



# LITTLE ORPHAN DANNY

by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

*Dizzy Donovan, premier poet of the air, took an orphan to raise. When the pilots of the Steenth tried to celebrate Little Danny's birthday they learned about the war from him!*

**D**IZZY" DONOVAN, cloud-cracker extraordinary and probably the premier poet of the air forces, set his gray Spad on the tarmac of the Steenth Squadron after a test hop. There was a grin on his freckled, snub-nosed face as he gunned the engine to taxi toward the hangar.

"She handles as easy as a hungry chorus girl!" chuckled Dizzy. "You'd never know she'd been all shot to—"

He closed the throttle and kicked hard rudder. The plane's wingtip barely missed a tiny figure that fled for safety on short legs. Dizzy cut his switch and climbed from the cockpit.

"Damn you, Danny!" he roared. "If you don't keep off the tarmac, a prop's going to part your hair one of these days and there'll be one less war orphan! Compree?"

Danny's dirty, pinched face wrinkled in an engaging grin. He rushed the tall pilot, pounding at his legs with clenched fists.

"You Deezy!" he screeched. "You I will give ze kayol Ze Boche will get you some day!"

Dizzy laughed and grabbed the urchin by the seat of trousers that had been cut down haphazardly from general issue olive drab. He swung Danny to his shoulder.

"Danny, you remind me of my kid brother. When did you say you'd be eight?"

"*Vendredi!*" shouted Danny. "Friday, I 'ave tol' you!"

"All right!" Dizzy dumped him on the barracks steps. "Now run along. And stay off the field, or you won't live to be eight. *Va t'en!*"

Little Daniel Tesereau skipped away, his little, old face a map of war's tragedies. Dizzy looked at Captain Ben Staunton, veteran flight skipper, and shook his head.

"Too bad about that kid!" he said. "And think of the thousands like him!"

"Yeah!" agreed Staunton. "Shellshocked for the rest of his life, I guess. Scared so often about what the Germans will do to him—he must have a horrible picture of what a Boche is. Notice how he goes around telling you the Boche will get you some day? Which reminds me, B Flight came back while you were up testing your crate."

Dizzy looked up quickly. There was bitterness in Staunton's words. "All of it?" he demanded.

Staunton shook his head. "Jones, Ackerman and Coulter shot down!" he said. "Coulter's alive—we got a phone call from up front. The others—well, it's the same old story of late. We turn out nine ships to raid a certain sector, and the Boche are laying or us on the very spot with eighteen Fokkers and an archie barrage. Miller got an Albatross. And Stubblefield and Preston found their guns jammed; they'd been tinkered with!"

"Again?" Dizzy gasped. "My God, Ben, you can't take a gun entirely apart every time you go up. What do you think of it?"

Staunton moved closer and lowered his voice. "I've got a guy being watched!" he said. "You know the mechanic the major busted for smoking in the hangar? He looks like a Kraut, and he's got a Kraut name."

"Hammacher!" exclaimed Dizzy. "Sure, he's of

German descent. But so's a big part of the A.E.F., and they make good soldiers."

"Well, it's just a hunch," said Ben. "You'd never guess who I've got watching him. It's Danny! He understands everything he hears, and he's shrewd for his size. I promised Danny a franc every day if he'd report to me what Hammacher does."

Dizzy grinned. "Good idea!" he approved. "Danny's always around the hangars. He's plenty shrewd, all right. The little beggar steals you blind. I can't keep candy or gum, and yesterday I caught him with a pack of my cigarettes and the only razor blades I own. It's a wonder he hadn't cut his fingers off!"

"Yeah, he's a little bum!" agreed Staunton. "But you know, Dizzy, I like him. I've got a kid brother—"

"So've I, Ben. He'll be eight Friday. Say, why can't we fix up a birthday party, with a cake and everything?"

"Great!" exclaimed the flight skipper. "Keep it quiet. We'll sneak over to the Renard farm Friday evening and surprise him. Hope we can find him a tricycle—or a red wagon!" They entered their quarters. Dizzy removed his flying coat and sat down on his bunk with pencil and paper.

"Going from bad to verse, eh?" chuckled Staunton. "Okay, Longfellow!"

"It's the little orphan!" Dizzy explained with a blush. "We ought to have a verse for Danny. Say, I've got it!"

It couldn't have been less than an inspiration, the way it came to Dizzy, just as it had come to James Whitcomb Riley. In a very few minutes he had scribbled the first verse.

Little Orphan Danny's come to our drome to stay,  
To eat our chow and swipe our gum and chase our blues  
away,  
To run out on the flying field before a plane can stop  
And nearly get his head bashed in by some one's flashing  
prop;  
And all the hard-boiled flying guys, when their patrol is  
done,  
Remember kids they left at home, and have a lot of fun  
Listening to atrocities that Danny tells about,  
And how the Boche will get you  
If you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Chow call sounded as he read it with a smile of satisfaction. He put the paper away. Another verse could be added to-morrow.

THERE wasn't time for wooing the muse the next morning. They broke A Flight out in the gray of dawn, while nine trim Spads sputtered blue flame on the field. Major Harkness stamped into the assembly room as the pilots snapped to attention.

"Attention to orders!" barked the heavy-set skipper. "You've a job out of the ordinary this morning, men. During the past few days, when ground haze has made visibility bad, the enemy has been concentrating munitions for a push. It's up to you to find the dump."

He looked over his pilots. Ben Staunton was steady and nonchalant. Dizzy Donovan leaned slightly forward, tense and eager. "Stub" Hawkins, short and dark, with inscrutable eyes. "Rebel" Owens, nervous and high strung, shifted his weight uneasily and plucked at a thread on his coat.

"You'll separate and find that munitions dump," resumed the major. "Map its location carefully—and get back with the map! Don't take any unnecessary chances. If the weather's good tomorrow, you'll escort a bombing squadron over and watch them blow hell out of the dump. Is that clear?"

It was. The pilots drew on their helmets and gloves.

"Nobody's leaving the compound tonight!" warned the major. "There'll be no going down to Papa Pineault's estaminet to drink and shoot off your mouth about the bombing raid. There's been too much information reaching the enemy. All right. Captain Staunton, take charge!"

"Yes, sir! Let's go, gang!"

Gray daylight etched the poplars that rimmed the field. Dizzy Donovan lighted a last cigarette as he stepped outside. He nearly trod on Little Orphan Danny, who was on hand for breakfast.

"Listen, you little devil!" warned Dizzy. "Stay off the field, now, or I'll give you that spanking I've been promising you for so long!"

"You better watch out!" piped Danny in return. "Ze Boche will get you!"

Ben Staunton paused to whisper in Danny's ear. Then he climbed to his cockpit and raised his hand. The pilot's down the line answered his signal. Mechanics jerked the chocks.

Dizzy sat back on the stick as the Spad's tail lifted. The ship roared over the poplars that were dancing in the back wash, and the patrol fell into V-formation and climbed high into the east. Growing light splashed over farm lands, over shell-torn ground and ruined villages. Guns behind the lines belched flame. The American troops were over the top in a dawn attack.

Eight thousand feet up and over the German lines, Ben Staunton waved his hand. The wings of the V spread out at tangents. In a few minutes, Dizzy was alone in the air, listening to the silky purr of the Hisso.

He watched closely over the pit coaming as the war-blighted terrain gave place to fields and woods. He scanned the dun and white ribbons that were roads. But poetry was drumming in his brain; he always became inspired with the roar of an engine in his ears. He slipped a scratch pad under the strap on his thigh and began to scribble.

I've taken my Huns where I found them,  
I've bagged plenty crates in my time;  
I've had my troubles with Fokkers,  
And some of the scraps were prime.  
There was a fight over Bensdorf  
When chances for living looked slim—  
But a stall on a loop put the Boche in the soup,  
And I learned about fighting from him!

Dizzy grinned modestly. Not everybody could write stuff like that. Kipling was probably the only other guy. Poets, like flyers, were born and not made.

HE LOOKED over the side again.

Nothing unusual. A few trucks crawling along a road like dusty caterpillars. He yawned and turned the page back to start a new verse.

I met a patrol over Louppy,  
The odds were a dozen to one,  
The tail wind was howling with tracer  
When I made a grab for my gun.  
A slug clipped me hard on the temple.  
The bright heavens rocked and went dim—  
But I came out alive in a full power dive.  
And I learned about fighting from them!

An Albatross rushed me near Thiercourt,  
Roared up in a swift chandelle,  
But I kicked her into a sideslip  
All ready to blast him to hell.  
I had the Boche haired in my ringsights,  
I jerked on the Bowden with vim—  
But I will be damned if the gun hadn't jammed,  
And I learned about fighting from him!

Another look over the side. A village squatted beneath, with a glistening church spire pointed aloft like a finger to show every antiaircraft battery in the sector where Dizzy's Spad winged her solitary way. There was a thick wood between two hills, skirted by a road—

Dizzy sat tense against his safety belt and ruddered

the crate over to the right. The road was busy with trucks. They turned in there among the trees and vanished! It was two to one that was the ammunition center. *Pufft!* The Spad rocked as smoke blossomed at her wingtip. Dizzy saw the red core of fire at the center of the archie burst, and he shook his fist at the church spire as he ducked and fragments of steel whizzed about the plane.

He yanked his throttle wide and put the ship in a twisting climb. No time for poetry now.

*Pufft! Pufft!* More than one gun. They were laying a barrage around him. The Spad strained for altitude. Dizzy fastened anxious eyes on the altimeter and watched the slow needle.

The smoke puffs mushroomed below the ship's tail. Dizzy climbed higher, then leveled off and swung toward the woods. He had to make sure, and the thick trees screened the ground from that height. It meant a dive. Dizzy grinned as he remembered the major's warning about unnecessary chances.

He took a deep breath and leaned over the stick. Then it happened.

Like the swift crackle of a raging forest fire, the ominous chatter of a Spandau cut in above the drone of his engine. Dizzy whirled to look skyward and behind. Then he gasped with alarm. Two crimson Fokkers were on his tail, with the advantage of top position!

If this was the ammunition dump, everything depended on Dizzy's coming out alive and getting back to the drome with his map.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat!* Smoking slugs hailed past him and skinned fabric from the doped wing surface. The archie below wouldn't dare open up now for fear of hitting the German planes. Dizzy jerked the throttle wide, flung the stick forward, and tossed the Spad into a howling power dive.

Tracer slashed the air behind the ship as it screamed earthward, standing on the hub of its spinning prop. The wood began to take shape. Tiny openings grew larger and rushed up at the freckled flyer. He saw the road winding into the central portion, then he saw green-splotched canvas, and men unloading shells from waiting trucks.

Down out of the heavens came the pursuing Fokkers, with Spandau lead streaking ahead of them faster than a Spad could dive. They were determined that the American should not get back to his own lines with the location of the dump.

Dizzy had seen enough. He reached for the trigger

trip and his synchronized gun rattled and flamed in a warming burst. Dizzy checked the fire, then clutched the stick with a fervent prayer and yanked it back to his belly.

The plunging Spad flattened out, every brace and wire screaming protest. She tossed her nose high and came up and over. Dizzy kicked her out of the half-loop into an Immelman, reversing his direction of flight.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat!* His own gun answered the Spandaus. Black-crossed, crimson wings swept past, maneuvering desperately to avoid a collision.

Dizzy banked and threw the Spad into a climb. He was on top now. The Fokkers leveled off and swung about for the attack.

"And the major said no unnecessary chances!" Dizzy muttered between tense lips.

Dizzy bored in, riding hard behind a furious whiplash of lead. It etched dun, acrid streaks toward the enemy crate that was in the lead. It hammered into the cowling of a straining Mercedes and chipped splinters from struts between gaudy wings.

TWIN Spandaus spewed from the German in front. The other Fokker was behind his mate, watching for an opening.

Dizzy Donovan suddenly dived, flashing under the red ship's belly, out of the range of its twin guns. It was a maneuver contrary to the science of air combat. A pilot should always climb, they had told him at Issoudun.

Then he did climb. Straight up under the fuselage of the ship in the rear, with his gun spouting hell fire and brimstone while the Spad hung on her prop and stalled.

He saw tracer eat into the floorboards of the Fokker. It suddenly lurched out of control, went into a tight spin and roared down, with the pilot's arms dangling grotesquely over the pit coaming.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat!* The other Fokker wheeled to rake Dizzy's empennage with slugs. Dizzy jerked his Bowden wire again while he kicked the Spad into a sideslip and dropped out of range. The gun blazed twice, then fell silent.

The freckled pilot fought the Spad out of range while he jerked at the gun. The mechanism was working with every turn of the propeller shaft. It was the ammunition drum—empty! And it had been full the night before.

Hammacher again, if Ben Staunton's suspicions

were right. Dizzy swore luridly as he jerked the throttle wide and high tailed it into the west, gaining precious distance on the surprised Fokker.

*Pufft! Pufft!* Archie again. Dizzy sat back on his stick and climbed, with a prayer on his lips and icy fingers clutching at his heart.

He was six thousand feet up when one burst almost in the tail assembly and the Spad wobbled. He fought the stick, but the Spad dropped to an even keel, then slanted downward gently, her elevator all but shot away.

The Fokker was coming, holding back far enough to keep clear of the archie. One or the other would probably be the end for the freckled peilot. There was the location of the dump—he had to get back, had to get back! To-morrow they were going to bomb it; to-morrow was Little Orphan Danny's birthday—Friday.

*Pufft! Pufft!* The gunners missed. Dizzy's ship bumped and lurched. She was getting lower, streaking at full gun for the trenches. Dizzy could see them now, with No-Man's-Land wedging its desolation between.

The ground guns fell silent. The Fokker began to creep up, like a swift hawk on the trail of its wounded prey. Dizzy shot over the lines at three thousand feet, expecting shrapnel from below. But a glance over the side showed the earth spouting from shell bursts and a greenish cloud of vapor flowing through the valley. The poor devils in the trenches had their hands full.

Past the Allied lines. With the eye of an expert pilot, Dizzy looked ahead and saw where he would land, there by the crumbled walls of a farmhouse. Smoke rose from the ruins where there had been hand-to-hand fighting that morning.

He pancaked into the field, perilously near the burned house. The Spad's undercarriage washed out with a crash. She bounced high, came down and crumpled her left wings. Dizzy's head struck the cowling and for a few seconds everything was black.

He fought for consciousness and unfastened the safety strap. The Fokker would be coming to finish the job.

Dizzy leaped to the ground and turned toward the edge of the withered wood that rimmed the field. He nearly fell over the body of a doughboy, sprawled face up, still clutching an automatic. The freckled peilot sprang aside in horror, then remembered.

The bombing raid had to be a surprise. It would work out better if the Fokker pilot found Dizzy dead.

"You'd understand, buddy!" Dizzy addressed the dead man. He jerked off the soldier's identification

tag quickly, thrust it in his pocket, then lifted the body into the wrecked Spad. Then he removed the pistol from the clutching fingers and pumped lead into the cockpit.

Flame leaped forth to lick greedily at the torn fabric. Dizzy looked to the east and saw the crimson Fokker coming. The Boche had plenty of nerve; he would land to make sure his prey was dead.

Dizzy saluted the doughboy in the cockpit, then he turned and scurried into the wood.

IT WAS growing dark when a motor cycle with a side car deposited Dizzy on the tarmac of the Steenth. Ben Staunton let out a whoop of joy. Little Orphan Danny rushed out and nearly got run over by the departing machine.

"You Deezy!" he shrilled. "I tol' you ze Boche would get you—"

"Well, they didn't, you little pessimist!" laughed Dizzy. "Hey, Ben! I found the dump. Wait till I report to the major!"

"You damn verse-slinging kiwi, we thought you had checked out!" roared Staunton as the tall flyer vanished into headquarters. "You see, Danny, you were all wet. You can't kill that freckled-face buzzard!"

"Eet is lock!" the war orphan said, twisting his pinched face into a frown. "Some day he weel not be so locky!"

"Go chase yourself!" shouted Staunton. "You ought to be yelling '*Vive la France!*'"

Danny scrambled across the field and vanished in the direction of the Renard farmhouse, another meal to the good. Dizzy joined the other pilots in the barracks and heard their congratulations. Then Staunton pulled him aside.

"I'm getting a line on Hammacher!" he said. "Danny saw him taking ammunition out of a drum this morning before we took off!"

Dizzy grabbed Staunton's shoulder. "That was mine!" he swore. "The dirty, double-crosser! I came an inch of getting killed on account of that! But say, I wrote a swell poem up there this morning. Take a look at it. I'm going to do one more verse now!" While Ben good-naturedly read the effusions of the morning, he sat on his bunk and scribbled.

Then I dueled a Boche near Binarville  
And sent him to death in a spin,  
His arms dangling over the coaming,  
His face in a horrible grin;  
I see it sometime when I'm sleepless—

A death's head, relentless and grim—  
Yes, I won that fight, but at times in the night,  
I learn about fighting from him!

"Swell dish!" commented Ben. "Now, listen, Dizzy. We're going to celebrate your return. I got a great idea! We'll bring Danny over for his party to-night, and let him tell us what he saw Hammacher doing. In other words, we'll expose Hammacher's dirty work before all the gang, then turn him over to the major. Anyway, at midnight it'll be the kid's birthday. We can sleep to-morrow after the bombing raid."

"That's awful late for a kid to stay up. My brother's just his age. They put him to bed by eight o'clock!"

"Oh, he'll have several hours sleep before we sneak over and kidnap him. Besides, he can sleep to-morrow, too. I've got it all arranged and the baker's fixing a cake. And I've bought Danny a present. It's an air gun!"

"Gee, that's just the thing!" Dizzy enthused. "I remember my first one. Okay, Ben, I'm with you!"

They slipped out of the station at eleven o'clock and legged it for the Renard farm. The rest of the pilots had been tipped off—and so had Hammacher. Lights were out, apparently, but there was one in the barracks, discreetly shaded with a newspaper, and there was a cake with eight candles.

Dizzy and Staunton approached the Renard farm cautiously. Somebody was still up.

"Easy!" cautioned Ben as they neared the lighted window. "We got to find the kid's room, if he has one. The old folks are half blind and just as deaf. If you fall over a pig, Papa Renard may bust out and cut loose with a blunderbuss!"

Hugging the wall of the old stone house, they made their way to the window. Dizzy was in the lead. He pulled his overseas cap tight on his head and raised his face cautiously until he could peer over the sill. For a minute the light blinded him, then he stared in amazement.

It was Little Orphan Danny's room, and Danny had not gone to bed. His tiny figure was in full view, and it was all Dizzy could do to refrain from a shout of laughter.

He nudged Ben. "Look!" he whispered. "The little devil thinks he's quite a man at eight years old. He's trying to shave!"

Ben Staunton stared, forgetting caution.

"Trying to shave!" he muttered. "Say, he's as good at it as I am! What in the hell—"

Then both men ducked. Little Orphan Danny was

climbing down from the chair. They heard him cross the room, then they raised for another look.

Danny lifted the lid of a trunk almost as high as himself. He reached over it, and there was a peculiar, whining sound in the room.

The two pilots turned to look at each other in disbelief. How could Little Orphan Danny—

They heard him climb the chair again, and when they dared look up, the war orphan was wiping the lather from his face and lighting a black cigar.

"That settles it!" gasped Dizzy. "Your party's off, Ben!"

The veteran flight skipper set his jaw hard. "I'll be damned if it is!" he retorted. "There's a bigger one coming up. Come on, we've still got to kidnap Little Orphan Danny!"

BEN retreated a little into the darkness, then approached the window noisily. Dizzy heard a hasty scramble inside, then he straightened and joined Staunton as the captain tapped on the window and raised the sash.

Danny Tesereau hurried across the room, rubbing his eyes. "Deezy!" he exclaimed delightedly. "And Ben!"

"Come on, kid!" Staunton said gruffly. "We're throwing a binge for you! You'll be eight years old soon!"

Once more they slipped past the sentries at the field. Instead of heading for the barracks, however, Dizzy cautiously opened the door of a hangar and the three entered. The freckled flyer shut the door behind them.

"You'll be flying that replacement ship, Dizzy!" said Staunton, turning a flashlight on a trim Spad.

"Where we go?" demanded Danny, with a quaver of fear in his voice. "Thees is no party! Where we go?"

"Bye-bye!" answered Ben firmly. "But before we go, Danny, you can take off those pants that were cut down from a pair of mine. Did you ever hear of the old American custom of spanking anybody on his birthday? Well, you'll learn about it now! Take 'em all the way off! All right, Dizzy!"

"How many?" asked the freckled pilot.

"Use your own judgment. And Danny, if you let out a squeal, we'll have you shot!"

Dawn came up over the tarmac of the Steenth, and with it a roar out of the sky. Ben Staunton waved his pilots into their Spads. The thick-set Hammacher, who had helped Dizzy roll his own crate out of the hangar, was watching the tall peilot with a puzzled frown.

"That parachute, sir," he began. "It was put in the hangar after that balloon observer got shot down, and the Boche filled the chute full of holes."

"It'll do!" retorted Dizzy. "Pull those chocks!"

Nine trim Spads shot across the field and climbed. They swung eastward and caught the glint of the first daylight on the wings of the four D.H. bombers, then climbed above them and roared along to ward off attack.

It came, out of the gray haze that still shrouded the earth, over near Binarville. A dozen gaudy Fokkers shot into the Americans' range of vision and swooped toward the bombers. Ben Staunton leaned over his pit coaming, then waved downward. The Spads nosed down and swept into battle.

From the clumsy D.H. planes, machine gunners opened up with a furious clatter. The Fokkers plunged toward them with Spandau slugs painting the air, and then nine Spads dropped into the melee behind flaming Vickers.

With sputtering guns the big planes roared steadily on toward their objective. About them an aerial dogfight raged and twisted. "Rebel" Owen's crate locked wings with a black-crossed ship that burst into flame in the collision, and a fiery mass plunged toward the earth.

Dizzy Donovan shuddered. A red Fokker was wheeling to blast him with leaden death. Dizzy yanked his Bowden wire. His guns spoke.

The Fokker's prop splintered and vanished. Smoke poured from the racing Mercedes as the pilot reached to cut his switch. The Boche nosed down and hurtled to destruction, with death whining in the load wires.

"That's one for Rebel!" yelled Dizzy. "And here goes for Jones and Ackerman!"

He drove hard at a fast Fokker that was circling one of the bombers. The gaudy ship banked and headed out of the fight. Dizzy saw the wood that concealed the munitions dump, not far away, now. Two more Fokkers were wobbling down, out of control, a dead man gripping the stick of the foremost.

"They'll make it!" muttered the freckled peeler. "This one is for Jones and Ackerman!"

Smoking lead hammered into the tail assembly of the fleeing Boche. Dizzy raised his Spad's nose a fraction. The dotted line of death flashed swiftly up the fuselage.

Dizzy saw the pilot throw writhing hands aloft, saw the ship go into a crazy spin as the German's body sagged against the controls. He looked around him

and found the heavens clear, with the *jagdstaffel* in retreat.

"This one," yelled Dizzy, "is for every guy we've lost! Come here, Danny!"

He stooped and pulled a tightly bound little figure from the cockpit. It was Little Orphan Danny, clad only in his underwear, strapped to the balloon observer's old parachute. Dizzy gripped the stick between his knees and reached to cut the switch.

"I'm sorry it turned out like this, Danny!" he shouted. "But you know what they do to spies!"

DANNY'S eyes were wide with fear, and his pinched face was white. Dizzy untied the gag around his mouth.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" he said. "We all liked you, Danny—till you started smoking cigars and shaving, and sending radio messages to the Boche with that trunk set. And if you live, don't ever come back to France, or you'll be shot worse than I'm going to shoot you. So long!"

He gave Danny a push. There was a scream, and the tiny figure hurtled downward. Dizzy switched on his engine again and kicked the ship into a spiral.

The parachute, dirty and torn, blossomed beneath the Spad like a ragged mushroom. Dizzy slanted the plane down and pulled out the air-gun Ben Staunton had bought for Little Orphan Danny's birthday.

"Maybe it ain't sporting to shoot a midget!" observed the freckled flyer. "But it wasn't sporting of a midget to empty my ammunition drum."

He raised the gun and took aim. The Hisso drowned the slight pinging noise, but Danny's yell could have been heard above the roar of Niagara. Dizzy worked the lever of the air-gun and circled Danny for another shot. *Ping! Ping! Ping!*

Dizzy grinned. If the Germans on the ground could see him, they'd have their own idea of Yankee atrocities. Flying circles around a man who was helpless, and shooting him with a rifle.

There was a sudden tremendous roar, and half the wood seemed to boil upward in a cauldron of smoke and flame. Timbers shot skyward as the explosions spread. The bombers had found their mark.

Dizzy tossed the air-gun over the side, gave a last look at Little Orphan Danny floating earthward, and swung the Spad back toward the ships that were gathering a mile away. He produced a pencil and added the second verse to Little Orphan Danny's theme song.

Little Orphan Danny's gone back to his Fatherland,  
His tail assembly's stinging where I plied a heavy hand;  
No more he'll come to eat our chow or swipe our chewing  
    gum,  
Or tip the Germans off to send us all to Kingdom Come—  
It might be better if a prop had cracked him on the head  
And parted Little Danny's hair and left him lying dead—  
It only goes to show the truth of things he talked about,  
Of how the Boche will get you  
    If you  
        Don't  
            Watch  
                Out!