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PHINEAS  
PINKHAM  
howl

# HAPPY HUNNING GROUND

written and illustrated by JOE ARCHIBALD

*American military moguls were miserable! For along the Western Front, the Krauts were doing a Russian business which threatened to give the Potsdam Potentate a corner on the Frog real estate market. But meanwhile there was one thing that neither Chaumont nor the Wilhelmstrasse had figured on. This was Phineas Pinkham's skin game—a redskin game that was a cinch to corner a flock of squarehead scalps!*

**D**URING THE BIG TIFF known as the World War, the Potsdam propaganda prodigies scouted the very plausible theory that an army travels on its stomach. The Kaiser's skullduggierians, from the very first day that Jerry doughs took a short-cut across Flanders, worked on the idea that an army really meanders along on its morale.

So Heinie newspaper photographers were

commissioned by Wilhelmstrasse wise men to go out and fake batches of pictures portraying terrible atrocities behind the lines. Limey, Frog, and Yankee uniforms were draped over store dummies which were snapped in significant postures that would have thrown a scare into a family of gorillas. The pictures showed Allied airmen what would happen to them if they should be caught on Heinie real estate.

There was a time early in 1918 when a whole flock of such pictures was dropped out of a Jerry Rumpler near Vaubecourt. It was on the very same day that Chaumont's Sam Browne-belted brass hats got jitters from a certain bit of information that came to them from the Intelligence Corps. Three Russky soldiers had turned up in a batch of prisoners near Mont Sec—and one of the Steppe sons had told his captors that his countrymen would be represented in the Heinie backfield before long and that they would outnumber the fish eggs in a barrel of caviar.

The propaganda photos arrived at the Ninth Pursuit Squadron outside of Bar-le-Duc in time for mess. The gory snapshots took away the appetites of all Major Rufus Garrity's buzzards—that is, with the single exception of Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham, Iowa's illustrious contribution to the U.S. Air Force. Phineas took a look at one of the masterpieces and did not blink an eye. It was the picture of a Frog flyer hanging by his thumbs and with three bayonets inserted into various parts of his torso.

"Haw-w-w-w!" Phineas yipped. "That Frog is wearin' a *Yank's* skypiece! An' look at his hair. You can see the wind is blowin' the trees in back of him but his hair isn't even ruffled! It's a fake!"

"Oh yeah?" Bump Gillis, long-suffering hutmate of the scion of the Pinkhams, snorted. "Don't kid me. I've heard what they do—them blood-thirsty bums. Look at this picture here—ugh. They got the guy tied between two planes an' the Fokkers are takin' off in opposite directions—*aw-w-wk!* G-Goomer, git me some paregoric or somethin'."

"Aw you're a sissy," Phineas sniffed. "And as for them Russians, why if they came over to fight for Germany, who'd stay home and keep the revolutions going, huh?" He looked sidewise at the Old Man and then said: "But if it's true, lookit how fresh the vodka bums will be. They've had a long rest since they left the Allies flat. They ought to be in the pink. I'll bet there's six million of them beavers ready to fight an'—"

"Shut up!" the Major roared, as Phineas beamed at his success in getting the C.O. more riled than usual. "If anybody else shows me any more of these things, I will fracture his skull!" he hollered, shoving Bump Gillis out of his chair when the Scot showed him another grisly picture of a couple of Yankee doughs tied to a keg of gunpowder. A grinning Kraut had been snapped in the act of lighting a fuse that snaked away from the goodbye dust.

Lieutenant Pinkham helped Bump up off the floor

and then he went to his hut. Plumping down on his cot he began to go through a stack of newspapers he had received from relatives back home. One of the journals, a sports section from a Sunday edition, drew his particular attention. Reading the headline, which referred to the Milwaukee and Indianapolis ball teams of the American Association, the Yank's homely face split open in a grin that would have permanently dislocated the jaws of a hyena.

"A gander can take his sauce and dish it out, too," he chuckled as he tore out the piece he wanted and put it in his pocket. "I will put this in a corned willie can an' weight it with a rock."

A few minutes later, Phineas ambled out of the hut and across the tarmac toward "A" Flight's hangar. In one corner of the Spad garage he found his old bicycle. He wheeled it out, hopped aboard, and pedalled off the drome. Close to midnight he came back to the drome afoot, walking like a G.A.R. veteran loaded from collar bones to ankles with inflammatory rheumatism. At intervals, the returning prodigal paused to explore various pained parts of his anatomy. He gave vent to "ouches" on each venturesome pressure on his bruised empennage.

"A" FLIGHT went out the next morning on schedule. Captain Howell and the rest of the early-go buzzards wondered about Lieutenant Pinkham while they were sipping early morning java. The miracle man of the squadron looked a little pale around the gills, and when he eased his bruised frame gingerly into the pit of his Spad, he screwed up his face in such a gargoyle pattern that Bump Gillis scratched his helmet and mumbled to himself.

"The crackpot got in late las' night," Bump ruminated. "I remember that much an' I'm dam' sure he had a bag of somethin' with him, but I must've gone to sleep again before he put it away. Now I wonder what ails that halfwit? Someone musta given him a going over."

"A" Flight thundered toward the front. And Bump Gillis, Captain Howell, and two other Spad pushers felt a touch of jitters as they skimmed over a sea of clouds. They could not banish pictures from their minds. They were certain that their ends would be horrible ones if they were forced down behind Kraut ditches.

Their morale, therefore, was a trifle shot when they went slam-bang into a staffel of Vons over Mars la Tour. Howell got tagged on the blind spot two minutes and three seconds after the brawl started, and



he got out and headed for Bar-le-Duc with half the meat eaten off the Spad's wishbone. Bump Gillis got cornered by two Tripes and he took plenty of cuffing around by Spandau lead before he picked out an exit in the ceiling and hurried downstairs.

Four Vons were chasing Phineas. But they got discouraged when the pilot from Iowa went down so low that he could have picked daisies by leaning out of his pit. Phineas then vaulted an Alsatian church, hop-skipped and jumped over a half mile of Boche linoleum, and flattened a thousand Boche doughs who were moving along a road. Lead flew up at him and most of it missed.

Then Garrity's acute pain in the neck finally dropped a corned willie can overside and it almost made a permanent idiot out of a Jerry *Herr Oberst* who was standing near a big jalopi. Phineas threw something else, too, and it whanged against a scurrying Heinie dough's coal hod, sending up a loud ringing sound.

When the Kraut brass hat sat up and pawed at the spots that were dancing in front of his optics, Phineas was again climbing and heading for Yankee skies with a Hiss that missed more than a cross-eyed man aiming at clay ducks in a shooting gallery.

"Himmel!" the *Herr Oberst* gulped, massaging his clean-shaven noggin. "Was ist das!" With the help of two Heinie non-coms he clambered to his feet and one of them handed him the missile that had scattered his marbles. Across the yard came another conked Rhine whiner carrying a strange hatchet and his knees buckled a little.

The *Herr Oberst* dumped the rock out of the corned willie tin and a piece of newspaper came with

it. Black Yankee print hit him in the face—and after he had read it he wished he had never taken English lessons at Heidelberg.

"Ach du Lieber!" the bullet-headed Junker squawked. "Donnervetter! Der biece of Amerikaner Zietung says—Gott!"

The *Herr Oberst* staggered to Kraut headquarters and fell into his chair. Three other Teutons gathered around him and asked if it was the *Uber-Offizier's* heart or liver that was acting up. Then a Heinie with a monocle peered at the Yankee print on the bit of newspaper and his eye window popped loose.

"Ach! Loogk vunce! INDIANS SCALP BREWERS! Take Lead—"

"Was ist? Donner und Blitzen—der Brewers in Amerika Chermans ist always. Der Indians take der scalps mit—Himmel! Der lead to shoodt in guns—dey take. Dat means der Indians haff—Gott! If—"

Into the presence of the Teuton tacticianing tycoons shuffled an undersized Boche dough. His shaking lunchhook held the aforementioned strange hatchet, and

he extended it to a big *Herr Oberst* without remembering to salute. The Heinie officer took the war hatchet and looked at a name that had been carved into the handle. It was "CHIEF SPOTTED ELK." And there were dark stains on the business end of the sinister weapon.

*Herr Oberst* von Hamhockz wiped globules of worry dew off his beefy face and got up. Breathing heavily, he waddled out to a Jerry staff car and told the flunkey at the wheel to get him to the nearest town where there was a drug store. He might even want to be driven to Sweden, he muttered as he wedged his big carcass through the door of the gas buggy.



OVER on the drome of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, there was quite a to-do. Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham brought his ailing Spad down just in time to see a Frog peasant being dragged by a sentry toward the farmhouse where the Operations Office was sheltered. Phineas quickly hopped back into the pit and tried to take off again, but the Hisso had folded up for the day. "Oh well, I'll make 'em prove it!" the flyer sniffed, and he again climbed out of the Spad's office. "Let 'em get a lawyer."

He limped over to his hut, paused in the doorway for an instant to watch the Frog go into Squadron Headquarters, then said disgustedly: "Them Frog bums are always makin' a fuss over nothin'. Well, I will wait, and it won't be long."

Phineas was right. It wasn't.

An orderly appeared on the threshold of his cubicle within five minutes and told the joker that Major Garrity was desirous of having an immediate interview with him.

"Awright," Phineas chirped. "Tell him to keep his camisole on. I must first get tidied up. Haw-w-w-w-w!" He began to whistle.

LIEUTENANT PINKHAM had never seen a more excited Frenchman in his life than the one on deck in the Operations Office. The Frog hick was hopping up and down and waving his arms like a windmill, meanwhile hurling a verbal barrage at the Major that had the Old Man's ears vibrating.

"*Mais oui! Ze peeg he have steal eet ze hair from ze mane of ze cheval. He have cut eet off ze ends from ze tails of ze vaches. Sacre Bleu—Mon Dieu! He steal eet ze blankets of ze chevaux! I geet ze gun an' geeve to ze robbair ze shots from bucks. Tres bien—I heet thees robbair an' he mak' ze holler. I weel see President Poincare an' Marshal Foche. General Perslieeng I weel see, aussi Joff re—*"

"You forgot Napoleon," Phineas helped out. "Well, Lafayette, I am here and whatever I am blamed for is a lie. I have been limpin' ever since last night because I was hit with shrapnel yesterday, and—"

"Pipe down!" roared the Old Man. "You were out last night. The only buzzard off this drome. You might as well own up, Pinkham. You can be shot for stealing—maybe you can get hung. You—"

"Did they bring the electric chair over here with the doughs, too?" Phineas yelped. "Awright, if I did it, prove it!"

"You peel off those pants and let us look at your

shrapnel wounds, Pinkham!" Garrity issued a roaring order.

Phineas covered his freckled face with his large hands. "Major," he bleated, "shame on you. How could you? Why you—aw-w-w-w!"

The C.O. growled like a hound with the rabies. Captain Howell edged close so that he could prevent the Old Man from pulling a gun.

"Bah-h-h-h-h!" screeched the Frenchman. "*Ze argent ees zat wheech I want. Fifty francs for ze blankets an' a hunred francs for ze hair from ze cheval. I go to Poincaire—to Paree—*"

"Make it Siberia," Phineas suggested, "an' I'll pay half the ticket. You can't threaten me, you snail killer. I demand a fair trial, as I know my rights! And I will not disrobe in front of everybody without a court order. It is indecent exposure, an'—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" the wild-eyed peasant yipped. "*Ici I come for ze sateesfacion—an' what ees thees I have get, non?*"

"You get out of here!" The Old Man suddenly bellowed. "Or I'll shoot you for a spy. They stole hair off a horse, huh? Is that such a crime, you little gazebo? You still have the sheevals, haven't you? You've still got the vashes to milk. Get out of here or I'll kick you clear to the Channel!"

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" Phineas gurgled. "I'm beginnin' to like you, Major. Now you are usin' some sense. That Frog—"

"And as for you—you get out of here, too, Pinkham, or by cr-r-r-ipes I'll put a half hitch in your neck! If I find out—"

"I weel see Foche—ze President of France!" the Frenchman fumed as he was hustled out. "*Aussi ze robbair try to steal ze poulets. Ze chickens—*"

"I wonder what that Frog will say when he sees he has no paint left in his barn," Phineas muttered to himself as he tramped out ahead of the blast from the Major. And the Major, meanwhile, continued to roar.

BRASS HATS rolled into the Ninth Pursuit an hour later. They came to relay news from Chaumont that the Air Force had to find out for sure if Russian troops were being brought up to support the Hindenburg line.

Now "A" Flight was having a respite and "B" and "C" outfits were taking pokes at the Vons for the nonce. Accordingly, Phineas Pinkham was within earshot near the window of Garrity's office while the brass hats' oral barrage was being fired.

"We've got to be sure," one of the officers, a Colonel,

said to the Old Man. "If that Russian army has decided to throw in with the Kaiser, we've got to call for a million or two more men back in the States. Planes can find out whether they have. I think the Russians are gathering back of the front, and when they get strong enough—"

"That's easy," Phineas piped up. "Once the wind blows right, you will find out. The bums never heard of soap, an'—"

"Who's that, Garrity?" a gruff voice blustered. "Who—?"

The Old Man's nerves were singing. "Maybe it's mice," he ground out sarcastically. "If I get my hands on that baboon, I'll—er—what was it we were saying? Where were we, gentlemen? Er—yes, I agree with you. If the Turks and the Chinese join up with—"

The Colonel got up, jerked at his tunic, and snorted pompously: "If you are drunk, Major, I will certainly report—"

"I am as sober as you are!" Garrity protested. "But you've got the right idea. I think I will get me two bottles of cognac and guzzle 'til I'm as stiff as a haddock!"

"You have your orders, Major. I want accurate information regarding those Russians. Good day to you." The brass hats stalked out, leaving the Old Man in a rank humor, and Phineas Pinkham hustled out of range of the Major's wrath, wondering how the Krauts' morale was holding up.

Phineas should have been given a chance to look in on a pow-wow of Prussians that was going on near Metz. The conclave took their skull practice on the drome of Staffel 6, Imperial Heinie Air Force. Three Vons sat in listening to what they were going to do about the coming of the Red Men to palpitating Europe.

"Imperatiff idt *ist*, chentlemen," boomed a big Kraut general, "dat ve gedt proof uf *der* Indians beingk across *der* lines already, *ja!* *Der* books I haff read vhat says *der* Indians liff by *der* vigvarms und cook outside *der* doors yedt. *Der* fazes dey paint und put *der* feathers in *der* hair yedt. Findt idt *der* drome where *ist der Amerikaner* savages und ve drop *der* bombs down yedt already."

"*Ja Wohl!*" a tall, bony Von said shakily. "But iff idt gedts *der* engine trouble und ve haff to landt behind *der* lines—ve gedt burnt oop by *der* stake yedt. *Ach, Gott!* Against *der* rules of var *ist das. Der* scalping und—"

"Scalps?" sniffed the Prussian brass hat to his bald

compatriot in an attempt at levity. "Where ist *der* hair by *der* headt, von Spielz, *hein?* You s-s-scared of *der A-Ameri-kk-kaner* s-s-savages, *hein?* *Gott*, if they shouldt gedt by Chermany yedt! *Das ist alles*, chentlemen. *H-h-hock d-der K-Kai-ser!*"

"*H-h-hoch!*" tremored the assemblage.

IN HIS HUT at the Ninth Pursuit, Phineas was fiddling with a bunch of yellowish hair. It was hair that might well have adorned the head of a wellborn Junker. Phineas was sewing it to a square of old felt that he had stained with dark, evil-tasting medicine that his Aunt Carrie had sent him from Waterloo, Iowa.

No sooner had he completed the job to his satisfaction, when the call came to go up in the scraposphere with Captain Howell. On his way to his Spad, Phineas tied a large iron bolt to the object he carried and then shoved it into the pocket of his leather coat.

"Spotted Elk he come," the plotter mumbled. "Big Chief take up thunder wagon an' make war medicine. Ugh! Haw-w-w-w! Now when I get back, if ever, I will go to work with that cognac I have been savin' up."

Before the Spads took off, Garrity drove off the drome in the Squadron car. Sergeant Casey told Lieutenant Pinkham that the Old Man was going to Chaumont for a day or two and that Captain Howell was in command until the Majpr got back. And Phineas found that out for sure when Howell roared at him: "Hop into that bus, Pinkham, or I'll break you down to a mule skinner! I'm boss around here, and if you just talk back to me once—"

"Yessir," Phineas said aloud. To himself he grumbled. "The big bum! Oh well, cognac will soften him up."

The object of the patrol was well known to the pilot from Iowa. The Spads were going over to get a gander at the Jerry back area. If Russians were in evidence there, they would easily be tagged. That was what the brass hats had said.

Twenty minutes afterward, three Spads came back to the Ninth as full of holes as the alibi of a confirmed crook. One of Howell's buzzards had missed making the field by seven miles. Another had stayed in Germany.

Lieutenant Gillis got out of his chariot, plopped down on his knees, and ate some dirt. "Nothin' ever looked or tasted better to me," he declared. "An' oh, for a drink!"

Howell, acting C.O., had to lean against the side



of his Spad until his teeth stopped rattling themselves loose from his gums. Phineas strolled up, digging his finger into a bullet furrow in his helmet. "Boys, that was close," the patriot from Boonetown yipped. "Listen, Howell, I've got two bottles of cognac in my—"

"Run!" Howell suddenly broke in. "There's a Boche!"

*HR-R-R-RO-O-O-OM! KER-WHANG! BO-O-OM! BLA-A-ANG!*

TEN MINUTES LATER the three crawled out of a bomb-proof dugout and Howell quavered: "Pinkham, you s-said y-y-you had s-some c-c-coneyac. Wh-where is it? I am in c-charge here. I d-demand you shell out and—and—"

"I am goin' to stay boiled for a week." Bump quaked. "When I th-think of wh-what th-them H-Heinies are d-doin' t-to S-Slim Elliot about n-now, I—I—"

They followed Phineas to his hut and set about destroying the Pinkham supply of Frog giggle juice. Not too obviously the Boonetown pilot steered clear of the drinks himself, so at the end of the session he was in complete charge of his faculties. Captain Howell and Lieutenant Gillis, however, were changed men.

"B-bring on the Boches!" Howell yipped. "We'll t-tear 'em in li'l pishes! *Hic*—"

"Who'sh 'fraid of Hunsh?" Bump wanted to know—and thereupon Phineas lost no time in expounding a plan to his mates that he figured would knock the Kraut morale for a row of linden trees. He talked fast, then pulled some blankets out of his trunk. He also showed Bump and the acting C.O. three small pails of paint. Red, white, and black. He finally produced three clumps of coarse black hair and a dozen feathers plucked from the tails of the Frog peasant's cacklers.

"We'll fight fire with fire!" Phineas grinned. "We will show the Heinies that the Red Men have come to fight for the Great White Father in Washington. *How!*"

"Yeah," Howell agreed bibulously, "But how'll we do it?"

"Yesh—go on," Gillis hiccupped, "go on—*hic*—shoundsh great!"

Phineas told them. Moreover, he painted both their faces, then put horse hair over their heads and held it in place securely with big rubber bands. He stuck feathers in the elastic and stood back to get the effect. Then he made the two inebriated flyers wrap

themselves in blankets and held up a mirror for them to have a look at themselves.

Howell swayed, yelled bloody murder, and tried to jump out of the window.

"Indiansh!" he hollered. "*Hic*—run for your livesh! *Hic!*"

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" Phineas chortled with glee. "It's only you an' Bump, Howell! And now I will get fixed up. I am Chief Spotted Elk."

Captain Howell and Lieutenant Gillis watched Phineas paint his face white and then bisect it with lurid streaks of black and red. When Phineas got through. Bump wanted more cognac.

"No more fire water for now," the Boonetown conniver ordained, grinning. "You will be no good on the war path, Big Chief Tight-in-the-Fist! Haw-w-w-w! Howell, you are a big Indian brave—Sour-in-the-Puss!"

"Oh yeah? Nobody can inshult me. I win—"

"Awright, awright," Phineas said hastily. "We have got to work fast, now, as the Boche will be cornin' over before dark, I bet. We have got to put up some wigwams over in the field. There's a lot of old canvas behind "A" Flight's hangar. We will cut some poles. Come on, as it is for the Allies. Them Vons will scare us with pictures, huh? Well, when they find that scalp I dropped down behind the lines—haw-w-w-w!"

Bump Gillis gurgled with delight: "Lotsh fun, huh? Let'sh play Indian!"

Sergeant Casey was walking across the field when he saw the three horrible specimens file away from the Pinkham cubicle. He jumped two feet into the air and ran to the groundmen's barracks. From a window he watched Phineas Pinkham and his flying mates put up three wigwams. Half a dozen goggle-eyed groundmen pressed close to the sergeant and wondered audibly if the officers had gone nuts.

"Wait'll the Old Man comes back," Casey ground out. "He'll throw a fit. Whatinell are them crackpots doin' huh?"

Nobody could venture a guess.

MEANWHILE, things were happening fast. The Heinie two-seater that had dropped bombs on the Ninth had been knocked off on the way home. Yankee doughs pulled out one of the crew alive. And finally the Kraut, as scared as a dormitory beauty cornered by a rodent was brought to the drome of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron.

In the interim Major Rufus Garrity was shunted back home by a sudden change of mind on the part

of a high Chaumont official, and he arrived on the outskirts of his flying outfit at five in the afternoon to see three wigwams pitched in a nearby field. In front of them, open fires were burning, and three figures were circling about and setting up an awful hullabaloo. Major Garrity and a Brigadier nearly fell out of the Squadron car.

"What in—?" the Old Man gulped and stumbled toward a fence. There he propped himself up and stared. "Indians!" he muttered, looking at the savage symbols painted on the canvas tepees and glimpsing the flash of a hatchet in the beams of the waning sun.

"WA-A-A-A-HO-O-O-O-WAH-H-H-H-H!"

"G-Garrity, the Brigadier choked out. "Wh-what's the m-meaning of this? They're painted up like—Major, there aren't any Indians in France. This is—"

Ignoring him, the Old Man climbed the fence and hurried across the field. There one painted figure wrapped in a blanket stopped war dancing and stood eying him. Major Garrity felt his spine curl up and his hair stand on end—until he saw a double row of teeth flash.

"Pinkham—y-you—"

"How!" Phineas replied. "What does Pale Face want? Have a care, as we are as many as the trouts in the streams. Ugh!"

"You'll get shot for this," the C.O. bellowed. "And who are those two fatheads with you? What? Listen here—oh-h-h-h, cripes! Pinkham, I'll—"

"Shh-h-h-h," Phineas hushed him, looking toward headquarters. "There is a Kraut over there that has been brought in. We are goin' to scare the liver out of the bum, Major. Don't you see? It is to break down Heinie morale that we are doin' this. We will tell him he is going to be scalped an' burnt at the stake if he don't own up about the Russians. The Krauts have been scarin' us with pictures an'—"

"Ah—er—I will not be a part to such a—you are all under arrest—you an'—"

"Tight-in-the-Wad and Sour-in-the-Puss. They are heap brave warriors," Phineas said seriously. "Look at the Heinie over there, as he is so scared he can't stand up. Come on, Bump. *Wha-a-a-a-ho-oo-wah-h! Ye-e-e-e-e-o-o-o-ow!*"

The Bridgadier, who had come up meanwhile, scratched his head. "Pinkham, I know you are crazy now," he declared. "But—er—confound it, man, I think it's not a bad idea. Ha! Ha! Major, if this will get us the information we need regarding the Russians, I believe it is worth it."

"Ugh!" Phineas grunted. "We go an' get pale-faced Heinie bum. Get butcher knife, Bump, ugh!"

"I go," Bump Gillis said, shocked cold sober. "Ugh! Pinkham, I am goin' to get hunk! You got us boiled, an'—" Captain Howell picked up a rock, but the Old Man took it away from him. "You started this Wild West show, Captain," he said. "Let me see you finish it, ha-a-ah!"

"I'll kill him yet," Howell promised. But he wrapped his blanket around him again.

The three painted buzzards went over to Headquarters and grabbed the little Von.

"*Himmel—Kamerad! Nein—nein! Gott, der scalp you vant, ja? Ach, Gott! In der name of—you would not burn me oop yedt, hein? Das ist barbarous. Das ist—Kamerad!*"

"Ugh!" grunted Phineas and he flourished his butcher knife. "Take pale face to stake an' build heap big fire. I get scalp before he go happy hunting ground. Chief Spotted Elk has spoke!"

TWO HEINIE Pfalz ships droned over the Indian Reservation just as the captive Von was being tied to an improvised stake. And they swung back home in a hurry after one look at the layout downstairs. "*Ach, der Indians haff come! Donnervetter!*" one of the Vons gulped, almost shaking out of his pit. "Burnink oop der brizoner vunce. *Himmel! Der army I vill leaf und go home. Mil der top off mein headt, mein Fraulein runs off from me yedt und—Ach Gott!*"

"Look at pale face eagles go!" gloated Phineas, pointing up at the sky. "Ugh! Heap afraid of Spotted Elk's braves. And how!" Then he stepped close to the C.O. and whispered: "You tell the Heinie you can talk Indian—and if he will tell about the Russians you will tell me to let him go."

The Old Man growled at Phineas, but he walked to where the Teuton was bound to a stake. "Open up, Fritz," he said. "How many Russians are behind the lines? I can talk this Indian gibberish. I'll have Big Chief Spotted Elk let you go if you will spill all you know. Hurry up or you'll be barbecued by sundown."

"*Ja wohl! Der Russians ist—*"

Phineas was getting up after placing an armful of dry wood at the feet of the little Heinie. His Indian locks caught on a snag sticking out from the stake and were torn loose—revealing the rusty Pinkham thatch. The Kraut spotted it and he let out a yelp of joy and relief.

"Zo! *Das ist der trig, hein? Ho-ho! Amerikaner flyers*

*mit der* Indian paint vunce. Bah-h-h-h! I would nodd tell aboutt *der* Russians now. I bedt you I am loogkink at *Herr Leutnant* Pingham, *ja!*”

“Ah—er—” Phineas gulped. “Aw-right, you Kraut bum! I—”

Major Garrity gave Chief Spotted Elk a swift kick in the slats. Phineas said “Ugh,” and he meant it. “You fathead!” roared the Old Man. “Messed it up, huh? You’re through playing Indian, you freckled baboon. Get out of here! Get to your hut and stay there! You, too, Gillis! And, you, Howell! I thought you two had more brains than to let this halfwit—”

“We got dr—”

Howell kicked Gillis’ shins and from deep down in his throat boomed: “Shut up, dope! Do you want to make it any worse?”

“Ho! Ho!” gurgled the Jerry. “Is Red Men in *der* var, *hein?* *Das ist* funny, *nein?* Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!”

Lieutenant Pinkham thereupon belted the prisoner in the chops. Then the Brigadier told the jokester he would have to answer to charges for abusing prisoners, and Chief Spotted Elk trudged off the reservation quite discouraged, dragging his horse blanket behind him.

But Chief Spotted Elk and his two braves had not played Indian in vain. Over in the headquarters of Staffel 8, near Ars, two white-faced Vons were reporting to their *Herr Oberst*.

“*Ein* hunderdt vigvams *und* five hunderdt Indians, *Excellenz!*” one coughed up. “*Der* var dance dey vas dancink *und* fires vas burnink efervhere, *und—*”

“*Ach*, Heinrich, *das* vas *ein* t’ousandt vigvams. *Der* Indians vas efervhere, *Excellenz*. Like *der* flies *mit der* garbage vagon. I bedt you *das* was five t’ousandt Indians. *Und* at *der* stake already yedt for *der* roastink vas *ein* brizoner. *Ein* Cherman—”

“*Gott in Himmel!*” groaned the Squadron *Kommander*. “*Donnervetter!* *Der* High *Kommand* I call *geschnell*, *ja!* Go yedt. I haff to think vunce. *Donner und Blitzen!*”

FIVE MILES away Heinies were scheduled to take off in a Gotha to bomb a Yankee ammo dump that night. Half of the crew got hold of some cordite and chewed at it vigorously, then reported to Kraut medicos and showed unnatural heart actions. The jittery Huns were excused and the bombing was delayed. Near Mont Sec, in a dugout, a Jerry *Ober-Leutnant* stared at the blond scalp that had been brought to him earlier in the day. He looked at the dark stains on the dried hirsute object and shuddered.

“Some brafe Cherman,” he groaned. “*Ach, das ist* against *der* rules of var. Scalpink *und—der* Kaiser vill make *der* protest, *ja!* Already yedt *der* men by *der* trenches *ist* afraid of *der Amerikaner* Indians. *Mit der* morale uf *der* army goink oop to liddle bieces—*Himmel!*” He reached for a phone and his pudgy fingers shook on the instrument.

The news of the coming of thousands of Red Men to France was spreading over the Heinie sector like fire in a celluloid factory while Phineas Pinkham brooded in his Nissan. All the next day the Teuton troops huddled together and contemplated chucking the whole business. The Kaiser could not shoot a million men, they told one another. Getting shot was one thing. Getting scalped alive was another.

So by dusk of that day, the morale of the Jerries was as low as a duck’s vest. Boche planes shied from Allied skies and Heinie brass hats gnawed their fingers to the bone.

Phineas Pinkham, charged with raiding a Frog peasant’s farm among a dozen other things, decided to take the bull by the horns. He had been thinking things over while being glued to the ground, and he had come to the conclusion that things were not half as bad as they seemed. He bearded Garrity in his den, his face still wearing its war paint, and he did not give the C.O. a chance to open his mouth for fully ten minutes.

“Just because one squarehead knows we are fake Indians, it is no sign the Dutch bums back of the lines know it. Did you see them Heinie Pfalz jobs turn tail yesterday, huh? Anyways, if we do not find out about the Russians, the age limit for the draft will be raised over in the United States. And that will mean that my Uncle Horace will have to join the army, and he has got eleven kids. I am volunteerin’ to go over tonight an’ risk my life to find out for sure if the Krauts are doin’ a Russian business. Chief Spotted Elk has spoke. He will take war path and—”

Old Man Garrity thought it was a good idea. And there was a swell chance that the Boonetown pilot would get tagged for the Happy Hunting Grounds. “Go ahead, Pinkham,” he said. “What can I lose, huh? One thing I do know—I am getting out of the Order of Red Men as soon as I get back to the States. Now get out of here.”

“All I ask is for you to have some Allied crates ready to hop off about four in the A.M.,” Phineas said. “Have them meet me over Savant, as I will lead the pale faces from Potsdam into an ambush.”



The Major threw his hands up in the air. But Phineas, satisfied, went to his hut and prepared for action. He put a fresh paint job on his face, covered his hands with iodine, and fashioned a more convincing Indian coiffure. Then he went over to the hangar and called for Sergeant Casey. The non-com came out from behind a Spad and eyed Lieutenant Pinkham sourly.

"Paint for thunder wagon," Phineas grunted. "Ugh! Make it heap snappy, comprenny? Spotted Elk has spoke."

"Spotted Elk is heap nutty," Casey snorted. But he obeyed the Pinkham order.

Half an hour later, the Spad was ready for the air well decorated with pictures of animals, wigwams, and war hatchets. Lieutenant Pinkham walked to his thunder bird wrapped in a horse blanket and the buzzards of the Ninth crowded around to see the take-off.

"You've got everythin' you need but a straight jacket, you crackpot," Howell told him.

"Pale face bum makem Spotted Elk heap mad," Phineas erupted indignantly. "Maybe splittem skull with war hatchet, ugh! Adoo. Goem happy hunning ground, haw-w-w!"

Major Garrity sat on the doorstep of the Frog farmhouse wondering at his own mental status. As he watched the Spad take off, the Equipment Officer came up and asked him a question.

"Ugh?" Garrity grunted, startled. "What does pale face w—er—cr-i-i-pes! He's got me doing it. Shut up and leave me alone!" He got up and tramped inside yelling for Glad Tidings Goomer. The Old Man felt very much in need of his bottle.

NEAR CHEMINOT in Alsace there was a Heinie Gotha outfit. Just a half mile from that drome there was a flock of Kraut infantry having a recess from the shell-shellacked advance ditches. Phineas Pinkham, alias Chief Spotted Elk, spotted the enemy concentration just as two bat flyers spotted him. The sun had not quite knocked off work for the day and so the Krauts got a good look at the pictures painted on Spotted Elk's thunder wagon.

"*D-der Amerikaner* Indian, *und in d-der* Spadt!" mumbled the Von shakily, and his Spandau bursts missed the Spad by a mile. Then both Fokker pilots saw the savage with the horribly painted physiognomy raise himself in the pit and point down at the ground, signalling for a fair catch.

Boche Gotha workers swarmed out onto the drome

to watch the Spad nose down. A Kraut anti-aircraft crew were all set to throw the works if the strange air wagon made a hostile move.

A big *Herr Oberst*, wearing a spade beard and a monocle, stood in the doorway of the Gotha front office. "*Donnervetter*," he bellowed. "Look oudt vunce. *Das ist der* trick maybe yedt. *Das ist*—"

The Spad hit the field, rolled to a stop. Phineas quickly yanked off his helmet and stuck a feather in the band encircling his head. Then he climbed out of the pit, taking his big horse blanket with him. He wrapped it around his frame with a grandiloquent gesture and strode majestically toward the *Herr Oberst* while scared Krauts gaped like surprised goldfish.

Phineas stopped raised his arm aloft: "How!" he said.

"*Was ist?*" queried the surprised squarehead.

"Chief Spotted Elk comes to see pale faces from Potsdam. For many moons he has waited. Many summers have been mopped up by Manitou since Amerikan pale faces with long rifles stole cornfields from my people. Spotted Elk wants to help great Krau—er—White Papa in Potsdam. Spotted Elk's forefathers, all mighty warriors, do not rest in Happy Hunting Ground. And they will not rest until Indians win back land where beavers once—"

*Herr Oberst* von Sprudel let the strange visitor's words sink deep into his thick cranium. Von Sprudel had studied American history at Munich and he had read all about Kit Carson and Daniel Boone. He chuckled and stepped out of the doorway. Twenty feet from Chief Spotted Elk he lifted his own hand.

"*Ach*, I bedt you by Carlisle you haff coom, *hein?*" von Sprudel enthused. "You vant you shouldt get square *mit der Amerikaners*, *ja?* Welcome, Chief Spotted Elk, and cumst du in vunce, *hein?*"

Fighting off spasms in his backbone, Phineas shook his head. "Chief Spotted Elk cannot breath in white man's tepee. Stay outdoors!" Then he went on: "Over on American side—an eagle's flight from here—is great pale face wigwam full of thunder and lightning. Spotted Elk show white friends who hate pale faces from across water where wigwam is. He lead thunder birds to big wigwam. An hour before Great Manitou pushes sun up. Spotted Elk has spoke!"

Phineas squatted down on the ground, pulled a long-stemmed pipe from his pocket, touched a match to the filled bowl, and soon was puffing contentedly at the weed. *Herr Obersts* and lesser *offiziers* huddled inside Gotha headquarters. Spotted Elk's eyes kept

roving over the Kraut reservation. A car rolled onto the drome and five men got out of it. Phineas Pinkham saw that three of them wore Russky uniforms.

For a minute his blood hit sub-zero. Then one of the visitors spoke to a Bosche flying officer.

*“Wie Gehts. How ist der black moostache Ich haben, hein? Ich ben Herr Oberst Nickolas Alluvanitch, ha! For der Vaterland I get tookeen der brisoner and—”*

“Why the big bums!” Phineas grunted to himself. “They are no more Russian than a crock of baked beans. Why—haw-w-w-w!”

Meanwhile *Herr Oberst* von Sprudel told his mates all about American history. He had no doubts about the fact that Chief Spotted Elk had seen a chance to avenge his ancestors’ difficulties with the old pioneers. But he was not taking any chances. Chief Spotted Elk would fly in the Gotha and not in his own thunder wagon. Von Sprudel admitted he was pretty smart.

And Chief Spotted Elk felt like going into a faint when the *Herr Oberst* gave him the news. Trying to keep his teeth from clattering, Phineas nodded his dome and said: “Ugh! Anyway Chief Spotted Elk will not ride thunder bird of pale faces across big pond any more. He make present to Big White Father in Potsdam. He have much wampum, too—”

The Krauts let the Indian from Boonetown, Iowa, hive up in a makeshift tepee under a big tree almost a mile from the drome. Curious, albeit nervous, Boche doughs ventured close to look at the *Amerikaner* aborigine. Some of them wore Russky suits. Once Chief Spotted Elk made an angry gesture with a hatchet and the squareheads stamped.

“Chief Spotted Elk wantem sleep!” Phineas roared at them.

But there was no chance of Garrity’s cigar store Indian sleeping. It was pretty plain to him that if he went to sleep it might be a permanent snooze. He had gotten himself into as pretty a kettle of smelts as he had ever imagined.

“Well,” he sighed, “it is for the dear old U.S.A. I will be in all the history books like Nathan Hale and—ugh! It is a long sermon that doesn’t end, an’ nobody can expect to live forever. Adoo, bums of the 9th. I will see you all in the Happy Huntin’ Drome.”

FATHER TIME put on a sprint that night. Tempus fugited until at three-forty-five A.M. *Herr Oberst* von Sprudel and a Boche Gotha jockey came over anff called to Chief Spotted Elk. They told him that it was time to go over and knock the Allied powder wigwam

for a row of Indian totem poles. Chief Spotted Elk said: “It is well. I go. Ugh!”

Five minutes later, Chief Spotted Elk was squatted down Indian fashion on the catwalk of a droning Gotha. Sweat was oozing through the Pinkham war paint and making tiny rivulets down his face. It occurred to him that even if the Boche bomber was not shot down, it would take him back to the Heinie drome. He wondered how long his paint job would hold out. A good rain wouldn’t do it any good. Yes, Phineas had to think faster than he had ever thought before.

He crawled back to the tail of the ship where a Boche machine gunner was crouched. He drew a Frog peasant’s hatchet out of his belt and banged the Heinie over the scalp with the flat of the blade. The Boche went to sleep without a fuss. Quickly Phineas took a wad of yellowish hair out of his war bag. It had been well smeared with red lead.

Then, with the fake scalp in one hand, the conked gunner’s Luger in the other, Spotted Elk crawled back into the bowels of the ship. The Heinie at the bomb racks turned—and then let out a blood-curdling yell. He saw the gory trophy in Chief Spotted Elk’s hand, jumped to conclusions, and tried to jump through the side of the Gotha.

*“Gott in Himmel! Ha-a-alp vunce. Der Indian—!”*

A Kraut *Unter-Offizier* came out of the control pit. Phineas covered him with his Luger and hollered: “Wa-a-o-o-owa-a-aah! Chief Spotted Elk take war path. He hate all pale faces! He takem scalps. Burn ’em thunderbird. Ye-e-e-e-o-w-w-w-w-w ! Spotted Elk learn to shoot pale face gun. He has spoke!” Thereupon Phineas banged a shot into the catwalk and the puttyfaced Heinie scrambled back to the business office of the Gotha to tip off the pilot.

“He has scalped *der* gunner, Otto. He *ist* madt by all *der* pale fazes and—ach du Lieber!”

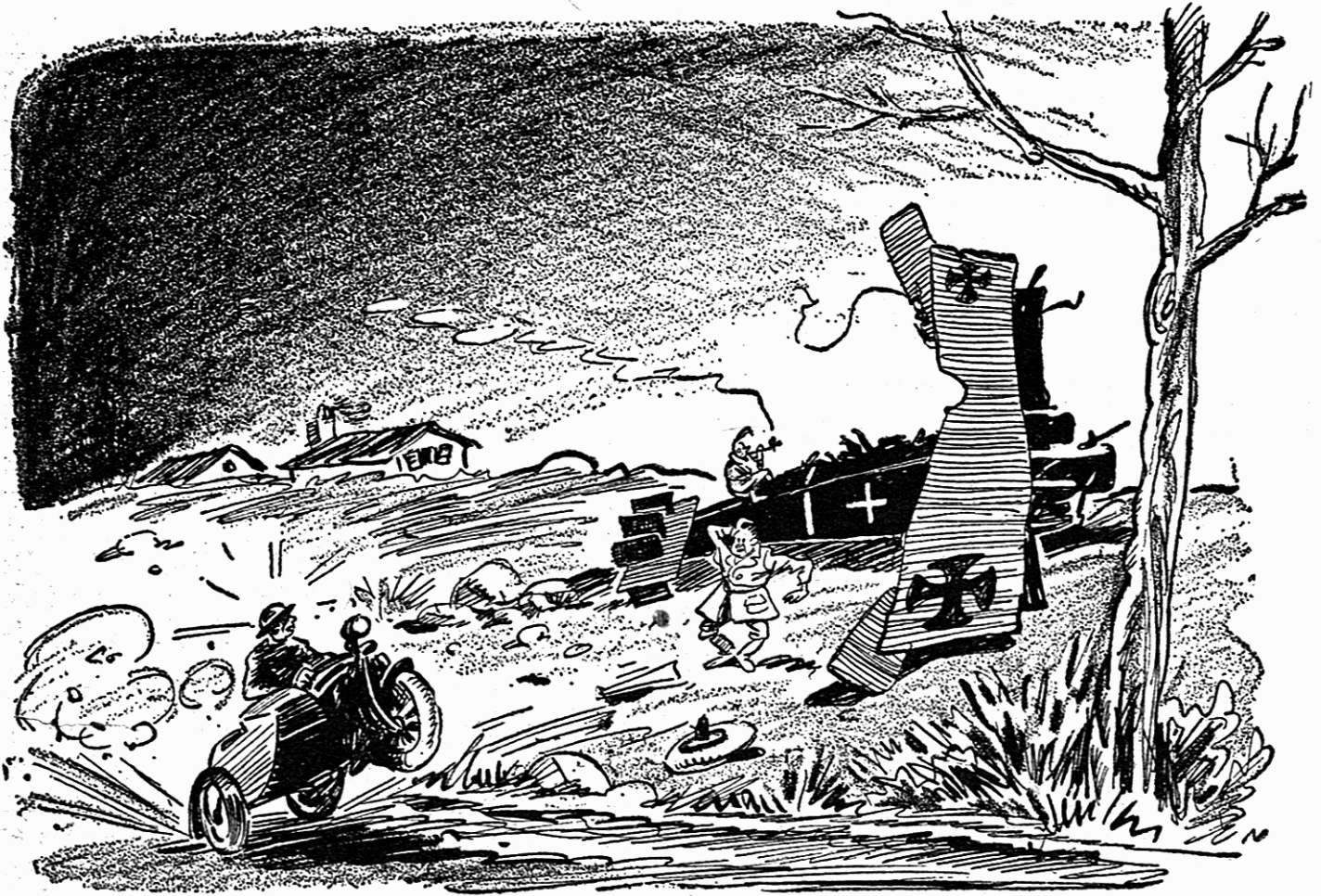
Meanwhile, Phineas took a hunk of pitch out of his little kit bag and plastered it on the end of the hatchet. He set the gooey stuff afire and panic gripped the Gotha flyers. “Spotted Elk wantem fire,” he roared. “Cold up in clouds. Ugh! Wa-a-a-ao-o-o-wa-a-ah!”

“Down vunce Otto, *Der* bombs vill—*Gott!*”

*“Ja! Before ve gedt idt der scalps kaput!”*

BLAM! BLOOEY! KERWHAN-N-NG! Bombs left the racks and went down to dig huge divots out of Frog fairways. The Heinie at the toggles finally got rid of the last big egg and leaped at the aborigine from





Iowa. Phineas slugged him and dragged him back toward the tail of the ship. Then he let out another warwhoop and took another fake scalp out of his bag.

"Chief Spotted Elk havem two scalps. Getem heap more. Setem thunder bird on fire. Getem all pale faces!"

ALLIED ambushing pilots were only five hundred feet up when they heard the double-yoked Kraut eggs break up three miles from Savant. They saw the Gotha heading for the linoleum in a hurry, and they knew they had been saved a lot of work for some reason as yet unexplained. When a Yank motor-bikeman reached the scene of the Gotha's St. Vitus crackup, he found a Heinie walking around in circles as if he had lost something. Chief Spotted Elk was sitting on the Gotha's tail smoking a Calumet pipe.

"It's an Injun!" yelled a dough. "Cripes!"

"Don't be silly!" Phineas chided him. "Haw-w-w-w-w! Get me an auto, as I want to get word to Chaumont about the Russians. Getem pale face pep-water buggy heap quick. Did I fool these squareheads, oh boy! Tricks they want, huh? Well, a Pinkham—"

The cat was out of the bag. A half hour later, Chaumont's brain trusters were hep to the Heinie trick. The Roche had planted Russian-suited squareheads where they would be taken prisoner. The Potsdam Kommand had figured that the Allies would pull men out of one part of the line to put them into the sector where Russians were believed to be heavily concentrating.

PHINEAS PINKHAM arrived at the Ninth still wrapped up in his horse blanket. His feathers were slightly frazzled, and one hung awry over his face. But he was in high spirits. The Old Man and visiting brass hats wanted to know his desire. Just ask, they beamed.

While Captain Howell, Lieutenant Bump Gillis, and the other pilots stood open-mouthed, Chief Spotted Elk struck a dramatic pose and grunted: "Want two months wampum in advance. Take trail to Paree. See squaws. Ugh! Maybe drinkem frog sparkle water. Spotted Elk has spoke!"

Major Rufus Garrity fell into a chair and held his head in his hands. "I want to resign," he moaned. "I can't stand any more."







