

Underground War; Spies at Work

A bonfire flared brightly beside a German airfield, a dark airplane disgorging shabby peasants on the moonlit Flanders plain; German parachutists in rough tweeds and club ties groping across English moors; French fishing boats, strangely rigged, glimpsed for a moment by watchful destroyers—these are the spectacular by-products of the greatest underground war in the sinister history of espionage.

Tens of thousands of spies are grimly fighting the unseen battle while the guns boom and bombs thud from the North Sea to Suez.

The prize? The most vital of all war materials: Information about the enemy.

Behind this first objective is another, increasingly important to the British operating on a continent kneeling before the conqueror. It is the encouraging of the defeated to revenge, sabotage and revolution.

Aircraft, radio and even submarines aid the spies. Yet the secret warfare of the twentieth century employs ruses old when Imperial Rome was the power in world politics.

Familiar Methods

The fishing lantern, the minute note in a ring's secret compartment, mysterious invisible inks, still aid the soldiers of the night.

After a year of desperate work on a hostile continent, heavily garrisoned and closely guarded, British agents are slowly cutting down the immense advantages enjoyed at the outbreak of war by the Gestapo. This is the only conclusion one can reach after, conver-

Milk Mixture for Stomach Ulcers

A recent medical discovery now being used by doctors and hospitals everywhere has proven unusually successful in the treatment of stomach ulcers caused from excess acid. It is a harmless preparation yet so effective that in many cases the pain of stomach ulcers disappears almost immediately after it is used. Also recommended for gas pains, indigestion and heartburn due to hyperacidity. Sufferers may now try this at home by obtaining a bottle of Lurin from their druggist. Lurin contains this new discovery in the purest form. Easy to take. Just mix two teaspoonfuls in a ½-glass of milk. Costs but little and sold under an absolute guarantee—it must satisfy or money refunded. Lurin for sale by

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sation with French, Italian, German and British citizens.

The British gain is partly due to an intensive counter-espionage campaign. Since the fall of France the "tight little isle" has indeed become a fortress—a fortress where reputable citizens are challenged and enemy agents are picked off by the stubborn intelligences of Scotland Yard.

Backed by the army, the civil authorities have placed thousands under surveillance, arrested a few hundred. No one outside the government knows how many spies have been shot in Great Britain since last June. Nor does anyone know how many spies have been landed by parachute from German aircraft.

Rigid Policing

But today Britain is more strictly policed than ever before in its history.

An espionage offensive on the Continent has accompanied this bolstering of home defenses against the enemy that works in the dark.

By various devices, some bold, some devious, hundreds of agents have landed in northern Europe from the Arctic Circle to the border of France's unoccupied zone. They watch and report the activities of the conquerors, give aid and comfort to rebels, sabotage in a hundred small ways the German occupation.

Men and women are shot, there are scuffles and stabbings in obscure restaurants, but the work goes on and the word goes home to England.

Norway and Occupied France are the fields of greatest success. The rugged western coast of Norway served the British well last winter. Its broken shoreline hid a thousand tiny inlets where spies might land. The obscure fishing villages sheltered forbidden radios. In the cold, silent figures glided down the western slopes of the hills or plodded the snowbound roads with information for England.

Under Enemy's Eyes

In Oslo, Trondheim, Bergen, in a hundred little towns, Norwegians and British spies worked under the guns of the Germans. Troop concentrations, the identity of regiments, aircraft arrivals, the location of airfields and the types of

Glamorizing the Gas Mask



To enable gas mask wearers to look like human beings rather than ogres from Mars, Charles W. Leguillon, rubber company inventor, patented this new style mask, worn by a model in New York. It is of transparent plastic materials and, according to the inventor, is impervious to gas and dust. He also says the lenses w-

aircraft on them were committed to memory.

By word of mouth the information passed from man to man, from village to village, until it reached the agents by the sea who forwarded it to the watchful Lockheeds and Sunderlands of the RAF's coastal command or to patrolling destroyers.

The ultimate destination might be the Admiralty's chart room, or the intelligence headquarters of the Air Ministry.

Often, on the strength of it, bombers crossed the northern seas or cruisers slipped silently out in

pursuit of a blockade runner.

British espionage in Norway had another objective. Each agent was a recruiting officer for the Royal Norwegian army, navy and air force based in England.

Fishing boats darted out of tiny ports, their decks manned by the usual complement of seamen, their odoriferous holds crammed with young men en route to England, arms and revenge. In one week last winter nearly 193 Norwegians landed in England.

Smooth As Cook's Tour

Still in his ski suit, one boy said in careful school English:

"It was all arranged—so. It went as smoothly as a Cook's tour. We were told to look for food at a certain place when we crossed the mountains. It was there.

"Our passes appeared in strange places. But they were good. The Germans let us pass.

"I spoke English, and I wanted to thank these English. But when I spoke to farmers who gave us food or hunters who guided us over mountains, they shook their heads. Only once I heard English.

"The fisherman who showed us our boat—he was dirty and smelled of fish. He just said: 'Good luck, chaps!'

The most intensive battle goes on in Occupied France, Belgium, and the Netherlands, territories conquered as much by the Gestapo as by the panzer divisions.

The Gestapo has indexed and cross-indexed the inhabitants. No peasant is so obscure that he is unknown to the Gestapo.

Travelers are questioned at every crossroad.

But British spies roam the territories. Certain farmhouses are safe. There are stores in which new clerks appear and disappear.

Constant Watch

All through the daylight hours they watch and wait. Each gun rolling down a village street is watched. The troop trains, the airplanes are counted and located.

When night falls, the secret confederation begins its real work. Tiny radios talk to others.

Figures slink across the flat beet root fields to tell by word of mouth what cannot be told by air.

A cigarette is passed in a cafe and, half smoked, is unrolled in a noisome cellar by the grimy peasant who received it from another no less grimy.

Slowly the messages move westward to the coast.

The Paris newspapers, now German controlled, contain inconsequential advertisements. Certain interested gentlemen read them in cafes thronged by German troops. The advertisement's real story may be told in the number of words in the last line. The number may be that of the air fleet newly installed in Rheims.

The French help. A farmer

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

Having qualified as administratrix of the Estate of Mary L. Michal, deceased, late of the County, and State aforesaid, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at the office of Du Bose and Orr, Legal Bldg., Asheville, N. C., on or before the 7th day of August, 1941, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 1st day of August, 1941. **MARTHER WOOD, M. D.** Administratrix of the Estate of Mary L. Michal, deceased. No. 1094—Aug. 7-14-21-28-Sept. 4-11.

learns with regret that the captain of an armored division will no longer be billeted with him. He is sorry M. Le Capitaine must leave for the heat of North Africa. He tells someone. Slowly the news reaches the War Office.

Tips For the RAF.

A woman working in her garden in the morning sees long truckloads of bombs moving toward the airfield at Lille. That night on an airfield 200 miles away Hurricanes and Douglas stand to orders for the expected raid.

Fires start by night near air-dromes and railway junctions, fires that beckon the growling bombers of the RAF. Lanterns gleam briefly near an ammunition dump.

Lately, the spies have found that the German army is not impervious to the crisp rustle of 1,000-franc notes. Officers are bribed. Sometimes the bribe is merely a forerunner of a firing squad. Somehow the German commandant is informed.

There was the German major who sold ten liters of gasoline to an understanding Swiss—at 700

francs a liter. A note tipped off the Gestapo. No one could find the Swiss. There was the Gestapo officer who did a thriving business in permits to enter unoccupied territory. A shy but accurate friend informed. The note ended with a whimsical touch, for beneath the signature "Un ami de France" was "God save the King."

Beyond Paris there are unexplained fires, bridges collapse, trains are derailed, roads are blocked. Nothing of great military value. But guards must be doubled. The hidden campaign against the psychology and morale of the German army continues.

For the soldiers of the underground war there are no cheering crowds, no bands, no uniforms, not even the company of fellow soldiers.

Beside the constant loneliness there is constant strain. "Why does that fellow look at my hands so much?" "Funny there are no guards here tonight; is it a trap?"

But the underground war goes on.

New South Carolina Senator Passes Away

Senator Alva M. Lumpkin (C.) died Friday at Georgetown university hospital. Senator Lumpkin entered hospital two days before, office less than two weeks preceding former Senator Byrnes, who was named to preme court.

Dix Creek Had 8.13 Inches of Rain in July

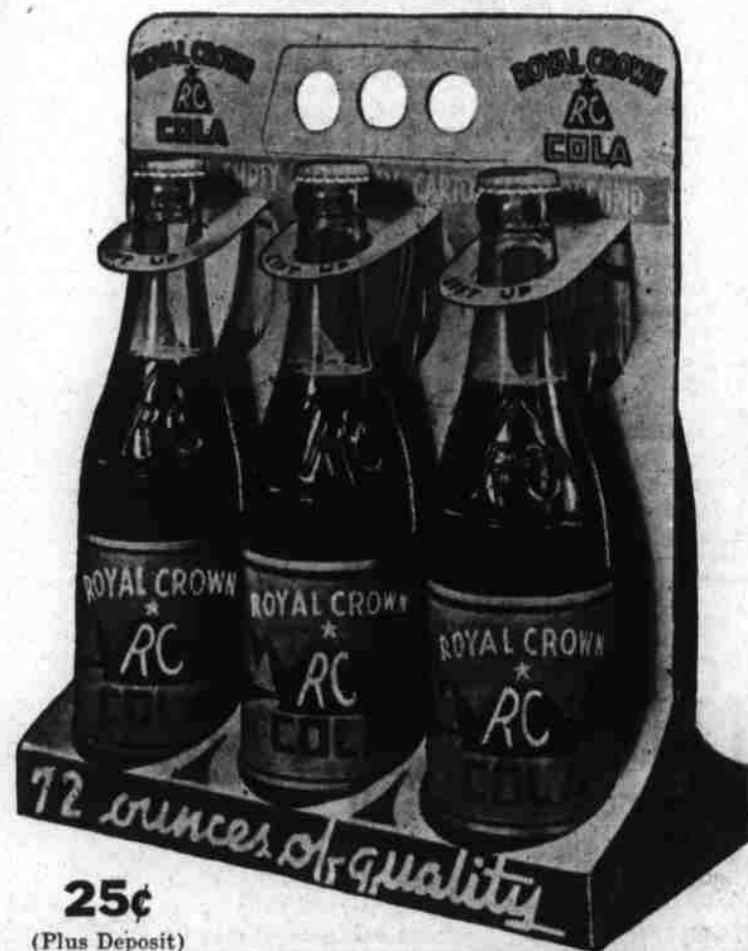
The rainfall for July at the TVA weather station on Dix Creek was 8.13 inches, according to H. Deaver, observer at the station.

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