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"Sarah, it's just a recon/photo flight like last time. You got all upset that we ran a little late so this time you should just come along," Mark said as nonchalantly as he could. "Maybe we'll get a little advertising in as well."

"Recon/photo flight? Advertising?" Sarah asked suspiciously. "You do realize that I stopped taking you at face value a long time ago?" But I do value your face, she thought, I'd love to wake up next to it.

"What on earth do you mean?" He asked, now trying to sound innocent.

"Recon/photo flight? Just what exactly are you taking photos of? And what exactly are you advertising?" She demanded, overemphasizing the word exactly.

"We're just going out to look around and, actually, we're not taking the photos, we're planning to be in the photo. There's a reporter that will be waiting for us in Tury-Assu Bay. We'll fly out to the coast, let him take some shots of the Ellen Jane, then fly up to Belem, down the Amazon and back to here to Yale. We'll buzz some fishing boats and cargo ships. As for advertising; we're trying to sell the German's on the idea that the Ellen Jane Squadron is everywhere. Just making sure everyone knows that we're is still on duty," Mark answered.

"So why are you loading bombs and what is Jeni doing?" She replied.

"We have to take bombs," Mark answered, his tone suggesting that her question was silly. "After all, how scared would the Germans be if they heard that we didn't carry bombs? Barbosa and Hank are just loading up some standard issue ammo; you know, just enough in case we need to send some tracers out to make a statement."

Sarah had wandered over to the boxes of ammo by the door of the plane. Barbosa was handing a belt of the .30 caliber shells to Hank up in the plane.

"Come on, you enjoy flying in the Ellen Jane. You can help navigate; Jeni hates it." Mark's begging almost embarrassed Jeni. "Besides, we can talk."

That didn't sit well with Jeni since it meant she'd be relegated back to the machine gun turret and Sarah would get to sit in the copilot's seat next to Mark. She still wasn't completely comfortable with Sarah and Mark's relationship and was willing to admit, if only to herself, that jealousy was a bigger part of the problem than either of the others knew.

Sarah looked at Jeni and asked, "How long are you going to be gone?" Of course, the real question she was do you care if I tag along? Of course, Jeni detected this but Mark was oblivious.

"Um, probably at least four hours," Jeni replied. "But hop in with us, it's fun if you don't mind the boredom." Now Sarah could certainly recognize an unenthusiastic invitation when one was extended but she hadn't spent much time with Mark lately and he would be a captive audience.

"Well, okay as long you as promise not to do anything too exciting." She said as she climbed past Hank and strolled to the front of the plane.

Twenty minutes later and the four-some was climbing to altitude. Barbosa up front in the bombardier's seat, Sarah next to Mark and poor Jeni, stuck in the jump seat just behind the wall of the cockpit. She had taken off her headset – she was tired of listening to them discuss silly problems such as who's relatives were the most irritating, and other such nonsense. At least you have relatives to complain about, Jeni moped to herself.

The plan was to climb high, head out over the ocean and then come in along the coast and into Tury-Assu bay. One of Jake's line boys, (a title given to the rank and file members of their secret organization), was also a mild mannered newsman, and would be waiting in a fishing boat with a camera. He would snap a serendipitous shot or two of the Ellen Jane. That should give the Germans something read about in the morning edition.

After the photo shoot, they would head north, skirt the coastline and then turn down the mouth of the Amazon toward Belem. No need to arrange for news coverage, there was enough ship traffic in that area to guarantee that plenty of propaganda would make it to German ears within hours. They'd then disappear into the cloud cover and return to Yale.

With her usual efficiency, Sarah plotted a course to the desired bay and soon had Mark on a heading.

As she sat in the jump seat, Jeni could see Mark trying to flirt with Sarah. Sarah, in return, was trying to flirt back but couldn't stop over-analyzing every word he said. Sarah, Jeni thought, how can you make something this simple so complicated? It will take a miracle for you to decide anything about this relationship. She truly was happy for her adapted sister but the show was wearing her out so she got up stepped over the cursed camouflage netting that Mark insisting on hauling everywhere and went to the cockpit.

As she poked her head through the doorway, Jeni really, really wanted to say: Mark, I'll fly for a while and you can take Sarah in the back and give her a good screw; you know that's what she wants. And then maybe she'll stop thinking so much? But she didn't.

"Excuse me," she did say, loud enough to be heard over the engines and through their headsets. "I'm trading assignments with Barbosa." Besides you can't annoy me as much if I'm in the nose section, she wanted to add.

Sarah got out of the way to give Jeni room to maneuver into the nose section. As she expected, Barbosa was thrilled to be relieved of the mundane duty of boat spotting and jumped at the chance to man the machine guns. An hour later and they had descended to around five hundred feet and were heading for the rendezvous with the newsman.

"That's a big bay, how are we going to find this guy?" Sarah inquired, interrupting her ham vs turkey for Christmas Dinner debate with Mark.

"He's suppose to be waiting at the mouth of the smaller inlet toward the east. He's in a

large white cabin cruiser." Mark answered.

"There must be fifty boats out there and most of them have cabins and, surprise, they are mostly white." Jeni relied from the nose as she scanned the bay.

"Besides, it must be ten miles wide." Sarah added.

"Actually, it's only about five miles wide," Mark corrected her gently.

Now if I had made that mistake, Jeni thought, he'd hand me the chart and make me measure it; and he wouldn't be that gentle about it. What she didn't know was that Mark's gentle response was directly related to the fact that Sarah's left hand was currently resting on the inside of his right thigh.

They slowly circled a prospective boat that soon had its deck covered with people.

"Oh look," Sarah exclaimed as she jumped with excitement. "They're all waving at us." She started waving back. Mark rocked the wings several times which sent Sarah scrambling for a handhold.

"What was that for?" she shouted.

"I'm waving back for you," he answered. "They can't see inside the plane you know."

This game continued for eleven more boats of various sizes. Jeni, or sometimes Sarah, would spot a likely boat and Mark would set up a slow circle around it. Inevitably, everyone on board would soon be waving. Mark even let Sarah rock the wings several times to respond. Barbosa was too busy in the turret looking for German or Italian fighter planes to be concerned about silly little fishing boats.

On the twelfth circle Jeni announced firmly, "That must be him."

"Why," Mark replied as he tried to look at the boat and maintain his circle at the same time.

"That boat could hold twenty people and there's only two on it and one them has a Graflex press camera and he's shooting as fast as he can change film." Jeni explained.

With that, Mark broke out of his circle and flew away from the boat about half a mile and turned back. He then setup a perfect photo op with the Ellen Jane only three hundred feet off the water and with the hills on the shore line in the background. After they received a thumbs up signal from the happy photographer, they headed back out to sea.

"Okay, chief navigator. Take us to a point, oh, thirty miles straight out from Belem. Then we'll turn and fly up the Amazon," Mark requested in an artificially official voice.

"Yes sir," Sarah almost yelled. "This is great fun." She turned and stroked Mark's shoulder and said, "Thanks for talking me into it. Thank you too Jeni."

"Sure, nice to have female company," Jeni replied with as much enthusiasm as she could fake. Good thing they can't see the expression on my face, she thought.

Mark throttled back and adjusted the mixtures to the engines.

"What are you doing?" Sarah asked.

"No point in wasting fuel, it's hard to get and we're not in hurry." Mark answered. Seeing the confused look on her face, he added, "Slower airplanes burn a lot less to go the same distance."

Sarah quickly plotted the desired course and they continued north for some time. Then Jeni announced over the intercom, "The ships are getting larger." They certainly were. Rather

than small pleasure boats or fishing vessels, they could now see true ocean liners headed either to or from the port at Belem.

"Does that one say Ford on it?" Sarah asked in a surprised voice.

"That it does." Mark replied. "That crazy old eccentric is trying to start a rubber plantation where everyone else has given up. Even started his own town up the river. Named it Fordlandia, it died and now he started one called Belterra. They run a fleet of ships and planes. Haven't you ever notice Jake working on some of their planes?"

"I think Father mentioned it once or twice but I don't pay much attention to such things," Sarah replied as Mark circled the large ship.

A mile or two away was another even larger ship, over four hundred feet in length, steaming ahead at full speed. Without thinking about it, Mark started to circle it when Jeni yelled, "Mark! They are flying a swastika!" Sure enough, the German flag was proudly waving from several masts.

"Well, we want them to know we're around. Let's give them a good view. See if you can identify any cargo," Mark replied casually as he continued to circle.

"The name looks Dutch but what are those men on the deck doing? They don't seem to be waving." Sarah asked.

Before Mark could turn to look both Barbosa and Jeni answered her over the intercom, "They're shooting at us!"