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PHINEAS  
PINKHAM  
howl

# YANKEE DOODLING

written and illustrated by  
**JOE ARCHIBALD**

*Herr Kohme, top-hand snooper of the Kaiser, had been permanently tagged by a firing squad back in '16—if you believed the official records. But rumors were now rampant that the crafty Kraut was really just as much alive as a monkey with fleas. That's why G.H.Q. frantically set the Yank tacticians tacticianing overtime in G-1, G-2, G-3, and G-4, And that prince of doodlers, P. Pinkham? Well, he chimed in with a G-Haw-w-w-w!*

**I**T IS A MATTER OF HISTORY that the Yankee doughboys made their debut in the Big Tiff by smacking the Heinies for a row of linden trees in the vicinity of Cantigny and Montdidier. But the scribes who reported the brawl made little mention of Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham who, in his own inimitable way, insured the success of the poke in the Kaiser's chops. In consequence you never read about it in the school books—so we will tell you the story ourselves.

In May of 1918 the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, situated near Bar-le-Duc with Major Rufus Garrity commanding, had their hands as full of trouble as a pink-eyed rabbit cornered in a dog kennel by quintuplet timber wolves. The Boche had been getting tougher by the minute. Indeed the members of one particular Circus had gone out of their way to show Phineas Pinkham and his cronies that they did not specialize in clowning. Yes, and Captain Howell's flight

had more than once yelled “He-e-e-ey, Rubel!” which is a call for help in the vernacular used under the big top.

One day when Garrity’s buzzards were jumped on by that circus while flying over the Meuse, Boche Spandaus threw enough slugs at Phineas Pinkham and his mates to fill up ten carloads of cracker jack boxes. Captain Howell slapped a hand to his empennage and almost jumped out of the Spad pit when a Krupp pill burned through the crate’s mid-section. Then he wagged his wings as a signal for his buzzards that from then on it was every man for himself.

“Sometimes he acts almost bright,” Phineas Pinkham yipped as he tore between two Fokkers and clawed for the highest shelf in the scraposphere. “Sixteen crates against five! The brass hats would call themselves sports if they sicked a wart hog on a blind mouse. Haw-w-w! Missed me, you Heidelberg beer guzzler! Haw-w-w-w—er—I meant the first time. I—er—what’s in this crate’s tank anyways—glue? An ox could climb upstairs faster.”

Mr. Pinkham kept climbing. The air in his lungs became as thin as the ham in a railroad station sandwich, but he finally got over the lines with the Spad’s Hisso steaming and singing like a calliope, its gullet clogged by Heinie steel phlegm. Even so, Boonetown, Iowa’s, contribution to the world scrap managed to bring his bus down on the tarmac of the Ninth and walk away with all his legs and arms whole. Howell was already on the ground organizing a strike.

“I’m not goin’ up any more,” the Flight Leader declared, “until the Frogs and the Limeys break down and get some crates to the Front. It would be nice for my folks to get ten thousand bucks insurance on me—nice for them! They could buy a Pierce-Arrow. But would I be ridin’ in it? Listen, Major, there were so many Boche crates upstairs today that they shut out the sun an’—an’—well, you heard me. I want a transfer. Look at that Spad of mine! Look at Bump Gillis’ crate! When I get my pants off, I will show you how close I came to takin’ lessons on a harp. Look—”

AT THIS point Phineas horned in. “Yeah, I bet I’m an albino when I get my helmet off. Look at my Spad while you are doin’ any lookin’. If we had clams an’ some corn, we could have a clam bake on that wreck, if we had some seaweed. It’s suicide an’ no Pinkham ever bumped himself off. I want a transfer, too. So does Bump—”

“Will you fatheads shut your traps?” the Old Man bellowed. “Mutiny, huh? I’ve a good mind to put you all in irons!”

“That is better than gettin’ put in topsoil,” the scion of the Pinkhams countered. “Haw-w-w-w! Let’s all git arrested!”

Major Garrity put on some verbal pyrotechnics that would have made a mule skinner’s tirade sound like a petulant wail from Little Lord Fauntleroy. Captain Howell finally limped to the Operations Shack to make his report, and Phineas and Bump backed toward their hut with the C.O.’s chin not three inches from their noses.

“I’ll show you who runs this outfit!” Garrity trumpeted. “Mutiny, is it? Make one more crack, Pinkham—just open that chasm of a mouth once more—and I will drive my fist right down your throat ’til my signet ring leaves the Masonic emblem on the lining of your stomach. Now get into that hut and stay there!”

“I dare ya to take off your tunic,” the Iowa loud speaker cracked back indignantly.

“A Pinkham don’t take that from no man. Hidin’ behind your rank, huh? Well—”

“Oh, yeah?” bellowed Garrity. Then he began to rip off his tunic.

He had one fist yanked out of his coat sleeve when a big car rolled across the tarmac on its way to the outfit’s headquarters. Observing the scene, a brigadier in the back seat emitted a yowl like a hungry coyote’s. The car was braked to a sudden stop, and out tumbled the brass hat, his “bright work” shining like the accessories on a new yacht.

“Going to stage a fight, eh, Major?” he intoned pompously. “Is this the way for an officer to conduct himself?”

“Huh—er—me—fightin’?” Garrity gulped. “Why you are mistaken, sir. Somethin’ bit me an’ I think it was a red ant. I was taking off my coat to—”

“Adoo,” Phineas Pinkham chirped and vanished inside his hut. He was there just ten minutes when an orderly came after him.

“I will own up,” the miracle man from Iowa decided. “I will say he was goin’ to attack me. I’ve got a right to self-defense and will get a lawyer.” He trudged over to the Operations Office where Major Garrity and three very important looking brass hats were in heavy conclave. The brigadier looked up as Phineas saluted.

“Ah—er—he stuttered, “Pinkham, eh? Not much to look at.”

“You can’t expect a Follies Bejeer dame here, sir,” the lieutenant retorted with a toothsome grin. But he was inwardly nettled. “I—er—the Pinkhams may not be Don Junes, but they ain’t—”



"Lieutenant!" erupted Garrity. "Shut that mouth! Go and pack a bag. You are going to Chaumont."

"Wha-a—?" Phineas sizzled. "What for? I haven't done anythin'. It wasn't me that picked the fi—"

"Why-y," the Old Man cut in fast, "it is not to get busted, Pinkham. Intelligence needs your—er—assistance. They have heard that you are quite adept at—er—well figuring out things. They seem to be stumped over a paper found on a Frog whom they suspect of being a pigeon man. Now—er—a big push is being proposed in the Cantigny sector—in fact, it is scheduled for—er—around the twentieth of June. That right, Brigadier Coffey? Yes. But if a Kraut spy got a message through to the Boche, tippin' 'em off—well, they will tell you the rest at Chaumont."

Phineas Pinkham allowed his face to fall into the convolutions of a grin. "That's different," he enthused. "I'd like to see any Heinie kid me. I'll go an' pack my nightshirt an' alarm clock. Haw-w-w-w! Say goodbye to all the bums for me, as I don't think they'll be alive when I get back. And am I glad to get rid of that Kraut circus!"

CHAUMONT was the brain center of the A.E.F. in France. It is listed in the geographies as the capital of the Haute-Marne Department and is reeking with Frog history. In that hamlet, before the War, kid gloves were made and iron was dug out of the ground. A railroad junction, it lay 163 miles from Paris—and still does, if you care to go out in that section and measure it.

Anyhow, the big A.E.F. boiler bearing Phineas Pinkham and three brass hats was soon rolling in between the two square brick structures marking the entrance to the Yankee Headquarters. It buzzed across a big rectangle that was flanked on every side by big buildings.

"Must be Notre Dame," Phineas observed. "Where's the football players?"

Brigadier Coffey sniffed, glared at the flyer, and remained disdainfully silent, while the Colonel ground his teeth down to the nerves and informed Mr. Pinkham that he was about as funny as a case of gangrene. So the Boonetown pilot, realizing that here was the last place to expect a sense of humor, thereupon pulled in his neck and looked straight ahead.

Never before had he seen so many brass hats in one place. Out in front of one of the large buildings a man as straight as a ramrod was walking between two lines of spick and span doughs.

"He's a swell-lookin' bum—er—soldier," the

irrepressible Yank finally said. "I bet he'll get to be a shavetail in no time."

"That is General Pershing," the brigadier bit out. "Ever hear of him, Lieutenant? He's only the C-in-C."

Phineas gulped. "Huh—er—yeah! Haw-w-w! Seems like I recall some one mentioning him once or twice."

He got out on the heels of the brass hats, followed them into one of the structures. Officers and non-coms, looking as if they had been kept in mothballs, were stalking all over the place.

"Now this is the place I'd like to fight a *guerre*" Phineas exclaimed. "I bet you have to know a Congressman to—"

"Shut up!" the brigadier clipped. "It's come to a pretty pass when they have to call on a nitwit like you to help out the Intelligence, Pinkham. Keep your lip buttoned up. Here's G-2."

"Huh?"

"Everything's initialed here for brevity's sake," one of the other officers snapped. "Now over at that end of the building is G-1. Out that window you can see Barracks B of G.H.Q."

"I catch on," Phineas said solemnly. "So spies won't know what they meant, huh? I will say I am P. P. from B.L. Duck, Nine P. S., Rufe G. Prop.!"

The brigadier looked as if he were on the point of tossing Phineas through a window. But he restrained himself and finally ushered the exponent of magic, legerdemain, prestidigitation, and all the other dubious arts under the heading of skullduggery, into the inner chambers of the A.E.F. Detective Bureau. Closeted with a dozen brass hats of all ranks and sizes, Lieutenant Pinkham was handed a sheet of paper that had been taken from the person of a suspected Heinie agent.

"It doesn't fit any code book we have," a high officer stated. "Doesn't make sense, Lieutenant. Now as a last resort we have called upon you to see what you can do with it. We have—er—heard of your various—er—exploits in the Air Corps and understand you have dabbled a little in the—er—"

"A Pinkham does not dabble," Phineas corrected him, "nor does he dilly dally. Haw-w-w!"

A colonel reached out and plucked something from the flyer's lapel. "A horsefly," he mumbled. "Can't be too careful, Lieutenant. Might carry typhus germs an'—er—wha-a-a-a?" He had tossed the fly toward the waste paper basket—but it had snapped right back against the Pinkham tunic and stayed put.

"Haw-w-w-w!" Phineas guffawed. "That fools 'most everybody. You can't fool a hor'sefly, though. I bet a hundred guys have tried to pick that rubber fly off me an'—er—"

A GRIM silence gripped the room. The brigadier pawed at his face and made funny noises, but a lieutenant-colonel exploded first. He thundered at Phineas that there was a nice bastille in Chaumont into which he would be thrown if he did not get down to business. The brass hat then took a fountain pen from his pocket and began scratching on a lot of papers on a table in front of him. He had been doing that for three days in the effort to decipher the cryptic message that had plunged Chaumont into such a dither. The pen suddenly went dry and the high officer swore.

"Here's mine," Phineas said, proffering his pen.

The brass hat accepted it, yanked off its cover.  
*BO-ONG!!*

He went over backward and Phineas felt his heart leap up and sit on his tongue. He had brought the

wrong fountain pen. This one had an explosive cap where the pen point should have been.

"Aw gee," he stuttered, "that's the one I was goin' to give the Old Man for his birthday. It's an accident, sir. I will swear sittin' on a Bible that it was! I—"

Twenty minutes later four burly M.P.'s tossed Phineas into a bastille. The brass hats looked in later and assured the culprit that the C-in-C would hear about everything that had occurred.

"Lieutenant," one of them rumbled, "this will get you at least twenty years in Levensworth."

"Awright," said Phineas, "an' then who'll save the Allies? Why that code message was awful simple. I should think even the Intelligence Corps could have figured it-out. That's the way Boche bums work. It was so easy you tried to make it hard. Haw-w-w-w! It's like when they put Houdini in a cell back in the U.S. and left the door unlocked. Houdini didn't know it, an' so he could not get out the way he worked it. Well, why should it interest me? How about some *Police Gazettes* or *La Vie Pareesiannies* or somethin' to read?"





The brass hats looked at one another, then at the prisoner. One of them had taken all of Phineas' personal belongings from him and was gloating over a small box of panatela cigars. He had passed them around to his cronies, looking covertly at Phineas to see how the flyer was going to take his incarceration. Each of the brass hats lighted up and started out of the gloomy place, without deigning to respond to the prisoner's request for reading matter.

*BANG! BONG! BO-ONG!* Doughs, armed to the teeth, barged in from all parts of the bastille. They found a colonel leaning against the door to the Pinkham cage pawing sparks from his face.

The Boonetown patriot was sitting up on his wooden bench sniffing at the ozone. The brass hat whose dignity had been sullied was a tall individual with a Charlie Chaplin mustache parked under his elongated proboscis. One end of it had been neatly burned off.

"I say shoot him!" he roared when the doughs asked if anybody had been killed. He kept one hand glued to the side of his head.

Phineas Pinkham meanwhile continued to sniff the air, and now a bleak grin swept across his freckled map. "They can't blame me for that," he tossed out. "I didn't give 'em those stogies. They stole my bag of stuff—an' they better give it back to me as one of them little jars is filled with leprosy germs an'—Well, I bet it's busted already. I—er—heard glass break when—"

"L-leprosy?" the tall high officer exploded. Then he started running. In three seconds the prisoner was alone.

HALF AN HOUR later a very imposing figure, accompanied by aides, strode into the bastille and looked in on the prisoner. Pinkham was leaning against the wall scribbling things with a pencil. They were crazy looking designs under which he had inscribed: *P. Pinkham. Stopped here May 19, 1918.*

In the current day and age, the fantastic and meaningless diagrams that Phineas had jotted on the prison stones would be called "doodles"—the symptoms of that artistic disease, "doodling," which is suffered by 90 per cent of the world's Caucasian

population. Give a pencil to a person who has nothing to do, and he'll be bitten by the germ. The walls of telephone booths give him the best opportunity for his nefarious work, but any flat surface will do.

"Stand up, there!" a swanky looking officer barked.

Phineas, of course, was already on his feet—and he quickly recognized who was looking in at him. It was none other than General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing, the last

gentleman in the world to whom to hand a loaded cigar—the C-in-C himself! And that rugged, well-chiseled face was getting as hard as a loan shark's heart. The Flying Corp's particular itch saluted with alacrity.

"Y-yes, sir. N-no, sir. Yes, sir. Sir, I would like to explain. I meant no harm, sir. I just tried to do my duty an'—"

"Lieutenant," the C-in-C said sternly, "I understand you made the remark that you could decipher the message on this paper!"

"Yes sir. A Pinkham never fails to—"



"Then do it, Lieutenant," the C-in-C snapped. "I'll give you eight hours. If you succeed, all charges against you will be dropped. I promise that whatever disciplinary measures are necessary will be limited. Here you are, Lieutenant." And he handed Phineas a sheet of paper bearing the words:

*Things in Shell Boat Red Cross Midsummer Bug  
Four and Pieces of Seven Becky.*

"It won't take me more'n an hour, sir—maybe," Phineas said gratefully. "An' thank you, sir. A Pinkham always wants to do his duty, sir. I had a great, great grandfather or somethin' with Wellington at Waterloo. In the Revolution, a Pinkham lent Paul Revere a horse. An' in the Civil War, a Pi—"

The General had heard enough. He turned and strode out without a word. And the World War generation of the patriotic Pinkhams knew that the C-in-C was about as confident of getting the low-down on the message as he was of becoming Shah of Persia.

TWO' HOURS passed. Then Phineas Pinkham demanded to be taken to G-2. M.P.'s quickly sprung him and he was driven back to the big rectangle of buildings and ushered into the labyrinth where A.E.F. slew-feets plied their trade. Brass hats were gathered and they surrounded Phineas, bugging eyes centered on the paper the Boonetown wonder held up for their inspection. Here is what they read:

<i>Things in</i>	<i>General</i>
<i>Shell</i>	<i>Fish</i>
<i>Boat</i>	<i>Launching</i>
<i>Red Cross</i>	<i>Drive</i>
<i>Midsummer</i>	<i>Night</i>
<i>Bug</i>	<i>June</i>
<i>Four and</i>	<i>Twenty</i>
<i>Pieces of</i>	<i>Eight</i>
<i>Seven</i>	<i>Eleven</i>
<i>Becky</i>	<i>Sharp</i>

The right-hand column had been filled in by Phineas Pinkham; the left, of course, was the original Boche message in column form.

"Why—er—that's it!" yelled a general. "He's done it! All you got to do is read down the right-hand column. Why it was—simple! Quick, get General Pershing on the 'phone. But say, how did you do it, Lieutenant?"

"When a guy says 'bacon,'" Phineas replied, "what do you think of, huh? Eggs, of course. Haw-w-w-w!"

If you said 'Corned-beef' I would holler right back, 'Cabbage!' Of course, I had to rub a lot of words out before I got the right ones but there was only two or three that fit each one, and I finally switched 'em around until I got a message that made sense. We have got a General Fish, huh? That is the only word I was not sure of as there is 'shell game,' 'shell shock' and—"

"Yes, we have, Lieutenant," a big brass hat said, holding out his hand. "Shake!"

Phineas obliged and the brass hat let out a howl and leaped a foot off the floor. A very ugly buzzing sound filled the room when he shook something out of the palm of his hand. "Haw-w-w-w!" came a familiar guffaw. "It was a mechanical wasp. Everybody relax as it is only a joke."

"Y-yeah. Ha! Ha!. Ha!" the Colonel laughed weakly. "Full of tricks, aren't you, Lieutenant? One on me, eh what? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" the joke master echoed.

IN LESS than twenty minutes, plans for the Cantigny offensive were pushed thirty days ahead. Then General Pershing personally congratulated Phineas Pinkham, and the Pride of the Ninth Pursuit was told he could make any request within reason while in Chaumont.

"Well," Phineas said promptly, "there's three bums—er—officers, sir, that I want busted. I—er—well, never mind, sir. I have a dame in Barley Duck who doesn't know where I am, and I would like to call her up. You could—er—have a dough there go get her an' take her where she could talk on the phone with me. Her name is Babette."

"A little irregular, Pinkham," the Commander-in-Chief said, a twinkle in his eye, "but I will see if such a call can be arranged. That all you want?"

"Well, I would also like to get me a hunk of paraffin some place," Phineas replied. "I've got to experiment on somethin'. You've got one spy to shoot, sir, and maybe if I fixed it then you could shoot two at once. It's a caution how you can't tell how the villain makes out in a book until you lift the cover, huh—sir?"

"A very strange fellow that!" the boss of the A.E.F. said to an aide later. "Cracked a little, no doubt. But still nobody's fool. Wonder why he said that to me about a book? Asked for a piece of paraffin, too."

"Well, sir," the aide declared, "I would say that a bullet must have bounced off his head in an air battle. Ah—er—General Pershing, you did not by any chance accept a cigar—from him?"

"Why certainly," the C-in-C smiled. "A Corona, too. Said he won a bet with a French general. Here it is. Smell that aroma."

The aide tore the cigar in half and crumpled it in his hands. "Ah—why—er—sorry, sir. I thought he—why—"

"You jughead!" the Commander-in-Chief of the Yanks bit out. "That was a sixty center, you blockhead! I was going to give it to Marshal— Why, I ought to give you a stretch of solitary."

Meanwhile, Phineas sat in cozy quarters furnished by grateful brass hats and lighted a match to a piece of paraffin. He sniffed the air, nodded his head, then tossed the smoldering wax aside.

NEXT day in G-2 Intelligence offices, the sting of the C-in-C's hand was felt. Three colonels found themselves majors, and two majors went back to wearing shavetail bars. A spy was rubbed out. And the manhunt machinery of G-2 started to hum; for the brass hats in the brain center of Chaumont knew that there must be other Boche agents about. A rumor had been making the rounds for thirty-six hours that the Kaiser's top-hand snooper, *Herr Kohme*—supposedly executed in 1916—was still as much alive as a monkey with fleas.

It began when a Limey agent arrested a woman in Paris who was believed to be getting her pay via the Boche taxpayers. A typewritten letter found on the *femme* had the traditional Kohme trademark on it—a small wild boar's head. Thereupon, Intelligence officers pooled their gray matter, concentrating on the strange fact that *Herr Kohme* should have disappeared from the *guerre* several months before the Yanks had put their fingers in the pie and that there had been no more trace of him until the U.S. doughs were ready to answer the curtain call for their debut in Mars' Opera House.

Anyhow, while G-2 boiled, the doughs went over the top, banged their way to Cantigny, and showed the Kaiser that Uncle Sam was going to be a tough relief hurler. That happened on the night of May twentieth; and the Boche, figuring that they still had a month in which to gird their loins, were caught with their skivvies at half mast and were tossed for a loss.

When G.H.Q. received news of the win, champagne was opened. Phineas Pinkham had his share and was pretty well filled with the Frog silly juice when word came that all arrangements for his telephone call to his rapid heart beat had been completed.

"Thanksh," he grinned. "Whoo-opee! I'm a eagle. Say, who is the brass hat with the smudge under his bugle—that colonel there with the snake hips?"

"That one?" a shavetail answered. "Oh, he's Colonel Mervin Baglipp. He's one of the General Staff's best tacticians, Lieutenant. Boy, you're sittin' pretty, Pinkham. You ought to go out of Chaumont a major at least."

"Y-yeah?" Phineas gulped, seemingly oblivious to the fact that Colonel Baglipp was edging close. "Gosh, you think so, huh? Well, I expec' to start back tomorrer to the Air Corpse in an air crate, as the General promised me one. That is where men are men and don't get their seats covered with shine from setting all day. Say, where is it I get that phone call through? Boys, I'm dyin' to parlay with mawn peteet Babette."

A few minutes later, Phineas picked up the telephone in a small side office and everybody cleared out to give him privacy. Then with a red pencil the Boonetown wonder absent-mindedly made scratches on a piece of blue paper lying near the instrument while he waited for the call to go through the intricate Yankee public utility system.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" he began to yip after a few minutes had passed. "This is worse than the party line in Boonetown. He-e-e-ey, are you ther-r-r-aw? Hello! He-e-e-ey! It's a gyp. I'll see Pershin'. I'll—"

Suddenly a voice came over the wire. "That you, Lieutenant Pinkham? Hold the wire."

"You don't say!" Phineas spouted. "What did you think I would do with it—throw it out the winder? Hello! Hello, Babette, you itsy bitsy cherry!"

"Don't talk like that to me," a gruff voice rasped. "*Hold that line, you—*"

"Sure! Eah! Rah! Rah!" countered Phineas. "They won't get a touchdown. Rah! But, he-e-ey, where's Babette, you big punk—"

"Zo! Eet ees ze punk, *oui*?" shrilled a female voice. "You have call on ze tallyphone mabbe tan, feeftteen kilometres jus' for to call eet *moi* ze punk? Pheenyas, you air ze beeg bum lak you have say. I see you encore—I keek eet *votre* bra'ns pfooeey, *oui*! Bah! *Aussi an revoir!*" And Babette hung up.

"Listen, cherry!" Phineas yelped into the dead mouthpiece. "It's a mistook. Don't you dare hang up on me. There's lots of other dames. He-e-e-ey, it took Pershin' an' Foch an' Haig to get me this call an'—ah cripes! That's a dame for ya." He banged the receiver on its cradle and stamped out. A major met him and grinned.



"You get to talk with the Frog mam'selle, eh?"

"How'd you like a punch in the snoot?" Phineas bridled. "Go milk an eel!"

"What did I say?" the officer gawped. "Why I— Look here, Lieutenant, you can't talk to me like that. I'll have you busted."

THE morning after the push into Cantigny, Phineas Pinkham walked out of the barracks at G.H.Q. and ambled about the rectangle all day trying to line up a certain brass hat. But inquiries brought him the news that several officers were absent from Chaumont for most of the day on official business.

Meanwhile, G.H.Q. sat tight, expecting that the Boeche near Cantigny would try a counter push when they had become organized once more. Tacticians tacticianed overtime and General Pershing had G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4 working nights. And over near Cantigny doughs were waiting for the head coach to send them some dope on the formation the Heinies might use when they launched the real counter attack from behind their own goal posts.

Old Sol was beginning to yawn in the western sky when the perky pilot from the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, standing near the gateway entrance to G.H.Q., heard the sound of a plane's power plant. A sentry gaped at him when he took what appeared to be a pair of miniature phonograph horns from the big pocket of his trench coat. The horns were united by a pliable band of metal and from the contraption dangled a small battery and some wires.

"My one-man airplane detector," Phineas explained with a grin. "They was made for my deaf grandpa back in Iowa who couldn't hear a sledge hammer hit an iron boiler at three paces. Of course, that crate up there ain't in sight yet, but with this apparatus I will tell whether it is a Kraut or a Yankee air wagon." And he adjusted his head set and listened.

A trio of sauntering brass hats eyed him curiously. "A bit off, I'd say," muttered one. "Carries all sorts of gadgets an'—there—he's taken 'em off."

"That is a D.H.4," Phineas announced. "You wait an' see."

Another brass hat clicked his teeth together, looked up into the ozone. "He tagged it right, he did! Lieutenant Crock is piloting that plane and he's bringing Baglipp back from Troyes."

One of the officers now crabbed toward Phineas and said: "An' Crock is going to ferry you over to Barle-Duc in the morning, Pinkham."

"H-Huh?"

"That's right, Lieutenant. And as a parting celebration you will join us at mess tonight as a guest of honor. I don't doubt that General Pershing will drop in for a short time, too. You're a hero, Pinkham."

"Yeah," chirped Pinkham. "But say, can I go out and see that crate land? I always look a gift horse in the mouth, haw-w-w-w!"

SINCE Phineas was sitting as pretty in Chaumont as a China doll perched on top of a heap of orchids, a car was immediately made available and Major Garrity's burden was whisked out to the big circular field where the D.H.4 was coming to a stop. Colonel Mervin Baglipp disembarked from the sky barge and pulled off his helmet. He replaced it with an overseas scalp protector and strode up to where Phineas stood.

"Well, well," he enthused, "Lieutenant Pinkham, eh, what? Haven't had the opportunity to congratulate you. Understand Lieutenant Crock, here, is to fly you back to your drome tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," replied Phineas, eyeing the D.H.4. "I'm about through here at Chaumont, having got the Allies out of their mess. Maybe we'll see each other again some time, though, huh?"

"I wonder," replied Baglipp. And Phineas decided that something was figuratively in the process of decomposition in Chaumont, just as Hamlet had concluded in Denmark.

"I won't motor back with you, Colonel," the freckle-faced flyer said. "I've been a ground hog for almost three days and I'm just goin' to sit here and look at this D.H. for a while, as I feel like a Arab just seein' a camel for the first time after being in jail for twenty years. I'll walk back to G.H.Q., as my constitution needs amending, haw-w-w-w!"

Accordingly, Colonel Baglipp got into the A.E.F. boiler and sat where Phineas had sat. Three minutes later he began to squirm. His toe kicked against a little tin can that rolled on the floorboards, and when he stooped to pick it up something stabbed his empennage. He rose off the seat and smacked his noggin against the cloth top of the official jalopi.

The chauffeur braked the bus, looked back at the Colonel. Baglipp hit the seat again and began to paw at his torso. If Aladdin had appeared with his magic lamp, the Colonel would have wished for ten more pairs of claws. Suddenly he attacked his nose and trapped a tiny insect. It bit him before he could detach it. Examination showed it to be a mean looking black



ant and Colonel Baglipp began to swear. As he rolled through the gate into the rectangle he gave sentries an exhibition of a man instilled with the spirit of St. Vitus trying to get out of a tangle of rope.

"That fresh aviator!" he howled. "Thinks he's smart, does he? Ow-w-w-w-w! Ouch! But I—I'll show him. Just wait!"

Lieutenant Pinkham stayed with the D.H. even after the pilot had hied to a place where he could find food and lodging for the night. Phineas put on Grandfather Pinkham's ear set and leaned close to the crate while a pair of doughboys watched him. Suddenly to his ears came a sound as alien to a D.H. as is the chirp of a cricket to an ice floe:

*Tick took . . . tick took . . . tick took.*

The sound was faint even in the Pinkham trumpets. "Hm-m! They're not puttin' clocks in D.H.'s yet," he muttered. "I must look around a bit." Phineas climbed into the pit and found nothing amiss. He crawled into the rear pit and found a small bundle of oily waste tucked out of sight under the makeshift observer's seat. When he picked it up it weighed several pounds. Promptly the self-appointed Intelligence Department tore off the waste and stared at a small contraption made of metal and wood. There was a small dial about the size of the face of a wrist watch set in the casing and the hand on it barely moved. But there were no numbers on the dial.

"Fool a Pinkham, huh? It's lucky I brought my ear set, haw-w-w-w!" chuckled the pride of the Iowa Pinkhams. "I bet when that hand makes a dozen revolutions, somethin'll go off—and it won't rain confetti. A nice mess we'll be having see swar." Phineas put the bomb in his pocket and started toward Chaumont. Meanwhile, over in G-2, Colonel Baglipp had occasion to walk into the office where Phineas Pinkham had put the call through to Bar-le-Duc. The Colonel recalled that he had left his favorite briar in that room several hours before. Likewise he was memorizing an address he had picked up in Troyes.

After retrieving the pipe, Baglipp suddenly spotted the sheet of blue paper on the desk. The wind had turned it upside down, hiding the designs that Phineas had unconsciously drawn on it. The name and address he had temporarily committed to memory the Colonel now jotted down on the blue paper, folded it up, and put it into his pocket. Then he hied to his quarters to spend quite some time working on his physiognomy. He expended an equal amount of time with various parts of his anatomy that bore trade-marks of very

testy black ants. He cursed Lieutenant Pinkham roundly as he applied soothing balm to every outraged portion of his fuselage.

The mess in honor of Phineas had not gotten beyond the soup when the Boonetown pilot placed a small object in the center of the table. A general, a pair of brigadiers, and a score of lesser officers gazed at it in wonder. Colonel Baglipp's soup back-fired—and before he was aware of it he yipped: "*Ach du Lieber!*"

"Why, Colonel," rumbled a Brigadier, "I could have sworn you said—

"He did," Phineas yipped. "He's a Kraut! Grab him and scrape the paraffin off his dome just back of the left glimmer. I smelled it burnin' when he got singed with my phoney cigar." And then the red-headed, freckle-faced, buck-toothed Yank bounded from his chair to the table with the agility of a tomcat and dove for the *Herr* before he could collect his scattered marbles. Holding the Kraut down with one hand, Phineas hollered for some one to give him a spoon. In less than two minutes the bogus Colonel was raised to his feet and thrown into a chair. A scar shone on his head where the paraffin and other make-up had been.

"A Heidelberg duelling scar," Phineas yowled triumphantly. "I bet he's *Herr Kohme*! Haw-w-w-w! I guess tricks don't have no use, huh? I must've been psychic when I thought to bring them ear phones of Grampa's along, huh? That tick-tock in the D.H. would never have reached my ears plain natural, and in the A.M. that bomb would have blown up when we was upstairs. Anyhow, when I heard he'd been in that D.H. that I was goin' to ride back to the Ninth in—well, I figured he'd be thinking of a way to wash me up, as I guess you bums—er—officers know that there's a reward waitin' for the Kraut who sends me out west, haw-w-w-w! Well, that is another spy to shoot."

"*Donnervetter!*" *Herr Kohme* gutturalled. Knowing that the tabby cat had hopped out of the sack, he forgot all his English. "*Ach, Himmel. Besser* I shouldt haff nodt went near *das* Pingham. *Mein Freunds*, they varn me *und* I t'ing I ben smarter as eferbody *und*—he *ist der deffil!*"

*Herr Kohme* was quickly removed to a side room and G-2 brass hats gave him the works. While some ransacked his quarters, others stripped him to his birthday suit and fine-combed his duds. Moreover, General Pershing drove back from a brief inspection tour of Yankee billets as fast as his boiler could perk. On arriving at G.H.Q., he immediately went into a huddle with his brain trusters and tacticians. A

brigadier laid a sheet of blue paper before him and stabbed a finger at it.

"Look here, sir. That Jerry that Pinkham just caught had this map on him. I figure it's the layout of the Boche counter attack. The Heinie musta had it so that he could advise our officers to do the wrong thing and expect an attack from the wrong spots. Those two lines there," he continued, pointing at a portion of the red scrawling. "It shows they'll come out of Lalval Wood in two waves, the Heinies will. Those round red circles undoubtedly show where their barrage will fall. And over there near Montdidier you can see where this Kraut marked the location of the 28th Infantry and—"

"Certainly looks like it," one of the colonels said. "Those curlycues there are meant for woods. The Lalval Woods. We can expect a counter attack either tonight or tomorrow night. You remember what Bagl—er—this Kraut advised yesterday? That we should expect the counter attack to come from over here instead of— Why, this Pinkham is a marvel! He has saved the Cantigny salient."

"Where is the man?" the C-in-C wanted to know. "I'd like to congratulate him. Get word through to General Fish. Send out despatch riders, Colonel. I doubt if the Germans will attack before midnight. They will not have had time to patch themselves up before then, I am sure. But this Pinkham—I want to see him."

PHINEAS, however, flushed with his latest coup, was sight-seeing in Chaumont with a couple of shavetails. At ten o'clock that night in an estaminet not far from the church of St. Jean Baptist, the Boonetown wonder was imbibing Frog brew and promising a country home and a limousine to a comely wench who sat at his elbow. Then in came a Yankee colonel with a Frog capitaine and they sat down near the Pinkham party.

"Yes sir, that Pinkham did it! Got *Herr* Kohme. G-2 found the plan of a counter attack near Cantigny on the Boche spy," the Colonel rattled off, his words seeping into the Boonetown flyer's ears. "Blue paper with red pencil marks. G-2 figured it out in a hurry. Boche will get a shock all right, all right. They'll find that the Yanks will be waitin' to—er—shellack 'em at every spot they try to get at. Marvelous fellow, this Pinkham. Like to meet him—"

"Aw-w-w-wk!" Phineas choked. "Ah—er—bong swar, mawn ammies. I gotta go—forgot to mail a letter or something. Adoo Claudette, mawn cherry." Then,

face as white as the teeth of the *femme* he had deserted, the Yank barged out into the night. He yelled for M.P.'s, demanded transportation to G.H.Q. There was none to be had at the moment. So, limp as a boiled stick of macaroni, Phineas tried to steal a Frog colonel's buggy and was nabbed by gendarmes. He laid both Frog cops among the sweet peas with two lusty swings and started running with half the military population of Chaumont on his trail.

"I got to get to the front," he gasped. "B-Battle plans—huh! I—I was j-just s-scribblin'—I'll git hung. I—" The resourceful Yank then thought of the D.H. that was waiting out there in the field beyond the buildings housing the A.E.F. brain trust. At eleven o'clock he reached it, his tongue almost brushing his insteps.

"Veet, veet, you grease monkeys," he yipped. "Get this bus warmed up as Gothas are coming. I heard 'em with my ear phones. It's Pershin's orders. Crock ain't nowheres around an'—I—I guess you don't know me, but me and the General is as close right now as two Scotchmen, huh? Do you want to get busted? Hurry up."

"Oh, awright, Lootenant," a grease monkey sniffed, "but you got to take responsibility. I don't hear no—"

"Shut up an' take the lead out of your skivvies," Phineas howled. "I got to get to—er—I'll get shot if—I mean—spin that prop, you iron stag on a lawn! Oh-h-h!"

In another ten minutes Phineas Pinkham was upstairs and headed toward the Channel. Gobs of sweat were rolling off his freckled brow. It was a hundred and fifty miles to the Cantigny fight area and he had forgotten to check up on the gas in the D.H. tank. The gauge read half full when he hit five thousand and his stomach shrunk to the size of a lichee nut. To add to his misery, over Suippes Boche archie began to puff up mayhem. Chunks of old iron bathtubs banged divots out of his top wing and a piece of an anvil bounced off the Pinkham cranium, scrambling the owner's mental assembly for the ensuing three minutes.

The Ninth's, miracle man finally succumbed to instinct, turned the D.H. around, and headed for home and Major Garrity. And he was not entirely himself until he looked over-side to see a bright flare lighting up the carpet under his D.H.'s trucks.

He blinked, pinched himself, and blinked again. Those landmarks down there were very familiar. The V-shaped farmhouse . . . trees . . . hangars . . . an orchard of apple I trees.



"I—I am back at—it's the Ninth Pursuit drome," he gulped, then he swung his prop boss toward Switzerland. "It's my only chance! I won't git shot. I will hide out in the Alps until the *guerre* is over."

But just then the Hisso conked, and Phineas Pinkham saw that the bus was as empty of gas as a sewer is of wild flowers. He knew that he was stalemated, so he got ready to fight the crippled D.H. down to the linoleum.

CRA-ASH! He hit Garrity's front yard on the bias, spun around three times, and finally crawled halfway up a tree before he stayed put. It was Sergeant Casey who pulled him out of the wreck.

"Lemme die," Phineas wailed. "I hope my throat is cut. They can't shoot me then, haw-w-w-w! Lemme move my legs to see if they will drop off. Git away, Casey, you bum, or I'll slug you! H-Huh, my legs are okay. Ain't it tough, the breaks I git?"

"Goofy," Casey commented to the pilots that came running up.

"Welcome home, Carbuncle!" Bump Gillis yipped. "If we knew you was cornin', we'd have spread mattresses out. How's Pershin?"

"Huh?" the prodigal squeaked. "Don't mention his name. Let me alone, as I'm as good as hung, mawn ammies. They can't blame me. I will see President Wilson—"

"Come on, men," Garrity hollered, "get him to his hut. Just humor him a little. Sad, isn't it, boys? Well—" The patient sat on his cot all that night chewing his fingers and tearing a blanket to pieces. He was thinking of a Yankee casualty list and a scaffold. He could feel the rope on his neck and wondered if he would take it like Nathan Hale.

Dawn was breaking when Phineas suddenly hollered: "I'll show 'em! I'll spurn the blindfold. A Pinkham won't ever—"

Frightened, Bump Gillis jumped out of bed, eyes wild. "What's hap— Gothas—huh? Where's my pants? Wh—?"

THE big news hit the Ninth Pursuit an hour later. The Yanks had stuck out a couple of left jabs and an assortment of right hooks at midnight near Cantigny and had smeared a Heinie counter attack. *Herr* Kohme had been nabbed by Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham and a plan of the Boche attack had been found on *Herr* Kohme's person. Chaumont, though frantic with joy, was worried—for Lieutenant Pinkham had gone up to fight Gothas and had not been heard from. General Pershing sent condolences to Major Rufus Garrity just after mess and regretted that he would not have the honor of pinning a medal on the hero from Boonetown, Iowa. Garrity sent for Lieutenant Pinkham.

"Awright, awright, I give up," the jokesmith said dolefully. "I'll go quietly."

"What's eatin' you, you crackpot?" Garrity ripped out. "Are you still out of your wits? You crawled out of worse crackups than that before. Gettin' soft, eh? Pershing's combing France for you, you nitwit. That plan of the counter attack they found on the Heinie spy sure was the real McCoy, Pinkham. We will get decorated. Every squadron on the front will be jealous of—"

Phineas did not say a word. He turned and felt his way out of the Operations Office like a sleep walker. Captain Howell stopped him outside and yipped: "He-e-ey, Carbuncle! What in—? He-e-ey, you're famous an'—"

"Just lemme be," Phineas Pinkham squeaked. "I got to go some-where's all by myself. I got to sit down an' figger it all out. Just lemme be, you bums!"