

# AT THE MOVIES

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# Victory For Love

BY PAMELA WYNNE

## CHAPTER VII

Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, a guest at Pole Star House, off the coast of England, believes that signaling is going on at the hotel. She tells John Wynter, a government agent who has come from London to check up on this, and he notes a tiny winking signal in the darkness. He nabs the signaller, Alfred Cummins, who proves innocent enough. Cummins later informs Wynter that "that man" is at the hotel, and has taken a room overlooking the sea. Wynter details Cummins to watch the man and report on everything he does. Wynter meets Fergus Lester, a Nazi spy, in the shop of Odette Hannan, the girl he loves, who is under suspicion. Lester plans on the destruction of Wynter by stringing a wire up close to a cliff, but Alfred Cummins tips Wynter off.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't come back!" Shaking and weeping, she was in his arms.

"Tell me, my darling. He held her close to him. "Odette," he said desperately. "It's so frightfully important to have confidence between you and me. Especially just now. Tell me all that frightens you."

Only two more nights before she committed the supreme crime against her country and her soul.

"I haven't anything to tell," said Odette. "Men always think women are on the verge of some ridiculous confession or other." Did he or did he not wish he had never met her, he wondered, after she had gone. While Odette, flinging herself face downward on her bed, began to sob again.

Mrs. Manvers-Pollock heard Odette creep out of Mr. Wynter's room and go to her own. Mrs. Manvers-Pollock drew the curtains back and pressed her white face to the glass. Shivering, she started back and drew the curtains again.

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The following night Alfred made an excellent job of the wire. But he uttered a little scream as a voice at his elbow. "Made a good job of it, Alfred?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, that's all right," Fergus said. "I should get along home now if I were you."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, thankful to be off. "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler," Fergus grinned. He was pretty certain the boy was to be trusted, but all the same it might be a good thing to find out. Not that it would follow that Alfred was double-crossing him if Wynter answered to a signal. He might be on the alert on his own account for any signals. If only he could put that air out of the way. Fergus suddenly felt reckless. Carefully picking his way down to the beach, he sent out a low continuous whistle.

Mrs. Manvers-Pollock heard it, hurried across the room, crept down the stairs and out the front door. In her dazed mind she thought only of the sea. Somehow it was connected with John Wynter. "Coming, coming..." She gasped out the words, as brought up short, she struck out wildly and then went headlong over the crumpling cliff to fall with a thud at Fergus Lester's feet. In his sick terror he did not wait to look. With criminal speed he climbed to the top, picked up the incriminating wire and flung it over the cliff. As though death was at his heels, he made for the hotel.

And later he hinted at this. "Your wire has done the trick, Alfred," he said later. "And if you don't want to hang for it, keep your mouth shut. We shan't hear of that beggar for some time."

"Good night, my boy, sleep well." "Good night, sir," Alfred wiped the perspiration from his top lip. Gone—Mr. Wynter gone! Dead—killed by him. He Alfred Cummins, was a murderer. He rushed out of the back door, with the wind driving him back. Careless of consequences, he beat at the front door of Pole Star House. "Come in. What do you want?" Grace spoke angrily.

"Mr. Wynter—Alfred gasped. "Hallo, Cummins." John's eyes were calm. Taking the shaking boy by the shoulder, he shepherd him into the empty sitting room, and shut the door. "This won't do," he said. "You mustn't show your feelings like this. What's the matter?"

"I thought you were dead," said Alfred, with straining eyes. "Dead, why?" John's quick brain leaped. The wire; something had happened.

"Mr. Lester, he came home leased. Done in the beggar," said Alfred.

"Done in the beggar. Half a second." Wrenching open the door, John took the stairs two at a time. The empty, pitch-black, windswept bedroom told him what his terrified brain was trying to deny.

As the shaded lights of the coast guard ambulance shone faintly by the big five-barred gate, John took Alfred by the arm and fell a step or so behind.

"Now, then, it's silence for you," he said. "Now is the time to show what you're made of."

This is war, and this is the sort of thing that happens in war. But you and I must get Lester somehow.

"Yes, sir."

"You must pretend you know nothing about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

At the hospital John interviewed the house surgeon. The lady had wandered out and fallen. This must be made perfectly clear.

Dr. Warner took everything in hand. A telephone call to London told the solicitor what had happened. While Battle Point buzzed with gossip for an hour or two and then forgot it.

But Fergus Lester was almost beside himself because his plan had gone wrong. "Heil Hitler!" Alfred kept on saying it to himself with an almost hypnotic effect. Because this sort of thing was coming to an end pretty quickly now. Tonight was the night of the raid on Swansea when Mr. Wynter was going to catch out Miss Hannah. Then the next day they'd have Mr. Lester himself.

Fergus had already warned the girl in the office that he was leaving. It was reassuring to find that she took his departure quite as a matter of course. Fergus felt at ease again as he flicked round the suitcase in front of him with a handkerchief.

"Start at the end of the rail and get on with the packing," he commanded. And Alfred did as he was told. One suit after another un-



"Oh, God help me!"

til from the coat in the middle, a little carelessly handled, fell a fat leather case. Like a lizard, Alfred stooped and picked it up, and put it in his pocket. All he wanted to do now was to get round to Pole Star House. It was half-past three, just the time to catch Mr. Wynter. If only he could get quit of this packing business, he could cut round and be back again before anyone noticed. It was vital! The case was fat with papers! It was sure to contain a code.

Fergus suddenly stopped walking about the room and clasped his hand to his pocket. "Seen a leather case, Alfred?"

"A case, sir. Is this it, sir?" Alfred, standing half inside the cupboard, draped with a mackintosh, had taken the case out of his pocket. There were times when you had to let go so as to hold on tighter later.

"Yes, that's it," Fergus felt his breath go short. "That was an important case, Alfred." Fergus could afford to speak jauntily now.

"Yes, sir," said Alfred solemnly. It was a ghastly disappointment but he had done the right thing in handing it over immediately.

"It looks as if it was going to be clear tonight. I hope Miss Hannan doesn't bungle the job. Thank God they've got shutters at Pole Star House, otherwise that beggar would have thrown a spanner into the works by having her there."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, feeling vaguely disappointed. Set free at last he strolled downstairs, thinking that this affair was really ending very tamely—for him, at least. The great opportunity had slipped through his fingers.

In the midst of the group at Pole Star House Odette sat, pale and silent, smoking. "You look awfully tired," Joan said suddenly. "Why don't you go to bed early?"

"And I'll bring your dinner up to you, if you like," John offered. "If I did go to bed I shouldn't want any dinner," said Odette. Oddly enough it was easy to smile. When the horrible thing was almost on you, you did not feel anything. Before many hours were over she would have revealed to a loathsome and bloodstained enemy the best way to approach had to do it. With a rather vague little smile she went upstairs. John followed.

"Good night," he said. Perhaps for the last time, he thought. For if she declined to recant, then his course and duty were plain.

"I'm so tired," said Odette, her eyes hollow with misery. "I hope no one will disturb me; please don't let them."

"I will see that they don't." He caught her to him and covered her dear face with kisses.

Safely within her room, she lifted her clenched fists high above her head. "Oh, God help me!" She would lock her door to be perfectly safe. Did the door lock? Yes. But the key had gone. Or perhaps it had never been there after all. At any rate no one

would come; they never did, and locked doors always aroused suspicion. She began her preparations for the job ahead of her. Her torch, her pocketbook, her code written out in big letters on a piece of cardboard. Now she could rest until midnight.

The old grandfather clock in the hall had just struck half-past midnight when John heard the first drone of a plane. He opened his window. . . . Nothing in sight yet. He tiptoed down the hall and stepped inside Odette's room. The room was pitch dark, but the drone of the planes was very audible. She must be by the open window, behind the blackout curtains—he had thoroughly examined the room the day before when he also removed the key from the lock.

Crossing the floor with the stealthy tread of a cat, he dragged the curt air back. With a stifled shriek she turned to face him.

"Hold out your hands. Mechanically she did as she was told and the tinkle of the handcuffs sounded as he clipped them on her wrists.

Shutting the window he picked up the torch and cardboard set up on the sill. Then closing the curtains he turned to Odette.

"Traitor."

"Please. That's all over and done with. Now you are only a spy and I the man who has caught you. I suppose you know that you will either be shot or sentenced to a long term of imprisonment."

"John. That's all over and done with. Now you are only a spy and I the man who has caught you. I suppose you know that you will either be shot or sentenced to a long term of imprisonment."

"I don't know what you mean. I was only looking out of the window."

"Then," as he stood up there he held up one hand. The drone became louder. Planes were coming in from the sea; probably a couple of Junkers 88, thought John. Well, they weren't going to get a sign from Battle Point.

"I . . . Odette began. "You don't know . . . I can never make you understand."

"Don't waste time in excuses," said John briefly. "Outside the gate at this very moment are two police officers. I've been watching you for weeks. Do you suppose that a man of my age would come down to a place like Battle Point and moon about, simply for the pleasure of the thing? There is a desperate and a bloody war in progress and he dragged her to the window. "That's it." Away to the east searchlights swept the sky.

There was a low crump of a heavy body falling and then another, great flashes of light coming at irregular intervals.

"There you are, and I hope you are enjoying it. Innocent people being murdered."

"I will tell you," said Odette suddenly. "I will tell you, even though it means that Alan . . . She was sobbing as he put his arms round her.

He struggled with his overmastering relief. This sudden capitulation—he had not expected it. Taking her dispatch case from the table, he opened his pen. "Now then."

"What are you going to do?" "Take down your confession in shorthand, and you must sign it."

"Sobbing, she closed her eyes and began to speak. He wrote for ten minutes or so and then stopped.

"That's enough," he said. "Sign it—yes, you can manage it. That's it. Now then, get up and dress."

"How can I dress with you here?" Her distress was pitiful.

"You can't. I shall go away and lock you in."

Stooping he unlocked the handcuffs. Ten minutes later he was back again.

"Ready?" "Yes. No, please—"She backed away from him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Willys Jeep

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## DRAW 90 JURORS FOR Next COURTS

At the regular meeting of the county commissioners Monday, July 3rd, the following list of 90 jurors was drawn for the next three terms of Superior Court beginning with the July 24th term of criminal court. The first 42 names also include the new grand jury. The list is as follows:

### JULY 24, CRIMINAL

- Chas. T. Kule.
- Grady Pearson.
- Jas. Loftin.
- J. H. Ladd.
- S. A. Morrow.
- Labe R. Holland.
- P. P. Pearson.
- Robert McKenzie.
- J. Sidney Carpenter.
- L. A. Wolfe.
- M. R. Dickson.
- A. W. Kincaid.
- Ernest E. Stroup.
- E. C. George.
- A. L. Sherrill.
- Will Knox, (colored).
- Fred Wright.
- W. F. Allen.
- C. G. Booth.
- W. E. Best.
- Harris Fields.
- Ambrose Hendricks.
- W. H. Glenn.
- D. J. Gardner.
- F. M. Hester.
- G. L. Kendrick.
- J. M. Anderson.
- E. H. Forbes.
- Louis I. Sherman.
- William Morris.
- J. E. Chronister.
- E. L. Patterson.
- W. O. Beatty.
- L. C. Beal.
- H. W. Davenport.
- Fred Falls.
- J. T. Moore.
- Cline Sellers.
- Walter L. Lineberger.
- David Ewing.
- Rufus M. Jackson.
- Robert Ewing.

### JULY 31, CIVIL

- E. C. Workman.
- C. E. Deal.
- R. J. Rice.
- J. S. Carter.
- W. P. Eddleman.
- Ellis Sain.
- D. W. Shelton.
- W. F. Traywick.
- J. L. McAteer.
- T. A. Paine.
- J. S. Allison.
- L. S. Caldwell.
- Leonard Hawkins.
- E. P. Quinn.
- E. E. Groves.
- Paul Black.
- S. G. Fincher.
- C. R. Hoffman.
- G. Howard Carpenter.
- James E. Furr.
- W. P. Moore.
- L. P. Rankin.
- H. W. Cabe.
- Harry F. McArver.

### AUGUST 7, CIVIL

- J. C. Roberts.
- Craig Wyatt.
- Charles S. Carpenter.
- Miles Lynch.
- A. C. Beam.
- T. R. E. Oates.
- Coy Mauney.
- Hollis Eaker.
- D. S. Harkey.
- Hosea Garrison.
- S. E. Ferguson.
- Everett Mauney.
- Wayne Kiser.
- F. S. Adams.
- J. F. Cole.
- Price Black.
- Sam Ballard.
- C. L. Schrum.
- J. W. Calder.
- Webb R. Clifford.
- Charlie W. Hamilton.
- Jones Dagenhardt.
- Dewey Carpenter.
- Mose Black.

## LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS



Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Sneed of Crouse received the following letter from their son, Marvin. Sgt. Sneed has been overseas eighteen months.

June 20, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad: Just a line to say hello and to say that I am well and taking everything with a smile. I pray that this will find all of you in the best of health.

News is very scarce with me to write, but the weather has been very bad the last two days, raining and cold. I sure hate to see that now.

Mother, I can tell you now that I have landed in France on "D-Day". I was one of the boys that hit the Atlantic Wall first. I was on the water and beach for six hours before I got through the wall. Beachhead is the wrong name for that. The right name is slaughter pen. I will never forget the 6th day of June as long as I live. I pray that I never see another day like that. We went to go through the wall, and we really did. I have seen more dead Germans in 15 minutes than I did all through Africa and Sicily. They fought us to the very end. The Germans said we had to whip the Germans on the battlefield. The way they are being killed now, don't see how the war can last very much longer.

Have Dad to find out if James Stroupe has ever wrote home. I am kind of worried about him. I hope he had the luck I did. I don't know myself how I got off that beach alive. I sure was praying to the good Lord. I know that he has opened the way for me.

Mother, you know that I have been in the army three years today. It seems like 9 years.

Dad said he would be looking for me to be home this Fall. Tell him I sure would like to be there with him. But I want you folks to know that I am digging more ditches these days than I had even done before in my life. Eat, live and sleep in them half of the time. So, mother, you and Dad take care of yourselves and don't worry about me. I will do the best I can. With a world of love.

Your son,

MARVIN

His address is: Sgt. Marvin S. Sneed 34084015 Hq. Btry. 5 A. F. A. Bn. A.P.O. 230 c/o Postmaster New York, N. Y.

## SUPERPHOSPHATE

The Chemicals Bureau of the WPB has a tentative goal of about 9 1-2 million tons of superphosphate for the 1944-45 season. Present plants will be asked to increase production about 28 percent.

him, and succeeded. God will do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, when we trust in Him, but we must do our part in things possible to us.

## THE JAPS WOULD LIKE TO NAIL THIS ARMY COOK

It's the favorite gag of an army cook who bombs the Nips with his outfit's garbage whenever he can get a flier to take him for a ride. Read this funniest of war stories in the July 23rd issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY Favorite Magazine With The BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN Order From Your Newdealer

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