what I think—I will poke you."

"Pinkham!" yelped the Major. "Get out. The next time you waste our time like this, you'll—"

"I still say he ought to go to jail," Colonel Upshaw persisted. "He's a liability to the service. If I had the—"

"Aw' rights—aw' right," exploded Phineas. "I'll go—but I'll show you bums—er, officers. *Bon* sour."

NIGHT wore on. Sergeant Casey and an ackemma were working very late in "A" Flight's hangar. A shadow fell across the Spad they were working on. Casey whirled, stared at Phineas Pinkham. The wonder from

Boonetown was dressed for the air and he was pushing a bicycle along the dirt floor of the hangar.

"*Bon* matting," the grinning Lieutenant began.

"Please tie this bicycle to a Spad seal vooze plate—veet veet. Then push the Spad out and turn it over. I have spoke, Sergeant!"

"You know it's against the rules, Lootenant," protested the unfortunate sergeant. "Nope—we won't—"

"Sergeant," interrupted Phinsas, "you have never seen my finger print set, have you? Boys, it's fun. I have your fingerprints all on file and where do you think I found them, Sarge, ol' boy? Why on an empty cognac bottle I found last Tuesday. And it was lifted from—"

"Awright, Lootenant," Casey gulped. "Okay. Come on, Spike, help me git this bike fastened onto the Spad here. I—"

"That's the Captain's ship," the ackemma pointed out.

"Shut up!" barked Casey.

"Have it ready in five minutes," grinned the Yankee plotter. "I must go an' get a little sack of things I might need."

"He's nuts!" growled the flight sergeant. Immediately the flyer turned.

"I'll let that one pass, Casey. Haw-w-w-w! I hope the Krauts think so."

Just seven minutes later every officer and man on the drome of the Ninth Pursuit tumbled out of bed and reached for their pants. A few, including Major Garrity, forgot to. One sentry took a shot at Phineas and drilled a hole in the Spad's tail fin just as the Old Man hit dirt outside the farmhouse.

"You come back here—you hear me, Pinkham? I know it's you. You cockeyed—come back right this minute. Aw-w-w-w cripes! That's desertion. I can shoot him when he comes back. Casey! Ser-r-rgeant Casey!" he roared. "Hop over here and explain about—"

AT ONE O'CLOCK in the morning Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham slid down into Alsatian real estate in a remote spot and taxied his Spad into the shadows of a grove of trees. There the errant Yank paused a while to heap camouflage on Captain Howell's favorite battle wagon. He used dried branches, leaves, old boards from a rotting fence and a big piece of canvas which he had lifted from Garrity's layout. The Boonetown Houdini then hopped on the unleashed bicycle and pedalled toward Metzeweise which was about twelve miles away. Halfway there he rested in a thicket just off the old rutted road. He even risked lighting a cigaret



and was puffing away when a figure loomed out of the murk behind him and hailed him.

"Greetings, weary traveler," intoned the voice.

Phineas turned. In front of him stood a man in a cocked hat and a long cloak. A sword dangled at his heels. In the cocked hat was a big plume. The Yank A.W.O.L. wondered if he had fallen asleep, and pinched himself to be sure.

"Uh—er—*bon swar*," he gulped. "How are you?"

"I needs must have your fiery steed," the stranger replied. "I am Marshal Ney and must get to Napoleon right away. To warn the—"

"That's a b-b-icycle," stuttered Phineas. "Not a horse."

"Don't bandy words with me, knave!" reaching for his rusty sword. "I needs must have a mount. Mine I had to leave. I have ridden far—from the court of Marie Theresa—"

Something clicked then in the Pinkham gray matter. One of the inmates was also A.W.O.L. "Crazee house—bughouse!" The man seemed unable to get his sword loose. Phineas jumped up quick and swung hard. Marshal Ney pancaked and Lieutenant Phineas began to work with speed. He dragged the human cuckoo deeper into the thicket, pulled out his flashlight and played it on his face. Marshal Ney stirred so Phineas administered the anesthetic again. From his little bag he produced a makeup box and, setting the light to play on it, he began an experiment in histrionics. In ten minutes he had a large, bulbous nose based by a mustache and crowned by bushy eyebrows. His freckles had vanished behind an application of color paste. With facial appearances changed to his satisfaction, Phineas turned to the removal of Marshal Ney's garb which he then donned.

Leaving the nocturnal traveler securely tied, *Herr* Pinkham got on his bicycle and pedalled toward Metzeweise. In half an hour he had located the big, gloomy, vine-covered edifice hemmed in by a fence. At the gate a man stopped him with hidden amusement.

"So—you came back, Marshal? How is Napoleon?"

"'Tis sad, indeed," Phineas nasaed in imitation of his late victim. "Josephine would not let him in. I crave admittance—knave!"

"*Ja wohl*." The keeper grinned and Marshal Ney alias Phineas Pinkham strode through and across a big yard. Two attendants met him at the door and Phineas cloaked the lower part of his face as light struck him full.

"Ho! ho! Marshal Ney cooms back vunce more.

*Mein Herr*, your room is ready. Lucretia Borgia waits for you. She has news,"

"Haw-w-w-w!" chuckled Phineas and walked down a long corridor. A door opened. A man with a woman's wig awry on his dome and wearing a blanket for a skirt came out. He held a bottle and a glass in his hands.

"Marshal, *mon bon ami*! Ze great news I have. I make ze poison an' he ees mort. Ze snake I have keel—ze Duke of Venice. *Regardez!*" The unbalanced one pointed to the floor at Phineas' feet. He felt the urge to start running. Was his own brain getting jittery?

"Good—ah, it is what he deserved. Look I kick heem!" and Phineas lunged out with a boot. "Adoo, Lucretia, I must go to my room."

An attendant grinned and opened a door for Phineas. "Inside are the plans of battle you work on, Marshal. *Ja*, I hope you vin."

"Ah, Marshal Ney and Napoleon leek anyt'eeng," Phineas assured him grandly. "*Dans le Mattin* I warn ze Emperor. He mus' go not to Moscow. *Non*, ze fortune teller she tells about ze blizzard—veeva Napoleon! *Dans le mattin j'allez* to Austerlitz."

The door slammed. Phineas breathed a sigh and sat down. "Boys, I'm gittin' nutty too." He looked at the plans of the pseudo Marshal Ney and grinned. Soon he got up and peered out of a hole in the cracked curtain of one small barred window. He heard a motor and two lights blinked a half mile away. A Boche car purred toward the big house. Thin moonlight shone on bright work.

"Heinie brass hats at 'ze bughouse' huh? Haw-w-w-w-w!"

He crossed the room to the door and listened. In the hall he heard authoritative voices as boots clumped along the corridor. They passed his door and gradually muffled. A guard yawned. Phineas went to the window again. The edifice was built in the form of a wide U. Suddenly a light became visible, just a crack of it at a window. The sill was even with the ground in the wing nearest the Pinkham cell.

"Looks like *Lentnant* Kruller was really sore," the Yank grinned, sitting down to wait until morning. He patted a bulky object that reposed in the pocket of his long, eighteenth century coat. "Haw-w-w-w, I remember once how the hens got out of the coop back home and nobody could get 'em back in but me. I just dropped a line of cracked corn to the pen and they ate along it until they had walked into the coop. I just shut the door on 'em. It ought to work another way. Black pepper—haw-w-w-w! It's surprisin' how I remember little details. Well, I'll bide my time."

AFTER the nightmare of breakfast in which Charlemagne insisted on sitting next to Phineas, armor and all, and Lucretia Borgia had to make the rounds of the table to poison the acorn coffee, the Boche attendants took the inmates into the yard for exercise. Wrapped in a big cloak Marshal Ney walked out with Disraeli who began to make a speech about the sad state of banking affairs in England. The rest of the inmates left Phineas alone, and then, bit by bit, Garrity's pain-in-the-neck worked his way to the window where the light had burned the preceding night. It was open about four inches. Phineas dropped his cocked hat and stooped to pick it up. On its way up from the ground his head paused in front of the window. He caught a glimpse of apparatus—shiny glass receptacles—a squat Dutchman bending over a

beaker of steaming liquid. Right next to the window was a barrel or two filled with apparent rubbish. The sleight of hand performer from over the lines made several rapid passes. "That trick book was a steal at two bits," he chuckled, moving away. His ancient sleeve bulged. On his ambling way along the wall of the building a little black stream dropped to the ground. Phineas' heart skipped a beat when a guard came running.

"Was ist you do ofer by *der* vindow, *hein*?"

"Uh—why I was lookin' to see the weakest part of the fort," Marshal Ney replied loftily. "I will storm it when night falls. Napoleon Bonaparte and Marshal Ney—wee—one for all of us. Us for one an' all—er—aside, varlet! Where is my steed?"

"Ach, *Dumkopf!*" and the attendant moved away.



That was a long day for Phineas. After quite a chess game with Marc Antony he trekked to his cell. Christopher Columbus stood holding a ball and arguing with a man dressed up like a flying trapeze artist.

“Round it iss I tell you—bummer!” argued Chris.

“Boys!” breathed Phineas, “another day and I’ll be tryin’ to discover India. Phe-e-e-w!” Night was never more welcome. Phineas was glad to find that no occupants were in the old left wing of the building. It seemed that the war had eliminated a lot of prospective tenants. The hours passed, and gaga mansion became quiet save for a last-minute speech by Disraeli four cells down the corridor.

Phineas stuck his head out through the bars and his heart took a dive toward his kneecaps. Right under the window stood a guard, leaning on a gun—but his noggin was protected only by a Kraut fatigue cap. The Yank thought fast, his eyes fleeting furtively over objects in his cell. They lit on the rusty sword which he seized. Holding it with the heavy hilt downward, he walked back to the window. He pushed it through the bars and with precision let it slip from his fingers. *Klunk!* The guard sighed and folded up like a camp stool. Phineas then lit a match and dropped it after his trusty sword. He lighted another—another—almost the entire box before one stayed aflame ‘til it hit that black powdery trail beside the fallen Kraut. A hissing sound began to tickle the Pinkham eardrums. The little gob of spitting flame headed toward that window in the left wing of the building. It wriggled along the bughouse wall like a fiery snakehead and finally disappeared from view. Phineas waited, holding a great gulp of air stagnant in his lungs.

“Boy, I hope it works! That was half the bag I dumped in that rubbish. I—”

*POUF!* A great belch of flame leapt up inside the laboratory and lighted up the ground outside. Rubbish caught like tinder. Smoke billowed out into the courtyard. Phineas started to holler and yell. He leaped across his cell and pounded against the door.

“He-e-y! Sacry blue—ze Royal Palace fees on fire. Veet! Napoleon weel burn— ah, *voila—nom de Dieu*. Save VEmperor—hey!”

A guard came running, turned a rusty key in a lock and flung the door open.

*“Dumkopf! Was ist? Der lighdt outside mit—Himmel!”*

*BO-O-O-OM!* The Yank felt the floor kiss his feet

goodbye. The Boche guard went hors de combat when a chunk of plaster as big as a cornerstone caressed his noodle. Rafters creaked and masonry pelted Phineas. His brain clear of cobwebs after a moment, he staggered out of the place, passing Disraeli, Julius Caesar, and the Borgias in the hall in various states of deshabelle. The Boonetown pilot yelled, “Retreat! Wellington is comin’. To the Channel, my hearties!” Those Boche who remained vertical paid no attention to Marshal Ney—at least not until Phineas got halfway to the gate ouside. Then his wax nose fell off and a Dutchman grabbed him by the tail of his ancient coat, ripping it up the back. The Sam Browne belt and khaki tunic of a Yank stared the Boche in the face.

*“Himmel—der shpy! Ach!”*

“Run, you Hun! Haw-w-w-w!” guffawed Phineas. “I wasn’t a sprint champion at Sunday School picnics for ten years for nothin’. Oh, if I only had my bike—” He grabbed for the vines snaking up the wall and clawed for altitude.

*“Das Pingham!”* The shout sounded above the yells of the inmates when Phineas dropped lightly to the ground outside.

“Adoo, bums!” called the Yank. A great crashing roar lifted his feet from the ground again. “Mama, the fire has caught some more hell-juice. I bet the whole buildin’ comes down now. What stuff! I bet they call it super-nitro-plus!” He passed something on the road. “I’m runnin’ fast, all right,” he panted. “That was a rabbit!”

Kraut wires became hot. Every airdrome for twenty miles around was buzzed. Boche pilots hopped out of warn beds and grabbed flying gear. *Das Pingham!* And on the prow again. On the drome of the Ninth, Major Garrity wiggled into his pants and almost fell downstairs. Two pilots half dressed were running toward the farmhouse.

Bump Gillis yelled at Captain Howell, “Somethin’s blown up somewhere. Do you think it could be— Phineas? He went out to—say, that could only be the hell-juice! Nothin’ else could make that noise. Why I was lifted right out of bed and out through the door. You think?”

“I don’t dare to,” Garrity choked and sat down in the middle of the floor with a splinter in his bare foot.

Meanwhile Phineas had reached his Spad. He did not bother to remove all of his camouflage. After what seemed like ten years he got the Hisso turning over. When he was finally up in the scraposphere, the skies were already humming with Benz and Mercedes power



plants. There wasn't a chance for a crate as small as a humming bird to get through to the lines. Lieutenant Pinkham went into a huddle with himself. All around him flashed tongues of fire—Heinie exhausts.

"Well, I'll enjoy skiing maybe for a couple of months," the irrepressible Iowan chirped cheerfully and pointed the Spad's prop boss in the general direction of the Alps.

Three hours later when Major Garrity's 'phone buzzed, he grabbed it and bellowed into the transmitter, "Well, what is it now?"

"Why hello, Napoleon," came a familiar voice. "This is Marshal Ney—er—haw—Pinkham talkin'. It ain't safe to go to Moscow until the thaw. Huh? Oh—I forgot—I'm not quite recovered. I wish you'd send me a coach—er—auto—to Belfort. I had quite a trip as only four circuses got in my way. Haw-w-w! Tell the brass hats that it was a bug-houss all right. Tell Josephine—er, Bump Gillis—to see that my hut is made ready for my arrival. Adoo, Emperor, an' don't take no wooden sous. Haw-w-w-w!"

Major Rufus Garrity cut off the familiar bray by slamming down the receiver. He gaped at the cordon of pilots who were waiting with bated breath.

"He's nutty," sighed the Old Man, wiping his brow.

"Who? Phineas?" from Bump Gillis.

"Who else.?" contributed by Howell.

Again the phone—again Phineas.

"It's just me again. I'm all right now, sir. Haw-w-w-w. I bet you thought I was gaga, huh? Well the super-nitro-plus bullets are no more. Tell Pershin'. Wire me railroad fare at once—please. Say, Major, how's your liver?"

Garrity crashed the instrument down, ripped his pipe from between his teeth and threw it across the room.

"He—didn't get the hell-juice factory—where they made those bullets, then?" moaned Howell. "Oh-h-h!"

The Old Man roared, "Sure he did! But what's so good about that? The crackpot didn't get himself killed, did he?" He stamped away muttering, "I never have any luck—h—!"

