



WRONG ABOUT FACE!

written and illustrated by
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When Patrick Henry the Third shoved his super-schnozzled pan into Major Rufus Garrity's flight office, the ozone above the drome rang with the patriotic cry of "Give me a Liberty or give me a Hiss!" But before long someone started to play a game that called for an aunt instead of an ante. And Phineas? Well, he played a Pat face against a Pat hand.

IT WAS ONLY ON THE DROME of Major Rufus Garrity's Ninth Pursuit Squadron that a mountain could be made out of a mole hill almost over night. In the instance about to be recorded Glad Tidings Goomer, sad-eyed mess monkey, took the part of the mole hill. It was one morning in spring when all the feathered creatures were heralding the first run of sap with sweet bursts of song. Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham came into the farmhouse headquarters pounding his chest like a

gorilla that had just knocked over the last contender for the jungle heavyweight crown.

"Boys!" the wonder from Boonetown, Iowa, thunderously enthused. "Spring is here. 'What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect—'"

"June?" snorted Bump Gillis with derision. "Huh, 'Thr-r-rough a-all my-y-y days-s-s-s I'll se-e-i-ng the pra-a-aise of br-r-r-own Octo-o-o-ber a-a-a-ale!'" He ended on a note that sounded like a blast from a bassoon.

“*Jingle bells, jingle bells,*” trilled Captain Howell, “*jingle a-a-a-all the wa-a-a-ay! Oh—*”

“Haw-w-w-w!” Phineas let out by way of conclusion. “Another year gone! Why look at Glad Tidings Goomer’s pan! It’s longer than a sermon. Who’s dead, Glad Tidings?”

The mess attendant placed a platter of burnt toast on the table for the buzzards who were scheduled to take first crack at the Vons that day. “I am in a mess, sir,” he replied woefully. “Haw-w-w-w, you signed up to be in one, didn’t you?” Phineas guffawed. “Buck up, ol’ sock, as things can’t be as bad as your face says they are.”

Glad Tidings Goomer then opened up. He told the members of “A” Flight that he had been writing to a dame back in Kokomo, Indiana, and stretching things a little. In fact he had told her he was a big ace who had shot down one hundred and seventeen planes.

“Don’t anybody censor mail around here?” Howell asked. “If Garrity should hear—”

“I giss they trusted me too much,” wailed the doleful mess attendant. “Anyways, the dame—her name is Columbine Tuttle—has wrote me and says a war correspondent is due here this afternoon an’ that he is a friend of hers. She says this here correspondence friend of hers is going to see me so he can ask about my war experience an’ write about ‘em. Oh-h-h-h, what would you do if you wuz me?”

“Desert,” Phineas said promptly. “What?” queried Goomer wonderingly. “Fer breakfus’, Lootenant? They wasn’t no pie left over from las’ night.”

“Boy, are you dumb!” Lieutenant Pinkham sighed. “Forget it, Goomer. I will try an’ figure out a way while I am ‘upstairs’ this A.M. It’s a good thing for you that I have a soft heart and like to help my unfortunate brothers. Well, don’t cut your throat until I git back. Of course, you couldn’t blow out any brains.” That shaft went completely over Glad Tidings’ head. He just stared after Phineas hopefully.

THAT morning, “A” Flight found little excitement over the real estate where Mars was roaring his loudest. Phineas Pinkham circled over Thiaucourt and wracked his brain while Howell and Gillis went to work on a Kraut Junkers. The two Yankee buzzards washed it up just as a whole Heinie Circus appeared in the ozone over Alsace. Captain Howell led his Spads home fast and set them down.

Phineas climbed out of his bus yelling, “I got it. Goomer’ll be saved. Major Garrity is goin’ to Bar-Le-

Duc early this P.M. and won’t be back until late. Let the A.E.F. reporter come. The Ninth is always ready to protect its own! Haw-w-w-w-w!”

Around three o’clock Phineas was dressing Glad Tidings Goomer in a flying outfit. When the mess attendant was decked out in full regalia and a little oil was smeared over his sad map, a car rolled onto the drome and drew up before the farmhouse. Lieutenant Pinkham saw a tall United States citizen climb out of the gas wagon carrying a portable type mill in his hand. He yelled to Bump Gillis:

“Go an’ stall off the fathead, as I got to hurry and get Glad Tidings into a crate that is warming up back of the hangars. He will come taxiing in after awhile and just roll across the drome an’ git out in front of headquarters. Boys, what an idea!”

“I will wait perhaps five years before I agree with you,” Bump sniffed.

And so the buzzards of the Ninth surrounded the war correspondent and kept him plied with cognac and conversation until Phineas got the mess attendant into the idling Spad’s pit.

“Now you remember all I said,” Phineas charged him. “An’ also what I showed you. Just roll in easy when me an’ Casey git you steered around the hangar.”

“Yessir,” agreed Goomer, “Do I look like a airman all right?”

“Sure,” replied Phineas. “Adoo, now. I will go over and be with the others when you come in.” He walked into the farmhouse then and immediately made himself known to Goomer’s supreme worry.

“Welcome to the Ninth,” he hollered robustly. “Goomer? We expect him any minute. He went over all alone to blow up part of the Potsdam board walk. Why look! Here he comes now. He must’ve landed dead stick as did you hear the engine, anybody?”

The tall correspondent followed at the heels of the squadron pilots as Glad Tidings rolled the Spad across the field.

But into the drome at the same time came a Frog with a rickety wagon drawn by a mule. There were sacks of potatoes and the remains of last year’s turnips in said conveyance. Glad Tidings Goomer evidently became over-confident and pushed something he should not have even touched. The Spad immediately emitted a crazy roar and shot across terra firma like a dog that has backed into a spiny cactus.

“Oh-h-h-h-h-h!” Phineas Pinkham gulped. “I can’t look! Tell me, you bums—”

CRA-A-A-A-SH!

"Look now," Bump Gillis tossed out, "then go to your hut and get packed."

Phineas uncovered one eye. The Spad was piled up against an apple tree like a discarded accordion. The Frog's wagon was scattered all over the landscape and the mule was beating all equine speed records on its hasty retreat for home. When Phineas uncovered his other eye, Glad Tidings Goomer was crawling out from under a lot of turnips and potatoes and the late driver of the vegetable cart was emulating a dog going round in circles to pat down a straw bed.

"I g-guess Goomer must've been wounded," Phineas suggested as a bright explanation. "He must've got his marbles scattered."

The pilots of the Ninth went out and helped the groundmen pick up the mess attendant and the Frog he had disconnected from his vegetable cart. Glad Tidings was minus some teeth and a lot of his wits. The Frog had all the necessary acumen to loudly demand satisfaction.

"Sacre! You pay for ze wag-one, out!" he screeched. "*Mon Dieu, sacre bleu—voilà!* I tell thees to ze generals. Wan hun'ed franc vous donnez-moi, oui. I lose ze mule—fifty franc aussi! Ah, mon tete, she feel lak ze beeg balloon—"

"Clean everything up!" barked Captain Howell. "The Old Man will be gettin' back. Pinkham, you—!"

The correspondent began to pump Goomer's hand. "Lucky to land at all even though shot up, what, Goomer? How many did you shoot down today?"

"H-huh? Oh, six, yeah six. Two got away. How's Columbine?"

"Great, Goomer. When you get fixed up, we'll have a chat. Want the story from your own lips. Your career, you know. How about it?"

"Oh yeah," the mess attendant gulped. "Heh! heh! Well, I got to git goin'. Got a batch of biscuits to—er—I mean I ain't et since yesterday."

Lieutenant Pinkham groaned and sat down in a bunch of straw that had been inside the Frog cart. His

fingers, digging into the straw absently, came into contact with a folded piece of paper. When brought to light it turned out to be a soiled letter. His mind was entirely occupied with the question of how he would dig up a hundred and fifty francs. Nevertheless, he opened the letter and read curiously.

"Dear Son:" met his eyes, followed by: "I hope you are well. We are all praying for you every minute. Aunt Agatha is here visiting and sends her love. She is baking you a cake. Take care of yourself and don't forget how easy it is for you to get hay fever. Uncle John's liver still kicks up but he doesn't complain. Hoping you are the same, I will close with love. Ma."

"Huh," exclaimed the goggle-eyed peruser of the stray epistle. "Now how did that git here?" He crumpled it up and tossed it away, forgetting all about it for the nonce. But that letter was destined to give him insomnia before very few hours had rolled back into Father Time's scrap heap.

THINGS happened fast as dusk crept in on the Ninth and spread its bedding. Major Rufus Garrity came back from Bar-Le-Duc and a little bird must



have told him about the washout of a Spad and a Frog vegetable wagon. He asked Goomer what had happened to his dental assembly and then proceeded to chase Phineas Pinkham into the operations office.

"I met that Frog in Bar-Le-Duc," Garrity roared. "He was still chasing his mule. He—" The door opened and Phineas felt his legs begin to melt. The war correspondent was on the threshold.

"Must be going, Major," he said. "Want to congratulate you on having such a great ace here as Lieutenant Goomer. Going to write him up for all the papers. Well. good night, Major. I must be off."

"Look here," Garrity yelled. But the door had already closed. The C.O. turned to Phineas. "Say, what's all that?" he bellowed.

"Oh, let him go. I'll come clean," Phineas yipped as a Hisso prop suddenly shook the skies overhead. "I was savin' Goomer's face. His girl thinks he's an ace an' this guy—well, we put Goomer into a Spad an' he—" The Old Man let loose then and threatened the Boonetown hero with every punishment on the books. He was still heaping verbal brimstone on the Pinkham noggin when the door opened again. This time a strange pilot saluted.

"Reporting, sir. Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third!"

"I expected you two days ago, Lieutenant," Garrity hollered. "What kept you? Get out of here, Pinkham."

"Patrick Henry, huh?" Phineas tossed at the new arrival. "This is no place for you. You will get no liberty an'—"

"Get out!" the Old Man blasted the air and almost blew the Pinkham heir out of the door.

At mess the new pilot told the buzzards that he had taken off from Teul two days before but had wanted a peek at the war zone. Something had gone wrong with his crate and he had made a forced landing near the Vosges. It had taken him all the intervening time to fix the Spad.

Phineas Pinkham looked the newcomer over. Lieutenant Patrick Henry was a tall buzzard with one of the biggest noses Phineas had ever seen. "With that beak, Henry," he said to the descendant of the sponsor of freedom, "you ought to make some war bird."

"Pretty fresh, aren't you?" Patrick Henry the Third snapped. "Have a care, my man. Your face is nothing to frame."

"Boy, that is the ol' repartee," Phineas said admiringly. "We should git along, Pat."

"Where would I get mail that is waiting for me?"

the flyer inquired next. "You see, I've got to find out how Uncle John is."

Phineas opened his mouth and closed it again. He scratched his head and tried to figure something out. It did not make sense, like an Arab trying to spear seals in an oasis. Patrick Henry the Third went out with "A" Flight the next morning. Garrity's brood got into an argument as to the right of way over Metz. Phineas Pinkham could see that the new Spad pusher certainly knew what to do with a ship. He made it do everything in the air but bring down a Kraut Halberstadt, and nobody could say that Henry didn't try to do that. His empennage looked like a porous-knit union suit when he put it down on the Ninth Pursuit drome.

NOW right here it is necessary that we mention the scare that had been lifting Chaumont scalps for weeks. Potsdam's spies had been out-snooping the Allied slewfoots. Things were known on the German side that should not have been known—and wouldn't have been unless there was skulduggery on the Democratic side of the lines. Washington, London, Rome, and Paris were getting inklings here and there anent a mysterious Teuton Intelligence Dynasty. The scions of a well-born family irrigated with blue Dutch blood were spread all over the Western Front. A lot of practical brass hats called it an Old Wives' tale. They said that it was propaganda to irk the morale of the Allies. But when a certain concentration center or important dump was shellacked with deadly precision, the same brass hats began to bite their finger nails and believe in anything.

A trio of Intelligence officers barged into the farmhouse the night of Patrick Henry's debut in the ozone and reported that plans vital to the Allied cause had been stolen from a certain general in a hotel in Bar-Le-Duc.

"Those plans must not get out of this sector, Garrity," stormed a colonel. "Keep planes up all day and night to watch for bat flyers. There's a dangerous spy here somewhere. We've got to catch him. He slugged the general. He must've been hiding under the bed in the hotel room. Well, don't let up for a minute, Major. Good day."

"Cripes!" groaned Garrity. "More spies. Are you sure we pitched this drome on the right side? Why don't generals look under the bed before—all right, sir. We'll get out our plaid helmets and flashlights."

"Quick, Watson," grinned Pinkham. "The altimeter needle, haw!"

"Get out of here, Pinkham," the Old Man yelled. "Beat it or—!"

The Boonetown patriot went. He passed the open door of the hut occupied by Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third. The pilot grinned and said for Phineas to come in and chew the fat for a second or maybe three. The flying jokesmith accepted and stepped inside where he saw Henry fooling with a service pistol.

BANG!

A bullet clipped the Pinkham ear and went whining out over the drome.

"Uh—er—" gulped Henry the Third. "It went off! Excuse me, Pinkham."

"Oh yeah, haw-w-w-w-w!" Phineas forced out. "Lucky I slipped just as I come in. Well, I see you got your mail."

The pilot nodded. "Aunt Agatha says to watch for the cake she is sending me. Don't tell any of the other guys. You and I will eat it. She makes swell cakes."

"Sure," agreed Phineas. "But when I come for the tea party, I hope you are only bouncing marshmallers around, haw-w-w-w!"

MORE mystery hopped in fast just twenty-four hours later. A tall guy with a large hooked nose and wrapped up in a funny looking Frog suit was jumped on by the sentries near "B" Flight's hangar and dragged toward the farmhouse. Pilots came running.

"I demand to see the commanding officer," the captive yelled. He dug the high heels of a pair of Parisian patent leather dogs into the ground. "I am Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third!"

"H-Huh?" cracked Phineas. "You're who?"

Inside headquarters Garrity repeated the question. "Who'd you say you are?"

"Patrick Henry the Third. There is an impostor here. A spy, I bet. That's what!"

"Boy, he does look like the other gink," Phineas said. "Look at his bugle, Howell."

Major Garrity let out a yell and sent the doughs after the first claimant to the Henry name. When the Ninth's first P.H. was rushed in to look at this latest patriot to report for duty, his lower jaw slipped down almost to the third button on his tunic.

"So!" the new Patrick Henry tossed out. "Bang me on the head, will you? Stole my crate and thought I had croaked, huh?"

The bogus pilot stiffened. There was a sickly grin on his face as he stared into the eyes of his accuser. Then he drew himself up and clicked his heels

together. "Ja! So it is. I am *Leutnant* Karl Hansel Rudolph von Schirtzinger. Nothing more will I say."

"Give me them clothes, Shirtstinger," the real Patrick Henry yelled. "Peel 'em off, you squarehead!"

"Yeah," augmented Phineas, "search him and his hut. I bet you'll find plenty. He's the spy, sure as shootin'."

But there was nothing in the bogus flyer's clothes but two well-handled letters addressed to Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third.

"That is how he knew about your Aunt Agatha," Phineas said to the latest addition to the squadron. "That is how he could talk about his uncle's liver and the cake that your aunt was sendin'. The dirty Dutch snooper!"

"Lock him up," Major Rufus Garrity yelled. "We'll keep him here until we ring a lot more information out of him."

"He come to get me, that is what," Phineas hooted. "He tried to shoot me by accident last night. That is that! Welcome to the Ninth, the second Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third. The first Patrick Henry is kapoot as they say in the beer gartens, *nein?* Haw-w-w-w!"

"Look at that bump on my dome," growled the real American-born pilot. "He must've hit me with a wagon tongue."

"I will show the real Mr. Henry to his hut," Phineas offered after the Old Man had lifted more P.H. family credentials on the bogus descendant of the famous patriot.

"Okay," said the latest arrival, "let's go. I've got to get me some sleep. I was forced down, as I lost my way, and I was looking over the Spad when that Dutchman crept out of the bushes and knocked me over the head. He left these clothes I've got on."

"I'll call Chaumont," grinned Garrity. "Well, that's settled."

IN HIS hut Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third read his mail. Two hours after that a package came for him. It was a cake that was pretty well-mauled by three thousand miles of handling. Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham chanced to slide back in through the door of the cubicle when the recipient was breaking the wrappings.

"Haw-w-w-w-w," he said, "wasn't I lucky to come in just now? Boy, I bet your aunt makes good cake."

"Yeah," the second Patrick Henry the Third to come to the drome said, "I hope Uncle John's liver is better. He's a howitzer on wheels when he don't feel good."

Phineas sampled the cake, approved it, and then

asked the flyer the location of the spot where he had been slugged and tied up.

"I bet it wasn't twenty miles from here," came the answer. "The Kraut tossed me into an old cistern that was dried up. I wish I had taken a poke at him." He felt of his head gingerly.

"Well, bong sour," Phineas chortled. "Thanks for the cake. Thank Aggie for me. I will see you when we go up to exterminate vermin on the morrow." The pilot from Iowa swaggered out, walked a few steps, then tiptoed back to the hut. He went to a little window over which a curtain of burlap hung and located a slit in the cloth. Phineas took a little bottle from his pocket and poured the yellowish brown contents of same into the palm of his hand. He blew the stuff through the slit in the curtain until it was all gone, then he ankled away with a strange, chuckling sound issuing from deep down in his throat.

"I got to initiate the fathead," he grinned as he went to his own hut to do a lot of heavy thinking. After awhile he went to a hangar and sought out Sergeant Casey. "Where's Casey?" he asked.

"He ain't here, sir," an ackemma said. "He didn't feel so good an' hit the hay."

"Git him out," cracked the Lieutenant who was Casey's chief pain in the neck. "It's my orders."

Heavy-eyed, Casey appeared in the gloomy confines of the Spad shed five minutes later. "Whadda ya want?" he growled.

"It is customary to say 'sir' to an officer, or didn't you know, Sergeant? I've got a commission. I will show it to you. And don't git fresh no more." Then he told Casey his needs, finishing with: "Do ya understand?"

"Oh yeah—yessir," the testy flight sergeant grumbled. "But you'll git in a sling for this."

"Who asked you?" Phineas wanted to know. "Just do as I say—make my Spad look like Patrick Henry's, and I don't want any guff!"

"Yessir," Casey growled and barked at a couple of his slaves. "Come'ere, you mugs! We gotta work fast."

Phineas thereupon went back to his hut and grinned as Bump Gillis' snoring drowned out the din of distant guns. He picked a book from a shelf and began to look something up in it. His mother had put it in his trunk before her boy left Boonetown. It was called: *THE HOME DOCTOR. DISEASES, SYMPTOMS AND CURES*. Satisfied with one paragraph he found, the plotter replaced the book and then delved into



the bottomless depths of his trunk. Out came a tin box and when Phineas had finished with the magic that it contained, he had no freckles. Moreover, his nose had become a little larger and boasted a hook. He pulled a light brown toupee over his own rusty locks. But when it came to disguising the lower part of the Pinkham physiognomy, Phineas met a temporary barrier. After some heavy thinking, however, he chuckled and began to wind bandages around his mouth and chin, leaving a slit so that he could talk in a blunted fashion. Next he brought a small bottle forth from the tin box. The label read *Magi Blood* and invited the public to *Fool Your Friends. Looks Like Real Blood. Have Fun At Parties.*

At one o'clock Phineas fell asleep. In the morning, after a non-com had knocked him awake by pounding on the door of his hut, the Yankee jokesmith sat up fully clothed. Before Bump Gillis was fully awake he went out to the hangar instead of to the farmhouse for a cup of Java. Captain Howell, Lieutenant Gillis, and the rest of the Flight wondered where Phineas Pinkham was. Gillis said he was sure his hutmate had left their quarters before himself. The Spads began to roar out on the line.

"Come on, guys," said Howell. "And you, Henry—watch me close on your first hop over the lines. Stick to formation." He led his brood out onto the chilly tarmac and saw the Pinkham scion disappearing into his cockpit. The Boonetown pilot had a khaki handkerchief pressed to his face and he kept it there until it was time for him to let the Spad have its head.

Major Rufus Garrity felt pretty good as he watched the flight take off. "Well, we've got von Skirtslinger. We'll get s pat on the back for that all right. Yessir, things are going pretty smooth. 'Oh, the sun shi-i-ines br-r-r-right on my o-o-o-old Kentucky ho-o-o-ome—'" He plung-ed his hands into his pockets and beamed up into the sky until "A" Flight looked as small as flakes of coal dust. But when the Old Man tried to get his hands out of his pockets when he got into the farmhouse, they would not budge. Yank and pull as he would, they only came to light glued fast to the lining of his pockets. The R.O. had to cut them loose with a pair of scissors.

"Wait until he comes back!" Garrity yelled, looking at the sticky cloth that was adhering to his big paws. "I'll kill him five ways—shooting, stabbing, skull fracture—by cr-r-r-ipes I win!" He waved his hands in the air for emphasis and looked like a scarecrow flapping in the breeze.

MEANWHILE, Captain Howell was wondering why the new flyer's Spad dropped out of formation

and headed for the carpet as the flight flew over the roofs of Bar-Le-Duc. "Yellow, I bet. The big bum!"

But Phineas Pinkham did not look mystified as he watched that Spad drop out. He tossed back into the slipstream: "Some day the Vons'll find out they can't fool a Pinkham. Murder me, will they? Why them Jerries are so dumb they'd try and tell a crow how to steal corn. Well, Patrick Henry the Third, it has to be done as it is for the Allies."

"A" Flight ran into Halberstadt over Conflans. Three Heinies dropped down on the Pinkham neck, let loose a couple of half-hearted bursts, then scrambled themselves in with the rest of the tumbling battle wagons. Lieutenant Pinkham climbed, got to a high shelf, and looked down upon the melee.

Captain Howell needed him in the worst way. But Phineas had other ideas. Over hostile linoleum he pushed the stick away from him and picked out a spot that seemed well populated with Heinie doughs. The Kraut flag was flying from a long, low farmhouse. Three big Jerry gas buggies were standing outside of the house. To the errant Lieutenant Pinkham it looked like a good place to begin his Intelligence work.

On sighting him, somebody started a machine gun going down on the ground. But the visiting Yank found out later that the Boche zealot got a cuffing around from an *Herr Oberst* for doing it. Lieutenant Pinkham grinned when a small knot of Krauts began waving their flippers at him.

"*Das ist der Shpadt!*" gutteraled an *Oberleutnant*. "Loogk vunce *der* line t'rough *der* Allied circle, *ja?* Back *mit der* plans he ist, I bedt you, *Herr von Pumpnickel*. Gedt by *der* auto, *mach schnell!* Ve go und pick op *der Leutnant* Batrig Heinrich, *hein?*"

"*Ach, ve Chermans!*" exclaimed his companion Boche brass hat in self appreciation. He hopped into the machine and put it into gear.

Phineas Pinkham landed and scrambled out of the Spad in the midst of a group of Heinies. "*Himmel,*" grunted an *Herr Oberst*. "He *ist* vounded! *Guten morgen, Herr Leutnant. Was ist los?*"

"He does not shpeak *der gut* Cherman," someone reminded the brass hat. "I vill shpeak *mit* him in *der* Englander. *Herr Leutnant*, you haff *der* plans?"

"*Nein,*" replied Phineas in a muffled voice. "*Der Dumkopf* he gets caught *und* he ist locked up. I am now *Leutnant* Patrick Henry *der* Third, *mein* froinds. But I don't know so much as *der* brudder knows of *der Amerikaner*. I must see *der* Yangkee prisoner you got und make him tell more as I cannot gedt to see *der*

Leutnant who vill gedt shot soon, I bedt you.” Then the Yank waited for the reaction to his wild stab. He sighed when one of the Kraut officers laughed.

“*Ja, das ist Herr Hauptmann X, ja.* Always you was *der besser* shmart vun, *ja.* *Der brudder* he has *der* plans, *hein?*”

“*Ja.* Before they take him by *der* prison camp,” Phineas said, “I must gedt *der* plans to bring back. But *der Amerikaners* get suspicious *und* I must vork fast. Now they ask me, *der* second Patrick Henry *der* Third, lots of questions because *der* first vun was a fake, *hein?* You take me to see *der* Yangkee prisoner maybe *und* make him tell me more of *der* family in *der* United States, *Herr Oberst.* So vhen I hear *der* spy *ist* caught I put on *der* clothes *und* come in *und* say I am *der* real *Amerikaner* flyer *und* they believe me, *der Dumkopfs!*”

“*Ach, das ist der gut plan,*” enthused the *Herr Oberst.* “*Ho! Ho! Der Professor* he makes it op *der* vaces sohr *gut, Herr Hauptmann.* Not for noddink he makes up *der* Opera stars by Munich *und* Berlin, *hein?* How *ist* you get *der* vound, *mein Herr?*”

“One of *der* Kaiser’s flyers they shoodt too close *und* make it loogk too good,” Phineas explained. “Then they see *der* markings—”

“*Gut!*” grinned the brass hat. “Ve take you by *der* prisoner. Not yedt ve take him to *der* prison camp so ve make him talk more *besser, Herr Hauptmann,*”

PHINEAS felt his own locks under the toupee lift when he got into a big Jerry boiler with three Kraut brass hats. But he had hit the nail on the head. That letter he had found after Goomer’s wrecking of the Frog peasant’s wagon had started it all. If it had not been for Glad Tidings Goomer—well, there would have been no Jerry plot as plain as a mountain inside of the Pinkham head. Yes, as he had figured, there was still another Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third—the real McCoy this time.

The *Herr Oberst* led Phineas to a root cellar where a Yankee flyer sat in the dark all tied up like traffic in mid-town New York. He was in a suit of underwear and no more.

“*Achtung!*” yelled the *Herr Oberst.* He had a Luger handy.

“Your *Excellenz,*” Phineas ventured through his bandages, “giff it by me *der* Luger. Leaf me here to look at *der Amerikaner.* I make him tell it all quick. *Hauptmann X* he hass made statues talk more than vunce. Just leaf me alone by *der* prisoner, *ja?*”

“*Ja, Herr Hauptmann.* *Der Kaiser* he shoodts *der* vun who does nodt do vhat you say. *Gut* luck, *Herr Hauptmann!*”

Phineas closed the door of the root cellar and lighted a candle. Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third cracked: “Save your breath, you hunk of limberger! I won’t tell you a damn thing more.”

“Haw-w-w-w-w!” laughed *Herr* Pinkham, his mirth deadened by the wrappings. “Listen, I’m a friend. Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham. Ever hear of me?”

“Who ain’t?” gulped the prisoner. “How’d you git here? How did you get wise? An’ that nose—huh?”

“Don’t talk. Just listen,” the Boonetown miracle man cautioned the prisoner. “I have a Spad out there. There’s only one Heinie dough outside. I’ll take care of the bum as I go out. Then you stand by the door and wait until I roll the Spad by. You will only have to run twenty yards, comprenny? I hope you don’t have corns. Here, let me untie you.”

Phineas was out of the root cellar a few moments later. The Boche on guard turned slightly. Garrity’s trickster promptly hit him on the chops with the Luger, then caught him before he fell. He propped him up against the door and leaned his gun against him.

“You’ll be as stiff as a salt mackerel for twenty minutes at least, Willie. That is time enough,” Phineas chuckled delightedly.

He was joined by three Kraut brass hats when he walked to the Spad. He flung out: “Right away quick I must go back by *der* Yangkee drome. I bring *der* plans tomorrow night. *Der* prisoner he tells me some more about *der* family, *ja?*”

“*Ja, Herr Hauptmann,*” the Kaiser’s officers said in unison. “You burn id *der* feet, *nein?*”

“It’s a secret,” Phineas tossed back as he got into his Spad. He raced it past the root cellar after he had warmed it up. Simultaneously three brands of hell broke loose when the scantily clad prisoner bolted out of the place where he had been confined. Guns barked as he made a grab for a wing and rolled himself upon it. Machine guns rattled and slugs bit at the ozone close to the Pinkham cranium.

“*Himmel! Der* trick vunce! *Das ist* nodt *der Hauptmann, nein?* Somevun else he makes up as *der* Yangkee, too. I zee idt! I zee idt. Pinkham! *Gott in Himmel!* Telephone *der* Circus—von Sprudelsalz’ Circus! *Donner und Blitzen!*”

“What’s sauce for the goose don’t taste like tapioca to the gander if he eats out of the same plate,” Phineas hollered as he lifted the Spad into the ether. “Makeup, huh! I invented it, haw-w-w-w! The Vons sure slipped up in one place. They didn’t pay enough attention to what Aunt Aggie wrote in the letter about keepin’ one’s health, haw-w-w-w! What a *guerre.*”

BACK on the drome of the Ninth, the second Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third was grinding his molars in the Operations office and telling Major Garrity what a fine bunch of ackemmas he had on the drome.

"No gas in the tank," the flyer ripped out. "Huh, but the gauge showed it was full. I bet the altimeter would show I was only three feet high if I was hopping the Alps! Get me another ship. That one didn't hardly get me off the drome."

"Nuts!" yipped Captain Howell. "Maybe you just didn't feel like fighting those terrible Germans today, did you Mr. Henry? Guys try a lot of ways to crawl out the first couple of times."

"Yeah? Well, wait until I go up the next time. I'll show you plenty. And, say, I want to speak to that Hun who knocked me in the head. I want one poke at him before they take him—"

"Shut up," thundered Garrity, "and get out of here! Or you'll find out how a Patrick Henry feels when he hasn't got any more liberty than a stuffed partridge under glass. Get!"

MEANWHILE Phineas and his cargo were finding it a little difficult to get back to the Yankee side of the fence. Halberstadts, called out in a hurry, had headed the Spad off near Mars La Tour. Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third hung on for dear life as the wonder from Boonetown, Iowa, fought to run the gauntlet. The Spad twisted, dove, and climbed and once the man who was clad only in his skivvies seemed to stream out from a strut like a pennon.

"I am a Pinkham!" the owner of the famous name hooted. "My forefathers ran a gauntlet with Indians every day when they were scouts for Dan Boone. Hang on, Pat. We'll get through okay."

The Halberstadts had Phineas barrelled over St. Benoit and were about to assassinate him when two flights of Limey S.E.5's came tearing in to snatch Garrity's buzzard and his passenger right out of St. Peter's gateway.

"I will never insult Limeys no more," Phineas chattered as he made a long sweep toward St. Mihiel. "Are you there, Pat?" He hardly dared to look. Then he saw his passenger wrapped around a strut like a garter snake. Phineas took his first full breath since he had left the Ninth and pawed beads of sweat as big as moth balls from his face.

The pilots of the Ninth were at their mess when the sound of the Hisso drew them away from their

gastronomic ritual. Bump Gillis looked out through the door, then ducked back.

"It's Carbuncle!" he yelled. "He didn't get shot down. Boy, what could kill him?"

Everybody pushed outdoors. Garrity came tearing out of his sanctum, hands still reeking of gasoline and covered with patches of pocket lining. "I could!" he hollered. "Just watch me."

"What's that on the wing?" Captain Howell loudly wondered. "Come on—he's picked up something."

The second Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third to have come to the drome wished he had not got so close to the Pinkham chariot. Phineas stood up in his Spad cockpit when the ship stopped and bellowed: "Arrest that guy there. Patrick Henry the Third, huh! He ain't him."

"Wha-a-a-a?" erupted the Old Man. "Who ain't who?"

The man who shook himself free of the Spad's wing had a big nose and he was tall and lanky. "I'm Lieutenant Patrick Henry!" he chattered. "That guy in my suit is an impostor. I can prove—"

The second bogus American patriot's descendant turned to run. But Bump Gillis brought him down with a sweet diving tackle, then sat on him.

"Haw-w-w-w!" guffawed Phineas. "The second Patrick Henry the Third was a phony like the first Patrick Henry the Third. The third Patrick Henry the Third I just rescued from the Krauts and he is the real—"

Major Rufus Garrity sat down on the ground and held his head in his hands. "Wait, Pinkham," he moaned, "give me a rest. Just a minute or two. Let me get them straight. First one came in. Then another followed him and said he was the real Patrick Henry the Third. Now here's another one in his union suit—*cripes!* Let's go inside and gather our buttons. Just take it easy, boys—"

In the farmhouse Phineas and the real American flyer slowly untangled the mess. "It was that letter," the sore thumb of the Ninth explained hilariously. "I picked it up on the drome. It was hid in the straw of the Frog wagon. It wasn't any fake, either—said for Patrick Henry the Third to watch out for hay fever as he got it so easy. In a book I got it says a bum who is a hay fever addict can git it in a couple of hours. Well, I blew a lot of golden rod pollen into his hut but he did not even sneeze—this second Patrick Henry the Third. So I knew he was lying because he said he was sluggish and put into a cistern. How could he put that letter of the real Patrick Henry the Third into the Frog wagon, then? That was where he slept once, I bet! A real Patrick

Henry the Third would not have to hide out in a Frog wagon, now would he?"

Garrity's eyes were crossed by that time. "Go on," he groaned.

"Well I had Casey fix up a Spad to look like the one this Von brought in. Then I had him fix the Von's crate so it would not get far when he went up so he could not take the plans he stole from the general back to the Krauts. I made up as a fourth Patrick Henry the Third and the *Herr Obersts* thought I was the second Patrick Henry the Third who had come back to get more dope on the real Patrick Henry the Th—"

"Water, somebody," the C.O. husked. "Also some aspirin!"

"PINKHAM'S right," the real McCoy now chimed in. "Those German birds were brothers born and raised in Cincinnati. When I got caught behind the lines, they got together and cooked up the plot. They sweated all they could about my family out of me until I got wise. Then the first one took my suit and his brother—the guy standing right there—got dressed up in a Frog suit and shoes and was dropped behind the lines at night to get into Bar-Le-Duc where a certain general was going to be. So the first guy who came here didn't have the plans, but he was impersonating me so that he could fly his brother back when he got them. It seems they call this one here *Hauptmann X* as he is the smarter of the two. I don't see why he called his pal an impostor though and exposed him like Pinkham told me he did over in the root cellar while he was untying me."

The Von held at bay by Bump Gillis and Captain Howell now drew himself up haughtily. "We will make any sacrifice. I am followed after I steal the plans and I think they are American Intelligence officers. Maybe they were only footpads, but I cannot take the chance. I come to the drome to expose my brother and take his place, as if I am caught Germany loses a great spy. Compared to me, he is no spy at all, *nein*. I know my brother. He understands when I look at him close, *ja*. He took it the way I wanted. For the Fatherland!"

"Smart, huh?" Phineas mocked. "You knew all about Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third by the letters he carried on him, huh? But you should have faked some hay fever some way, haw-w-w-w! As the real—"

"KERCH-O-O-O-O-O!" sneezed the real Patrick Henry the Third.

"*Gesundheit!*" trilled Phineas Pinkham. "Haw-w-w-w! That's how easy he gets it, *mein* Froind. Yeah, look at the Krauts when you get them both together," he now shot

at the addled Old Man. "They were twins, I bet. They looked a lot like the real Patrick Henry the Third here and only had to fix up their beaks a bit. How could three guys in one war all have prop bosses like them, huh? Well, do I make a good Patrick Henry the Fourth, Major? Did I fool them Krauts! They did not get wise, as I spoke only English like the two fake Patrick Henry the Thirds here. I suppose the Kaiser called them from Cincy when the war broke out and they hopped the first tub to Hunland and threw away their citizenship papers. Another thing, *Hauptmann X*, was that I wondered why the concentric circles on the lower wings of that Spad you brought in had a white line painted through them, haw! I did not take your crate but mine was a twin to it after Casey got through with it. I must buy Casey some cognac.

"Remember, Bump, the first flight that our first Patrick Henry the Third made for the Allies? I saw three Halbs shoot at him all at once—and miss. It was a swell act. Well, let's introduce the real Patrick Henry the Third to the first imposter and tell him the second one is going to join him in front of the wall at sunrise so that there will only be the real Patrick Henry the Third left. Then everybody won't get mixed up all the time."

"Stop, sto-o-op," squeaked Garrity weakly. "My dome is full of butterflies. Excuse me, men, I must go up and lie down for awhile." He reeled toward the stairs on wobbling legs.

"Shell out the plans you pinched from the general," Phineas tossed at *Hauptmann X*. "Or do we have to cut you to pieces? There is one thing we do if Vons don't cough up here," he continued with a wink at Gillis. "We put them on their backs, strap them down, and cover them with honey and molasses. Then wye get a jarful of giant ants and let them lick you clean. It works best on a hot day. Major, how are the ants lately? I haven't looked at 'em, and they must be starved."

"*Ach, nein!* I give you the plans. Here—in the sole of my boot, *ja*. I show you."

"Well, come on, Lieutenant Patrick Henry the Third," chortled the incurable humorist. "I think there is a letter you'll have to be answering—the one tellin' you how Uncle John's liver is."

"Why how do you know, Pinkham? How—er—oh yeah, you—"

"You seem to forget that I am the fourth Patrick Henry the Third," Phineas informed him. "When you write Aunt Aggie again, tell her to bake another cake, haw-w-w-w-w!"