



HEIR-O-BATS

written and illustrated by **JOE ARCHIBALD**

a
**PHINEAS
PINKHAM**
howl

Berlin's big guy—Kaiser Bill, by name—had suddenly taken a decided interest in a postage-stamp Balkan state named Pandemonia. That was because a wizard named Mymugiz Grotescu kept shop there—an hombre said to be 10½ times smarter than an inventor named Edison. Only that high Heinie named Bill counted a little too heavily on a dope named Carol Fzog. What's more, he completely forgot about a gazabo named Phineas Pinkham!

STOP US if you have heard of this one—but we bet you haven't. Of course, you do know that Rumania, in 1916, consented to string along with the democrats against Potsdam when the Allies promised them a piece of Hungary along with a lot of other likely-looking chunks of real estate. But the historians did not mention Pandemonia, a little comic opera country that was tacked onto one corner of the aforementioned Balkan kingdom.

Pandemonia's standing army could have been put inside six telephone booths without being cramped. As

for the country itself, the mountains that ringed it on three sides were almost too tough for goats to cross.

You can blame Rumania's nosedive in the Big Fuss on a lot of things, but it was really Pandemonia that threw a monkey wrench into that nation's machinery. That was because good King Boris Fzog (you don't have to pronounce his last name when you read it) refused to allow his crack mountain climbers to show the Rumanians the only pass to the Hungarian plain. Moreover, Fzog wanted nothing to do with war because he had troubles enough with his heir apparent who was known all through the capitals of Europe,

either as the Pandemonian Playboy, Carousing Carol, or the Balkan Bad Boy.

Anyway, the powers-that-were in Perunia, the capital of Pandemonia, claimed they did not want any part of the war—and if either side did not like it they could lump it. So the Rumanian army, having been forced to make a wide detour to get a poke at the Central Powers, were too fagged out to care very much when they finally stacked up against Mackensen's high-revving Heinies. So much for the historical background.

And now, what had all this to do with Phineas Pinkham? Well, put on your slippers and break out a stick of gum. Don't miss a line of this—

Several months after Pandemonia had decided to string along with the dove of peace, intrigue began to give a touch of pip, brewed in the test tubes of Potsdam, to the well-known white bird which indicates serenity. Kaiser Bill began promising King Fzog everything but his wooden horse—if Pandemonia would start making faces at the Allies. Fzog, according to rumors, was sorely tempted.

So Chaumont, beehive of Allied skullduggery, got the jitters in a bad way. Diplomatic and Intelligence Corps got into a jam session from the English Channel to the Dardanelles and talked it all over. But when they came out of the council chambers, they were babbling to themselves.

That made Kaiser Bill chuckle—and he decided to pull a fast one. He called in a certain *Fraulein* who had superplus pulchritude and blue blood, then contacted King Fzog and asked him how it would be if he gave the *Fraulein's* hand in marriage to young Carol Fzog—in addition to fifty million marks.

Now there had to be something more in Pandemonia than sixty families and a thousand goats to interest the top kick of the Hohenzollerns—and there was. What's more, the Allied Intelligence knew there was, too. This was it: In Pandemonia there was an inventor named Mymugiz Grotescu who was supposed to be ten and a half times smarter than Edison. It was said that his brain was clicking over thirty years too soon and that he had cooked up a special bomb-sight gimmick so good that it enabled a flyer 20,000 feet up to drop a T.N.T. egg down a factory chimney without touching the sides. Naturally the Kaiser—and Chaumont—were interested.

A BRASS HAT talked it over with Major Rufus Garrity and his buzzards in the Frog farmhouse that

served as headquarters of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron. Phineas Pinkham—grounded as firmly as a California redwood tree—sat listening to this latest war gossip as if it were only the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

Mentally, he was counting the charges that the brass hats had preferred against him, and he had run out of fingers. They claimed he'd hit a colonel in Revigny, planted a defunct cat under the cushion of a brigadier's car, provoked a fight between Frogs and Limeys in Nancy, and stole a Frog peasant's apples. That was what he'd done the day before—and the charges covered two weeks.

Anyhow, it appeared that Phineas had troubles enough without worrying about Pandemonia and King Fzog.

"I tell you, Major," the brass hat from Intelligence declared, "this is a serious situation. If Pandemonia throws in with the Kaiser, it means Rumania might quit us, too—and then the Germans, having Russia all smeared up, could go right down through into Turkey and Greece, and before you know it—"

"—they would be sinkin' all the junks in China," Phineas supplied. "But say! I've got an idea! Suppose we get Prince Carol, the Balkan Bad Boy, to join up with the Heinies. Then they would all laugh themselves to death—"

"Shut up!" Major Garrity, C.O. of the Ninth, barked at him. "Gr-r-r-r, I wish they would not be so slow with court martials. I can't wait until they bust you, Pinkham. You won't talk yourself out of what they've got on you now, you homely lug! Get out of here and try to escape—please! I have got six men out there who have orders to start shooting, even if you just walk fast."

"Awright, awright," Phineas said with a pained look. "Don't ask me for any more advice. You will wish I was still in the Air Force. This outfit will fold up—then you will have to go back to the infantry, Major, and really earn your pay. Haw-w-w!"

The brass hat scratched his head as Phineas went out, and he had a good-sized area of skull fabric scraped off it when he finally spoke to Garrity. "Sa-a-ay, Major, this Lieutenant Pinkham—he has—er—after all, he has done some very remarkable things, hasn't he? Garrity, come into the Operations Office, as what I have to say is private."

Bump Gillis looked at Captain Howell, leader of "A" Flight. When the door closed behind the C.O. and his visitor, Howell nodded. "They're thinkin' up a nice way to murder Phineas. And if they keep on tryin', they'll

do it yet. But it's too far to Pandem—I mean, it must be somethin' else the brass hat has thought up.”

“What can Phineas lose?” Bump yawned. “If they find him guilty of half the charges they've got on him, he will be in jail for three hundred and seven years. No wonder the crackpot didn't finish his peaches. Ha! Ha! Peaches are my weakness next to *Follies Bergere* dames. Lemme at 'em!”

Bump Gillis was yelling wildly for Glad Tidings Goomer, the mess monkey, just three seconds after the first gulp. Howell picked up the dish of peaches and caught the odor of shellac.

“I'm—I'm poisoned!” Bump yelped. “Water! Quick! Goomer!”

At that moment, Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham poked his head in the window. “Serves you right, Bump! You got your just dessert. Haw-w! Why, hello, Goomer! That Irish Turkey you cooked had too much Greece on it and no hobo would eat it even if he was Hungary. That is why I am glad I am not to Rumania. Go tell that to the Bosphorus and it'll Servia right if you git fired! I guess that finishes up the Balkan situation, huh? Well, adoo until the trial, bums!”

But Phineas Pinkham was never brought to trial. The pow-wow between Garrity and the brass hat led to a bigger one in Chaumont. The miracle man from Boonetown, Iowa, was ushered into the inner circles of G-2, Uncle Sam's handle for his department of slewfeet, or as it was known in politer circles, the Intelligence Corps.

A modicum of suspicion lurked in the Pinkham orbs when he eyed the gathering of brass hats. “Why go to all this trouble?” the irrepressible Yankee flying lieutenant yapped, realizing that he could get into the mess no deeper. “Where's the President an' Pershin? Couldn't they come? You would think I was an axe murderer!”

A high officer resented the Pinkham attitude, but there was little he could do about it except derive some satisfaction from breaking the news to the stormy petrel of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron. He did not break it gently.

“Lieutenant,” he boomed, “we will get to the point. At this moment, your status in the American Army is no better than that of a muleskinner—in fact, not as good.

You are lucky not to be shot. I was for it—but why should the Allies cut off their nose to spite their face? We have use for you, Lieutenant. It is a thousand to one you won't get back from where we are going to

send you. Nevertheless, you have been—er—have accomplished amazing things at times. Lieutenant, and maybe your luck will get the Allies out of a mess—in Pandemonia, if you ever reach the place.”

“H-huh?” Phineas yipped, rising right off his chair. “I s'pose you have all the steamship and railroad tickets bought. Have you got me a right-of-way through Turkey and Bulgaria, too?”

“Harumph!” a brass hat loudly cleared his throat. “A French tramp will see that you land in Greece. Once you get off the boat, you are on your own.”

“I bet they'll leave me there with just a breech cloth an' a Boy Scout knife,” the victim opined. “Awright, it's a roundabout way of shootin' me, ain't it? Haw-w-w-ww! Well, when do I start?”

“You go to Marseilles by train and you take the boat from there,” a Colonel informed him. “We want you to stop an alliance between Germany and Pandemonia—otherwise Rumania will surely turn against the Allies. There are no definite plans for you to follow, Pinkham; I doubt if you'd follow any anyway. That's all. You be in Marseilles on the twentieth. The boat is named *La Fiasco*.”

“It would be,” Phineas remarked venomously. “Awright, bums—ex-sirs. I will get to Pandemonia—er—bust. I'll be safer there, as if I stay here I know I will take one drop too many—git hung, I mean. Haw-w-w-w! And now, adoo. I go to Pandemonia to show some Intelligence!”

“It will be the very first time, if you do,” Major Garrity snapped. “Well—er—what'll I tell the buzzards, Pinkham? You ought to send them a last word.”

“Tell 'em I go to die for dear old G.H.Q.!” Phineas obliged. “Have Bump Gillis inform Babette that our date for Sunday night is postponed. Well, I am off to get my bags over to the *chemin de fer* station. Don't feel sorry for me, as only a man with smallpox is to be pitted, haw!”

PHINEAS stepped aboard the good ship *La Fiasco* at Marseilles three days later—and twenty-four hours after that, the crew met in the fo'cas'l and speculated on a way to throw him overboard under cover of night. They drank on it—and then were unable to get out of the glory hole for forty-eight hours. In some strange manner, washing soda had found its way from the galley into their jug of rum.

Then, a hundred miles from the coast of Greece they almost nailed the Yankee miracle man, but

Phineas sniffed the smell of almonds in his tea just as he was about to sip it.

Finally, the skipper of *La Fiasco* literally kicked Lieutenant Pinkham off the packet at the Port of Athens. Thereupon, the jokester from the corn belt of the U.S.A. put on Frog mariner's togs, walked into a waterfront eating joint, and sat down.

"R-r-r-ross biff—fry ze potatoes—an' coc'nuts pie," he beamed at the rough looking waiter. "And which way eet ees to Rumania, Pappypoulous?"

"No speak him Engleesh," the waiter replied.

"There must be a Greek here some place who owned a restaurant in the U.S. once," Phineas said while he held a cloud of flies at bay. "I will have to find him."

A little while later the Yank-on-his-own got a ride out of Athens in a horse-drawn oversized go-cart that, did not smell of June roses. "This swill wagon is the nearest thing to a Spad I've seen since I left Chaumont," he grinned. "To borrow an old gag, it has two wheels an' flies! Nick, where's the Greek army—an' has it got planes?"

Suddenly his eyes lit up. "Well, I'm a—stop this chariot! What is it I see over there in that goat playground? Fancy meetin' that here! Adoo, Nick, an' *merci* for the ride, my fx-an'. If you ever come to the U.S., I will eat in your lunchroom."

Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham hopped a fence and approached a weird aero machine around which stood a dozen Greek citizens who were clad in a variety of Greek army uniforms. One of them made Phineas laugh out loud. He was wearing something that looked like a ballet skirt over long underwear, and his boots were turned up at the toes. A fancy vest and a cap that looked like those worn by the ushers in the Boonetown, Iowa, Bijou movie palace completed the costume. Phineas did not know whether to tip his hat to the Greek or hold out his hand.

"Bawn joor," he opened, eying the sky crate that the Greeks were puzzled over. It was a cross between a bath tub and a box kite, and it had a pusher power plant fixed to struts in back of the pit. Phineas guessed that only the Greeks could have a word for it.

The pilot from the Ninth at Bar-le-Duc pointed at the old bus, then up at the sky. He flapped his arms like an eagle about to take off, whereupon the assembled Greeks nodded their heads.

Phineas walked to the crate, stepped into the pilot's office, and fooled with the controls. All of a sudden the asthmatic pusher plant cleared a clogged pipe and

started to go to town. The Greeks threw their hats toward the clouds and leaped about with great glee.

"There," Phineas said, "it's easy when you know how, my fran's. You just—"

But the crate began to roar down the field and it was too late for Phineas to jump. The flying mousetrap creaked and groaned, and the propeller seemed on the point of biting Garrity's inimitable Spad pusher from behind. Goats scattered and leaped fences that a kangaroo would have balked at. Then the crazy crate hopped off the ground and skimmed over an olive orchard with the Greeks in pursuit.

"Sonumagun, he tak' him upstairs an' not bring him donstairs!" a spilled Greek squalled. "Stop this, somewan—wan bick spy he is yat, I am batting you by averyt'eeng. I tal you, Dimitrius, my fran', only last morning I am sayeeng I smell heem Turks some place far off, you heard me. But de aeroplane she ees no use ronning until we can't catch heem!" Five hundred feet up and heading toward Russia, Phineas Pinkham took an inventory. "This cloud wagon is nothing like I ever saw before," he muttered. "It must be *Homer's Oddity* I have read so much about. But it flies—an' that is more than a swill cart can do. Still, I'd feel safer on a magic rug, though. If this two-lunged coffee grinder falls off—ugh!"

TWO HOURS LATER, a Turkish anti-aircraft gun washed away a strut and Phineas knew the crate could not afford to lose it. He was sure of it just five minutes afterwards when the gas in his what-is-it gave out. Promptly he headed for the Turkish linoleum and simultaneously the 1918 tornado that is still talked about in the Balkans came roaring out of the Ionian Sea. It lifted the Yank's hybrid crate toward the attic as if it were a potato chip and the Boonetown pilot began to shed sweat the shape and size of hailstones. He could only hook both arms around a strut and hold on.

At a 70-m.p.h. clip the Greek air crate soared toward the Steppes. A piece of a wing came off, parts of the tail assembly took French leave—and Phineas was finally blown to the very border of Pandemonia and came to grief in a tree! All that was left of the alleged plane was a stick the size of a beanpole.

Dusk was really meaning business when the Yank dropped to terra firma and felt for broken parts on his personal fuselage. He was certain his hair was as white as a ghost's evening suit, and his teeth were making more noise than a couple of woodpeckers trying to get nourishment out of a stove pipe.

“Where am I?” he gulped with his first long breath, scrambling to his feet. In the distance he saw some lights blinking and he started walking towards them. This hike took him past a farmhouse that looked like something out of Grimm’s Fairy Tales. Soon he met three Balkan peasants coming back from a night in town. Phineas asked them how they had liked the masquerade, but they gave him glances as cold as a polar bear’s feet and kept on going.

Then at a cross-roads marked by a great holy rood was a sign that told the Boonetown gypsy that he was in Pandemonia. And another sign farther on read: ODDZBODZ.

“Must be a town,” the lone traveler mumbled. “Well, here I come, you Pandemonian bums. An’ it won’t be a lie if I say I just blew in. Haw-w-w!”

ODDZBODZ was a merry metropolis of Pandemonia just twenty miles away from Perunia. It was on the banks of the Svorni River and had just enough industry to support the tavern into which Phineas ducked as soon as he saw the picture of a beer stein on the sign over the door.

Inside, he saw the most motley group of giggle water imbibers that had ever met his optics. Most of the revelers, he was sure, would have slit a throat as quickly as they would slit an unopened letter. Seven out of eight carried curved knives in scabbards, and those that did not have knives had pistols as big as a Great Dane’s hind legs. Everybody talked a different lingo, so Phineas resorted to hog Latin when he dropped down at a table in a dark corner.

“Odkavay,” he said to a waiter with a mustache that could have been used for an ox yoke in a pinch. “If you ain’t otgay odkavay akemay it oppssnay.”

“Gr-r-r-rragh!” spat the ugly looking Pandemonian a minute later, and he slammed a bottle down on the table. Phineas sensed that he was to take it and like it. He took it—but he did not like it. Chloride of lime mixed with spirits of ammonia would have been nearly as potent, and he wept for five minutes.

When his throat had stopped twitching, Phineas blinked his watering eyes—and saw two individuals come into the tavern all dressed up like the Exalted Leader of the Knights of the Good Samaritan back in Boonetown. And there was a citizen with them who could have come from nowhere but the banks of the Rhine. Immediately the Pandemonian soldiers made everybody stand up and *hoch* the Kaiser, and the emissary from Chaumont quickly guessed that the

alliance between the Potsdam Potentate and King Fzog was only a matter of time.

Then one of the swarthy soldiers announced that he was going to search the place.

“I have orders from General Iaskyu to find His Royal Highness, the Prince of Pandemonia. Again he is lost. Who has seen him? Answer, you dogs! All the time we spend looking for him. Come, Ragoutski, we search everywhere—even in the watering trough! By gadzescu, look! He is there!” And they made for the Boonetown Barn’s table.

Phineas Pinkham shivered as if the Arctic Zone had suddenly slipped down into Pandemonia. But after looking at him closely, the leader shook his head. “No, this is not His Highness—but—who are you, dog?”

“The poor Rumanian peasant, Valdimir Sopsudski, I am,” Phineas muttered. “Izbuski Mieklechuck Upski Daizi—”

“Bah, just another foreigner! Come, Ragoutski!”

Phineas knew that he would have to start showing intelligence, but he got off to a bad start. He paid for his drink with Frog currency and—thereupon pandemonium reigned in Pandemonia.

“Gazookescu!” roared a soldier of Fzog, stabbing a finger in Phineas’ direction. A big Svorni boatman brandished a scimitar, lunged at the Yank, and only missed him by the width of a butterfly’s aileron. The freckled agent from Chaumont went through a window, as a bullet breathed in his ear.

ALLEYS in Oddzbodz, Phineas found, were just like alleys any other place. They were dark and smelly. The fleeing Yank sped along one and cut out into a main drag of the Pandemonian metropolis. He soon spotted an ancient flivver in front of a Balkan inn and was at the wheel of it before a native *gendarm* could say “Bazardijackipescu!”

Phineas used the self starter with aplomb, stepped on the high pedal, and tore away from the curb.

Then somebody leaped into the back seat before he could do anything about it. There was no time to see who it was. With all of Oddzbodz in a dither, Phineas headed for the nearest exit to the Steppes.

But finely Boonetown’s contribution to G-2 swung around to see if a knife was headed for his jugular. Instead he saw that he had a strange passenger who was slumped down against the cushions and gurgling with gusto.

“Whe-e-e-e! Soch fun, my fran’! I jus’ shet fire to the Prime Minishter’s chin shpinach. W-o-o-ow! Shome night huh? Make her go faster. Whoop-p-pee-e!”

"I got somethin' here," Phineas gulped. "And I wonder—haw-w-w-w! It must be—!"

"They'sh after me. King wantsh me to go Germany. Whe-e-e-e! Wantsh me to marry big fat Fraulein, an' I don' wanna. I don' wanna go, my fran'! No! But it'sh was sho funny when I pour honey in general'sh hat an' put fliesh in hish zoop. Ha! Ha! Don' wanna marry

nobodee— havin' fun— where'sh my bottle? Gone? Well, I don' care. Got lotsh more in—go fashter!"

"Shut up, as I have practically got this thing off the ground already," Phineas yipped. "I bet you're the Balkan Bad Boy— Carousin' Carol."

"Yesh, my fran'. An' I never had sho much fun shince I lef' Harvard. How'sh ol' John Harvard? Ha! Ha! They wantsh me to fly to Berlin. Ever she me fly? I go fashter'n birdsh. Whoop-e-e-e-e-e! And he burst into song:

Oh-h-h, way down upon the Svorni Riv-v-ver-r . . . !

Half an hour later, Phineas Pinkham was in a blue and gold room on the top floor of a big house in Perunia. Prince Carol Fzog got a bottle of white mule first thing and took up where he had left off in Oddzbodz. Both the Boonetown Bamboozler and the Balkan Bad Boy then showed surprise when they looked carefully at each other.

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" Phineas laughed first. "You have

no more chin than I have. An' them buck teeth—they're like mine, too!"

"H-huh, 'shfunny. We be palsh," the Prince declared bibulously. Then he submerged himself in another big swig of Pandemonian white mule. "Thish house is where I hide—nobody findsh me."

"Not for a week, I hope," Phineas muttered—and

he smacked Carousing Carol square on the button. "This hurts you more'n it does me, Prince. Haw!"

Chaumont's Special G-2 Agent then worked fast. With the Pandemonian's scenery draped over his gangly frame, he got down to business with a kit he had carried with him all the way from Chaumont. He pasted a small pointed black mustache under his big nose and then stained his face with a preparation that came out of a little round tin labeled:

DON'T WAIT FOR THE SUN. GET YOUR OWN TAN FROM TANNER'S.



TWENTY CENTS.

The Allies' super-snooper looked at the comatose Carol, then at his own reflection in a mirror. "I can hardly believe it myself," he said. Then after locking the Balkan Playboy in a closet, he left the place.

"So he can fly, huh? Must be a plane waiting for him somewhere. Haw-w-w--w-w! I'll impersonate him—say I have repented an' will now do what papa says." Phineas then fished inside his borrowed

uniform and pulled out papers that were written in Kraut script—credentials he knew would get him into the Potsdam family circle. He also uncovered a photograph of a *Fraulein* whom he admitted was quite a dish. “If I have to marry the dame, I will even do that. But first I will put some whiskers on her. Haw-w-w-w!” And he went to work on the photo with a black pencil.

BACK in the flivver, the disguised Yank drove to the Perunia airport by following his nose. Perunia *gendarmes*, armed with a description of the stolen Oddzbodz boiler, ganged Phineas, then stiffened as if dipped in glue and dried.

“*Dumkopfs!*” Phineas ventured. “Carol *ist es* who drifes oudt uf Oddzbodz. His mindt he changes *und* he goes by Chermany. *Gie Schnell! Raus mit!* To *der* airplane!”

The Perunia police thereupon escorted Phineas Pinkham to the place where a Jerry Alb was waiting. With chin held high, he climbed down from the flivver and stalked to the ship. High Perunia army officials bowed low as the bogus Carousing Carol got into the pit. Phineas froze them with haughty glances, then switched on the Boche power plant. After half of Fzog’s army fought for the honor of turning the prop over, Phineas jammed in the throttle and got away speedily.

“Duck soup!” he smiled. “The Balkan Playboy is on his way to the Fatherland.” And like Carol he burst into lilting melody—

Oh-h-h, way down upon the Svorni Riv-v-ver!
Far-r-r-r—far-r-r-r ava-a-a-ay—

Austrian grease monkeys gassed up the royal airman’s plane at Hatchech-on-the-Danube. The Austro C.O. paid his respects to the disguised Phineas and told him that it was a high honor to be of service to the heir to the Pandemonian throne.

“You have no idea what you are gettin’ into, you bums,” Phineas said under his breath as he took off again. “You will take the heir when they find out, haw-w-w-w!”

At dusk, near the Heinie village of Pigzputz, between Leipzig and Berlin, Phineas Pinkham landed his plane and got out of the pit. Three Heinie officers came out to meet the good-will emissary from the banks of the Svorni. They took him to a small inn in the town and asked him his pleasure. Phineas donned a kepi in place of his flying helmet and set it at a rakish angle. He quickly stepped into the character of the screwball from Perunia with little trouble.

“I *sprechen* Dutch no *gut*,” the skulduggerian from America risked with a toothsome grin. “An’ you no *sprechen* him Pandemonia *gut*. So who *spreckens* him English? I *sprechen* him *besser* as anyt’ing. Where’s all *der* beautiful womans *und* champagne?”

“Ho! Ho!” chuckled a *Herr Oberst*. “You are komical as screams *mit* howls. Nefer I forgedt idt *der* time by London when you paint idt *der* eyeglasses on *der* lions of Trafalgar Square. *Und* *moch* I laff when I t’ink of when you climb idt *der* Eiffel Tower by Paris *und* t’rew *der* bags *mit* vater on *der* Frenchies! Ho! Ho! Coom vunee, Your Highness, *und imben der Schnapps!*”

“What can I lose?” Phineas said to himself optimistically. “Haw-w-er—Ho! Ho! I coom to marry *der Fraulein*, maybe. How *ist* efery little t’ing by *der* Kaiser?”

“Ah, *der* Kaiser *und* your papa already yedt *ist* very *gut* *Freunds*. *Ein*, maybe *zwei* *Tags*, *und* Pandemonia declares idt var on *der* *verdamm*t Allies *und—*”

“Wanna bet—er—you don’t say?” Phineas hastily corrected himself. “Whoop-e-e-e, I feel like an eagle. More *Schnapps*, *mein* *Freunds*.”

The Prussian officers regaled the pseudo clown prince from the banks of the Svorni as best they knew how. The news spread that Fzog’s heir had arrived to weld the last link in the Pandemonian chain of alliance with the Hohenzollerns. In Pigzputz, the Heinies made merry with Phineas Pinkham and behind his back said uncomplimentary things about cuckoos and that only his blue blood kept him out of the booby hatch.

“*Himmel!* If *der* hen he vas, eggs *mit* cracks in he vould lay yedt, ha-a-ah!”

“You see vhat he *ist* do *mit der Fraulein*’s picture, *hein?* Makes idt *der* moostache *und* beard—*und der Fraulein* *ist* Kaiser Wilhelm’s niece almost. Nefer zo *moch* I haff laffed, Rudolph, since I took off *der* ear uf *der* fenzink teacher by Heidelberg.”

PHINEAS PINKHAM sat on top of the world all that night and part of the next morning. Then he took a nose dive when a pair of Boche officers came into the inn as if all the wild boars in the Black Forest were putting on a counter attack.

“*Mach Schnell, Kamerads. Der* Kaiser, he arrifes!”

Phineas’ hair lifted and he hopped off a chair as if it had sprouted poisoned fangs. “The Kais—er—ohh-h-h! *Comst* he *hier?*”

“*Ja!* His Imperial Majesty cooms folder talk *mit* Your Highness, *ja*. Maybe he takes you by Berlin. Just *ein* min—”

Phineas Pinkham steeled himself and tried to keep his heart from bouncing out of his mouth. There was a loud cry of “*Achtung!*” outside the inn, then a squealing of brakes.

“*Achtung!*”

“Aw, I heard ya the first—er—sure, *Kamerads!*” the cornered Yank choked out. Then the door opened—and what came in was a lot more than a pup tent with a spiked helmet on top of it. It was Kaiser Wilhelm, right enough, and he was wearing a long cape and a sour look. He had difficulty keeping the points of his mustache from poking out his glimmers.

Phineas Pinkham slapped his heels together, bowed low. “Your Imperial Highness,” he mumbled, “*idt der pleasure!*”

“*Der Prince, ist?*” the Kaiser snapped. “*Playink mit monkeyshines yedt, hein? Der place smells like der vine barrel. Your fader has arrifed to see you. Und he ist angry mit.*”

“H-huh? King Fzog *ist hier* in—? Oh-h-h—uh—I will be gladt to see *der old—er—gent—chentleman.*”

Ja! I haff reformed *und* vill marry *der Fraulein*. Loogk, always I carry *der picture und—*”

Garrity’s absent buzzard hurriedly took the photo out of his pocket. It dropped from his palsied digits and a *Herr Oberst* retrieved it and handed it to the Potsdam squire.

Wilhelm took a gander at it, then turned the color of pig liver.

“*Himmel!* You *machen der* bearded voman out of Ulrica. *Donnervetter!* *Das ist der* insultd. *Ach! Mein coosin’s half brudder’s niece’s daughter! Und* you oopstadt Pandemonian—I see your fader aboutd *dis*. You *machen der cockeyes mit der Fraulein*, also. *Himmel!*”

“*Das ist* only the joke,” Phineas cut in. But the Kaiser had no sense of humor. He turned on his heels and strode to the door.

“Satisfaction I vill haben,” Emperor Wilhelm growled as the door banged behind him.

“Ho! Ho! Carol. *Das ist der* fine kettle uf fishes you fall in vunce,” laughed a *Herr Oberst*. “*Der Fraulein* vill make you dance *der* goosestep vhen—”



“Listen vunce,” Phineas said, his cranium stirring into idea-manufacturing activity. “I vill hide from *der* old—from *mein* papa. Maybe vhen he finds me he *ist* cooled off *und*—where vill I hide?”

No one offered an idea, but Phineas followed up with: “*Ach*, if he gedts me, I get idt *der* kick by *der* pants e’fen. Look, *der* Gotha ofer there on *der* field. I vill hide *der* Gotha, *Ja!* Fun *mit der* King—ha-w-w-w—I vill blay hide *mit go und* seek him *mit papa und der* Kaiser.”

The thick Heinie officers saw the funny part of it. As they watched the Kaiser’s big boiler disappear down the road, they sensed that there soon was going to be a lot more to laugh at. “*Mach Schnell*,” one said hastily to Phineas. “In *zwei* minoots he cooms idt back *mit der* fader. You run like eferyt’ing.”

The Boonetown patriot ran even faster than that. He climbed into the Gotha, crouched down near the control pit, and waited. The *Herr Obersts* watched from a window with chuckles shaking them like jelly.

“Sooch *ein* Prince, Max,” observed one. “Loogk, *der* mechanics loogk *der* Gotha over vunce. Go oudt *und* tell to them who *ist* inside.”

Phineas knew that he had struck the first blow for Allied Intelligence back when the Kaiser first looked at the outraged picture of *Fraulein* Ulrica. And now here was a chance to strike a more lethal blow to Pandemonia. If the Prince of the Balkan postage stamp country could steal a Gotha, he would be leaving King Fzog high and dry to take the rap.

Phineas leaped to his feet when a Heinie nudged him in the ribs. “*Raus mit!*” the Iowan miracle man rumbled. “*Der* Prince of Pandemonia I am. I vill report you to *der* Kaiser—”

“Zo he *ist*,” said the first Heinie. “I haff saw *der* dumko—*der* Printze’s pig-ture in *der* pa—Giff *der* salute vunce—*und* ve act like he *ist* nodt here. Balmy he *ist*, *und* maybe plays *der* soldier—” Accordingly, the Krauts went about their work. They soon had the Gotha’s power plants roaring, then one of them got into the control pit and began to fumble with the controls. The ship rolled sluggishly, and Garrity’s bane guessed that the Jerry grease monkeys were moving the bomber to another spot on the carpet nearby.

Phineas now climbed into the control pit and grinned at the Teuton. “You can fly *der* ship, *hein?*”

“*Nein*. I only roll her ofer *der* groundt, Your High—”
KERWHOP!

INTO PIGZFUTZ came the boiler carrying the Kaiser and King Fzog just as the Gotha roared across

the topography. A *Herr Oberst*, coming to vouch for Prince Carol’s identity for the benefit of the Heinie mechs, went tail over teakettle off the ladder that was propped up against the big egg laying crate’s side.

“*Himmel!*” screeched a *Herr Oberst*. “*Der* Gotha he steals yedt. *Der* Prince!”

Kaiser Wilhelm told his soldiers to start shooting—and they never questioned an order from the House of Hohenzollern. Thereupon King Fzog pushed the Kaiser very impolitely and asked him how he dared to shoot at the Prince of Pandemonia. The Emperor then pulled Fzog’s whiskers and told him to keep his mouth out of Imperial affairs.

“Zo!” he bellowed at Fzog. “*Das ist der* Pandemonian plot—to steal idt *der* Gotha! All *der* time you knew *der* Prince vas by Chermany, *der dumkopf*—”

“Your own son he ees no mental giant, neither, my fran!” Fzog hollered. “Your Clown Prince he *ist* wan beeg dumbhead. If knowink nodding is being against *der* law, he vould gedt oudt from jail nefer, bah!”

“Keep shoodtink!” the Kaiser roared at his men. “Call all *der* staffels yedt *und* chase *das* bummer! Shoodt him down. Var I declare on Pandemonia! *Der* Fzogs haff insult *der Fraulein* Ulrica *und* steal idt *der* Gotha. I show them qvicker than zoon!”

OVER on the Yankee side of No-Man’s-Land, daylight was practically washed up and Bump Gillis and Captain Howell were getting into their Spads. Major Rufus Garrity paced up and down hurling his vocal might against the combined roar of the Hissos.

“Knock down that bomber! For three days it has been coming oyer and dropping eggs near Fleury. They’ll tag that ammo dump yet,” the Old Man yelped. “That Boche egg crate has got to be scrambled! G.H.Q. is fed up.

“Oh, if Pinkham was only—what am I saying? If that crackpot showed up now, I would put a half hitch in his windpipe. But—well, it is better for him to get shot than busted by a court martial—a thousand to one the Bulgarians, or the Turks, or the Rumanians have planted him already. Rest in peace, Pinkham—er—all right, all right, what’re you two turtles waiting for?”

“Huh,” grumbled Bump Gillis as he shot his Spad out over the field, “he never was no scream, the old man. But since Carbuncle Pinkham left, he—gee, Phineas wasn’t so bad—just liked his little joke an’—wonder where the fathead is? Boy, I’d like to see him! If I ever meet him again, I will make up for—oh, well, water under the bridge—*cripes!*”

Captain Howell felt an aching void, too. He would have welcomed finding a spider in his tea or a cobra in his bunk. The drome was a morgue now. Glad Tidings Goomer was even sadder than usual, and Sergeant Casey had even been caught sitting on Phineas' cot with a fake snake in his hand as if it were a picture of his best dame.

Dusk deepened. Over Fleury sounded the pounding of Gotha tickers. Bump Gillis and Flight Leader Howell spotted the big Heinie crate at the same time, and getting organized they dropped down off their high shelf to punch it slap happy.

Inside the vitals of the German bomber, the little Kraut whom Phineas had put to sleep for a while had gotten the butterflies out of his head and had made himself a nuisance again. So Phineas slugged him once more. When he recovered from the second haymaker, the little Heinie was willing to listen to reason.

"Be a nice little Wiener schnitzel," Phineas grinned, "as what can you lose? The *guerre* will be over for you, Fritzzy, and all you will have to do will be to remember to stay inside a wire fence and not kick at the grub the warden gives you, haw-w-w-w! Incidentally, I am *Leutnant* Pingham, *mein Freund*, und I would cut your throat just as soon as I'd strike a match. Now shut up. I can't be far from home, as I bet that is Fleury down—"

"*Das Pingham! Ach!*" wailed the Kraut. "First he *ist der Brinz* of Pan-de—"

"Cr-r-ripes!" Phineas suddenly howled and lifted himself off the seat. "Somethin' just hit this job, and it was not gravel! I—oh, Spads! He-e-ey, it's me—stop! You are biting the hand that feeds you—er—gulp!"

"I vill shoodt off *der* guns, *Herr Leutnant*," the little Kraut suggested. "I vill knock off *der*—"

KERWHOP!

"Shoot my pals, huh? You won't wake up this time until—oh, am I glad there was no bombs in this crate," Phineas gibbered, his scalp crawling.

BLAMETY-BLAM! ZOWIE—KER WHOO-O-ONG!

"Archie fire now! The Limey Navy will pitch into me next," the homeward bound Yank ripped out. "Well, I will die as a hero, as Pandemonia will never fight with the Kaiser. I have done my duty—another Pinkham has made histo—"

R-r-r-r-r-rat-atat—tat! Br-r-r-r-rt!

A Spad whizzed by over Phineas' head, and a searchlight beam showed him the insignia on the side of it. "Howell, you bum!" he shouted. "It would be you an' Bump! Awright, go ahead. I still bet I'll walk away from this Gotha. I always had the Indian sign on

you—bums—*er*—well, up to now, anyhow. I—ugh—there goes another piece of wing. Bump always was a good shot. Adoo, bums! This crate won't stand another left jab, even. Well, Fritzzy, hang on—as what we are going to hit is not a Beauty-Sleep mattress. I always said if I went west I would take at least one Kraut bum wi' me. An' I wanted so much to show off this uniform, too, the bum wouldn't believe me if— Relax, Fritzzy, as somebody is throwing a Frog barn at us!"

WHAM-M-M-M-! CRA-A-A-SH!

The Gotha kissed French acreage, bounced like a beach ball, then made an Immelmann turn before it hit again. Phineas Pinkham tumbled down into the catwalk of the bomber and grabbed at the toggle racks. The Heinie slid past him like a rocket going through a chute.

The bomber finally snapped out of its gyrations and stayed put. Phineas weakly clawed at twisted tubes and fabric and got his head out through the fuselage. Cool, fresh air struck against his stained physiognomy and he could see lights blinking over by a sunken road. He saw a Spad nose into a field not far away. Another followed, and a wide grin wreathed the Pinkham countenance that had now lost its regal mustache.

"Haw-w-w! I never saw the time either of those bums could lick me," he chortled. "Well, I bet they will be some surprised."

Captain Howell and Lieutenant Gillis came on the run. Then the leader of "A" Flight suddenly stopped and rubbed his eyes. He groped toward Bump. "D-Don't look now but—is that C-Carbuncle P-Pinkham sittin' over there by—?"

Bump stared, then caught at Howell to hold himself up.

"Haw-w-w-w!"

"It—It's the crackpot! How did he—?"

"I was in the Gotha," Phineas informed them, limping toward the jellylegged buzzards. "You shot at it just as if you knew it. I have been to Pandemonia, and Germany, an'—"

Bump Gillis sat right down in the mud and shook his head from side to side. "If—if we harpooned a whale in the Meuse, it would cough you up, you—It can't be so, Howell. He can't kid me. Hey, look at his getup! Look at that monkey suit!"

"Haw-w-w-w! It is just a little thing I picked up. If a bell started ringing now, I would run for ice water. Well, if you bums will give me a lift the rest of the way, I—"

BACK at the drome, Major Garrity was happy for the first time since Phineas Pinkham had departed from his brood. The word came in that the pestiferous Gotha had been shellacked and brought down. He ran out onto the tarmac to greet his brave buzzards with open arms when they landed the Spads in the glare from lighted petrol. "Great work, boys," he yelled—then he fainted.

"Haw-w-w. He can't take it. Well, fan him with somethin', as I can't wait." The Old Man was half carried into the Frog farmhouse. When he had been loaded with cognac and aspirin, he was in condition to look at Phineas for the second time.

"I—I'm dreamin'," Garrity muttered. "It ain't so—"

"Look at the uniform! What does it say here, huh? Look at the crown on the shoulders. The buttons have crowns on 'em, too. Here are my credentials as Prince of Pandemonia—here's a letter from a Russian actress to me—er—to the Prince. Haw-w-w, what a trip I have had!

"Well, the Kaiser will not join with Pandemonia, as I insulted one of his family. I stole a Gotha from him—and now I bet he has King Fzog locked up. I wonder if Prince Carol, the Balkan Bad Boy, is out of the closet yet?" he mused. "Oh, well, I guess he's all right, as I tossed two bottles of white mule in after him. Oddzbodz and a couple of gadzooks!" And his voice lifted in—

"Wa-a-ay down upon the Svorni Riv-ve-er!"

"It's drove him nutty," Bump whispered to Howell.

"How can you tell?"

NOBODY really believed Phineas until confirmation of his story leaked out of the Balkans. King Boris Fzog had returned to his native country

still thinking up new names to call the Hohenzollerns. Then, after declaring war on Germany, he went looking for the Pampered Pandemonian Playboy.

It took him three days to find his son and heir—and when he took the Prince out of the closet, he asked Carousing Carol where he had hidden the Gotha—for King Fzog wanted to load it with bombs and pay a call on the whole Potsdam family.

But Prince Carol denied having even been to Germany, and he swore he had never heard of any Gotha being stolen. King Fzog's eyes then spotted the clothes Phineas had discarded in the Balkan Bad Boy's hide-out, and from a pocket of the Frog mariner coat the old king extracted a little book. It was titled:

One Thousand More Ways to Fool Your Friends. Kidd and Ribbem, No-komis, Indiana. Twenty-five cents.

King Fzog read a name on the fly leaf—"Phineas Pinkham." He looked at his son and pawed at his beard. "Blaardvazeski!" he sputtered—and handed the book to his heir.

The playboy chuckled. "Some day I have to meet this Leutnant Pinkham again. He is more fun than—"

But King Fzog walloped Prince Carol on the ear and stamped out of the room.

Chaumont, London, Paris, and Rome sang the praises of Lieutenant Pinkham, but when Phineas called on Babette to show her his medals, she hit him with a dishpan.

"Peeg! You go 'way et geeve Babette ze stand-straight, *oui!*" she screamed. "I buy ze *nouveau* gown only to sit in ze *maison et* twiddledee *avec* ze thumbs, *non? Chien! Vous—er—ah*, Pheenyas, I really mees you ver' so mooch, *oui*. You miss me, *non?*"

"Make up your mind." Phineas sniffed. "Are you goin' to keese me—or keel me? Which, *non?*"