This is the new regulation blazer issued to members of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. It is of beech brown and gold, with small turned down collar, cleft lapels and three slash pockets. The crest is of the Goddess Athene, superimposed on the upper left pocket. The new blazer is for wear during off duty hours in barracks or dwellings or for sports attire and on leave. The model is Sgt. Ruby Farr of Montreal. — (Canadian Army Photo).

Transportation Is Big Problem In Shattered France

By MARGARET ECKER

PARIS, June 21 — (CP) —Lack of transportation has hobbled Allied efforts to provide France with food and supplies necessary for the rehabilitation of her civilian and economic life.

The section on transportation of the Allied Supreme Headquarters Mission to France has worked with the French Ministry of Transport in finding solutions to gigantic road, rail and inland waterways problems.

Liberation of the country left her railways wrecked, her bridges blown, her waterways blocked. Retreating Germans took trucks and railroad rolling stock with them.

French authorities brought their problems to the Supreme Headquarters Mission and the transportation section gave them advice and assisted them in co-ordinating their transportation rehabilitation policy. Allied engineers rebuilt roads and bridges.

Thousands of trucks were made available to France and the future program calls for importation from Canada and the United States alone of at least 25,000 vehicles to carry food and supplies to French cities and towns.

Capt. A. F. Gill of London said that through civil affairs trucks companies, more than 4,000 trucks have been placed at the disposal of the French, and when transportation which these companies couldn't handle was urgent, the American Transport Corps gave them assistance. Supreme Headquarters also imported for French needs 1,600 second-hand trucks from Great Britain and plans to bring in 1,000 more.

Allied engineers are working with French to rebuild as rapidly as possible French railroads, bridges and marshalling yards.

The restoration of French waterways has been another major project necessary for both military needs and civilian economic rehabilitation.

SOUTHSEA, England — (CP) — Nelson's famous flagship, H.M.S. Victory, which was damaged during an air raid on Portsmouth dockyard, has been put back on public exhibition.

Tallest and shortest officers at an investiture at Buckingham Palace are pictured here after receiving decorations from His Majesty the King. They are: Major Alex Gagnon, Quebec City, awarded the MBE, and Major Stewart B. East, CCS, Toronto and Jarvis, who received both the MBE and the MC. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).

The Wild Bird

By Elizabeth Vernon

CHAPTER IX

Seated there, so stiff, her eyes open, Ginnie might have been her dead self. It was difficult to go on through the pang Jerry felt at that sight.

"You see, Uncle Dick's an astute businessman and he says with two or three big jobs in a year—never two in the same continent, I'm telling you—he doesn't do one-hundredth part of the harm that's done by some people in a year's business in the City. Of course if anything goes wrong, there's a lot of unpleasantness. But with Uncle Dick things don't go wrong. Because, mark you, he can afford to do the thing properly—as it's never been done. Why those pearls will go straight to the man who wants them—one of the big names on Wall Street. As to me, I've been trained by Etienne. But I shan't be given another risky job, I don't suppose, for eighteeen months. Nor will he. And before I took those pearls I was given copies to put in their place that were made by one of the finest jewelers in the world. It'll be months—years perhaps—before anyone realizes they're gone. And—"

"Jerry—" blindly she began to cross the room. He put himself between her and the door. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Away."

"Where to?"

"It doesn't matter." She looked at him. Her eyes, he saw, didn't focus. She spoke like a sleep-walker. Or as if part of her mind were asleep.

"You can't go," he said.

"No one can stop me. And you must come to Jerry." She shook her head, putting up her hand for a second as if there were cobwebs before her face. "Yes, of course," she added, and laid that hand on his.

"Listen, Ginnie." He paused. So much depended on her answer that he quite sick. "Listen. Are you still fond of me?"

"I shall always love you," she said.

"Then take this in, Ginnie. They—Uncle Dick and Aunt Lou—only adopted us, only sent us to those schools so that we'd be in the right set. If you run out, Uncle Dick will—"

The telephone bell rang. In a second Jerry had crossed the room. His voice was easy and amiable. "What?" he was saying. "Oh, hello, Uncle. . . . No. . . .No. I don't think she does yet. . . . Yes. Yes, I'll see she does. . . Yes. Good bye."

He put back the receiver. He spoke in a measured tone. "A message from dear Uncle. He wants you to understand. If you thought of going away or anything precipitate, the police would know about me within two days. They'd know about him, too you may think? My dear girl, there isn't one shred of evidence to pin on uncle. There never has been.

"Then—?" said Ginnie. She looked around the familiar soulless room as if she were indeed lost.

For the second time, Jerry tried a laugh. "Well—I can't escape and you can't escape. So we're both in the racket," he said.

She made no answer. And at once there came to his face a look of fear that she had seen there before. He seized her arm and shook her as if she were tranced and he could wake her. "Aren't you?" he asked. "Aren't you? Ginnie—"

"Yes," she said, at last.

He released her and she saw the sweat on his forehead. "My God!" he said. "If you had let me down—"

She looked into his face and then she spoke. "You don't really—want to give it all up, do you, Jerry?" she asked in a voice that was completely calm. A second later she had broken down in bitter uncontrollable sobbing, turning aside, burying her head in her arms as she huddled in the chair.

Irresolutely, Jerry approached her. He moved away, staring for a moment from the window, playing with the blind cord. He came back again, and still those stifled sobs assailed his ears, tightening his nerves.

"Oh Lord!" he broke out. "You must stop it, Ginnie;

The door opened: Etienne entered the room. He looked at the slight form in the chair. Quickly, he closed the door. He looked at Jerry. "What is this?" he asked quietly. But, in the gentle player of Chopin, the idle, rather decorative lounger, a stranger might have seen—for an instant—on what quality it was that Uncle Dick Fosdyke had relied when first he had picked up, in Paris, that ruined young man of a good family, Etienne d'Aulas.

"Oh," Jerry made an effort at nonchalance "Uncle Dick thought—well, as a matter of fact, I thought—it was about time Ginnie knew the situation. So—"

"So you take the opportunity to lecture her on selfishness?"

"Well, Ginnie's my sister. I want to be sure she understands. She's taking it hard. But that won't do her any good—"

"I think you had better go out," said Etienne. "I'll see she understands."

For a moment Jerry hesitated. Then he glanced at the older man and, with an imitation of Etienne's own light shrug, he left the room.

There had been a smile on Etienne's lips but now it was gone. He stood, looking down at Ginnie. And she, he saw, wasn't even conscious of his presence. Her hands were over her ears as if she might shut out, with that gesture, the crash and ruin of her world. He stooped and drew them down.

She raised her head. Her eyes were blinded with tears and he wiped them with his handkerchief. "It's only me," he said. "Only Etienne."

But when she could see she shrank from him as he had known she would, as she would shrink now from all her world. With gentleness he set her in the chair. He placed himself on the arm of it. In patience he waited, for he intended that she should speak first.

"So," said the small husky voice at last, "it is all true?"

"What Jerry has told you? You may be sure that it is true."

At that grave reply she seemed to become smaller. She didn't look up at the tired face above hers—a face whose expression was, in some way, at some moments, curiously flawed, though a stranger might have spent a long time in trying to discover in what the flaw lay. She was gazing down. His hand moved as if it would have stroked her hair. But he withdrew it and laid it along the back of the chair.

"I can't believe it," she whispered at last.

"You must believe it," he said. "And if I—if I run away, will Jerry—will he go to prison?"

"Yes."

The averted cheek at which he gazed was very pale. Well, he thought, perhaps she saw a picture of her brother slinking through the house into which she had introduced him in search of his hostess's jewels. Ah, yes. It's not pretty, that, thought Etienne with the slightest shrug. Nor were these moments pretty. In the dreary silence he could feel the anguish of this child who had loved and admired her brother Her admiration for Jerry was gone now, no doubt. But Etienne, looking down on the brown curls, knew that her love would remain.

"Listen, petite," he said. "It is sad, all this. It is more than sad. But remember, for Jerry—not for me, nor for your good uncle and aunt—but for Jerry, there is something to be said. He is very young. He has been brought up always to every luxury. Your uncle saw to that. He sent him to the best schools. He let him—you see, I know—owe money.. He could buy at Harton all he wanted—silk pyjamas, new suits, what have you? Your uncle paid all bills. You are listening, Ginnie?"

She nodded.

"And then when Jerry is your age, comes the day when suddenly your uncle sends for him. He tells him that now his schooling is over he will do no more for him. Jerry can earn his own living—as office boy; as what he could find. No more silk next the skin, no more dancing, no more cars, no more—life. . . . . Jerry finds a job as clerk—at twenty-five shillings a week. For a few weeks your uncle leaves him to that existence. And then—'

"Yes. And then—"

While Etienne tried to comfort his little friend—and never knew whether he had succeeded— he saw quite clearly the young Jerry of two years since; Jerry, who had slid through school life on his looks and charm. Jerry, terrified by his short experience of poverty, drinking in the gospel as preached by Uncle Dick, of "everyone for himself' and "everyone does it"—a convenient gospel, a heaven sent excuse as Etienne himself knew well, having lived by its precepts for some years.

—"And so you see, Ginnie" he finished lamely, "to understand everything is to forgive everything. You must understand for poor Jerry a little."

She rose. She faced him with a certain dignity. "You need not trouble, Etienne. I shall always love Jerry. Always."

But she didn't add, And I shall understand, and at that very clear glance Etienne looked away. That weakness or flaw in his expression was for a second apparent before he replied, "I am glad." But was one glad? he wondered. That graceless graceful youngster who, at his bidding had left the room—was he worth all that one had seen in Ginnie's glance. So much love, so much unhappiness?

She wandered away from him and stood looking out into the winter scene as Jerry had stood one morning before the visit to Wanderslay. Because he could not bear the sight of that still figure Etienne rose and went to her and stood beside her.

"I don't know whether I shall make a good crook, Etienne," she said in a voice and about as warming as a snowflake. "It must need a very strong nerve and some brains."

"We never say 'crook'," he warned her.

"No. Of coure not. Its all nicely wrapped up, isnt it? One talk about an astute businessman' and 'a big job' and—and—"

No She couldn't keep up that light tone.'

(To Be Continued)

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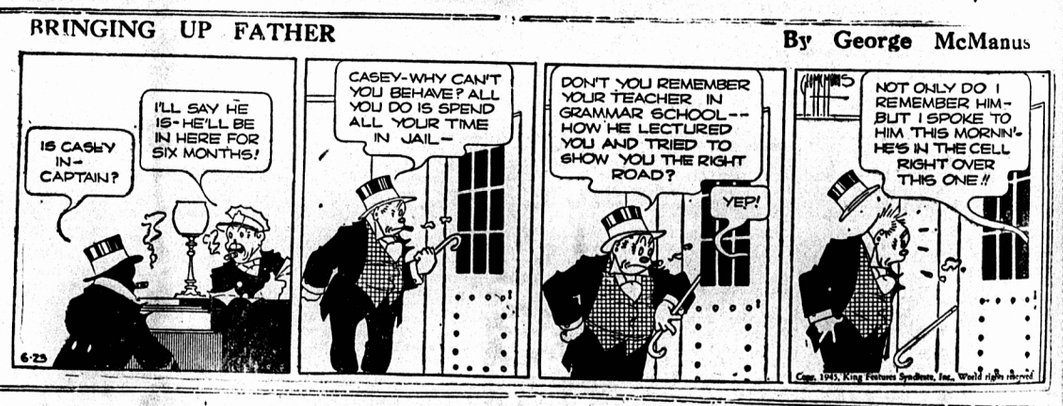

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