

Happy Landing

BY BASIL HAYE

(Continued from page 2) CHAPTER XVII WHERE LIVES A SWISS

The motor road, dipping down towards Sunning from what was known as Haunting Wood Heights presented one of the most typically lovely English countryside views imaginable in the crimson glow of setting sun. The rays of this picked out, and seemed to glorify with dazzling haloes, the big houses, such as Sunningholme, the clusters of smaller middle-class villas of modern type bright patches in a surround of intensely green woodlands, lawns and hedged acres of grazing land. Flashing like a ribbon silver, the river wound its course athwart the panorama from west to east. "What a marvellous old place that is!" Anna Gregorescu sighed. "The building of it isn't a bit like your English architecture, surely? Is it where someone important lives?" "That's Lord's Abbey," Foreham said, laughing. "It's English all right, but built in the Dark Ages, as a monastery. I believe it stayed that till round about the last war, and then it lay empty for a long while. It's a private residence now," he went on. "It was taken a year ago by a wealthy Swiss, a fellow named Gunther, who doesn't get about much. They say he's a scientist of sorts. Anyhow, he's not very neighbourly, has the old place all walled up, and scares off all intruders. He's a bit funny to look at, though one doesn't often get the chance of more than an odd glimpse of him." Bond, at the wheel, swung the car rather abruptly round a corner, and at such speed as forced him to brake just as abruptly. Foreham said, "I ought to get off here!" He leaned forward towards the right back of Bond, at the wheel. "What do you think, old son? I ought to drop down, and make my way to Old Tanks's place now, or dare I wait till later?" "If there's no frantic hurry, I'd take my time, Bond answered. "It's a deuce of a walk from here to Old Tanks's house, and anyhow he might not be in when you get there. I suppose you've got to hand the things over in person?" "Absolutely." "Then I'd suggest coming on to Sunningholme, and phoning from there to make sure he can see you." "That certainly would be best, and then—no doubt—I could borrow the car to slip over there." "And what is all that about hush-hush things?" Ann asked inquisitively, and Delma, seated beside Bond, said to him, laughing. "You notice he didn't say that borrowing the car meant bringing it back again, and—you know, if you are seriously intending to marry Anna, you really should not use the blind eye in such a pointedly Nelsonian way."

"THE GENERALS' OUT"

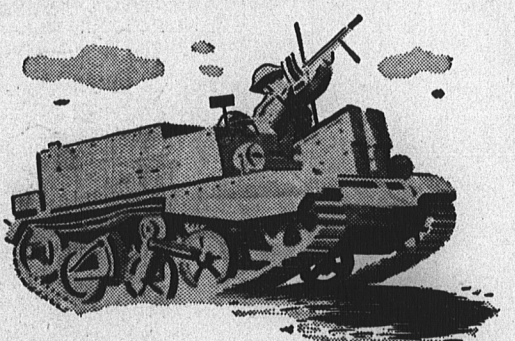
"Why will you insist on always worrying your head about me and my affairs?" Bond asked impatiently, looking down at her after getting the car safely through the big open gates of Sunningholme. "I don't like it," she said, smiling. "Worry isn't the right word. It's just that, while I'm more or less looking after your house for you, I feel some sort of interest in you. It's I promise you this—a well intentioned interest." He had nothing to say to that, but he was curiously and rather pleasantly stirred by an idea, which still was as absurd to his mind as had always been his reactions to the interest of women in him. The trouble was that while he never had returned that interest in any single case this one was not so lightly to be dismissed from his mind. He lingered for a while by the car, talking to the chauffeur about the engine, which had not been running altogether too well. He was interrupted by a servant coming to say he was wanted on the telephone, and he hurried inside. In the hall Foreham—who was with Anna—called to him: "I've been through to Old Tanks's place, and it was a good job you advised me as you did, or I'd have walked all the way there for nothing. The General's on some inspection duty. I'll have to go over there later on." Bond, with a nod of agreement, passed on into the library crossing to the broad writing-table where the telephone stood. As he sat down to pick up the phone he stretched out a hand first and lifted from the desk something which was lying there. It was the brown leather case, embossed with a gilt official monogram, containing the exceedingly important secret documents that Foreham had to deliver in person to General Tankerton. (To be Continued)

REDDIN'S

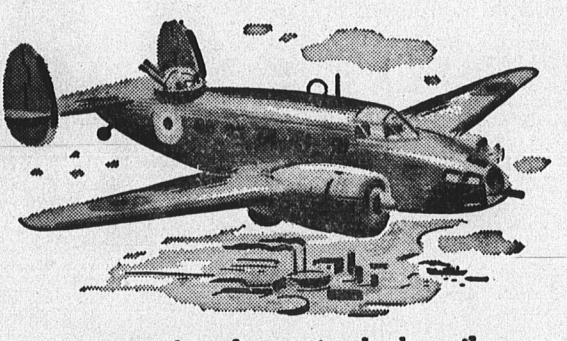
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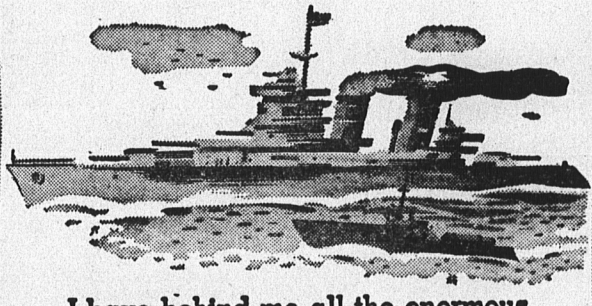
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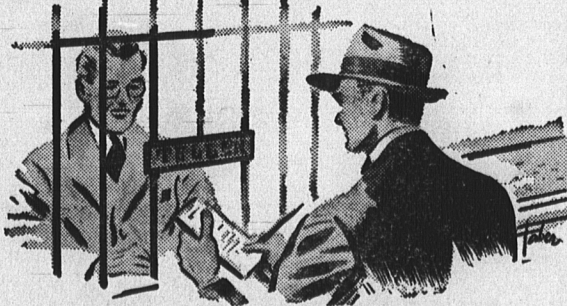
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