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**PHINEAS  
 PINKHAM**  
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# TRIBE OF PEACE

written and illustrated by **JOE ARCHIBALD**

*When the Kraut concoction cooker-uppers caused a flock of Allied flyers to forsake their battle buggies in favor of a Western Front version of the Yassar daisy chain, Rufus Garrity roared, "It's impossible!" Of course, when his own sky-scrapers got messed up with Kid Maxie, the Munich Mauler, the fiery Major's opinion had to be revised. All of which was a mere trifle. For after Phineas deftly tossed his Uncle Thaddeus's Sioux shillelah, Heinie-land's whole history had to be revised—believe it, or else!*

**A** CORNS THAT THE SQUIRRELS don't get grow into giant oak trees. A potato has to be a sprout long before it becomes a mess of French fries and Niagara started out by being a little squirt. Indeed, everything in this world had to start, like hives, from scratch—if you can follow our rambling.

And so we will begin this tale of Phineas Pinkham on the other side of the lines in an isolated Kraut

dugout where we find four Heinie doughs gathered around a fire in a gabfest. And while we grant that the fate of the empires in 1918 didn't hinge upon that powwow, nevertheless Father Time did make it into something of historical significance after some twenty years.

Anyhow, that quartet of Krauts, if posted singly in cornfields, would have scared the most intrepid crows out of their feathered panties. They hadn't shaved in

two weeks, and their uniforms were so loose on their huddled frames that they might have been pup tents.

Now one of the four was a little Boche with a physiognomy that mirrored all the misery in the world. His coal scuttle hat was being used as a stewing kettle at the moment, and it contained a bubbling concoction which, if examined by a Frog chef, would have been analyzed as *ragout de feline*. Thus bared to the critical eye of the world, the square head of this sparsely-built Heinie showed stiff bristles of hair, one lock of which seemed to be pasted against his forehead permanently. Under each eye was a wrinkled bag almost big enough to hold a dozen marbles. And if this woebegone Hun had been multiplied by a thousand and tossed against a handful of Yankee gyrenes, the odds of his getting to first base would still have been plenty doubtful.

"Giff *ein* loogk vunce by Adolph," one gangly Kraut grimed. "Vot ein face yet!"

"Ja, Fritz," guttured another of the Kaiser's stooges as he gave the mulligan in the helmet a vigorous dash of salt. "Ho! Ho! Adolph, *geschnell und gedt idt mehr* vood! Bring *mehr Wasser* or it giffs *der* kick by *der* roomp! *Donnervetter*, how *ist* you gedt made *der Korporal, hein?*"

It was apparent that the little Kraut was the patsy for the bunch of Jerry doughs. He got up, mumbling to himself, and picked up a battered old pail. Then in the darkness of the woods he stopped and looked back at the glow of the fire.

"Himmel," he flared, "*der Tag* cooms vunce *und* I haff idt *der* laugh by *der* odder side of *der* face. Vhen idt cooms *der Tag*, I show *das* bummer, Hans Sputzheimer! *Und* Fritz Dounzerlein, too."

BUT we will not hang around to wait for the Krauts to eat the mulligan because there would be no point in it. We just wanted you to get a gander at the little Heinie dough before we took you over to Major Rufus Garrity's Ninth Pursuit Squadron south of Bar-le-Duc.

In any event, when you get to the tag end of this story, you will realize that it was none other than Phineas Pinkham of Boonetown, Iowa, U.S.A., who paved the way for the central European upheaval that is taking place right now even as you read this opus.

Getting back to our story, we'll explain that Chaumont was jittery. Brass hats were wearing out floors at Yankee G.H.Q. with a bunion derby, and they were exhausting the supply of headache pills and

sleep woovers in the cupboards of the medical centers. For the Kaiser's boys were up to a new brand of skulduggery that appeared to have them licked.

The long-bearded, globe-headed scientists across the Rhine had created a gas that turned strong men into Vassar daisy chain toters when they got whiffs of it—stuff that could turn a tiger lily into a violet and make a mad dog forget his rabies and go hunting for a cat to kiss.

Now in the Operations Office of the Ninth, Major Garrity was conversing with emissaries from Wing Headquarters. And Phineas "Carbuncle" Pinkham and two other pilots were outside the window getting an earful.

"It doesn't sound possible," Garrity spouted. "It's propaganda. I don't believe—"

"Oh, you don't, eh?" a brass hat ripped out. "You didn't believe the Heinies had a gun that could shoot forty miles, either—until you saw the holes the shells made in Paree. Well, I've been over to a British outfit near Marlincourt, Garrity, and the C.O. was trying to drive three of his Limey pilots into their crates with a gun. But what do you think they told him? They said they weren't going out to shoot any more Germans because they loved the Heinies—and moreover they loved everybody, even the Kaiser. Why couldn't Kaiser Bill have part of France if he wanted it, That's what they argued!"

"Somebody's slug-nutty," Phineas sniffed. "Anyways, them Limeys ain't responsible for what they do." A guy that keeps sayin' 'pip-pip' an' 'cheerio' ain't right in the head anyway. I—"

"Shut up," Captain Howell snapped at him in a husky whisper.

"Over at Chalons," the brass hat went on, unaware of his unseen audience, "there are four Frogs who tried to burn up their own hangars. They've been locked up until they get the brotherly love complex out of their giblets, Garrity. It works on a man for almost a week after sniffing, they tell me. Why one Frog even flew over into Germany to apologize for all the Vons he had knocked down. It's got to be stopped, Garrity!"

"Nuts!" the Old Man ripped out.

"Well, there's laughing gas, isn't there? Why couldn't there be another kind that makes humans love each—"

*BR-R-R-RO-O-O-M! HR-R-R-RO-O-O-OM!*

"What's that?" one of the brass hats in conclave erupted.

"Well, it ain't a wasp," Phineas Pinkham yipped.

“Duck, bums, as if that ain’t a Boche, I am Whistler’s mother!”

DOWN out of the darkening skies speared a Fokker triplane. Its Spandaus spewed the drome of the Ninth with lead, and then near the groundmen’s barracks a bomb kissed the dirt. White smoke blossomed out of its crater and formed great long tendrils which snaked across the tarmac. Another bomb from the tripe bit a corner off a hangar and the white vapor fanned out, looking for a while like a big water lily.

Phineas Pinkham quickly fastened a paper clip over his nose and ducked into a bomb shelter with Captain Howell hurriedly following.

“The dirty bubs!” he nasaed as he pushed a great piece of sheet iron against the entrance to the grotto and braced his big feet against it. “Thad is hiddin’ below the beld—the bubs!”

On the far side of the sheet iron makeshift door there came yowls that competed valiantly with the roar of a Mercedes power plant. “Let us in, you big crackpot. *Ha-a-alp!* Oh, you wait, Pinkham!”

“It’s Bump Gillis, you fathead!” Howell hollered. “Let him in.”

“Oh, it’s all over anyways,” Phineas said, resuming his normal voice with the removal of the paper clip. “He gets scairt too easy.”

Thereupon Lieutenant Pinkham crawled out of the bomb shelter and saw Bump Gillis staggering across the tarmac like a man loaded with too much coneyac. Flight Sergeant Casey bumped into him—and then the two embraced like a couple of long-lost brothers who had met after a forty-year separation.

“H-hul-lo, my ol’ pal, ol’ pal of mine,” Gillis gurgled while the pilots scrambling out of the bomb shelters paused to stare. “How’s every li’l thing, Sarge? What’s everybody fightin’ about, huh? I feel like kissin’ everybody. I love everybody! The world is a swell ol’ place, huh, Sarge?”

“Bump,” responded Casey, beaming companionably, “I ain’t mad at nobody—not even Pinkham. Where’s he at? I wanna shake hands an’ tell him he’s the salt of the earth. Yip-pe-e-e-e! I will even smoke one of his cigars so he can laugh.” Then he burst into song: “*Should o-o-o-u-ulld acqain-n-tance be for-r-r-r—*”

“Well, I’m a—well, for the—you could knock me over with an asparagus tip!” cracked Phineas. “Howell, they’re crocked to the gills. Why, I bet they found that coneyac of mine, the bums!”

“Don’t be silly,” Howell gulped. “They’ve sniffed

that gas that come out of them bombs. They’ve gone la-de-da on us. Oh, where’s the C.O.? We got to get ’em to a hospital, or—”

“Oh-h-h, there you are, Carbuncle!” Casey yelped gleefully.

“Come near me an’ I’ll fracture-your skull!” Phineas yowled as the Sergeant and Bump Gillis tripped toward him hand in hand.

Then Major Rufus Garrity stepped out on the tarmac—and almost had a stroke when a little grease-monkey danced up to him and threw well-oiled arms around him. “Hello Major,” chuckled the ackemma, “let’s be friends. Let’s be brothers, an’ let’s all go home. Aw, come on! What are people mad at each other for? You’re the best ol’ C.O. I ever had—yessir. A pal what is a pal!”

The Old Man tossed the groundhog on his ear, then strode toward the others, his eyes shining like two Dutch housewives’ cake pans.

“Where’s the Colonel?” he roared.

“Right here, palsy walsy!” responded the Colonel, reeling toward the Major with the light of brotherly love on his pan. “Any time you call me, I’m here, Rufe, ol’ sock. It’s a great world, huh? Remember that ten bucks I borrowed coming over on the boat? Well, here it is, Rufe. I want to square up everything with everybody. I’m going to resign and go home an’ start my flower garden. Let’s everybody sing!”

“Ha-a-alp!” Garrity yelped, eluding the Colonel’s affectionate embrace. “Pinkham!”

“Here I am,” Phineas shouted. “Right behind you, Major. What’s goin’ on here? What—?”

“If *you* start to give me a bunny hug,” Garrity screeched, picking up a rock, “I will murder you, Pinkham! Oh-h-h-h!” he wailed, “They weren’t kidding. That stuff—! Come on, help get these crackpots to the medico’s shack. We’ll lock ’em up. I still don’t believe it, but I—”

AN HOUR LATER the members of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron who had not inhaled the Boche Goofy gas were huddled in the Frog farmhouse. At a table sat the Old Man, and he’d been pawing at his face so long that it was almost out of shape. Then he suddenly stopped as if petrified when Phineas abruptly threw his arms around Howell and kissed him on the cheek.

“Ol’ pal of mine—we will never let nothin’ come between us,” warbled the patriot from Iowa. “You’re the bestest friend in all the whole wide worl’—”



“Pinkham!” Garrity croaked. “Not you! Not—”  
 “Haw-w-w-w-w-w!” the incurable jokesmith guffawed. “I was only kiddin’.”

The C.O. hit him with a catsup bottle, then plunged into a brown study while Phineas tenderly fingered a lump on his noggin. A groundhog came in then and handed the Old Man a dented tin can. “It was dropped by that Boche pilot, sir,” he said deferentially.

Garrity snarled and grabbed the can. He pried wadding out of it and finally found a folded sheet of heavy brown paper inside—a message. He glanced at it, groaned, then flung it at the miracle man of the A.E.F. Phineas read it aloud:

*“Doomkopfs of der Yankee Pursuit Staffel 9:  
 How ist der poonch-drunken feeling, hein? Ofer  
 by Hoboken I was once der prize fighter, und I got  
 knockt owt drei times by der Yankee fighters. Now  
 different is idt, nein? Der Haymakers I haben, ja.  
 Das Pingham shouldt gedt idt der guten smeller yedt  
 of der smellink zaltz. How he likes it der German  
 trick, hein? Herr Leutnant ‘Kid Maxie’ O’Schidtz.”*

“That fatheaded bum!” Phineas Pinkham snorted. “Wait until I get a poke at him. He’ll be walkin’ on his heels an’ cuttin’ out paper dolls for the rest of his life. I met him yesterday over the Meuse. He’s got boxin’ gloves painted on his crate an’ calls himself the Munich Mauler! I can’t wait ’til I see him again, the big—”

“Maybe when you do you’ll try to hug his Fokker tripe with a Spad,” Garrity groaned. “I tell you we’ve got to find out where they make that gas. And we have to order gas masks or we’ll turn into a sewing circle. Here we are short-handed and Bump Gillis thinks he’s a dove of peace. Casey won’t fix up any more Spads to fight with for at least a week. Well, the Krauts have got us on the run an’ no mistake. I command you to beat that trick they’ve pulled out of their sleeve, Pinkham!”

“Always it’s a Pinkham they holler for when they’re in need of succor,” the famous son of the clan beamed. “Well, I’ll prove to you that the Pinkhams never fail. By the way, did I ever show you the Sioux war club that Uncle Thaddeus killed eighty Indians with in one fight? He took it away from the first one he killed, as his rifle got jammed. I got his tommyhawk in my Spad now, as it is good for Vickers when they are jammed. It was in the Dakotas that Uncle Thaddeus got it. The redskins was attackin’ a stockade, an’ Uncle Thaddeus—”

Major Garrity choked weakly, “I have had enough for one night. Good night, gentlemen—er—Goomer!

Bring me that bottle of Scotch the Limey red tab brought me a couple of days ago. Bring a tin dipper with it.”

Phineas Pinkham walked out of headquarters jauntily. But when he reached the tarmac his undercarriage went into a skid on hearing from the medico’s shack the strains of four voices raised in song:

*“Whe-e-en afterrr all the fight is o-o-oer.*

*What is it we al-l-l get?*

*We te-e-ll you-u-u it is nothing mo-o-o-re*

*Than widows, wooden legs, a-a-and debt!*

*Oh-h-h go with s-o-o-o-ong of peace—”*

“Boys, that is a Mickey Finn the Heinies have got,” Phineas mumbled as he resumed his way to his hut. “Yeah, I’ve got to find where they make that stuff—or they’ll be having Jerry school teachers in Boonetown. Hmm, *Leutnant* Kid O’Schultz, huh? O’Schultz! I bet he’s *still* a pushover.”

Phineas plopped onto his cot and worried his brain cells relentlessly. He went into training for the battle of wits with the Heinie pug who was trying to smoke the Allies into impotent affection via his tripe of peace. And by midnight, he had decided upon a plan of attack that he considered not half bad.

NOW OVER on the Jerry side of No-Man’s-Land, the quartet of Boche was still huddled near the fire. On the stroke of twelve, three other Krauts appeared, and one’s crummy uniform betrayed the fact that he was a sergeant. He booted Adolph, the sleepy little corporal, out of his forty winks and boomed: “*Mack Schnell, Dumkopf*. You shouldt guard idt *der* big house mit Sputzheimer. Oop vunce, or *der* bayonet sticks you mit!”

The little corporal rubbed his eyes, took another kick in the slats, then groggily followed the sergeant and Fritz Sputzheimer out of the dugout that was very little more than a cave dug in the side of a hill. And as he trailed the sergeant, he grumbled, “Cooms idt *mein* chance vun day yedt! Den I show *der* bummers! *Ja!*”

It was hard for Adolph to keep up with his fellows. Having short legs, he was forced to put in a couple of short hops every once in awhile to catch up. But finally the hike ended when they arrived to take up their guard duty at a large house. An old chateau, it stood on a knoll overlooking a vineyard. And every night in an upper window a light burned. Behind the drawn curtains three Potsdam brewers were at work—and they were not making beer. The gasses that escaped were sucked in through a vent and carried down to

a small well built at one corner of the house where it soon lost its kick.

PHINEAS PINKHAM got up bright and early next day and went over to the hangar where his Spad was squatting like a setting hen. “C” Flight had drawn the early patrol, and before the hum of the props had faded like a rose in Hell’s Kitchen, the wonder from Boonetown was hard at work. An hour later, when his crate was trundled out onto the tarmac, the C.O. showed all the symptoms of a coming convulsion. Phineas had fitted his Spad with what looked like tackle for whale fishing—that is, with a coil of rope to which was fastened a big iron hook. Anyhow, it didn’t make much sense.

“What is that thing?” Major Garrity roared. “What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know myself,” the Yank trickster admitted with a “Haw-w-w-w!” —Then he cracked: “All I can tell you is that it’s psychology. Anyhow, if I have your permission, sir, I’d like to be excused from flying until late this afternoon. I mean, I here an’ now volunteer to go out and look for the Boche gas company and take out their meter. I also expect to bring down any bum who tries to come over and make sissies out of any more of the Allied pilots. I am offerin’ my life to my country, and I am only sore that I am not a cat so I could give nine—”

“What can I lose?” the Old Man moaned. “Only my mind! Go ahead!”

Phineas showed all his tombstone teeth in thanking his superior officer, who just covered his eyes and reeled away. The self-appointed saviour of the Allies then trotted over to the shack where the four gas-tagged patriots were basking in brotherly love. Bump Gillis was pawing tears from his glimmers and Sergeant Casey and a brass hat were commiserating with him.

“All them poor Boche I shot down!” Bump was wailing as his hutmate came within earshot. “Oh-h-h! Everyone of ’em had a mother the same as me. I will spend my l-life at-atoning for my misdeeds. Woe is me—I will become a monk or a friar!”

“I suppose them Heinies never threw anything but potater chips at us,” Phineas howled disgustedly through the window. “Shut up, you tight-fisted bum—as I know you’ve got a heart as tender as the bottom of a bear’s foot. You would strangle an orphan to get it’s piggy bank!”

“You’re a brute, lieutenant,” the gassed brass hat snapped. “That’s what you are.”

“Yeah, just a roughneck, Pinkham,” Casey added indignantly. “We have seen the light, an’ we will spread the gospel of brother—”

“Ugh!” Phineas gulped and went away. “It’s a pity, as Casey loved a fight better than a bottle of coneyac. I’ll get them Heinies! Nobody can do this to my pals an’ get away with it. They think I’m licked, huh? Nobody ever counted nine over a Pinkham. Put up your dukes, O’Schultz, as it is a Pinkham gettin’ ready for the bell!”

Phineas continued to lay his groundwork. Then at three o’clock he went off the drome in a mechanical bug, and this time he had actually been granted the use of it.

Near Vaubecourt he buzzed into the driveway of a base hospital, and under a cluster of trees he found a dough, with his leg in a cast, sitting in a wheelchair and basking contentedly in the sun. The flyer from the Ninth strolled up to the casualty and bade him *bon jour*.

“I’ll take you for a ride,” he grinned and began to push the wounded man’s chair.

“Listen, what’s the idea, you homely cluck! Get out of here. There’s a nurse due any minute to push this thing. He-e-ey!”

“Shut up!” Phineas clipped. “It is downhill, and if I let go—”

“You’ll get busted for this,” the dough threatened him. “Haalp!”

Into the shelter of a small copse Phineas pushed the wheelchair. And before a couple of nurses answered their patient’s call for help, the incurable trickster had ripped a small wheel off the front of the chair.

“It’s for the Allies,” he tossed out, feverishly wielding a wrench. And he was running to his motorcycle with the little wheel in his hand when the nurses reached the scene of vandalism. “Haw-w-w-w!” he chuckled. “Now I’ll just tack a piece of board to this wheel and everythin’ll be all set for the little scheme I got in mind.”

“It’s Pinkham!” the invalid yowled. “Report him to—er—how are ya, babe? You’re lookin’ tray jolly today. Now you’ve got to carry me—”

THE DAY GALLOPED through to its finish. Dusk ran to meet it, and with the sun mooching down behind the western horizon, Phineas Pinkham directed the finishing touches to his Spad. A groundhog secured the wire-spoked wheel to a piece of board, then attached this strange unit to the Spad by means of clothesline.

Major Garrity and Captain Howell stood by shaking their heads.

"When you drop somethin' down through the sky, you can't very well tell exactly how big it is, can you?"

"You're getting nuttier every day," the flight leader declared. "What've you got cardboard pasted over the spokes of that wheel for?"

"Huh? Oh that! That's so it won't look like it had spokes," the inventor of queer things grinned. "What did you think?" Then without waiting for an answer, he climbed into the crate, waved for the blocks to be yanked away, and gave the Hisso a big gulp of pep sauce.

OVER on the beer and pretzel side of the lines, *Herr Leutnant* O'Schultz was climbing into the office of his tripe. Under his wings he had four gas bombs loaded with the stuff that would make strong men feel sorry for rattlesnakes.

And three miles from the Kraut drome, little Adolph stood guard before an iron gate. He could still feel the repercussions from a Boche top-kick's heavy airedale, and he kept muttering to himself that he would get hunk some day with the whole Jerry war machine.

"*Ach, und* Aunt Gretchen, when she sees me in *der* gradle vunce, she tells idt dat *der* chenius I vill ben von day. Budt meantime poor Chermany!" he groaned.

Then Adolph looked up at the big house and wondered how it would feel to live in a place like that. He imagined himself owning a castle on the Rhine and kicking flunkeys around when they did not move fast enough to please him. Yes, Adolph yearned—and yearned. He was sure that some day the proverbial worm would do an Immelmann.

"*Dumkopf!*" a thick voice growled. "*Du bist* sleepink vunce? It giffs someding to vakes you oop!" And there came a *kerwhop!* as his foot connected with the little corporal's empennage.

Adolph was lifted a foot off the ground. "*Ach du liber!*" he grunted when his superior had gone. "Back I shouldt be hangink *der* baper on *der* valls, ja. Gott!"

PHINEAS PINKHAM was heading toward Jerry real estate with his eyes on the alert for signs of Boche. Hanging on the side of the pit was the war club he'd claimed his Indian fighting ancestor had lifted from an Indian brave. On the wooden handle had been carved a symbol as old as time. Phineas had a feeling that the ghost of Uncle Thaddeus was riding on the

Spad's tail and he was confident that the spook of his relative would turn Boche bullets aside before it reached his neck—It was over an Alsatian hamlet that the Boonetown descendant of an Indian fighter spotted the O'Schultz tripe. The Munich Mauler was not a blind man, either, so he quickly slanted toward the Yankee poacher, took a couple of jabs at the Spad, then began circling the sky rung. Again he forced the fighting, and he almost went into a clinch with Lieutenant Pinkham after missing the Yankee pilot with another Spandau haymaker.

And when passing under the Spad, he got a glimpse of the big hook that was swinging free at the end of a rope. It banged against his wing tip and he felt his heart strike against his bridge work.

"*Das* Pingham *und* his tricks yedt!" O'Schultz howled, and then he twisted and saw Phineas half standing in his pit and waving his arms like a windmill. The last rays of the sun were spearing up into the world's attic and they flashed against the Pinkham teeth.

When the Spad whisked close again, O'Schultz saw that Phineas was laughing at him and stabbing a finger at the Alb's undercarriage. The Kraut looked overside of his ship and saw something going down through the ozone. It was of course, an invalid-chair wheel with a hunk of board attached to it—but to *Herr Leutnant* O'Schultz it was part of his landing gear, and his face turned the color of a dish of cornstarch.

"*Der* vheel—*das* hoogk knocked idt off yedt! *Donnervetter!*" He raised himself in his cockpit and attempted to look out over the padded edge.

WHAM-O-OO-O! BZ-Z-Z-Z! R-R-IP!

"*Himmel!*" roared the Kraut. Right and left hooks from Pinkham's Vickers shook his Fokker from prop boss to rudder post. He tried to shake the Spad off his tail, and in doing so he let loose his bombs. They went crashing down to explode near a patrol of Heinie doughs who were out looking for victuals. The Jerries sucked in the vapor, immediately threw their guns away, and started hugging each other.

Above, Phineas Pinkham waded in again and spotted an opening. He launched a haymaker whereupon the triplane took a dive with lead in its throat and most of its empennage razzled like shredded cabbage.

O'Schultz hit Kraut linoleum with a thud and it was apparent that he would take a count of at least five hundred before he could get to his dressing room. Phineas swooped to the ground after him, bent on choking some information out of the Munich Mauler,



provided the Dutchman had not yet been ferried across the River Styx.

When he got out of his Spad, however, four Jerry soldiers crept toward him under the cover of adjacent shrubbery, and just as the Yank began to shake *Herr Leutnant* O'Schultz out of his coma, they grabbed him.

"Ach, *der* Yangkee flyer, *hein?* Ve godt you, *ja!*"

"Ah—er—*wie* *Gehts!*" Phineas gulped. "Did you bums just grow there like weeds?"

"*Handn hoch!* Gedt idt *der* pistol from *der Schweinhund*, Fritz!"

Phineas wondered if they would find the old war hatchet he had slipped in through his belt under his flying coat, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief when they seemed satisfied that the big automatic was all that he carried.

"*Vorwärts, Mein Freund,*" a Boche top-kick growled. "Maybe you loogk for *der* blace where *ist* ve make *der* bombs mit *der* gas *hein?* Ha! Ha!" Then a light came into his eyes and he spoke excitedly. "Loogk vunce, *Kamerads*. Idt *ist* *das* Pingham!"

"*Himmel! Gott sie dank!* Ve gedt idt *der* Iron Cross!"

*Herr Leutnant* O'Schultz was now groggily examining the wreck of his tripe. And suddenly his eyes popped. "*Der* untercarriage was perfectly all right; *Ache du liber!*"

"Haw-w-w!" Phineas brayed. "I fooled ya, ya big bum! Them things on my Spad were just props, as any stage sheen sifter would say. You're still a pushover, O'Schultz. Like any stumble-bum, you'd look down and see if your shoe was tied when the guy you're fighting

says so. I walloped you when you bit. And now I can go to your Kraut klink with a laugh. Haw-w-w-w!"

"Bummer! *Weisenheimer, hein?* Budt you was nodt too bright, also—landingk behind *der* Cherman lines. Ho! Ho!"

THE BOCHE took Phineas across the field, pushed him through a wooded section, and prodded him

up past the gate where Adolph stood sleepily on guard. Nearby was a small stone house into which the captors tossed the Yankee prisoner. They turned a big rusty key in the lock, then went around to the window through which they mocked him. But though stymied once more, the trickster *de luxe* simply ignored the Teuton insults and began inploring his gray matter to start percolating.

"Sendt vordt to *der* Staffel Sieben," gloated O'Schultz. "Get idt *der* Herr Oberst—"

"*Nein! Nein!*" growled the Boche top-kick. "*Der* Air Vorce vill nodt *dis* flyer gedt. You didt nodt bring *der* Yankee down, Herr Leutnant.

He brings you down, *ja!* Ho! Ho! Ve moost gedt vord by *der* Cherman Infandry Headquarters. Our brisoner he *ist*, Herr Leutnant. Dry *und* take him away *mitt!*"

"Aw, don't fight over me, girls," Phineas finally called out the window. "I'll keep, even if there is no ice. Haw-w-w!"

The Boche sergeant then yelled:

"Adolph!" And the little Kraut shuffled over, his gun butt dragging in the dirt. "Standt guard oudtside,



*Dumkopf!* And if *der* Yangkee *Leutnant* tries to gedt out, you shoodt him quick vunce! Ve go gedt *der* high Officers, as *das ist* Pingham, ve hav captured!”

Adolph’s eyes lost their sleepiness. “*Ja*, Adolph vill keep *der* brisoner from escaping. *Ach*, I ben standt close by near *und* vatch him alles time, *Kamerads*.”

SO IT WAS that Phineas Pinkham was left under the watchful eye of the dreamy Adolph. And meanwhile *Herr Leutnant* O’Schultz, still a little punch drunk, sat nearby chewing his knuckles.

But already the stormy petrel of Major Garrity’s Ninth Pursuit Squadron had taken a swift inventory of Adolph and grinned delightedly. The astute stuffing inside the Pinkham cranium began to pulsate with ideas, and Phineas now patted the old stone hatchet under his leather coat and got up to pace the floor.

There was another little window in back of the makeshift jail, and on one round of his pacing the Boonetown patriot got a glimpse of a sizable chunk of the big Alsatian chateau. Near one corner of the building he espied a vicious looking bulldog which appeared to be sniffing at the top of an old well. In a minute or two its head came up, it did a sort of four-legged two-step, then sniffed again.

“Huh,” the prisoner muttered. “That pooch acts funny. Uh—er—get back, puss! Get back. That pooch’ll mince you up so quick—”

The cat that Phineas had spotted had just come out of a cellar window. Having hunched its back and spat at the dog, it now seemed to be on the point of setting sail for parts unknown. But then a strange thing happened. The dog got up on its hind legs and put its front feet around the feline’s neck. Tabby got playful, too. Then, purring and barking sweet nothings to one another, the animals gamboled about like two spring lambs in a pasture. There was something that looked like steam rising from the ground near them, and at sight of it Phineas Pinkham snapped his fingers and grinned delightedly.

“Well, if I haven’t fallen right into the backyard of the gas company!” he chuckled. “Haw-w-w-w! I sure am a man of destiny. There is a way out, or I’m Sittin’ Bull!”

Phineas could not let any moss gather under his dogs. He took the stone war club out from under his coat and moved silently to the other window. Adolph was propped up against a gate post and O’Schultz was still sitting nearby in a daze. Digging down in his leather coat pocket, Phineas felt a big piece of auto-tire inner tubing.

“Bummers!” he shouted out the window. “A Pingham is never tooken alive. Haw-w-w!” Then he whirled quickly, stretched the piece of inner tubing to the limit of its elasticity, and let one end of it snap loudly against the head of an empty barrel.





The “*Bang!*” it produced had the effect he desired. “*Ach!*” roared *Leutnant* O’Schultz as the Yank dropped to the floor. “*Der Yangkee haff shoot idt himself. Adolph, Dumkopf! Mach schnell mit de key vunce. Open der door—Himmel! Giff by me der key. Donnervetter!*”

Phineas waited, his fingers closed over the handle of the ancient Indian war club. Boots pounded the ground outside. The rusty key screeched as it turned in the lock. And when the door swung in, Phineas was on his feet and swinging his Sioux shillelah.

“AR-R-R-RAGHOW-W-W-W-W!” he whooped—and landed the weapon against *Herr Leutnant* O’Schultz’s bread basket.

The Boche gasped and sat down hard with all the wind out of his bellows. Adolph jumped a foot off the ground, then raised his trusty gun. Phineas took quick aim however, and let the war club fly. The stone head conked Adolph on the scalp, and the little Kraut did a back somersault and came to a stop against the iron fence, his little frame folded up like a campstool.

Thereupon, Lieutenant Pinkham set a record for the quarter mile and reached his sky wagon just as a car loaded with Boche topped a rise on the dusky landscape. He wasted precious seconds trying to get the prop turned over, but it was no go and he saw that he was checkmated again.

“Awright! awright,” he hollered. “I give up, you beer and cheese dopes. I surrender! *Kamerad!* Uncle! Huh, if them Hissos was only made right!” Rough hands dragged him away from the Spad, and for a few moments the pilot from Boonetown got a worse cuffing around than Jim Jeffries got from Johnson in Reno. But Phineas did land a couple of rights himself which had a *Herr Oberst* holding in his upper teeth. Then another bunch of Krauts mosied out of a stretch of brush. The leader, a skinny Kraut with spectacles, let out a yell and waved to the men behind him.

“*Vorwärts! Der fightink vill stop yedt. All der var efery blace ve vill stop. Ve are all brudders, Mein Freunds, und der world ist made for luff, hein? Vorwärts!*”

Phineas was tossed aside and the four Heinies who had been kicking him around gulped their astonishment. An *Ober-Leutnant* yipped: “*Was ist, hein? Ve are Chermans, alzo, ain’t it? Der verdammmt Yangkee ve haben—*”

*Plunk!* The *Ober-Leutnant* pancaked and the fight was on.

For several seconds Phineas Pinkham was nonplussed.

Then he remembered that O’Schultz had let loose his load of “Hearts and Flowers” eggs during their sky tussle. These Boche had sniffed it.

Like a flash, Phineas leaped into his Spad while the Jerries staged a battle royal.

“*Ach, Gott!* Ve don’t vant ve shouldt fight! We try to—ugh—oof—stob der fightdink, *ja!* Bummer! Uug-ow-w-w! Listen vunce—peace ve vant idt, *ja.* Eferyt’ing shouldt be so peaceful yedt—*Himmel,* I show you—ugh!”

*Hr-r-ro-o-om! Sw-o-o-o-osh!* The Spad leaped away, and its slipstream mocked the Heinies who were tangled in a murderous tussle for peace. “*Himmel. Das* Pingham eggscaped he ist,” yipped one of the ungassed Heinies. “*Donnervetter, und ve standt und fightd mit. Ach du—lieber. Oof—!*”

Three Krauts were sprawled out on the carpet, the fight all gone from them. The *Ober-Leutnant* did not last long with four Jerries climbing his squat frame.

“Zo!” the leader of the attackers gasped. “Now idt ist *nie mehr* fights. Eferyt’ink ist peace. *Was ist der gut of var, hein? Ve go home und raise idt der cabbages for der sauerkraut und—Himmel,* giff a listen to *der* birds singink in *der* trees, *ja!*”

“In front of *der* gun you vill be when I see idt *der Herr Oberst,*” the *Ober-Leutnant* spluttered as the peace lovers jounced on his stomach. “*Treason das ist. Ach, was ist happens I know, ja! Der* bombs explode *und der* gas—Ledt me oop *und* I say noddink. *Donner mit Blitzen!*”

THE SPAD was slothful on the home journey and refused to climb higher than five hundred feet. When it was going over the Boche trenches the Krauts opened up on Phineas with Krupp bric-a-brac and a bullet speared through his pocket and set off the powder in a trick cigar. He had to land short of Barle-Duc where there was a brook, and the burning ship was still bouncing when he hopped out of the pit with a pennon of smoke streaming out behind him and leaped into the water.

But back behind the German lines real history was being made, though it wasn’t recognized as such at the time. A man was being reborn. Little Adolph, responsible for letting the prisoner escape, faced his accusers with a wild light in his eyes. He felt of his noggin where he had recently been conked, then looked at the handle of the Indian war hatchet that Phineas Pinkhrm had used to massage his scalp. He shoved out his chest and struck a pose that was to be symbolic of Jerry supremacy in the years to come.

The Boche doughs who had used him as a stooge ever since he had taken up arms for Kaiser Bill, fell back a step or two.

“*Kamerads!*” chirped Adolph. “I see *der* new Chermany *mit* flags flyink eferyvhere budt midout *der* eagle vunce!” Then he blinked his eyes, glanced down at the strange device marked on the hatchet handle, and wiggled his mustache like a rabbit wiggling its nose. “*Der* swastika, *ja!* *Das ist* what vill make Adolph *der* top man. *Der* message I gedt from Destiny, *und* idt hidt me right avay quick *und* I see *der* swastika *mit* stars. *Der* leader uf Europe *und* maybe of *der* vorld I vill goink to be. Chermany vill be like all *ist* rosy. *Der* new Adolph I am. *Heil!*”

“*Der* vallop on *der* headt idt giffs *kaput, ja!*” said the Boche top-kick. But still the look in Adolph’s eyes did things to him.

“Zomet’ing idt happens to him,” *Leutnant* O’Schultz growled. “He *ist* efen *machen* me belief *der* crazy t’ings. Anyvay, *besser ist* ve humor Adolph. Maybe *besser ist* ve pudt him vhere almost eferybody t’ink they are Napoleon.”

“*Heil!*” yipped Adolph. “*Der Tag* cooms idt *und* I show you bummers. *Der* lighdt I *haben* see, *und das* Pingham he shows idt to me, *ja!* *Der* sign uf *der* swastika by *der* handle uf *der* Indian var hammer. Only *der* *Korporal* I am, *hein?* Vait vunce *und* cooms *der Tag!*”

Heinies closed in on Adolph, grabbed him, and hustled him to an auto. The little corporal went meekly—but the wild look in his glimmers remained. He held onto the Sioux club and kept gazing at the symbol on its handle, convinced that he saw into the future when he would be able to make certain Teutons, whose names were cataloged in his jolted gray matter, answer to him for past indignities.

Heinie doughs laughed as they trekked, sadder but wiser, back to their stint of keeping watch over the chateau where the brotherly love steam was concocted.

“Ho! Ho! Hans!” chuckled Fritz Sputzheimer. “Adolph vill rule Chermany, *hein?* Vun I vill be *der* Kaiserina’s third hoosbandt. Ha! Ha!”

“*Ja*, but *der* strange feelink I gedt idt anyhow, Fritz,” Hans mumbled as he tossed wood onto a fire. “I vish I never kicked Adolph zo many times by *der* pants. *Ja*, *der* feelink *ist nie gut.*”

“Oh, some of *der* gas you sniffed, Hans. *Ach*, when I t’ink uf *das* Pingham—*der* Iron Cross we *haben* almost. *Und* pouf idt *ist* went. *Himmel*, *der* mark on *der* Indian hadchet maybe pudt *der* hex on us.”

LIEUTENANT PINKHAM reported to Major Rufus Garrity just before midnight. Smelling like the smoldering ruins of a tailor shop, the Yankee miracle worker got out of a truck that passed the drome *en route* to Bar-le-Duc and walked across the tarmac.

Captain Howell, crossing from the Frog farmhouse to Buzzards’ Row, saw him first and heard the water sloshing around in the prodigal’s fur-lined boots.

“Well, where’ve you been, you scarecrow?” the Captain ripped out. “You smell like you just got loose from a baker’s oven in time.”

“Bong sore, Skipper,” Phineas chirped. “Where’s the boss? Rouse him out, as he has to put in a telephone call for a bombing crate. I have discovered the Heinie gas company, and it has got to be shellacked too sweet. And how is Bump and the other missionaries, huh? I wouldn’t blame Bump, either, as I have seen a bulldog kiss a cat. And did I wash up O’Schultz! No manager would ever give him a fight—even in Boonetown—after tonight. Hay-y-y-y, Major!”

Garrity was lifted right out of his bed, hair standing up straight. He rushed to the window and thrust his head out. “Pinkham, you fathead! Is that you?”

“Well, it ain’t the milkman,” Phineas retorted. “Listen, I know where they make the gas bombs. Hurry and get your pants on, as I must make arrangements to get to where there’s a Handley-Page—”

The C.O. hurried. And soon Phineas, despite the rigors of the day, was being driven at top speed in the squadron car to a D.H.9 drome.

Six hours later, the Alsatian chateau looked like a lozenge that had been stepped on. A trio of Heinie mental giants crawled out of the ruins minus all their marbles, even their miggies.

Three days later, Bump Gillis walked into the Nisson hut he shared with Phineas and Sergeant Casey was behind him.

“We just found out what happened, Lootenant,” Casey snapped. “But superior or no superior, I am here to tell you you’re a liar if you say I tried t’kiss you. No gas could make me do that. I got a good mind to punch you right on the snoot!”

“Yeah,” said Bump, “an’ I’ll help him. If we said anything to you that was a compliment, we want to take it back. How’d you like a fight right now, huh? I’ll show you who’s a sissy!”

“Haw-w-w-w-w!” Phineas guffawed. “Nuts to you guys.”

BRASS HATS came in to decorate Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham a week after his incredible adventure. They told him he had made the world safe for the democrats again and pinned a medal on his chest.

But would they have decorated Phineas if they had known what else he had been responsible for? However, the Allied brass hats were not fortune tellers, and so they could not forecast the rise of a new leader across the Rhine some years after.

And so we wonder, if Phineas Pinkham took a notion to go to Germany, whether he would get kissed or killed. Of course, we do not insist that you believe what we have told you here—nevertheless, in the land of limberger and schnapps there are many swastika flags flying today. And there's a rumor going around—we started it ourselves, so we ought to know—that on a mantle in a big house in Berlin there is the Sioux persuader with which Phineas Pinkham's Uncle Thaddeus knocked off enough Indians to fill a grain

silo. And on the handle of it is the swastika emblem. Figure it out for yourself.

And today, in Boonetown, Iowa, the World War veteran with the buck teeth and freckles sits and wonders every time he reads the newspapers. When he sees pictures of a certain man who's now Chief Kick in Germany, he gets the shakes.

Once, we are told, he let out a howl right in the middle of a newsreel at the Bijou Theater in Boonetown and raced out of the place as if ghosts were after him. For a man on the screen had seemed to look him right in the eye and Phineas hit the street yelling: "It's him! It's Adolph!"

As for Hans, Fritz, and Rudolph—the three square-head gazabos who back in '18 used to do guard duty with the dreamy Man of Destiny—they're on the retirement list. What we mean to say is that their present address is Concentration Camp No. 23, R.F.D. 13, Blotzplatz, Germany,