

INTELLIGENCE PEST

written and illustrated by JOE ARCHIBALD



a
**PHINEAS
PINKHAM**
howl

Phineas Pinkham was so pleased with his particular prisoner that he even offered him a cigar that wasn't loaded. Yes, they call that fraternizing with the enemy!

A FLIGHT, pride of Major Rufus Garrity's Ninth Pursuit Squadron, was out on midday patrol. For fifteen minutes they had been circling high above Jerry territory, spoiling for a scrap, but the only animate things Captain Howell had spotted upstairs were crows cruising in a flock to establish the cornfield lines.

The leader of A Flight was wondering why the great von Schnoutz, who had moved his layout all the way from the Italian front, had not as yet made an appearance in the sector. It was very apparent that this

was not the day for his debut, so Howell made a scathing remark to the effect that a lemon drop, compared to a Jerry's backbone, was as white as goat's milk. Forthwith, the flight leader signaled for the homeward sweep and right-ruddered.

One Spad, however, seemed to have a different idea. It was a Spad painted a horrible shade of brown. On the day of its painting, Lieutenant Bump Gillis made the remark that every time he looked at the thing, his mouth developed a taste like the inside of his flying gloves. The brown ship bore a splashed insignia—a

bottle of poison. Yes, the Spad belonged to Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham, Bachelor of Artifice, Knight of Calamity and an alumnus of Doctor Merlin's Camelot College for Conjurers.

"Why, we only just started out," complained the pilot-of the delirious-looking ship. He grinned as he headed away from the formation. "Never let it be said that a Pinkham tosses away his hoe before the row of potatoes is all weeded."

Five minutes later Phineas met a Pfalz. Accordingly, the jokester of the Ninth Pursuit jerked back his stick, went into a half-loop, rolled and came down to see whether the maneuver had been of any use. Then he grinned, baring more teeth than one mouth ordinarily is expected to hold, and got set to let his guns roar. A white face looked back at him. The Pfalz pilot banged away at his guns with a panicky fist.

"A set-up," chuckled Phineas, and stabbed his finger toward the Yankee lines.

The Jerry opened his mouth and yelled something. Phineas could not hear a sound, but he knew it was something nasty. In retort, he made the Pfalz shake

with a bunch of lead that caught it right in the floating rib. The Boche pilot waved both arms, gestured toward enemy territory, and nodded his head.

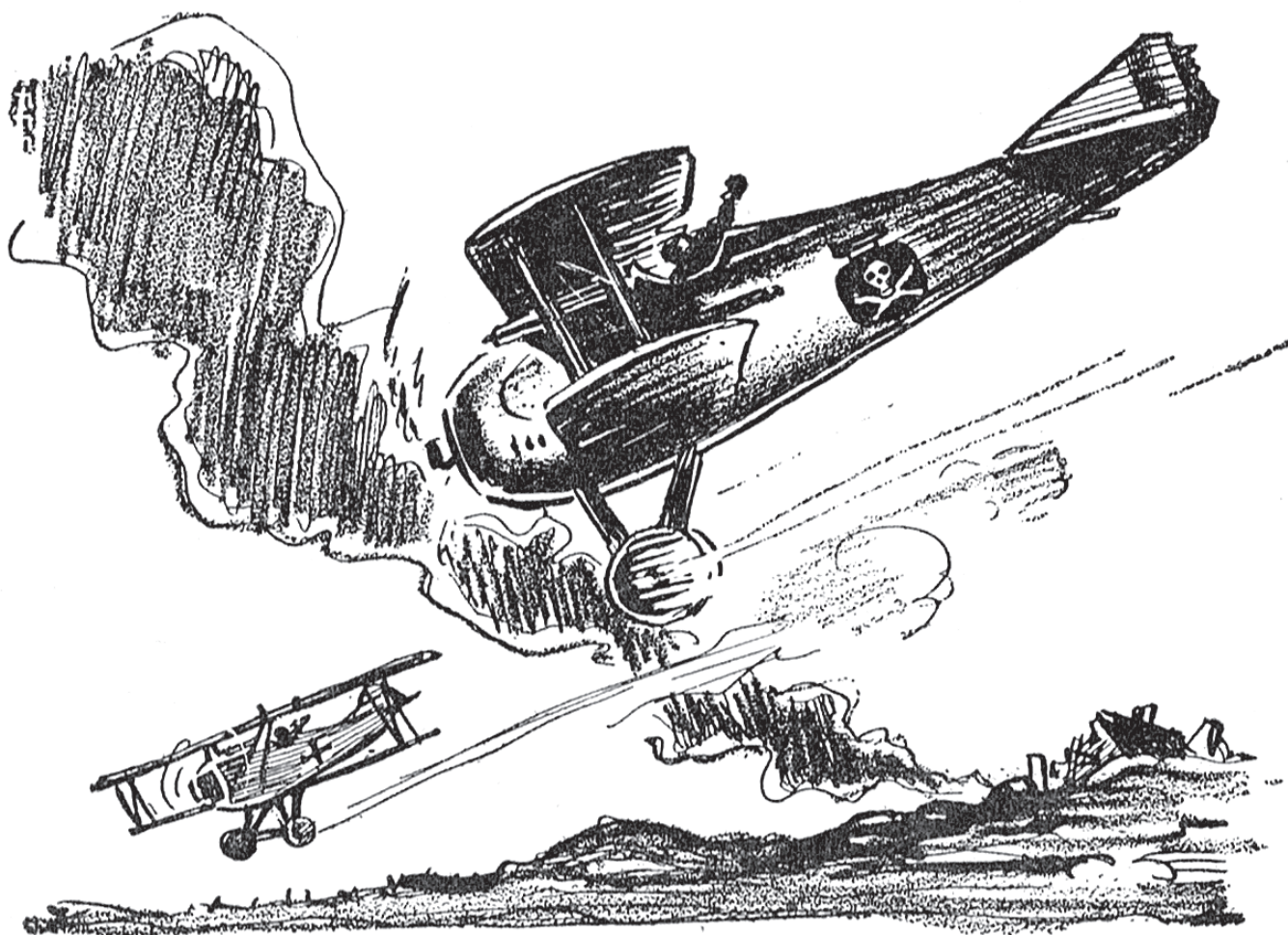
"If you weren't just silly, you would've done that the first time I told ya," Phineas sniffed. "Everybody isn't soft-hearted. Haw-w! This is maybe the easiest fight in the *guerre*."

The Pfalz flew straight ahead, with Phineas glued to its tail. As it shot low over Yankee trenches, machine guns spat at it. Phineas leaned overside of his Spad and shook his fist.

"Lay off, you fatheads!" he roared. "If I was gittin' the worst of it, you'd stand there gawkin' with your arms folded. Tryin' to cheat me out of a *descendu*, huh? Of all the dumb—"

Phineas herded his quarry to a safe spot behind the Yankee lines and slipped in to collar the Jerry. The Von made no attempt to run, as he had landed almost in the laps of a regiment of American troops. He clambered out of his pit, twisted away from the grasp of a muddy infantryman and lifted his chin in disdain.

"That's right," Phineas applauded as he came



running up. "Do not mingle with the hoi polloi. Let go, bums! I saw him first across the lines. *Wie Gehts, mein Herr?* Wassis lost, huh?"

"*Leutnant* Pingham!" exclaimed the Heinie captain. "*Ach*, worser you look as efen I imagine. So, you haff me, *ja?*"

"If I haven't, I'm driving reindeers in Siberia," responded Phineas. "Well, Heinie, let's *allez*. I'm overdue at Barley Duck as it is an' oh, boys, it's the first time I am bringin' home a swell excuse to the old turtle."

"*Ach*, Pingham, *der* trickster, *hein?*" moaned the German. "Ha, smart you are, *ja?* *Mein Vater*, he would laff adt you, ha-ha-ha! Heilmann *der* greadt. You haff heardt of him, *Leutnant*, *nein?*"

"Wha-a-a-t?" gulped Phineas. "Ya know Heilmann the Great? I seen him six times back in Des Moines, Iowa. Stayed through every show."

"Me, I am Lothar Heilmann, *Herr Leutnant*," boasted the captive. "His son, *ja*."

"Sit down, Fritz," said Phineas. "Here, have a cigar, an' it ain't loaded, neither. Move over, you frowsy-look-in' doughs, an' let the gentleman sit down on the log. Heilmann the Great, huh? Here's some molasses candy an'—"

"A hell of a *guerre* this is," muttered a square-jawed sergeant as he got up to give the German a seat. "Treatin' Jerries like they was better than us. I'll report that homely fathead. Fraternizin' with prisoners. I'll show 'im!"

"*Ach*," groaned Heilmann, "*und* only two veeks I coom up to fly. *Ach!*"

"Fergit it!" exclaimed Phineas. "Let's talk about your old man. Ever see him make the horse disappear? How'd he do it, huh?"

For almost an hour Phineas and the Boche pilot sat and talked. *Leutnant* Heilmann gave the Yank a paper hook which he carried in his flying coat. There was a picture of his famous father inside the cover. Many tricks that had astounded crowned heads in all parts of the world were described. It was well for the Allies that many doughs were lurking about, for so engrossed was Phineas in the lore of the master magician that *Leutnant*

Heilmann would have had ample opportunity to get a head start back to his native land.

"*Und* over by Alsace iss where *mein Vater* he liffs when he iss nodt by *der* submarine," continued *Leutnant* Heilmann. "His house it iss filled up *mit* trick inventions *und* mirrors *und* everyt'ing vhat looks like it ain't."

"Wha-a-a-at?" gasped Phineas, tearing his eyes from the print in the book. "Ya say your old man lives in Alsace?"

"*Ja, ja*," Heilmann averred, then sighed. "Look vunce, *Herr Leutnant*, here iss it Hambach, so. All alone iss it, vun bick house maybe five miles away, so." And Heilmann took out a stub pencil from the pocket of his tunic and began to draw a rough map on the cover of the book. "*Der* house it iss closed shut *und* no vun liffs by it now. Long vay from any place iss anybody *und*—"

"Well, well," Phineas said, his eyes aglow, "we better *allez*, like I said. Come on, Jerry, I'll give you a ride."

"*Der* book," queried Heilmann, "you giff it back, *ja?* I keep—"

"Oh, yeah?" snapped Phineas. "I don't remember see-in' no' book. Of course, I'll give you the picture of your old man an' that's all. You can't prove you ever had a book. Hurry up, or I'll slam you one, as don't fergit we are mortal enemies an' if I have to shoot you—"

"*Ach*, *Schweinhund*," growled Heilmann, as he trudged to the Spad. "I hope it giffs quick a fight between von Schnoutz *und* you, oopstart! I gedt *der* book. I vill tell your superior—"

"Why, you big tattletale," grinned Phineas. "Shut up or I'll take you to the drome wrapped in a blanket. Or maybe I'll tell the Yank sergeant you said his face looked like a tomcat's mug, huh?"

"*Ach*, I go," grunted Heilmann. "*Ja*."

"Did he say that, lootenant?" ripped out the Yankee sergeant, striding toward the ship.

"Nope," replied Phineas, "but if he had, I wouldn't have contradicted him. Haw-w-w-w-w! Well, adoo!"

"If I ever run across that homely baboon after the *guerre* some place," the sergeant seethed as the Hisso prop roared, "I'll lay him away among the tulips."



THAT THREAT was promising a rosy future for Phineas compared to what the major, Sir Rufus Garrity, was holding in store for him at Bar-le-Duc.

"I'm finished!" the Old Man was fuming. "I'll spread-eagle that homely cluck to the top of a hangar. I'll show him! By cripes, Howell," he said to the flight leader, "he goes ferrying two-seaters this time unless he comes in leading a Heinie. You'll see, I'm not fooling this time. I—where was he goin'?"

"Am I the big bum's skipper?" Howell asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" guffawed Bump Gillis. "I git it. Ha, ha! Am I the big bum's k—ha, ha!"

"You crack jokes, eh?" yelled the C.O. belligerently. "You—you think you're pretty smart, Howell, don't you? Well, I can break you like a stick of macaroni. And you, Gillis, you dumb Scotch windbag, I'll—"

G-z-z-z-z-z-um-m-m-m-m!

"It's a plane!" shouted Howell. "Phineas—"

"Nice of him to come home early," Bump grinned as the Old Man blew into the stem of his pipe and showered himself with sparks.

"I'll handle the cluck," raged the major, and shoved his hot pipe into his pocket. He got outside just in time to see Phineas brush a wing tip against the side of the house. The Spad, motor cut, slipped into one of the dizziest landings ever seen on an airdrome.

"Sir," breathed Howell, "somebody's with him. He's got a—"

The Old Man would not believe his eyes until he got close to the brown Spad. A scared individual slipped off the lower wing and wiped a damp brow.

"Besser iss it I shouldt ride a buzz saw," gasped the Teuton. "Nefer vunce again do I go oop in a plane. *Leutnant* Pingham he iss crazy *mit der* koopf."

"H'lo, bums," Phineas grinned as he got out of the Spad. "Meet *Leutnant* Heilmann, major. I hope you kept the meat an' spuds warm as at the moment the Heinie's stomach is emptier than the inside of a flight leader's head. Ha, I showed 'im what a Spad would do an'—"

"You fresh ape!" cracked Howell. "I got that insult. I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Garrity, "I got it, too. Ha, ha! Like the inside of a flight leader's head. Ha, ha!"

"My book!" yelped the Jerry. "*Der Leutnant* Pingham he shouldt giff back *der* book vhat he steals from me, *ja!* He robbedt me *und*—"

"A book?" Phineas came back with a fine attempt at amazement. "Why should I? I already got a book. The kraut's framin' me as he's sore 'cause I knocked him down."

"One of you is a liar," roared the Old Man, and he looked straight at Phineas. "You know what you get for robbing prisoners, don't you?"

"There ya go accusin' me," Phineas said indignantly. "Of course I know. Sometimes ya git some marks or a gold watch or maybe a bloodstone ring an'—"

"Get into the house," Garrity snapped at the irate Hun. "Pinkham, get out of my sight!"

"Does that break my heart?" were the parting words from the irrepressible jokester. "Haw-w-w-w!"

Phineas spent a couple of hours in his hut digesting the contents of the purloined book. Brain cells which had not been put to much use in the past were stored up with the secrets of Heilmann the Great. At length Boonetown's contribution to the Allied air fleets got up, concealed his book in a safe place and sauntered out onto the drome. Ten minutes later a motorcycle was speeding toward Bar-le-Duc. It returned in an hour. Phineas hopped out of it and just had time enough to cache a bulky paper package in the cockpit of an old ship in A Flight's hangar before the last patrol of the day went out.

"Where've you been?" Howell snapped testily.

"Didn' ya git my postcard?" replied Phineas. "Haw, I'll have to ask that the U.S. mails get speeded up. Just as soon as I git my helmet on, I'll be ready for work. Anyways, I've got time comin' to me, as I stayed out longer than you bums on the last patrol. I'll be gone only a minute. Haw-w-w-w-w!"

"Bump," Howell addressed the Scot solemnly, "would you like to be a flight leader?"

"I don't even hear you, Howell," replied Bump Gillis and stepped up to the Spad stirrup.

A Flight went out again and strafed a balloon, drove a two-seater out of the Yankee front yard and called it another day.

"I sure would like to know where von Schnoutz is," mumbled Phineas as he came home with the formation. "The Dresden Demolisher! I bet the only thing he ever broke up was a chest of china. I guess he's afraid of me. Well, ya can't blame the bum." And the awe-inspirer grinned contentedly.

FOUR YANKEE BRASS HATS visited the drome of the Ninth just as mess was being served. Two were from Wing Headquarters. The others professed to be attached to the Intelligence Corps.

"Hello, Garrity," a colonel said glumly. "Any new developments?"

The major shook his head. "Nothing out of the way

going on around here. That is, of course, omitting the name of Pinkham. I think you're in the wrong neck of the woods. If there's a Jerry agent around here, he's turned himself into a field mouse."

"Hm-m-m," growled the brass hat. "Well, I'm telling you, Garrity, that there's a leak here some place. Last night Gothas washed out a camouflaged ammo dump not ten miles from here. How about that restricted area being egged day before yesterday, where the Frog tanks are being tested, what? And if the Jerries ever get the plans of those new tanks, we'll be in a fine mess. Got to have 'em for the push. You know what they are. There isn't a German shell that can wash one out. It'd take ten direct hits even to slow one up. You say there's no leak here. Then how does it happen that the Jerry birds know just the right places to lay their eggs? What?"

"Answer yes or no!"

A brigadier swung around on his heels. "Who said that?" The door of the orderly room was open. Outside, the pilots of the Ninth were noisily eating. Phineas Pinkham was pouring almost the entire contents of the ketchup bottle onto his plate when Major Rufus came out.

"Somebody here evidently doesn't know his place," the colonel tossed out. "Garrity, some of these flyers are too fresh. Get too much leeway. If I were running this outfit—"

"Gentlemen," the Old Man said, after clearing his throat ominously and glowering at Phineas, "these men have had a hard day and—"

"Oh, so this is the famous Lieutenant Pinkham?" the brigadier cut in, as he took an inventory of the pilots crowding around the board. "Great joker, eh? Well, Garrity, what do you say we have a little entertainment? I've heard so much about the astonishing accomplishments of Pinkham."

"At your service, sir," said Phineas, hopping up from his chair.

"I have got maybe the swellest trick you ever saw. I'll pour water, milk, port wine and champagne out of the same jug."

"They asked for it," Bump Gillis said under his breath to the flyer next to him. Major Rufus Garrity stifled a groan and essayed a sickly grin.

"He'll have to show me!" laughed the colonel. "Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha," echoed the Old Man weakly and shoved a chair toward a brass hat.

Phineas ran out of the house and came back in a few minutes with a package under his arm.

"Hand me four glasses," he said to Bump Gillis.

"And if everybody will just move down to the end of the table to give me room, I'll start in." He unwrapped the package and took out a big jug. Next he fumbled around with the glasses, his hands working faster than the eye could follow.

"I have to say some mysterious words," grinned Phineas, "over each glass." The watchers saw him pick up each of the wine glasses, turn around and mumble something. When the four empty glasses were placed on the table in a row, Phineas picked up the jug.

"I'll pour water into this one," he announced and did just that.

"This'll be milk," he then said, emptying the contents of the jug into the next glass. The colonel gasped as he saw the white fluid.

"The next is port wine," the trickster continued. "Is this a trick, oh, boys?"

"Look," exclaimed the brigadier. "It is, by gad!"

The fourth glass soon was filled with a liquid the color of champagne.

"I am waitin' for the applause," said Phineas, bowing deeply.

He got it.

"Port wine, ah!" breathed the colonel. "Think I'll just down it. Crazy over port, Garrity." He got up and reached for the glass.

"Uh—hey-y-y-y-y!" gulped Phineas. "Hey, don't drink it as—" He made a frantic pass at the glass in the colonel's hand. Instead of hitting it, Phineas' fist crashed into the brass hat's nose. The colonel went over backwards in the chair, turned a complete somersault and landed with a thud, his bruised nose pressing hard against the floor.

Major Garrity pulled the officer to his feet. The colonel was mad. He was going to hit somebody. The somebody happened to be Garrity, whom he whanged in the stomach with a powerful fist.

"Colonel or no colonel," roared Sir Rufus. "I never was brought up in pink dresses. Duck this one!"

"That was poison," yelled Phineas. "Listen, as I—"

"Gentlemen!" the other brass hats thundered. "Gentlemen, you forget—"

"I didn't ask him to drink it," Phineas cut in again. "It was a trick with hydrogen sulphide solution, an' in each glass I put stuff that you couldn't see as I'm sleight of hand an'—"

After anxious moments the officers subsided. They made peace with each other, but not with Phineas. "Foolin' with poisons, are you?" the colonel grated as he patted his sore nose tenderly. "Garrity, I've heard

enough about this man. I'm going to prefer charges against him. I might've been poisoned."

"Who asked anybody to drink it?" protested Phineas. "I ask you, Major Garrity, who asked for the trick? They're bum sports an' haven't any sense of humor."

"Get out of here, Pinkham," Garrity said in his nastiest voice. "Get out of here!"

"I'm practically in Barley Duck," the culprit grinned. "Adoo."

"You don't leave this drome, Pinkham," howled the C.O.

"That's it, Garrity," the brigadier said with approval. "A firm hand—"

The colonel rubbed an ear and nodded. "It is, major. You pack a wallop. Well, let's get this business over with."

PHINEAS STROLLED OUT of the drome in spite of the Old Man's firm hand and wandered aimlessly about the surrounding country. His thoughts turned to Leutnant Heilmann, the captured Teuton's illustrious sire. Hambach, Hambach! Just over in Alsace at a remote spot. Hambach, the treasure ground of mystifying illusions, the mare's nest of incomparable magic. Hambach! The thought of the place was to Phineas as a grain bin to a hungry rodent.

"I will most likely succumb to the temptation before many hours," he soliloquized. Soon thereafter Phineas came to a hillside where something of interest was going on. A Frog urchin was busily trying to get altitude with a big kite. Night had not as yet moved in and there

remained an hour of twilight.

"Bon swar," Phineas grinned. "What're voose doing, garson?"

"Ze vache I milk, oui," retorted the youngster.

"Snappy reparty," complimented the representative of the Ninth. "That's some kite. Let me show ya how it's done back in Boonetown."

"Cochon!" snapped the little *garcon*. "Beeg peeg! I tell *mon pere*. Allez! I fly ze kite, oui."

"Aw, be a sport," urged Phineas, and took the kite line out of the young Frenchy's hand.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-aw! Wa-a-a-a-a-aw!"

Phineas was ignoring the howls of the *enfant terrible* when a Frog peasant hove into view.

"A *merica in chien!*" he howled. "Give to ze enfant ze kite. He play together with heemself. *Oui, voila!*"

"Here, take your old kite," growled Phineas. "You're just selfish an' if I had voose, I'd lam you good. I ain't seen voose around before," he said, turning to the papa Frog. "Who're you?"

"Boche, they have drive us out, peeegs!" replied the Frenchman. "We

tak' t'ings *et* go. Shells they have drop all around. I tak' ze *chat*, ze peeegs an' ze mule. Here I stay to when ze Boche air drive' out, *oui*."

"Well, adoo," grinned Phineas. "I hope that kite takes the little Frog right up to the moon, the brat. *Bon swar!*"

The Old Man was waiting for Phineas. "Now where've you been?" he barked.

"I been flyin' a kite," responded the grinning pilot.



"Don't kid me!" snorted Garrity. "Let me tell you—"

"Huh," Phineas complained as he kept on toward his hut, "it's even illegal to tell the truth in this dump. Well, did ya find the spy? Them brass hats would lose a elephant if they drove it up a tree with only one limb. Adoo."

"I'll murder you yet," Garrity muttered, and left well enough alone. "Flyin' a kite! The spotted-faced hyena!"

Phineas' rest that night was troubled. He tossed on his pallet continuously. Bump Gillis almost put him to sleep once with a well-aimed boot. Toward dawn, however, temptation got Phineas in a weak spot. It urged him to get his clothes on in a hurry, steered him out into the chill of early morning and pushed him toward A Flight's hangar. It so happened that Sergeant Casey had come on duty early to dig into the tonsils of a Hisso. He was busily engaged when Phineas barged in and made known the fact that he was taking the brown Spad out.

"I would ask no questions," he advised Casey, "as if you don't help to get out the ship, I'll do it myself and will go right through the side of the hangar if I have to." Without pausing for breath, he added, "How d'ya know I ain't on a secret mission, huh?"

"I don't," replied Casey. "I am sure of it."

"Ha," responded Phineas, "you are droll, Casey. C'mon, let's go."

"I do it against my better judgment," growled the sergeant. "But anythin' so I can work without bein' bothered."

In fifteen minutes the brown Spad was headed toward the lines, and back on the drome, Major Garrity was standing at the window of his quarters, pounding upon the pane.

"That's what I want," he declared savagely as a pane of glass cracked. "I got him dead to rights now. I'll bust him!"

The brown Spad slipped unobserved through the mists of early dawn and bored into Jerry territory. Phineas had a map strapped to his knee and one gloved finger was locating a little dot which designated the town of Hambach.

"I'll be there in no time at all," he grinned. "Boy, I can't wail! I hope I find a way to make a horse disappear, or maybe even a brigadier general. Will I have fun in the *guerre* then, oh, mama!"

The brown Spad flew on. There seemed nothing else in the sky, but there was. Two Jerry Pfalz ships were burning up the ozone between the Moselle and Hambach. In the pit of one sat a hawk-faced Teuton who

had tried to look as much like the Kaiser as possible. He sported a carefully waxed mustache, the turned-up pointed ends of which almost got in his eyes. This was the great von Schnoutz, the Dresden Demolisher.

"*Ach*," he chuckled as he spotted a dark blob through the ether ahead. "*Donnervetter*, I vill haff *der* Iron Cross tonight, *ja*, und fifty t'ousandt marks also yet."

Phineas was circling over the spot where he knew Hambach should be when he suddenly realized that he had not been the only buzzard in Europe to get up before breakfast. He saw the Pfalz ships come roaring in when it was too late to make a break.

"Cripes!" grunted the lone adventurer. Then he saw the light.

Trapped! There had been something very fishy about that Heilmann business. Too easy—that was what it had been. The son of Heilmann the Great had been in on some underhanded plot to—Phineas swore prodigiously.

"The dirty bums!" he yelped, and headed for the ground.

HOW HE EVER ESCAPED the strafing from above he never knew. How he ever made a passable landing without breaking up anything more than both wheels was something he did not take time to figure out. He just left the wrecked Spad and sprinted for a big house that loomed up above him on the crest of a hill. He made it in next to nothing flat.

The Pfalz ships roared into a landing. The pilots were out of their ships and banging away with their revolvers at the blur in the fog which was the great and renowned Phineas Pinkham.

The door was locked, so Phineas ran around back and discovered a window open. He dived inside the house and looked about him frantically. On the other side of the room he had tumbled into he spotted a door and made for it.

"*Handen hoch!*" The thorn in the side of the Ninth Pursuit skidded back on his heels. Three ugly-looking Boche infantrymen had stepped through that door. Behind him, Phineas could hear the Boche pilots slipping in through the window.

"*Leutnant* Phineas Pingham," rasped a voice, "I haff you, by *Gott*, *ja*! *Der* greadt von Schnoutz he has gedt you. Smarter am I as *die Dumkopfs* vhat you fool before yedt."

Phineas reeled around and screwed up his face. "I thought I smelled somethin'," he exclaimed. "Well, bums, everythin' comes to an end, huh! I surrender an' demand the honors of war."

"Ach," von Schnoutz chuckled, "easy vas it. *Der* fire it shouldt gedt doused *mit* fire, *hein?* I sedt *der* trap *und* *Leutnant* Heilmann giffs up so to catch Pingham. Ha, Heilmann *der* Greadt's Vorkshop—molasses in *der* dish it catches flies, *nein?*"

"Ya big squarehead," snapped Phineas, "so that was why you were layin' low. Well, Napoleon made mistakes, too." He shot a glance askew as he backed up to the wall slowly. The glance took in a strange-looking object leaning against the wall. It was a big mummy case, and the lid was swinging open. Immediately the Pinkham brain began to recite paragraphs from the book of Heilmann the Great.

"I got to hand it to ya," he complimented the Von. "It's about time the Kaiser found a Von with brains."

Von Schmuutz stuck out his chest and forgot to be wary. Phineas whirled suddenly and leaped into the mummy case. The cover of it slammed shut as guns roared.

"You forgot what house you was in," the intrepid Yank howled. Then his usual "Haw-w-w-w-w!" almost blasted the cover of the mummy case.

"Ha," laughed von Schnoutz, "safe iss he, *ja*. Pingham he puts him in *der* safe place. Only Heilmann *der* Great he gedts out, maybe, *und* this is not vun stage *mit* tricks, *nein*. I take it in *der* great Pingham wrapped like he vas a Pharaoh. It giffs a coffin to bury him in. Ho-o-o! I ledt him out in vun minute. You hear me, *Herr Leutnant?*"

Phineas did not. He had pressed a button inside the case. Down into the cellar he dropped, his face split with a broad grin.

"The Krauts should've read the book," he said to himself, picking himself up out of a heap of excelsior.

Phineas began an exploration. The cellar was crowded with a conglomeration of stuff, black drapes, wires, trunks, baskets, ropes and pulleys. The visitor to this magician's heaven felt pangs of regret at having to leave the place and in a hurry. Then his eyes lit on something—the great head of a gorilla with gleaming eyes and pointed white fangs. Running over to it, Phineas lifted it from the floor. Attached to the head was a furry skin and great hairy arms and legs dangled.

"Manna from heaven," Phineas exulted just as there came a loud and insistent pounding on the floor above.

"The bums are tryin' to git the case open, haw-w-w!" he laughed as he got into the gorilla hide. "Well, Papa Heilmann, I am goin' to return your boogy suit after the *guerre*, thanks."

Outside the house, three members of the Boche patrol were lolling about indolently.

"Inside iss it somet'ing happens, *ja*," said one. "I bedt you *der Leutnant* they kill him yedt."

"Ach, *besser* iss it," grunted another. "*Der* deffil iss he. Schmidt, *der Schnapps*, qvick! Already yedt you drink twicer as much as me *und* Hans. Here you shouldt giff it vunce—hic!"

"*Der* chill it takes off," replied Schmidt. "Here, you shouldt drown yourself yedt *und* stop bellyachin'. Bah!"

The bottle of *Schnapps* exchanged hands. The eyes of the three Krauts glowed in the mist.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" enthused the latest imbiber of the liquid rejuvenator, "*Schnapps* iss *gut*. If anodder bottle I find, I drink it by *meinself und* say noddinks. Always Hans he iss *der* pig—hic—*ja*!"

Out of the cellar window of the house a big shape began to wriggle its way. Once through the window, it rose to its feet, spread its arms wide and lumbered toward the three Boche. Hans saw it first. He dropped his gun, croaked "*Himmel!*" and headed for Munich.

Schmidt was in the act of draining the last drop of *Schnapps* from a bottle when the big glittering-eyed ape shuffled toward him. He let out a yowl, tossed the bottle into the air and legged it after Hans. The *Schnapps* bottle hit the third Heinie on the top of the head and laid him low just as von Schnoutz and the other Pfalz pilot came running out of the house.

"Pingham, where iss he at?" screeched von Schnoutz wildly. "The guardts they run, *ach du Lieber!* Vhat—ah—look, Rudolph, vun vild animal it iss. A big *ach*, *Dumkopfs* ve are. Start shoodting, Shoodt, Rudolph!"

"*Der* gun it iss empty yedt," groaned the pilot dismally. "*Ach*, Pingham, he iss joomp into *mein* Pfalz."

"Haw-w-w-w-w-w!" came the derisive taunt from Phineas as he legged it to a Pfalz and wedged himself into the pit.

The bulkiness of the gorilla suit came near spelling doom for the Yank, but after desperate squirming and gyrating he got at the controls and goosed the idling Mercedes engine. Down the hill galloped von Schnoutz. He ran himself off his feet and took a swan dive into a group of blackberry bushes. Rudolph threw a rock just as the Pfalz jerked away. The dornick bounced off the head of the pseudo-gorilla and Phineas did not get his senses assembled until he was up in the air a thousand feet.

"He ought to sign up with the Bostons after the *guerre*," commented the Yank, as he got his bearings and headed for the lines. "Ha, I wonder what the bums'll say when they see a gorilla flyin' a Pfalz? Not that they ain't called me that already."

PHINEAS HEADED HOME, comparatively safe from molestation, being in a Pfalz. Close to the Jerry trenches, he spotted four Kraut ships about two thousand feet above him. Dawn patrol was on. But what was that other object floating around? The Boonetown wizard gasped. A kite! And the four Jerries for some strange reason were pouring lead into it.

"Huh," muttered the sleuth from Boonetown, "they want to knock it down. I—I bet I know why. I said that little Frog garson was a brat! Lieutenant Pinkham, you have solved a mystery. Up an' at 'em!"

Without preamble Phineas pulled back the stick, pointing his prop boss toward the kite that swung lazily in space. There was a long string dangling from it. It had been floating over to Germany with the wind on its tail.

The Pfalz pilots paid no attention to the newcomer. They watched him take a wallop at the kite with his Spandaus and make a direct hit. The kite was fast breaking up. The framework was splintered. A piece of paper tore loose when Phineas' German lead spat through its superstructure. But in the next instant the brows of the other Boche buzzards got all wrinkled up in their hair. This Pfalz which had butted into their game did not dip down under or shoot over the kite preparatory to taking another crack at it. It bore straight at the flimsy target.

"Somet'ing it iss oop, I bedt you," roared one Boche pilot. "*Got im Himmel! Der face! Der big ape it flies der Pfalz. Ach du Lieber!*" And he roared after Phineas' ship, trying to convince himself that he had all his marbles.

"I'll try it," grinned Phineas behind his mask as he jerked the stick to the left. "If I kin git it against the wing, well—"

He sideslipped straight for the kite, crashed into it. Flimsy wood and paper parted. The kite's tail, made of heavy cord and trailing bits of heavy paper, fluttered right into Phineas' unlovely countenance. He made a grab for it. The nest of the kite broke up and slipped back into the slipstream, but Phineas held onto the tail of the kite and pushed it down into the pit. As he looked down to establish the lines, Spandaus sputtered.

"I am still in the fat," the temporarily unlucky Phineas groaned and made for the Allied side.

"*Ach!*" a Boche pilot snarled. "I vas right. Somet'ing it iss rodden. Pingham! He findts oudt aboutt *der* kite, *ja!*" He waved to his reluctant pilots and signaled for the kill. "Joomp on him! He iss nodt German. Shoodt!"

Four Pfalz ships pounded after the errant Yank. Two of them were faster than the ship he had purloined. It looked like the finale.

Rat-a-tat-tat! R-r-r-r-r-r-r-rat-a-tat!

"That sounds familiar," the gorilla-garbed Yank said as he swiveled as much as he could. "I—wie Gehts!" he yipped as he saw five Spads fall on the Pfalz. "It's Howell an' Bump an' the other bums to the rescue. I am saved! Wow-w-w-w-w-w!"

"It's a Pfalz ship," Howell was muttering to himself at the moment, "but the Boche are shootin' at it. There's a funny-looking thing flyin' that crate. I've got a hunch, but, how in hell he ever—" The flight leader paused to crash lead into a Jerry. He swung around and gave help to Bump Gillis in putting a cross fire into another ship bearing the trademark of von Schnoutz. The fight was short and snappy. Bewildered, the Boche leader gave the signal to pull out. It was not that such heavy odds were against him. He wanted to think things over.

Major Garrity groped toward a tree to lean against it when he saw A Flight come back, herding a Pfalz ship in. When the ship got close, he looked up. A gorilla was looking down at him. The Old Man almost choked on a pipe stem, then got hopping mad. It was the first time in his life that he had ever seen a gorilla thumb its nose at anyone. It was a gorilla, but the major smelled a rat.

"That crackpot!" he growled. "If it's Pinkham—"

It was, of course. Three men had to lift the awful-looking pilot out of the Pfalz. It roared at them and beat its hands against its chest.

"Where is Tarzan?" came a muffled voice. "Where is good ol' Tarzan? I would scamper around some tree branches with my pal, haw-w-w-w! Do ya recognize me, major?"

"I did from the first," put in Bump Gillis. "You've changed for the better. I wouldn't take off that suit, if I was you, as I think ya look almost human in it."

Phineas threw back the head and grinned at Garrity. "In the pit is the tail of a kite. On it is tied a little wooden pill box, and it's how the Jerries have been gittin' word from their dirty bum spy. I got wise maybe ten minutes ago. You won't need no more fatheaded Intelligence bums loafin' around as I have got the works."

Bump climbed up to the cockpit, reached in and pulled out the long tail of the kite. Phineas took it out of his hand and jerked the wooden pill box loose. He ripped off the cover and drew out a folded piece of paper.

"There," Phineas said, "I bet you've got one of the greatest finds of the *guerre*. Well, I met von Schnoutz, fellers, an' he's no better competition than the other Heinie bums. Huh, well—"

"Nothin' but blank paper, you freckled fathead!"

yelled Major Garrity. “Nothin’ but a weight for the kite or somethin’. So, this is the bacon you brought home, is it? Ha, now I’ve got you! Blank paper, bah-h-h-h-h-h!” He hurled it away from him.

A lusty breeze blew the paper across the room. Very indignant, Phineas made a grab for it. As he did so, his knee came up against the table on which the experimental jug still rested. The jug crashed to the floor and its contents splashed out over the blank piece of paper and soaked it as well as the floor thoroughly.

“It’s all wet, like the Intelligence Corps,” growled Phineas disgustedly. “I—ah—er—hey, look! Lookit, everybody! There’s colored pictures comin’ out on the paper. Ha, major, now say ‘bahh-h-h!’ I bet it’s the plans of the Frog tanks. Well, adoo.”

The plans it was. The Old Man in a way was disappointed. But then again, what a laugh he would have on those smart eggs from Chaumont! Phineas paused in the doorway.

“See ya later,” he called. “I bid ya all *bon swar* as I’ve almost found out how to make the horse disappear. Adool”