Victory For Love

BY PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER VIII

Dr. Warner upon meeting the postman offers to deliver two letters to Mrs. Maturin, owner of the Pole Star House. One of these letters is from the British government ordering her to hold herself ready to take care of evacuees, unless she prefers to take care of dependent relatives. Mrs. Maturin is much upset over these orders, but dutifully mails an advertisement to the London Times offering accommodations for four people "in a hotel far from military objectives." John Wynter reads the ad and decides to go to Pole Star House. He tells his chief about it and departs. Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, a guest at Pole Star House, believes that signaling is going on at the hotel. She tells Wynter and he notes a tiny winking signal—dot, dash, dot, dash. John rushes out to the point and nabs the signaler.

"It's my young lady, sir," and then out came all the stupid story. They were busy at the hotel and sometimes at the last minute he couldn't get out and then he could not let her know because she lived up on the top of the hill and there wasn't time."

"Who is your young lady?"

"She's housemaid up at the grange," said Alfred, almost weeping.

"But don't you know that you are not allowed to signal?" said John sternly.

"Who cares here?" burst out Alfred. "There's Miss Hannan, up cursed for it. Wink, wink, wink, her shutters; I've seen her only she doesn't know. And I'm not going to tell anyone either and be cursed for it. Wik, wink, wink, back from the sea, too, once there was. And we're not going to say anything about it."

"I see." How bright the moon was now, thought John.

"Well, Jim," he said. "I think you've had a lesson tonight that you won't forget in a hurry."

"Alfred, sir," put in the boy. "Alfred Cummins, Sir."

"Well, Alfred, I a mquite sure that you won't try this signaling game again. You don't want to help the enemy do you? And it might help him to see a light on a beach like this."

"No, sir," said Alfred humbly.

"And I should advise you not to say anything about Miss Hannan's signaling either. It does no good, and you have told me, so that's enough."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, vastly relieved at this let-off. "But if I happened to be out any night and saw it, should I tell you, sir?"

Horrified at his first instinct, which was to answer in the negative, John set his teeth. "Yest," he said. "But you will have to tell me at once. Come to Pole Star House and ask for Mr. Wynter. Don't tell anyone what you want to see me for just ask for me and go out and stand on the cliff and I shall join you immediately."

"Yes, sir." Alfred suddenly felt important. This was like being a detective.

"And now I think we had better move on. And look here. This affair is between you and me entirely, do you see? I know the police sergeant well and he's prepared to let me do anything I like down her anything within reason, that is. So all you have to do is to keep your mouth shut until you have something to tell me, in which case you must come straight to me as I have already told you."

"Very good, sir," and with a respectful salute Alfred started to clamber back over the rocks.

Back in the shaded hall of Pole Star House, John Winter wondered what he should do next. He had promised to tell Mrs. Manvers-Pollock what had happened. But the drawing room was empty; everyone had gone to their rooms so it must be later than he thought. He locked the front door carefully.

"You!" As he walked along the little gallery Mrs. Manvers-Pollock opened her door. Clad in a long dressing gown she looked taller than usual.

"I say, you weren't rally worried about me, were you," he asked.

"I thought perhaps someone had killed you."

"Did you say anything to anyone?"

"No."

"That was brave of you", said John warmly. "I shall have no fear in future."

of telling you eactly what happens

"Good night." Mrs. Manvers-Pollock stood ther just staring at him.

"Good night," and then John went away

Everything had its place in the scheme of things, thought Mrs. Manvers-Pollock drearily, exeecpt herself.

John slept badly. He could hear again the stifled yelp of young Cummins when he caught him across the mouth. Why didn't he bite him, wondered John, wandering vaguely down the long dim corridors of semiconsciousness. It would have hurt fiendishly with those squared off white teeth—the eyeteeth a little longer than the others.

He woke early in the pitch dark. Hours until he got his early tea: how was he going to endure it, now that he was embarking on this endless hideous job of rounding up the girl he loved. Five o'clock. As he stood hter the old clock in the hall accommodationgly wheezed out the hour. Should he go up to London and tell lhis chief that he must be set free from this job? That someone else must take it on. That although he entirely realized that in his profession personal consideration counted for nothing at all, he was not able to adapt himself to such an outlook. John Wynter buried his face in his pillow and groaned.

His groan deadened the soft opening of the door. "Your tea, sir." Grace, in cap and apron, stood there.

"Good God, how did you know I was awake?" A fine gentleman decided Grace, smiling her cozy littele smile. Such grand pajamas, all stripes and silk and open at the throat.

"I heard you open your door, sir," said Grace, feeling very pleased with herself.

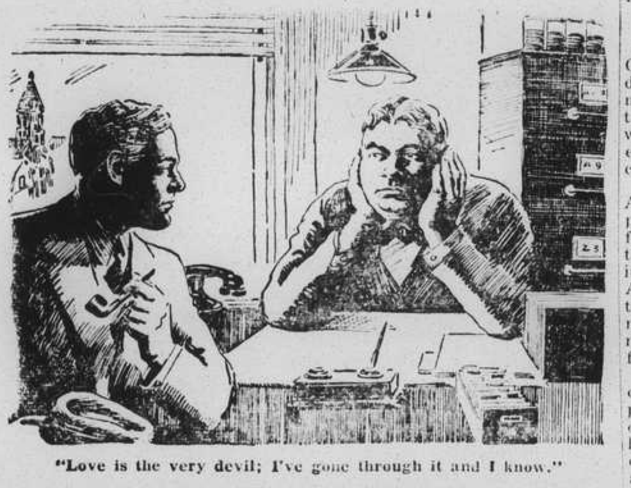
John, stuffing a pillow at his back, prepared to drink his tea and eat his bread and butter slowly. A priceless servant that, he thought. Tea, yes, it was clearing his brain. He would get off to London that morning on the nine forty-five, see the chief and tell him as much as he thought fit. He would tell Mrs. Maturin at breakfast; it was just as well that she should accustom herself to his unexpected comings and goings.

"When shall we have the pleasure of seeing you back?" Joan was standing in the hall smiling. What an awfully good-looking man Mr. Wynter was.

"I hope the day after tomorrow", said John, standing aside to atow Mrs. Manvers-Pollock to pass into the dining room.

"You aren't leaving us, are you?" Mrs. Manvers-Pollock's hard eyes seemed to blink. He was going. Just as she had got to know him, he was going.

"Only for two days,' said John putting his hand on her arm. "And I've got to hurry or I shan't catch my train." Mrs. Manvers-Pollock stared bleakly out of the window. Two days . . what would she find to do for two days? Where did Monsieur go for tea? wondered Mrs. Manvers-Pollock suddenly. Was he becoming entangled with that abandoned woman who lived in the little cottage perched up on the cliff?



"Love is the very devil; I've gone through it and I know."

London is a city of mysteries, especially in wartime. And, although he was accustomed to it, John Wynter felt it again as he walked along the bare echoing corridors of one of the most mysterious official buildings of them all.

On the way up in the train John had decided to make a clean breast of it. By doing this he would stand or fall, and if he fell he could get into one of the regiments scheduled for the East. He would marry Odette before he went, and if he came back safely he would have lived down his failure to make good in the way they wanted him to make good. And if he didn't. . .

And now he sat smoking and trying to breath slowly and evenly. "You wanted to see me," said E.9. "I can give you exactly half an hour. Go on, you've got something to tell me."

John began, while the chief listened and made little marks on his blotting bad. Another of Fergus Leiter's victims; well, perhaps it was just as well. "How old is the girl?"

"About twenty-four."

"Good looking?"

"Lovely."

"An expert at this sort of thing?"

"No, decidedly not."

"Has anyone seen the signaling apart from the Cummins boy?"

"No, I should say not," John hesitated. "Battle Point is such an odd place. Nobody seems to care—there might not be a war down there. Nobody will say anything about anyone else for fear of being involved. You know the type of things."

"Yes, I konw the type of thing and intelligence," said the chief incisively. "A type I abhor, neither hot or cold."

"Right!"

"But to continue. I note all you say with profund sympathy," said the chief, leaning his fat face on both hands as he stared over his writing table. 'Love is the very devil; I've gone through it and I know. But in this case I think it may turn out to be uncommonly useful," said the chief, chuckling. "To put it briefly, get that girl to turn King's evidence, and whatever she's done she'll go scot free. There must be definite data, of course. I mean that Fergus Leiter must be delivered into our hands and there must be incriminating literature with him, signed letters and all that. But bring me these, plus the girl prepared to speak up in court, in camera, of course, plus Fergus Leiter, alive or dead, and I'll be best man at your wedding."

"Others might not see eye to eye with you," said John.

"I'll find that out first if you like." The chief pressed a button.

"Speaking." John could hear the well-known voice coming faintly from the receiver.

"It's this, sir." The pudding face was intent. "It concerns E 3. You will remember, he's on fifteen-o-two, Western circuit. He has got it taped, up to a point. But is handicapped by having fallen in love with the lady concerned."

"Can the girl give us valuable information?"

"Yes, invaluable."

"Then tell him to go ahead. We'll spare the girl if she tells us what we want to know and prodares proof."

"Very good, sir." The chief listened for another moment or two and then disconnected. "Could you hear what he said?"

"Yes." John got up and walked to the window. This must be how it would feel to be buried under a heap of masonry and then hear the tap of picks of the rescuing squad.

He had gone up to London quite prepared to throw in his hand. And now he would not have to do it. He gave a long sigh of relief as the taxi slid to a standstill outside the white gate leading to Pole Star House. But once arrived at the front door he hesitated. No key, of course; he would have to ring.

"Oh, it is you," Mrs. Manvers-Pollock was still fully dressed. Her shining hair gleamed under the electric light in the hall.

"Good heavens! surely you did n't wait up for me?"

"They all said you wouldn't come, but I knew you would. I have made tea for you," she said.

"Oh, what is that?" She lifted her face like a war horse scenting battle. Someone coming down the stairs. Grace! Grace, who had never liked her! Grace, the family servant who spied and watched and talked! "Oh, Grace?" There was a note of interrogation in her voice.

"Yes, mum. The mistress said that if I was still awake it would be wise to listen for a taxi. Mr. Sholto has sometimes come in by the five to twelve train." Grace, in cap and apron, wore the expression that meant she was going to have her own way.

"Well . . . it's late, isn't it?" John ventured. He hated to hurt anyone, but he wanted to be alone.

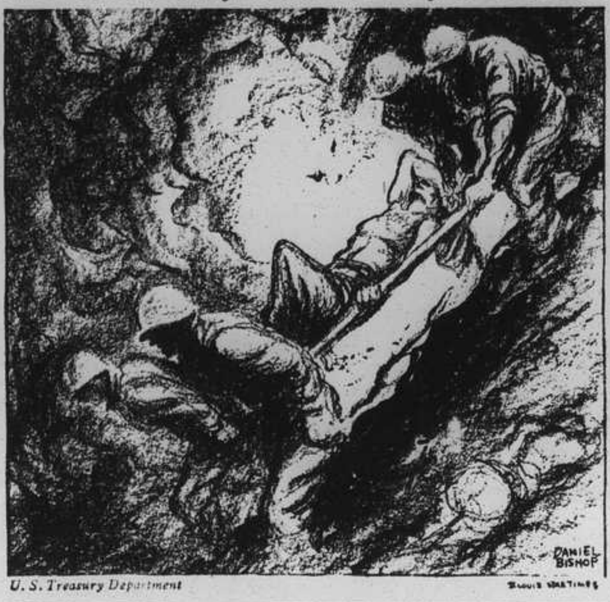
"Yes," and without saying anything more Mrs. Manvers-Pollock went back to her bedroom. "No fool like an old fool." The bitter words rushed into her mind as she set about getting ready for bed.

The next day was cloudless. John walked to the window and dragged back his curtains. What should he do? Go and see his love first of all and look at her with eyes quit of treachery for ever. And then get down to his work.

The instant John Wynter heard the funny old-fashioned bell over the door of Odette Hannan's shop he knew it was Fergus Leiter. This sixth sense of his was going to stand him in good stead again.

(To Be Continued)

And You're Only Asked to Buy War Bonds



U. S. Treasury Department

DELIVERIES SPEEDED TO ALL FRONTS BY ATC PLANES AND GLIDERS

New Transport Command Carries Men And Materials

When the Army's Air Transport Command was organized by presidential directive in the early summer of 1941 to deliver aircraft to the United Kingdom, it started off wit ha staff of two officers, four enlisted men, and one clerk occupying a single room.

But from this humble beginning, ATC was destined to grow to its present strength of 108,000 officers and men, and assume its tremendous importance as a medium of supply for the U. S. Army Air Force and the other Allied nations, delivering planes and other material and transporting personnel to the world's far-flung battlefronts.

Problems confronting the new organization were vast and complex. They involved procurement of personnel and equipment, esablishment of a unified system of communications, weather stations and bases, and a comprehensive pilot training program. All the problems had to be met with speed and decision in order to maintain the uninterrupted movement of new aircraft from factories to the fighting fronts of the world.

ATC pilots figured in pioneer flights that captured the imagination of the most unimaginative—such as the 27,000-mile blobe-girdling flight of Maj. Alva L. Harvey and the flight to the United Kingdom headed by Col. Caleb V. Haynes, for which they had their crews received the Distinguished Flying Cross for exploring new military air routes over three continents.

Flights that before the war would have made headlines now are considered routine by ATC pilots. Carrying a party of U. S. Senators, a C-87 Liberator manned by an ATC crew covered 38,000 miles in a special flight. The trip was marked by a 3,200-mile non-stop flight from Ceylon ti Carnavon, Australia. This record-breaking hop took 15½ hours.

Military pilots were used at first many of them fresh from the Army's "Flying Cadet" schools. At a time when all available planes were being rushed abroad, the ferrying system served to give pilots valuable experience in handling all types of military aircraft before they were tassigned to tactical units. When military pilots no noger were available, authority was obtained to employ civilian pilots on Civil Service status at $300 a month. As plane production mounted, this involved mass employment of civilian pilots on a scale never before attempted. To qualify for a ferrying position, a civilian pilot now must beat least 18 years old and under 38. He must have 1,000 certified flying hours to his credit, including at least 200 on aircraft of 200 horsepower or more. Also he must possess a current commercial license, be an American citizen by birth and pass a satisfactory flight test.

To help meet the tremendous need for personnel, women pilots wer first employed by the ferrying division in September, 1942. At the same time a training program was begun to train women pilots for ferrying and other duties. Now known as the Women's Airforce Service Pilots, or WASP's, they are doing an effective iob of delivering aircraft in the United States, from the smallest planes to P-47 Thunderbolts, B-17 Flying Fortresses and C-47 Skytrain transports.

Much of the operations of the Air Transport Command must be secret. Routes, strategic bases and the movement of planes to combat zones must be protected for reasons of military security. But it can be said that the Command's operations extend all over the world and touch all the battle fronts of the war.

It spans the North and South Atlantic. Its planes fly south from Florida to the bulge of Brizil; across the Atlantic either nonstop or by way of Ascension Island then follow Africa's northwest coast to jump-off points for the Italian theater, or fly east across Africa to the India-China theater. The north-Atlantic rotue includes stops in Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and Scotland. The longest over-water hop sare made in the Pacific—from San Francisco to Hawaii, thence to Christmas or Canton Islands, New Caledonia, Australia and New Guinea. The Alaskan route carries to Fairbanks, thence to Nome and Adak.

The Command's own flight surgeons have bee nactive along all routes used for ferrying purposes, seeing to it that modern medical equipment is available at all stopping points and that pestholes adjacent to operations bases are eradicated

The ATC also returns sick and wounded military personnel from theaters of operation, at the request of the theaters, and affords air transportation of patients betwween hospitals in the continental limits of the United States. With squadrons assigned to it for this purpose, the ATC in 1943 returned 3,260 sick and wounded from foreign theaters, and thus far this year some 4,000 patients have been brought back. As an example of this type of operation, an ATC transport with a Flight Nurse aboard brought a soldier with a broken back from Kunming, China, to Walker Reed General hospital, Washington, D. C.—some 15,000 miles—in 82 hours.

The ATC, under a reorganization in 1942, consists of two operating divisions—Ferrying and Domestic Transportation. It now carries on operations formerly supervised by the Contract Cargo Division of the Air Service Command. In addition to being resopnsible for ferrying all aircraft within the boundaries of the United States and abroad, the Air Transport Command transports personnel, material and mail for all War Department agencies, except those served by Troop Carrier units, and is responsibel for the control operation and maintenance of establishments and facilities on air routes outside the United States which are within the jurisdiction of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces.

The ATC carries on its transport and cargo operations in converted passenger planes and converted bombers. Its principal planes are the C-47 (Skytrain), the C-46 (Commando), the C-54 (Skymaster) and the C-87 (Liberator).

Losses of planes have been extremely small in both ferrying and trasport operations. In 1943, the ATC made safe delivery of 99.7 per cent of all the planes it accepted for delivery—this despite occasional attempts by the enemy to interfere.

SLEEPING SICKNESS

Horses vaccinated against sleeping sickness have a five to one better chance of escaping the disease than those not vaccinated. This advantage is doubled, if they are vaccinated before the disease appears.

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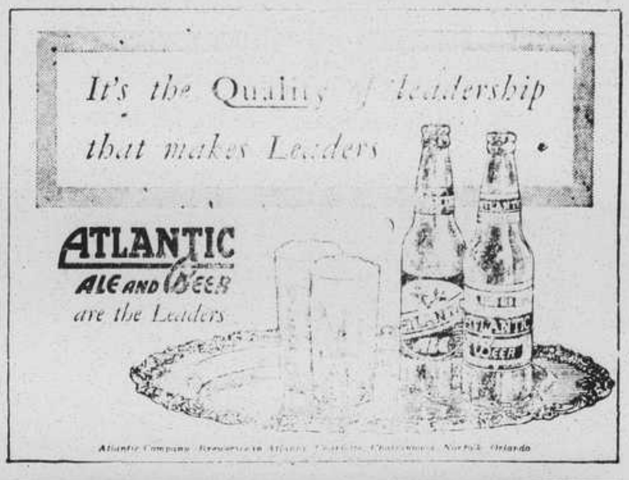
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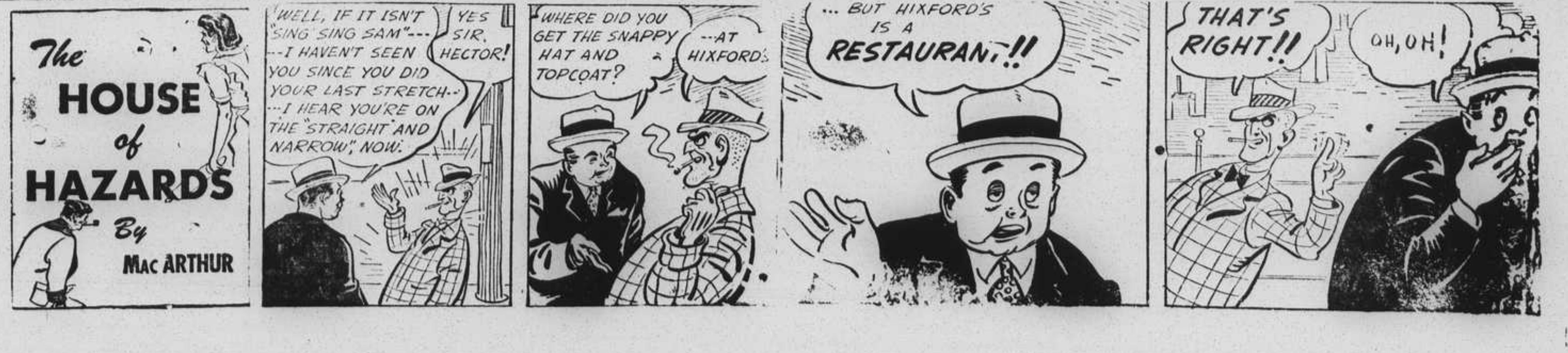
The HOUSE of HAZARDS
By MAC ARTHUR
WELL, IF IT ISN'T "SING SING SAM"--- --I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU DID YOUR LAST STRETCH-- --I HEAR YOU'RE ON THE "STRAIGHT AND NARROW," NOW.
YES SIR, HECTOR!
WHERE DID YOU GET THE SNAPPY HAT AND TOPCOAT?
--AT HIXFORD'S
... BUT HIXFORD'S IS A RESTAURANT!!
THAT'S RIGHT!!
OH, OH!