

Author's Note

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This tale returns our heroine to the 1930s where she is sixteen. I have done my best to be historically accurate but cannot guarantee it. The places are real and the US Embassy in London is an awesome building in Grosvenor Square. Also I have styled this story to match propaganda stories of the era. Germans and Japanese are the bad guys, however I do not promote this idea, nor do I suggest that in reality we Brits are the stereotype butlers as they are portrayed here. It's 1930s style fiction.

Chapter One The Gold Eagle

"Oh Nancy do let's go inside!" Hannah Gruen frowned at the attractive slender titan haired girl at her side. It was raining and the old woman who had been like a mother to the girl since her own mother had died many years before stood holding a sodden copy of the London Times over her graying hair.

"It look's like it's about to take flight!" Sixteen year old Nancy Drew stood on the corner of Grosvenor Square staring up at the United States Embassy that had the statue of a golden Eagle which looked like it was about to launch itself from the front of the building and soar out over the London night sky. Nancy wore a thick rain coat and the type of hat that made her stand out as an American aboard. The rain ran down her cold reddened face but she did not seem to mind.

"Yes it's very nice!" The plump Mrs. Gruen replied impatiently. "Now let's get inside before you catch a chill."

Nancy smiled affectionately at her father's house keeper and slipped her arm into hers. "It's certainly not Arlington Heights is Hannah?"

"You can say that again, Nancy."

Arm in arm the two headed up the steps where they were greeted by a Metropolitan Police Bobby who's only protection from the elements was a half length navy blue cape over his uniform. He nodded to Mrs. Gruen. "Evenin' Ma'am!" He repeated the nod to Nancy. "Evenin' Ma'am! Can I see your papers?"

"Papers?" Mrs. Gruen frowned and looked at the copy of the London Times in her hand.

Nancy smiled at her "He means your identity papers!" She let go of Hannah and plucked some documents from her purse. "Here you are Officer, my passport and up to date diplomatic visa."

Mrs. Gruen did the same and the Constable leafed through them. He then looked

up. "One moment if please Ladies!"

"Really, can't we go inside and do this?" Mrs. Gruen said imploringly. "It raining!"

"This is the United States Embassy Ma'am!" The Constable said haughtily as is that was sufficient.

"Yes we know!" Mrs. Gruen frowned.

"And there is a war on, you know!"

"I know that too!" Mrs. Gruen scowled as the Constable entered his little sentry box. He lifted the receiver of a phone and rotated the handle causing it to make a ching-ching sound several times. He waited a few moments before talking into the mouth piece that sat on a small ledge.

"Evening. This is Perkins on the front entrance. I have a Mrs. Groo'en and a Miss Drew here..." He paused listening then said "Thank you, Sir!" He replaced the receiver. "A Mr. Drew will be down at once to meet you at once. Please go through to the lobby."

Nancy smiled and thanked the officer as Mrs. "Groo'en" harrumphed indignantly and the two headed into the great lobby where they were greeted by a receptionist who once more checked their papers. Mr. Drew, a well respected lawyer from River Heights appeared soon after and despite his daughter being soaked almost through to the skin hugged her tightly. "How was the trip?" Although he beamed at her Nancy could not help but see the weariness in his eyes.

"Oh it was fun!" Nancy squeezed her father.

"Fun?" Mrs. Gruen's eyes widened. "It was terrifying!"

Although not at war with America, the Nazi's had made it very clear that American shipping supplying England was a target for the hidden "wolf packs" of German submarines that ploughed the Atlantic. The ships traveled in convoys escorted by battleships of both the US and Royal Navy. It had all been too much for the old house keeper's nerves. Especially when there had been a false alarm one night and the crew though they had spotted a U-Boat. It turned out to be an American North Atlantic Patrol vessel searching for drifting hazards like icebergs. The patrol had been started twenty-five years before after the disastrous sinking of the RMS Titanic on her maiden voyage. However the experience had been too much for Mrs. Gruen who spent most of the rest of the voyage in her cabin.

Mr. Drew looked at them both with grave concern. "I am glad to see you but I would have rather you had remained in the States."

"How could I father? When we received your telegram. When we got your telegram saying you would be remaining in England for the duration of the war I just had to come and be with you."

"I understand but have you not heard the news?" Mr. Drew now spoke very gravely.

"What news?" Nancy's eye furrowed.

"The British expeditionary forces have been defeated. Right now they are in retreat. There are desperate attempts to get the British and remaining free French troops of the beaches at a place called Dunkirk as we speak."

"Oh my that's awful! Can we help?"

Mr. Drew smiled. I thought you would say that. We are traveling to the coast by car tomorrow. There are many wounded and the nursing staff are over stretched as it is." He released his daughter. "But right now young lady I think it's a hot bath and a change of clothes for you."

He led them to the door where they started up the stairs. "Father, you never fully explained why you came to England. You simply had those strange visitors from the Government and left for England the next day!"

"I'm just being a lawyer!" Mr. Drew chuckled. "As you know Congress has blocked the Presidents attempts to enter the war and have gone as far as making it impossible to supply arms to the British Government without them being paid for. Britain cannot afford this so I am here working on a contract called lend-lease. We give the British arms and they either give them back or pay for them after the war."

"But is that not the same thing?" Nancy queried.

Mr. Drew chuckled. "Why do you think they need a team of lawyers here!?" He led them into his small apartment just below the Ambassadors suite. Their trunks had already been delivered from the station and after both Nancy and Mrs. Gruen had changed Mr. Drew had offered to introduce Nancy to the Ambassador whilst the house keeper took a much needed nap. As they headed upstairs Nancy noticed how the decor changed. It was much finer. This was where the US Ambassador to The Court of St James lived and worked. However rather than walking into a formal meeting Nancy heard a heated exchange as they arrived at the door.

"What do you mean it's missing?" An voice shouted.

"Just what I say Mr. Ambassador. The plans were in a leather backed folder in my safe." The replying voice was nervous and female.

"Are you telling me that you lost the plans for the movements of the US Pacific fleet?"

"No Mr. Ambassador. I am not. I am telling you they have been stolen!"

TO BE CONTINUED
In Chapter Two Operation Dunkirk