

of England and he knew someone was trying to keep him and his team from doing just that.

Sargent David came running up to him and asked, “Who’s going to fly this thing, sir?”

“Good question, Sargent. Let me see what we can do about that. If I am not back in 15 minutes, come find me. Until then, get everything and everyone on board and don’t speak to anyone unless you absolutely must. Oh, and keep out of sight.”

Caleb took the Jeep and went searching for a pilot while praying that he could not only find one, but could convince him to fly the group where they needed to go without knowing just who they were or what they were up to. It was obvious that too many people already knew.

18 July 1943

RAB Eastchurch

York, England

06:54 Hours

Finally in the air, Caleb started to really think about the incident at the airfield. As far as he knew there were only six people that were aware of the group and its mission. He ruled out Gen. Eisenhower for obvious reasons. He ruled out himself, as well. He ruled out Dorothy as she had been vetted by British Intelligence and they didn’t mess around when it came to that. That left his team. He really didn’t know anything about any of them and that really worried him.

He sat down and started to mentally review each man’s file. Lieutenant Kann. Expert in languages. That would come in handy once they were behind enemy lines. Born in New York, New York of immigrant parents from Nice, France. Nothing in his background would indicate that he might be the traitor, but what, exactly was Caleb looking for? Sargent David was more of the same. Born in a small town in Iowa from immigrant parents. Nothing in his file stood out.

Sargent Beim was a different story. His file was mostly empty except that he was not born in the United States. Caleb would have to keep his eye on Beim. Wasn’t it Beim that oversaw getting the plane and pilot for the trip? He would have had access and time to plant the bomb. Caleb didn’t want to jump to any conclusions, so he wouldn’t tell anyone what he thought, just yet.