

The Spy In The Ointment

By Robert J. Hogan

When they asked for volunteers to fly that spy mission, Abe answered because he couldn't sit down. It took another spy to convince him that medals were not always granted for bravery.

IT was no fault of Lieutenant Abraham Ginsberg, pilot in the 26th Pursuit Squadron that Sergeant Pinkie had a French dame on his alleged brain while he made out certain important transfers. But it got Abe in a swell jam just the same.

Sergeant Pinkie was chief orderly in the office of General Headquarters at Paris and it was he who dispatched the various orders to their proper destination. On the night before one important dispatch came through for relaying to the designated point near the front, Pinkie had been out with one of those dames who might be as young as she looked at a distance or just distantly well preserved.

"I wonder," he mused aloud at his desk next morning, "just how old she is. She did look kind of old—close up. Maybe about twenty-six." Hopefully. Hadn't she told him that?

A hoarse, cackling laugh came from the desk next to his.

"Twenty-six," laughed Corporal Crane. "If you're thinkin' about that dame I seen you with last night she's closer to sixty-two."

"Yeah?" snarled Pinkie. "Says you. Sixty-two, eh? Well I got a good sock in the jaw waitin' that says she ain't a day older'n—"

At that moment a special messenger brought an extra special order from brass hats way up and slammed it on Sergeant Pinkie's desk. Slammed it so hard that Sergeant Pinkie stopped short and jumped. He opened the papers and read:

We expect that the enemy are preparing for a drive at some point between Beaumont and Ferette in the near future. It is imperative that we learn the hour and day and place of this coming attack. Therefore we ask for one volunteer. A man who can fly, and speak German fluently. The town of Charou is midway between the other two mentioned places. We suspect that the enemy headquarters for that region is located in some

building in Charou. The volunteer will be flown in a two-seater to a field three kilometers north of Charou and landed there, the plane returning in the darkness after our intelligence agent has had time to get a good distance away from the field.

Our agent will be dressed as a German lieutenant. He will proceed to the town of Charou and remain there until he picks up what information he can. Then, when he has learned the time and the place of the coming drive, he will steal an enemy plane from the field two kilometers southeast of Charou and return bringing the information with him. This at all costs.

But Sergeant Pinkie's mind was not entirely upon the order. He was still thinking of the dame, suspiciously antique. The female who looked, he tried to make himself believe, not over twenty-six. He snorted as he spun round to Corporal Crane.

"Sixty-two, is she? Just as soon as I get this special order sent we'll go out and see if she is twenty-six or sixty-two."

He finished with an ugly glare at Crane. He turned round to his desk once more. A big word in red stamped across the paper that accompanied the order stared Sergeant Pinkie in the reddening face.

RUSH!

He grunted and glanced down at the few words on the sheet of instructions with the orders.

To be forwarded at once to the commandant of the 26th pursuit squadron.

Sergeant Pinkie blinked and stared at that number. Something about it made him mad. He stuffed paper into his typewriter and his two index fingers began hysterical pointing and stabbing at the letters before him. He typed the proper number of copies for the files. Numbers spinning through his head. Sixty-two and twenty-six. Confusing. The reverse.

HE finished a copy of the original signed orders and stuffed them into an envelope and sealed them. He pressed a button and a motorcycle dispatch rider hurried in. Sergeant Pinkie slipped him the envelope with the words:

“Take that to the commandant of the 62nd Pursuit Squadron and don’t spare the horses.”

Then the motorcycle rider was gone through the door and the sputter of his big twin told that he had departed for other parts.

Sergeant Pinkie whirled and faced Corporal Crane now.

“So the dame is twenty-six, eh?” Pinkie snarled.

“Huh?” Crane looked up from the next desk. “Twenty-six?” He burst out in a roar of laughter. “What the hell are you talkin’ about? I said she was more likely sixty-two and—”

Suddenly the anger left Sergeant Pinkie’s face and anxiety came when the red had gone.

“Hey?” he demanded. You got me all balled up now. What did I tell that bike rider to do? Where did I tell him to take them orders?”

“Haw-haw-haw,” laughed Corporal Crane. “You should ask me. You told him to take ‘em to the CO. of the 62nd. I suppose they was to go to the 26th. Haw-haw-haw.”

Sergeant Pinkie suddenly grew grave.

“No kiddin’,” he begged. “What’d I tell ‘im?”

“That’s it, so help me,” laughed Crane. “62nd you said and don’t spare the horses.”

Pinkie looked at Crane doubtfully. Crane acted suspicious. Acted as though he were playing one of his practical jokes on the Sergeant.

“Listen, you,” snarled Pinkie in sudden rage. “If you’re tryin’ to kid me I’ll—”

“Go feather another nest,” retorted Crane. “You’ll need it when this boner of yours gets around.”

Pinkie sat down heavily. He stared in front of him. He cursed softly, shakily to himself. Crane was right. He’d be busted all the way to a buck private and lower if there were such a place when this was found out. But maybe Crane was only kidding him. No way of finding out without running a chance of making it worse for him. Only one thing to do to make sure that the right squadron got the order. Send another one and be

sure to tell the rider that this was to go to the 26th pursuit.

Sergeant Pinkie did this.

PILOTS of the 26th were seated about the mess that evening. There was Charlie Knox, Captain, at the head of the table. And then came Lieutenant Weller and big, heavy Benson and others. All eyes were turned to a little fellow beside Weller.

He looked a little shrunken in his oversize, cut-rate uniform. He had a likable grin, dark, curly hair and a Roman nose. And under the wings that shone proudly from over his left breast pocket, a *Croix de Guerre* gleamed.

“Just luck that got you that, Ginsberg,” Big Benson snorted. “You got more luck than any other man on the front. You get lost or pull a boner and they give you a medal for it,”

Abe Ginsberg turned hotly on his tormenter.

“Oh, yeah?” he snapped. “So is it luck to be able to shoot straight enough for hitting a Heinie?”

Weller was working secretly behind Abe’s back. He had something in his hand. Something that moved slightly and tried to wriggle free. But Weller held on. Waited his time and winked at Benson across the table from Abe.

And Benson feigned anger and half rose out of his chair.

“Every time I see that medal,” he stormed, “it makes me sore. I got a good notion to yank it off. It don’t belong there no more than—”

Benson leaped forward and shot his hands across the table. It was all in fun but at the moment startled little Abe Ginsberg didn’t know that. He tried to duck away but Benson had made a surprise attack.

Charlie Knox jumped up to stop an injustice but Weller gave him the wink and he held back. Benson had clutched Abe by the front of his blouse and was pulling him half across the table, making believe to take the medal off his breast.

Abe struggled frantically.

“Help, police,” he cried. “Robbers. No fooling. Don’t break it. If you want to see it I’ll take it off but—”

And during the struggle, Weller had slipped the wriggling thing inside Abe’s pants and Benson had relaxed his hold and was permitting little Abe

Ginsberg to think he himself had broken the hold and had slipped back to his seat.

“You big bully,” Abe snapped as he put his clothes back in shape. “You should be ashamed, attacking a little fella like me, hadn’t he, Charlie?”

Abe stopped and tensed as though listening. He shifted on his seat.

“A big boy like you trying to—”

Abe shifted again, Weller had the pained expression of a man trying to keep from bursting with laughter as long as possible. All of the others seemed wise now. Something had been slipped into the back of Abe Ginsberg’s pants. Something that was—

The mess door opened and Major Lacy stepped in.

“At ease, men,” he called. Voices silenced. Weller put his hands over his mouth and half turned his head. Benson was getting redder and redder in the face. Major Lacy began to read the orders just received by the motorcycle courier.

He read on. Came to the last and looked up.

And all that time of the reading, little Abe Ginsberg had been shifting nervously on his chair. He shifted again at the end. Looked like a man about to throw a fit but not having any suitable place to throw it.

“I’m asking for a volunteer,” Major Lacy said gravely.

AT that moment it seemed that Abe Ginsberg could stand the torture of that moving thing in the seat of his pants no longer.

“Oi,” he piped and leaped to his feet. He was clawing viciously behind him. Got hold of something and held on. Major Lacy was saying something. What was that?

“So you’re volunteering, Ginsberg?” he was saying. “Excellent.”

“Hunh?” Abe blurted. He turned and stared at the Major. His hand was exploring the regions of the seat.

It came out with some struggling thing that Abe glanced at for an instant, sighed, and then suddenly thrust behind him.

“That’s mighty brave of you, Ginsberg, volunteering for this dangerous mission,” Major Lacy was saying.

Abe smiled meekly. He shrugged but still held the one hand behind him that clutched the land crab that had pinched him beyond endurance.

“Certainly bravery,” Abe grinned. He grinned down at his medal. “You tink they give away medals like this for nothing?”

Charlie Knox got up at the head of the table.

“I don’t think Abe understands at all,” he explained. “You see. Major Lacy, we played a trick on Ginsberg just before you came in. Benson got him sore and made him stand up. They were having a fool argument to get Abe to stand. Then Weller slipped a land crab into Abe’s pants and the crab must have bit him about the time that you asked for volunteers. You thought when Abe jumped up that he was volunteering for this job. I think it’s only fair to pick someone else.”

Everyone was looking and laughing at Abe. He hadn’t gotten much about the orders. That crab had been bothering him plenty about that time. But he had caught something about speaking German in what the major had read. He flared now in self protection. Benson and others had belittled his bravery, hadn’t they. Now was a chance to show them.

“Don’t you belief him. Major,” Abe cried, “Maybe there was crabs in the pants but I volunteered just the same. And besides, I speak German just like a Heinie, already. Ain’t many like that in this outfit and—”

Major Lacy nodded, “Perhaps your right at that, Ginsberg,” he admitted, “I don’t know but what you could do the job about as well as any of the rest at that. You’re sure you meant it when you volunteered, then?”

“Certainly, I meant it,” Abe nodded emphatically glancing about out of the corners of his eyes for admiring glances.

“I presume you’ll want your friend, Bull Maddox from the bombardment squadron to take you over in a D.H. tonight,” the major ventured. “I’ll arrange that at once.”

“Certainly Bull could take me over,” Abe nodded. Then for the first time slightly cautiously. “What was it you wanted me to do. Major?”

For answer. Major Lacy handed Abe the orders.

“There are the details, Ginsberg,” he finished. “I’ll have a German uniform for you directly.”

Then Major Lacy walked out of the mess leaving a very puzzled and suddenly fearful Abe Ginsberg with the orders in his hand.

Abe's eyes narrowed as they flashed down the page.

"Oi, *gewahldt*," he groaned suddenly, softly. "A spy."

No one said anything. Abe glanced up quickly. There was no smile about him now. Men were serious. The pilots of the 26th were suddenly sympathetic with Abe Ginsberg in his jam.

Bravely, little Abe tried to put up a front. But his lips and hands trembled.

"So you see," he said with a sickly grin, "when they want somebody to do a tough job they come and a Ginsberg volunteers. And you're asking how is it comes the medals? Don't be foolish."

Then on rubbery legs, Abe left the mess and staggered to his own quarters where in privacy he glared at the land crab.

"To think such fires as a little match makes, or somethink," he muttered. "And for big jobs what a little crab can do, ain't it?"

Then came the uniform by special orderly.

At almost the same instant, due to the error of Sergeant Pinkie who couldn't get women's ages straight, another scene like that around the 26th mess had taken place at the mess of the 62nd Pursuit Squadron.

The commandant had come in and read the special orders. One man and only one man was to go over as a spy. He asked for volunteers. And a long, lanky, heavy shouldered youth by the name of Guthrie had stepped up and volunteered since he spoke fluent German and was willing to risk his life as a spy for his country.

And it was at about the same time that he, Guthrie, Lieutenant, A.S.A., dressed in the uniform of a German Lieutenant of the Imperial Air service stepped into a Salmson that Abe Ginsberg did the same but into the rear cockpit of a D.H.

The two planes left their field so close together that the roars of their motors would have mingled as one continuous throbbing sound, had those fields not been so far apart. For the field of the 62nd Pursuit was a good twenty-kilometers west of the field of the 26th and since the field of the 26th was little more than directly across the lines from the field mentioned in the special orders for

landing, it would take that Salmson longer to reach that field.

Out over the front and high above it. Bull Maddox swung his D.H. with the shivering Abe Ginsberg in the rear cockpit in his uniform of a German Lieutenant.

DOWN over the rear section of Germany Bull roared and then climbed when he had spotted his field in the moonlight. He soared higher and higher and turned back toward his own lines. Then when he had made it sound as though he were going back, he slowed his engine speed and finally cut off its drone altogether.

The landing was rough but safe. Abe hopped out. There was a silent hand clasp between the two friends. Bull could feel that clammy little hand of Abe's in his. Felt sorry.

"You'll be okay, Abe," he whispered. "Take it easy. Give 'em all the Dutch they want. Good luck, kid."

"*Danke*," Abe said meekly trying out his German,

He crept off into the night. His legs wobbled under him. In German uniform. A spy! If caught he'd be shot. No doubt of it. He walked away from the field. Must get clear before Bull left. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile. Straight through open fields toward the smaller blotches he had seen in the night from above. That would be the town of Charou.

Blam!

He stopped to listen. He heard the blast of that engine of Bull Maddox. The Liberty would waken plenty of dead about there if there were any.

Abe tensed. A lonely, homesick feeling flooded over him as he heard the motor blast Bull, and his only connection with his own side of the lines, back into the sky. Higher and higher it rose. Then he heard it or another motor coming closer. He stood there tense. Maybe Bull was coming back. Sounded like it.

His ears tingled. Rang. He could hear that motor coming closer. Wasn't sure. Didn't sound quite like a Liberty. And yet—His hand clutched his Luger as he broke into a run. He had heard voices behind him, German voices. If Bull was coming back and in trouble, Abe was going to be there to help out his pal of training days.

Abe came closer to the field. He heard a shout from far behind and to the right. A shout in German that he couldn't get. Some warning likely. He trotted on.

Bam!

The engine roar was slowing. It died. The plane was coming down. But it wasn't a Liberty motor. Or was it?

Trying to decide, Abe hurried on. He was at the boundary of the field. Very dimly he could see the plane coming in a little distance away. In over the trees.

The shouts increased behind him.

Germans came running, Abe hesitated. He was cornered now. Nothing to do but mingle with the Germans. He was almost sure now that this wasn't Bull Maddox. Who could it be? Perhaps a German plane.

He heard the gentle rumble of wheels landing and rolling.

Crack! Crack! Rifle fire spurted from the side of the field that Abe was hiding on but farther away from the plane. There was a pause, broken only by the thudding of running feet and then the blasting of the plane motor and the ship was thundering into the night once more,

Abe had been hiding in a clump of leafy bushes nearer to the point where the plane had landed. It had been dark out there and he didn't see that a man had leaped from the rear cockpit of the Salmson and had come dashing across the field in his direction.

Nor did Abe Ginsberg know that that man was Guthrie, the Yank pilot of the 62nd Pursuit who had volunteered to go on the same desperate mission as himself.

FROM out of the darkness came a body slithering into the brush beside Abe. Abe shuddered at the first sound. His hand had been clutching his Luger. But somehow he didn't want to fire a shot and run the risk of alarming the rest of the hunting Germans farther down the border of the field.

Abe sprawled headlong in the tangled growth of brush. A heavier man, longer and with surprising strength had struck him in his headlong plunge and the two had sprawled together.

Clawing, scratching, but never once firing a shot, the two grappled for supremacy there in the darkness and mass of leaves and small branches.

Running feet. Instinctively, Abe stopped and gasped as a hand pressed about his throat. He wriggled out from under that strangle hold. And he continued to lay still. The other, Guthrie, did the same. There seemed some bond of union between them that neither understood. That neither trusted.

German voices about them. All lay still, motionless. German soldiers were beating about the bush. A stick cracked Abe on the head and brought stars before his eyes that seemed bright enough to him to show their hiding place. Then the Germans moved on down the border. Slowly the two, Guthrie and Abe Ginsberg clawed the leaves out of their faces and took breaths. In his best German, Abe ventured the first question in a voice that he tried vainly to keep from shaking.

"Who—who are you?"

"*Ach*," whispered the other, "I feared you were a *verdammpt Amerikaner*. I thought I had run into you and as I am a special messenger to the headquarters office that would not do. Not at present."

Chills prickled up and down Abe's spine.

"A *verdammpt Amerikaner*," he repeated. "But what made you think I am an *Amerikaner*, *mein freund*?"

"Because," the one hissed, "a short time ago one was landed by plane. An *Amerikaner* spy. Shhhh. It was he they were looking for just now. He will be shot if they catch him."

"You don't tell me," he managed to blurt out.

"*Jawohl*," hissed Guthrie. "And now we must get away from here before the others come back. As I am a secret messenger I must not be seen by even my countrymen. I come on special duty of the utmost importance."

Abe pulled more heavy, damp leaves out of his clothing and neck and sleeves where it had been crammed when the two were wrestling in the dark. Guthrie was doing something in the darkness that looked like the same thing.

They were hurrying across a field toward the town of Charou. The big fellow turned suddenly and stared down at Abe in the darkness. It had been at the very moment when Abe had glanced to the side to see what his chances were of escape

from this man he took for the real thing in German officers. But it was too late.

“I can trust you, *mein freund?*” Guthrie demanded of Abe.

“Sure,” Abe cut out startled and then abruptly changed to; “*Jawohl, jawohl, mein freund.*”

“*Gut.* You can help me then. I must find headquarters. You are billeted about here? You will tell me where is headquarters in Charou?”

Abe tensed. Funny that. Wasn’t that the same thing he was looking for? Headquarters? He fought for words.

“*Jawohl,*” he ventured, “*aber* I do not know so much about Charou. I am A.W.O.L. and was trying to sneak back tonight along the border of that field when the excitement started. *Glauben sie mich.*”

“*Ja.* I do believe you,” Guthrie agreed, “But it is too bad you do not know where headquarters is. Perhaps you could come along with me and find out for me where is headquarters so I would not run the risk of having the rest know who I am, *nicht wahr?*”

ABE hesitated. His head spun. He wanted to get away from this German officer. But then he was over to do a job. He thought for the moment of the gang back at the field. They, he and Guthrie were walking slowly, cautiously through the open fields now. Abe did want to make a good name for himself. He wanted to show Weller and Benson and the rest that everything he did and succeeded in wasn’t just dumb luck.

He was here to learn about headquarters and try to find out of the coming drive. Why wouldn’t it be a good idea to ask questions for this tall, broad shouldered one? He could blame any trouble on him then and step out of the picture himself—maybe.

“*Jawohl,*” he said: “It is all for *Vaterland.* Why not? I will help you gladly, *mein freund.*”

They walked on. They skirted a group of soldiers on a road. They slowed as they approached the town. It was dark ahead to guard against air raids. Dark all about them. Minutes dragged into an hour. Both seemed reluctant, over cautious, about moving into the town.

Slowly Abe Ginsberg became aware of a growing itch on his face. And as he scratched that itch about his face he felt the ticklish, burning

sensation spread to his hands and wrists. Then his neck began bothering him.

They crept on more slowly. Twice in the next half hour Guthrie stopped to scratch and cursed softly under his breath. Cursed in some tone and mumbled words that would have sounded strangely familiar to the burning ears of Abe Ginsberg if it hadn’t been for his scratching them so vigorously at the moment.

“Damn,” Abe said in English and then hurriedly changed to “*Verdammp!*”

THEY were at the edge of the village of Charou. On a mission to find headquarters. Neither knew that the other was an American spy and not the real thing. But they must find headquarters, get the information necessary and return—“at all costs.”

They walked on and the burning itch increased as they entered the main street. It was driving them half crazy.

“*Gott im Himmel,*” Abe exploded, “poison ivory, ain’t it?”

“*Jawohl,*” groaned Guthrie. “Poison ivy, *ja.* And at a time like this it should come. *Ach Louie.*”

Scratch, scratch. They jittered down the main street of Charou working frantically to relieve the pain of the poison leaves. For the moment all thought of finding headquarters was gone from their half insane brains. Then Guthrie pointed ahead. They were in front of a darkened drug store on the main corner. A German soldier stood a little way beyond. They could see his shape outlined in the darkness. Guthrie pointed with one hand while he scratched with the other.

“Ask him if he knows where headquarters is, *bitte.*”

Abe nodded and groaned. He stepped up ahead and stopped in front of the German.

“Could you tell me where is headquarters?” he demanded.

“*Nein.*” Came the answer promptly. “*Ich weis nicht.*”

“*Danke.*” Abe spun round and hurried back to the corner where he had left Guthrie standing scratching. Abe, too, was going into a new frenzy of finger work on his neck and ears and wrists. Driving him crazy that poison ivy.

Then he saw in the darkness Guthrie was pointing. Pointing in the dark store window. Abe squinted. He could see something in German. Something about poison ivy on a little card in the window. The place around there must be full of poison ivy. The drug store made a specialty of it.

“*Ach*, we get some, maybe,” Guthrie suggested and already started around the corner of the drug store toward the back.

Abe followed eagerly, anxiously, painfully. They circled to the back of the building. They found a stairs going up the outside of the building to the second floor. They could see very dimly that lights were burning in that upper room. Lights that were kept in by heavy drapes over the windows. But here and there a tiny crack showed a shaft of light.

“We must break in carefully,” Guthrie suggested. “So they will not hear us upstairs.”

One, two windows in the back. Two were locked. The third went up with a little squeak and a groan. They tensed before they climbed in, then they were at that front window in little more than split second and daubing a whitish ointment on the places that itched so furiously from the poison ivy.

Voices came to them from above. Important booming voices. Abe tensed as he heard a deeper voice than the rest say in German “and the drive must be a success. It must end the war, *nicht wahr?*”

He felt Guthrie tense beside him there in the center of the store. And with that a wild thought crashed through Abe’s brain.

“Maybe sounds like headquarters?” he hissed.

“*Jawohl*,” beamed Guthrie eagerly.

“I wait down here and you go upstairs and—”

It sounded like a swell idea to Abe as far as it went. Abe, as he reached that point in the plan to have Guthrie go up and get the plans and then waylay him on the way out, had half turned to get more ointment to rub on his tortured skin. So he didn’t finish because he didn’t see Guthrie snatch a bottle as he turned and bring it down smack on Abe’s curly head. In fact Abe only knew that stars glistened and went out and birds twittered merrily.

When he gradually got his first realization that life was not entirely done for him yet, he felt for his Luger. It was gone. And there about him was the odor of ether. Spilled ether. He heard a voice.

The voice of Guthrie above. Couldn’t make out what it was saying. But Guthrie was up there. The special messenger, as Abe thought, for the plans of the great drive was up there getting them now. He’d have the whole of the information that the Allies needed. And from him Abe could get those plans.

Hurried, itching, head aching, Abe got up off the floor. His shaking fingers found the spilled ether. It made him feel groggy but he couldn’t keel over now. His handkerchief came out and he dipped it, soaked it in the ether. He leaped for the open window at the back. Heard footsteps above. The special messenger of the Kaiser or whoever was coming away. Getting ready to leave.

As Abe crawled unsteadily from the window his hand came in contact with a length of rope. Just the thing. He darted out of sight below the outside steps just as the door above burst open and Guthrie leaped out. He came tearing down the stairs head first. He had a Luger in each hand. Didn’t see the obstruction across the stairs. Didn’t see either the German general rush to the open door and fire straight at him three times. Fire shots that would surely have killed him had Guthrie not tripped over the barrier that Abe had placed there and fallen out of the line of fire.

As Guthrie fell, Abe leaped from around the end of the stairs and caught him. And as he caught him, he dragged him under the stairs, all the while holding the handkerchief soaked in ether over Guthrie’s face.

There was at first a struggle by Guthrie. And there was a confident shout from above on the stairs.

“Come out now. I shot him, the *verdammpt* spy.”

ALL of which put wings to Abe’s heels. Guthrie, the man he dragged hurriedly away was unconscious. It was a long way to the airdrome that the orders had mentioned. And the man he now staggered under the weight of had somewhere about his person the important papers telling of the drive in every detail.

No time to search him. Men were running from the second floor of the drug building. Abe was forgetting his itches. Then too Abe had a better idea for Guthrie. It was getting toward dawn. He

might use Guthrie to get a plane to rush him somewhere as injured.

Try it on a car first. There was one ahead. A car and driver. Abe rushed to him. "Quick. This officer is injured. Must get him at once to the airdrome to fly him to the base hospital for—"

That was all that was necessary. The car roared away and later swung into the airdrome gate. "Injured. Hurry. Fly him to—"

A plane roared against the first gray streaks of dawn. Abe pointed to it as the guard hesitated about letting him pass. The driver shot the car in gear again and squealed at the Rumpler two-seater's side.

Shouts came from the hangars. Shouts that Abe wasn't paying attention to. He couldn't see well. Blinked and felt his face swelling. Heaved the limp form into the back cockpit and climbed in ahead, shouting the same as before to the mechanic.

Blam!

The Rumpler thundered into the air and gray dawn. Turned south just off the ground mid a hail of gun fire.

It was daylight when they came down before astonished men of the 26th. The sight of a Rumpler brought everyone running. And Charlie Knox was staring at Abe and his 'prisoner.' Laughing.

"Where in hell did you pick up this German duplicate of Charlie Guthrie?" he boomed. "We trained together and—"

"Hunh," Abe mumbled. "Dis guy. Listen. He's the special—"

He was working into Guthrie's clothing for the evidence. Found it and handed it to Major Lacy. Guthrie himself was coming round slowly. Coming out of the ether. He blinked at the staring faces. Spotted Charlie Knox.

"If I didn't see you here, Charlie," he said, "I'd think I was a spy in my own country or something."

"You a spy?" Abe Ginsberg demanded with swollen lips.

"Sure." The story came out then. Major Lacy was rushing the papers to general headquarters. He came back beaming.

"You sure put it across again, Ginsberg," he said. "But I can't figure how you two teamed up together."

Abe tried to grin but the effort was too painful. He groaned.

"You'd be surprised what a mess of poison ivory would do to a couple of fellas. Major," he said. He turned fearfully to Guthrie who was rubbing his face and neck tenderly.

"Please, Mr. Spy," he said. "You wouldn't have any more of that ointment from the drug store, ain't it, maybe?"

"*Ach nein,*" Guthrie tried to grin, and rubbed his neck harder.