

# DON PATROL

written and illustrated by **JOE ARCHIBALD**

a  
**PHINEAS  
PINKHAM**  
howl

*Down in the Kingdom of Alphonso, certain cagey Castilians had cooked up a Spanish omelet for the Allies—one which had a Kraut smell to it. And when the bad eggs that figured in it evaded all the Entente spies, the Democrat Generals were frantic. But the real action didn't begin until Don Quixote Pinkhamo homed his way into the land of bull fights—and it didn't stop until the terrible tempered Ferdinando horned him right out again.*

**S**UNNY SPAIN RIGHT NOW is not so sunny. As this is written, the Rebels and Loyalists continue to scrap back and forth through olive orchards and vineyards. And they are not throwing onions. Instead, cupro-nickel frijoles and steel-encased tortillas fly over the Iberian Peninsula night and day.

What has this got to do with Phineas Pinkham, lieutenant extraordinary in Major Garrity's Ninth Pursuit Squadron of the A.E.F.? Well, let us remind

you that coming events cast their shadows before, and even an oak tree will get nowhere if somebody doesn't plant a little acorn. Anyhow, the Boonetown, Iowa, bamboozler went to Spain a score of years ago—and so it's a wonder a civil war didn't start there sooner!

We shall begin this amazing narrative about a thousand feet above a cloud that floated across the Frog skies one bright day in 1918. Phineas Pinkham sat up there in a Spad, and he was on his way home

from a jaunt over the lines with Captain Howell of “A” Flight and three other buzzards.

Garrity’s pain-in-the-neck might just as well have been alone, for he had drifted away from the formation as far as the Brooklyns are from a pennant. Two Fokkers spotted him and slid down through the ozone as if it were greased. The joker from Boonetown, Iowa, saw them and made a race of it. Friendly real estate was a baker’s dozen miles away, and Fokker power plants turned over much faster than a hobo in his sleep.

Spandau lead was catching up before the Spad had negotiated half the distance. And, by the time Yankee ditches really did appear under the Pinkham battle wagon, Phineas’ crate had depreciated so much that it would have been worth little or nothing in a trade-in. The Hiss, with Spandau lead deposited in its tonsils, was letting out more steam than a circus barker, and part of the Yankee sky jalopi’s empennage was holding on by a fragile straw.

But the Boche pilot, swacked with triumph, went on over the lines with Phineas to make sure of the *descendu*—and he chalked up two instead. Not only did he fog the Yank to terra firma, but he spilled himself all over the landscape when he misjudged the height of a Frog chimney. The head of a family of storks was all mixed up in the Fokker’s superstructure when the Boche pilot cracked up.

Phineas limped away from his own one-point landing and surveyed the cause of his grief with mixed feelings. “Wee gates, Otto,” he chortled. “Looks like a stork brought you, *mein herr*. Haw-w-w-w-w!”

“*Ach du lieber*, Pingham *ist! Gott in Himmel*. Bah!”

“Bah an’ a couple of *Himmels* yourself!” Phineas retorted. Then he looked at the wreck of the Fokker. The insignia intrigued him. It was the crowned head of a wild boar with some shrubbery underneath that looked like a bit of grapevine. “You’re nobility, huh? I should think you bums would have coat-of-arms with a weenie rampant on a field of saurkraut. Anyhow, get up, Fritz, as I am taking you home with me, *ja!*”

The Heinie became very loquacious on the way to the Ninth Pursuit Squadron in a Yankee truck. He made Phineas understand that he should be treated with unusual respect seeing that he was of royal blood. Why, quoth he pompously, the von Goutz family appeared in court everywhere.

“Haw-w-w-w!” Phineas guffawed. “Brag, would you? You should see my Uncle Gus. He has been in so many courts that every time you ask him how he is, he

will say ‘Fine—twenty-five dollars.’ Shut up, you Kraut bum!”

MAJOR GARRITY was in serious pow-wow with half a dozen brass hats when Lieutenant Pinkham walked his prisoner across the field and hustled him inside the Frog farmhouse which was used as headquarters for the Ninth.

Captain Howell swung away from the mess bar and yipped:

“Run out ag’in, huh? Where’ve you been you—?”

“Look what I brought,” the irrepressible son of the Iowa Pinkhams retorted. “Do you think I got him rollin’ dice in Barley Duck? It is a Kraut flyer—or wouldn’t you know? You haven’t seen one up close for so long. Say somethin’ to the bar flyer, Fritz!”

“*Schweinehund!*”

Phineas patted von Goutz on the back, and Captain Howell let out a roar and demanded that Phineas show him some respect. Lieutenant Gillis, otherwise known as Bump, threw a punch at von Goutz and missed. His knuckles almost went through the door leading to the inner sanctum. Thereupon, a chair slid back inside with a rasping sound and Major Garrity bounded out, having almost shoved the door off its hinges. Behind him trailed a pair of Yankee brass hats who looked more than indignant.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Garrity boomed like a champion hog caller. “Who started this—this uproar?”

“I brought in a prisoner that I shot down, sir,” Phineas spoke up. “They werd’abusin’ him. I know his rights. I—”

“Wha-a-a-a?” rattled the Major. “You shot down a—? Pinkham, I’ve been waiting for you. I sure have! You get to your hut—and don’t leave it until I say so. Gentlemen,” he said, turning, “I think I know the very man—” The door had closed again and the rest was said to the closeted brass hats.

Phineas felt the skin on his scalp lift up as if the business end of a vacuum cleaner had been pressed against it. “Uh—er—what did he mean by that, huh?” he gulped, looking from one to another of the peelots.

“It means you are going to commit suicide,” Bump beamed. “Whe-e-ew, what a load off my mind! I was always unlucky drawing straws—

“Oh, yeah? I’ll show those bums!” Phineas trumpeted. “I will write to my Congressman.”

The door flew open.

“Shut up Pinkham!” the Major barked. “And come in here.”

The Boonetown miracle man slithered his heels as he obeyed the order. Brass hats of three countries eyed him sourly, and Phineas did not exactly throw kisses at them. One, a colonel built like a grain elevator, shook his head.

"So this is the miracle man, Garrity?" he said with disbelief. "Who would believe it? Don't understand how he ever got into the Air Force much less accomplish the things he has been credited—h-m-m." His eyes roved over the freckled physiognomy and loose-jointed frame of the Pinkham offspring as if they were appraising a prize steer.

"Step up e-e-e-ever-r-ry bod-de-e-e-e!" Phineas suddenly exploded in high dudgeon. "Look at the freak. Half ape and ha-a-alf man! Captured after a te-r-r-ri-ble str-r-r-uggle in the wilds of Boopistani! For a thin dime, la-a-adies an' gentlemen—the tenth par-r-rt of a dol-lar-r, step up an' see this marr-rvel of the age! Step this way! He gulps his meat raw!" He paused. "Aw-right, I am only a looey. But I don't have to stand for insults from superior officers! I know my rights!"

The Old Man spun around in a tight circle, his hands pawing at his red hot face. Brass hats sat transfixed as if Svengali had come in and taken all their marbles away. It was the Yankee colonel who became articulate first. "Major, such disregard for discipline is—is colossal," he puffed. "The effrontery—"

"Oh, let's get it over with," Phineas said irritably. "I would just as soon go to jail as get looked over like a blue-ribbon pooch. If it is a job you want done that is too dangerous for the army and navy to try, come right out with it. Huh, it's always a Pinkham!"

"Uh—er—" the colonel stammered, "let's—er—get together, gentlemen. No doubt the lieutenant has been through a very trying day and is not himself. Now—er—Lieutenant, do you feel fit enough to accompany us to Chaumont? A grave situation has arisen in Spain and it calls for the talents of a man such as yourself. Unorthodox methods of espionage that will fail to excite suspicion, you see. Yes, Lieutenant, no one would ever suspect you of being in any way connected with Intelligence—"

"That is enough!" Phineas bridled. "I can stand only so much I—I will take the klink instead. Adoo! You bums don't look so bright yourselves. I bet pull got you your jobs. Awright, get the D. A. from Chaumont and let him go to work on me! I should worry."

TWENTY MINUTES LATER the brass hats had Phineas Pinkham calmed down. Arrangements

were immediately speeded so that the marvel of the A.E.F. could be loaned to the Intelligence Corps for an unlimited period. Thereupon Phineas went up to Chaumont and got the dirt. It amazed even him. He heard a story that Scheherazade could have used on the thousand-and-second night. A certain group of high Castilians, said to be as close to King Alphonso as that monarch's silk union suit, were reported to be working secretly on their own to hatch up grief for the Frogs across the Pyranees. They intended, it seemed, to try to throw Spain in with Potsdam and force the back door of la belle France.

"I don't believe it," Phineas said as brass hats lengthened their faces. "And even I believe almost anythin'. Haw-w-w-w-w-w!"

"It is no joke, Lieutenant," a brigadier snapped. "We have proof that due to the scheme that's afoot, peace between France and Spain is as good as doomed. That will mean France will have to send an army to the Pyranees. Then she'll be weaker here on the Western Front—and the Germans will make a walk-away of it.

"Granted, our agents nearly frustrated the plot—but a certain German agent was a little too clever for them. Lieutenant, there is a secret chamber in the Alhambra, the old palace of the Moorish kings at Granada. And they plan to fill it with enough black powder to blow it off the map. When she blows, the pro-German Castilian group will blame it on the French. Then England's control of the Strait will be smashed—and I'll tell you why . . ."

Phineas listened. He was told that thousands of bed-sheeted *Allah il Allah* boys were swarming up just across the Strait in Africa. Led by two of the most powerful sheiks who ever slit an infidel's throat—Anuf Said and Beni Hassam—the Arabs were waiting for a good excuse to start a fuss. They'd be right ready to fight a war of revenge if the grand old palace of their ancient kings were destroyed. An Iberian army of a hundred thousand men would team up with the rug-kneelers once they landed in Spain. And then the Strait of Gibraltar would become absolutely lousy with U-Boats. Pigboats would start vaccinating Allied battle wagons.

"Pinch me," Phineas said weakly. "I am having a nightmare, I bet. I am sure I haven't had a drink since I got here."

The Boonetown hero heard more. Back in 1354 when the Alhambra was completed at Granada, a mysterious parchment showing the location of the secret crypt was stolen by an old *Don* who planned



to use the hidden chamber in some scheme to get hunk with his enemy, the then current tenant of the famed Moorish marble shanty. This old Castilian coot concealed the parchment in a hiding place in his hacienda at Toledo, but he suddenly kicked the bucket before he could pass along the secret to his son and heir. A descendant of the old *Don*, not far from senility, had at last discovered the parchment and had thought more of the pesos it would bring than of the plots that might be hatched with it to blast the revered citadel. Accordingly, he had let the word slip out and it had reached the ears of an Allied agent.

"Why didn't that guy grab the thing?" Phineas wanted to know. "What a dopey crackpot that slug was!"

"Why—er—he did," a brass hat pointed out. "To be on the safe side, he paid the old bat 10,000 pesos for it and headed for Seville. But on the way he got banged on the head and robbed of the parchment. With my own ears, I heard his story, Lieutenant."

"Well, then, why haven't the pro-Kraut Castilians filled 'er with powder an blown 'er up by this time?" said Phineas argumentatively. "Somebody's kiddin' me. They got the parchment and know where to put the T.N.T."

"Listen, Lieutenant," the officer went on. "Spanish police chased the spy that stole the parchment all the way to Manzanares, a town in the Province of La Mancha. They caught up with him and filled him full of holes. But the parchment was not on his carcass when they searched him. Evidently, he'd passed it on to another fellow while he was being chased. And this other devil we figure, will turn it over to a German agent who is most likely on his way there to see that the blasting is done right so it'll implicate the French."

"Now we've got to have a man slip into Spain quietly. The authorities are watching everybody. The Spanish Government would like to get their hands on that parchment. If a plot is being hatched to attack France, why—"

"Oh, my dome!" Phineas sighed. "Of all the crackpot—haw-w-w! Okay, you let me do just what I want to do, sirs, an' I will take the job. Have I got an idea? Oh boys! I was readin' a book only last week that—"

TWELVE HOURS LATER Phineas Pinkham arrived in Issoudon by way of Paris. He was garbed in tight-fitting Spanish pants picked up at a costumer's. His brocaded, tailless coat smelled of mothballs and it left a big space between the Pinkham shortribs and

hips. A great lurid colored sash was draped around his middle and he minced along precariously in boots with heels that seemed as high as the Eiffel Tower.

"Bones an' notches!" *Don* Pinkham piped as he saluted. "That is 'good evening' in Spiggity," he explained. "Have you my Spado ready? This is no time to say 'man-yanna' as I—"

"Somebody," said the Issoudon boss with conviction, "is crazy. The Spad is ready, Lieutenant. But where's your guitar?"

"If you mean my goiter, I cured it with some patent medicine," the latest addition to Intelligence quipped. "Well, adoo—er—adios. I cannot waste time. I leave for Spain anon."

Everybody at the Frog flying school knocked off what they were doing to watch Phineas Pinkham take off in one of the very few Spad two-seaters that the airplane manufacturers had put out. The Yankee pilot headed southwest with the Hissso of his crate wide open. Outside of Toulouse he gassed up, then hopped the Pyranees.

Spanish linoleum—acres upon acres of it—slipped by under the Pinkham trucks. There was less than a gallon of gas in the Spad's tank when Phineas reached the arid and rustic area south of Toledo known as La Mancha. There he spotted a big windmill and spiraled down.

Along a road below, a gas buggy loaded with Castilian brass hats was travelling at breakneck speed. A mufti-clad citizen with them—a fellow over-upholstered with excessive avoirdupois—shrieked at the chauffeur: "*Pronto, pobrecito! Muy pronto! Valgame Dios, wan hombre* he fly from somewhere, *si!* Don' lose from out of eyesight. *Caramba!* She's have *el* Franch insignia, *si! Madre de Dios!*"

Meanwhile Lieutenant Pinkham circled, then sideslipped the Spad down toward the biggest windmill. He threw a Mills bomb at it and the Spanish brass hats waved their arms and yelled when, with an ear-splitting *WHAM!* it knocked one arm off the mill. The Yankee pilot wing-slapped down then, and the Hissso of his plane developed a hackling cough. The gas-buggyload of Spaniards came to a stop two hundred feet below and, seeing half a dozen men pile out of it, Phineas grinned broadly.

"Perfect!" he chuckled. "Haw-w-w-w! Now if Spiggity red tabs are as dumb as Allied Intelligence officers—" He left the rest of his hopes in the air while he eased the Spad down. Then he got out and strolled toward the Iberians.

"*Santa Maria!*" puffed a fat officer, eyes popping at sight of Phineas' get-up, "you are under arrest, *Señor*. You bomb *el* windmill—the windmills of *Don Quixote*—"

"Haw-w-w-w, you don't tell me!" Phineas guffawed. "Now we got hunk. My great-great-great-grandpadre took a poke at yon windmills, *Señor*, and got slapped down. I am *Don Quixote Pinkhamo*. A Spad is better than a bony nag when you fight windmills, huh?"

"*Carramba! Dios!* Capitan, you hear what thees *hombre* he say? *Don Qui*—maybe she ees too moch *arguardiente* I have drank, *si*. But thees *hombre* he look moch like as the old *Don*, *si!*"

The Spanish brass hats withdrew in a tight gang for a conference. Then the citizen in civvies—*Don Pedro Avocado*—made himself known and, seizing Phineas by the shoulders, kissed him soundly on each cheek. "We tak' you to *el generallissimo*. *Viva Don Pinkhamo*, *viva-a-a!* He teach *Soldados* to fly for King Alphonso. *Viva!*"

"Do anyt'eeng," Phineas pleaded, "only don't hug me again, *amigo*. And now how far is it to Manzanares, Seniors?"

"Ah, *Señor*, first we take you to drink some *aguardiente*, *si?* We celebrate! *Viva Don Pinkhamo!* Ver' queeck after we bring you back to *el* fly wagon *pronto!*"

While this oration in garbled English was assailing his eardrums, Phineas' attention was distracted by a big sign on a tree. There was a picture of a bull lifting a matador up by his pants.

"Bull fight, huh?" Phineas queried. "Where do you get tickets? *Señor Tortilla Tamales!* Is he a good treader?"

"Ho! Ho!" a Spanish brass hat laughed, showing two rows of white teeth in a swarthy face. "*Señor Tamales* say he ees bes' matador in whole worl'. Better as *Señor Quito Casaba*, *el hero* of all Spain. Tamales he come from Lisbon very queeck *y* fight *el toro*, what you call bull, at Manzanares in wan two week, *y Casaba* he call heem *la cucaracha* in the papers *y* he say Tamales he only fight the bull who are fill with *aguardiente*. All over Spain they look for mos' wildes' bull of all bulls *y* Tamales he ees no go'n' see *el toro* before he go in *plaza de toro*. Casaba mak' ver' sure Tamales he no geeve *el toro* what ees call' by *Americanos* wan *Mickey Finno*, *si!* Ho! Ho! Tamales he have for to be ver' *bueno*, *si!*"

"It's all bull to me," Phineas sniffed. "Now where's your drinking place?"

"*Muy Pronto*, we go thees place! Miguel, you feed thees car planty petrol!"

ON THE WAY to the inn, Phineas and his Castilian escort happened to drive past a Spanish rube's homestead. The irate tiller of the soil was arguing very lustily with several officious looking citizens while four other men pulled on a rope in a nearby field. On the end of the rope was the most vicious he-cow that Phineas Pinkham had ever clamped an eye on. It seemed to snort fire and brimstone and its angry bellows made him homesick for the drome of the Ninth.

"Wait—one *minuto!*" he yipped. "That Spaniard don't look like his heart is in sellin' the roast biff. *Carramba*, if them bums are stealin' the bull, we will show them, huh?"

The whole thing was explained by an olive-skinned Castilian prince of privilege who claimed to be the mayor of Manzanares. They had found the bull, a real honest-to-goodness *Miura* for the upstart, Tamales, to work on. Its horns were just the right length and it had a temper nastier than a Borgia's. It weighed but three pounds less than a rhino, and if the Spanish hick did not have sense enough to take a thousand pesos for it, he could go and peel an olive.

"*Santa Maria!*" the Spick peasant stormed. "*Carramba!* You steal *el toro*. I am persecute', *si?* Some day, my fran's, comes eet *el* revolution. We drive out *grandees y hidalgos* who want we should fight for Germany, *si*. *Viva la Fra-a-ance!* We no forget you steal heem *los toros* of ver' best! *Santa Maria!* Christopher Colombo!"

*Don Pedro Avocado* ordered the Spanish rube to be silent under pain of being cut in half. He thereupon stood by and let the blue bloods from Manzanares confiscate the agitated chunk of beef-on-the-hoof while Yankee Phineas Pinkham consoled the peasant as best he could.

*Señor* ees ver' kind to Pablo, *amigo*," the La Manchian rustic said to Phineas sorrowfully. My *taro*, Ferdinando, I am gon' mees ver' moch. He ees not mad eef you feed to heem ripe olives, *Señor*. He get ver' gentle like small chinchilla. *Valgame Dios!* Some day Pablo he have revenge. I t'eenk I gon' start beeg war myself someday, *amigo*. I have young fran' who know how to be *generalissimo*. He have name Francisco Franco, an'—"

"Shut up," Phineas warned him, "or they'll shoot you. Boy, Ferdinando is sure some hunk of sirloin, huh? Have you a cow named Isabella by any chance? Haw-w-w-w! Well, *adios amigo*, an' I hope you have a good war. Oh-h-h, they have broken one of the bull's horns off! Now it won't be any good to fight."

"No?" piped up *Don Pedro*. "Thees bull he lick any matador weeth no horns! Anyway, *Señor Garcia Grande*, he gon' feex heem op, *si!*"

"*Carramba!*" groaned the ex-owner of the male bovine, watching his former possession depart perforce.

Lieutenant Pinkham went on his way with *Don Pedro Avocado*. And in a smelly Spanish tavern near Manzanares, Phineas then got his first gulp of *aguardiente*. It tasted to the pilot from Boonetown like a combination of turpentine, vodka, and pulverized barbed-wire.

The Spanish brass hats, however, imbibed with enjoyment until their eyes became as opaque as frosted window panes. Their Yankee guest, employing sleight-of-hand in which he was adept, dumped most of the firewater that had been served him into a potted spiky plant near where he sat.

Not long after he saw the green spikes turn brown and his eyes popped and he mentally congratulated himself for his fore-thought. Just then, a tall *caballero* strode into the tavern followed by a sawed-off Castilian whose chest was thrust out like that of a pouter pigeon. It was the half-pint who announced that the way to the bar should be cleared for *el* bull fighter *mas grande* een all Spain—*Señor Tortilla Tamales!*"

"*Si, Señor Tamales* I am!" the tall Spaniard blustered. He was about the same height as Phineas Pinkham, and the Yank noted that Tamales' teeth, under sweeping black mustachios, were like piano keys and that the matador had a hard time keeping them covered in his mouth. His chin receded at an angle of thirty degrees, and his black hair had been shying away from scissors for at least six months. "I co-ome to see *la plaza de toros* in Manzanares. Thees ees where I show to averybodee I am bes' bull—"

*Aguardiente* had done things to Alphonso's brass hats. *Don Pedro* likewise had a snoot full. He squinted up at Tamales, then let his head drop. "*V-Viva—hic—Viva C-Casaba!*"

*Señor Tortilla Tamales*, having imbibed some of the Castilian grog himself on the way to La Mancha, became indignant at the mention of the Toledo beef sticker. He pulls *Don Pedro Avocado* out of his chair and shook him as he would a dusty coat.

"Ah, you eensult Tamales, he-ah?"

*Avocado's* scalded *compadres* got up and drew their swords. One almost cut his own throat and then fell down. The others draped themselves over the matador and all fell to the floor together. *Don Pedro* then saw a

nice fat leg and sank his teeth into it—and he let out a terrible yell when it turned out to be his own. *Señor Tortilla Tamales* and his henchmen finally heaped the King's brass hats in a corner.

Major Garrity's emissary to Spain employed diplomacy. "*Viva Tamales!*" he yipped. "The best bull throw—er— fighter in all Spain. *Viva la Fr—er—Viva—!*"

TORTILLA TAMALES was pleased at the Pinkham cheer and insisted that Phineas drink a big slug of Spanish white mule with him. The Yankee pilot held his breath, gulped it down and writhed like a boa constrictor for several minutes, fighting off a convulsion.

When he finally got his breath, he gurgled: "Gracious, Senner. *Bueno*, ain't it, huh? Ah—er—somebody dropped a hanky on the floor." Even though his stomach felt like Vesuvius boiling up for an eruption, Phineas managed to stoop and pick up the handkerchief. Perfume seeped into his nostrils. The hanky was edged with lace and there was a crest embroidered in one corner of it. And something else on it mystified the Yank from Bar-le-Duc—a crude drawing of something that looked like a horn. Apparently it had been done with lipstick. Phineas got a roaring sensation inside of his noggin that did not come from grog fumes.

"Tsk! Tsk!" he twitted Tamales as he handed over the handkerchief. "Some nose dabber for a big bull fighter to carry, huh?"

Tortilla Tamales stared at the wisp of lineal and lace, then suddenly burst into a laugh. "Ho! Ho! I bat you she belongs to *El Don si?* Wan beeg *señorita's hombre* he is, I bat you, Senor. Have eet one other dreenk, my fran?"

"Nope, but gracious anyway," Phineas replied, shaking his head. "I—er—have to be vamosing, *Señor*. Good luck to the bu—er—*adios*, amiggers!"

Phineas left the brass hats and *Avocado* in the tavern and drove to Manzanares himself. Once he almost let the old jalopi careen off the road, he was so occupied with trying to figure out a mental problem. In Manzanares he put up at an inn and asked for food.

Eatos? Comprennos? Grubbo—re-gardos—stomacho—ver' empty, Sen-ner!" he ejaculated, gesticulating with both hands.

The Spanish innkeeper finally caught on after a struggle. He had a time of it convincing Phineas that everybody in the inn went out and bought their own food and ate it in the public square. Phineas grinned. "It smells so bad, huh? Haw-w-w! It has to get aired

out. Gracious, Senner. I need a shave, too. Where's the Barber of Seville, huh?"

DURING the two days that followed, La Mancha Province put itself on the map. Throughout most of Spain flew the news of the arrival of *Don Quixote Pinkhamo*, descendant of the old *hidalgo*, *Don Quixote*. The *Don* had come to fight a windmill with a sky wagon and to teach the King's soldados how to fly. Alphonso's representatives came to Manzanares and regaled the warrior from Boonetown, Iowa. Phineas promised to be the head of Spain's flying corps. As if that were not bull enough, the coming acid test of Tortilla Tamales' talents in a tiff with *el toro* Ferdinando had the citizens of southern Spain agog.

But those who groomed Ferdinando for Tamales' sticker gave Pablo's big bovine another name—*el Diablo*. They claimed that no one in all the world could lick that bull, not even Quito Casaba. With three legs tied down so that *Señor* Garcia Grande, the Manzanares rehorner, could do his stuff on Ferdinando's broken prong, the bull had washed out two Spanish taxpayers.

*Señor* Tortilla Tamales heard of the terrible temper of *El Diablo* and hurried to keep a tryst with his heartbeat in a *hacienda* just outside the bull-fighting burg. *Sehorita* Mercedes Crisco laughed at Tamales' attempt to hedge.

"You mus' fight *el toro*, Tamales. You are afraid, *si*? Bah! You know ze reward you get for keel' thees bull. Don' forget, *mi bravo*! *El Diablo* ees only like other *toros*—"

"*Si, si, Señorita*," Tortilla Tamales quaked and left, his knees slicking together like castanets at a fiesta.

Alphonso's Intelligence officers were scurrying hither and yon through La Mancha looking for the Alhambra parchment. Swarthy La Manchian *gendarmes* pried into everything. Phineas Pinkham bided his time, thinking about a boar's head decorated with a grapevine branch. He remembered the shellacked Von saying: "*Ach, der von Goutz* vamily appear in courdt eferywhere, *mein Freund*!"

*Señor* Garcia Grande's bizarre establishment on the fringe of Manzanares intrigued Phineas and he decided to pay the old Castilian a visit. He found old Garcia in a small place of business polishing up a big bull's horn that could have been driven through the side of the rubble stone building. *Señor* Grande discussed proudly his strange profession with the Iowa descendant of *Don Quixote*.

*El toros* lose horns *y* Garcia feex zem back on other *toros*, *si*. For many years I am bull horner of Manzanares, *amigo*!"

Phineas examined a finished product with interest. "Anybody ever steal heem a horn Senior? Haw-w-w-w, I bat they are like jewelry in Manzan—"

"*Carramba*! Wan night, *amigo*, some-wan he br'ak in here—but he don' steal notheeng. Who ees eet? *Quien sabe*? Nex' day I get heem call for to put ze horn on *el toro* thees Tamales gon' fight, *si*!"

"Casaba he ees right maybe so about Tamales, huh?" Phineas suggested with a grin. "I bet he came in to dull all the horns, haw-w-w-w!" Well, *adios amigo*! I must go out an' fly the Spado in from where it is. Then after the bull fight I fly to Madrid to see the King. Boy, there's plenty of bull around here, *si*!" He went out of the door, paused near the window, the only window that shed light into the bull-rehorning shop. There in the mud Phineas saw the imprint of a woman's heel. He went on to the inn, his mental assembly humming like a beehive.

TWO MORE DAYS followed in which Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham was kept busy giving high Spanish brass hats and their guests rides in the two-seater. Pals of the King came and took a jaunt into the ozone. Word came from Alphonso to *Don* Pinkhamo that soon the descendant of *Don Quixote* was to teach Spain's potential buzzards how to fly.

And as the hours sped by, Tortilla Tamales shuddered in his quarters, steeping his frazzled nerves in *aguardiente* against the day of his argument with old Pablo's testy-horned ruminant. *Señor* Tamale, the "gr-r-reates' bull fighter in all Spain" counted the hours, wondering if Father Time had gotten a Spad himself. The old "settler with the scythe" was certainly pushing the hands of the clock around at breakneck speed.

The morning of the day before the big bullfight, Phineas got a good look at Perdinando, alias *El Diablo*. Banderilleros had been tormenting it for days and the bull's eyes looked as if he had been soaked in fiery Spiggoty grog. Pablo's four-legged dynamo roared and stomped and Phineas almost felt sorry for Tortilla Tamales. *Señor* Quito Casaba, the bull-skewering darling of La Mancha Province, made it plain that he would not get into a bull ring with Ferdinando himself and he inquired about the funeral plans of the Tamales family.

Meanwhile, spectators were pouring into Manzanares. They rode in everything that had two wheels with every kind of beast of burden hitched to them. Hidalgo grandee, and peasant made the town buzz.



Don Pinkhamo, needing quiet to figure out a riddle, hied to his two-seater Spad that was squatting on the outskirts of Manzanares. Halfway there, he put on the brakes, retraced his steps to town, and inquired of some one the whereabouts of the great matador. Tortilla Tamales. He finally found the bull pug in a tavern pouring courage out of a big bottle.

"Bones an' notches, Senior!" the Yank hailed hm. "You better be in the pinko manyanna, *si*? I will stick to windmills myself. That bull—I've just seen him, *Señor* Tamales. He nudged a tree over and ventilated two more of those banderilleros that keep teasing him.

You must be a gr-r-reat hombre, Tamales, to go in there an' fight that bovine. *Carramba*, thees bull—listen, amigger, I can hear him roaring way over here. I bat you wan t'ousan' pesos he's killed anoizzer—!"

"*Valgame Dios*, you shut the mout', *Señor*, or I cut myself wan beeg piece your t'roat! *Madre de Dios*, I am era-zee. Not for all ze monnee in ze whol' worl' weel I fight thees bull. I queet, *Señor*! You have heem ze fly machino, *si*? *Señor* Pinkhamo, I geev to you five hon' red pesos eef you tak' me out from La Mancha. Sit I ver' young *hombre*, *Señor*, an' don' weesh for to die pronto. *Señor* Tortilla Tamales, he geeve to you moch more monees when hg get to Barcelona. Nobodee ever fight bull like thees Ferdinando, *amigo*. No!"

"Awright," Phineas chuckled. "Wrap a cape around your dome an' I will get you out of Manzanares, *Señor*. Haw-w-w! But somebodee he weel have to fight thees bull manyanna—er—haw-w-w-w!"

Intrigue was as thick as *aguardiente* fumes in Manzanares that night. *Señorita* Mercedes Crisco waited in vain for Tamales to keep a tryst with her. Phineas took Tamales out of Manzanares and loaded him into the two-place sky wagon, but he did not take the matador toward Barcelona. He had a forced landing not ten miles from Manzanares and there

he banged the matador over the noggin and stole all his clothes. Then, in a deserted peasant's hovel, he propped *Señor* Tamales against the wall and then took a make-up kit out of his voluminous silk shirt.

Phineas worked by candle light, painstakingly. He had to do the best job of his career. First he applied a thin layer of stuff that wiped his freckles away, then he combed black dye into his rusty, unkept thatch and pasted it down with goose grease. Having tied Tamales up, he slipped out of the hovel and hurried to where he had left the Spad.

From his landing place outside Manzanares,



Phineas walked into town, strode down a dimly lighted street to Calle de la Infanta, No. 7. As he let his steps lag in passing a grilled window, a dulcet voice greeted him. "Ah, *Señor* Tamales, you come. I hear it said you run away, *si*."

"Bah!" Phineas replied. "What bull can stop eet ze cause of Spain, *Señor*-eeta? Manyanna, ever t'eeng she weel be okay."

"You mus' be careful, *amigo*. Thees bull he ees ver' bad *toro*. Eef you are keel'—*Dios*, why ees eet old Garcia have to use eet ze horn for feex *El Diablo*? Why ees eet ze peeg, von Schmeltz, he have to bungle things, *Señor*?"

"*Adios*," Phineas said as he edged away. "Do not fear, *Señioreeta*, as I weel not fail—I hope."

*Don* Quixote Pinkhamo, alias *Señor* Tortilla Tamales, went next to a store wherein viands were sold. The place was dark. Manzanares had forsaken business for the pre-bullfight fiesta. Phineas had to resort to drastic methods.

"I have got to get me some ripe olives, haw-w-w! That Ferdinando will lick my cheek when he gets a taste of one. They're kept in big barrels." So Phineas broke and entered. Once inside the place, he fumbled around in the dark. Finally his groping fingers came into contact with the edibles he desired. He chewed on one, spat it out. "It's them," he mumbled. "As for me,



I never could eat 'em. Well, it's up to me to make the *guerre* in France Spainless for the Allies, haw-w-w-w!"

An hour later, with the sounds of revelry making the town buzz, the fake *Señor Tortilla Tamales* slept like a babe in his bed. The news hit Quito Casaba and the matador said it was a lie. He got himself well scalded and plowed through the merry-makers announcing that *Tamales* was still just a cockroach.

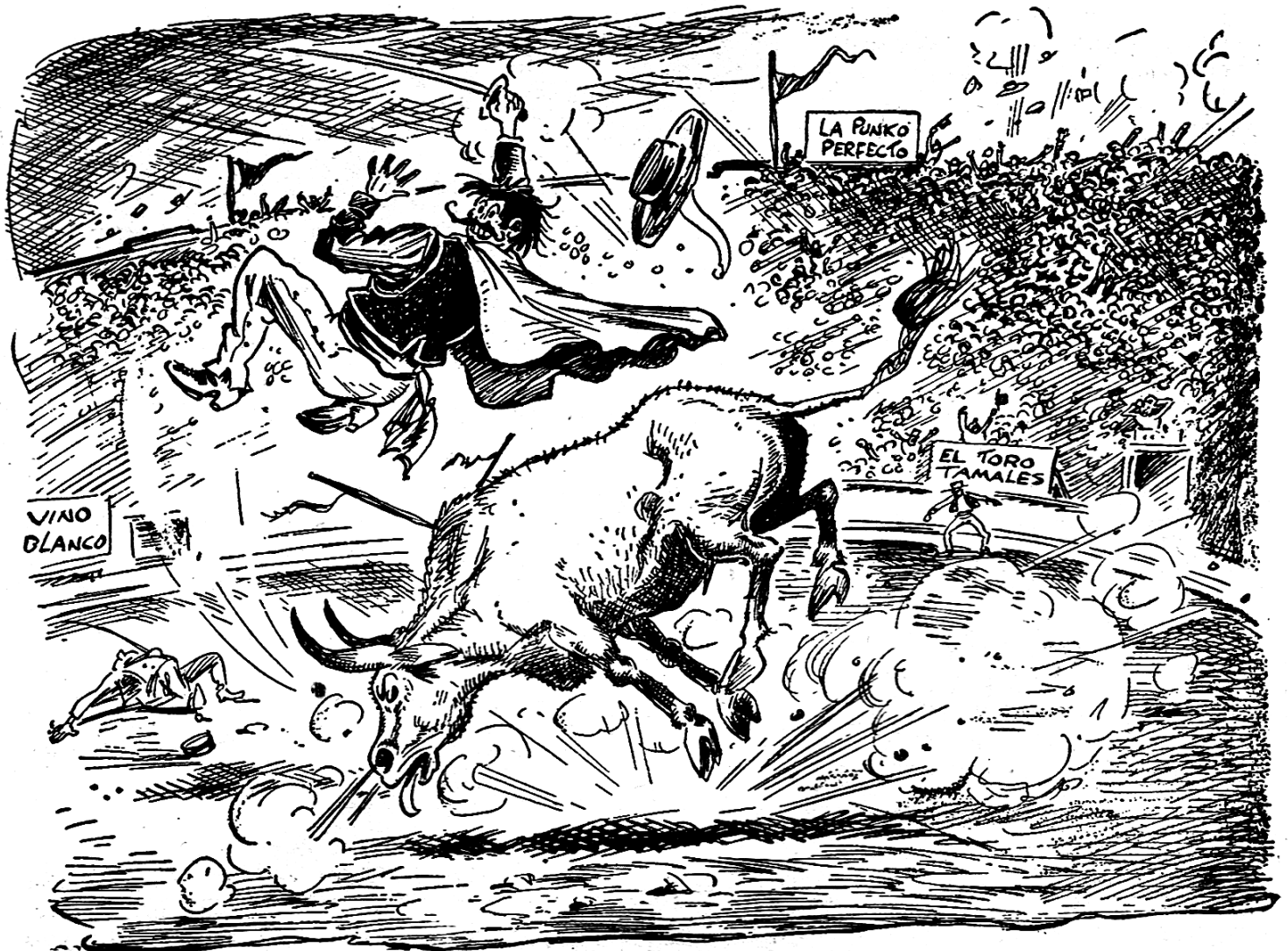
THE Manzanares *plaza de toros* was packed. Tier upon tier of raving Spaniards yelled to high heaven, screaming for *Señor Tamales* while *banderilleros* and *picadors* whipped *Ferdinando* to a terrible temper. In his dressing room, *Phineas* got the word that *El Diablo* had washed up every two-legged *hombre* in the ring. *Banderilleros* and *picadors* "gone west" were still clutering up the arena because no one dared to try to drag them out. The bogus *Señor Tamales* could hear *Ferdinando* roaring as if *Niagara Falls* had suddenly been transferred to *Manzanares*. *Phineas* felt of the

fruit he had stuffed in his pocket and his backbone stopped crawling. He forced an arrogant smile, twirled the corners of his fake mustachios.

"Bah! I mak' heem hamburgo in wan-two minutes. *Señor Tortilla Tamales* is bes' bull fighter-r-r in all worl' *si!*" However, *Garrity's* emissary to *La Mancha* thought longingly of the *Spad* that was waiting outside the arena. He wished he were near enough to make a leap for it. But now a *Castilian* arrayed in holiday scenery entered the matador's sanctum and bowed low.

"They clamor for the great *Tamales*," he intoned. "They grow impatient, *Señor!*"

"*Oui—er—si, Señor* Tell them to keep their pants on—er—geeve it to me my trusty blade. *El Diablo—pfui!*" Once in the big ring, with thousands of Spaniards cheering for the bull that went into a conniption fit at the sight of the matador, *Phineas* longed more than ever for *Bar-le-Duc*. *Perdinando* was more upset than he had imagined. All around *Phineas*, the scene was as if a miniature battle of the *Marne* had been staged.



"Keel heem! *El Diablo*—*viva!*"

"Nice folks," Phineas gulped and stalked toward Ferdinando, trying to look as much like a matador as he could. He held a big red blanket over his arm. His free hand gripped his sword and the blade strummed like a plucked guitar string. "Nice Ferdy," he murmured as the bull started to mix it. "I got somethin' nice for you. Here, Ferdy!"

With his red blanket as a screen for his action, Phineas took a little round object from his pocket. He tossed it at *El Diablo* and the bull sniffed at it, roared worse than ever, and put its noggin down. The Yankee bull-fighting novice leaped aside nimbly and went into an Immelman.

"Uh—er—Pablo said he was a p-pushover for r-ripe olives," he panted. "I—er—" He managed to get another bit of fruit out of his pocket and took a look at it. "Onions! Oh-h-h-h—pickled onions! Aw-w-w-wk!"

Ferdinando, taunted by the roaring thousands, went after Phineas to land the haymaker. And when he connected, the fake *Señor* Tortilla Tamales took off like a skyrocket and looped twice before he came down. But Ferdinando then dug up a lot of ground with his horns instead of vital parts of *Don* Pinkhamo, whereupon Phineas got up, made a pass at *El Diablo*, and sliced off half of the bull's right ear. Then he did a marathon around the bull ring that had the crowd laughing into a state of weakness bordering on unconsciousness.

"I—I'll tire him out," Phineas gasped. "I'll run 'im dizzy, an' then—"

"Keel heem, *El Diablo!* *Viva el toro!*"

"Ho! Ho! Ze Gr-r-reat Tamales! Bah-h-h-h! Boo-o-o-o-o! S-s-s!"

"If the b-bums in B-Barley Duck c-could o-only s-see me now!" Phineas moaned as he kept up a series of renversements. "Uh—er—there goes a piece of my t-tail assembly." He swung his head around and saw Ferdinando at his heels. The bull's tongue was hanging out so far he was almost tripping over it, and his legs were buckling a little. Suddenly a great howl went up and Phineas wondered why. He could not see his mustachios being whipped through the torrid ozone by a sudden gust of wind.

"*Carramba!* He is beeg fake! He ees no Tamales!"

Phineas heard and suddenly put on the brakes. He threw the blanket into the bull's face and Ferdinando spun around in a dizzy circle. Then tossing his sticker away, the Yank leaped to the jaded animal's back. Not for nothing had Phineas Pinkham ridden his Uncle

Darius's spirited heifers bareback around a pasture in days gone by.

Ferdinando, bewildered by the strange tactics of the pesky matador, charged toward the gate. The crowd scattered, but Ferdinando knocked a good dozen of them for a row of cantinas before he hit the gate head on. The big barrier splintered, rotten hinges gave way. Out into the open rode *Don* Pinkhamo Tortilla Tamales, his fingers gripping one ear of Ferdinando in lieu of reins.

Pablo's he-cow stumbled not fifty yards from the two-seater Spad and he stayed down when he pancaked. *El Diablo* had had enough. His bellows were flat and the matador had not fought fair. Major Garrity's miracle man, with thousands of Spaniards pouring out of the arena seats, then took time out to knock the portside horn off Ferdinando's noggin. He knew it to be a replacement, for *Señor* Garcia Grande had stamped it with his trademark.

Leaving *El Diablo* to his misery, Phineas legged it for the Spad. He had trouble getting it going, and for a while it looked as if he would never irk Major Garrity again. Howling Castilians poured out of the Manzanares livestock stadium and a lot of them carried guns.

His heart pushing his tonsils aside, Phineas finally got the prop whirling. Then a terrific roar almost made him jump out of his Spanish get-up. As he got into the pit he swung his head around. Ferdinando, bellows sated with ozone, was looking around for something to vent his spleen upon. He found it and catapulted toward the oncoming Castilians, spreading them all over the landscape.

And *Don* Quixote Pinkhamo Tortillo Tamales was up 500 feet before *El Diablo* had tired of his rampage! Ferdinando was headed for Pablo's ripe olives when Phineas pointed the nose of his two-seater toward the Pyrenees.

THE NEWS spread like spilled quick-silver. In Manzanares, *Señorita* Mercedes Crisco packed hastily. "*Santa Maria! Gott in Himmel!*" she exclaimed. And not far from Manzanares, *Señor* Tamales, also a distant cousin of a Kraut Junker family, writhed in his bonds. It was Pablo, the peasant, who saw Phineas fly over his farm and drop something down. The message was taken to Manzanares. It was relayed to King Alphonso, and it read:

"*Adios, amigos! I have the parchment! Haw-w-w!*"

*The Alhambra is saved. Tell. that to Alphonse—Sind Gaston, too.*

*And Pablo, they'll steal more of your bulls if the Moors, your old enemies, cross over from Africa. They want to make Bedouinmates out of peons. Arise, infantas! Don Quixote Pinkhamo has spoke.*  
*Si!"*

"Carramba!" the King raged. "I mus' send all German agents out of Spain. If the peons kick away my throne—*valgame Dios! Madre—!*"

Phineas' Spad conked out short of the Pyrenees, but the peons' grapevine telegraph had spread the word of Don Pinkhamo's visit through the land. A Spanish rube smuggled him to the mountains in an oxcart, and Phineas, wearing a beard and a great cloak, penetrated to French soil after days of hectic dodging.

In due time the Intelligence officer without portfolio reached Toulouse and from there he contacted Major Rufus Garrity at Bar-le-Duc. All means of transportation were put at the Yank's disposal, and one night, just as the Ninth Pursuit was at mess, the prodigal son of the Boonetown Pinkhams arrived with military escort.

Brass hats devoured the old set of plans of Gibraltar that Phineas whisked from his pocket. British red tabs hurried to the Ninth in time to listen to the fantastic tale of intrigue in old Spain.

"Haw-w-w-w!" the hero of the hour laughed. "It was nothin', Seniors! They thought I was related to old Don Quixote an' owned a whole province. Anyhow, right near where the Kraut spy who got the plans from the Allies was shot down is a town that is sure filled with bull. I met *Señor* Tamales, the matador, and a bull named Ferdinando. Now a dame snatched the plans away from the lead-poisoned Von—and where do you think she hid 'em? Inside a horn in a shop where they polish and sharpen new horns for bulls who lost the ones they grew themselves!"

"Wait, wait," Garrity groaned. "Wait until I get a headache pill."

"Now when she went to get the horn," continued Phineas, "she found out that *Señor* Garcia Grande had already taken it away to put on Ferdinando, who lost a sticker when the hidalgos stole it. The Spanish cops

were watching her because she was known to have been a friend of the spy, I guess, so she told her cousin who had Kraut blood in his veins, too, where the horn was at by drawing a picture of it on a hanky. That hanky I picked up in a tavern and it had an insignia on it just like that one belongin' to von Goutz who pancaked—er—whom I shot down. So when I heard about Senioreeta Mercedes Crisco, haw-w-w! Mercedes is the name of a Heinie power plant, ain't it? So I says I will watch the Senioreeta, as she is a friend of Tortilla Tamales who is cornin' to Manzanares to fight a bull."

"I can't stand it," Bump Gillis moaned. "If you believe that—"

"I guess I brought back a Yale off-tackle play, huh?" Phineas snorted, pointing to the musty plans of the Alhambra. "Well, I says if Tamales has Mercedes' hanky, they are in cahoots and both are distant relatives of Heinies. Tamales has to fight the bull because it is wearin' the horn with the plans in it. But another bullfighter, Casaba, fixes it so Tamales can't get at the bull to even look at it before the fight because Casaba said Tamales might give it a knockout drop. Then Tamales gets cold feet as Ferdinando—well, you have no idea how tough that he-cow was!

"Well, I take Tamales' clothes an' make up like him an' fight *El Diablo* myself, but I got framed as I took pickled onions instead of ripe olives when I broke into the grocery store an'—" A British red tab blinked himself back to consciousness and called for another bottle of cognac. "Blarst it, if he's pullin' our legs, I'll—"

"Anyhow, I finally tired the bull out and escaped on its back. I tore off the horn and got the parchment. Uh—er—I think I will go to my hut now as I am tray fatigay, Seniors. I would write Alphonso a tough letter if I was the Allies, I guess the Allah yellers will have to fold up their tents, haw-w-w-w! Bong sore, bu—sirs!"

Anyhow, the authorities, now armed with the parchment, found the secret chamber down in the basement of the Alhambra and plugged it up.

Of course, all this may not exactly check with your standard history reference books. But if you go over to Spain today, you'll find the Alhambra still standing. So somebody must have saved it.