



WHOO-EE! My tastifyin' AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES sure perks up appetites!



GET BOTH KINDS
 Red box for pancakes and waffles. Yellow box for buckwheats—



NOT RATIONED

P 80
 1/29/44
 SEP

ODD MAN PAYS

(Continued from Page 29)

It did what a skirt is supposed to do though. And I found I could tuck an end in and walk a step or two without having to grab at it every second.

"Wonderful," she said, cheering me. "Now all we have to do is descend into the barroom and meet the pub keeper and his wife and anyone else waiting for us, such as our faithful bobby. Would you be knowing, sir, any Highland flings?"

The odd thing about English girls is their levity at the damndest times. I didn't know any Highland flings, but I didn't tell her. I headed in the general direction of the closet door. She took my arm.

She said, "My friend, how much did you drink while briefing that Soho beauty? The door's behind you. If I know my bobbies, our Rock of Gibraltar won't take more than ten or fifteen minutes going over the publican. As it is, Portuguese Inn has a rather rotten reputation. Soon as our fort departs, you be certain the publican will be up here, asking questions. We'd best hurry. You can't go downstairs through a closet door, Richard."

I didn't believe we'd have to go through the main barroom. I picked up the empty whisky bottle by the neck.

She said, "Easy does it, lad." I shook my head. I might need something to swing. I got to the closet door, nodding for her to follow. She thought she was humoring me. The closet was empty.

She said, "I detest cobwebs. Won't you please come?" She stepped next to me, and she first noticed where the cobwebs were torn away. I was still looking. I'd have been still looking to find where Max Lingen and the other two departed from, if it hadn't been for her. She thought I knew.

She said, "You must have had a gaudy time. So this was where the other chaps who did you in found a way to escape without our bobby seeing them? I didn't know this was in your story, Dick Whittington."

I stopped; I asked her please not to keep ribbing me on that Dick Whittington line. This wasn't the Dick Whittington story. It was Randy being shot; it was this happening just now to me.

She replied seriously, "I'm sorry. This one is rather dreadful, isn't it?" Stooping, she lit her torch. She pushed on the side of plaster-and-lath wall under the ancient beam. A square panel of plaster about five feet by two easily opened.

She whispered, "You know, there were road runners operating at Golder's Green and in Hampstead Heath until the middle of the last century really. Portuguese Inn is quite famous in history."

She pushed ahead first; I had to follow. The stimulation of getting out relieved some of the ache in my head. The months of toughening courses at home and over here weren't all something you see in the movies. I surprised myself even. I managed to close the section of plaster; I managed to keep on descending the shaky stairs without falling on my nose; Alice shining the way with her torch. The steps were nearly vertical, no more than fifteen or sixteen inches wide, compressed between two brick walls. I don't see how Max Lingen ever squeezed himself down. Gork must have had to drag him, the gray man pushing.

As the fog outside steamed upward, Alice's torchlight blurred more thickly. Halfway down, she said softly, "Damn," and stopped, head tilted back. "My hair," she whispered.

A strand was caught in a splinter projecting from a broken overhead beam. I fumbled with her hair. It wasn't coarse and heavy like Troya's or like that actress in Tropical Harvest—the one

whose contract supplied beauty operator free every wave and curl and treat as fine as raw silk. It tickled my hand.

"Don't be so ridiculous, Dick," she whispered, jerking thereby tightening the strap. She didn't understand. I was clumsy. I started and we'd be hung up in this and trapped. The pub keeper certain to come upstairs as bobby departed. As from I can't recall more snatches of the thought of Gork. He put more cold fear into of the others except Troya launched some trick, still wished, not even with Alice coming.

Her hair came loose, but jammed my left thumb beam, ripping it on a nail. I had been one of those old nails one reads about in the Hearst collection. All I sit down on those steps. I lurch on me. She had a thumb.

She whispered, "Oh, my God."

I was ashamed. I stuck the tunic pocket, ruining inspection thereafter. My hand I tucked at the quagmire to stand. You know, think an inch of nail and make such a quick mess.

Her voice caught in her asked, "Can I help, Richard anything I can do?"

The way she asked hurt heart. After Troya, again was having fresh clear and sweet. I whispered bad as it looked.

At the bottom she held her torch. For about I stayed there, while I thought. Maybe she still thought I

Anyway, she whispered, frightened. They'll run. I won't come after you. Your Troya wouldn't have with me. She wouldn't be too. Don't you see? It's with them. You don't

I considered that mated Max Lingen. I was right. But Max Lingen from the diagonal. My bobby's arrival must be Lingen considerably. I have played it by going into the bobby. That was putting steel deep into Alice. I hadn't thought. That gave me a jounce coming here, she was risking the steel, if I played it the direct way.

I told her she could think she was, although myself. The best thing of this quickly. By diagonal, Max Lingen the bobby without any suspicions. It was gates wide open for me was walk out and thin air—free to walk into was very neat. Very the chessboard technique ahead all the time.

We crouched in the molly touching us. I dragged across my feet, expecting Gork. This was few minutes. This was either pulled me back track or where I'd be for the round trip with I had to miss Gork. I depended on missing him.

There wasn't any helped. Portuguese